

THE TRUNDLE-BED.

As I rummaged through the attic,
Lying to the falling rain,
As it pattered on the shingles
And against the window pane;
Passing over chests and boxes,
Which with dust were thickly spread
Saw I in the furthest corner
What was once my trundle bed.

So I drew it from the recess
Where it had remained so long.
Hearing all the while the music
Of my mother's voice in song.
As she sung in sweetest accents
What I since have often read:
"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed."

As I listened, recollections
That I thought had been forgot,
Came with all the gush of memory,
Rushing thronging to the spot;
And I wandered back to childhood,
To those merry days of yore,
When I knelt beside my mother
By this bed upon the floor.

Then it was with hands so gently
Placed upon my infant head,
That she taught my lips to utter
Carefully the words she said.
Never can they be forgotten,
Deep are they in memory driven;
"Hallowed be Thy name, oh Father,
Father, who art in heaven."

This she taught me, then she told me
Of its import great and deep,
After which I learned to utter
"Now I lay me down to sleep."
Then it was with hands uplifted,
And in accents soft and mild,
That my mother asked "Our Father,
Oh, do Thou bless my child."

Years have passed and that dear mother
Long has mouldered 'neath the sod
And I trust her sainted spirit
Revels in the home of God.
But that scene at summer twilight
Never has from memory fled,
And it comes in all its freshness
When I see my trundle bed.

ONE OF THE MISSING.

By George I. Putnam.

A man was walking along the highway that belted with white the green expanse of a Connecticut meadow. Little puffs of white dust rose at each footfall, and hung behind him in a lengthening trail. He came heavily, slowly, the impersonation of weariness, yet steadily. There was that in his gait which associated itself in the mind with bodies of men in column. He seemed the material part of an invisible whole. His gaze was fixed ahead, as though on the back of a front-rank file, and the momentum of marching comrades swept him along. Yet the meadow farmers, and the dwellers in the village, whose slim church steeples rose beyond a fringe of trees, distinguished him only as one of that irregular army of foragers against whom, as reputable citizens, they were arrayed. They would have given no attention to such fine individual distinctions been educated to it, and it was not thirty years had gone by since they had been enveloped by the presence of the military; and then it had been but for a few days, and their materialized patriotism had marched away in blue to the southern war. Tramps were inimical to good order, and to safety of life and property. And to be in very bad odor in the village, a stranger had but to present himself travel-stained and tattered. The appearance marked the man, and determined his station.

He marched up the road in that unseemly column, a man of defeat. Sometimes he leaned so far forward that his balance became uncertain, and he wavered to the plumb. Men at work afield leaned on their hoes as he passed, to regard him with hostile eyes. With some, his unsteadiness was the occasion for derisive mirth. But the elder ones grimly forecast his detention in the calaboose, the cost of his maintenance, the tax it brought upon them, and reverted to work with a fierce sense of personal injury. And the tramp, after each weary lapse, compelled himself to attention, and marched on.

White, snug farm-houses stood now and then along the road. As he came abreast of one, a woman appeared at the door, but seeing him she hastily re-entered, and fastened the door. The tramping man turned into the door-yard, but he halted as the woman came to a chamber window, fluttering her arms as though scolding chickens. She called to him, nervously, apprehensively.

"Go right away, I'm all alone and I've got nothing for you."
At once he turned and took up his line of march along the dusty road. The woman observed the heavy, mechanical way in which he put his legs successively forward, his arms hanging like sticks of wood at his sides, and felt pity for him.

"I'm almost sorry I sent him away," she said. But she did not call him back, and he passed out of her sight, leaving, however, the cadence of his monotonous, sing-song step, to which her mind set itself for the rest of that day.

In another house, as he approached, he heard a girl singing shrilly a Sunday-School song:

"But sweeter than the lily's breath,
And than the rose more fair,
The tender love of human hearts
Upspringing everywhere."

Then the song broke off, and the singer called warningly, "Mother, there's a tramp coming up the road!"

And the voice of the mother came sharply out to him;

"See if the front door's locked!"

He plodded past, watched furtively from behind window-blinds. He swung along painfully, for his joints were merely worn-out, rusty hinges by which his limbs hung. The hot sun sweltered him; the fine dust choked him; his heart was gone out of him. Still he went on, like a tired soldier expecting welcome "Halt! Rest!" until he reached a tree by the roadside. On the grass beneath he stretched himself, and lay motionless, stretch-

Slowly his fatigue lessened. By and by he sat up. The dust of the march had settled thickly in the deep lines

and wrinkles of his face, and gave it a drawn, sharpened look. His mouth was firm set, and his dim eyes looked out resentfully at the bright world. He felt the utter friendlessness of a lonely man, and he talked to himself:

"It's not what I have been, it's what I am—a tramp—they judge me by. A war record don't count, nor knocking about in the mines, nor nothing. I'm a tramp," said he bitterly.

"Thirty years ago, when we marched out of this town, cheers and wavings then. There's wavings enough now and they mean 'go same as then.' Only there's a curse with it now, 'stead of a cheer.'"

He pulled a square of hard bread from his pocket, moistened it in the rillet at the foot of the tree, and bit it savagely. He heard a door at the next farm-house shut, and knew that a woman had come out towards him. He expected a sharp order to move on. She had nearly reached him, when he looked up and saw that she held a cup in her hand, extended towards him.

"Would you like this milk?" said she.

He put his hand out slowly, and with the cautious alertness of a dog that covets a proffered bone, but doubts the sincerity of the offer. Then his hand closed on the cup, and he drained it. His eyes were on the woman's face, expressing wonder, incredulity, astonishment. He had had so little use for the sense of gratitude that he hardly recognized and expressed it, but at last he said, "Thank you."

She was a large, strong farm-wife, and as she took the cup she smiled at his satisfaction. "It's more filling than water," said she. "I saw you here, and that you was not the beggar-kind, so I outs to you."

He stopped at one house down here," he replied, "but not to beg. No, I don't beg. I wanted to ask a question. The second house," he added tentatively.

"Oh, yes, the old Ames place. I guess you didn't stop long with those folks. Though if Hiram Ames had been alive there he'd have kept you a week. But he's dead." She talked on garrulously, pleased to have a new listener. She did not know many people. "Why, you're sick!" she said suddenly.

But the tramp shook his head. "A little tired, that's all; and disappointed. I've come a good ways to see Hiram Ames. I could have told him something about his brother."

"What, Jed? He went to the war, and was missing after one of those battles. They gave up all hopes of him years ago—all but Hiram—and now there's a beautiful monument to him in the burying ground, right beside of Hiram's. He always said Jed would come back, but he never did. You don't mean to tell me he isn't dead?"

"He is as good as dead," said the tramp, rising.

He thanked the woman again, and made her a half military salute. Then he moved on, in a rising cloud of dust till in the distance his figure appeared vaguely large and multiplied. And the old wife, shading her eyes and looking after him, cried:

"I declare if it don't seem like a lot of men, all keeping step together!"

In the heart of the village a large, official-looking man roughly took the tramp by the shoulder, and said:

"Here, you come with me."

"I've done nothing," he protested weakly.

"No, and you won't have a chance to-day. I'll put a lock on you for now, and to-morrow you leave town for good."

Fingers were pointed at the tramp, and young men jeered at him, as he was marched along with the official clutch on his collar. He was thrust into the naked calaboose, the key turned on him, and he was left alone. At least, he was now beyond the coarse words of the villagers, and he felt thankful for that.

He went to the single window and looked out. He had thought he almost recognized some of the faces in the street. Now, he saw roofs and places that memory made perfectly familiar. The spire of the church-steeple rose tapering, and through the trees he caught glimpses of white marbles in the burial place. There lay the man he had tramped far to see. His mind reverted to the kindly old woman who had gossiped to him, and then to the graves again.

That monument to the missing soldier, now. Could he see it? ... Something beautiful, she had said ... That tall one, perhaps—no, it was too pretentious. The epitaph of a private of the line would be lost on it ... It would be curious reading, that epitaph; he would like to see it ... Something like this: "Jeduthun Ames, Born 1840. A soldier. Missing after Shiloh." There could be nothing more.

He could have told a longer story had Hiram lived. He could have told it in the glance of an eye. Then he could have spoken of wounds, hospital, western service. It was not worth while now.

The past seemed insignificant to this tramp. The years of his wandering had become but a point of time, and the present day was never-ending. His mind dwelt upon it—how, with the sun, he had entered upon familiar scenes, and knew that his journey's end was reached. That sunrise was far in the past now, and the day was eternity.

By and by he lay down on the floor. The sun had set, and a rain commenced. It made the air damp and chilly, and the tramp shivered. He rose restlessly, and returned to the window, but the outside was lost in blackness. From time to time jagged lightning tore the clouds apart, and through the rents the torrents poured.

He stood there and muttered something to himself—it may have been a prayer—after which he swallowed the contents of a little vial. Then he lay down again. He moaned a little, and shivered as with cold. Presently he breathed heavily; he was asleep.

As it was raining, the constable did not take any supper to the tramp; and the next morning he found him still lying on the floor.

"Come, get up!" cried the constable, turning him over with his foot. With superstitious terror he then saw that the man was dead.

Afterwards they buried the body of the tramp in the Ames burial lot, and cut the date of his death on the monument of the missing soldier. —Herald's Weekly.

NATIONAL CAPITAL.

NEW POSSESSIONS CLAIM MUCH LEGISLATIVE ATTENTION.

The Porto Rican Tariff—Stories of General Joe Wheeler—Talk of Candidates—General's May Return—Government of the Philippines and Porto Rico.

The passage of the Porto Rican bill, has been a relief to the Administration. The acceptance of the measure as it finally passed, was upon the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread at all. It is asserted that the President has not changed his opinion in the least respecting the advisability of giving the island absolute free trade, but he yields to the sentiment of the Congress. The temporary feature of the law has also had much weight in reconciling many former opponents. Its operations are limited to two years. But the question is what then? That is exactly the point. Assuming that the courts sustain the law, it will be dead in two years, and then there will be no tariff at all except by the concurrent action of both Houses and the approval of the President. And yet the temporary feature is regarded by all as a wise one. Conditions are continually changing and the lamp of experience will have shed much light upon these questions within the two years which will represent the life of his law. The following is the most important section of the bill as finally passed.

The coming campaign is beginning to absorb attention. The managers are watching every move which may indicate the trend of public opinion. The recent speech of Hon. Bourke Cockran in which he severely attacked the administration, together with the utterances of other Democrats who were pronounced in their support of McKinley in 1896, is leading many to believe that much of the opposition to Bryan in the Democratic party will disappear. It is believed that such as



Lieutenant-Governor Woodruff.

opposes Bryan this year will vote direct for the opponent, and that there will be no "Gold Democratic" ticket in the field. The situation is somewhat peculiar at the present time. Four years ago no one knew who the presidential candidate of either party would be, while now nothing in the future is more certain than that McKinley and Bryan will lead their respective parties. The vice-presidential nominations, are, however, all in doubt.

Looking to New York.

It being certain that both Presidential candidates are to come from the West, the leaders of both parties are looking to New York, which always furnishes much of the sinews of war as well as many of the votes, to furnish also the candidates for Vice-President. And New York is not at all backward. There are plenty of candidates willing to accept the nomination, but the chances of the nomination of Lieut.-Governor Woodruff by the Republicans and of Congressman Sulzer by the Democrats seem to have improved materially of late. Especially is this true of the former. A recent interview with Senator Platt, is interpreted to mean that the New York Republicans will not only favor the nomination of the Lieut.-Governor, but will earnestly demand it. Mr. Woodruff's recent western trips have shown that his candidacy will be well received in that section, and the aggressive canvass which he is making will almost certainly result successfully.

General Wheeler.

General Joe Wheeler will receive no warmer welcome from any class of people when he resumes his seat in the House of Representatives than from the doorkeepers of the various committee rooms into which he is sure to drop some time during each day. Some article of his clothing is stowed away in the closet of nearly every room. He has a way of jerking off his cuffs and putting them in unlooked-for places—frequently in the waste basket. After a while he misses them, and runs around to the various doors and insists that such and such an attendant has put them where he can't find them. After exciting searches they are sometimes found, but more often overlooked and get packed away in the official wardrobe. Many a pair of cleave links has the general lost in this way. He will run into a committee room and if he finds there a group talking on any subject which he is interested, will drop his hat and coat on the floor and in two minutes be in the thick of a heated argument. Some ponderous member of the committee will get up to leave the room, inadvertently step on the hat and in a twinkling the brave little man is up and smoothing out his battered headgear with the greatest surprise and solicitude, wondering how on earth it came to be on the floor. He is said to have lost more hats than any other man in Congress, and the official barber always keeps an extra hat on hand for General Wheeler in case of emergency. When the members see him starting for home almost lost to sight under a very large hat that has evidently belonged to a 7½ sized head, they know what has happened.

Relief for Porto Rico.

The new legislation for Porto Rico is most valuable to that island. Not

only will the revenues hereafter coming to the treasury under the tariff bill be applied for her relief, but upon the recommendation of the President, the \$2,000,000 already collected has been turned over to meet the pressing demands of the local government there. Much of this will go to establish schools, some for roads, and the balance for the general demands of the government of the island. When it is remembered that since the war business there has been completely prostrated then the value of this relief fund will be understood.

Governing the Philippines.

The great work of constructing a government for the islands is steadily progressing. The Spooner bill has been reported in the Senate, and is fully defended by Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, who made the report. The bill provides that when all insurrection against the sovereignty and authority of the United States in the Philippines shall have been suppressed by the military and naval forces of the United States, all military, civil and judicial powers necessary to govern the islands shall, until otherwise provided by Congress, be vested in such persons, and shall be exercised in such manner as the President of the United States shall direct for maintaining and protecting the inhabitants of the islands in the free enjoyment of their liberty, property and religion.

The President sent to the Senate the correspondence called for by a resolution of Senator Hoar asking for information relative to the action of the Executive and his subordinates in the Philippines. It is a long record, containing much that has already been made public, and includes instructions by the President, proclamations by the Philippine Commission and General Otis and reports of officers in the Philippines.

Senator Foraker made an explanation of the main features of his bill and answered several criticisms. The composite character of the Foraker bill afforded ample opportunity for inquiry as to the relation of the several parts to each other. Mr. Teller gave it as his opinion that there were too many questions combined in the measure reported from the Porto Rican Committee. It was a most remarkable bill, and he thought it would take the Senate a long period to properly discuss all of its points.

Mr. Foraker's defense was informal as it broke in on the regular order of the financial debate. He limited himself to a statement, frequently interrupted, in which he declared that there was nothing remarkable about the measure except it showed that Porto Rico belonged to the United States of America. It was not a territory, he said, but a dependency. The inhabitants were not aliens, but citizens. Citizenship did not imply for Porto Ricans anything more than allegiance to the United States for which they would receive protection in all the rights Congress would grant. The Constitution of the United States had not been extended with the raising of the flag over Porto Rico. The Constitution could not be extended without an act of Congress. Congress could extend all of the Constitution or a part of it to any dependency.

Mr. Sulzer.

The recent appearance of Mr. Sulzer at Albany, and his severe arraignment of the administration, together with his well-known intimate relations with Mr. Bryan, make it very probable that he will be the Democratic nominee. He has but one man to fear in his own State, and that is Elliot Danforth. But if Mr. Danforth is put forward, he will be regarded as the Hill candidate.



Congressman Sulzer.

date, and the earnest Bryan men still remember that they received no aid in 1896 from Senator Hill. But experienced politicians remember how rapidly changes take place. Senator Hill sulking in 1896 may be at the head of the column in 1900. Indeed his friends are already predicting that he will attend the National convention and accept the platform and support Mr. Bryan or who ever may be nominated.

Frog Showers in Arizona.

Every once in a while stories are brought out about extraordinary showers of fish, of bloody snow, etc., the latest being of a ship captain far out on the Atlantic who ran into a dust shower so heavy he had to set his crew shoveling the dust from the decks when the weight began to get dangerous. To this he there added a tale:

It rains frogs in Arizona. The old timers believe there is no doubt of it, though they cannot explain from whence the frogs were originally "lifted." But this much is straight—let there be a summer rain along the line of the Southern Pacific in southern Arizona, and behold, the next morning every little pool has a myriad of little lean green frogs, with marvelous croaking powers. They don't wait for nightfall like their more civilized brethren elsewhere, but keep up the music by day as by night. They live where water comes only about once a year. They can't live over the interim under the sun-baked black rocks; they assuredly haven't hopped from the Colorado River, and they are all of a size, to boot. If they didn't come from the ground or from the river, they must have come from the skies. And there what the theory appears fairly likely.

NEW YORK CENTRAL

THE FOUR-TRACK TRUNK LINE.

Trains leave from and arrive at Central Station, Rochester, as follows:

EAST BY MAIN LINE.
A. M.—7:00, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2:00, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2:00, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2:00, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 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