

"YOU CAME TO TEA."

In spite of Fate invincible,
Of lack of wit, and lack of gold
Or pictures that the miser sell,
Or pictures never sold.
Oh, yes, when I am old and gray,
If old and gray I live to be,
I shall recall one happy day,
The day you came to tea!

That tea was strong, for all my hoard,
Some half a pound, two shilling tea,
Into the teapot had been poured—
Only the milk-ah, me!

So pallid, comfortless a stream,
Into your cup I saw it glide.
For a true jug of country cream
I felt I would have died!

But with the cake I was content,
Its richness no one could mistake,
For my whole store the slave had spent
On a superior cake.

Twice all in layers, almonded,
And crowned with white and rosy ice;
"What a delightful cake!" you said,
"But, please, a smaller slice!"

I flushed and stammered, I suspect:
A pound I'd cut you unaware,
On what I did could I reflect
When you were sitting there?

That revel, ah, how soon 'twas o'er!
How swiftly came the moment when
After my guests I shut the door,
I mounded to my den.

Then down I sat beside the wall,
And, feeling doubtful and amazed,
I strove your accent to recall
As at your chair I gazed.

I heard your soft laugh echo through
The dingy room grown dear to me,
Where now was silence and I knew
That you had been to tea.

—Punch.

THE SHADOW OF A HAND.

Business called me to Dieppe in the summer of 1890. The cashier of one of the largest banks in New York had absconded with the funds of the institution, and I had followed his tracks. Late at the close of the fourteenth of August I reached my destination and immediately repaired to my hotel. The first note of the cock awake me. The town clock struck four. I resolved to take a look at the city at daybreak.

I was astonished, on reaching the street, to see it full of people rushing in a ceaseless tide in one direction. Wondering what the attraction could be, I followed the ever increasing crowd surging down the Rue Grande. At the foot of the street was a large open square, where the crowd formed a perfect jam. From a platform at the opposite side I distinguished dark outlines that froze the blood in my veins. It was the guillotine. It was not long until a bell tolled a doleful death clangor, and the tumbrel with the condemned slowly approached. The executioner addressed himself deftly to his task, and in a few moments all was over.

"Who was the man, and why was he executed?" I inquired of a police agent at my side. He looked at me with astonishment and said:

"Indeed, sir, it was Jacques Reynaud."

My curiosity was excited, and before I left Dieppe I had gathered all the details of the life and crimes of the dead man. No longer than four months before there lived in the Rue des Armes a huckster named Morris, who was honestly but frugally supporting himself and wife and child from the profits of his trade.

"I should relish some oysters to-day," said Madame Morris as her husband entered one Sunday.

"I fear it is too late, my dear. It's a quarter past 9 o'clock."

"Justine thought that the shop at the corner might be open."

"Send her, then. The truth is, I am myself as hungry as a wolf."

The servant took a basket to get the oysters and left the door partly open to save her master the trouble of unlocking it when she returned. The shop at which she was to get the oysters was locked, and Justine went down the Rue Grande to procure them elsewhere, if possible. She had been absent three quarters of an hour. To her surprise, Justine found the house locked. She thought the wind had blown the door shut, and she tried the knob. "They must have retired," thought Justine, indignant that they had locked her out.

In her anxiety she related her troubles to several passers by. The police were sent for and the door was forced. The hall was dark. One of the gendarmes stumbled over an object. He scooped down, and his hand touched something warm. A light was procured, and a terrible scene was revealed. Poor Morris lay in the hall with his throat cut. The whole floor was covered with blood. In the little room lay his wife, with a horrible wound across her throat. The assassin had not even spared the infant in the cradle. The poor little creature had met the same fate as his parents. The house was sealed.

Eight days after the crime several men were passing along the Rue Grande. Suddenly a man clad in nothing but his shirt appeared on a roof carrying a child in his arms and crying, "Murder, murder!" A run was made for the door, but it was found to be locked from within. A few crashing blows sufficed to break it, and a man ran upstairs. In the fore hall, at the head of the stairs, a man was found with his throat cut. He was dead. In the chamber a woman was found dangling out of bed with a similar wound, and in the kitchen lay the servant girl, disposed of in like manner. It was undoubtedly the work of the same person that had committed the crime in the Rue des Armes.

The young man who had been seen on the roof gave this testimony:

"My name is Pierre Dulce. I am a watchmaker. For two years I have been employed in the house of the murdered man, whose family consisted of his wife, a child, and a servant girl. I slept in an attic chamber. Next to me slept the servant girl who usually had the child with her. It was about 2 o'clock in the morning when I awoke, feeling very thirsty. My water pitcher was empty, and I started to get a fresh supply, but before I had time to descend the first flight of stairs I saw a man sneaking up the lower flight.

ton's room when the door of the same suddenly opened, and my employer stepped out. The murderer buried himself upon him and pressed his hand upon his mouth to prevent outcry. I noticed that the villain had only three fingers on his left hand. I ran upstairs again and entered the girl's chamber. Marie was not there, but the child was fast asleep. I took it in my arms and ran up on the roof.

In the faubourg of Dieppe, in a rather obscure house, all alone with a servant girl, resided a woman named Beaumaurice. She was the widow of an army officer and distinguished for great firmness of character. The excitement throughout the city had not been able to disturb her composure, despite the fact that she was comparatively unprotected.

On the thirteenth of April, at about 10 o'clock, Madame Beaumaurice, who had all the day suffered from a painful headache, entered her boudoir. She was very tired and sat down in a large easy chair to rest herself. Opposite her stood her dressing case, whose cushion extended down to the floor. Back of her, upon a small table, stood the lamp. The lady had begun to disrobe herself when she noticed something that made her heart stop beating. On the floor she described the shadow of a man's hand. The hand had but three fingers.

The murderer was concealed within her dresser. After a short deliberation she approached the door and called the servant.

"Marie," said she, "do you know where M. Bernard lives?"

"Very well, my lady."

"I forgot that I shall have to pay 100 francs to-morrow morning. You must go immediately and get the money. To insure your getting the bank notes from M. Bernard I will write you a note."

"Dear Bernard,—The murderer of the Rue des Armes and the Rue Greillard is in my house. Bring the gendarmes and take him."

"HELEN BEAUMAURICE."

She handed the servant the note and sent her away. She then sat down and waited. Yes, a full hour the lady sat in her room, within whose shadow of the hand, apparent now and then, was the only evidence of the presence of the murderer. When finally the gendarmes arrived, Jacques Reynaud was taken prisoner.

Driftwood Pete's Break of Luck.

While splitting wood near his boat house at the foot of Loughborough avenue the other afternoon "Driftwood Pete" made a lucky stroke of the ax, which put him in possession of nearly \$400 in gold. He was pounding away at a hollow log, when the ax cut through and struck against some metallic substance, which proved to be an iron pot tightly sealed. With eager haste he broke the top, and to his delight gold coins came rolling out. Upon counting the coins the find amounted to \$400. The pot had been incased in the log apparently for a great number of years, and is thought to have been hidden in the tree during the war. Where the tree came from will probably never be known. It had been felled somewhere up the river, and drifted along with the current to yield its treasure to "Driftwood Pete." "Driftwood Pete" has earned a livelihood all his life by catching driftwood and other floating articles on the Mississippi river during the summer months. It was several months ago that he caught the log which contained the pot of gold, and it had lain near his cabin until he started to split it up for firewood.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Returned the Compliment.

One seldom hears a story more piquantly flavored with the real old New England humor than that told about Uncle Gideon Goodwin, who, eighty years ago, was one of the characters of the town. At that time the Methodists used to gather at the houses to hold their prayer meetings, and as Gideon was a devout worshiper of that creed he was a regular attendant. One night the meeting was held at the house of Harlow Harden, and Gideon was there. In those days excitement ran high, and just as the enthusiasm of the assembly was brought to the highest pitch, Uncle Harden, as he was always called, arose to his feet and lifting up his hand, shouted in a voice full of fervor:

"Glory to Gideon!" Hardly had the chorus of amens which this utterance called forth died away, when Goodwin, who thought that the praise was meant for him, and was bound to return the compliment, jumped and said: "Glory to you, too, Uncle Harden." That broke up the meeting. The solemnity of the occasion, so thoroughly shaken, could not be restored and there was a speedy adjournment.

The Bicycle Mania.

The medical journals are discussing the interesting subject of bicycling and they agree that when a man once falls a victim to the bicycle mania he does not recover until the period of three years has elapsed. There are exceptions to this rule, and these exceptions are those men and women who take up bicycling as a means of recovering and conserving their health. These people practice the exercise temperately and modestly; they are to be met with in the byways rather than upon the highway; they do not seek to acquire speed, and they write with the physical delights of the exercise the keen appreciation of those beauties of nature which are presented in the course of their excursions into the country.—Chicago Record.

Dean Stanley and Carlyle.

When Carlyle was about six, being left alone in the house one winter's day, an old man came to the door to ask for something to eat. There was not any food in the house; but the boy bade the man wait while he dragged a form in front of the dresser so that he might get his "penny-pie" off the shelf. This he broke and gave the old man all the money in it.

"And," said Carlyle, "I never knew till then what the joy of Heaven was like." When the rector of Chelsea told the story (says the Athenaeum) Dean Stanley, with his quick historic instinct, exclaimed, "Had that happened in the Middle Ages the old man would have turned out to be some one else."

The Present Condition of Ireland.

The wealth of Ireland is slowly on the increase in commerce and among the middle classes, but in all that relates to the land it is plain declining. Pauperism is steadily growing, though population is still being reduced; the income tax on land is gradually falling off; the area of agriculture of all kinds is shrinking, husbandry in many districts is not nearly so good as it was, say before 1870, especially as to planting, arable drainage and the breeds of farming animals; capital has long ago been avoiding the Irish soil. It could not, indeed, have been otherwise, the Irish land system being what it is.—London Fortnightly Review.

The Galway Feis.

Gaelic feis will be held in Spiddal, Galway, July 30 under the patronage of Right Rev. Dr. MacGregor, bishop of Galway; Lady Gregory, Dr. Hyde and Mr. Edward Martyn. This is the practical way to revive the Irish language.

IN BEAR OLD IRELAND.

They made her grave in Erin's tale;
They dug it dark and deep
That she with us a thought the while
May through the ages sleep.

With gray soil they lapped it up,
And wandering winds a wail
The daisy and the buttercup
Are blooming on it now.

The fields and farms around are fair,
And every morn in spring
The redstart and the chaffinch there
Their matins chant and sing.

The yew, perchance, repeats his rhyme,
The purple violets blow,
The primrose peeps, and there, in time,
The shamrock green will grow.

The dew at dawn imparts the grass,
The wild flowers o'er it wave,
And barefoot children when they pass
Say, "There's poor Mary's grave."

God bless the wild flower and the weed
And all the blooms that shine;
Poor Mary's grave it is indeed,
Her humble grave and mine.

For all my hopes lie buried there,
The dreams I dreamt when she
With blushes made the whole world fair
And life a joy for me.

And now my only comfort's this:
When soft airs round me blow
Soul currents from some land of bliss
Make me, thank God, to know

The grave was never dug so deep
But love could understand;
Though one wakes here and one's asleep
In dear old Ireland.

—Moses Taggart in Boston Pilot.

The Irish Postboy.

One who in his boyhood days acted in the capacity of a rural postboy in the old country contributes the following to a recent issue of The Irish World. He says:

While the boys and girls who have emigrated as a rule correspond with their people pretty regularly their parents are continually on the qui vive for letters, and the letters cannot come too often to suit them. But of course there are some who write only at long intervals and again a few who, it is presumed, have met misfortunes and won't write until their tide turns, which perhaps never occurs. I have seen some pathetic cases, notably that of the poor old father whose boy in a fit of waywardness "took the shilling" and, poor fellow, saw his folly and lost heart to write home.

Eager watches by the highway, where it threads an Irish vale,
As the dust-stained rural postboy is approaching with the mail.
How their straining eyes are gladdened by his horn's distant bay!

Ah, it seems the sweetest music to expectant hearts today!
In this peaceful ivied cottage now an anxious mother waits
Tidings from her dear boughal who emigrated to the States.
But the postboy leaves no letter, and the kindly eyes grow dim.

In her breast a dire foreboding "that there's something wrong with Jim."
Here a winsome country damsel, tripping lightly on the path:
She has crossed the dewy meadows from her home beyond the sea;
As the mistive from New Zealand "neath her mantle disappears
There is pleasure in her blushes, vanished all her doubts and fears.



On the low wall near the river a drooping figure leans;
"Tis very plain this old man knows what bitter sorrow means.
There day by day he sadly waits, still never a word from her Joe;
Who left the little happy home and 'listed years ago.

Happy day for this good woman who has mourned a husband's loss
Since he left her side to wander 'neath the faroff Southern Cross.
"I await you and the children," this the welcome letter says.
Soon they'll hold a glad reunion and forget past troubled days.

Peace once more along the highway, undisturbed by baying horn;
Clear and sweet the lark is singing o'er the fields
Scattered all the patient watchers; they can only hope and pray
That kind heaven will wait a blessing to their dear ones far away.

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Little Demetrius ...And Miltiades.

It was only 3 o'clock in the afternoon, but so thick were the driving clouds that it was almost dark. The wind blew fiercely, and waves dashed against the mole in Piræus, and the water flew over the smooth pavement and made it look like a sea. The light-houses on the two points at the entrance to the harbor already showed their red and green fires. At their bases foam dashed white and high, like drifted snow.

The high point of land stood darkly against the darkening sky, and the ships at anchor in the bay appeared to try to loosen their chains to fly from danger. Back from Piræus loomed a line of hills, one of them crowned with the



"THE SEA IS ANGRY TODAY."

Acropolis, while below and around its feet gleamed the unwonted lights of Athens, seen stiffly between the gusts of rain. The long, low plain between Athens and Piræus, looked dark and gloomy, and altogether the scene was dismal and forbidding.

At least it seemed so to the little boys who clasped a lamp-post on the mole at Piræus to keep from being blown down by the fierce gusts of wind. No one was in sight but the patrol, who took life easily, after the manner of most orientals. Snuggly hidden behind a doorway, he was sheltered from the fury of the gale.

These boys, hung to the lamp-post with all their strength and strained their eyes out toward the open sea between the lighthouses. At their feet stood a basket of shells such as are cast up along the shore.

The elder boy was about 10 years old and the younger 8. Their sturdy, bronzed legs were bare, and no hats covered their shining black curls.

"Truly, Demetrius, the sea is angry today. It was like that when papa went away, when he never came back," said the elder boy.

"Yes, and mamma is afraid today," answered the smaller one in shrill tones, which were clear and distinct in spite of the storm, "and the captain of the Heracles came and asked papa to go with him and said the fishing would be good, but mamma told him to stay at home, for the sea monsters who eat the sailors were hungry today."

"My mother said the same, but I am old and go to school, and I know there are no sea monsters and that it is the wind that makes the waves, and the wind is just air in motion. All those stories are just old fables. I don't believe them. Let us leave here and climb over the point where we can see the boats, and perhaps we can find some more shells there. When I grow bigger, I am going to sea on long voyages."

"So am I," answered little Demetrius. "I want to be an admiral. I don't want to die in my bed, on planks, as my grandfather said. The captain of the Heracles lets me go on board sometimes, and once I climbed the mast. The captain said I'd be a sailor some day. Did you ever go on a boat and climb the mast, Miltiades? Did you?"

"Yes, when my father was alive, on his boat, and now sometimes the captain lets me go out fishing with them, when it is fine. I've never been out in a storm. You know I have to gather shells for my mother to polish and sell."

"Yes, I know, and I'll always help you till I grow big."

By this time the ascent of the hill, which was really a promontory, began to grow difficult, and the boys found better use for their breath than words, and they struggled along; but sturdy youngsters as they were, they surmounted it and descended on the other side enough to be somewhat sheltered from the wind. The rain had ceased to pelt their bare heads. There they rested awhile, when Miltiades said:

"Demetrius, you stay here. I will go down along the beach. The tide is out, and the wind blows offshore, so that I may find some pretty shells."

"I'll go, too," said the little one.

"No, you stay here and watch for the Heracles. I won't be long. The tide will turn soon now."

Saying that, Miltiades seized the basket and emptied all the shells it contained out on the wet grass and, laughing, said as he started away:

"Now you will have to stay there till I come. Take good care of my shells!"

Miltiades bounded down the steep hill and came to the rocky shore where the Heracles lay moored. He

the Demetrius above, watched him as he looked smaller than baby George at home.

As the promontory extended out into the archipelago the shore was more abrupt and the jagged rocks along the beach more dangerous. The little ribbon of sandy beach was narrower, too, and more shelving. Miltiades went farther and farther toward the point in pursuit of the shells he found and forgot that it was past the hour for the turn of the tide. The wind did not reach the sheltered beach, and he was all unconscious of his danger until he found that a wave broke over his feet.

Then he started and ran as his feet had never run before. But, swift as they were, the waves were swifter, and the rocks were so high that he did not even try to scale them. His only safety was in rapid flight. If he could only reach the shelving place where he had come down! He threw away his basket of shells and ran, but the tide rose faster, and the water hindered his progress. Then he stepped into a sunken place between two rocks and went down, striking his head at the same time against a jagged point. He lay still then, and the water rolled over him.

Little Demetrius on the hill had seen all this and almost as soon as his friend had fallen was there, wading up to his waist to rescue Miltiades. But the waves dashed over the unconscious boy, and he was heavy-heavy as lead—and at last Demetrius, too, lay still, with his arms around Miltiades, their dark eyes closed and their curls floating with the water.

At this moment one of those fishing boats peculiar to that country came flying around the point as if pursued by all the furies, and she rounded to under the shelter of the promontory in the deep, smooth water. One man sprang into the water with a line in his teeth and with a few vigorous strokes reached a point where he could wade. He started toward the jagged rocks to make the line fast. Then he gave a great cry and hastily passing the light of the rope over the rock that had often been used for the same purpose before he stooped and lifted the two boys out of the water. "Captain! Captain! Come quick! My Dimitris! Little Dimitris is drowned, and so is Miltiades, the widow's son." But few minutes passed before the two boys were on the fishing boat being treated to all the rough and heroic measures usually taken to restore the nearly drowned to life.

After an hour of such treatment there were signs of returning life in Miltiades, and after awhile he was nearly as well as he had been before, save for a bruise on his forehead. But little Demetrius lay in a stupor for hours even after he had been taken home to his mother, and no one expected that he could live. His mother sat in tearful grief holding him while his father strode up and down outside of the house. He could not bear to see his boy die.

After awhile Miltiades forced his way in and in his despair cried: "Demetrius, Demetrius, come back! Don't die, don't die!"

A feeble fluttering of the eyelids there was and a heaving of the laboring chest, and then little Demetrius said:

"I told you I would never die in bed, that I would die in the water, like my grandfather."

"But you're not dead, little Dimitris!" said Miltiades, with a sob of joy.

"Not dead? I'm not dead? Well, that's funny. I was sure I was. Then everybody held a jubilee."

OLIVE HAZARD.

Results, at Example.

Boys should not forget that they are walking photographs. Everything a boy sees, touches, feels, thinks, does, registers itself within him. You will yourself be a liar if you live with liars, a cynic if you live with cynics, mean if you live with the mean, affected if you live with the affected.—American Boy.

Her Mother.

"I'm lost! Ours you and me, poor! Poor little frightened baby!
The wind had tossed her golden hair,
The stones had scratched her dimpled knee,
I stopped and lifted her with care,
And softly, whispering, 'Ours!'"

"Tell me your name, my little said
I can't find you without it!"
"My name is Shirley, my mother said,
Yes, but you lost it!" she shook her head.
"Up to my house, my mother said,
A single line about it!"

"But, dear," I said, "what is your name?"
"Why, didn't you hear me tell you?
Don't shiny eyes!" A bright thought came,
Yes, when you're good, but when you're bad,
You, little one, is it not your name?
What name, but I would you!"

"My mother's name," she said,
A little name, indeed,
And the name of the girl who was
Milkmaid's name, my mother said,
And the name of the girl who was
Milkmaid's name, my mother said.

TRAINS ARRIVE.

11:30 A. M. Daily Express.
11:45 A. M. West End Express.
12:00 P. M. Daily Express.

TRAINS DEPART.

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NEW YORK CENTRAL

THE FOUR-TRACK TRAIN LINE

Trains leave from and arrive at Grand Avenue Station, Grand Avenue at 12th St.

EAST BY MAIN LINE

A. M.—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, 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, 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,