

ty your emperor will be ever ready to grant her the asylum she needs."

A week had passed away from the time of the strange scene just recorded. The former duke, Olga, had been convicted of treason and was now on his way to the eternal wilds of Siberia. But let me say here he never reached the land of his banishment. His proud heart broke on the road, and he died, unknown and uncared for, in a peasant's cot among the rugged mountains of Uralia. He had begged of the officer who guided him not to tell his station, and the peasants supposed they were burying a common traveler when they laid away the mortal remains of Olga in the cold grave they had prepared.

Savotano, the humpbacked priest, was executed as a common murderer, while his companions in crime were punished as their various degrees of guilt demanded.

And now comes the closing scene. Within the largest apartment of the ducal palace were assembled a brilliant company, and the emperor himself was master of the ceremonies.

Ruric Nevel, the gunmaker of Moscow, knelt at the emperor's feet, and Peter drew his sword and laid the glittering blade upon Ruric's shoulders, and as he did so he said: "Arise, Sir Ruric, duke of Tula, and receive thy just titles and bonds of instruments."

The youth arose, pale and trembling with the strange excitement of the moment, and then the emperor handed him a broad parchment roll, with its heavy seals and vignette bearing the arms of the dukedom.

"Now," cried Peter, whose brow was flushed with the joy he himself was making, "let the rest of the work go on. Come, holy father, we need your help to perform the rest of the ceremony."

Ruric was pale no longer. As he felt the warm hand of Rosalind trembling within his own the rich blood mounted to his brow and temples, and in his dark eyes the strange love light danced like reflected sunbeams.

The word was spoken—the bond of union was made—and, after all, Rosalind Valda had become Duchess of Tula. The widowed mother was the first to bless them, and the emperor came next. Then came Paul and Zenobie, hand in hand.

"Aha!" spoke the happy duchess as she caught the new light of Zenobie's eye and then turned to the glowing face of Paul. "You are playing at the game of love."

"You will not object," whispered the fair girl, hiding her face upon the bosom of her mistress.

"No, no, Zenobie."

"And you, my master," spoke Paul, gazing eagerly into Ruric's face, "you will not say nay."

"No, no, my noble Paul. If you can win her, you have my consent."

But she was won already. But there was yet one more to come. Conrad, Count Damonoff, somewhat pale and weak, but yet on the sure road to health, moved slowly forward and took the hand of the joyous bride. Then he reached forth the other hand and took the palm of Ruric, and as he thus held both their hands he said:

"My lord and lady, and, I must say, my best of friends, let this moment atone for all of darkness between us in the past. Be you happy both, and may God bless you. Let me be accounted among your friends, and let the future prove how grateful I can be."

"Aye," cried Ruric, grasping the count's hand more firmly, "let the future show how grateful we can all be for the blessings of this hour, and while we look to God for help we will not fail to remember in our prayers the author of our joys—our noble emperor, Peter of Russia."

And so closed the scene as it should—with one long, loud shout of—

"God bless our emperor!"

Peter never forgot that moment. In the long years thereafter when he sometimes let the clouds of passion settle upon his soul he remembered that scene and that shout. It was one of the bright spots in the memory of his youth which he cherished always.

THE END.

His One Topic of Conversation.

Sir Walter Scott had a clever friend who was once utterly baffled by a stranger in a stagecoach. The friend, who wished to converse, assailed the stranger on all hands and at last expostulated. "I have talked to you, my friend," said he, "on all the ordinary subjects—literature, farming, merchandise, gaming, game laws, horse races, suits at law, politics and swindling, blasphemy and philosophy. Is there any one subject that you will favor me by opening upon?" "Sir," said he in reply, "can you say anything clever about bend leather?" Most people, like Sir Walter, would confess they would have been as much nonplussed as his acquaintance. Perhaps the man who was only interested in

"bend leather" was past hope for conversational purposes.—Gentleman's Magazine.

Be Sure of Your Yoke Fellow.

A farmer was training a precocious bull calf for the work of an ox and injudiciously put his own head through the other end of the yoke. Evidently the calf was not well pleased with his working mate, recognizing the disparity of the species or perhaps seeing an element of humor in the situation, and at once started on a wild dash down through the village. The farmer could not extricate himself, and balking was out of the question, therefore he kept to the pace of the calf and roared to the denizens of the hamlet: "Here we come, darn our fool! Head us off, somebody!"—Field and Stream.

LONG BARTON'S RACE

In a gloomy room, made more dismal by a spluttering candle set in a bottle, the sides of which were covered with a copious overflow of tallow, a young man sat, attempting to decipher the words on a small piece of paper. Near him, with her head bent forward in an anxious, half expectant attitude, was his mother, on whose not unattractive face were the lines of toil and suffering.

"Well, George," she finally said, "why don't you read it?"

"I can hardly make it out, mother," her son replied, "but it's new, and he says he got the receipt from one of the great piano makers in New York. It's the stuff that makes the cases shine so. Think of it! If I could get such a polish on my skis, why, I'd win that \$200 and pay off the mortgage and get you a thick cloak and all the things you need."

"Yes, George," said the woman, a slight flush tinged her pale face; "but you've tried so many kinds of 'dope,' and they all failed. I'm afraid it's your way of riding, dear."

"My way of riding!" exclaimed the young man, and he looked up and ran his hands through his curly hair. "Why, there isn't a man in Plumas county who can toss more snow in a day, lift more, stand more, than can I."

His mother said nothing. She sighed as she looked up at the snow covered windows, then glanced at her companion with an expression that combined pride and pity. The young man had not overstated his prowess. He was a giant, a colossus in strength, seven feet tall, but so thin, so long of limb, so strangely drawn out that for miles around he was known as "Long Barton" and "Tanglefoot."

He was a miner, like his father, who had been killed in an avalanche two seasons before.

The winter had set in early, and a succession of snowstorms had buried the little hamlet of a dozen houses so deep in the snow that around the Barton home it was nearly 30 feet on the level, and the hamlet, so far as appearances went, had been wiped out of existence and lay with all its domestic life under the snow. The entire male population had dug the Bartons out, as in previous winters, the operation consisting in beginning a shoot 50 feet from the front of the house, or where it was supposed to be, and sinking a burrow or shoot at an angle of 45 degrees in the direction of the second story. It took some time to accomplish this after the last storm, but finally the miners reached the attic window, giving a rousing cheer as Mrs. Barton and her son appeared to welcome them. From this time the attic window had been the front door. George had cut steps up the burrow, and the Bartons, as the postmaster remarked, were "in society again."

The chimney had been spliced with pieces kept for the purpose, so that the top reached the surface of the snow, and as George had piled a plentiful supply of wood in the house in September and there was an abundance of candles, oil and provisions things were as comfortable in the Barton home as in any house in the place 20 or more feet under the snow.

But there is a skeleton in every household, it is said, and in the Barton home it was pride and debt. The elder Barton had left a mortgage on the house, which was soon to expire, and the mortgagee wished the money. He lived in the city, 600 miles distant, and did not care for a risk where the security was liable to be crushed beneath 30 feet of snow, as both Plumas and Sierra counties were famous for heavy snowfalls. George Barton had not been able to save enough money for the mortgage. Avalanches had covered the mines and kept him from work. Then one night in returning home he could not find the shoot and had wandered off and when discovered was badly frozen. It was the custom in the village for the miners when going to work to plant a staff with a rag streamer at the entrance of the shoots, so that they could find their homes if a storm came up. But the wind had blown Barton's flag down.

Then there was another trouble. For a number of years George Barton had been a contestant in the ski races which are the principal amusement of the people of these counties of California in winter, but in every one he had been defeated—more, humiliated, as twice, unable to control his long legs, he had at first wobbled, then slipped and gone down the slide upon his back amid the roars of laughter and gibes of the crowd of spectators.

"The funniest thing about it," remarked the storekeeper, "is that George thinks he can ride and always lays it to his skis or the 'dope.' But, bless your heart, a man might just as well try to ride on stilts as them legs of his'n. They ain't built for skin. They'd make a good skid for a bridge. My, how he did tangle up, legs and arms all in knots!"

Why don't some of you chaps tell him nature didn't intend him to ride skis?"

"Why don't you tell him?" retorted a listener, laughing.

"Waal, it ain't my business, and I get heaps of fun out of him, but it's the truth, he ain't got any sense."

"He's entered for next week," said one of the group.

"What for—the sweepstakes?" asked the storekeeper.

"You bet!" was the reply. "He's got some 'dope' that's like greased lightning, and you can't get the secret out of him with a team of wild horses. Gus Lindberg offered him \$10 for a cupful, but he wouldn't look at him, and he's given it out that he expects to win."

"He'll win if the prize is for tying his legs into knots," laughed the storekeeper. "He can't equal the time he went to Miss Bates' party and slipped at the head of their shoot. It was 75 feet if it was a foot, and he went sliding down like a log of redwood—a mile a minute. The front door was shut, and he struck it feet first and landed right in the party, his legs all in knots."

The ski races had been announced for a week, and Long Barton had entered. The grand prize was \$250, and he believed he could win it. But on the morning of the event his mother made some excuse for remaining home and was the only woman in the hamlet not present at the races.

She could not bear to witness his defeat. The course was on the slopes of the sierras, a splendid hill 2,000 feet long, slippery as glass, and of so sharp an angle that a man could not ascend it, and once on it with skis, it was a race like the wind for nearly half a mile, then out on to a gradual slope into the valley, where the little village lay buried.

Every town or village in Plumas and Sierra counties of any pretensions had a ski club, and many of the members were experts who had performed wonderful feats, and for this race the pick of every club was on hand at the top of the glassy slide, while an admiring crowd of men, women and girls looked on.

The curious Norwegian snowshoes, which were eight feet long, four inches wide and half an inch thick, were being given their final polish, every contestant having his special "dope," which was his secret. Apart from the others stood Long Barton strapping on his skis, which had a polish such as had never been seen before. They gleamed in the sun with dazzling brilliance. If "dope" counted, there were those who believed that "Tanglefoot" would win.

The first signal was given, and the men lined up, their long skis extended forward, their bodies in various positions. Each racer bore a long staff, or starter. Some held it on one side, some between their legs, while others extended it ahead, and as the word was given each man gave a mighty shove and projected himself down the terrific slide. They shot over the edge like a wave of water over a fall and seemed to rush into space, then sank so rapidly from view that they were gone before the excited onlookers realized it. The speed increased rapidly, and in 10 seconds was like that of a fast trotter, at 15 it was equal to the fastest train of cars, and at 20 the best men were holding their breath, as it was impossible to breathe at such speed, and the slightest swerve would send them off the track. From the side the scene was a frightful one, as it was hard to believe that human beings could preserve their position and not be dashed to pieces under such extreme velocity. But the line swept on, a few of the racers surging ahead. Half way down, and four are in advance, two-thirds, and one tall figure is leading.

It is Long Barton. He is rushing with the speed of light. The new "dope" is carrying him on to victory. He knew it; his teeth were set; his heart was in his mouth—the goal was just ahead. Then something happened. He swerved a tenth of an inch; a piece of ice caught the channel of his polished ski, perhaps, and the next second the line of racers rushed like the wind by a figure rolling over and over, its legs, arms and long skis seemingly tangled in a hopeless

knot. "Tanglefoot" had lost again, and the loud laughter and gibes of the spectators rang in his ears as, half stunned, he slid to the bottom and picked himself up. To their credit, the winners did not laugh. It was the crowd on the hill, and Barton took off his skis and, avoiding them, walked over the snow and was lost to sight in the shoot that led to his home.

That night, as was the custom, there was a ball, and at the earnest wish of his mother Long Barton went. But he took no part in the entertainment and sat by the stove and watched the merry-makers, knowing well that he was the butt of them all. Late at night, while he still looked on, a crowd gathered at the door around a man who had just arrived—Reel Stacey, the stage driver.

"Hope you folks has extra splices on your chimneys and flags out," he said. "It's banked 50 feet at Evans, and the 30 foot marks on the pines are covered, and it's snowing like it will never stop. But that's not what I come for," he continued, unrolling a bundle, blanket after blanket, and producing a baby that looked up at the men with a wondering gaze.

"A baby!" they shouted in chorus, and half a dozen arms reached for the child.

"Hold on, boys," said the driver; "business first. This is Jim Grayson's baby. His wife died last night, and he's flat on his back. The cow was killed in the snow, and there ain't any milk in this town but this," and the old driver held up a quart bottle. "Now, the doctor says that the only thing to save the baby is to get it out where there's milk. If we don't, it will starve."

"Why, Reel," said the storekeeper in an awed whisper, "it's death to try the mountains in such a storm!"

"So I told the doctor," replied the stage driver, "and I haven't the nerve to try it. I know what it is—a man's life against the kid's. But I said I'd state the case. He's a new-comer at Sierra. He got here and can't get away."

"It's 50 miles to milk if it's a foot," remarked a red whiskered miner in the group. "Won't bread and water do?"

"It might for some," retorted the driver, "but this baby's not built that way. She wants milk, and she won't touch anything else. They've been trying it for days. Is there any man here that can suggest anything?" And the speaker raised his voice.

Every miner present knew that it was impossible to get out of the mountains, even if it was not snowing, until the snow had settled. Every one recalled the names and faces of men who had met death trying to cross the sierras in storms, and for a few moments no one answered. Then, as the driver pulled the blanket over the little figure, which he held closer to his breast, a voice said:

"Well, if the baby wants milk, she's going to have it; don't you forget it, boys." And Long Barton edged through the crowd and took the child in his arms. He rolled it up in the coverings the stage driver had taken off. Then he pulled on his snow cap and, followed by the men to the door, went out into the storm.

"Well," exclaimed Reel Stacey, "I'd have picked 'Tanglefoot' the last one for such a proposition. But, boys, we've mistook him. He's got sand, for he's going to his funeral."

What George Barton said to his mother no one knew. Time was the essence of this transaction, and in a very short while he came up the shoot clad in his furs, the baby wrapped in a fur bag which was slung under his arm. He carried his staff in his hand, a revolver in his pocket for wolves, and on his booted feet were the skis which the incomparable "dope" had polished so that he could hardly stand. A moment later he was lost to view.

The same dogged persistency which had led Long Barton to believe that he could win the race made him think that he could carry the baby to safety. If he had been asked an hour before if a man could do this, he would have said no. He strode up the little valley, keeping in the center, with the walls of the sierras, snowclad, trembling with avalanches on either side and in an hour struck the straggling forest. He knew the trees well and for five miles kept the trail. Then he came to the first slope. By the aid of his staff he made a rapid slide, reaching the bottom of the canyon safely in a few seconds. And this was to be his experience—climbing and sliding. The next hill was so soft that he was breathing hard when he reached half way. Then he felt a tremble, a nameless thrill, and the entire side of the mountain seemed to give way, and he was carried irresistibly down on the wings of an avalanche. He made desperate struggles and by a miracle kept near the top and after much labor dug himself out.

He had stopped snowing as he

started down the canyon, now sliding now leaping, the famous "dope" carrying him well and fast. From a deep valley he must climb the next range, but when he was half way up the snow began to fall again, and he became bewildered. He could not see the stars and would have to trust to luck. So he swung himself over the divide and rushed down the slopes. Another range to climb and still it snowed, and later the wind rose and tossed the snow aloft in great spectral wreaths that looked to his distorted vision like shrouds. But that warm bundle so close to his heart gave him courage, and he pushed on.

Five hours he had been traveling steadily. He could not remember how many ranges he had passed. He had forgotten how many ranges he was to cross to reach the town.

He made some descents that equaled the famous race course, narrowly escaping trees and rocks, holding one arm about the bundle, patting it as he heard faint cries. Again he was caught in an avalanche, reaching the bottom waist deep in snow, the baby almost buried. It was now daylight, and after digging his feet out he unrolled the bundle and, protecting it, gave the baby a ration of the milk, which had kept warm against his body. It looked wonderfully at him the while, and George, who knew very little about babies, made up his mind that it must be a very good natured one.

He did not realize how weary he was until he started up again. Then he found that his foot had been twisted and he was lame. The cold was increasing, the snow was fiercer and filled his eyes, and he felt that this was the beginning of the end. But on he pressed until the afternoon, when the baby cried, and he stopped to give it the remainder of the milk, looking at the little face with red and desperate eyes. On he went again, now running, now limping, plunging down the slopes until he began to experience a strange oppression, as though a band of iron was about his head. Then he seemed to be at home, and he tried to ask his mother to take the baby. He suddenly stopped, trembling, realizing that his mind was not clear, and dashed snow upon his forehead. Then he rushed on again like a madman.

How far he went no one knows to this day, but it had been many miles in the wrong direction, when, with a wild laugh, which frightened those who heard it, Long Barton unrolling a bundle and plunged into a half buried wickiup, from the top of which sparks were rising. The men reached for their firearms at sight of the gigantic and wild-eyed figure, but the squaw, laying her papoose among the blankets, with unerring instinct caught the bundle from the hands of the falling man, and Jim Grayson's baby was saved. As for "Tanglefoot" Barton, one of the half-breeds, who came in to the village from another wickiup and who understood English, said he was clean off his head, and thought he had won a race.—Charles F. Holder in New York Evening Post.

In and Into.

Much confusion characterizes the use of these two prepositions. Six months gives the simplest and best rule concerning them, which we have come across. He says, "Into comes after a verb denoting motion, and in follows a verb denoting rest." This gives the idea comprehensively, but it must not be taken literally. Thus it is entirely proper to say "He fell in the street." The person referred to may have been walking or standing still when he fell. He was, however, already in the street, and therefore when he fell he did not move into it. If, however, he was in a building or other structure facing the street and he fell, landing in the street, it would then be proper to say "He fell into the street."

It is frequently an adverb, and in such cases it should be used after a verb denoting motion. For example, it is correct to say "He came in" of one who had been asked to enter a house. But if a proposition were to be used in this connection the phrase would be "He came into the house."

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NEW YORK CENTRAL

THE FOUR-TRACK LINE

Trains leave from and arrive at New York Central Station, New York City.

FAST 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, 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,