

ENTER PETER'S BARK

THE LOVE OF THE ENGINEER.

ANOTHER FAMILY OF CONVERTS
IN DUBUQUE.

Queen Natalie of Serbia Becomes a Catholic—Other Converts to the Faith—The Apostolate of Non-Catholic Missions Progressing.

Queen Natalie, widow of King Milan of Serbia, has become a Catholic. At Biarritz the Queen met the Abbe Soulanges, who instructed her and finally, under the grace of God, wrought her conversion from the Orthodox Greek belief. The formal ceremony of her profession of faith took place at Berck, a small seaport town in the north of France. None but the Queen's sponsors and one or two of her retinue were present at the function which was conducted in the pretty little chapel with quiet simplicity and solemnity. The venerable Abbe Soulanges officiated. Queen Natalie displayed great emotion. The Queen chose April 13 for the ceremony, as that was the birthday of the Marquis Castille's daughter, of whom she is particularly fond.

Queen Natalie was born on May 2, 1859. She was married in Belgrade on Oct. 15, 1875, but was separated from her husband in October, 1888. Subsequently, however, a reconciliation was effected and the breach between the royal couple was healed on March 7, 1893.

It is not every day that a queen becomes a convert, but every day souls just as dear to God as the souls of sovereigns come over to the true Church. The congratulations are to be extended to the Queen.

The Paulist Fathers have made arrangements to resume the work of giving missions to Catholics and non-Catholics in Texas during the coming spring. The Rev. John Marks Handley, C. S. P., who gave such successful missions at Corpus Christi and Refugio, is expected back in Texas. He is a Southerner by birth, a convert to the Catholic faith, and a man of superior literary attainments. He will be accompanied by Rev. Father Healy, C. S. P.

The mission to non-Catholics, given at the Holy Angels church, Chicago, achieved splendid results. It lasted two weeks, the church being packed nightly with 1,800 people. Over 3,300 confessions were heard and 2,300 copies of Father Scaries' Plain Facts for Fair Minds were distributed. The result of the work of Fathers Conway and Youman was 86 converts, 40 of whom have already been prepared for baptism and reception.

During a recent mission given by the Paulist Fathers in the Church of Our Lady of Mercy, Philadelphia, 2,231 confessions were heard, about twelve converts were received and the Total Abstinence society gained ten new members.

A very happy family was received into the Catholic Church at Dubuque, Iowa, April 19, consisting of the Rev. R. Percy Eubanks, Mrs. Eubanks and their children, all until recently of Decorah, Iowa, where Mr. Eubanks was the highly esteemed rector of Grace Episcopal church. Mr. Eubanks graduated at Neshotah Episcopal Seminary and was ordained in 1888. He has been an intimate and trusted friend of Dr. B. F. De Costa, who has had the satisfaction of assisting him in finding his way into the Catholic Church. He is a man of an established character and his loss is felt by Episcopalians. He has been appointed a teacher at St. Joseph's College, Dubuque.

W. J. Chalkley, a well known and esteemed citizen of San Antonio, was baptized and received into the Catholic Church on Easter Sunday afternoon, at St. Mary's church, by Rev. C. J. Smith, O. M. I. Mr. Chalkley is now in his 70th year. Immediately after his reception, Mr. Chalkley had the additional happiness of becoming sponsor to his youngest grandson, son of James Chalkley, who was baptized.

Radica, the survivor of Dr. Doyen's operation, which separated her from her twin sister, has been baptized a Catholic. She was formerly a Protestant. Her grandmother was the Marquise de Beauvoir, who has adopted the child. Last reports from Riviera say that Radica is on the high road to recovery.

Among recent converts in the city of Poughkeepsie was Miss Virginia Clayton Rogers, who was married last week in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York city, to a prominent young Catholic lawyer, John T. Nevins, by Rev. Dr. Lavelle.

AVE MARIA.

The dark, night-winged shadows flee,
The angels in their joyous glee
Sweet songs of praise sing unto thee—
Ave Maria!

The farmer on his lonely way,
Tho' wearied with the toil of day,
With head bowed low in trust doth pray—
Ave Maria!

Before the prattling child reclines
Its little head in prayer inclines
As once thy Son, while bloomed the vines,
Ave Maria!

Be thou our snow-white star thro' life!
Defend our souls from passions rife,
Hear thou our outcry 'mid the strife—
Ave Maria!

—H. M. Paul.

Bishop-elect W. J. Kenny of St. Augustine, Fla., will be consecrated May 11. Cardinal Gibbons will officiate.

There's a gleam of red on the road's rough bed.

And a clamor of flying wheels,
As I give old "Flyaway Beam" her head
And, swift as a shot from a rifle sped
She sweeps o'er the singing steels.
Like a star at night shines a faint, far light—
The love of the engineer.

With a rattle and din along we spin,
And the house runs blithely by;
And shadowed against the light within,
Is the girl it has been my luck to win
And the girl for whom I'd die!
For a slight of the train, at the window pane

She watches, my Nell, my dear,
And rickshaws past my heart beats fast—
She's the love of the engineer.
I hold your lives, oh, husbands and wives,
In the palm of my grimy hand!
But you need not fear, whatever arrives,
While the stanch old engine onward drives,
For here at my post I stand;
And well I know she would have me so
To my death unknown, as I am
Asleep or awake, you are safe for the sake
Of the love of the engineer.

A Burlingame Diana

"Jack has always said that my physical courage first attracted him." This was one of Mrs. Jack's casual confidences, noted at a meeting of the Band, Gusset and Seam, and recalled by members of the society when they assembled for afternoon tea under the oaks of Burlingame.

Jack and his friends have not yet arrived. "It will be an hour before the men come," some one suggests, regarding Mrs. Jack adoringly from her place at her feet. The devotion of "Duff Jim's" troopers to their leader has its counterpart in the sentiment which Mrs. Jack inspires in the ranks of the Band, Gusset and Seam.

With the passing of winter, the activities of this coterie have been merged into the pursuit affected by the fashionable set which girdle the globe from New York to London, by way of Yokohama. But Mrs. Jack rarely joins in such mild diversions as the trailing of a golf sphere or watching polo from the top of a coconut. Give her the freedom of the desert, with a shadow yellow as its sands, in advance of her, creeping velvet footed, toward the shelter of a rocky canyon; or a shimmering stretch of tropical water, broken into waves which threaten to engulf her frail canoe, as she watches the struggles of a dying alligator. The memory of such scenes as these recurs to her now, as her eyes travel over the trim landscape, and she sighs as she observes, irrelevantly, "I am like old Horace Walpole; I do not care for a country so tame that it may be stroked."

The small circle around the tea table exchanges congratulatory glances. Its entertainment is assured when Mrs. Jack begins to find fault with Not Hill and Burlingame.

"Fort Whooop-Up is not exactly what you would call domesticated," Mrs. Jack continues, thoughtfully. "We arrived there at dusk—Aunt Pynchon, Cousin Tom and I—with tents, blankets and a small arsenal of rifles and ammunition."

"My aunt, from the back seat of the buckboard, surveyed the surroundings and said, decisively: 'Please to have some one take me to my hotel.'"

"Yes, dear; we will have a passing cab and go at once," I replied.

"Just then a tall, lean man rose, apparently from the adobe and sage of the trail. He wore a frieze of gray felt, which had once been a hat, held together by a rattlesnake band and a daddo of cartridge belt, hunting knife and pistols."

"I'm the runner for the Commercial House," he announced, gathering his wreck of a sombrero skillfully in one hand.

"You must have run a long way," said, sweeping the vacant horizon with my eyes. But the English barracks occupied the small valley not a quarter of a mile distant, and, as we neared it, the strains of "Tommy Atkins" floated over upon the air. Supper had long been over at the Commercial House, but the proprietor found the remnants of it, and set them out, with no foolish frippery of table cloth and napkins.

"Sounds and scents of the summer night crowded in at the shutterless windows—the pungent breath of sage with fainter perfume from the primroses, dropped here and there through the violet dusk like flakes of newly fallen snow. Somewhere near the house a stream hurried on to the Pacific, babbling of a country it had lately left."

"The next day we set out to find this land with our guides and pack horses. It was a long climb from the river bottom to the zigzag trail winding through a forest hot and spicy and silent as an Eastern grove sacred to the worship of some heathen god. The years bear hard on this company of gnarled and shaggy trees, burned brown by immortal suns, dwarfed and twisted by hot winds from the south in summer and cold blasts from the north in winter. It was a relief to get into the younger world of the scrub oak, which never grows to man's estate, where we pitched our tents for the first night."

"The next day we had established what we hoped would prove to be our permanent camp, on the eastern slope of Mount Head. From there you can count seventeen mountain ranges, and you might have visited them all with out meeting any one else on a like pilgrimage."

"So it was a surprise to us, when we returned to camp one night, to be winked at by a strange camp fire half way down the mountain. This did not please me. I had gone there for sport and solitude. The one argues the existence of the other. The fire had winked from the same spot for a week when we moved on to regions more remote and savage, where bear tracks honeycombed the ground, and elk appeared and vanished through the aisles of pine, tossing their great antlers like the branches of an oak forest."

"I had been out all day, and oddly enough, seen nothing but a porcupine which waddled across my trail fear and defiance ludicrously compounded in his bristling quills and hurried gait. The sunsets in the neighborhood of Fort Whooop-Up are magnificent. Every night the fires burn over Crown and Tail Creek, Moosejaw and Blackhead from the sunset."

The peaks of Brown, Hooker and Rack go from black and crimson into gray, but gray without a hint of coldness, shades of roses, you might call it—and then, in an instant, only the light from the stars marks the spot where late the splendor shone.

"I declare, that sounds like poetry," Mrs. Jack interrupts herself to exclaim, "except that it needs something to go before it."

"Tum ti-tum-ti-tum ti-tum, Where late the splendor shone. 'It won't do in such shape. It reminds one of a militia company without a drum major.'"

"Never mind," the circle around Mrs. Jack interposes, impatiently; "we are anxious to hear the story."

"I never could write poetry," Mrs. Jack concludes, after more mental fumbling for something to complete the couplet.

"Well, I stood overlooking the valley. Darkness was creeping up Mount Head, as the tide comes up the sands, only noiselessly. Nature has too much to do out there, in the great Northwest, to make a fuss over anything."

"Suddenly I heard a crackling in the bushes below me. A mountain sheep? Perhaps a grizzly. I was on my knees in an instant, with my rifle at full cock."

My eyes met a curious spectacle. Two bear cubs were in the act of climbing a small pine tree which looked suspiciously too heavy. Something dark along the tree's topmost branches—a shape which resolved itself into the figure of a man dressed in a gray New York jacket, knickerbockers, golf stockings, and canvas shoes. The bear sat at the foot of the tree, with an air of one to whom time is no object. One of the cubs would climb a little way, and as the tree shook ominously, I was irresistibly reminded of the story of the old hunter in a like predicament, who, as the bear neared the slender branch upon which he hung, cried: "You idiot, don't come out here. You'll break the branch and kill us both!"

"I am very wary of attacking a bear with clubs," Mrs. Jack says, with a look of disapprobation. "The occasion amounted to foolhardiness, for without an instant's hesitation, I aimed at the foremost cub. Then I saw a rifle at the foot of the tree. Having distracted the mother and her little ones, the owner of the rifle slipped down the tree and helped me to fight. I don't know how it would have all ended if two of my guides had not joined us."

"They credited me with bringing the old bear down. If I did," Mrs. Jack comments, naively, "it was a pretty shot. Of course, Jack—I mean the man in the tree—insisted that I had finished the whole family, and, equally, of course, he had a great deal to say about my having saved his life. Later he assured me that it was a vain deliverance unless—"

Mrs. Jack pauses, and a dash of crimson overcomes the ruse of her cheeks.

"Oh, Jack, you have come," she cries, as a man approaches the small group, followed by half a dozen more in riding clothes.

"It was a stiff brush, Di; you ought to have been along."

"It may be magnificent, but it is not war," Mrs. Jack replies, sentimentally, as she gives her husband a cup of tea. —San Francisco Argonaut.

The Modern Breech-Loader.

Let us examine a breech-loader and see what improvements have been made which may conduce to rapidity of fire. We see that in the older pattern three motions were necessary to open the breech. First, the bar which is fixed across the base of the block had to be removed, and then a half turn had to be given to the block to free it in its bed, and then it had to be pulled forward. Lastly, it had to be thrown back on hinges so as to open the gun from end to end. We are shown that in later patterns the cavity or bed into which the block fits is made in the form of a cone, so that the breech block itself can be turned outward without any preliminary motion forward. In artillery work time is everything, and any one motion of the gunner's hands and arms saved is a point gained.

Now let us look at the mechanism by which the recoil or backward movement of the gun is checked at the moment of firing. The gun slides into its cradle, and its recoil is counteracted by buffers which work in oil, something in the fashion of the oil springs which push the gun back again into place. Another interesting piece of mechanism is the electric machinery by which the gun is fired. When the recoil has taken place, the wire along which runs the electric current is pushed out of place, so that it is impossible to fire the gun, even though it be loaded, until it is again fixed in its proper position on the cradle. Truly a modern cannon is a wonderful machine, and yet it is only a development from the sort of iron gasp which was used in the middle ages.

Hard by a gun which has come to grief, in experiments which are carried on at Shoeburyness guns are charged to their full, or, as in this case, more than their full strength. There is an ugly gas running down the outer case or jacket, as it is called, of the gun, and the latter has broken, and nearly jumped out of its cradle. Nursery phraseology certainly comes in strongly in the technical slang of gunnery when we have to do with Woolwich Infants.—Chambers' Journal.

Polarization of Light.

An account is given in the Physical Review by R. A. Millikan of some careful tests of light emitted by growings solids and liquids, with a view to discover the laws of its polarization. This phenomenon is exhibited strongly by incandescent platinum, silver, gold and by molten iron and bronze; somewhat feebler polarization is shown by copper, brass, lead, zinc and solid iron. The most significant result named is that polarization is minimum with rays emitted normally to the surface, and maximum at a grazing emission, thus indicating that the vibrations take place in a plane at right angles to the emitting surface. Glass and porcelain also emit polarized light, but to a lesser amount; fluorescent bodies do the same, so that evidently a high temperature is not necessary; and in the case of uranium glass, it is said to be the green reflected light which is polarized, and not the blue incident light filtered from the surface.

WRONG SIDE OUT.

She didn't like the morning,
And she knew that it would rain,
She didn't like her breakfast,
And pushed it back again.
As noon 'twas worse than ever,
And she cried for cake and pie,
She wouldn't eat her dinner,
And she would sit and cry,
She pushed till the evening
Of this very sorry day,
And all because so early,
She got up the wrong way!

—Agnes Lewis Mitchell.

STOPPED IN TIME.

At the time of which I am writing I was living in seclusion in a small town about thirty-five miles north of London. I was engaged in rather a large literary undertaking—in fact, I was writing a novel. So engrossed was I with my task that I had no time to read even the newspaper, and was quite ignorant of what was going on in the world. It was a little after 8 o'clock one evening in April that I finished the second volume of my work. I put on my hat and coat and started off for an evening stroll. I had no sooner stepped into the street, than a boy accosted me with a bundle of papers under his arm and the request, "Buy an evening paper, sir?" I bought one, put it in my pocket, and resumed my walk.

After my return I opened my paper leisurely—very, leisurely. My country eye caught, by the following paragraph, a graph heading: "Hanging Execution on the Clintford Murderer."

There is a morbid fascination for most people in an execution, and so, yielding to this feeling, I proceeded to read the paragraph:

"The murderer of the unfortunate James Renfrew will be hanged to-morrow morning at 8 o'clock. The wretched man, whose name—Charles Fenhurst—is now in everybody's mouth, still persists in his plea of innocence."

Here I became deeply interested. The name Fenhurst was most familiar to me. I had formed a deep friendship with a man of that name. He was a good fifteen years my senior, and had died about two years previously. I knew he had a son named Charles, a young fellow who had emigrated to South Africa early in life, and who was generally supposed to be working at the diamond mines. Could this be the same man? I read on.

"It will be remembered that at the trial the strongest circumstantial evidence was brought to bear upon Fenhurst. The murder took place in a house on the outskirts of the small town of Clintford. It was proved that Fenhurst was in the habit of frequenting Renfrew's premises, and that apparently he was expected there on the evening in question. He was seen near the place soon after the crime was committed, and several other proofs of a strongly condemnatory character were also laid against him. He had persisted from the first, however, in maintaining that he was absent from Clintford at the very time that the murder took place. This was about seven o'clock in the evening. At that hour, he says, he was returning from London, where he had been spending part of the day. Only one witness, he says, could prove this, and that was an individual who traveled with him as far as P— and entered into conversation with him. Advertisements have been inserted in all the papers by Fenhurst's legal advisers for the purpose of discovering the individual in question, but as no answer has been forthcoming, it is generally believed that the whole story is a myth. At an auction there seemed, but small chance of the alibi being proved at the last moment. The murderer was committed on February 6. Since his condemnation the murderer has been confined in Silkminter jail, where the execution will take place."

Astonishment and dismay confronted me as I laid the paper down. I was the missing witness they had vainly sought. I distinctly remembered, early in February, running up to town rather late in the afternoon, spending just half an hour there, and returning by the first train I could catch. My landlady didn't even know but that I had been for rather a longer walk than usual. I had entered into conversation on the return journey with the only other occupant of my compartment, a young man with a small black bag, on which were painted the letters "C. F." I remembered all this distinctly. In order to make sure I snatched up my diary and quickly turned to the date of the murder, February 6. There was the entry: "Ran up to town in afternoon. Inquired concerning material for Chapter 7. Saw B— for half hour. Returned by 6:42 train."

The horror of the situation now flashed upon me. A man's life—the life of my old friend's son—depended upon me. I looked at my watch. It was just 11 o'clock. Hurriedly I dragged on my boots, thinking the while what I should do. My first impulse was to rush to the telephone office. Then, with dismay, I remembered that it was shut for the night after 8 o'clock and that the postmaster took the 8:30 train to the large town of F—, about five miles off, where he lived, leaving the office for the night in the charge of a caretaker and returning by an early train the next morning.

It was impossible to telegraph. Then I thought of going to the police (there were just two constables and a sergeant in our little town), but what could they do more than? Country police are proverbial for the leisurely "routine" manner in which they set about an inquiry, and it would never do to trust to them. I was in despair. Madly I threw on my hat and rushed out. I ran in a mechanical way to the post office. Of course it was shut, and if I had aroused the caretaker he could not have wired. Besides, all our wires went first to F—, and as I have said, all communication was shut off after 8 o'clock. Then I started for the railway station. This was about half a mile from the post office and well outside the town. As I hurried along I thought with fresh dismay, that this would all prove a fruitless errand, for the last train to Silkminter was the 8:30 P. M., by which I have mentioned, the postmaster always traveled. Silkminter, I must mention, was nearly 150 miles down the line.

Should I wait till the morning and telegraph? I remembered that the office didn't open till 8 o'clock. I ran by the time the station was open.

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course it was all about me, and all the lights were out, except those in the signal lamps for the night express. It was now 11:30. Was there any hope? At this moment my eye caught a light in the signal box, about a quarter of a mile up the line. I could see the signalman in his box, the outline of his figure standing out against the night within. I looked at my watch. The down express from London was almost due. I would make a rush for that signal box and compel the occupant to put the signal against it and stop it. It was a desperate game, but only get that train to stop for an instant and all would be right. By getting into it I could reach Silkminter in the early morning, and what cared I for any action the company might take if I snatched my friend's son? If the signalman refused to put back the lever the strength born of desperation would enable me to master him and then relax myself. All this flashed across me in an instant, and I clambered over the railings on the side of the station and found myself on the line.

Even as I reached the rails a semi-phosphor signal that was near me let fall its arm, and the red light was changed into a brilliant green. The express was signalled! Would there be time? I dashed along over the rough sleepers toward the signal box. It was very dark, and I stumbled over and over again. I had cleared half the distance when I heard the ominous roar ahead, and in a few seconds could distinguish the distant glitter of the engine's head lamp bearing toward me. The train was just over a mile from me, rushing on at express speed. With a groan I ejaculated, "Too late!"

At that instant my eye fell upon a ghastly looking structure by the side of the track, looming grimly through the darkness. It resembled a one-armed gallow with a man hanging from it. For a moment I thought it must have been a fearful fancy conjured up by the thought of Fenhurst's dreadful fate, but immediately I remembered that this strange looking apparition was none other than a mail bag suspended from a post—in fact, part of the apparatus by which a train going at full speed picks up the mails. The express train that was coming had a postal car attached to it. From the side of the car a strong rope net would be laid out, catching the bag I saw suspended before me.

A mad and desperate idea took possession of me. Fortunately I am a small man. The bag swung just over my head. I jumped at it, seized it, drew myself up parallel with it, held it firmly at the top, where it swung by a hook, and drew my legs up so as to present as small a compass as possible. Then I waited. It was but a few seconds, but it seemed hours. I heard the roar of the approaching train. Then the engine dashed past me. There was a whirl and a rush, and all was dark.

When I came to my senses I was lying on the floor of the postal van. Two men in their shirt sleeves were busily engaged in sorting letters at a rack. I felt bruised and stiff all over, and I found that my arm was bound in a sling made out of a handkerchief.

"Where are we?" I asked.

"You're turned around," said one of them. "Now perhaps you'll give an account of yourself. It's pretty lucky you're here at all, let me tell you, for if you had been a taller man you should only have got part of you in the net. As it is, you've got your collar bone broken. We've tied it up a bit."

I told them the motive that had prompted me to take the desperate step I had done. They piled a quantity of empty mail bags on the floor, and made me a rough shakedown.

A little after 3 we drew up at Silkminter Station. There was a policeman on the platform, and I at once told my story to him, the result being that we drove round to the jail and insisted upon seeing the Governor. Of course he was deeply interested in what I had to tell them, and at once made arrangements to stop the execution. The Home Secretary was communicated with by special wire. Fortunately he happened to be in town, and after a couple of hours of anxious suspense a reprieve was received from him.

"Well," said the Governor, "don't know which I ought to congratulate most, Mr. Fenhurst or yourself, for you have both had a most narrow escape."

Little remains to be told. I soon identified the condemned man as the person whom I had met in the train. He also turned out to be the son of my old friend, as I fully expected. After the due formalities he was discharged. Suspicion having strongly attached itself to his name, however, he was very miserable, until about a fortnight afterward the real murderer was discovered and captured. Charles Fenhurst and myself became firm friends, and although I was fearfully shaken and upset for some weeks after this adventure I never regretted the night on which I was picked up with the mails.—Strand Magazine.

No Hand to Hand Struggle.

No more striking illustration of the relatively bloodless character of the recent Turco-Greek war can be given than that afforded by the official returns recently issued, according to which the number of prisoners taken by the rival armies amounted to two hundred men each, while in the Greek hospitals there has throughout the campaign not been a single Greek soldier treated for a saber, bayonet or lance wound; the only injuries being those inflicted by rifle bullets or by the explosion of shells. This is equivalent to a demonstration that there was no hand to hand fighting, and that the troops never really came to close quarters throughout the struggle.

New Use for the Mails.

In England a new use for the mail has been found. A London workman who could not spare the time to take his three-year-old son to his home at a considerable distance from his shop, conceived the brilliant idea of sending the child in a postal van. A parcel was packed up, and the child was placed in it, and the parcel was sent by the mail. The child was safely delivered to his home, and the workman was able to spare the time to take him to his home.

NEW YORK
CENTRAL

THE FOUR-TRACK LINE

Trains leave from and arrive at

Grand Central Station, New York

MAY 17, 1900

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