

A MAN OF THE WORLD.

A man more kindly, in his careless way, than many who profess a higher creed; whose fickle love might change from day to day.

And yet he faithful to a friend in need; whose manners covered, through life's ups and downs, like charity, a multitude of sins.

A man of honor, too, as such things go; discreet and secret, qualities of use; selfish but not self-conscious, generous, slow.

To anger, but most ready in excuse; his wit and cleverness consisted not so much in what he said as what he got.

His principles one might not quite commend, and they were much too simple to make take;

Never to turn his back upon a friend, never to lie but for a woman's sake; to take the sweets that came within his way.

And pay the price, if there were price to pay. Idle, good-looking, negatively wise, lazy in action, plausible in speech;

He was a gold bug. One morning, early in June, I was sent for by my employer, the head of a detective agency, and found a visitor with him.

"Mr. Vincent," he said, addressing the gentleman, "this is Mr. Borland, the detective whom I have been speaking to you about."

"That is my card, sir," said the visitor. The card bore the name, "Mr. Horace Vincent," and in the corner the name of Mr. Vincent's firm, "Leggatt & Vincent assayers to the bank of Great Britain."

"We are in a great trouble," said Mr. Vincent, after a short pause; "we have reason to believe that one of our assistants is robbing us daily of the gold dust which passes through his hands."

"Indeed," I returned, "they why not have the gentleman arrested at once?" "There is not one jot of proof to justify an arrest. Every man is searched nightly on leaving the premises, and this man whom we suspect has undergone the same treatment; nothing has been found on his person on any occasion."

"Then why suspect him?" I asked, somewhat impatiently. "There is no one else to suspect. At our establishment we have some twenty assaying rooms, and each room has made up its accounts perfectly with the exception of the room in which young Renshaw is employed. Month after month a considerable deficit occurs there."

"I set out with the assayer for the scene of the trouble. As he walked along I said: 'What sort of a fellow is this young Renshaw? Where did you pick him up?'"

"Ah, that is the most sorrowful part of the whole business," replied Mr. Vincent. "His father was my oldest friend, and when he lay dying he confided the boy to me. He showed great aptitude for the business, and I gave him full control of room 15. It is the most important room in the place, and the amount of raw material that passes through it daily is enormous. The worry entailed on my partner and me by these disgraceful deceptions has been very great, and we would willingly forfeit a large amount of money to run the thief to earth."

"A young fellow was bending over a pair of hair scales as we entered. 'That is Renshaw,' whispered Mr. Vincent, 'quite a youngster, as you see.'"

"I am something of a reader of physiognomy, and reading that face I distrusted it at once. Mr. Vincent was the first to speak. 'Renshaw,' he said, in a low voice, 'I am indeed grieved that I should have to speak to you as I am going to speak, but there is no alternative. He has come to inquire into the mysterious disappearance of the gold dust from this room.'"

"Well," said Renshaw, sulkily, "what has that to do with me, sir?" "I only hope for your sake and your dead father's sake that it has indeed nothing to do with you," returned Mr. Vincent, sadly.

"I have nothing to confess," he returned, moodily; "I have never taken anything out of this room that was not my own property."

"We left him alone, and I went to Mr. Vincent's private room, where we spent half an hour in earnest consultation. 'My opinion,' I said, 'is certainly that the youth is guilty, and that he has discovered some method of hiding his spoils from the searchers, night after night.'"

"But what method could he possibly use?" asked Mr. Vincent, "nothing escapes the searchers—absolutely nothing."

"I am not so sure of that," I returned, slowly. "Is there any means by which Renshaw could be watched from a room above?"

"Curiously enough," replied Mr. Vincent, "there happens to be a skylight in room 15. Through that skylight you would have ample opportunity of seeing how he employs himself."

"Very well," I said, "it is no use my watching him now, as he will of course be on his guard. In a week's time I will return. Meanwhile, you will, of course, keep your own counsel."

A week later I took up my position above the skylight and watched the young assayer closely. I must confess that he did nothing whatever of a suspicious nature. He had a habit of manaculating which seemed to me rather strange in so young a man. It might be natural, but every now and again he would pause in his work, pass his long, nervous hands through his bushy, Auburn hair, as though trying to collect his thoughts. I thought it possible that Renshaw

might be a bit dazed, and had unconsciously or subconsciously adopted the mannerisms of a great actor.

At five o'clock the establishment closed, and I came down from my perch and went straight to Mr. Vincent's room.

"Mr. Vincent," I said, "my search has been useless so far. I am now going round to Renshaw's place of residence, and I want you to give me his address and invent some pretext for keeping him here for say half an hour."

I drove as fast as the cab would take me to Brixton where Renshaw lodged. I presented my card, and having sufficiently overawed the landlady with the magic name of "detective," I was left alone. I had, of course, cautioned the woman against giving him the slightest hint when he came in of my visit.

In one of the drawers I found a collection of tradesman's bills, which proved clearly that my "bird" had been going to for some time past. One of the bills rather astonished me, for it was for a bottle of aniline half-dye.

"What on earth should he want to dye his hair for?" I pondered—and then it flashed upon me like a lightning stroke that Renshaw's Auburn hair had never seemed to me to be quite genuine. But why should he desire to change its color?

As I stood thinking I heard his step on the stairs. In a moment I had darted behind a screen, which fortunately happened to be standing in a corner of the room, and waited for his entry.

He came hurriedly and sat down on the bed. Then he looked in his water can and found it empty. He went to the door and called out: "Mrs. Martin, I wish you would send up some water at once. You know I always like to have a wash directly I get back."

Up came the servant in a moment carrying with her a huge can. Renshaw thanked her, and having set the can down, he locked the door and made preparations for washing.

He filled the basin and then put his head under water for about forty seconds, slowly raising it at the end of the time.

He repeated the process again and again, to my intense amazement and astonishment. I was still hopelessly in the dark. But feeling that if the secret was ever to be discovered it must be discovered now, I seized the opportunity, when Renshaw's head was turned toward the window, of stealing out from my hiding place behind the screen and examining the basin and its contents.

In an instant the truth flashed upon me: the water was full of gold dust washed from his head.

The dye had been used to make his hair of similar color to the gold dust, and when he put his hands to his head he quietly left a pinch of dust in the hair. It was a very clever device, but it was played out now.—Tid-Bits.

Queer Substitutes for Bullets. When a hunter in the old days lost all his bullets or hadn't any to shoot with he usually devised substitutes that on occasion served the purpose well. All sorts of things have been fired at game or Indians, as the case might be.

Old Hank Ellison, living up in Jefferson Co., N. Y., told to his dying day how he was copied up by Indians out west once with a little load of powder, a belt full of gold nuggets, a few rifle and a bullet mold. It was on the top of a knoll where his log cabin had been built, and he had a barrel of water and a lot of wood for emergencies. The Indians kept just out of range, dashing in once in a while to fire his rifle. He soon used his bullets up, and then used the gold. He fired nearly half his fortune at the redskins before they left him.

Many a hunter has used a pebble in the hope of getting a close deadly shot. Jackknives and ramrods have served their time as missiles. Forest and Stream tells about a hunter who had only a single bullet but lots of powder. The bullet shot the horn of a big buck off, and the buck charged the man, who took to a tree top. He spent half an hour whittling off two-inch lengths of branches and putting them into his rifle. Then he rammed them down on the powder and fired at the maddened deer. His partner came along after awhile with a belt full of bullets, and making a run for the tree, gave a bullet to the shooter, who quickly killed the deer.

Inventor of Matches. France, says the London Chronicle, is about to honor with a statue the man who did not invent lucifer matches. In 1830, it seems, M. Nicolet, professor of chemistry at Dole, in the Jura, was illustrating before his class the explosive properties of chlorate of potash, when it struck one of his pupils, Charles Sauria by name, that a combination of phosphorus with the detonating chemical might furnish a far more satisfactory means of kindling a fire than the old flint and steel. He set to work upon the problem, and his experiments and those of his friends were attended with success. A year or two afterward M. Nicolet visited Austria, and gave the discovery away to German manufacturers. Without wishing to rob M. Sauria of the posthumous glory which appears to be the only reward of his ingenuity, patriotism compels us to claim the merit of being the real inventor for one of our own nation. Mr. Walker, of Stockton, by the use of chlorate of potash and sulphide of antimony was making friction matches as early as 1829. Young Sauria very likely never heard of his process, but the Germans certainly did, and it was from his original idea that their trade sprang up and fruited, until the composition of cheaper wood and labor and of improved machinery drove them out of the market.

Remarkable View Point. In some things the Japanese point of view is very different from that of other countries. The track of the Kama-Kura railway is not fenced in and crossings rarely have gates. A boy carrying a child on his back, straying on the line, was recently knocked down by an engine and both boy and child were killed. Thereupon the railway company prosecuted the father for allowing his children to trespass and he was fined ten yen. Some time ago, at Osaka, a cow was run over and the owner was fined 200 yen, besides losing his cow.—New York Tribune.

A Bank of England Mystery.

THE BANKERS' EXPERIENCE. One day the directors of the Bank of England were much perplexed, and not a little amused, when the secretary read to them, at their usual sitting, the following ill-spelt and somewhat curious letter:

"Two Gentlemen off Bank of England: You think you is all safe hand your Bank is safe, butt I knows better. I bin inside the Bank these last 3 nite hand you nose nuffin about it. But I um not a thief, so hif you will met me in the great square room, werh all the moneys, at twelz 2 nite Ie ix-plain onl to youw. Let only 1, her 2 cum along, and say nuffin 2 nobody.—Jon Smiff."

The letter having been duly read, was, as might be expected, the topic of conversation and suggestion for some little time. Some of the directors thought it was a hoax. Others thought that under the apparently ignorant written letter a deeper mystery was hidden; but all agreed that the safest way was to put the letter, with proper instructions, into the hands of the detectives. The detectives looked grave. There was a plot at work, they saw; and with their usual penetration they at once penetrated the deepest depths of the mystery.

There is a very large room underground, where the huge wealth of the bank is deposited—millions and millions of English sovereigns, bars of gold, and hundredweights of silver, with myriads of notes. The detectives of course knew that this room must be the place which the writer of the letter had designated as "the great square room." It is full of treasure. Its floor is a solid stone pavement, and its walls, roof, and door are of wrought iron and steel.

All night long the detectives were set in the room, but they saw nothing and heard nothing, with the exception that some said they heard, about one or two o'clock, a strange noise they could not account for. The next night was the same, and the next, and the next; and when the board-day of the bank came round the whole of the directors would have treated the affair as an idle attempt to frighten them and not their attention been more strongly called to the subject by the following incident:

A heavy chest had been forwarded addressed to the "Directors of the Bank of England." The chest was of course opened before them at once—such a thing being very unusual—and found to contain a large packet of most valuable papers and securities which had been safely deposited in the vault.

"To the Directors of the Bank of England, Gentlemen,—My husband, who is an honest man, wrote to you last week, and told you that he had found a way—which he believes is only known to himself—of getting into your strong room, and offered, if you would meet him there at night, to explain the whole matter. He had never taken anything from that room except the enclosed box. You set detectives upon him, and he took the box to show that he could go there, if he chose, without being caught. He gives you another chance. Let a few gentlemen be in the room alone, guard the door, and make everything secure, and my husband will meet you there at midnight. Yours respectfully, 'ELLEN SMITH.'"

This letter was more mysterious than the last. The only thing that was evident was that the writer, "Ellen Smith," was a better scholar than her husband, who styled himself "Jon Smiff." The detectives were shown the letter, and acted accordingly. Of course they saw through "the dodge." The cleverest men were posted in the room. In the morning they told a strange story. They said that they saw a light at about twelve o'clock; it seemed to come from a dark lantern; it directly proceeded to the spot whence the light proceeded, it went out, and the strictest search had discovered nothing.

The bank officials became alarmed. They, however, agreed to do what papers would have been wise if done at first—viz., to depute a few of their number to visit the vault alone. So it was arranged that three gentlemen should remain in the strong-room all night, and that no one else should be with them. Every suitable precaution was taken when night came. The sentinel paced up and down outside; the detectives were not far off; and after the most rigorous search had been instituted, the gentlemen were locked in.

At last one of them, who paced the floor rather impatiently, beginning to think that perhaps after all it was only a clever trick, cried out: "You ghost, you secret visitor, you midnight thief, come out! There is no one here but two gentlemen and myself. If you are afraid, I give you my word of honor as a gentleman that the police are not here. Come out, I say!"

It was more in jest than in earnest that Major C., for he was a military man, shouted out the absurd speech, for, as we have said, he had begun to suspect that after all some practical joke was being adroitly carried on, such having more than once before been perpetrated, and he did not much like being victimized himself.

His astonishment, however, was great when, in reply, he heard a strange voice saying: "If you have kept your word, I will keep mine. Put out your light, for I've one, and then I'll come."

The Major and his fellow-directors did not much like putting out the light, but they were not cowards, and, after some demur, it was done. Where the voice came from was, however, a mystery, for there were no hiding-places in the room, every side being of thick, many-plated iron and steel; the ceiling was also of the same material.

When the light was out they waited in silence, while the Major grasped firmly in one hand a revolver, and in the other held the lantern and a few matches. For a little while a low, grating sound was heard, and then a voice, evidently that of some one in the room, said: "Are you three alone, sure?"

The Major, who cared for nothing in bodily form, struck a match, and instantly a crash was heard, and a low,

moaning sound. When the Major and his fellow-directors looked at each other, one was there.

Again the Major called upon the mysterious somebody to come forth, and again a voice was heard saying: "How can I trust you now?"

The Major was angry, and his companions alarmed, and after trying in vain to trace the point whence the voice proceeded, he exclaimed: "Well, we'll put out the light again, only come quickly, and make an end of this bother." So saying, he put out the light again.

A moment or two after, the same grating sound was heard, then the falling of some heavy body, and the next instant a man was visible standing in the middle of the vault with a dark lantern in his hand. Of course, he had come from somewhere, but the puzzle was—how? A ghost could not have entered more mysteriously.

The man soon spoke for himself; and the directors, who were still at a loss to explain his presence there, listened in astonishment. It appeared that he was a poor man, and obtained a precarious living in a strange way. When the tide is low, it is the custom of a certain class of people, unknown to refined society, to enter the sewers to refresh for any articles of value which may have been washed down into them. It is a very dangerous task, and, of course, revolting in the extreme, but they not infrequently find very precious things hidden in the filth. This man was one of those strange adventurers.

One night he had discovered an opening leading to some place above. There was a large square stone, which he found could be easily raised. He listened for some time, and, finding all was silent, lifted up the stone without much difficulty, and found, after some little investigation by the light of his lantern, that he was in the strong room of a bank. These men, like miners, are readily determined the exact spot of ground under which they are; and he soon had a clue to the whole mystery.

He told his wife, who was a woman of superior education to his own, of the whole affair; and he then wrote, as we have seen, to the directors.

Down in the sewer he was able to hear all their movements as well as if above ground, and thus was not only able to know their plans, but to frustrate them, and of course could watch his time to remove the small but valuable box, to leave the letters on the table, and to appear so mysteriously.

No one had thought of looking to the stone pavement, which was supposed to be solid and immovable, as it was known that there were no vaults below, although the iron walls and doors had been carefully tested. The mystery was now cleared up, and the man was well rewarded.—Answers.

The Changes of Words. Long ago, when a certain article of sturgeon's bladders came into use in England, it was known by its Dutch name, "huitensblas"—that is, "sturgeon bladder." The term was a meaningless one to English ears, and by some means or other, was transformed into the word which we all know, "singlass."

The change was precisely like that which, in some quarters, has turned "asparagus" into "sparrow-grass." In the same manner that old word "bertry," which meant simply a watch-tower, was transformed into "bertry." It became the custom to hang bells in such towers, and, by common consent, a change of spelling followed.

What is the derivation of the word "steel-yard"? Most readers would reply, without hesitation, that it must have been invented as the name of a certain familiar instrument for weighing—an instrument made of steel and about three feet in length. In point of fact, however, the word meant, in the beginning, nothing but the yard, or court, in London, where the continental traders sold their steel. In this yard, as it was, there was some kind of balance for weighing the metal—as steel-yard balance.

Language is full of such cases. "Blindfold" has nothing to do with the act of folding something over the eyes, but "blindfolded," struck blind. "Buttery" has no connection with butter, but is, or was, a "blottery"—a place for bottles.

A "blunderbuss" was not an awkward or inefficient weapon, but on the contrary was so terrible as to be called a "donderbus"—that is to say, a "thunder-box," or "thunder-barrel."

The advance in the art of war is happily—or unhappily—typified by the fact that a weapon, once so terrible, has become an object of ridicule. Ironclads and mortars nothing but things to laugh at?

Why Men Change Their Names. Different causes lead to a man's voluntarily changing his name. Said a lawyer: "I have had three cases recently where clients wanted their names doctored. One petitioner was a commercial, a Mr. Wintingham, I think. On the road and among his customers and friends he was known as 'Smithy.' This nickname he had carried so long that when he visited a town he had always entered his name on the hotel register as Smith. Letters sent to him as Wintingham were frequently not delivered, and finally, as a matter of convenience, he had his name legally changed from Wintingham to Smith."

On the other hand, John Smith frequently loses his name. There was one very irate old John Smith who figured as a petitioner not long ago. He was in the clothing business, and his most active competitor was his son, John Smith, who had a clothing establishment next door. Father and son had quarrelled, and the estrangement between them had been of long standing. The young man neglected business, got into debt, and the balliffs were ordered to enter his place. The officers swooped down on the wrong John Smith's shop. The old man was absent, his clerks were paralyzed, and when the venerable proprietor appeared and pounded on the front door for admittance he saw by the hill posted prominently in the window that the balliffs had possession. He had his name changed, and the following day his petition was filed. He is now, John Saunders.

TO CLEAN.

The Many for the Londoner. The Weekly Daily published an interesting article after a recent visit to the house of a friend in the East End. The first part of the paper discussed the state of the house, but by far the most interesting part was when Dr. Hawks got down to the system of cleaning adopted in the interest of the Daily Club.

"The cleaning station for the New York Central" road, at this end, in Melrose, he said. "The cars are run back there, and I have visited the place and seen the way in which the work is conducted. As soon as the car reaches its destination an army of workmen is turned in, and the work of cleaning is carried on systematically, and in a way that would satisfy the most thorough-going housekeeper. Everything is portable and movable. The alk curtains at the windows are taken down and sent to be cleaned, the arm rests, head rests and cushions are taken out and the pillows and bedding beaten, the pillow boxes are taken out entirely, and thoroughly cleaned. The carpet on the floor is taken up after every trip and cleaned over a frame such as is used in a regular cleaning establishment. The stationary woodwork of the seat and upper berths is wiped off with waste and rigidly washed with soda, and the woodwork has been. The floor is swept and washed, the chairs scrubbed and bed linen laundered."

"A case of law claim on the car for the porter always reports to the conductor, and when there is a suspicion of tuberculosis or any contagious disease, the car is isolated when it is sent to Melrose, the draperies and entire furnishings are spread out, the car is sealed tight and fumigated with sulphur. It turns all the metal work in the car a good black, but no precaution is neglected. The cleaning station at the other end of the line is Buffalo, and the Wagner cars of the West are treated in the same way, with steaming stations at Oakland, Cal., and St. Louis."

"To recapitulate, I would say that anthracite should have no draperies about the house, the walls of the children's nursery should be bare, and in case of an epidemic of measles, or more serious disease, every woman should be careful in engaging a conveyance, even for a short ride, to take one from a firm known to be as careful of its vehicles as the railroad companies are of the sleeping cars."—New York Times.

Violating the Stomach. The application of the Röntgen rays, especially in the domain of medicine and surgery, are of constantly widening usefulness, although one hears less of them in the daily press, now that the keen edge of novelty has been blunted by a world's appreciation. Two fields of exploration made possible by the fluorescence of vacuum tubes, and recently entered, are of noteworthy promise. One is the examination of lung tissue in the case of consumption. The healthy lung gives comparatively little shadow in the radiograph, while the diseased tissue has a much darker appearance in the picture. It is thus possible to ascertain exactly the part affected and to attempt palliative or remedial treatment accordingly.

The other recent use of the Röntgen ray of especial value is in observing the movements of the stomach and gastric process. By mixing sublimate of bismuth, which is said to be a harmless powder, with the food, the movements of the stomach may be seen by means of the fluoroscope under suitable conditions. The knowledge thus gained is of great importance to the physiologist.

It is not strange that an X ray may yet be employed to read the riddle of the Sphinx. It is certain that Professor Röntgen gave to the world a discovery which is bringing to mortal gaze many of the deep-hidden mysteries of nature.—The Western Electrician.

Birds Show the Mint. In the yard of the United States States Mint there is a bird house, which season after season remains untenanted. Why the birds should remain away from such a charming home provided for them was a mystery which a curious passer-by desired to solve. A caretaker who was sweeping in the yard stopped playing her broom long enough to answer a few questions. "Shure, and I don't know about the birds," said she; "but it's meself that thinks they don't be likin' our way of housekeepin'." She then explained in her own picturesque way how every now and then everything about the Mint is scraped and swept to gather in stray particles of gold dust. This really explains why there is a "house to let" to honorable members of the feathered tribe on the Chestnut street front of the Mint.

Probably when the birdhouse was new it was pre-empted by a pair of grateful sparrows who were happy until housecleaning time arrived at the Mint. They wouldn't have minded if Uncle Sam had cleaned his windows and scraped to the Mint's interior, but they were not going to have their house dusted inside and out, thereby upsetting all their household plans for a few pretty cents. So they moved out. They must have precluded their friends against the place, for the birds come and look at it, but don't they eyes to its attractions and select plainers but their quarters. The old dame said she returned her cleaning. In fact, she thought it's not the only house in the city where there's too much gold in the air.—Philadelphia Record.

EAST BY AUBURN.

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