

From "The Princess."
When I am come to the House of the Dead,
Promise me this—the Princess said:
Promise me this—the Princess said:
Once a year when the land grows green,
And the pulse of the world beats strong once more,
Come to the place of my frozen sleep,
Lift the latch of my silent door.

Carry me forth to the world I loved—
The bright warm world that I left behind—
Give me the glimpse of the sun again,
The open sky and the touch of the wind.

Take me back to the streets I knew,
The noise and the clamor, and the gay unrest;
The laughter and cries and the broken songs
Of the old glad life I loved the best.

When ye come to a place that my women knew,
Where the tall palms crowd in the temple square,
And a rose vine swings like a pendant flame—
Let me rest for a moment there!

Carry me forth as befits my state,
Slave-girls and flute-players on before;
Just one day in the happy world,
Then turn in peace from my silent door.

When I am come to the House of the Dead,
Promise me this—the Princess said.
—Arthur Ketchum, in the Atlantic.

After the Storm.

The storm had lulled. The sea, churned up the night before into a seething, heavy cauldron of pitch-black waters, had subsided now into a restless, uneasy swell, rising and falling like a woman's bosom after a storm of sobs. The wind, too, had fallen light. At midnight it had come with a sudden roar out of the north, bearing on its back a scud of sleet and spray, and driving helpless ships before it on pitiless shores.

The fishing boats had been out all night in the storm and stress, and now they were straggling back into harbor, plowing over the bar in the wake of laboring steam tugs, or confident in their knowledge of things nautical, making their slow way in unaided. Not a few bore marks of battle, here a torn sail, there rent cordage, or a spar snapped off, or a bit of the bulwark's torn away. A little crowd stood on the pierhead watching them, townsfolk, keenly interested in the sight all too familiar; fishermen, calm, phlegmatic, silently critical; strangers, verbose, excited.

Foremost of all was a group of women, fish graters from the dens on the other side of the river, where their work was to clean herring all day at long, low fish-filled troughs. They could not work that morning, however, anxiety gnawed too cruelly at their heartstrings, for their men were at sea, and there was no knowing whether they had come safe and sound out of last night's hell of wind-driven rain squalls, of foam, and spray and raging, turbulent waters. So, leaving the troughs, the women tied their shawls tight over their heads, and, in their working dress of rough serge, water boots and briny oilskin aprons, came to the harbor's mouth to watch and wait and perhaps to welcome home their men.

"That's hard work a-waitin'," murmured one of them, a slight, delicate looking girl, to her neighbor, who was doing her best to shelter her from the keen wind.

"Don't you worry, gal Liz," said the other consolingly; "the Vallant'll be in afore you knows where ye are, see if she ain't."

Liz shook her head and the tears welled up into plaintive gray eyes. "I wish I wor like you, Marthy," she said, "brace an' heartsome; I aius face so timid when Jem's at sea, an' today I'm muss'n' ever. Did ye hear the wind in the night?" she went on, her voice low and fearful, "that fared ter grip hold o' the house an' worry it like a cat w' a mouse; I right shook in my bed, I did, atinkin' o' Jem out in it, an' at last I couldn't stan' it no longer. I just slipped out, too, an' walked up an' down the beach so as to be a bit nigher to him. I wish there warn't no sea," she said, shivering, "ter par' people an' scare them wot's ashore."

Marthy looked down at her tenderly. "W'y, that wouldn't do nobow, Liz," she said; "you an' Jem wouldn't never ha' come across each o'her if there hadn't ha' been no sea, nor no smacking nor nothin'."

But Liz had knowledge of which Marthy, with all her sympathy, knew nothing. "W'y, yes we should, Marthy," she said quietly. "Nothin' couldn't ha' kept us two apart; we was forced ter come together, we was."

Meanwhile the slow procession of fishing boats straggled by, and the crowd watched them. Presently a steam tug neared the harbor's mouth, towing some half-frozen tawny-sailed smacks, two abreast. The smacks yawed this way and that, and the tug looked like a mother with a troop of evergrown daughters, a little inclined to get out of hand.

"The Perry ha' got her work out upon this time," some one said.

The smacks came into full view round the bend.

"Hallo, what's up w' that there hindermost one, han't she got her flag half-mast?"

A score of eager, incredulous faces craned and peered. It was true; there hung the tell-tale flag, pregnant signal of death and disaster. The faces fell.

"Must ha' lost a hand last night."

A woman pressed forward to the very edge of the pier, pale and agonized.

"What's wrong w' Liz?" cried some one.

"Hold yer noise," with an angry nod, "that there boat's the Vallant wot her man Jem Wacey's aboard on."

Every heart went out to Liz in her anxiety, every eye scanned the Vallant's deck where the crew were gathered, eager to recognize Jem. An ominous silence fell. Two men were missing—Jem and the smack's master. The rest of them stood there, a dejected, crest-fallen little group.

A cry of agony broke from Liz's lips. "Where's Jem?" she cried. "I don't see my Jem."

Still that ominous silence. Liz turned to Marthy with a desperate, agonized gesture. The girl understood her at once. She took her hand. The crowd parted, and the two ran down the pier along the riverside to the ferry that led to dens and fish wharf. Liz stumbled along, scarce seeing where she went, her breath coming in long, heart-breaking sobs.

Down the rickety landing stage they went, into the old boat, and over the steely, wind-blown river. The wide, slow circuit of the boat necessitated by the swift-flowing tide, seemed never ending; so did the steep steps on the other side of the river and the road to the wharf where the boats were moored.

The Perry had cast her little fleet adrift now in mid-river, and one by one they were joining the serried ranks at the quayhead. The Vallant was there already—a chaos of fish and men, and tarry barrels and ropes and spars and shimmering, iridescent fish scales. An eager crowd pressed on board keen to learn the news of the night and the boat's loss. A few steps more and Liz was among them, fear eloquent in her wide eyes and dry lips.

"Yes, the master's gone," one of the crew was saying, sadly. "A thunderin' big wave took an' washed him overboard, and the same one hulled pore Wacey ag'in the mast, an'—"

Liz gripped the speaker's arm.

"Killed!" she gasped. "Is my Jem killed?"

The sound of her voice reached the cabin below. Before the wait could reply, there was a sound of stumbling footsteps up the companion, and a man, pale and weak, his head bandaged up in a gaudy cotton handkerchief, came into sight. He steadied himself a moment, while his dazed eyes scanned the deck. Then he held out his arms, and with a long-pent-up cry, Liz flew to them like a homing bird.

Jem held her close, stroking her hair and soothing her tenderly, while he bade her, in a voice which was rather shaky, in spite of the cliff, "not to go a-killin' o' him orf like that there; he wasn't dead, no, nor likely to be."

And the gallant crew of the Vallant turned their broad backs on the two, and winked the tears out of their honest eyes; but Marthy, woman-like, found vent for her pent-up emotion in scathing speech. "To think," cried she, "that all this here might ha' been spared if only you chaps had had the sense to bring Jem up on deck time you was a-coming into harbor. But there, 'tis just like a lot o' men; no more perceivance among yer than the babe unborn!"—K. M. Guthrie, in Black and White.

VALUE OF A RECEIPT.

Kept Harping on the Subject to His Wife Until One Fatal Day.

There's a man in this town who is always talking to his wife about woman's unbusiness like ways and how impossible it is to make the sex understand that it is necessary to keep receipts if one would avoid paying a bill twice. He has talked and talked on this subject until his better half has plied everything in the house with the receipts of bills for articles which were long since worn out and the fragments cast away.

About eight months ago the husband bought the winter's coal and paid for it. It amounted to a goodly sum, and when he tucked the receipts for the money in his overcoat pocket he had that warm sense of well-doing which is given to the man who pays his bills.

When he went home that evening he told his wife about it. "I've paid for the coal," said he, "and have the receipt put away, and I feel like a fanastorblit in consequence. I wish I could teach you to file your receipts. Some of these days I am going to have to pay your bills twice, and I certainly shall dislike that immensely."

It was a few weeks after this that the man with a supercoat of generosity gave away the overcoat that had the receipt for coal in it.

He gave it to a poor fellow who was going West to find work, and the coat and the man had no sooner passed beyond the punctilious person's ken than the coal people sent in the bill for the winter's fuel.

The man spent three days looking for the receipt, and it was at the end

of the third that it suddenly dawned upon him what had become of it.

Then he went to see the coal people. They were amiable but firm. They couldn't remember that the coal had been paid for, but they would make every effort to find in their books some mention of the money which the man said he had given them.

Well, they couldn't find it, and so the man in the end had to pay the bill again.

He told his wife, and that lady bit her lip. He had to tell her because she had to help him look for the receipt, or the chances are she would never have heard of it. At all events, she didn't say "I told you so"; or "I hope hereafter you will take the beam out of your own eye before you attempt to take the mote out of mine," but the man never tells her now that he wishes she would save her receipts; he's afraid she might reply.—Baltimore News.

IRIDIUM LAMP FILAMENTS.

A Resort to Them in the Effort to Find a Satisfactory Substitute For Carbon.

The objection to carbon filaments—disintegration, fusing with strong currents, and therefore waste of energy through the necessary employment of weak ones—have led to many attempts to construct a filament of greater efficiency and durability.

In the infancy of incandescent lighting experiments were made with metals of the platinum group. These experiments have lately been resumed, the greatest hope of success being placed on osmium. But osmium is by no means unobjectionable. Like carbon, it vaporizes at bright white heat, and if air is present, as in an imperfectly exhausted bulb, it forms hyperosmic acid which, even in a very small quantity, is exceedingly injurious to the lungs and the eyes. Similar objections apply to ruthenium. Iridium is the only member of the group which is neither vaporized nor oxidized at white heat. Fused iridium is free from osmium, ruthenium, and palladium, which are vaporized during fusion.

Edison has recommended filaments of iridium wire—but the metal is extremely brittle and cannot, according to Guelcher, of Charlottesville, be drawn into wire. With cars it can be rolled into strips 1-32 inch thick, but it is impossible to make such a strip of either circular or uniform cross-section.

Guelcher has, however, succeeded in producing round and uniform iridium filaments by mixing fine iridium powder with vegetable glue, forcing the paste through a perforated plate by hydraulic pressure, drying the filaments and heating them to whiteness in an oxy-hydrogen flame. The filaments thus produced have a bright metallic lustre, and though very hard are flexible enough to be used in electric bulbs. They are said to be very durable and economical of power.

Instead of the chemically-pure metal, iridium powder as precipitated from solutions may be used. As this contains some oxide, the filaments, before being heated, must be exposed to the action of a stream of hydrogen.

Without this precaution they would explode on being heated. It should be noted that the heating must be done in an exposed flame, not in a covered crucible or a bed of charcoal, as the object is to effect complete combustion of the adhesive and leave nothing but pure iridium.—From the German in Umschau.

A Famous Squash.

Most every boy on a farm knows how to fix up squash by feeding them milk so that they will grow to prodigious size, but a Unadilla youth has smashed all records, if the statements of his friends are to be accredited. The Unadilla youth determined to produce a prize squash that would make all other prize squashes ever raised look like marbles in comparison.

According he clipped the end of the vine and immersed it in sweet milk. In time the vine took as much as a quart of milk a day. The squash grew beyond all expectations, and was eventually exhibited at the Morris Fair, and it easily won a premium of ten dollars.

But the most surprising part of the story is yet to come, according to the narrator, whose reputation for veracity has never been questioned. The squash was cut the other day, and it is alleged that it contained seven pounds and fourteen ounces of fine, rich butter, equal if not superior to any made last year at the co-operative creamery. It is to be greatly regretted that the squash was seedless.

Foreign Titles.

The King of Italy, since his son was born, has been celebrating by donating titles with which no property goes. In the German Empire, a title of nobility can be purchased, with guarantee attached, for \$10,000. In Portugal, the price is about one-fifth as high. Austria, Roumania, Spain, Turkey, Persia find in such sales an honest source of income. In England titles are not sold. A banker or a brewer who becomes a peer gives nothing directly in exchange—nor does the unfortunate who receives the glorious appellation of peer-laurate. Alfred Austin received his promotion on his merits. He wrote verses so flat that no member of the virtuous German household that sits on England's throne could imagine they contained anything so indecent or dangerous as a thought.



PEANUT COOKIES.

One-fourth cup butter, one-half cup sugar, cream together, three-fourths cup peanuts, rolled fine; one egg, well beaten; two tablespoons of milk, sweet; one cup flour; one and a half teaspoonsful of baking powder; drop a teaspoonful on buttered pans and bake in quick oven.

DUCK WITH GREEN PEAS.

Clean a duck, prepare it as for roasting; put in a saucepan a small piece of butter and 1-4 pound salt pork cut in dice; when butter is not put in duck and brown on both sides; then add 1 pint boiling water and pepper and a little onion juice; cover and cook 1-2 hour; add pint of shelled green peas; cook 45 minutes more; serve duck on platter with green peas around it.

OMELET SOUFFLE.

Beat the whites of three eggs very stiff; beat the yolks; add them to the whites, then add one and one-half tablespoonsful of sifted powdered sugar and the juice of half a small lemon; put these ingredients together very carefully and heap by the spoonful into a buttered baking dish or in paper cases; dredge with powdered sugar and bake in a moderate oven until a golden brown, about twelve minutes; serve as soon as removed.

STUFFED CABBAGE.

Scald the cabbage until the bones lose their crispness. Open the heart to the very center. Have nearly a cupful of rice; add a cupful of chopped meat, and season with salt and pepper. Put a teaspoonful of this mixture in the center of the cabbage; fold over the first little leaves, then add another layer of the mixture and fold over the second leaves, and so on. Tie a piece of cheesecloth and throw in boiling water (with a little salt), simmer gently one hour, remove the cheesecloth, drain dish and pour over a pint of cream sauce or drain butter sauce.

CHOCOLATE FUDGE.

Put two cups of sugar, two-thirds cup of milk and two squares of chocolate together in a granite saucepan, and when it has boiled four minutes test to see if a soft ball will form when a little is dropped in cold water and rubbed between the fingers. After three minutes cooking add a rounding teaspoon of butter. When the fudge will become a soft ball add a half teaspoon of vanilla, and take from the fire. Stir until smooth and thick enough to keep in shape; then spread a half inch thick in a shallow buttered pan. Mark off in squares as it cools.

ASPARAGUS.

Scrape the stalks till they are clean, throw them into a pan of water, tie them up in bundles, cut off the stalks at the bottom all of a length, leaving enough to serve as a handle for the green part; put them into a steppan of boiling water with a handful of salt in it; let boil until tender at the stalk, which will be in about 30 minutes; when they are tender, take them up that instant; while the asparagus is boiling toast a slice of bread about 1-2 inch thick; brown it delicately on both sides; dip it lightly in the liquor the asparagus was boiled in and lay in the middle of a dish; put asparagus on top of toast; now brown some butter a light brown in a pan; when brown take off the stove and add a spoonful of the liquor the asparagus was boiled in and put over asparagus and toast.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

If a little butter is rubbed round the spot of a teapot it will prevent the tea from trickling down when it is poured out.

Prevent cheese becoming moldy by wrapping it in a cloth which has been dipped in vinegar and wrung as dry as possible. Keep in a cool place.

If you find a difficulty in threading your needle, try holding it in front of a piece of white paper. This shows up the eye, and the needle is much easier to thread.

If a sheet of paper is laid at the bottom of a grate so as to prevent air from coming up between the bars, and a fire built on this and lighted from the top, such a fire will be practically smokeless.

One of the best places to store blankets which are not being used is under a mattress which is continually slept upon, as here they are kept comparatively well aired, and need little extra exposure to the fire before being used.

When it is necessary to clean windows in damp weather, use a little methylated spirit, and you will polish the windows in half the time, as the spirit evaporates, and dries the superfluous moisture as it goes.

Without care, knives not in use soon spoil. Keep them in a box in which sifted quicklime has been placed. The blades should be covered with this, but it must not touch the handles, which should be occasionally exposed to the air to keep them from turning yellow.

After flannellette articles have been washed they should be rinsed in water in which one ounce of alum or sal ammonia has been dissolved. This little precaution may be the means of saving many little lives.

PENNSYLVANIA R. R.

Philad. & Erie R. R. Division and Northern Central Ry.

Time Table in Effect May 29, 1904.

TRAINS LEAVE MONTANDON, EASTWARD

7:38 A. M.—Train 64. Week days for Sunbury, Harrisburg, arriving at Philadelphia, 11:48 a. m. New York 4:12 p. m., Baltimore 1:15 p. m. Washington 1:30 p. m. Parlor car and passenger coach to Philadelphia.

9:22 A. M.—Train 20. Daily for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Harrisburg and intermediate stations. Week days for Scranton, Harrisburg, and Pottsville, Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore, Washington. Through passenger coaches to Philadelphia.

1:24 P. M.—Train 12. Week days for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Harrisburg, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia at 6:23 p. m., New York, 9:30 p. m., Baltimore, 6:52 p. m., Washington at 7:15 p. m. Parlor car through to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches to Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington.

4:45 P. M.—Train 32. Week days for Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Harrisburg, Pottsville, and daily for Harrisburg and intermediate points, arriving at Philadelphia at 6:23 p. m., New York, 9:30 p. m., Baltimore, 6:52 p. m., Washington at 7:15 p. m. Parlor car through to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches to Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington.

5:38 A. M.—Train 3. (Daily) For Erie, Canandaigua, Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls and intermediate stations, with passenger coaches to Erie and Rochester. Week days for Duluth, Belvidere and Pottsville, on Sundays only. Pullman sleeper to Philadelphia.

10:00 A. M.—Train 21. (Daily) For Lock Haven and intermediate stations, and week days for Tyrone, Clearfield, Philipsburg, Pottsville and the West, with through cars to Tyrone.

1:31 P. M.—Train 61. Week days for Kane, Tyrone, Clearfield, Philipsburg, Pottsville, Canandaigua and intermediate stations, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with through passenger coaches to Kane and Rochester and Parlor car to Philadelphia.

5:36 P. M.—Train 1. Week days for Renovo, Elmira and intermediate stations.

10:07 P. M.—Train 67. Week days for Williamsport and intermediate stations. Through Parlor Car and Passenger Coach for Philadelphia.

9:10 P. M.—Train 921. Sunday only, for Williamsport and intermediate stations.

CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNSYLVANIA.
Condensed Time Table. Week Days.

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