

The Inn: An Old Epitaph.
Post-haste we ride the road of men
From shadow through to shade again,
But rein, to breathe or tighten girth,
At that old inn yelet "The Earth."
There some delay to dine and sup,
While some but taste a stirrup-cup;
And some have ease and ample fare,
And some find little comfort there.
His score is large who bides a day;
Who soonest goes hath least to pay.
—Arthur Guiterman, in the New York Times.

A WIFE'S DEVOTION

Right across the wintry plains and desert stretches of Eastern Europe, a woman was wandering alone, sometimes on foot, sometimes in a peasant's wagon, seldom resting by the way, for Nadia Seliedof had not much money, but she had a certain object which she kept unflinchingly in view—to join her husband, who was undergoing a long sentence in the Siberian mines.

Karl Seliedof's crime was a simple one enough. He was of a gentle nature, and had written a book—only a novel; but in it he had dared to breathe the hateful word of liberty, and for this heinous fault he had been consigned to a felon's doom.

He was all Nadia had in the world; but she was a brave woman, and did not allow herself to be utterly stricken down by the blow when they took him away from her. No; she set about at once devising ways and means to obtain his freedom.

In their neighborhood there resided part of the year a great and powerful lady named Princess Nariskine, who was said to possess much influence at court. She was popularly supposed to be cold and proud to her equals, haughty to her inferiors; but Nadia sought her, relying upon that universal and undefinable sympathy which should exist between all women; nor did she rely upon it altogether in vain. Moreover, the princess had read and admired Seliedof's work, and for its sake received the author's wife kindly and graciously.

"Nadia," she said, when the young woman was about to leave, her eyes bathed in grateful tears, "Nadia, believe me, you have all my sympathy. Whatever may be in my power, I will do for you; but do not expect too much; I cannot promise success."

Many weeks—long, lonely, miserable weeks of expectancy—passed after this, and the wife of Karl Seliedof received no news. At last the yearning to be near him again, and to whisper in his ear that there was hope for him, grew stronger and stronger day by day, until she could withstand it no longer; and then it was that she conceived and undertook this terrible journey upon which we find her, across the North Russian plateau, over the Ural Mountains, into the terrible land of exile.

The winter was already far advanced when she reached the little settlement on the banks of the river Savda, to which her husband had been consigned. She had by some means ascertained his number when he was sentenced, and by this indication she traced him out.

This time she avoided the inn, the little village, and the peasants whose friendship she had hitherto sought to help her on the way. She would do nothing that might attract observation, nothing that should interfere with her purpose; so she made straight for the mines. But, strangely enough, now that she had almost reached her destination, her heart began to sink within her bosom. Suppose she could not find him. And if she did, and he were not pardoned, they would never allow her to remain there. Then how should she face that fearful journey back again, away from him?

The wild thought now entered her mind that she would defy the authorities; she would commit some crime; and then surely they would imprison her too. Ah, yes; that would be something. She would perhaps be made to toil as he was toiling, he allowed to remain somewhere near him who was dearer to her than her own life and soul.

Such were the thoughts that passed through Nadia's fevered brain as she stood by the mouth of an old, disused pit. The gray twilight shadows were darkened down, and snow was falling softly.

She shivered with the intense cold, for on the journey her clothes had become ragged and torn, and exposed her arms and feet to the wintry blast. The place was quite deserted; not even a military guard had been posted there; but there was a basket attached to a windlass which had been used to descend the shaft. Without hesitation she got in, knowing that her weight would carry her down; but the rope was rotten, and she was instantly precipitated headlong into the black abyss.

The suddenness of the fall took away her consciousness, but it was only for a moment, and then she was aroused by the shock of ice-cold water. She had plunged in it up to her neck, and was wildly struggling for breath.

In throwing out her hand, however, she struck against a rock, and, clinging frantically, managed at last to drag herself out of the subterranean pool. She was now on dry ground, but endless difficulties still surrounded her.

It was pitch dark. Whether must she turn? She could not go back, for there was the water. The only thing to be done was to go blindly on, feel-

ing her way by the walls of the pit. But it was a terrible journey. She had lost her shoes in the pool, and at every step her naked feet were cut and torn by sharp stones. She was drenched to the skin and the wet skirts clinging to her legs impeded her progress; so she took off her upper garments, and found that she could walk more freely. A little further on, her feet touched something soft and clammy. She stooped down, but drew away her hand again in horror as she felt the face of a man covered with a grizzly beard, cold and dead!

Evidently some unhappy prisoner who had perished there and been forgotten. A wild cry broke from her lips, which, echoing through the dark cavern, frightened even herself, and she fled at full speed, like one possessed, away from that accursed spot.

What if this were the fate of Karl Seliedof, too? Perhaps—perhaps this was his body! That thought froze the young blood in her veins. But it was dangerous to run thus in the darkness. She had not gone many yards ere she came in violent contact with a huge projecting rock and fell heavily to the ground. She strove to rise, but must have sprained or broken her ankle; it was so painful that she sank back again.

Then she looked about and began to realize her position, and that she could plainly distinguish surrounding objects. There was a wide opening here from above, and the silvery moon shone clear and cold into the mine.

A few feet from her there lay what appeared to be a bundle of rags, but, on looking more closely, she could distinguish the outline of a man lying on a bed of straw. She called faintly for help. The bundle moved. The man came toward her. In that moment she knew him, though he was woefully changed.

"Karl!"

"Nadia!" he cried; "you here! Oh, no, no! Heavens! I must be dreaming!"

But he soon knew it was reality, for Nadia was locked in his arms, her face pressed close to his, covering his lips and sunken, bearded cheeks with kisses, weeping and laughing hysterically, all in a breath, from the wildness of her joy.

"Oh, my poor love!" Karl said, at last, when she had calmed down a little, and lay upon his rude couch; "how—why did you come to this fearful place?"

"The longing to be near you once more was more than I could bear. Besides, listen, I have good news to tell you. I went to the Princess Nariskine; she promised to intercede for you, and at any moment you may receive your pardon."

"My own brave, true-hearted Nadia!"

She spoke and thought only of him, not of her own perils and sufferings; but he soon found that her arms and feet were terribly lacerated, and her ankle so contused that she was unable to move.

With loving care he tended and soothed her, binding up her wounds with strips torn from his own clothing, and wrapped in each other's arms they lay, finding comfort and happiness in their misery, even in that world-forsaken place, since those two loving hearts were once more together.

The pale dawn was lighting up the sky when an officer and some armed guards descended the mine.

"Come, No. 49," said the former, roughly, "get to work."

Seliedof rose obediently.

"Hello! what is this? Whom have we here? A woman?"

"It is my wife," the prisoner said, quietly, "who has come the breadth of Russia to see me."

"That is a very pretty story, I must say; but she will have to clear out of here. Tramp, begone!"

Nadia strove to rise, but her ankle had swollen terribly, and she fell back exhausted.

"You see, captain, she cannot rise," Karl said, in beseeching tones. "Can she not remain here at least a little time while I go to work?"

"No," the chief answered, brutally. "We will soon find means to make her move; and he made a sign to one of his attendants, who brought down his great whip upon the poor woman's scantily protected shoulders.

A sharp cry of pain broke from her lips, which went right to her husband's heart and aroused the man in him which Russian despotism had been trying its very hardest to crush out.

"She is not your prisoner," he cried; "do not dare to touch her!"

But the petty despot laughed a laugh of conscious power, and the great lash was raised again, and fell on Nadia's back and naked arms, causing the blood to flow. This maddened Seliedof as all the tortures which had been inflicted on himself had never succeeded in doing, and, raising the heavy chains that bound his feet, he rushed upon the tyrant, dashing them full in his face.

The later drew back and, shaking him off, yelled out:

"Mutiny! Shoot him down!"

One of his zealous myrmidons, drawing a pistol, fired, and Karl Seliedof fell lifeless to the ground, while Nadia, with a wild scream of anguish threw herself over his prostrate form. But at this moment there was some fresh stir and commotion. Several more people were present and a calm, cold woman's voice from out of the gloom said:

"I bring the Czar's gracious pardon to Karl Seliedof!"

It was the Princess Nariskine,

whose sympathy has assumed practical shape. Having gained her point with the sovereign, she had undertaken that terrible journey, traveling posthaste the whole width of the Russian Empire, for she full well knew how tardy in delivery these rare, gracious messages often were, and therefore resolved to be herself the bearer of the good tidings.

Those who were there knew her, and uncovered their heads; but she wondered why there was so deep a silence—why no one answered her, and again she said, more imperiously this time:

"I bring the Czar's pardon to Karl Seliedof!"

"I fear Madame la Princesse is too late," the officer replied; since she brings pardon to a dead man!"

"I trust that is not so. You will see by this paper, Capt. Tchetchatchief, that you have fired upon a free subject of the Czar, and, if he be dead, you shall live to repent it!"

The captain bowed, taking the paper in silence; but he had turned deadly pale. He read his doom in the dangerous glitter of her eyes. It was the grand, old philosophy of Swift. Out here Tchetchatchief was all powerful, but, beside the name and presence of Princess Nariskine, he had become a very pigmy. Then they told her that Seliedof was, indeed, dead.

"His body shall be buried in his native place," she said. "Take the poor lady to my carriage, and bid my women see to her."

As Nariskine turned away there were tears in her bright, blue eyes. Happily, poor Nadia had awoken away, and was unconscious of all that passed.

From that day she remained with the Princess Nariskine as her friend, and when she recovered from a long and painful illness—white-haired, a prematurely old woman now, a sad emblem of Russian tyranny—it was a mercy that her memory was a blank; a peaceful present and future; but her happy wifehood, her terrible journey, the Czar's pardon that came too late—all, all blotted out forever!

—New York Weekly.

EVOLUTION OF THE KITCHEN.

Rapid Progress Made in Conveniences in Recent Years.

The evolution of the modern kitchen is just as interesting a story as that of the evolution of any other feature of present day life in enlightened countries.

It has come straight from the outdoor fire, just as modern dress has evolved from the blanket and loin-cloth of the savage.

When the Romans invaded Britain they found the inhabitants living in one room, partially underground. The cooking, however, was done mainly in the open air, as a matter of convenience. When it was done in the house the smoke and odor escaped through a hole in the roof, as it does in the huts of savages today. One of the greatest, most civilizing and most elegant inventions ever made was the fireplace, which brought the first semblance of modern decency, neatness and comfort into the home. The fireplace seems very old fashioned, yet the mother of the present writer, not a very aged woman, can remember when the first stove was brought into her home in Northern Vermont.

Later, as a young married woman, she possessed one of the first three lamps brought into St. Lawrence County, N. Y.

It was the middle ages before the kitchen had been raised to the dignity of an established apartment. Strange doings went on in those mediaeval kitchens. Butchers slaughtered animals there, which were skinned and dressed, as well as cooked, in the kitchen. The family blacksmith kept his fire there, and repaired the ploughs and wheels of the estate.

Coal began to be used as a kitchen fuel in 1245, though not generally for two hundred years after. The oven did not come into use until the year 1400, and then it was the old fashioned brick oven, which persisted for hundreds of years. The stove, when invented, took the place of the separate oven and the fireplace, with its spit, crane and hanging pots.—New York Tribune.

"No Rest in the Trade."

In the second act of a certain melodrama one of the actors, in the "role" of a poacher, was supposed to be killed. A rival poacher, after shooting him, ran off, and the curtain descended on the dead man lying alone in the center of the stage. The piece was being performed in a small country town. At the end of the second act the victim was duly shot and the murderer as duly made his escape. Something, however, went wrong with the curtain, and it did not descend. It came down to within seven feet or so of the stage, and there it stopped. Then whispers and frantic orders, given in low, hoarse voices, sounded from the wings. The audience tittered. Suddenly, the "dead" man rose wearily. He advanced to the footlights. "No rest, even in the grave," he said, in a sepulchral tone. Then with his long, thin arms he reached up and pulled the curtain down.—The Independent.

The population of the island of Pombay is twice that of Scotland and Ireland.

France has 3,045 miles of canals and 4,665 of rivers improved for purposes of navigation.



RAG CARPET REVIVED.

And still another old fashion is being revived. There has been a return to favor of old clocks and bedsteads, tables and chairs and wall papers, until it seemed as though there was no accessory to an old fashioned house that has not had its counterpart put upon the modern market, with very often a pretty story attached to prove it an heirloom.

There is one thing, however, that until very recently has remained in the oblivion to which it was consigned years ago. With all the fad for things old fashioned, the homely but serviceable rag carpet was not resurrected until a short time ago, when an enterprising manufacturer made the venture. It is a real thing, too, not a paraphrase of rag carpet made of silk in the shape of fancy rugs, but the real old fashioned carpet that is woven of real rags, even if they are without family and neighborly associations. This particular manufacturer uses samples of curtains and upholsteries which have served their purpose as samples to make his rag carpets.

Some of them are woven with a striped effect, just as all the old fashioned ones were seen, the light and dark stripes alternating with more or less regularity, while others, showing the more elaborate results of modern machinery, are woven in checks about two inches square. In red and black and other colors producing a vivid contrast, these checks when like Scotch plaid, and their bright colors should contribute to the general cheerfulness of a room. For housekeepers who have only bare floors and do not care for carpets, there are rugs made of this rag carpeting, just as there are rugs made of every other conceivable kind of material for covering floors. These are made in all the shapes and sizes and patterns that could possibly be desired, with prices accordingly.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Shelves, as perhaps few of us realize, add much character to a room. Like cushions and rugs and books they give that delicious air of comfort so often lacking in the stately, yet stiff drawing rooms of some of our modern homes.

Many people do not take to the idea of shelves, associating the shelf with the homely uses of the kitchen, the pantry, and cellar, whereas the real fact is the utility of the shelf constitutes much of its beauty.

People have become educated to seeing bookshelves in a library or sitting room in preference to bookcases, for these always seem designed more as showcases for books and their buildings than to hold books ready for intimate use.

Fewer bookcases are sold nowadays than formerly, for everybody seems to appreciate the charm of the low book shelves built in around a room for occupying some special nook or corner in a bay window or alcove. On the top of these shelves one can always have plants, photographs, magazines, all the hundred and one little furnishings that add to the beauty of a room. The high corner book shelves are always good, for they use space often otherwise wasted, and this is an important factor in these days of apartment houses.

—Indianapolis News.

KEEP YOURSELF IN CONDITION.

To cure dyspepsia by means of exercise, try punching a bag. Suspend it at a convenient height from the floor to permit of pounding it vigorously, after the manner of a prize fighter. You must wear gloves to protect your knuckles. Twisting the body around in both directions from the waist is a good exercise for you. Leaning forward and then backward, as far as possible, also to the right and left, is good practice. Interlock the thumbs and with the knees straight, bend forward until the tips of the fingers touch the floor. Rise to an upright position, with the arms above the head.

Besides curing your dyspepsia, these athletics should expand your chest, put roses in your cheeks and grace and vigor in every motion. Don't say that you are too weak and breathless to take exercise. This is a delusion. The weakness and the quick and short respiration arise from want of exercise. The less exercise one takes, the less one is fitted for and the more one needs it. Nerves will become disordered, the blood thick and sluggish and muscles will grow flaccid without exercise.

IN PLACE OF SHOE HORNS.

You've seen the girl who is at the mercy of a shoe horn, says the Philadelphia Bulletin. If she has lost or forgotten her own, she goes from room to room, seeking to beg, borrow or steal one, as if a pair of slippers might not actually be gotten on without a shoe horn.

Now, here is a pointer for her. If you can't get a shoe horn, use a spoon. That is what college girls do, and they find it just as convenient as the article designed for that purpose.

Not a teaspoon; but a tablespoon. Put the handle into the heel of a slipper and use it just as you do a shoe horn. When the shoe is on, the spoon handle really comes out easier than a shoe horn.

Of course, this is merely a substitute, but if there doesn't happen to be a shoe horn around, it's handy to know about the useful spoon.

FASHION HINTS.

Snakeskin is among the smartest leathers for the modish bag. Back and side combs come in sets with handsome shell, metal or jeweled mountings.

Much favor appears to attach to golden-brown, and to brownish-olive and olive-green.

Handkerchiefs in sheerest linen with border of the finest hand run tufts.

After a thorough brushing, sponging and pressing is recommended to restore cloth to its pristine beauty, especially if the garment has been worn in the rain. After sponging allow the garment to become nearly dry before pressing. Never put a hot iron on woolen cloth; always have a white cotton cloth that will not deposit lint, to place between the garment and the iron. Wet right side of the garment to be pressed. With a hot iron pass quickly over the white cloth, removing it instantly and allowing the garment to steam. Do not put the iron directly on the garment until it is dry, otherwise the print of the iron will be visible and the seams will have a shiny appearance.

To press sleeves use a sleeve board. This can be made at home by curving the corners of a piece of wood about two feet long. Make about the same shape as the larger ironing board; use the smaller end for the cuffs. Press sleeves on the right side also. It is wonderful how the pressing will freshen even a wash dress; these, however, should be pressed on the wrong side, using a damp cloth to rub over the creases and then applying the iron directly to the gown.—Washington Times.

SPONGING GARMENTS.

DEMOCRATIC CO. COMMITTEE—1905.

- Bellefonte, N. W. J. C. Harper
- " " W. W. Patrick Gherity
- " " W. W. George B. Moser
- Phillipsburg, 1st W. J. Lukens
- " " 2nd W. J. Howe
- " " 3rd W. E. Jones
- Centre Hall, D. J. Meyer
- Howard, Howard Moore
- Millersburg, Pierce Mason
- Millersburg, James Noll
- South Phillipsburg, Joseph Gates
- Unionville, F. J. McDonald, Fleming
- State College, D. G. Meek
- Bethner, N. P., John F. Grove, Bellefonte
- " " S. P. John Grove, Bellefonte
- Boggs, N. F., Is. Coner, Yarnell
- " " E. F. W. J. C. Barnhart, Kiland
- " " E. F. Lewis Wallace, Millersburg
- Burnside, William Bippie, Pine Glen
- College, Nathan Grove, Lemont
- Curran, R. A. Pottman, Homestead
- Ferguson, E. F. W. H. Fry, Pine Grove Mills
- Gregg, N. P., Summer Miller, Penna. Furnace
- " " E. F. H. Herring, Penn Hall
- " " W. P. John Smith, Spring Mills
- Haines, E. P., L. B. Orndorff, Woodward
- " " W. P. Ralph E. Boyer, Aaronsburg
- Hallmon, Emory McAfee, Stormstown
- Harris, John Weiland, Beardsburg
- Howard, George D. Johnson, Roland
- Huston, Henry Hale, Julian
- Liberty, E. F. W. F. Harter, Blanchard
- " " W. P. Albert Bergner, Monacaum
- Marion, J. W. Orr, Walker
- Milroy, E. P., H. F. McManaway, Wells Store
- " " M. P. George B. Waters, Stauffen
- " " W. P. G. Edward Miller, Rebersburg
- Patton, T. M. Huey, Wading
- Penn, W. F. Smith, Millheim
- Potter, N. P., George H. Emerick, Centre Hall
- " " George Goodhart, Centre Hall
- " " W. P. James B. Spangler, Tusseyville
- Rush, N. P., W. E. Frank, Phillipsburg
- " " E. P. Fred W. H. C. Johnson, Union Station
- " " S. P. John T. Lorisak, Betsford
- Snow Shoe, E. P. Lawrence Rodding, Snow Shoe
- " " S. P. Fred W. H. C. Johnson, Union Station
- Spring, N. P., C. M. Heister, Bellefonte
- " " S. P. John Mullinger, Pleasant Gap
- " " W. P. John L. Dunlap, Bellefonte
- Taylor, P. A. Hoover, Fort Meade
- Union, John O. Peters, Fleming
- Walker, E. P., John McAuley, Hubersburg
- " " W. P. John Cole, Zint
- Worth, J. A. Williams, Port Matilda

CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNSYLVANIA

Condensed Time Table. Week Days.

Read Down.	Stations	Read Up.
No. 1	No. 2	No. 3
A. M. P. M. P. M.	Lv. Ar.	P. M. P. M. A. M.
7 10 2	3 0 6	BELLEFONTE
7 21 2	4 1 6	N. Y. Ave. Lye. W. 1st St. Lye. W. 2nd St. Lye. W. 3rd St. Lye. W. 4th St. Lye. W. 5th St. Lye. W. 6th St. Lye. W. 7th St. Lye. W. 8th St. Lye. W. 9th St. Lye. W. 10th St. Lye. W. 11th St. Lye. W. 12th St. Lye. W. 13th St. Lye. W. 14th St. Lye. W. 15th St. Lye. W. 16th St. Lye. W. 17th St. Lye. W. 18th St. Lye. W. 19th St. Lye. W. 20th St. Lye. W. 21st St. Lye. W. 22nd St. Lye. W. 23rd St. Lye. W. 24th St. Lye. W. 25th St. Lye. W. 26th St. Lye. W. 27th St. Lye. W. 28th St. Lye. W. 29th St. Lye. W. 30th St. Lye. W. 31st St. Lye. W. 32nd St. Lye. W. 33rd St. Lye. W. 34th St. Lye. W. 35th St. Lye. W. 36th St. Lye. W. 37th St. Lye. W. 38th St. Lye. W. 39th St. Lye. W. 40th St. Lye. W. 41st St. Lye. W. 42nd St. Lye. W. 43rd St. Lye. W. 44th St. Lye. W. 45th St. Lye. W. 46th St. Lye. W. 47th St. Lye. W. 48th St. Lye. W. 49th St. Lye. W. 50th St. Lye. W. 51st St. Lye. W. 52nd St. Lye. W. 53rd St. Lye. W. 54th St. Lye. W. 55th St. Lye. W. 56th St. Lye. W. 57th St. Lye. 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