

A RIGHTEOUS EARTH.

Dr. Talmage Discourses on the World as It Will Be.

Improvement in Human Conditions After It Has Been Revolutionized for Good-Glories of the Coming Century.

[Copyright, 1899, by Louis Kloppsch.] Washington, Dec. 3.

By a novel mode Dr. Talmage in this discourse shows how the world will look after it has been revolutionized for good; text, 2 Peter 3:13: "A new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." Down in the struggle to make the world better and happier we sometimes get depressed with the obstacles to be overcome and the work to be accomplished. Will it not be a tonic and an inspiration to look at the world as it will be when it has been brought back to paradisaical condition? So let us for a few moments transport ourselves into the future and put ourselves forward in the centuries and see the world in its rescued and perfected state, as we will see it if in those times we are permitted to revisit this planet, as I am sure we will. We all want to see the world after it has been thoroughly Gospelized and all wrongs have been righted. We will want to come back, and we will come back to look upon the refulgent consummation toward which we have been on larger or smaller scale toiling. Having heard the opening of the orchestra on whose strings some discords traveled, we will want to hear the last triumphant bar of the perfect oratorio. Having seen the picture as the painter drew its first outlines upon canvas, we will want to see it when it is as complete as Reuben's "Descent from the Cross" or Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment."

Having seen the world under the gleam of the star of Bethlehem, we will want to see it when, under the full shining of the sun of righteousness, the towers shall strike its noon. Alighted on the redeemed earth, we are first accosted by the spirit of the twenty-first century, who proposes to guide and show us all that we desire to see. Without his guidance we would lose our way, for the world is so much changed from the time when we lived in it. First of all, he points out to us a group of abandoned buildings. We ask this spirit of the twenty-first century: "What are those structures whose walls are falling down and whose gates are rusted on the hinges?" Our escort tells us: "Those were once penitentiaries filled with offenders, but the crime of the world has died out. Theft and arson and fraud and violence have quitted the earth. People have all they want, and why should they appropriate the property of others even if they had the desire? The marauders, the assassins, the buccannars, the Herods, the Nana Sahibs, the ruffians, the bandits, are dead or, transformed by the power of the Christian religion, are now upright and beneficent and useful."

After passing on amid columns and statues erected in memory of those who have been mighty for goodness in the world's history, the highest and the most exquisitely sculptured those in honor of such as have been most effectual in saving life or improving life rather than those renowned for destroying life, we come upon another group of buildings that must have been transformed from their original shape and adapted to other uses. "What is all this?" we ask our escort. He answers: "Those were almshouses and hospitals; but accuracy in making and prudence in running machinery of all sorts have almost abolished the list of casualties, and sobriety and industry have nearly abolished pauperism, so that those buildings which once were hospitals and almshouses have been turned into beautiful homes for the less prospered, and if you will look in you will see the poorest table has abundance, and the smallest wardrobe luxury, and the harp, waiting to have its strings thrummed, leaning against the piano, waiting for its keys to be fingered."

"Hospitals and almshouses must have been a necessity once, but they would be useless now. And you see all the swamps have been drained, the sewerage of the great towns has been perfected, and the world's climate is so improved that there are no pneumonias to come out of the cold, or rheumatisms out of the dampness, or fevers out of the heat. Consumptions banished, pneumonias banished, diphtheria banished, ophthalmia banished, neuralgia banished. As near as I can tell from what I have read, our atmosphere of this century is a mingling of the two months of May and October of the nineteenth century."

And we believe what our escort says, for as we pass on we find health glowing in every cheek and beaming in every eye and springing in every step and articulating in every utterance, and you and I whisper to each other as our escort has his attention drawn to some new sunrise upon the morning sky, and we say, each to the other: "Who would believe that this is the world we lived in over 150 years ago? Look at those men and women we pass on the road! How improved the human race! Such beauty, such strength, such gracefulness, such geniality! Faces without the mark of one sorrow! Cheeks that seem never to have been wet by one tear! A race sublimated! A new world born!"

But I say to our escort: "Did all this merely happen so? Are all the good here spontaneous good? How did you get the old shipwrecked world afloat again, out of the breakers into the smooth seas?" "No, no!" responds our twenty-first century escort. "Do you see those towers? Those are the towers of churches, towers of reformatory institutions, towers of Christian schools. Walk with me, and let us enter some of these temples." We enter, and I find that the music is in the major key and none of it in the minor. "Gloria In Excelsis" rising

above "Gloria In Excelsis." Tremolo stop in the organ so much used as the trumpet stop. More of Ariel than of Naomi. More chants than dirges. Not a thin song, the words of which no one understands on the lip of a soloist, but mighty harmonies that roll from outside door to chancel and from floor to grained rafter as though Handel had come out of the early part of the nineteenth century into the twenty-first and were leading the voices. Music that moves the earth and makes Heaven listen.

But I say to our twenty-first century escort: "I cannot understand this. Have these worshippers no sorrows, or have they forgotten their sorrows?" Our escort responds: "Sorrows! Why, they had sorrows more than you could count, but by a divine illumination that the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries never enjoyed they understand the uses of sorrow and are comforted with a supernatural condolence such as previous centuries never experienced."

I ask again of the interpreter: "Has death been banished from the world?" The answer is: "No, but people die now only when the physical machinery is worn out, and they realize it is time to go and that they are certainly off and without doubt going into a world where they will be infinitely better off and are to live in a mansion that awaits their immediate occupancy." "But how was all this effected?" I ask our escort. Answer: "By floods of Gospel power. You who lived in the nineteenth century never saw a revival of religion to be compared with what occurred in the latter part of the twentieth and the early part of the twenty-first century. The prophecy has been fulfilled that 'a nation shall be born in a day'—that is, ten or twenty or forty million people converted in 24 hours. In our church history we read of the great awakening of 1857, when 500,000 souls were saved. But that was only a drop of the coming showers that since then took into the kingdom of God everything between the Atlantic and the Pacific, between the Pyrenees and the Himalayas." The evils that good people were in the nineteenth century trying to destroy have been overcome by celestial forces. What human weaponry failed to accomplish has been done by omnipotent thunderbolts.

As you and I see in this terrestrial visitation of the coming centuries that the church has under God accomplished so much, we ask our escort, the spirit of the twenty-first century, to show us the different kinds of churches. So we are taken in and out of the churches of different denominations, and we find that they are just as different in the twenty-first century as they were different in the nineteenth when we worshiped in them. There is unity in them as to the great essentials of salvation. But we enter the Baptist church, and it is baptismal day, and we see the candidates for membership immersed. And we go into a Presbyterian church and see a group of parents around the baptismal font holding up their children for the christening. And we enter the Episcopal church and hear the solemn roll of her liturgies, and her ministers are gowned and surpliced. And we enter the Lutheran church, and we hear in the sermon preached the doctrines of the greatest of German reformers. And we go into the Methodist church just in time to sit down at a love feast and give audible "Amen" when the service stirs up. At least 50 kinds of churches in the twenty-first century, as there were 150 different kinds of churches in the nineteenth century.

"But what is yonder row of buildings, majestic for architecture?" The spirit of the twenty-first century says: "Those are our legislative halls and places of public trust, and if you would like it I will show you the political circles, the modes of preferment, the styles of election, the character of public men in this century." "Thank you," I reply. "I can easily understand how Gospelization would improve individual life and social life and commercial life, but I would like to see what it can do for political life." "Let me tell you," says the spirit of the twenty-first century. "That I have read about political chicanery and corruption of more than 100 years ago—the nineteenth century, in which you lived here—but the low political caucus has gone from the face of the earth, and the stuffed ballot box, and the bribery by money and by promise of office, and the jobs got through legislatures and congresses by lobbyists. We have nothing like a Credit Mobilier scandal, or those harbor and river appropriations, the most of which never improved the harbors or rivers, or speeches to kill time and prevent a vote, or promotion to high place of political accidents, and the only bosses we have now boss because they have more brain and purity than those who are bossed. The money barrel to buy votes and to decide who shall be elected did not roll into this century. All those in high office in township, state and nation are men superior for intelligence and sagacity and moral equipment and fitness for the posts they occupy. All intrigue and Machiavellism and temporization are gone."

"The last corrupt judge of election was buried 50 years ago, the preacher officiating at the obsequies taking for his text Proverbs 10:7: 'The name of the wicked shall rot,' or Jeremiah 19:22: 'He shall be buried with the burial of an ass, drawn and cast forth beyond the gates of Jerusalem.' Our laws are good and well executed. Men do not in our century have to wade chin deep through moral slush in order to gain office. The word 'politics,' which in your century, the nineteenth, often stood for chicanery and falsehood and billingsgate and moral turpitude and filth, now stands for honor and justice and truth and righteousness. Such

men as were in your congresses and parliaments and reichstags pointed out as exceptions of statesmanship and patriotism and public spiritedness and eloquence and moral power would not be pointed out now, for all our public men are thus characterized. Politics has been swept, garnished, glorified, ennobled, until nothing more is to be desired. Walk through all aldermanic councils and sheriffalties and gubernatorial rooms and presidential mansions and find the truth of what I, the spirit of the twenty-first century, tell you, who were of the nineteenth century and now come down on terrestrial visitation."

But we cannot stay long here, for it is almost time for us to retrace our way heavenward. This voluntary exile must soon end. And, passing out, we go through a national museum, where we are shown among the curiosities an enfield rifle, a howitzer, a hotchkiss shell, an ambulance—curiosities of that age, but, alas! no curiosity to us of the nineteenth century, for some of our own kindred went down under their stroke or were carried off the field by those wheels."

"But," I say to our escort, the spirit of the twenty-first century, and you and I say to each other, "we must go home now, back again to Heaven. We have staid long enough on this terrestrial visitation to see that all the best things foretold in the Scriptures and which we read during our earthly residence have come to pass, and all the Davidic, Solomonian and Paulinian and Johannean prophecies have been fulfilled, and that the earth, instead of being a ghastly failure, is the mightiest success in the universe. A star redeemed. A planet rescued! A world saved! It started with a garden, and it is going to close with a garden. What a happiness that we could have seen this old world after it was righted and before it burned, for its infernal fires have nearly burned out to the crust, according to the geologist, making it easy for the theologian to believe in the conflagration that the Bible predicts. One element taken from the water and that will burn, and another element taken from the air and that will burn, and surrounding planets will watch this old ship of a world on fire and wonder if all its passengers got safely off. Before that planetary catastrophe, he us back to Heaven. Farewell, spirit of the twenty-first century! Thanks for your guidance! We can stay no longer away from dogologies that never end, in temples never closed, in a day that has no sundown. We must report to the immortals around the throne the transformations we have seen, the victories of truth on land and sea, the hemispheres irradiated, and Christ on the throne of earth, as He is on the throne of Heaven."

And now you and I have left our escort as we ascend, for the law of gravitation has no power to detain ascending spirits. Up through immensities and by stellar and lunar and solar splendors, which cannot be described by mortal tongue, we rise higher and higher, till we reach the shining gate as it opens for our return, and the questions greet us from all sides: "What is the news? What did you find in that earthly tower? What have you to report in this city of the sun?" Prophetic, apostolic, saintly inquiry. And, standing on the steps of the house of many mansions, we cry aloud the news: "Hear it, all ye glorified Christian workers of all the past centuries! We found your work was successful, whether on earth you toiled with knitting needle, or rung a trowel on a rising wall, or smote a shoe last, or endowed a university, or swayed a scepter; whether on earth you gave a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple, or at some Pentecost preached 3,000 souls into the kingdom."

"In that world we have just visited the deserts are all bloom, and the wildernesses are bright with fountains. Sin is extirpated. Crime is reformed. Disease is cured. The race is emancipated. 'The earth is full of the knowledge of God, as the waters cover the sea.' The redeemed of the Lord have come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads.' The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth, and the kingdoms of the world have become the kingdoms of our Lord Jesus Christ.' Let the harpers of Heaven strike the glad tidings from the strings of their harps, and the trumpeters put them in the mouth of their trumpets, and the orchestra roll them into the grand march of the eternities, and all the cathedral towers of the great capital of the universe chime them all over Heaven."

And now I look up and see the casting down at the bejeweled and radiant crowns at the sacred feet of the enthroned Jesus. Missionary Carey is casting down before those feet the crown of India saved. Missionary Judson is casting down the crown of Burma saved. Missionary Abel casting down the crown of China saved. David Livingston casting down at those feet the crown of Africa saved. Missionary Brainerd casting down the crown of this country's aborigines saved. Souls that went up from all the denominations in America in holy rivalry, seeking which could sooner cast down the crown of this continent at the Saviour's feet, and America saved.

But often you and I, who were companions in that expedition from Heaven to earth, seated on the green bank of the river that rolls through the paradise of God, will talk over the scenes we witnessed in that parenthesis of heavenly bliss, in that vacation from the skies, in our terrestrial visitation—we who were early residents in the nineteenth century, escorted by the spirit of the twenty-first century, when we saw what my text described as "a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." "Gloria be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. Amen."

A LABOR OF TIME.

The Reconstruction of Cuba and Its Difficulties.

How the Work is Going On Under the American Military Governor—Incessant Labor of Gen. Brooke.

Anyone who had a share in the work of reconstruction in the south after our civil war knows the monumental labor involved in the transmission from chaos to order which that work entailed. The situation to-day in Cuba is very similar to the reconstruction period in the south.

Gen. Brooke, the military governor of Cuba, arrived in Havana a few days before the first of the year, and had his headquarters for about ten days at the Hotel Inglaterra. It was his original intention to have gone immediately to the captain general's palace after Gen. Castellanos and his staff had departed, but the filthy condition of the building compelled him to give up the idea until it could be thoroughly cleaned. The quarters at the Inglaterra proving inadequate to carry on the work of administration properly, he removed to the Hotel Trocha, the old quarters of the evacuation commission. It is situated in the Vedado, a suburb of Havana, nearly four miles from the heart of the city. The Vedado is a beautiful palace, full of handsome villas and tropical gardens belonging to the wealthier class of the city. It stretches along the shore of the sea for a considerable distance, and its elevated position enables one, on a clear day, to see plainly the roofs and spires of Havana. It is reached by means of a superannuated steam dummy and a couple of cars, likewise aged, leaving the foot of the Prado every half hour. The Hotel Trocha was celebrated in former days for being the ultimate destination of newly-married couples of Havana and the surrounding country, who came there to spend their honeymoon. No more unlikely place in the world could be imagined as the seat of government of an island the size of Cuba than this one-story frame building in the midst of country houses and sweet-smelling gardens.

From eight a. m. to six p. m., broken only by an hour for luncheon, Gen. Brooke sits in a lilliputian room, receiving all sorts and conditions of people, who have infinite faith in the general's capacity to help them in all their troubles. It is one steady stream pouring into his office morning and afternoon; and it is only the watchful care of some of his personal staff, who are in front and inquire of each one their particular business, that prevents his time being taken up unnecessarily.

One of his staff is the celebrated scout, Capt. E. D. Campbell, who served under Sheridan during the civil war, and whose exploits in the Indian country are well known throughout the army. He takes a sort of paternal interest in Gen. Brooke, and we betide the man who says a word derogatory to his chief! It is rather amusing to remain in the reception hall and note the people who are awaiting an audience with the governor. Two Cuban priests, in their shovel hats and long gowns, are seated at a table, chatting away in an amiable manner and apparently in no great hurry to be off. They have come simply to pay their respects to the governor, and are compelled to wait two hours until he is free. Some distance away, also seated, is a lady with an anxious look on her face that seems to increase with each minute's wait. She is the owner of two houses occupied by a number of recalcitrant Cubans, who neither pay rent nor are willing to move. She has an idea that the governor, with a stroke of his pen and sending two or three boys in blue, can adjust the matter in a jiffy.

In former times it was done in just this manner by the Spanish captain general, whose powers were absolute. It will be some time before the natives discover that the United States has courts of justice to settle affairs of this nature, and that the old days of "one man power" have passed forever. In the corner of the hall are two well-set-up men talking in low tones, and referring from time to time to papers which the larger one carries. They are capitalists interested in some government contracts, and wish to consult perhaps with Gen. Brooke regarding the terms of their fulfillment. Then there are always to be found a number of army officers just arrived in Havana from the states or from other provinces, who, according to army etiquette, are first required to pay their respects to the commanding general. And so the heterogeneous procession keeps on from day to day, interminable and unceasing.—Collier's Weekly.

Minutes and Seconds. At least 25 centuries B. C. the Babylonians used a sexagesimal system of notation, consisting of sari and sossi, of which we have vestiges when we reckon 60 minutes to the hour and 60 seconds to the minute, or 3,600 seconds—that is, a saros of sossi—to the hour. That we count 12 pence to the shilling and 20 shillings to the pound, 12 inches to the foot, 24 hours to the day, 360 degrees of longitude around the equator, 90 degrees of latitude from the equator to the pole and 60 miles to a degree, may also be traced to the same duodecimal Babylonian system of numeration, which originally reckoned 60 shekels to the mina and 60 minas to the talent. All these numbers are factors or multiples of the saros or 60. Our measures of time, money, of linear and angular space, are all derived from the Greeks, who obtained them from the Babylonians, probably through the Phoenicians.—Notes and Queries.

Novels. A literary statistician declares that for the year 1898 eight novels a day were published, Sundays and holidays not excluded.—Cincinnati Enquirer.



PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THOS. J. SEXTON, Attorney-at-Law—Office on second floor of Eagle Block, Allegheny street. Prompt attention to all legal business.

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Minutes and Seconds. At least 25 centuries B. C. the Babylonians used a sexagesimal system of notation, consisting of sari and sossi, of which we have vestiges when we reckon 60 minutes to the hour and 60 seconds to the minute, or 3,600 seconds—that is, a saros of sossi—to the hour. That we count 12 pence to the shilling and 20 shillings to the pound, 12 inches to the foot, 24 hours to the day, 360 degrees of longitude around the equator, 90 degrees of latitude from the equator to the pole and 60 miles to a degree, may also be traced to the same duodecimal Babylonian system of numeration, which originally reckoned 60 shekels to the mina and 60 minas to the talent. All these numbers are factors or multiples of the saros or 60. Our measures of time, money, of linear and angular space, are all derived from the Greeks, who obtained them from the Babylonians, probably through the Phoenicians.—Notes and Queries.

RAILROAD SCHEDULES

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND BRANCHES.

In effect on and after May 17, 1897.

VIA TYRONE—WESTWARD.		VIA TYRONE—EASTWARD.	
Leave Bellefonte 9:55 a. m.	arrive at Tyrone 11:10 a. m.	Leave Tyrone 7:00 a. m.	arrive at Bellefonte 8:15 a. m.
Leave Bellefonte 1:05 p. m.	arrive at Tyrone 2:20 p. m.	Leave Tyrone 11:15 a. m.	arrive at Bellefonte 12:30 p. m.
Leave Bellefonte 4:45 p. m.	arrive at Tyrone 6:00 p. m.	Leave Tyrone 3:30 p. m.	arrive at Bellefonte 4:45 p. m.
Leave Bellefonte 9:55 a. m.	arrive at Tyrone 11:10 a. m.	Leave Tyrone 7:00 a. m.	arrive at Bellefonte 8:15 a. m.
Leave Bellefonte 1:05 p. m.	arrive at Tyrone 2:20 p. m.	Leave Tyrone 11:15 a. m.	arrive at Bellefonte 12:30 p. m.
Leave Bellefonte 4:45 p. m.	arrive at Tyrone 6:00 p. m.	Leave Tyrone 3:30 p. m.	arrive at Bellefonte 4:45 p. m.

LEWISBURG & TYRONE RAILROAD.

In effect May 17, 1897.

WESTWARD.		EASTWARD.	
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STATIONS.			
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