CHAPTER III.

It was a beautiful day, which was so much in favor of Mrs. Frank Armour in relation to her husband's people. General Armour and his wife had come down from London by the latest train possible that their suspense at Liverpool might be short. They said little to each other, but when they did speak it was of things very different from the skeleton which they expected to put into the family cupboard presently. Each was trying to spare the other. It was very touching. They naturally looked upon the matter in its most unpromising light because an Indian was an Indian, and this unknown savage from Fort Charles was in violent contrast to such desirable persons as Lady Agnes Martling. Not that the Armours were zealous for mere money and title, but the thing itself was altogether apropos, as Mrs. Armour had more naively than correctly put it. The general, whose knowledge of character and the circumstances of life was considerable, had worked out the thing with much accuracy. He had declared to Richard in their quiet talk upon the subject that Frank must have been anything but sober when he did it. He had previously called it a policy of retaliation, so that now he was very near the truth. When they arrived at the dock at Liverpool, the Aphrodite was just making into the harbor.

"Egad," said General Armour to himself, "Sevastopol was easier than this, for fighting I know and being peppered I know by Jews, Greeks, infidels and heretics, but to take a savage to my arms and do for her what her godfathers and godmothers never did is worse than the devil's dance at Delhi."

What Mrs. Armour, who was not quite so definite as her husband, thought it would be hard to tell, but probably grief for and indignation at her son were uppermost in her mind. She had

"You are my son's wife!" he said.

quite determined upon her course. None could carry better that high neutral look of social superiority than she.

Please heaven, she said to herself, no one should see that her equanimity was shaken. They had brought one servant with them, who had been gravely and yet conventionally informed that his young master's wife, an Indian chieftainess, was expected. There are few family troubles but find their way to servants' hall with an uncomfortable speed, for, whether or not stone walls have ears, certainly menservants and maidservants have eyes that serve for ears and ears that do more than their bounden duty. Boulter, the footman, knew his business. When informed of the coming of Mrs. Francis Armour, the Indian chieftainess, his face was absolutely expressionless. His "Yessir" was as mechanical as usual. On the dock he was marble—indifferent. When the passengers began to land, he showed no excitement. He was decorously alert. When the crucial moment came, he was imperturbable. Boulter was an excellent servant. So said Edward Lambert to himself after the event; so likewise said Mrs. Townley to herself when the thing was over; so declared General Armour many a time after and once very emphatically just before he raised Boulter's wages.

As the boat neared Liverpool Lambert and Mrs. Townley had grown very nervous. The truth regarding the Indian wife had become known among the passengers, and most were very curious—some in well bred fashion, some intrusively, vulgarly. Mackenzie, Lali's companion, like Boulter, was expressionless in face. She had her duty to do, paid for liberally, and she would do it. Lali might have had a more presentable and dignified attendant, but not one more worthy. It was noticeable that the captain of the ship and all the officers had been markedly courteous to Mrs. Armour throughout the voyage, but, to their credit, not ostentatiously so. When the vessel was brought to anchor and the passengers were being put upon the tender, the captain came and made his respectful adieus, as though Lali were a lady of title in her own right and not an Indian girl married to a man acting under the influence of brandy and malice. General Armour and Mrs. Armour were always grateful to Edward Lambert and Mrs. Townley for the part they played in this desperate little comedy. They stood still and watchful as the passengers came ashore one by one. They saw they were the center of unusual interest, but General Armour was used to bearing himself with a grim kind of indifference in public, and his wife was calm, and so somewhat disappointed those who probably expected the old officer and his wife to be distressed. Frank Armour's solicitor was also there; but, with good taste, he held aloof. The two needed all their courage, however, when they saw a figure in buckskin and blanket step upon the deck, attended by a very ordinary, austere and shabbily dressed Scotswoman. But immediately behind them were Edward Lambert and Mrs. Townley, and these, with their simple tact, naturalness and freedom from any sort of embarrassment, acted as foils and removed the situation.

General Armour advanced, hat in hand. "You are my son's wife?" he said courteously to this being in a blanket.

She looked up and shook her head slightly, for she did not quite understand, but she recognized his likeness to her husband, and presently she smiled up musingly. Mackenzie repeated to her what General Armour had said. She nodded now, a flash of pleasure lighting up her face, and she slid out her beautiful hand to him. The general took it and pressed it mechanically, his lips twitching slightly. He pressed it far harder than he meant, for his feelings were at tension. She winced slightly and involuntarily thrust out her other hand, as if to relieve his pressure. As she did so the blanket fell away from her head and shoulders. Lambert, with excellent intuition, caught it and threw it across his arm. Then, quickly and without embarrassment, he and Mrs. Townley greeted General Armour, who returned the greetings gravely, but in a singular confidential tone, which showed his gratitude. Then he raised his hat again to Lali and said, "Come and let me introduce you—to your husband's mother."

The falling back of that blanket had saved the situation, for when the girl stood without it in her buckskin garments there was a dignity in her bearing which carried off the bizarre event. There was timidity in her face, and yet a kind of pride, too, though she was only a savage. The case, even at this critical moment, did not seem quite hopeless. When they came to Mrs. Armour, Lali shrank away timidly from the look in the mother's eyes, and shivering slightly looked round for her blanket. But Lambert had deftly passed it on to the footman. Presently Mrs. Armour took both the girl's hands in hers—perhaps she did it because the eyes of the public were on her, but that is neither here nor there, she did it—and kissed her on the cheek. Then they moved away to a closed carriage.

And that was the second act in Frank Armour's comedy of errors.

CHAPTER IV.

The journey from Liverpool to Greyhope was passed in comparative silence. The Armours had a compartment to themselves, and they made the Indian girl as comfortable as possible, without self consciousness, without any artificial politeness. So far what they had done was a matter of duty, not of will, but they had done their duty naturally all their lives, and it was natural to them now. They had no personal feelings toward the girl one way or another as yet. It was trying to them that people stared into the compartment at different stations. It presently dawned upon General Armour that it might also be trying to their charge. Neither he nor his wife had taken into account the possibility of the girl having feelings to be hurt. But he had noticed Lali shrink visibly and flush slightly when some one stared harder than usual, and this troubled him. It opened up a possibility. He began indefinitely to see that they were not the only factors in the equation. He was probably a little vexed that he had not seen it before, for he wished to be a just man. He was wont to quote with more or less austerity—chiefly the result of his professional life—this, "For justice all place a temple and all seasons summer." And, man of war as he was, he had another saying which was much in his mouth, and he lived up to it with considerable sincerity, "Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace to silence envious tongues."

He whispered to his wife. It would have been hard to tell from her look what she thought of the matter, but presently she changed seats with her husband that he might, by holding his newspaper at a certain angle, shield the girl from intrusive gazers.

At every station the same scene was enacted. And inquisitive people must have been surprised to see how monotonously ordinary was the manner of the three white people in the compartment. Suddenly at a station near London General Armour gave a start and used a strong expression under his breath.

Glancing at the "marriage" column, he saw a notice to the effect that on a certain day of a certain month Francis Gilbert, the son of General Joseph Armour, C. B., of Greyhope, Hertfordshire and Cavendish square, was married to Lali, the daughter of Eye-of-the-Moon, chief of the Bloods, at her father's lodge in the Saskatchewan valley. This had been inserted by Frank Armour's solicitor, according to his instructions, on the day that the Aphrodite was due at Liverpool. General Armour did not at first intend to show this to his wife, but on second thought he did, because he knew she would eventually come to know of it, and also because she saw that something had moved him. She silently reached out her hand for the paper. He handed it to her, pointing to the notice.

Mrs. Armour was unhappy, but her self possession was admirable, and she said nothing. She turned her face to the window and sat for a long time looking out. She did not turn to the others, for her eyes were full of tears, and she did not dare to wipe them away, nor yet to let them be seen. She let them dry there. She was thinking of her son, her favorite son, for whom she had been so ambitious, and for whom, so far as she could and retain her self respect, she had delicately intrigued that he might happily and befittingly marry. She knew that in the matter of his engagement she had not done what was best for him, but how could she have guessed that this would be the result? She also was sure that when the first flush of his anger and disappointment had passed, and he came to view this thing with cooler mind, he would repent deeply—for a whole lifetime. She was convinced that he had not married this savage for anything which could make marriage endurable. Under the weight of the thought she was likely to forget that the young alien wife might have lost terribly in the event also.

The arrival at Euston and the departure from St. Pancras were rather painful all round, for, though there was no waiting at either place, the appearance of an Indian girl in native costume was uncommon enough, even in cosmopolitan London, to draw much attention. Besides the placards of the evening papers were blazoned with such announcements as this, "A red Indian girl married into an English county family."

Some one had telegraphed particulars—distorted particulars—over from Liverpool, and all the evening sheets had their portion of extravagance and sensation. General Armour became a little more erect and austere as he caught sight of these placards, and Mrs. Armour groaned inwardly, but their faces were inscrutable, and they quietly conducted their charge, minus her blanket, to the train which was to take them to St. Albans and were soon wheeling homeward.

At Euston they parted with Lambert and Mrs. Townley, who quite simply and conventionally bade goodby to them and their Indian daughter-in-law. Lali had grown to like Mrs. Townley, and when they parted she spoke a few words quickly in her own tongue and then immediately was confused, because she remembered that she could not be under-

It was trying to them that people stared into the compartment.

stood. But presently she said in halting English that the face of her white friend was good, and she hoped that she would come one time and sit beside her in her wigwam, for she would be sad till her husband traveled to her.

Mrs. Townley made some polite reply in simple English, pressed the girl's hand sympathetically and hurried away. Before she parted from Mr. Lambert, however, she said, with a pretty touch of cynicism: "I think I see Marion Armour listening to her sister-in-law issue invitations to her wigwam. I am afraid I should be rather depressed myself if I had to be sisterly to a wigwam lady."

"But I say, Mrs. Townley," rejoined Lambert seriously as he loitered at the steps of her carriage, "I shouldn't be surprised if my Lady Wigwam—a rather apt and striking title, by the way—turned out better than we think. She carried herself rippingly without the blanket, and I never saw a more beautiful hand in my life—but one," he added as his fingers at that moment closed on hers and held them tightly in spite of the indignant little effort at withdrawal. "She may yet be able to give them all points in dignity and that kind of thing and pay Master Frank back in his own coin. I do not see, after all, that he is the martyr."

Lambert's voice got softer, for he still held Mrs. Townley's fingers, the footman not having the matter in his eye, and then he spoke still more seriously on sentimental affairs of his own, in which he evidently hoped she would take some interest. Indeed it is hard to tell how far the case might have been pushed if she had not suddenly looked a little forbidding and imperious, for even people of no notable height, with soft features, dark brown eyes and a delightful little laugh, may appear rather regal at times. Lambert did not quite understand why she should take this attitude. If he had been as keen regarding his own affairs of the affections as in the case of Frank Armour and his Indian bride, he had known that every woman has in her mind the occasion when she should and when she should not be wooed, and nothing disappoints her more than a declaration at a time which is not her time. If it does not fall out as she wishes it, retrospect, a dear thing to a woman, is spoiled. Many a man has been set to the right about because he has ventured in a proposal at the wrong time. What would have occurred to Lambert it is hard to tell, but he saw that something was wrong and stopped in time.

When General Armour and his party reached Greyhope, it was late in the evening. The girl seemed tired and confused by the events of the day and did as she was directed indifferently, limply. But when they entered the gates of Greyhope and traveled up the long avenue of limes she looked round her somewhat eagerly and drew a long sigh, maybe of relief or pleasure. She presently stretched out a hand almost caressingly to the thick trees and the grass and said aloud, "Oh, the beautiful trees and the long grass!" There was a whir of birds' wings among the branches, and then presently there rose from a distance the sweet gurgling whistle of the nightingale. A smile as of reminiscence crossed her face. Then she said, as if to herself: "It is the same. I shall not die. I hear the birds' wings, and one is singing. It is pleasant to sleep in the long grass when the nights are summer and to hang your cradle in the trees."

She had asked for her own blanket, refusing a rug, when they left St. Albans, and it had been given to her. She drew it about her now with a feeling of comfort and seemed to lose the horrible sense of strangeness which had almost convulsed her when she was put into the carriage at the railway station. Her reserve had hidden much of what she really felt, but the drive through the limes had shown General Armour and his wife that they had to do with a nature having capacities for sensitive feeling, which, it is sometimes thought, is only the prerogative of certain well bred civilizations.

But it was impossible that they should yet, or for many a day, feel any sense of kinship with this aboriginal girl. Presently the carriage drew up to the doorway, which was instantly open to them. A broad belt of light streamed out upon the stone steps. Far back in the hall stood Marion, one hand upon the balustrade of the staircase, the other tightly held at her side, as if to nerve herself for the meeting. The eyes of the Indian girl pierced the light, and, as if by a strange instinct, found those of Marion even before she left the carriage. Lali felt vaguely that here was her possible enemy. As she stepped out of the carriage, General Armour's hand under her elbow to assist her, she drew her blanket somewhat more closely about her and so proceeded up the steps. The composure of the servants was in the circumstances remarkable. It needed to have been, for the courage displayed by Lali's two new guardians during the day almost faltered at the threshold of their own home. Any sign of surprise or amusement on the part of the domestics would have given them some painful moments subsequently. But all was perfectly decorous. Marion still stood motionless, almost dazed. The group advanced into the hall and there paused, as if waiting for her.

At that moment Richard came out of the study at her right hand, took her arm and said quietly: "Come along, Marion. Let us be as brave as our father and mother."

She gave a hard little gasp and seemed to awake as from a dream. She quickly glided forward ahead of him, kissed her mother and father almost abruptly, then turned to the young wife with a scrutinizing eye. "Marion," said her father, "this is your sister." Marion stood hesitating, confused.

"Marion, dear," repeated her mother ceremoniously, "this is your brother's wife. Lali, this is your husband's sister, Marion."

Mackenzie translated the words swiftly to the girl, and her eyes flashed wide. Then in a low voice she said in English, "Yes, Marion, how?"

It is probable that neither Marion nor any one present knew quite the meaning of "how," save Richard, and he could not suppress a smile—it sounded so absurd and aboriginal. But at this exclamation Marion once more came to herself. She could not possibly go so far as her mother did at the dock and kiss this savage, but with a rather sudden grasp of the hand she said a little hysterically, for her brain was going round like a wheel, "Wo-won't you let me take your blanket?" and forthwith laid hold of it with tremulous politeness.

The question sounded for the instant so ludicrous to Richard that, in spite of the distressing situation, he had to choke back a laugh. Years afterward if he wished for any momentary revenge upon Marion—and he had a keen sense of wordy retaliation—he simply said, "Wo-won't you let me take your blanket?"

Of course the Indian girl did not understand, but she submitted to the removal of this uncommon mantle and stood forth a less trying sight to Marion's eyes, for, as we said before, her buckskin costume set off softly the good outlines of her form.

The Indian girl's eyes wandered from Marion to Richard. They wandered from anxiety, doubt and a bitter kind of reserve to cordiality, sympathy and a grave kind of humor. Instantly the girl knew that she had in eccentric Richard Armour a frank friend. Unlike as he was to his brother, there was still in their eyes the same friendliness and humanity—that is, it was the same look that Frank carried when he first came to her father's lodge.

Richard held out his hand with a cordial little laugh and said: "Ah, ah, very glad, very glad! Just in time for supper. Come along. How is Frank, eh? How is Frank? Just so, just so. Pleasant

"Marion," said her father, "this is your sister."

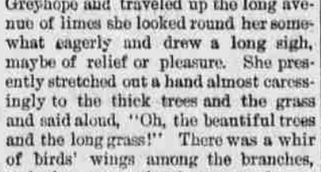
journey, I suppose?" He shook her hand warmly three or four times, and as he held it placed his left hand over it and patted it patriarchally, as was his custom with all the children and all the old ladies that he knew.

"Richard," said his mother in a studiously neutral voice, "you might see about the wine."

Then Richard appeared to recover himself and did as he was requested, but not until his brother's wife had said to him in English as they courteously drew her toward the staircase, "Oh, my brother Richard, how!"

But the first strain and suspense were now over for the family, and it is probable that never had they felt such relief as when they sat down behind closed doors in their own rooms for a respite, while the Indian girl was closeted alone with Mackenzie and a trusted maid in what she called her wigwam.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



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Anthracite coal used exclusively, insuring cleanliness and comfort.

TIME TABLE IN EFFECT MAY 20, 1894.

Trains leave Scranton for Pittston, Wilkes-Barre, etc., at 8.20, 9.15, 11.30 a. m., 12.50, 2.00, 3.30, 5.00, 7.25, 11.05 p. m. Sundays, 9.00 a. m., 1.00, 2.15, 7.10 p. m.

For Atlantic City, 8.20 a. m.

For New York, Newark and Elizabeth, 8.20 (express) a. m., 12.50 (express with Buffet parlor car), 3.30 (express) p. m. Sunday, 2.15 p. m.

FOR MAUCH CHUNK, ALLENTOWN, BETHLEHEM, EASTON and PHILADELPHIA, 8.20 a. m., 12.50, 3.30, 5.00 (except Philadelphia) p. m. Sunday, 2.15 p. m.

For LONG BRANCH, OCEAN GROVE, etc., at 8.20 a. m., 12.50 p. m.

For Reading, Lebanon and Harrisburg, via Allentown, 8.20 a. m., 12.50, 5.00, p.m. Sunday, 2.15 p. m.

For Pottsville, 8.20 a. m., 12.50 p. m.

Returning, leave New York, foot of Liberty street, North river, at 9.10 (express) a. m., 1.10, 1.30, 4.30 (express with Buffet parlor car) p. m. Sunday, 4.30 a. m.

Leave Philadelphia, Reading Terminal, 9.00 a. m., 2.00 and 4.30 p. m. Sunday, 6.27 a. m.

Through tickets to all points at lowest rates may be had on application in advance to the ticket agent at the station.

H. P. BALDWIN, Gen. Pass. Agent.
J. H. OLHAUSEN, Gen. Supt.

LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD

MAY 13, 1894.

Train leaves Scranton for Philadelphia and New York via. D. & H. R. R. at 7.45 a.m., 12.05, 2.38 and 11.38 p. m. via D., L. & W. R. R., 6.00, 8.08, 11.20 a. m., and 1.30 p. m.

Leave Scranton for Pittston and Wilkes-Barre via D., L. & W. R. R., 6.00, 8.08, 11.20 a. m., 1.30, 3.50, 6.07, 8.50 p. m.

Leave Scranton for White Haven, Hazleton, Pottsville and all points on the Beaver Meadow and Pottsville branches, via E. & W. V., 6.40 a.m., via D. & H. R. R. at 7.45 a.m., 12.05, 2.38, 4.00 p.m., via D., L. & W. R. R., 6.00, 8.08, 11.20 a.m., 1.30, 3.50 p.m.

Leave Scranton for Bethlehem, Easton, Reading, Harrisburg and all intermediate points via D. & H. R. R. 7.45 a.m., 12.05, 2.38, 11.38 p.m., via D., L. & W. R. R., 6.00, 8.08, 11.20 a. m., 1.30 p.m.

Leave Scranton for Tunkhannock, Towanda, Elmira, Ithaca, Geneva and all intermediate points via D. & H. R. R., 8.45 a.m., 12.05 and 11.38 p. m., via D. L. & W. R. R., 8.08 a.m., 1.30 p. m.

Leave Scranton for Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Detroit, Chicago and all points west via D. & H. R. R., 8.45 a.m., 12.05, 9.15, 11.38 p. m., via D. L. & W. R. R. and Pittston Junction, 8.08 a.m., 1.30, 8.50 p. m., via E. & W. R. R., 3.41 p. m.

For Elmira and the west via Salamanca, via D. & H. R. R. 8.45 a.m., 12.05, 6.05 p. m. via D., L. & W. R. R., 8.08 a.m., 1.30 and 6.07 p. m.

Pullman parlor and sleeping or L. V. chair cars on all trains between L. & B. Junction or Wilkes-Barre and New York, Philadelphia, Buffalo and Suspension Bridge.

ROLLIN H. WILBUR, Gen. Supt.
CHAS. S. LEE, Gen. Pass. Ag't, Phila., Pa.
A. W. NONNEMACHER, Ass't Gen. Pass. Ag't, South Bethlehem, Pa.

"The D. L. & W."

DELAWARE AND HUDSON RAILROAD.

Commencing Monday, July 30, all trains will arrive and depart from the new Lackawanna avenue station as follows:

Trains will leave Scranton station for Carbondale and intermediate points at 2.20, 5.45, 7.00, 8.25 and 10.10 a.m., 12.00, 2.20, 3.55, 5.15, 6.15, 7.23, 9.10 and 11.20 p.m.

For Farview, Waymart and Honesdale at 7.00, 8.25 and 10.10 a.m., 12.00, 2.20 and 5.15 p.m.

For Albany, Saratoga, the Adirondacks and Montreal at 5.45 a.m. and 2.20 p.m.

For Wilkes-Barre and intermediate points at 7.45, 8.45, 9.38 and 10.45 a.m., 12.05, 1.20, 2.38, 4.00, 5.10, 6.05, 9.15 and 11.38 p.m.

Trains will arrive at Scranton Station from Carbondale and intermediate points at 7.40, 8.40, 9.34 and 10.40 a.m., 12.05, 1.17, 2.34, 3.40, 4.54, 5.55, 7.45, 9.11 and 11.33 p.m.

From Honesdale, Waymart and Farview at 9.34 a.m., 12.00, 1.17, 3.40, 5.55 and 7.45 p.m.

From Montreal, Saratoga, Albany, etc., at 4.54 and 11.33 p.m.

From Wilkes-Barre and intermediate points at 2.15, 8.01, 10.05 and 11.55 a.m., 1.16, 2.14, 3.39, 5.10, 6.08, 7.21, 9.03 and 11.16 p.m.

DELAWARE, LACKAWANNA AND WESTERN RAILROAD.

Trains leave Scranton as follows: Express for New York and all points East, 1.40, 2.50, 5.15, 8.00 and 9.55 a. m.; 12.55 and 3.50 p. m.

Express for Easton, Trenton, Philadelphia and the South, 5.15, 8.00 and 9.55 a. m.; 12.55 and 3.50 p. m.

Washington and way stations, 3.55 p. m.

Tobyhanna accommodation, 6.10 p. m.

Express for Binghamton, Oswego, Elmira, Corning, Bath, Dansville, Mount Morris and Buffalo, 12.10, 2.15 a. m. and 1.24 p. m., making close connections at Buffalo to all points in the West, Northwest and Southwest.

Bath accommodation, 9 a. m.

Binghamton and way stations, 12.37 p. m.

Nicholson accommodation, at 4 p. m. and 6.10 p. m.

Binghamton and Elmira Express, 6.05 p. m.

Express for Cortland, Syracuse, Oswego, Utica and Richfield Springs, 2.15 a. m. and 1.24 p. m.

Ithaca, 2.15 and Bath 9 a. m. and 1.24 p. m.

For Northumberland, Pittston, Wilkes-Barre, Plymouth, Bloomsburg and Danville, making close connections at Northumberland for Williamsport, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington and the South.

Northumberland and intermediate stations, 6.00, 9.55 a. m. and 1.20 and 6.07 p. m.

Nanticoke and intermediate stations, 8.03 and 11.20 a. m. Plymouth and intermediate stations, 3.50 and 8.52 p. m.

Pullman parlor and sleeping coaches on all express trains.

For detailed information, pocket time tables, etc., apply to M. L. Smith, city ticket office, 328 Lackawanna avenue, or depot ticket office.

ERIE AND WYOMING VALLEY RAILROAD

Trains leave Scranton for New York and intermediate points on the Erie railroad at 6.35 a. m. and 3.24 p. m. Also for Honesdale, Hawley and local points at 6.35, 9.45 a.m., and 3.24 p.m.

All the above are through trains to and from Honesdale.

An additional train leaves Scranton for Lake Ariel at 5.10 p.m. and arrives at Scranton from the Lake at 8.20 a.m. and 7.45 p.m.

Trains leave for Wilkes-Barre at 6.40 a. m. and 3.41 p. m.

NEW YORK ONTARIO AND WESTERN RAILWAY

SCRANTON DIVISION.
In Effect June 24th, 1894.

North Bound.					South-Bound.		
205 Local Pass	203 N Y Day Exp	201 Local Pass	Stations (Trains Daily, Except Sunday.)	202 Local Pass	204 N Y Day Ex	206 Local Pass
	P M		Arrive Leave		A M	
....	7 25	....	N. Y. Franklin St.	....	7 46	....
....	7 10	....	West 42nd street	....	7 55	....
....	7 00	....	Weehawken	....	8 10	....
P M	P M		Arrive Leave	A M	P M	
8 20	1 15	....	Hancock Junction	6 00	3 45	....
8 10	1 05	....	Hancock	6 08	3 11	....
7 58	12 55	....	Starlight	6 18	3 22	....
7 51	12 46	....	Preston Park	6 25	3 31	....
7 45	12 40	A M	Como	6 33	3 41	P M
7 38	12 25	10 10	Poyntelle	6 40	3 56	4