

# A Ball of Red Wool

By HARRIET WHITNEY

Copyright, 1916, by T. C. McClure

Miss Appleton was sweeping the rustling yellow leaves from her trim walk when Dr. Loveland came driving along the dusty white road to the village. The October sunshine had mellowed the morning chill and was making trees with Miss Appleton's long hair blowing in the wind to send out red and gold gleams that no one would suspect lurked in its dusky strands.

The doctor drew up at the gate. "Any errands in town today, Miss Minta?" he called out cheerily. "I'm out of patients from my own throat and running errands for the ladies."

Aminta leaned her smooth face down upon the top of the broom handle contentedly.

"I don't think I need anything, oh, well, yes, you might get a skein of crimson zephyr wool if you care."

"Sure," returned the doctor heartily. "I've picked up the last job at every house I've passed. There's one more, Mrs. Lynn's. Guess she'll have enough commissions to keep me hustling the balance of the day."

The doctor checked in his boyish way, then fell to wondering as he stowed away Miss Aminta's silver dollar why she had refused to join in his merriment and had turned so abruptly about to resume her sweeping. It was a little unusual for the ladies to be unresponsive when he offered to shop for them.

Mrs. Lynn, a blooming pink and pearl widow, was fairly lying in wait for him in the shade of her frilly little buff portico, and the doctor's predictions as to the number of needs in the shopping line were verified. She handed him a dainty little memorandum book. "You'll find the list here," she said sweetly, "all at Robbins', you know. I have an account there. I suppose Minta Appleton didn't condescend to let you shop any more. She always thinks nobody can do anything properly but her. Now, I'm not a bit fussy myself."

"Well," the doctor acknowledged, "she did commission me to get her a skein of red zephyr—hey?" The ex-

clamatory question was prompted by the droll grimace made by Mrs. Lynn; her eyebrows went up into two acute angles, and her mouth puckered comically.

"Red zephyr—the person needs new slippers, and Minta's just that old-fashioned to work 'em herself and just get time between now and Christmas. Well, Minta's about pink and stiff and antique enough to make a model wife for a parson. Don't you think so, doctor?"

"Yes," said the doctor, "or for any one else who knows the right brand." He drove onward, pondering. The autumn sun lit slanted across the road in deep, warm stripes. A late bird sang a lazy autumn song from a thorn thicket. Nature was in a sweet and a serene mood. And yet all Dr. Loveland's jollity was overshadowed.

Miss Appleton's many needs and nephews, re-enforced and abetted by their chums, had most pitiously petitioned for a Halloween party at the roomy old homestead in whose sole ownership she reigned.

"It's the only house we know of with such a big, nice kitchen," appealingly urged Aminta May, her pretty namesake, whose eighteenth birthday had just launched her as a village society bud, "and of course we have to play all the tricks in the kitchen."

"And there won't be so dreadful many of us—only just my young folks," supplemented Myrtle. "We don't want any elderly people at all, except you, Aunt Minta."

Not elderly people—except her? It was a little splash of cold water in her face. Aminta wasn't thirty and had never called herself nor before been called elderly. But in the eyes of these candid infants, ranging from ten to eighteen, she felt she must indeed be in the sea and yellow leaf.

For Aunt Minta's just as sweet and as steady, "and she must try her fortune too," Mrs. Lynn said Dr. Loveland said she'd make a splendid wife for the minister.

Miss Aminta promised to surrender her premises to the youthful besiegers and retired from the field with flushed cheeks and a curious expression in her serene gray eyes.

If Dr. Loveland's horse had not been lame and therefore incapacitated for business on the 20th of October and if Dr. Loveland, out on a foot expedition and caught by the autumn midnight, had not taken a short cut through Miss Appleton's back premises, the scene of romance so skilfully staged by Mrs. Lynn might have remained untroubled by her. But she had to surrender to the doctor's plan, and she had to step upon a mine that she had laid for Miss Aminta's benefit.

A woman's first husband, she had fallen from a S. C. passenger train, and she had been rescued by the doctor, who had been on his way to the doctor's office, and she had been rescued by the doctor, who had been on his way to the doctor's office, and she had been rescued by the doctor, who had been on his way to the doctor's office.



THE DOCTOR STEPPED SUDDENLY BACK, HIS FACE GLOOMING.

Jackdaw and Maggie. In England the daw is largely ever mentioned but as Jack, eye daw and well, Minta's about pink and stiff and antique enough to make a model wife for a parson. Don't you think so, doctor?"

"Yes," said the doctor, "or for any one else who knows the right brand." He drove onward, pondering. The autumn sun lit slanted across the road in deep, warm stripes. A late bird sang a lazy autumn song from a thorn thicket. Nature was in a sweet and a serene mood. And yet all Dr. Loveland's jollity was overshadowed.

Miss Appleton's many needs and nephews, re-enforced and abetted by their chums, had most pitiously petitioned for a Halloween party at the roomy old homestead in whose sole ownership she reigned.

"It's the only house we know of with such a big, nice kitchen," appealingly urged Aminta May, her pretty namesake, whose eighteenth birthday had just launched her as a village society bud, "and of course we have to play all the tricks in the kitchen."

"And there won't be so dreadful many of us—only just my young folks," supplemented Myrtle. "We don't want any elderly people at all, except you, Aunt Minta."

Not elderly people—except her? It was a little splash of cold water in her face. Aminta wasn't thirty and had never called herself nor before been called elderly. But in the eyes of these candid infants, ranging from ten to eighteen, she felt she must indeed be in the sea and yellow leaf.

For Aunt Minta's just as sweet and as steady, "and she must try her fortune too," Mrs. Lynn said Dr. Loveland said she'd make a splendid wife for the minister.

Miss Aminta promised to surrender her premises to the youthful besiegers and retired from the field with flushed cheeks and a curious expression in her serene gray eyes.

If Dr. Loveland's horse had not been lame and therefore incapacitated for business on the 20th of October and if Dr. Loveland, out on a foot expedition and caught by the autumn midnight, had not taken a short cut through Miss Appleton's back premises, the scene of romance so skilfully staged by Mrs. Lynn might have remained untroubled by her. But she had to surrender to the doctor's plan, and she had to step upon a mine that she had laid for Miss Aminta's benefit.

Jackdaw and Maggie. In England the daw is largely ever mentioned but as Jack, eye daw and well, Minta's about pink and stiff and antique enough to make a model wife for a parson. Don't you think so, doctor?"

"Yes," said the doctor, "or for any one else who knows the right brand." He drove onward, pondering. The autumn sun lit slanted across the road in deep, warm stripes. A late bird sang a lazy autumn song from a thorn thicket. Nature was in a sweet and a serene mood. And yet all Dr. Loveland's jollity was overshadowed.

Miss Appleton's many needs and nephews, re-enforced and abetted by their chums, had most pitiously petitioned for a Halloween party at the roomy old homestead in whose sole ownership she reigned.

"It's the only house we know of with such a big, nice kitchen," appealingly urged Aminta May, her pretty namesake, whose eighteenth birthday had just launched her as a village society bud, "and of course we have to play all the tricks in the kitchen."

"And there won't be so dreadful many of us—only just my young folks," supplemented Myrtle. "We don't want any elderly people at all, except you, Aunt Minta."

Not elderly people—except her? It was a little splash of cold water in her face. Aminta wasn't thirty and had never called herself nor before been called elderly. But in the eyes of these candid infants, ranging from ten to eighteen, she felt she must indeed be in the sea and yellow leaf.

For Aunt Minta's just as sweet and as steady, "and she must try her fortune too," Mrs. Lynn said Dr. Loveland said she'd make a splendid wife for the minister.

Miss Aminta promised to surrender her premises to the youthful besiegers and retired from the field with flushed cheeks and a curious expression in her serene gray eyes.

If Dr. Loveland's horse had not been lame and therefore incapacitated for business on the 20th of October and if Dr. Loveland, out on a foot expedition and caught by the autumn midnight, had not taken a short cut through Miss Appleton's back premises, the scene of romance so skilfully staged by Mrs. Lynn might have remained untroubled by her. But she had to surrender to the doctor's plan, and she had to step upon a mine that she had laid for Miss Aminta's benefit.

Neglected Her For Papa. Beautiful Ernestine was sobbing as though her heart would break. "What is it, dear?" asked her girl friend. "Why," she sobbed, "I told Jack after he had proposed, to go up and see papa."

"What of that?"

"Why, they started playing cards, and now he goes up to see papa every night."

Have the Desire. Make up your mind to be educated, and you are already half educated. A strong desire to be or to do any particular thing accompanied by effort, multiplies your power, and you will find the door of opportunity that leads to the accomplishment of your purpose.

# WHEN JOE STRUCK OIL

By MARIAN HARCOURT

Copyright, 1916, by T. C. McClure

It had been understood for a year or more that Joe Green, son of Farmer Green, was to marry Bessie Hurlbert, daughter of an adjoining farmer. There was not a cloud on the horizon until a young man named Harry Beechman came into the neighborhood to sell and to show the farmers how to set up a doctor. He secured board at Hurlbert's and at once became "struck" on Bessie. His admiration naturally pleased her, and when people began to hint that it was a case of love's new idea came into her father's head. He knew Joe to be an honest, hardworking young man, and the question of money had never come up. If he married Bessie he would take her to his own home and provide for her as well as a farmer would be expected to. It was only after the wife fence man came and exhibited his "roll" and talked over with the farmer that the doctor's plan was revealed.

"So he did, and so it was," admitted Mr. Boggs, "but no man can do as he did and be prospered long. Why, I heard tell from those that know that when Aminta Hand went there to pass a week, and twice such bad weather, shifty, clearing and then smoothing up again, squalling and spitting the whole enduring time, and poor Miss Aminta inquired now and then how the wind set?"

Mrs. Boggs sniffed.

"Inquired now and then how the wind set?" repeated Mr. Boggs firmly, "what did she find tucked to the end of her bill but an item, 'For use of weather vane, \$1'?"

He Was Not Angry. A lady went into a church on Sunday, and, being a stranger, she wanted to be shown to a seat. An obliging churchwarden led her to a seat below the gallery, the only other occupant of which at the moment was a kind looking old gentleman with white hair, who rose to let her pass. It was somewhat dark, and the lady, as she shook her skirts and settled down, had a horrible suspicion that she was sitting upon something besides the cushion. She put down her hand and drew out the melancholy ruin of a silk hat. "Oh," she said to the old gentleman, "I beg your pardon, I am so sorry." The old gentleman looked benevolently at the wreck and replied that it was unfortunate, but that it could not be helped. "Oh, it's so good of you to say so," said the lady, much distressed, "but I am really so vexed!" The gentleman straightened out the fabric and put it under the seat, but the delirium insisted on covering herself with humiliation. "I am afraid you are so angry," she murmured apologetically. "Not the least!" said the benevolent old gentleman coolly. "You see, it's not my hat—it belongs to the gentleman who showed you in."

Umbrella Language. There is a language of umbrellas as of flowers. Place your umbrella in a rack, and this will indicate that it will change owners. An umbrella carried over a man's head means well, never mind what it means; nobody ever does that. To carry an umbrella just high enough to tear out men's eyes and knock off men's hats signifies, "I am a woman." To press an umbrella on your friend, saying, "Oh, do take it, I don't want it, but you would rather than," signifies lying. To carry it from home in the morning means, "The rain will clear off."

Thrown Off the Seat. As the immaculate young woman and the tired but happy looking young man entered the Pullman, followed by a grinning porter, the other passengers became "wise" in a moment. The stout drummer leaned over to the man behind him and remarked: "Bride and groom—hundred to one." Every one turned to view the newcomers, who had deposited themselves vis-a-vis in No. 4. As if unconscious of any scrutiny, the young man said in a high nasal voice: "Well, do you like about it—either increase the margin or let it go? You didn't follow my advice in the first pull-off letter, if you want to pull out your letter, I'll do it now." "Oh, I know," the woman replied. "What's the use of going all over it again?" "Huh!" said the stout man's companion. "Guess you're been playing the market. Not much bride and groom talk about that?" The rest of the passengers sniffed and then turned their backs on the new couple, whereat the young man smiled at the young woman, and they softly joined hands as he whispered: "Millionaire, dear, my shoes are full of rice!"—New York Press.

A TEST OF FLOUR. It is Quite an Important Event in the Big Mills. The letters XXXX which decorate our flour bags are a source of mystery to the average housewife, but get there very naturally. In the largest flour mills several tests are given all flour cut out, but the final test is the baking test. In a kitchen equipped with a flour mill, which is resplendent with shining pans, electric ovens and white cooling boards, there are leaves of bread made daily from the different samples of flour which have just been ground. Cookies are kept the year round for this purpose. For every sixty loaves are made daily by one mill alone. Exactly at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, after the bread is done, the head miller files into the kitchen and cut and inspect the different loaves. No man for 10 cents on the dollar and warrant them to pass current anywhere. It was the old, old green goods game, and young Beechman hit. In turn he became so generous hearted that he was willing to let Farmer Hurlbert in on the spec. Together they hoped to raise \$500 in cash, and after some correspondence with the liberal minded man in New York it was decided that the wife fence man should make a little journey and bring back ten for one. The farmer sold a horse, a cow and three hogs to make up his share of the money, and his prospective son-in-law started for the east. Joe and Bessie had not quarreled. He had ceased hoeing potatoes, dug holes along the creek and look for the black stuff that had made so many men rich. In a sense they were waiting for things to turn up. "Sarah," said the farmer to his wife after Beechman had departed, "how would you like to have silk dresses all the rest of your life?" "Don't scare a body to death, father," she replied. "I know you and Harry are going to make millions of money, and I'm so nervous that I break dishes every time I clear the table off."

St. Patrick's Purgatory. Medieval songs and legends, which are rich in all sorts of mythical and fantastical lore, locate the entrance to St. Patrick's famous "purgatory" on the island of Lough Derg, Ireland, the opening into a kitchen reached by a door, the existence of which was revealed to the saint by Christ, who informed the good Patrick that any one with the moral courage to go down into the cavern would be saved the pains of the real purgatory after death. Patrick hit his monastery at the entrance of his earthly "purgatory" and secured the way to the pit by an iron gate provided with strong chains and locks of peculiar and intricate workmanship. Lough Derg, next to Jerusalem, was the most celebrated spot on earth during the middle ages. Thousands visited "purgatory" every year, and the whole island had the appearance of a populous city.

THE EUROPEAN PLAN. Mr. Boggs passed the evening paper over to Aminta Hand, indicating with a worn thumb a certain paragraph. "Read that," he said, "and see you think of Nathan Eldridge, that claimed to be so smart and was so keen after dollars. See how he's gone all to smash, and his hotel with him. Pretty things for a Bessie boy, but I know 'twould come! I knew 'twould come!" "How did you know it?" demanded Mrs. Boggs, to whom her husband's claims for unusual wisdom and foresight were sometimes a trifle irritating. "Folks have all said the hotel was full, and Nathan seemed wonderfully prosperous."

"So he did, and so it was," admitted Mr. Boggs, "but no man can do as he did and be prospered long. Why, I heard tell from those that know that when Aminta Hand went there to pass a week, and twice such bad weather, shifty, clearing and then smoothing up again, squalling and spitting the whole enduring time, and poor Miss Aminta inquired now and then how the wind set?"

Mrs. Boggs sniffed.

"Inquired now and then how the wind set?" repeated Mr. Boggs firmly, "what did she find tucked to the end of her bill but an item, 'For use of weather vane, \$1'?"

Nothing has ever equalled it. Nothing can ever surpass it. Dr. King's New Discovery For Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Asthma, Hay Fever, and all Lung Diseases. A Perfect Cure For All Throat and Lung Troubles. Money back if it fails. Trial Bottles Free.

# HIS FIRST CHECK.

The Way the Piece of Paper Worried Thomas A. Edison.

Thomas A. Edison once told a friend the story of his first acquaintance with the big bill of money. It was when he was struggling with his earlier inventions, and he had about as clear an idea of the value of a bank check as the man in the moon. He had finally sold his patent on the gold and stock indicator to the Western Union Telegraph company and had called at its office to close the deal. After a few preliminaries he was given a check for \$40,000. He eyed it curiously and appeared to be puzzled what to do with it. Observing his perplexity, General Lefferts, then president of the Western Union, told him that if he would go to the Bank of America, in Wall street, he could get the cash on his check.

"So I started," said Edison, "after carefully folding up the check, and went toward Wall street. So uncertain was I in regard to that way of doing business that I thought while on the way that if any man should come up to me and offer me two crisp \$1,000 bills for that piece of paper I would give him the check very quickly."

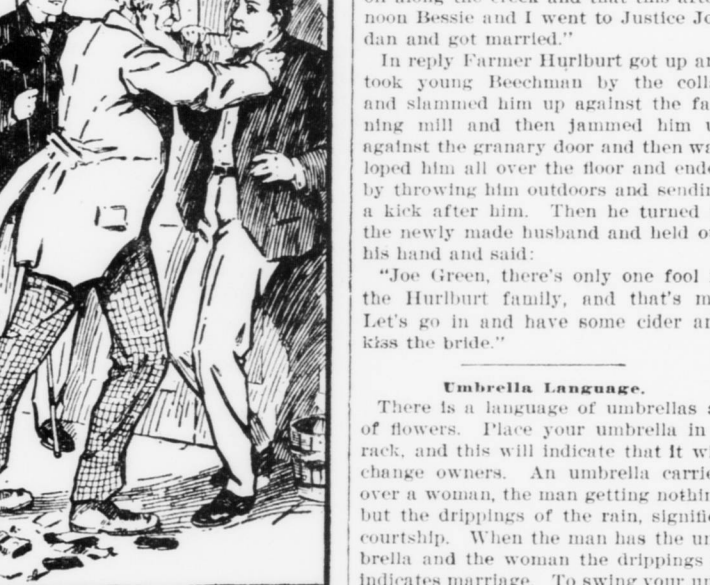
On his arrival at the Bank of America he half tremblingly shoved his check out to the cashier. The latter scrutinized it closely, gave him a piercing glance and said something which Edison, being hard of hearing, failed to understand. That was enough. He was fully convinced that his check was not worth \$40,000 and again thought as he rushed out of the bank that any man who would give him \$2,000 for it could have it. He hurried back to the office of the Western Union and said he could not get any more money. A clerk was sent to the bank with him to identify him.

"This man," said the clerk, "is Mr. Thomas A. Edison, to whose order the check is drawn."

"Why, certainly, Mr. Edison," said the cashier. "How would you like your money—in what shape?"

"Oh, any way to suit the bank; it doesn't make any difference to me, so long as I get my money."

Edison was given \$10,000 in large bills. After dividing the roll into two wads of \$20,000 each he stuffed one into each trouser pocket and made all speed out of Wall street. The next day he began work on his first New York laboratory.—Success.



HE JAMMED HIM UP AGAINST THE GRANARY DOOR.

Joe Green, there's only one fool in the Hurlbert family, and that's me. Let's go in and have some cider and kiss the bride.

JOHN HIXSON. For all kind of Tin Roofing, Spouting and General Job Work. Stoves, Heaters, Ranges, Furnaces, etc. PRICES THE LOWEST! QUALITY THE BEST! NO. 116 E. FRONT ST. J. J. BROWN, THE EYE A SPECIALTY. Eyes tested, treated, fitted with glasses and artificial eyes supplied. Market Street, Bloomburg, Pa. Hours—10 a. m. to 5 p. m.

JOHN HIXSON. For all kind of Tin Roofing, Spouting and General Job Work. Stoves, Heaters, Ranges, Furnaces, etc. PRICES THE LOWEST! QUALITY THE BEST! NO. 116 E. FRONT ST. J. J. BROWN, THE EYE A SPECIALTY. Eyes tested, treated, fitted with glasses and artificial eyes supplied. Market Street, Bloomburg, Pa. Hours—10 a. m. to 5 p. m.

JOHN HIXSON. For all kind of Tin Roofing, Spouting and General Job Work. Stoves, Heaters, Ranges, Furnaces, etc. PRICES THE LOWEST! QUALITY THE BEST! NO. 116 E. FRONT ST. J. J. BROWN, THE EYE A SPECIALTY. Eyes tested, treated, fitted with glasses and artificial eyes supplied. Market Street, Bloomburg, Pa. Hours—10 a. m. to 5 p. m.

JOHN HIXSON. For all kind of Tin Roofing, Spouting and General Job Work. Stoves, Heaters, Ranges, Furnaces, etc. PRICES THE LOWEST! QUALITY THE BEST! NO. 116 E. FRONT ST. J. J. BROWN, THE EYE A SPECIALTY. Eyes tested, treated, fitted with glasses and artificial eyes supplied. Market Street, Bloomburg, Pa. Hours—10 a. m. to 5 p. m.

JOHN HIXSON. For all kind of Tin Roofing, Spouting and General Job Work. Stoves, Heaters, Ranges, Furnaces, etc. PRICES THE LOWEST! QUALITY THE BEST! NO. 116 E. FRONT ST. J. J. BROWN, THE EYE A SPECIALTY. Eyes tested, treated, fitted with glasses and artificial eyes supplied. Market Street, Bloomburg, Pa. Hours—10 a. m. to 5 p. m.

# THE HOME PAPER OF DANVILLE.

Of course you read THE MORNING NEWS.

THE PEOPLE'S POPULAR PAPER. Everybody Reads It. Published Every Morning Except Sunday at No. 11 E. Mahoning St. Subscription 6 cents Per Week.

THE PEOPLE'S POPULAR PAPER. Everybody Reads It. Published Every Morning Except Sunday at No. 11 E. Mahoning St. Subscription 6 cents Per Week.

THE PEOPLE'S POPULAR PAPER. Everybody Reads It. Published Every Morning Except Sunday at No. 11 E. Mahoning St. Subscription 6 cents Per Week.

THE PEOPLE'S POPULAR PAPER. Everybody Reads It. Published Every Morning Except Sunday at No. 11 E. Mahoning St. Subscription 6 cents Per Week.

THE PEOPLE'S POPULAR PAPER. Everybody Reads It. Published Every Morning Except Sunday at No. 11 E. Mahoning St. Subscription 6 cents Per Week.

THE PEOPLE'S POPULAR PAPER. Everybody Reads It. Published Every Morning Except Sunday at No. 11 E. Mahoning St. Subscription 6 cents Per Week.

THE PEOPLE'S POPULAR PAPER. Everybody Reads It. Published Every Morning Except Sunday at No. 11 E. Mahoning St. Subscription 6 cents Per Week.

THE PEOPLE'S POPULAR PAPER. Everybody Reads It. Published Every Morning Except Sunday at No. 11 E. Mahoning St. Subscription 6 cents Per Week.

# Nothing has ever equalled it. Nothing can ever surpass it.

Dr. King's New Discovery For Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Asthma, Hay Fever, and all Lung Diseases. A Perfect Cure For All Throat and Lung Troubles. Money back if it fails. Trial Bottles Free.

Dr. King's New Discovery For Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Asthma, Hay Fever, and all Lung Diseases. A Perfect Cure For All Throat and Lung Troubles. Money back if it fails. Trial Bottles Free.

Dr. King's New Discovery For Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Asthma, Hay Fever, and all Lung Diseases. A Perfect Cure For All Throat and Lung Troubles. Money back if it fails. Trial Bottles Free.

Dr. King's New Discovery For Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Asthma, Hay Fever, and all Lung Diseases. A Perfect Cure For All Throat and Lung Troubles. Money back if it fails. Trial Bottles Free.

Dr. King's New Discovery For Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Asthma, Hay Fever, and all Lung Diseases. A Perfect Cure For All Throat and Lung Troubles. Money back if it fails. Trial Bottles Free.

Dr. King's New Discovery For Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Asthma, Hay Fever, and all Lung Diseases. A Perfect Cure For All Throat and Lung Troubles. Money back if it fails. Trial Bottles Free.

Dr. King's New Discovery For Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Asthma, Hay Fever, and all Lung Diseases. A Perfect Cure For All Throat and Lung Troubles. Money back if it fails. Trial Bottles Free.

Dr. King's New Discovery For Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Asthma, Hay Fever, and all Lung Diseases. A Perfect Cure For All Throat and Lung Troubles. Money back if it fails. Trial Bottles Free.

Dr. King's New Discovery For Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Asthma, Hay Fever, and all Lung Diseases. A Perfect Cure For All Throat and Lung Troubles. Money back if it fails. Trial Bottles Free.

# LACKAWANNA RAILROAD.

—BLOOMSBURG DIVISION WEST.

New York	10:00	10:10	10:15
Seranton	10:15	10:25	10:30
Buffalo	10:30	10:40	10:45
Seranton	10:45	10:55	11:00
New York	11:00	11:10	11:15
Seranton	11:15	11:25	11:30
Buffalo	11:30	11:40	11:45
Seranton	11:45	11:55	12:00
New York	12:00	12:10	12:15
Seranton	12:15	12:25	12:30
Buffalo	12:30	12:40	12:45
Seranton	12:45	12:55	1:00
New York	1:00	1:10	1:15
Seranton	1:15	1:25	1:30
Buffalo	1:30	1:40	1:45
Seranton	1:45	1:55	2:00
New York	2:00	2:10	2:15
Seranton	2:15	2:25	2:30
Buffalo	2:30	2:40	2:45
Seranton	2:45	2:55	3:00
New York	3:00	3:10	3:15
Seranton	3:15	3:25	3:30
Buffalo	3:30	3:40	3:45
Seranton	3:45	3:55	4:00
New York	4:00	4:10	4:15
Seranton	4:15	4:25	4:30
Buffalo	4:30	4:40	4:45
Seranton	4:45	4:55	5:00
New York	5:00	5:10	5:15
Seranton	5:15	5:25	5:30
Buffalo	5:30	5:40	5:45
Seranton	5:45	5:55	6:00
New York	6:00	6:10	6:15
Seranton	6:15	6:25	6:30
Buffalo	6:30	6:40	6:45
Seranton	6:45	6:55	7:00
New York	7:00	7:10	7:15
Seranton	7:15	7:25	7:30
Buffalo	7:30	7:40	7:45
Seranton	7:45	7:55	8:00
New York	8:00	8:10	8:15
Seranton	8:15	8:25	8:30
Buffalo	8:30	8:40	8:45
Seranton	8:45	8:55	9:00
New York	9:00	9:10	9:15
Seranton	9:15	9:25	9:30
Buffalo	9:30	9:40	9:45
Seranton	9:45	9:55	10:00
New York	10:00	10:10	10:15
Seranton	10:15	10:25	10:30
Buffalo	10:30	10:40	10:45
Seranton	10:45	10:55	11:00
New York	11:00	11:10	11:15
Seranton	11:15	11:25	11:30
Buffalo	11:30	11:40	11:45
Seranton	11:45	11:55	12:00
New York	12:00	12:10	12:15
Seranton	12:15	12:25	12:30
Buffalo	12:30	12:40	12:45
Seranton	12:45	12:55	1:00
New York	1:00	1:10	1:15
Seranton	1:15	1:25	1:30
Buffalo	1:30	1:40	1:45
Seranton	1:45	1:55	2:00
New York	2:00	2:10	2:15
Seranton	2:15	2:25	2:30
Buffalo	2:30	2:40	2:45
Seranton	2:45	2:55	3:00
New York	3:00	3:10	3:15
Seranton	3:15	3:25	3:30
Buffalo	3:30	3:40	3:45
Seranton	3:45	3:55	4:00
New York	4:00	4:10	4:15
Seranton	4:15	4:25	4:30
Buffalo	4:30	4:40	4:45
Seranton	4:45	4:55	5:00
New York	5:00	5:10	5:15
Seranton	5:15	5:25	5:30
Buffalo	5:30	5:40	5:45
Seranton	5:45	5:55	6:00
New York	6:00	6:10	6:15
Seranton	6:15	6:25	6:30
Buffalo	6:30	6:40	6:45
Seranton	6:45</		