

SARCASM IN SIGNS.

ADVERTISEMENTS THAT AT TIMES BECOME A MOCKERY.

Reminiscences of Men Who Had Seen Worse Days and Irritating Announcements When They Were Hard Up and Out of Employment.

The advance agent met the leading man of another show the other night, and, as they had not seen each other in seven years, there was a warmth about their greeting that was refreshing.

"Dear old Tom!" said the leading man. "I was thinking of you not five minutes ago. Sit down, you dear old fellow! I passed a bakery not five minutes ago, and I thought of you. Why, here's Willis! I was just saying to Tom that I never see a baker's sign that I don't think of him. Tom and I were poor once! Mighty poor too. I remember that we had been turned out of different homes on the same cold night and met each other for the first time by chance. We shared the comforts of a butcher's wagon that night and went upon a rummaging expedition the next day. We halted in front of a German bakery, half starved and disgusted with life generally. There was a huge sign in the window which said, 'There Is No Cake Like Ours.' We hadn't a penny between us, but Tom stepped in and asked for a sample of the cake. The Dutchman didn't appreciate the humor of the request, so Tom said, 'You may keep your cake, boss; but, say, give me a chunk of bread, quick, or I'll cut out your gizzard.' I'll never forget that cake sign because it took us hours to get away from the police who were attracted to the scene by the baker's cries for help."

"But that was not my only experience with a peculiar sign," remarked the advance agent after a hearty laugh. "The year before I went on the road for the first time I was in as hard luck as ever man was. I had pawned everything in sight and was almost starved. I found an umbrella in the hallway of a down town building, and the janitor told me to keep it. It was a fairly good rain shield, and I immediately carried it to mine uncle. I didn't know this particular relative, although I had formed the acquaintance of hundreds of his people. His place was on Sixth avenue, and he gave me 75 cents on it, which I gladly accepted. As he was making out the ticket he said: 'Do you want to save it from the moths?'

"Yes," I answered. "That will cost you 12 cents. Perhaps you would like to have it insured? It is always advisable, but it will cost you 12 cents more," replied my friend. "All right," I said. "Take good care of it." He could have eaten it for all I cared, for I never intended to redeem it. I was about to leave the place when I saw a big sign on the far wall. It said:

"No extra charge for putting watches and jewelry in the safe in the office." "Watches and jewelry! It brought the tears to my eyes, and as I crawled into my 10 cent bed that night I thought of diamond necklaces, pearls and rubies of priceless value and—cake. Oh, the curse of some signs! How they mock the poor!"

They were all silent a moment, but the one addressed as Willis was the first to resume conversation, and he said: "There's my friend, Big John Smith. Let me introduce him. Since you chaps are talking of signs and hard luck, let me tell you of the time that I had to leave my trunk at the old Stevens House, on lower Broadway, and light out by the shades of midnight to get away from a hotel bill that I couldn't pay. Everything I had in the world was locked up in that trunk, and as I could not remove anything without exciting suspicion I thought it best to keep out of jail by leaving everything behind me. I must have walked the streets at least a week famished and penniless. One afternoon I was passing along an up town street, hoping to die, when I happened to look up and saw a sign as big as my hopes were small. This sign read:

"We Are Not Daylight Robbers. Trunks! Trunks! From the Battery to the Harlem Bridge to Your Room For 25 Cents." "If that sign was not the iron of fate in my case, I do not know what to call it."

"Oh, that's a small affair alongside of my experience," said Smith. "It is only a few years ago too. I had been unemployed for several months, and as I had six little shavers to take care of I did not have much trouble spending the little money I had saved. I didn't seem to have a friend in the wide world to turn to, and I spent my last copper for a paper to examine the employment column. It was about Christmas time, and I dreaded going back home to face the scolding landlord. I recall that I stopped in front of the Harlem office of a newspaper to see the holiday crowd go by, and as I did so I saw a sign that made my blood run cold. It said:

"There Is No Reason Why You Should Be Idle. Insert a Want Ad. Four Cents a Line." "The pronoun was printed in immense letters, and I had the greatest trouble dissuading myself that it was not intended for me, and me alone. Of course it wasn't, but that sign burned into my memory, and I have thought of it innumerable times since."

"Oh, pshaw!" rejoined the leading man after a pause. "I suppose it is impossible to please everybody with public signs. I saw one in Buffalo once which said: 'Attention, blind men. Read this and be cured,' which referred to a new treatment for the blind. All signs cannot be expected to satisfy the ideas of everybody."—New York Mail and Express.

CHECKERS ON THE FARM.

The checkerboard is all worn out From use each winter night. The checkers have become begrimed, Which once were shining bright, But still the game goes straightway on, Although the squares are blurs, While Cobby peeps up Reuben's man Or Reuben captures hers.

Sometimes the old man takes a hand To show his practiced skill. And then the fernbacks circle round, While every one is still. They would not say a single word That would distract his play. So breathless they observe him drive Young Reuben's men to bay.

Ah, what would winter evenings be Without the checkerboard, With double corners, jumps and moves And fun which they afford! Our disposition of comfits In too much checkers here, Which makes the gossip tell about Our checkered life's career. —Arthur E. Locke in Boston Globe.

BAIT FOR SUNFISH.

One Man's Method of Going Fishing With His Hook.

There is about as much sport in catching the big sunfish as in lifting out the crapple if you can get the former in one of its savage moods. Pelter is a great grafter on sunfish. He has got a dozen different kinds of bait, but he says that it is all nonsense to trouble about digging worms. He declares that beef run through a hamburger steak grinder is just the proper bait for the sunfish at Crete Cour lake. The tougher the beef the better, as it will cut in long strips like angle-worms.

"When the sunfish are biting right smart, it is about all that I can do to be kept in the shop," said Pelter. "I believe me and the sunfish are the most cheering things out. Do you know, I have noticed old time fishermen at Breese's lake wading around in the shallow water, where the sunfish are found at spawning time, as carefully as if they were fishing for trout. Now, it is different with me when I go out with my hamburger steak to feed the golden belled beauties on. I just tie the line to each leg of my boots, take a little short rod in my hand and stride into the water and go ahead. On the bank I use red flies. Why, the sunfish come up and get stuck on my fly hooks three or four at a time. That's the way to catch a mess of fish in a few hours."

"I can catch crapple with crawfish tails to beat the band if I cannot get minnows. Crickets are great sunfish and bass bait, while the katydids will make a crapple leave its bed at midnight. Just let your hook sling one with a green katy on, and if there is a crapple within a radius of 10 or 15 feet it will come like a bound at a courting match. If you get no bite, you can pull your freight up a few car lengths and try a new place. I caught all those big crapple last week with car trails. I could get no minnows for love or money, so I chased up some crawfish and went in to win. When it comes to catfish bait, just try tripe. It is tough and cannot be pulled off the hook easily."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Forgotten Genius. The history of wireless telegraphy would not be complete without some mention of Joseph Henry, America's greatest scientist, for it was he who first, in 1832, discovered the oscillatory character of certain electric discharges and who showed that these oscillations produced disturbances which could be suitable receivers be detected at distances of many rods and through intervening buildings, writes Professor Joseph Ames in The Review of Reviews. He even arranged an apparatus on this principle to respond to the lightning discharges of distant storms.

Wholesale Bathers. As regards facilities for bathing, which every Filipino demands, there is the open bay, with its miles of clean salt water, ready at any time of the day or year for a free bath. The genuine Filipino is half amphibious, loving the water and swimming like a fish. An example of this may be seen in the large tobacco factories of Binondo, with their 10,000 employees. When the day's labor is done, the thinly dressed workmen, men, women and children, speed laughingly to the bay, plunge into the waiting waves and come out clean, cool and refreshed.—Ledger Monthly.

Was It a Compliment? It was at the end of her first week in the new school, she having been transferred from down town, that the teacher asked little Wilhelmina how she liked the new school. The little one's face brightened up as she answered: "Oh, I like it first rate, and I like you too."

"That's very nice; but why do you like me?" queried the teacher. "Oh, you see," said the little pupil, "I always did like a bossy teacher."—New York Times.

An Indigestible Man. Kilty—But he is such an indigestible man. Jane—Indigestible? Kilty—Yes; he always disagrees with me.—Detroit Free Press.

It was a quarter of a century before the signing of the American Declaration of Independence that the first theater was opened in New York.

Fortune knocks once at every man's door, but misfortune drops in frequently without knocking.—Chicago News.

AN OPTICAL ILLUSION.

One of the Tricks Performed by the Fakirs of India.

The fakirs of India perform some remarkable tricks. The following one was witnessed by an Englishman who was himself an excellent prestidigitateur: The apartment being filled, the magicians began their performance. The audience sat on the floor about the fakirs, so that they had no way of concealing themselves or of hiding anything. At their request I examined them and satisfied myself that they had nothing about them. Then one of the women stepped into the enclosure, the rest remaining behind the spectators, who formed a close ring about them. The light was now turned down a little, and in a moment the woman's face began to be illuminated by a ghostly light that extended quickly over her entire body.

She then began to move around and around, uttering a low, murmuring sound the while, gradually quickening the pace until she was whirling about like a top. A moment of this, and the light that had hung about her seemed to be whirled off by centrifugal force and assumed a pillarlike form beside her. As soon as this was accomplished she stopped, turned and began to mold the light with her hand, and, though I could distinctly see her hands move through the light as if it were a fluid, it began to assume human form. We saw the arms, hands and legs all molded and finally the face and head-gear. She next called for a light, and the candles being relighted, there stood an utter stranger, a native seemingly, evolved out of cloudland. He stepped forward and grasped me by the hand. His hands were moist, as if with perspiration, and he was a very healthy spirit.

After he had talked and drunk a glass of arrack he took his place beside the woman again and began to whirl about. The lights were dimmed, but not so that we could not see, and in a few minutes the figure began to fade, soon assuming the appearance of a pillar of light and then attaching itself to the woman and seemingly being absorbed by her. All this was done in a very short space of time before the eyes of at least 50 people and not ten feet from myself. The girl appeared greatly exhausted afterward.

Natural Waters. All natural waters contain a greater or less amount of mineral matter in solution. Rain water has the smallest percentage of solid impurities of any, and therefore it is taken as the standard variety of soft water. The terms soft and hard, however, as applied to water, are scientifically considered purely relative. Water is usually reckoned to be "soft" when it contains less than one five-thousandth part of its weight of mineral ingredients and "hard" when it contains more than one four-thousandth.

Soft water has the property of easily forming a lather with soap and is therefore suitable for washing purposes, while hard water will only form a lather, and that imperfectly, with considerable difficulty.

A mineral water has more than one two-thousandth of its weight of natural dissolved solids, and a medicinal water is a variety of mineral water containing a varying percentage of dissolved natural solid or gaseous drugs.

Buttered Side Up. One of the stories which Levi Hutchins, the old time clockmaker of Concord, N. H., delighted to tell related to the youth of Daniel Webster.

"One day," said the old man, "while I was taking breakfast at the tavern kept by Daniel's father, Daniel and his brother Ezekiel, who were little boys with dirty faces and snarly hair, came to the table and asked me for bread and butter. 'I complied with their request, little thinking that they would become very distinguished men. Daniel dropped his piece of bread on the sandy floor, and the buttered side of course was down. He looked at it a moment, then picked it up and showed it to me, saying: 'What a pity! Please give me a piece of bread buttered on both sides; then if I let it fall one of the buttered sides will be up.'"

Where Americans Are Modest. The American is shy of proclaiming to the world his deepest sentiments and superstitions, if he has any. He prefers to take himself either as a joke or as a matter of business. Hence when he has a town to name he calls it "Seaside" or "New Bristol" or, as actually happened in the case of one town, "O. K." He may believe in a local ghost, he may love his wife, he may admire the view from his windows and pine when torn from the woods and mountains among which he passed his boyhood, but he does not want to put those emotions into the postoffice directory.—Washington Times.

Why He Didn't Go to Church. A Scottish minister who was indefatigable in looking up his folk one day called upon a parishioner. "Richard," he said, "I have in seen ye at the kirk for some time and wad like to know the reason." "Weel, sir," answered Richard, "I have three decided objections to going—firstly, I dinna believe in beln whaur ye does at the talking; secondly, I dinna believe in s'f' muckle singin, an, thirdly, in an conclusion, 'twas here I got my wife."—Albany Argus.

Hearsay Evidence. Judge (to witness)—Let me remind you that your evidence in this court is given upon oath, so that you know from your own observation and not what other people have told you. In the first place, you are a medical practitioner? Witness—I cannot say that I am, my lord. I only know it from hearsay. I have had no patients yet.

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Dollars in Odd Shapes.

Under the law a silver dollar may be a grain and a half over weight or a grain and a half under weight, and this "limit of tolerance" applies to all of our silver coins. In other words, they are not allowed to vary more than that much from standard. In the case of goldpieces, the limit is half a grain either way up to the eagle, a variation of as much as one grain being permissible in the \$10 and \$20 pieces.

Whenever a fresh batch of dollars is turned out at the mint, samples are forwarded to the treasury at Washington, where they are put through a very curious process. Each dollar is first weighed on exquisitely delicate scales to make sure that it is heavy enough and yet not too heavy. Then it is passed between two steel rollers again and again until it is flattened out and transformed into a thin strip of silver—a sort of ribbon—a foot and a half in length. Then it is put beneath a little machine provided with several small punches, by which hundreds of tiny disks are punched out of the metal strip.

Now, the object of this performance is to obtain samples of metal from all parts of the dollar, inasmuch as it is conceivable that one portion might be richer in silver than another. The little disks are shuffled together, and a few of them, taken at random from the lot, are subjected to an assay. Thus the fineness of the material of the dollar is ascertained with absolute accuracy and the weight having been already determined, the value and correctness of that coin are perfectly known.

The sample pieces having been found correct, it is inferred that the entire batch of dollars is all right.—Saturday Evening Post.

Falling the Wishes of the Dead. Old Lord Forgiven, the Scotch judge, died in 1727. Dr. Clerk, who attended his lordship to the last, calling on his patient the day he died, was admitted by the judge's old servant and clerk, David Reed. "How does my lord do?" inquired the doctor. "I hope he does weel," responded the old man, whose voice and manner at once explained his meaning. With tears streaming down his face he conducted Dr. Clerk into a room where there were two dozen bottles of wine under the table.

Other gentlemen presently arrived, and having partaken of a glass or two of wine while they listened to David's account of his master's last hours, they all rose to depart. "No, no, gentlemen; not so," said the old factotum. "It was the expressed wish of the deceased that I should fill ye a' foun, and I mean fulfill the will of the dead." Dr. Clerk used to add when relating the story, "And indeed he did fulfill the will of the dead, for before the end o' there was na ane of us able to bite his ain thumb!"

Jupiter and Ten. A very ignorant and wealthy woman who was fond of talking about her "art gallery" one day met at the house of an acquaintance a lady who had not called on her, although they lived in the same town. "Come and see me, do," said Mrs. B., the patron of art, as the other lady was taking her leave. "Thank you very much," was the noncommittal reply. "We've got a new picture too. That ought to tempt you to come, if I can't."

"I should be very glad indeed to see it." "Such a lovely picture! Sometimes it seems to me I could look at it all day long." "What is the subject of your picture, Mrs. B.?" inquired the hostess. "Jupiter and Ten," was the reply. "It was 'Jupiter and Ten.'"

Poison in Finger Nails. Biting the nails is an exceedingly dangerous practice, as the bitter never knows when to stop and at any moment is liable to bite into "the quick" and cause blood poisoning. Even when the utmost care is taken of the teeth an poisonous secretion is apt to collect on them, and the entrance of a minute portion of this into the circulation may prove as certainly fatal as the pus on a surgeon's scalpel.

His Choice. King Lady—Do you like flowers, little boy? Little Boy—Yes'm. King Lady—I am glad to hear it. Your love of flowers indicates a refined nature. What kind of flowers do you like most? Little Roy—Boiled cabbage.—Ohio State Journal.

The biggest pumps ever used were made to pump out Lake Haarlem, in Holland. They pumped 400,000 tons daily for 11 years.

When some people cast their bread upon the waters, they expect it to return spread with butter and jam.—Chicago News.

AGORAPHOBIA.

Builders, with their stone and mortar, brick and lime, water and sand, have left little puddles on a stretch of upper Broadway. An irregular string of pedestrians flung itself past the puddles, ignoring for the most part the inconvenience of stepping over the miniature lakes. But one man, when he was confronted with the situation, started back with an exclamation of vexation and passed around the pools.

"That chap has agoraphobia," said one of two men who had noted the movement. "Has what?" asked the other. "Agoraphobia. It means simply an abhorrence of open spaces, and it has a great many victims. Specialists in this sort of nervousness say it takes various forms, some of its subjects having an insurmountable dread of crossing from one side of the street to the other, while others have a disinclination to go more than a few blocks from their home.

"Some dread to step across a puddle of water, like the man we just saw. Others dread descending into a well beyond a certain depth, and still others have a fear of getting too high in a building or an elevator. As a rule, these persons are acutely intellectual, so it is no mental disgrace to be a victim of agoraphobia, simply a misfortune that is commoner than most persons suppose."—New York Telegram.

A Celebrated Roman Eater. Touching the matter of eating, the stories told by the old chroniclers and historians of the abnormal appetites of certain Roman and oriental men of note fairly stagger belief. Gibbon tells of Sotimus, a caliph in the eighth century, who died of indigestion in his camp near Chaleis, in Syria, just as he was about to lead an army of Arabs against Constantinople. He had emptied two baskets of eggs and figs, which he swallowed alternately, and the repast was finished with marrow and sugar. In a pilgrimage to Mecca the same caliph had eaten with impunity at a single meal 70 pomegranates, a kid, 6 fowls and a huge quantity of the grapes of Tayef.

Such a statement would defy belief were not others of a similar character well vouched. Louis XIV could hardly boast of an appetite as ravenous as Sotimus', but he would eat at a sitting four platefuls of different soups, a whole pheasant, a partridge, a plateful of salad, mutton hashed with garlic, two good sized slices of ham, a dish of pastry and finish with fruit and sweetmeats.

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DOES IT WILL NOT YOUR HEAD IF YOU TAKE KRAUSE'S HEADACHE CAPSULES

4500 Reward for any injurious substance found in these Capsules.

Will Cure any Kind of Headache.

Perfectly Harmless

Twenty-Five Cents.

NORMAN LIGHTY MFG. CO., Des Moines, Iowa.

For sale by H. Alex. Stoke.

GALLERY KING

NATURE'S CURE

Dangerous Kidney Diseases.

Gallery King has cured me of kidney disease. The doctor feared Bright's disease, and tried many remedies that gave me no help. Gallery King has made me as well as ever in my life, and it seems almost as though a miracle had been wrought in my case.—Jesse H. Reichard, Springfield, Pa.

Gallery King cures Constipation and Nerve, Headache, Liver and Kidney Diseases.

For sale by H. Alex. Stoke.

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Cabinet work of all kinds made to order. Upholstering and repair work of all kinds done promptly. We guarantee all our work and you will find our prices right.

Also agents for Kane Patent Window Screens and Inside Blinds and Screen Doors.

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Are you in need of Stationery? Call at THE STAR OFFICE and get prices on printed letter-heads, envelopes, and all kinds of Job Work.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURGH RY.

CONDENSED TIME TABLE

IN EFFECT JULY 1, 1901.

NORTH BOUND.

EASTERN TIME	4	6	10	14	2
Buffalo	7:45	10:00	12:15	2:30	4:45
Albany	8:00	10:15	12:30	2:45	5:00
Butterfield	8:15	10:30	12:45	3:00	5:15
Westport	8:30	10:45	1:00	3:15	5:30
Buffalo	8:45	11:00	1:15	3:30	5:45
Albany	9:00	11:15	1:30	3:45	6:00
Butterfield	9:15	11:30	1:45	4:00	6:15
Westport	9:30	11:45	2:00	4:15	6:30
Buffalo	9:45	12:00	2:15	4:30	6:45
Albany	10:00	12:15	2:30	4:45	7:00
Butterfield	10:15	12:30	2:45	5:00	7:15
Westport	10:30	12:45	3:00	5:15	7:30
Buffalo	10:45	1:00	3:15	5:30	7:45
Albany	11:00	1:15	3:30	5:45	8:00
Butterfield	11:15	1:30	3:45	6:00	8:15
Westport	11:30	1:45	4:00	6:15	8:30
Buffalo	11:45	2:00	4:15	6:30	8:45
Albany	12:00	2:15	4:30	6:45	9:00
Butterfield	12:15	2:30	4:45	7:00	9:15
Westport	12:30	2:45	5:00	7:15	9:30
Buffalo	12:45	3:00	5:15	7:30	9:45
Albany	1:00	3:15	5:30	7:45	10:00
Butterfield	1:15	3:30	5:45	8:00	10:15
Westport	1:30	3:45	6:00	8:15	10:30
Buffalo	1:45	4:00	6:15	8:30	10:45
Albany	2:00	4:15	6:30	8:45	11:00
Butterfield	2:15	4:30	6:45	9:00	11:15
Westport	2:30	4:45	7:00	9:15	11:30
Buffalo	2:45	5:00	7:15	9:30	11:45
Albany	3:00	5:15	7:30	9:45	12:00
Butterfield	3:15	5:30	7:45	10:00	12:15
Westport	3:30	5:45	8:00	10:15	12:30
Buffalo	3:45	6:00	8:15	10:30	12:45
Albany	4:00	6:15	8:30	10:45	1:00
Butterfield	4:15	6:30	8:45	11:00	1:15
Westport	4:30	6:45	9:00	11:15	1:30
Buffalo	4:45	7:00	9:15	11:30	1:45
Albany	5:00	7:15	9:30	11:45	2:00
Butterfield	5:15	7:30	9:45	12:00	2:15
Westport	5:30	7:45	10:00	12:15	2:30
Buffalo	5:45	8:00	10:15	12:30	2:45
Albany	6:00	8:15	10:30	12:45	3:00
Butterfield	6:15	8:30	10:45	1:00	3:15
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