

Among Glasgow's municipal institutions are wash houses, where housewives get the use of a washing stall and clean appliances as well as of a drying stove, all for four cents an hour.

Americans do not monopolize the practice of keeping the courts busy. It is published that in 1899 there were more than 1,125,000 actions started in England, making litigants of over 4 percent of the population.

The New York World says that we can smile at British jealousy of American trade triumphs, but when John Bull intimates that American ladies can't dance he'd better look out. There is such a thing as going too far.

Dr. Mary Wooley, president of Mt. Holyoke college, says that "gentlewoman" should be a synonym of "college woman," and adds that "the sacrifice of gracious womanhood is far too great for knowledge and is not required."

Professor Ludwig Marlenburger of Chicago announces that the earth draws closer to the sun each succeeding summer and recedes farther away each winter. Though the exact measurements are not at hand, this condition of affairs has been suspected.

One of the bills of importance to workmen which are before the Gallatin diet proposes that every town of 10,000 inhabitants and upward should be obliged in the course of the next three or six years at the latest, to open an office for those who are in want of work. It must be free of charge, subject to government inspection and its statutes are to be ratified by the governor of Galicia.

The state geologist of Texas has discovered sources of mineral wealth in that state that are astounding. He says that in one county alone—Cherokee—there are 600,000,000 tons of rich iron ore in sight, and that in the whole of eastern Texas there are 3,300,000,000 tons. By the side of this ore lies all the coal necessary to work it into shape. "No country in the world," says the scientist, "has cheaper material for smelting iron than eastern Texas."

Cresceus' record breaking performance at the Brighton Beach track marked him as the king of all trotters. The fastest two heats and the fastest heat ever trotted in a race are achievements either of which would have sufficed to make the event at Brighton Beach memorable in the history of the sport. Cresceus' record for the two heats (4.09 1-2) betters that made by Anx on Sept. 17, 1894, by two seconds, and his first heat, trotted in 2.03 1-4, has never been equaled in a race. Great is Cresceus, and may he remain true to his name by ever increasing his honors.

The landlady who presides over the manners and edibles of the American boarding house comes in for a great deal of jocular criticism and sometimes for a very little praise. Any occasion to add to her scant praise is therefore welcome. A Chicago landlady has just earned distinction for an act of beneficence. One of her boarders is a salesman who lived for 21 days upon distilled water. At the end of that period he broke his fast because his landlady insisted that he should. She was imperious, but she had her way. Now, any landlady who stops one of these freak fasting exhibitions is entitled to the gratitude of all bored observers. But what was her motive? Surely this must have been a profitable boarder, if he paid regular rates. It is probable that her motive was that of self-defense; she didn't wish to risk the possible expense of a funeral, remarks the New York Mail and Express.

School savings banks are increasing rapidly in number in the United States. Last year the system was in practice in 722 schools of 99 cities in 18 states. During that year the deposits reached a total of \$876,229. Of this amount \$540,701 was withdrawn, leaving on deposit Jan. 1, 1901, \$335,528. In the same year 390 stations of the Penny Provident fund in 16 states received deposits from 79,010 children amounting to \$94,110. Of this amount \$93,735 was withdrawn. Dayton, O., leads among the cities in the number of these banks, having 316 in 22 schools, each classroom where the savings of the children are collected constituting a bank. Los Angeles ranks next, with 292 banks in 64 schools; then Chicago, with 250 banks in 123 schools; Kansas City, Mo., 219 banks in 46 schools; Pittsburgh, Penn., 220 banks in 24 schools; Long Island City, where the system was inaugurated in March, 1886, 210 banks in 17 schools.

HOW MARLOW GOT HIS THIEF.

"It's not only the money he has taken," Mr. Ritchie was saying, "but it's the thought that I trusted him and that he has cheated me. I liked him. I liked him the first time I saw him, and I've trusted everything to him all most from the first week he came—and that is over a year ago. Now, it makes me—the thought that he was a thief, after all. Only catch him and half the £1000 he has taken shall be yours. Put him in the dock. I don't care what it costs me. Let me see him punished. Let me see him caught. Gosh for him for all you're worth, Mr. Marlow, and the very day he is charged I'll give you a check for £500!"

The detective's thin face flushed. He was young and unknown, and so far had never had a chance. Now it had come; and he might not only make his reputation but £500 as well, and that last would give him all that was best in the world to him—the girl he loved for wife, and without it it might be years before he could afford to marry.

He turned eagerly and gathered up his papers and notebook. "I'll do my best," he said. "I'll do my best." But all the same it seemed an almost hopeless task. Fred Embersson, the thief, had had a good 12 hours' start. He had gone at 4 o'clock the day before to the bank to pay money in and to cash a check as usual ready for paying the men's wages on the morrow, and he had never returned. The check had been cashed, the money never paid in, and Fred Embersson had vanished.

Mr. Ritchie was a hard and bitter man. He had been soured five years before by the disappearance of his only daughter. She had met, at the house of some friends she had been falling in love. He had been ineligible in every way—a poor man with no prospects, with apparently nothing to recommend him—but that made no difference to her.

Mr. Ritchie had stormed and raged, had refused emphatically to see him, and had forbidden her ever to mention him again. She had refused. She had tried for some months to induce the two men to meet, she had persisted in sticking to the man she loved, and then she had run away and married him.

Mr. Ritchie never forgave her—never would. He had returned all her letters unopened. He washed his hands of her and settled down, bitter and soured, to live out the remainder of his life in hard work. Now to find that he had been deceived again seemed to make him more bitter than ever. At first he could not believe that his trusted clerk would really do anything wrong—he would turn up and explain, he thought, and he waited until the morning before he sent for a detective. Now the last doubt seemed removed. Fred Embersson had not been seen at his lodgings since the morning before, and from his desk at his office had gone every paper except those bearing directly on the business of the firm.

Mr. Ritchie looked up at the detective. "He's arranged it all, of course," he said, angrily. "He meant to go. He always goes to the bank on Fridays to draw the money ready to pay the men on Saturday morning, and he thought he'd seize the opportunity, of course. You see, he's left nothing behind in his desk—not a scrap of paper to betray him. Not a thing! Everything was arranged."

"I must see what there is at his lodgings," he said. "A criminal always gives himself away somewhere. He can't help it. If it wasn't for that the world would be a dangerous place for honest men. But they always leave something undone, and very often it is the cleverest thieves who are the easiest to catch in the end. They're too clever sometimes."

Mr. Ritchie nodded. Detective Marlow pocketed his papers and went out from the office into the noisy streets of the busy Midland town. He sent his men to the station to make inquiries, and then made his way towards the rooms in which Fred Embersson had lodged during the year he had been with Mr. Ritchie. He went up to them, questioning the landlady as he went, and getting no information, except that she had not seen Embersson since he had left for his office the morning before.

Upstairs Marlow found everything in order. The rooms were just as Embersson had left them. He might be coming back in half an hour. The chest of drawers was full of clothes and pouches and tobacco. There were boots arranged underneath, carefully polished; brushes and combs lay on the dressing table, and a writing desk stood close at hand. But in it Detective Marlow could find not a single scrap of paper, not a letter or an envelope or a bill. Embersson had arranged everything. There was nothing to betray him—not even an ink mark on the blotting paper.

Marlow looked round in some dismay when he had finished. He couldn't find a single clue, not a thread to start a search, not a thing to go upon, and he made a close search, too, for the thought of the £500 reward made him strain every nerve. He was almost giving up at last when suddenly a tiny scrap of cardboard fallen from the mantel-piece and the wall caught his eye. He took his penknife and began forcing it up. It might be nothing, of course, but he

had turned over every scrap of paper and every book in the room, and he would miss no chance.

The cardboard came up slowly, it was wedged in firmly between the mantel-piece and the wall, but he loosened it at last and held it up to the light.

When he saw it he gave a little gesture of disappointment. It was the photograph of a child. That it belonged to Embersson seemed the last thing likely.

He called up the landlady and held it out to her. She shook her head over it. She had never seen it before, but it must have belonged to Mr. Embersson she said, for her own daughter had occupied the room before he had had it, and the photograph was of no child they knew.

Marlow looked at it again and made a note of the photographer's name, which was printed on the back. It bore the address of a small town, and he frowned a little as he looked at it. What had Fred Embersson, a thief, to do with a little child?

He shut his pocketbook with a snap and gave a final look around.

He was just turning away when his man came back from the station with the information that Embersson had been seen taking a ticket—not to London, as they had expected, but to a little place called Staybridge, half way down the line. It was a trick, of course. He would go on to Euston and pay excess fare, and be lost at once in the London crowd.

Still Marlow sent his man to telegraph to the station at Staybridge, and waited, still impatiently, searching the room, for the reply.

It came promptly. Only one person had come by that train on the day before, and that was a mechanic in a working suit apparently on the look-out for work. Evidently it was not Embersson, and Marlow decided that his only chance now was to go to Topping, where the photograph had been taken.

He started immediately, sending his man on to London to try to get some information there, and meaning to wait for him at Topping. He got out at a little, quiet country station. The town lay behind it—a sleepy market town full of sheep and cattle and farmers' signs, and bright with the spring sunshine.

He found the photographer easily enough, and there a copy of the photograph he had brought from Embersson's room. It had been taken just about a year ago. The photographer remembered it distinctly, because the woman who brought the child broke down, crying at the finish for no reason at all that he could make out.

"I suppose you know nothing of her, do you?" asked the detective, and the photographer shook his head.

"No; but she came from a place not far from here," he said. "At any rate, I sent the proofs there—to a place called Staybridge, about five miles away."

Detective Marlow started a little. Staybridge! He was on the road at last, surely! Staybridge was the place to which Fred Embersson had booked—the place at which the workingman had got out! Detective Marlow's pulse quickened, and ten minutes later he was walking away from Topping toward the distant village.

It was a hot walk that day. The roads were dusty, and he was tired when he reached it at last.

He made his way slowly through the straggling houses and quiet shops toward an inn. He would have to stop, of course; perhaps for some days, certainly for one night.

He went in and had some tea, and then set out to look around. He was all impatient. The thought of the £500 stirred him.

He was remembering with a beating heart the girl he meant to marry—thinking that it would not be long now—when a bend in the road brought him suddenly upon a small cottage.

It lay close to the road, a low wall hemming in its little square patch of garden, and a little wooden gate leading to the flagged path, bordered with wallflowers and lupins and lavender. He looked up half carelessly, wondering if Embersson was living in a cottage like that—if he was in Staybridge at all—when the sight of a little child sitting on the wall brought him to a standstill.

Something about her was familiar. At first he could not tell what, and then he remembered the braid on her frock and the braid on the child in the photograph. It was the same dress, the same child, only now she was older—and prettier.

He stopped and went toward her. She was such a little, thin child, and her face was pale and delicate in spite of the country air. She looked up at him with bright eyes and smiled, and somehow he felt oddly uncomfortable before her.

He hesitated before he spoke, and then his question came with a gruff, sharp jerk. "What is your name?" he asked. Her round eyes searched his face. It looked stern enough just then, but it did not frighten her. She slipped down from the wall and held out her hand. "It's May," she said.

"And—what is your father's name?" In spite of himself Marlow hesitated. "Father's called 'F'd darling,'" she replied. "Cos mother said so. An' he's been away such a long time, and I don't fink he'd ever come back."

"When did he come back?" he asked, abruptly.

The child, all unconscious, took her father another step nearer prison. "Only the day before this day," she said, "and I was 's'prised. 'I just couldn't fink who it was. But mother knew, and she cried, and it made her iller, and the doctor was very angry."

"Where is your father?" asked Marlow.

The child's eyes dilated a little. "He mustn't be 'sturbed," she said. "He's wif mother and mother's drofful ill. 'That's why he came back all in such a hurry."

She stopped, looking up at the detective with eyes that almost unnerved him. Perhaps something in his face began at last to impress itself upon her baby mind, for a sudden droop came to her lip.

"I 'spects father's very bovered," she said, slowly.

At that instant the cottage door was flung open and a man looked out. When he saw Marlow he made a half-movement backward and then altered his mind and stood still.

Marlow looked at him and recognized his man. This was Fred Embersson, the thief; this was the man he had come to catch—this was the man whose capture meant £500.

And between them stood a child whose mother was very ill.

She turned delightedly. "Why, there's father," she cried.

Detective Marlow took a step forward and Embersson, suddenly making up his mind, came down the little flagged path.

"I know who you are," he said hoarsely, "and I know why you've come. I suppose it's all up; but I couldn't help it, and perhaps—afterward—the old man will forgive her."

He jerked his head backward. "Have you guessed who she is?" he asked. "Did Mr. Ritchie guess? Perhaps he'll take care of her when—when I'm shut up. But I never meant to take the money—I shouldn't have dreamt of it if she hadn't been so ill. They say she—she's almost dyin', and we had hard work to live on the salary Mr. Ritchie gave me—and I couldn't help it. It's saved her perhaps. I got down last night, and I got her everything I could—all the luxuries I could; but she doesn't know I stole the money. She mustn't know till she's well again. The neighbors will take after her, and I want you to take me quietly, so that nobody will see. I admit everything, I'll admit everything to Mr. Ritchie, but I did it for her, and perhaps when he knows she's his daughter he'll forgive her and take the child. I can go. I'll promise never to trouble them again, but it was the thought of her dying that made me do it."

He broke off abruptly and turned back to the cottage.

"Let me wish her goodby," he said huskily. "You'd better come in."

He pushed open the cottage door with a weary air.

"It's the end of everything," Embersson went on. "Mr. Ritchie trusted me for a year—I served him faithfully and perhaps he will remember that, for her sake. I went to him on purpose—my wife and I arranged to try to get his forgiveness in that way if we could. It seemed the only way, and it might have been all right if I had not been mad at the last, but I had a telegram saying how ill she was and I could not help it. I—I—did not stop to think."

"I went to him a year ago, for the child's sake. My name isn't Embersson, of course, but I couldn't go in my right name lest he should recognize it. We wanted to win his forgiveness first. It hasn't answered. But he'll take care of her—and the child. Oh, God knows, he surely couldn't refuse to take care of her and the child."

He faced round eagerly to the detective, and Marlow, suddenly, curiously weak, held out his hand, and made a bewildering remark.

"I'm hanged if I'll take the £500," he said.

He has said since that he is not of the stuff of which a detective should be made, for he did not arrest the thief after all. Instead, he waited till the morning, and then they dressed the child in her Sunday best, and he caught the first train back and took her to see her grandfather.

What he said to him he does not know. How he went to work he cannot tell, but when he went back to Staybridge the old man went with him. And when Fred met them at the cottage door Ritchie had the child in his arms.

He looked into Fred's face and then held out his hand.

"It's half my fault," he said. "If I hadn't refused to see you at first—five years ago, when my daughter wanted me to—you wouldn't have had the temptation. I see now how cruel I have been."

Detective Marlow got married a few weeks later. Mr. Ritchie said he had caught the thief, and persisted in giving him the £500 after all.—Tit-Bits before her.

The Noise of Animals. The roar of a lion can be heard farther than the sound of any other living creature. Next comes the cry of a hyena, and then the hoot of an owl. After these the panther and the jackal. The donkey can be heard 50 times farther than the horse and the cat 10 times farther than the dog. Strange as it may seem, the cry of a hare can be heard farther than that of either the cat or the dog.

When Victoria became Queen of England in 1837, one-sixth of all the land in the world was under her jurisdiction. Today King Edward reigns over nearly one-fourth.

THE COMMUNE AGAIN.

Pen-Pictures of the Reign of Terror in Paris, Thirty Years Ago.

"The Paris Commune, Thirty Years After," is the title of a paper contributed to the Century by William Trant.

On the following morning, Wednesday, I again sallied forth. The first sound that fell upon my ears was "Vive la Ligne!" and turning round the corner of my dwelling place were the soldiers of the line, who for two hours had advanced in single file along the Rue St. Honoré, keeping close to the houses, thereby finding shelter from the mitraille that was poured against them from a barricade a little farther on. These bluecoats moved down that passage, convolving like a huge serpent fastening on the city. Everywhere they went they were received with cheers. The tricolor was hoisted out of the windows of the great shops, that had been closed during the last two months. After the infantry came batteries of artillery, and after these squadrons of cavalry. A halt was made at the spot (above indicated) where I was standing, and the commanding officer, a young fellow, smoked a cigarette and consulted a plan of instructions. Just then two of his men dragged toward him a person who, the crowd said, was a communist. "Fusillez-le!" cried out the throng, and the officer (I was standing close to him) said, "Ouf, fusillez-le!" (I little thought that before long I should hear the same command given as regards myself.) In less time than it occupied in recording the fact, the poor wretch was dragged a few yards away; one of the men put the muzzle of his chassepot underneath the victim's skull, the other soldier, stooped and pulled the trigger; a report, a smoke, a groan, and with protests of innocence on his lips the soul of the poor victim passed away.

A man standing at the corner of a street heard two officers talking of the bravery of the troops. "Yes," said the latter; "if your men had fought like that against the Prussians, all this would not have happened." The officer pulled out his pistol and shot him. "Our army has behaved heroically," said M. Thiers. "We execute with the law and by the law." "Where is your boasted French liberty?" I asked of a friend, a Frenchman. Taking off his shoe, he searched the inside of it very minutely, and then said, "It has been there for the last two months, but I think it is lost now."

The method of formal execution by young cigarette-smoking colonels, as above indicated, was the usual kind of execution. The honor of a firing party was reserved for a few persons of distinction, such as Milliere, who had resigned his seat as deputy for Paris in the national assembly to become a member of the commune. He was placed in front of the Pantheon, and with arms raised cried "Vive le peuple!" There was a roll of musketry, a murmur, and he was dead. As I was walking away from the sad spectacle I met Mr. Holt White of the Pall Mall Gazette, who said to me, "I am sorry I am too late. I wanted to see Milliere. People say he looks so much like Jesus Christ." We then witnessed a sight that made us both shudder. Up to the previous day the fight had been going on under a glorious sun and a cloudless sky. I was astonished to find how few traces of the carnage were to be seen in the streets. The reason was that the sunshine had dried the blood and it had become covered with a congealing layer of fine dust. Now, however, there had been showers of rain, and the effect was as if the very stones of the streets were bleeding afresh. Near the Pantheon, at a spot where several men had been shot, blood was trickling in sluggish streams to the gutter. Soldiers, fatigued with the day's massacre, reposed on the wet pavement, using it also as a dining table. We saw them eating raw meat, which they were too fatigued to remove from the streams of blood that trickled about it—a sorry banquet for M. Thiers' heroes."

To detail what I saw during the rest of the fighting would be to repeat in effect what is above written. Everywhere in the streets dead bodies were lying about. There were no wounded, for the troops gave no quarter. In every direction the work of death and destruction went on; the human brute unchained, the imbecile wrath, the mad fury of man devouring his brother man.

The part of the city in possession of conquerors, however, was safe, though not comfortable to walk in. Scattered brains, limbs, bodies and blood formed a ghastly spectacle.

An Edited Telegram. One of the most ludicrous mistakes made by the telegraph was caused by the loss of a single dot in a telegram from Brisbane to a London news agency. As it reached London it read: "Governor general twins first son," which the news agency "edited" and sent around to the papers in the following form: "Lady Kennedy, the wife of Sir Arthur Kennedy, governor general of Queensland, yesterday gave birth at Government House, Brisbane, to twins, the first born being a son." The telegram was published by most of the newspapers in London and the provinces, and caused an unexpected sensation. Sir Arthur's friends pointed out with conclusive force that some one had blundered, as there never was a Lady Kennedy. Sir Arthur being a bachelor. The repeat message, which followed, read: "Governor general turns first son," referring to a railway ceremony.—San Francisco Argonaut.

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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD. BUFFALO & ALLEGHANY VALLEY DIVISION. Low Grade Division. In Effect May 26, 1901. Eastern Standard Time.

EASTWARD. STATIONS. No. 109 No. 112 No. 107 No. 104 No. 101 No. 98 No. 95 No. 92 No. 89 No. 86 No. 83 No. 80 No. 77 No. 74 No. 71 No. 68 No. 65 No. 62 No. 59 No. 56 No. 53 No. 50 No. 47 No. 44 No. 41 No. 38 No. 35 No. 32 No. 29 No. 26 No. 23 No. 20 No. 17 No. 14 No. 11 No. 8 No. 5 No. 2 No. 1

Reynoldsville, Pa. 6:15 a.m. 6:30 a.m. 6:45 a.m. 7:00 a.m. 7:15 a.m. 7:30 a.m. 7:45 a.m. 8:00 a.m. 8:15 a.m. 8:30 a.m. 8:45 a.m. 9:00 a.m. 9:15 a.m. 9:30 a.m. 9:45 a.m. 10:00 a.m. 10:15 a.m. 10:30 a.m. 10:45 a.m. 11:00 a.m. 11:15 a.m. 11:30 a.m. 11:45 a.m. 12:00 p.m. 12:15 p.m. 12:30 p.m. 12:45 p.m. 1:00 p.m. 1:15 p.m. 1:30 p.m. 1:45 p.m. 2:00 p.m. 2:15 p.m. 2:30 p.m. 2:45 p.m. 3:00 p.m. 3:15 p.m. 3:30 p.m. 3:45 p.m. 4:00 p.m. 4:15 p.m. 4:30 p.m. 4:45 p.m. 5:00 p.m. 5:15 p.m. 5:30 p.m. 5:45 p.m. 6:00 p.m. 6:15 p.m. 6:30 p.m. 6:45 p.m. 7:00 p.m. 7:15 p.m. 7:30 p.m. 7:45 p.m. 8:00 p.m. 8:15 p.m. 8:30 p.m. 8:45 p.m. 9:00 p.m. 9:15 p.m. 9:30 p.m. 9:45 p.m. 10:00 p.m. 10:15 p.m. 10:30 p.m. 10:45 p.m. 11:00 p.m. 11:15 p.m. 11:30 p.m. 11:45 p.m. 12:00 a.m. 12:15 a.m. 12:30 a.m. 12:45 a.m. 1:00 a.m. 1:15 a.m. 1:30 a.m. 1:45 a.m. 2:00 a.m. 2:15 a.m. 2:30 a.m. 2:45 a.m. 3:00 a.m. 3:15 a.m. 3:30 a.m. 3:45 a.m. 4:00 a.m. 4:15 a.m. 4:30 a.m. 4:45 a.m. 5:00 a.m. 5:15 a.m. 5:30 a.m. 5:45 a.m. 6:00 a.m. 6:15 a.m. 6:30 a.m. 6:45 a.m. 7:00 a.m. 7:15 a.m. 7:30 a.m. 7:45 a.m. 8:00 a.m. 8:15 a.m. 8:30 a.m. 8:45 a.m. 9:00 a.m. 9:15 a.m. 9:30 a.m. 9:45 a.m. 10:00 a.m. 10:15 a.m. 10:30 a.m. 10:45 a.m. 11:00 a.m. 11:15 a.m. 11:30 a.m. 11:45 a.m. 12:00 p.m. 12:15 p.m. 12:30 p.m. 12:45 p.m. 1:00 p.m. 1:15 p.m. 1:30 p.m. 1:45 p.m. 2:00 p.m. 2:15 p.m. 2:30 p.m. 2:45 p.m. 3:00 p.m. 3:15 p.m. 3:30 p.m. 3:45 p.m. 4:00 p.m. 4:15 p.m. 4:30 p.m. 4:45 p.m. 5:00 p.m. 5:15 p.m. 5:30 p.m. 5:45 p.m. 6:00 p.m. 6:15 p.m. 6:30 p.m. 6:45 p.m. 7:00 p.m. 7:15 p.m. 7:30 p.m. 7:45 p.m. 8:00 p.m. 8:15 p.m. 8:30 p.m. 8:45 p.m. 9:00 p.m. 9:15 p.m. 9:30 p.m. 9:45 p.m. 10:00 p.m. 10:15 p.m. 10:30 p.m. 10:45 p.m. 11:00 p.m. 11:15 p.m. 11:30 p.m. 11:45 p.m. 12:00 a.m. 12:15 a.m. 12:30 a.m. 12:45 a.m. 1:00 a.m. 1:15 a.m. 1:30 a.m. 1:45 a.m. 2:00 a.m. 2:15 a.m. 2:30 a.m. 2:45 a.m. 3:00 a.m. 3:15 a.m. 3:30 a.m. 3:45 a.m. 4:00 a.m. 4:15 a.m. 4:30 a.m. 4:45 a.m. 5:00 a.m. 5:15 a.m. 5:30 a.m. 5:45 a.m. 6:00 a.m. 6:15 a.m. 6:30 a.m. 6:45 a.m. 7:00 a.m. 7:15 a.m. 7:30 a.m. 7:45 a.m. 8:00 a.m. 8:15 a.m. 8:30 a.m. 8:45 a.m. 9:00 a.m. 9:15 a.m. 9: