

SOME VERY ODD FISH

CURIOUS FORMS OF LIFE THAT ARE FOUND IN THE SEA.

The Sea Fan and the Sea Pen and the Peculiar Tunicate Family—The Barnacle at One Time Was Believed to Be a Bird—The Cuttlefish.

The commonest inhabitant of sea or shore in olden times was invested with fabulous qualities. The homely barnacle, for instance, because of its feathery breathing apparatus, was said to be the parent of a future bird, as a proof of which ancient wiseacres pointed to the rudimentary feathers. Gerard, a naturalist who flourished at the close of the sixteenth century, actually gives credence to the ridiculous legend in his "Herbal," and furnishes a detailed account of the alleged metamorphosis.

Even today, notwithstanding the elaborate and intricate systems of scientific classification, there are still many of the marine fauna with little more individuality than can be expressed in a Latin label. It is with a few of these odd denizens of the deep that we are immediately concerned.

But few will have happened across the sea fan, one of the scaphytes or animal plants. It is found on the Devon coast occasionally. It consists of a calcareous framework or skeleton from six to twelve inches in height, with many branches, which are covered with a flesh colored membrane. The latter is really composed of innumerable polyps which, curious to relate, secrete from the salt water the lime necessary for the building up of their common support.

The sea pen is not dissimilar. It is only three or four inches long and, like a quill, is naked at one end and "feathered" at the other, the polyps being on the edge of the feathers. The sea pen is phosphorescent and when irritated, either by being injured or thrown into fresh water, glows brightly.

A slightly higher but still lowly form of oceanic life is the tunicata. The species is so called because the body is incased in a stout coating or tunic, consisting of partly cellulose, which, as we know, is also largely present in the vegetable world.

One variety of the tunicate or ascidian is shaped like a double necked bottle. All have two openings, one for the influx and one for the outflow of water.

The salpa is a transparent, tubular genus of the tunicate family found in tropical and subtropical seas. It exists in two separate forms, one of which lives alone and produces a number of the others by a sort of budding process.

A number of these latter unite side by side so as to make up a series or cluster. Each of the numerous salpa in the group lays a single egg, which in its turn evolves into one of the solitary individuals.

Sea grapes might with greater reason be classed as belonging to the vegetable world beneath the waves, and yet these sea fruits are not so innocuous as they would appear. They are the eggs of the embryo cuttlefish, one of the most repulsive and sinister of submarine monstrosities.

The cuttlefish swims by ejecting a jet of water from a tubular opening near the head. Having an internal skeleton, it is closely allied to the vertebrates. With its eight arms provided with suckers, its parrotlike beak, its prominent eyes and its playful habit of throwing mud in the eyes of its enemies by secreting an inky fluid, it is a queer creature.

Its relative, the octopus, is very similar, but is minus the two tentacles, or feelers, possessed by the cuttlefish. They are widely distributed in tropical and subtropical seas and often grow to a large size.

Encounters with them form a fruitful theme for travelers' tales. Perhaps the most imaginative is that fine piece of writing descriptive of a fight with one of these devilish as they are sometimes called in Victor Hugo's "Tollers of the Sea."

There are some very peculiar denizens of the seas which wash the Scotch coasts. One of these enjoys the euphonious title of the humpbacker. Thick and clumsy in shape, with a rough and warty skin, its name is a congruous one. Nor is it made more acceptable by its blue, purple and orange tints and its oily flesh, albeit the latter appears to be keenly relished by seals.

The particular apparatus which gives this ungainly fish its name is a powerful sucker or disk on the lower part of its body. The object of this attachment is not very clear, but by means of it the sucker can in stormy weather or turbulent waters anchor its clumsy bulk safely to the bottom. When its young fry are hatched in shallow water they immediately attach themselves by means of their suckers to the male fish, which is said to watch over them.

The fifteen pound stickleback, sometimes called the sea adder, is a salt water variety often found on the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland. It frequents rocky and stony bottoms covered with seaweed and is chiefly remarkable for the fact that it is unique among the finny tribe as a nest builder.

These structures may be found in spring or summer in the rock pools between tides. The structure is about eight inches long, pear shaped and formed of seaweed and corallines.

To bind the whole thing together the stickleback is furnished with a secretion capable, when drawn into a thread, of resisting the water. With this thread, fine as silk and still strong and elastic, it wraps the different portions of the nest round and round. The spaw is deposited in the nest from time to time in irregular masses, and

JAPANESE WHALERS.

The Curious Way They Do Their Work With Nets and Knives.

Whales are captured in nets by the Japanese. The whalers put off from the shore as quietly as possible, and when they come within the proper distance of their objective the boats, which have hitherto worked in couples, separate and, dropping their nets as they go, work around to the rear and flanks of their expected kill. The nets are made in large squares, each side being about forty feet long. One net is composed of six squares in line, and the squares are fastened to each other lightly. When all is ready the boats which have been worked around to the rear of the whale then commence to drive him gently toward the nets. Moving along lazily at first, the whale soon realizes that something untoward is happening and, hurrying forward, dashes on to one of the nets. This is the critical moment, and when the fisherman see that the whale is well in the center of one of the squares they raise a great shout and charge in upon him.

When the whale is about spent a man chosen for his strength, activity, pluck, coolness and general fitness for his work then leaps upon his back and with a great triangular shaped knife proceeds to cut two great gashes in his body just back of his head. Through the underlying blubber and these two gashes he passes a rope and, knotting it, makes a loop of it. He then repeats the same operation as far back on his body as he can. When the fight has been completely knocked out of the whale, boats range alongside of him, and by the help of the loops already mentioned the hapless cetacean is slung between them in such a manner as to minimize the danger of his carcass sinking.

Then the boats form in procession, and, making for the shore, they commence the most curious part of the whole affair. The whalers, with real fervor and in the most solemn manner possible, begin a chanting prayer for the ease of the departing spirit by calling out "Joraku! Joraku! Joraku!" in low, deep tones. Upon the third day after the kill a memorial service is held in the village temple, and prayers are offered for the repose of the dead whale's soul.—Chicago News.

BREAKING TRAIL.

In the Frozen Wilderness It Is the Mearest of All Tasks.

To break trail is to pack with your snowshoes the soft and uncrusted snow into a more solid path, so that the dogs and toboggans may be brought forward to where you can make camp. Even the snowshoes, two feet in width, sink a foot or eighteen inches at every step. The snow crumbles and piles in on top of the web so that you have to tear each step with a wrench and a kick and a cloud of frozen white. You go forward, you rest, you go forward again, forcing your way laboriously through no one can say how many feet of snow. The weariness enters into the very marrow of your bones. The snowshoe strap moves back and forth just enough across the moose hide moccasins to galling the foot to the flesh of the face; the muscles across the instep ache with knifelike cuts with every step as you lift the heavy weight of snow that covers the shoe out of sight.

I remember the first day we stopped midway across the lake to rest. The guides dropped the tumpkins from the forehead to their shoulders, cut some toboggans from a plug, rubbed it between their hands and filled short, black pipes. The dogs lay flat on the snow and bit and chewed at the solid lumps of ice that had gathered on the paw. With the handle of my ax I scraped from my snowshoe the frozen masses of ice that gathered under my moccasins and were wearing blisters on my feet. We rested here only a few minutes, and then the bitter cold drove us on again, for no man dares to stop long in such a temperature.

This breaking trail is very picturesque to an outside observer. Oftentimes afterward when, unremembered, I had gone on ahead I would stop and turn and watch the guides—black pygmies struggling through the boundless stretch of white with their heavily loaded toboggans in great clouds of snow. With their shoulders thrust forward and their heads bent to the trail they would swing along at an even stride across the level expanse of frozen snow, broken only by the thin line of trail stretching behind them off into the distance and by the many still narrower tracks of the fox cross crawling here and there on the smooth surface.—Scribner's.

A Maid of Honor.

The late Lady Bloomfield was a maid of honor and published a book of reminiscences relating some very intimate incidents of her years at court. The result, the London correspondent of the Manchester Guardian tells, was that the queen forbade her ladies to keep diaries while they were in waiting, and from that rule grew one of the neatest repartees that the heart of the professional diarist could desire. A young lady who had just been appointed a maid of honor was receiving congratulations at a party, and her host said, "What an interesting journal you can keep?" The girl told him that journal keeping was forbidden, and the answer was "But I think I should keep one all the same." "Then," said the girl, "whatever you were you would not be a maid of honor."

Equal to the Occasion.

Channey Depew once dined with three ladies in a New York restaurant. It was so entertaining that one of the ladies plucked up courage and during dessert leaned over and tapped the diplomat on the arm and with an affectionation of signess said: "Mr. Depew, let us pretend that you are the shepherd Paris, I am Minerva. Mrs. Blank is Venus and Miss Blank is Juno. Now, you must give this golden apple to the fairest." So saying, she handed him an orange. Depew did not wait an instant, but, turning in his chair, called the waiter, "Walter," he said, "bring me two more oranges."

SERMON REPORTERS.

In English Churches They Are Only Admitted on Sufferance.

Some one who evidently speaks from knowledge writes in the Homiletic Review of "The Experiences of a Sermon Reporter." His remarks on the difference rules in English and American newspapers on sermon reporting and his statement that it is necessary to verify Scriptural texts are not without interest. Possibly there is a text for a sermon not preached by the preachers in the following paragraph:

Reporters are invariably welcomed to American churches, for American preachers seem fully alive to the value of the advertisement obtained through newspaper notices. Some preachers even maintain their own "press agent" in order to secure the utmost publicity for the occasionally brilliant and, it may be, eccentric statements which they deliver. In English churches the reporter is only admitted on sufferance. Under an ancient law, which has never been repealed, the taking of shorthand notes of sermons is a misdemeanor characterized as "brawling" and punishable by imprisonment. In a few American churches special desks are available for reporters. They are, in any case, treated with the utmost courtesy by the ushers and provided with seats immediately below the pulpit. On a rare occasion in a crowded church a reporter has been allowed to seat himself on the pulpit steps, and on one extraordinary occasion it is recorded that a stenographer was concealed within the pulpit itself.

RABBITS AS FOOD.

Be Sure They Are Young and Then Cook Them With Oysters.

Conies, the parent rabbits, were long considered as indigestible, provocative of melancholy—a black meat, breeding nightmares—but young rabbits have long been approved by thoughtful eaters. They were once eaten very young, and the psalmist protested quaintly against the practice of cutting them out of the mother: "I trust there is no man among Christians so inhumanly gluttonous as once to devour or approve the sweetness of so foul a dish." Tame conies are not so good as the wild ones, for every creature doth partake in taste of the air wherein he liveth, and the air of the rabbit warren is not favorable.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

How many men work too hard? How many do you know?
Every good husband is henpecked. That's all there is to it.
Classical music is like some people—very hard to understand.
It is said that a farmer gets the best work out of a farm hand who is aspiring to be his son-in-law.
Perhaps one reason why a poor man lives longer than a rich one is that the doctors don't take so much interest in him.
When an economical man suffers a ten dollar loss he cuts off expenditures reaching to \$50 before he feels right about it.
If you have faults the idea is not to humiliate yourself by acknowledging them to your enemies, but to get over them if possible for your own good.—Acheson Globe.

King William III.

King William III. of England was passionately fond of the chase and made it a point never to be outdone in any leap, however perilous. A Mr. Cherry, who was devoted to the excited family, took advantage of this to plan the most pardonable design which was ever formed against a king's life. He regularly joined the royal hounds, put himself foremost and took the most desperate leaps in the hope that William might break his neck in following him. One day, however, he accomplished one so imminently dangerous that the king when he came to the spot shook his head and drew back. It is said that Mr. Cherry at length broke his own neck and thereby relieved the king from further hazard.

Rossini's Jealousy.

Rossini was intolerably jealous of all his musical contemporaries and particularly of Meyerbeer. In 1839 he heard "The Huguenots," and on listening to the performance from the beginning to the end he made up his mind that Meyerbeer had excelled him and determined to write no more. He lived until 1868, but produced nothing for the lyric stage. His thirty-two years of retirement were spent in the pleasures of a voluptuary. He was particularly fond of good eating and drinking and assembled about him the youngest and gayest society he could attract to his house.

A Roumanian Custom.

A strange custom is still observed in Roumania which reminds one strongly of Robinson Crusoe. When a servant has displeased his or her master the offender takes his boots in his hands and places them before the bedroom door of his master. It is a sign of great submission, and the boots are either kicked away as an intimation that the fault will not be forgiven or else the servant is told to place them on his feet, which shows that he is forgiven.

Inherited.

Settlement Worker—What a well behaved little boy he is! The Burglar's Wife—And he comes by it natural, pum. His poor father never failed to have a settee reduced owing to poor behavior.—Luck.

Shattered Ideal.

"Paw, what does it mean where it says here that the girl's ideal was shattered?"
"Why, it means she found that she could marry a wealthier man."—Detroit Tribune.

ELEPHANTS LUMBERING.

They Were Not Only Doing Man's Work, but Doing It Man's Way.

The elephants round us were dragging the logs to the mill to be sawed. They were harnessed for this with a broad breast band and heavy chains. A native looped the chains round the logs, and the elephant started off with them and deposited them on the trolley. Others were picking up the sawed planks with their trunks and carrying them across the yard to be piled.

A mahout sat on the neck of every elephant, and if the animal picked up too small a plank the mahout would hint, with his iron spike, that two might go to that load. Then, grunting, the elephant would pick up the second with infinite delicacy of balance, turn, march over and deposit them beside the pile, always returning for another load so long as there were any planks ready. When there were none he would take his ease in the sun and wait, or perhaps there were heavy logs to be pushed from one place to another, and if pushing would do, with his trunk curled against the log, no elephant would give himself the trouble of picking it up any more than a housemaid will pick up a chair on casters.

More fascinating it was than I can tell to see the jungle patriarch kneel down to a heavy log, twist his trunk round it, place it on the top of the pile and then calculate its position and push and pull until it was square in its place. The oddest because the most reasonable thing was to see the elephant, pushing against the end of a very heavy log, stretch out one hind leg to give himself balance and purchase. That seemed to bring him somehow very near to us. He was not only doing our work, but he was doing it in our way.

TO SERVE WITH SOUP.

Mulligatawny—Boiled rice, Pea—Dried powdered meat, croutons Haro—Red currant, rowan or cranberry jelly.
Turtle—Lemon cut in quarters and handed separately.
Clear Soup with Italian Pastes—Grated Parmesan cheese.
Clear Soup a la Colbert—Poached eggs on a hot dish on a napkin.
Croute au Pot—Thin rounds of bread dipped in the soup, then made crisp in the oven.
Bouillabaise (a rich fish soup)—Croutons or thin brown bread and butter, quarters of lemon.
Artichoke, Thick Lettuce, Cress, Bisques—Croutons or thin rounds of bread dipped in soup or stock, then made crisp in the oven.

A DOG IS ALWAYS HONEST.

"He Can't Growl and Wag His Tail at the Same Time."
"There is one peculiar thing about dogs," remarked a well known local fancier and huntsman, and that is you never saw one pant and wag his tail at the same time. A dog is not capable of a double emotion. He can't growl and wag his tail at the same time, for it is impossible for him to be mad at one end and glad at the other.
"If a dog is glad to see his master he will bark and wag his tail. If he wants to get into the house he will paw at the door, whine and wag his tail, but they are all symptoms of one and the same emotion. But if his master opens the door he will cease to show anxiety immediately by whining and will show pleasure only by the wagging of his tail.
"In order to get a man's temper one must watch his eyes, but for a dog's you have to watch his tail. The dog is likewise incapable of deceit, and hence he is nothing of a politician. He deceives no one, not even his master. If he is overjoyed every emotion is indicative of that fact, and his whole makeup gives ample testimony to it. If he is displeased or angered it is the same way."—Houston Post.

A Double Presentation.

John Kendrick Bangs once ran across a gift copy of one of his books in a secondhand bookshop, still having this inscription on the fly leaf: "To his friend, J. G., with the regards and esteem of J. K. Bangs, July, 1899." Mr. Bangs bought the copy and sent it to his friend again with a second inscription beneath. "This book, bought in a secondhand bookshop, is re-presented to J. G. with renewed and reiterated regards and esteem by J. K. Bangs, December, 1899."

The Same Thing.

"What makes you think you have great business ability?" laughed the successful business man. "Why, you've never made a dollar?"
"But you forget, dear," replied his energetic wife, "that I made you!"—Detroit Free Press.

Playing Indian.

Mamma—Playing Indian is so rough. Why are you crying? Have they been caiping you again? Spotted Panther, alias Willie—No, mamma. We have been smoking the pipe of peace.—Stray Stories.

He Saw It.

"Yes, she's pretty, but a poor con-ferentialist. She seldom says a word. I can't understand why so many men propose to her."
"I can," sighed Henpeck.—Houston Post.

A SYMBOL OF PEACE.

The Dove Has Had This Distinction in All Ages Since the Flood.

The dove has been pictured as the bird of peace by writers and artists in all the ages since the time of the flood, for the dove has figured in the symbolism of many races and of countless generations. According to the Century Dictionary, the dove is the bird of peace because of the incident recorded in the eighth chapter of Genesis: "And it came to pass at the end of forty days that Noah opened the window of the ark which he had made, and he sent forth a raven which went to and fro until the waters were dried up from off the earth. And he sent forth a dove from him to see if the waters were abated from off the face of the ground, but the dove found no rest for the sole of her foot, and she returned unto him in the ark. And he stayed yet another seven days, and again he sent forth the dove out of the ark, and the dove came to him in the evening, and lo, in her mouth was an olive leaf plucked off; so Noah knew that the waters were abated from off the earth."
Proper names derived from the dove have always been used in the orient as descriptive of loveliness and were especially applied to beautiful women. The dove was woven into the pagan worship of ancient northern Europe, and it has a great place in early Christian life and symbolism. From immemorial time the dove has always been a type of innocence to the Jews. Elsewhere it has been associated since the Olympian age with the higher idea of Venus as the symbol of natural human affection—the love that goes with purity and simplicity of heart. It had a part in marriage scenes and was naturally introduced by early Christian painters into pictures of the Madonna and child and of female saints. These qualities of gentleness and affection combined with their mournful notes made doves equally appropriate to moods of sorrow, and they were a part of the furniture of most pagan funerals. This passed on into Christian usage and their likeness, generally combined with the olive branch, were carved on the tombs in the catacombs beneath Rome and elsewhere, emblematic of eternal peace.

In the Sporting Magazine for 1825 this appeared: "Pigeons are rarely seen at the table of the Russians, & no entertain a superstitious veneration, or these birds because the Holy Ghost assumed the form of a dove." Commenting on this, a writer says, "This custom of the abstinence from the flesh of the dove is far older than Christianity, being indeed in all probability connected with the same class of feelings as those which marked it out as the Aryan death bird."
Sir Richard F. Burton remarks: "Ever since Noah's dove every religion seems to consider the pigeon as the sacred bird. For example, every mosque swarms with pigeons, and the same exist in most Italian market places. The Hindoo pundits and the old Assyrian empire also have them."

THE LIVER QUANTINE

Boarding house habits who have repeatedly complained of the dark, cheerless coloring of the wall paper in their rooms may find something to interest them in the information recently elicited by a curious clerk in a department store.
"I should like to know," said the clerk—"in fact, I have long wanted to know—why it is that you ladies who manage boarding houses always choose such dark paper?"
"Well," said the prospective purchaser, "if that is the only thing you want to know you might just as well have got wise long ago. We like dark paper because with that on the walls the nails the boarders use to tack up their pictures don't leave such ghastly scars."—New York Press.

A Grand Canyon Sunrise.

A sunrise in the Grand Canyon lasts as long as you please. Each hour is a sunrise for some cavern deeper than the last, and, in fact, there are many where it has yet to rise for the first time since the canyon was made by those ages of running water.—Scribner's.

Mercury and the Sun.

The distance of Mercury from the sun varies owing to the eccentricity of its orbit. When he is nearest to the sun he receives ten and a half times more light and heat than we do, but when he removes to his greatest distance the light and heat are reduced by more than one-half. Even then, however, the sun blazes in the skies of Mercury with a disk four and a half times larger than that which he shows to us on earth.

On Other Nights.

Mr. Goodthing—How does your sister like the engagement ring I gave her, Bobby? Her Young Brother—Well, it's a little too small. She has an awful hard time getting it off when the other fellows call.—Exchange.

Corroboration.

Mrs. Biffson—My husband is really the nearest man I ever saw! Mr. Bangs—I should say he was! You ought to see the way he cleaned me up!—Detroit Free Press.

WANTED!

Girls to learn Cloth Picking and Winding.
Enterprise Silk Co.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

HUFFALO & ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION
Low Grade Division.
In Effect May 28, 1905. Eastern Standard Time.

STATIONS	No. 109	No. 113	No. 101	No. 105	No. 107
Pittsburgh	6:25 A. M.	6:00 P. M.	6:00 P. M.	6:25 A. M.	6:00 P. M.
Northwood	6:30	6:05	6:05	6:30	6:05
New Bethlehem	6:35	6:10	6:10	6:35	6:10
Maynor	6:40	6:15	6:15	6:40	6:15
Summersville	6:45	6:20	6:20	6:45	6:20
Reynoldsville	6:50	6:25	6:25	6:50	6:25
Waterbury	6:55	6:30	6:30	6:55	6:30
Driftwood	7:00	6:35	6:35	7:00	6:35
Buffalo	7:05	6:40	6:40	7:05	6:40
Driftwood	7:10	6:45	6:45	7:10	6:45
Waterbury	7:15	6:50	6:50	7:15	6:50
Reynoldsville	7:20	6:55	6:55	7:20	6:55
Summersville	7:25	7:00	7:00	7:25	7:00
Maynor	7:30	7:05	7:05	7:30	7:05
New Bethlehem	7:35	7:10	7:10	7:35	7:10
Northwood	7:40	7:15	7:15	7:40	7:15
Pittsburgh	7:45	7:20	7:20	7:45	7:20

STATIONS	No. 108	No. 102	No. 106	No. 110	No. 114
Driftwood	6:30 A. M.	6:00 P. M.	6:00 P. M.	6:30 A. M.	6:00 P. M.
Buffalo	6:35	6:05	6:05	6:35	6:05
Waterbury	6:40	6:10	6:10	6:40	6:10
Reynoldsville	6:45	6:15	6:15	6:45	6:15
Summersville	6:50	6:20	6:20	6:50	6:20
Maynor	6:55	6:25	6:25	6:55	6:25
New Bethlehem	7:00	6:30	6:30	7:00	6:30
Northwood	7:05	6:35	6:35	7:05	6:35
Pittsburgh	7:10	6:40	6:40	7:10	6:40

Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Division

In effect May 28th, 1905. Trains leave Driftwood as follows:
EASTWARD
9:44 a. m.—Train 12, weekdays, for Sunbury, Williamsport, Hazleton, Pottsville, Berks, Reading, Harrisburg and the intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:30 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m.; Baltimore 10:30 p. m.; Washington, 7:45 p. m.; Pullman Parlor car and passenger coaches from Philadelphia and passenger coaches from Sunbury to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.
10:59 a. m.—Train 13, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:30 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m.; Baltimore 10:30 p. m.; Washington, 7:45 p. m.; Pullman Parlor car and passenger coaches from Philadelphia and passenger coaches from Sunbury to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.
12:09 p. m.—Train 14, daily for Buffalo, Erie, Reading and principal intermediate stations.
1:24 p. m.—Train 15, daily for Erie and principal intermediate stations.
3:41 p. m.—Train 16, daily for Emporium and principal intermediate stations.

JOHNSONBURG RAILROAD

P. M.	WEEKDAYS	S. M.
4:35	Johnsonburg	10:45
4:39	Arden	10:49
4:43	Woodville	10:53
4:47	Quintwood	10:57
4:51	Johnsonburg	11:01
5:05	Johnsonburg	11:15
5:09	Arden	11:19
5:13	Woodville	11:23
5:17	Quintwood	11:27
5:21	Johnsonburg	11:31

RIDGWAY & CLEARFIELD RAILROAD

WEEKDAY	W. M.	P. M.
8:30	Clearfield	11:30
8:34	Arden	11:34
8:38	Johnsonburg	11:38
8:42	Quintwood	11:42
8:46	Woodville	11:46
8:50	Arden	11:50
8:54	Johnsonburg	11:54
8:58	Quintwood	11:58
9:02	Woodville	12:02
9:06	Arden	12:06
9:10	Johnsonburg	12:10
9:14	Quintwood	12:14
9:18	Woodville	12:18
9:22	Arden	12:22
9:26	Johnsonburg	12:26
9:30	Quintwood	12:30
9:34	Woodville	12:34
9:38	Arden	12:38
9:42	Johnsonburg	12:42
9:46	Quintwood	12:46
9:50	Woodville	12:50
9:54	Arden	12:54
9:58	Johnsonburg	12:58
10:02	Quintwood	1:02
10:06	Woodville	1:06
10:10	Arden	1:10
10:14	Johnsonburg	1:14
10:18	Quintwood	1:18
10:22	Woodville	1:22
10:26	Arden	1:26
10:30	Johnsonburg	1:30
10:34	Quintwood	1:34
10:38	Woodville	1:38
10:42	Arden	1:42
10:46	Johnsonburg	1:46
10:50	Quintwood	1:50
10:54	Woodville	1:54
10:58	Arden	1:58
11:02	Johnsonburg	2:02
11:06	Quintwood	2:06
11:10	Woodville	2:10
11:14	Arden	2:14