LIVE STOCK

DERRICK FOR KETTLE.

It Can Be Used for Such a Variety of Purposes That No Farm Should Be Without One.

The cut accompanying this article shows a kettle derrick we have in use on our farm. It is a great convenience whenever one wishes to butcher a hog or two for family use, as no time need be spent getting things together. Last spring we heated the water for treating the oats for smut by the use of this derrick and believe we saved a great deal of time that would otherwise have been spent getting ready. The derrick was made out of three straight, common rails. At the top they were fitted together and secured with a half-inch bolt twelve inches long. As near the top as possible, on the middle rail, we bolted a large clevis to hold the kettle. This clevis will also be found a good place to chain a pole to hang the hog on, letting the other end rest upon two posts chained in the form of an X. The kettle can in this way be hung close enough to the ground so that very little heat escapes. I have cooked feed for my hogs in this manner many times, but as I question the practicability of cooked food for stock, I no longer use the derrick for this purpose.—Leo. C. Reynolds, in Ohio Farmer.

STRONG KETTLE DERRICK.

SHELTER FOR STOCK.

The Northern or Western Farmer Who Does Not Provide It Is Guilty of Wanton Cruelty.

There ought to be a law to prevent farmers keeping more stock than they can provide shelter for. But it is not always for want of stable room that many farmers allow their cattle and hogs to go without protection. In some cases it is nothing short of downright carelessness; in others something like ignorance. The writer, of course, has reference to climates where shelter is needed, and without which live stock is apt to suffer. When the temperature falls near zero, an animal will suffer more than most people suspect from cold rains and sleet, and being compelled to sleep on the frozen ground. In this neighborhood there is a man who is known as a good farmer as well as a thorough Christian. Last fall he built a fine large sheep house on his farm and as he had only a few sheep which he kept in the basement of his barn, allowed the sheep house to stand idle all winter while a number of young cattle went without shelter of any kind. The only excuse for this was that the sheep house is a little distance from his dwelling house—too far to go to do the feeding. Perhaps he might have hired someone to do his feeding for less than what he lost by allowing his stock to go without shelter.—C. L. Burns, in Epitomist.

NOTES FOR SHEPHERDS.

Australia, New Zealand, and South America, have supplied England with 7,000,000 carcasses of frozen mutton and lamb during the past year.

Wool shipped from Rockhampton, Australia, has shown a steady falling off since 1898, 104,920 bales being the figures for that year, and 44,707 for 1901.

The step taken by the New York State Fair association of providing a class for home-bred and another for imported sheep is one in the right direction.

"When the happy time comes," said Mark Twain, "that the lion lies down with the lamb, I reckon it will be found that the lamb lies inside the lion."

It seems to us that the establishment of big slaughtering plants in Texas is bound to revolutionize the present system of stock raising and farming in this state.

With sheep the period of gestation is about 150 days. The limits for lambing are between 145 and 155 days, though in a few cases these limits have been overreached.—Rural World.

The Pigs That Pay Best.

Young pigs that can be forced to 200 pounds in six or seven months are one of the most profitable things raised on a farm. In order to have them attain this growth several things must be borne in mind. The pigs must come from good mothers, and it is well to have the litter the second or third which she has had. Spring pigs are best, for they will take on more weight in six months than fall pigs. Growth must be steady. When they reach maturity and show increasing signs of lagging in putting on weight, send them to market. For food, give them skim milk, good clover in season, and roots and grain enough to produce rapid growth.—Midland Farmer.

BE DECENT ABOUT IT.

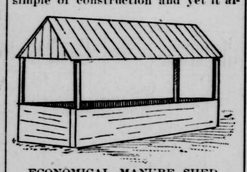
If You Kill Hogs on the Farm Do It in a Way That Is Neither Cruel Nor Demoralizing.

The season for hog killing will soon be present on every farm, and then we shall see repeated the usual cruel, heartrending scenes of man's thoughtless inhumanity. Three or four men and boys, and perhaps a yelping dog, will lay siege to the doomed animal, and with much ado will catch and throw the beast, which meantime rends the air with his squealing as though crying lustily for mercy; and when at last the knife has been driven home and the arteries severed, all at once the quietness of death prevails, the hog arises, totters about awhile, ghastly blood pouring from the wound, the animal gets weaker and weaker and finally tumbles over and gives his last dying kick. The man's wife and children, and perhaps some of the children of the neighborhood, have been silent but horrified witnesses of the direful scene. Now is this not a delightful picture to present for the inspection of women and children? And is it not ennobling to all who witness it? If there could be a greater exhibition of man's apparent cruelty to animals, and one that is more likely to create a feeling in the young of disregard for things that are gentle and kindly, I do not know where to look for it. True; swine must be slaughtered; but let it be done in decency. When a lad I witnessed swine killing at an abattoir, and I regarded the method so wicked that I never forgot it, but really it was no worse than this. The animals were in a close pen. Three men did the work. One with a hog hook would catch an animal under the jaw, an assistant would help him raise the head up, and the third would do the sticking, when the hog was dragged to a chute and tumbled down it, kicking and bleeding. A merciful way to kill a hog is to strike it in the head with a suitable implement, producing stupor, then instantly use the sticking knife. This causes instant death. An animal suffers more from fear than it does from death itself. A neat, unobjectionable method is to drop the open side of a suitable long, narrow box down over the animal and then turn box and animal upside down, when the knife can do its work and the box be righted again that the hog can bleed properly. Humane men will be apt to pursue one of these better methods; indeed, many of them do now; but if they will not, they should be thoughtful enough to have children absent from hog killing, that no evil be done by bad example.—Progressive Farmer.

HANDY MANURE SHED.

Although Simple in Construction It Prevents Loss of Any Material Housed in It.

It is a great waste of manure to throw it out of doors and there allow it to be acted upon by the sun and rain; hence the advisability of having a manure shed like the one shown herewith. As can be seen this is very simple of construction and yet it almost wholly prevents any loss of the material housed in it. It is also very convenient, for the planks running lengthwise of the structure are made to be removed in filling or loading by the end planks which meet them being spiked securely to the extra short posts, which are set opposite one another for this purpose. The fresh manure can thus be wheeled out as fast as made, thrown into one corner and then forked to the opposite one in a few days to prevent violent fermentation. Such a shed is much better if it has a cement floor, with the lowermost planks forming the sides embedded in it.—Fred O. Sibley, in Epitomist.



ECONOMICAL MANURE SHED.

Fatness Is Not Health.

It has been remarked that some swine breeders mistake fatness for health and vigor. Fat does sometimes indicate thrift, but not always. When a pig has been properly fed on balanced rations and lays on fat it is an indication of vigor, for the animal is getting the most possible out of the food. But when the ration is one of corn only and the pig gets fat the indications are not such as may be trusted to indicate health. The fat comes in that case from an attempt of nature to build up the body through elaborating a large quantity of food. As the food is in that case mostly fat forming a great deal of fatty tissue is elaborated in the work of getting a small amount of muscular tissue.—Farmers' Review.

Good Horses Sell Well.

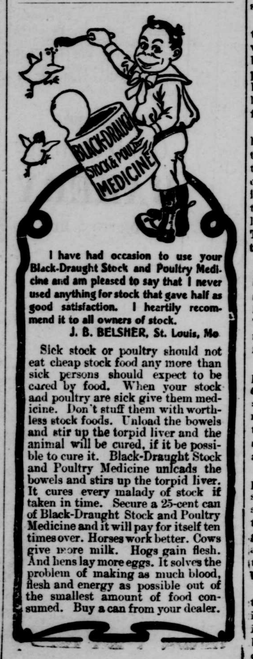
The demand for all the better classes of horses is far greater than the supply, because farmers became discouraged six or eight years ago, and quit breeding, when panic prices were below cost of production, and the fear that the bicycle and electricity would soon displace the horse. With the revival of commercial prosperity came the increased demand for good horses; and with no breeding for a few year, the horse buyers soon culled out the good horses, and we are now in the midst of a horse famine.—Rural World.

The Coming Era.

"So you wish to marry my son, do you, young woman?"

Young Woman—I do, madame.

Fond Mother—Well, er—is your income sufficient to support him in the condition of innocuous desuetude to which he has always been accustomed?—Philadelphia Inquirer.



I have had occasion to use your Black-Draught Stock and Poultry Medicine and am pleased to say that I never used anything for stock that gave half as good satisfaction. I heartily recommend it to all owners of stock.
J. B. BELSHER, St. Louis, Mo

Sick stock or poultry should not eat cheap stock food any more than sick persons should expect to be cared by food. When your stock and poultry are sick give them medicine. Don't stuff them with worthless stock foods. Unload the bowels and stir up the torpid liver and the animal will be cured, if it be possible to cure it. Black-Draught Stock and Poultry Medicine unloads the bowels and stirs up the torpid liver. It cures every malady of stock if taken in time. Secure a 25-cent can of Black-Draught Stock and Poultry Medicine and it will pay for itself ten times over. Horses work better. Cows give more milk. Hogs gain flesh. And hens lay more eggs. It solves the problem of making as much blood, flesh and energy as possible out of the smallest amount of food consumed. Buy a can from your dealer.

In the Molding Room

By CHARLES NEWTON HOOD

THE massive traveling cranes, carrying the huge ladles of molten iron, were rolling slowly back and forth through the great molding room.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon, and the largest "heat" of the day was being taken off. The picture was a weird one. The day outside was dark and gloomy, and within the big building there seemed to be a premature twilight.

Clouds of steam rose from the damp sand, and here and there a brilliant glow showed where the melted iron was spurting from the cupola or being poured from the ladle into the molds in the sand. Groups of half-naked men hurried about, working with tremendous energy.

The new chairman of the board of directors, who had never witnessed such a scene, followed the general manager into the molding room rather timidly.

"It's hard work, you see," remarked the general manager, "and rather responsible work, too. Besides, it's mighty dangerous sometimes, and I don't know but what the men are justified in asking for their increase of pay."

The chairman did not reply at once, being apparently a trifle nervous. His little son, who was with him, clung tightly to his hand. The eyes of the boy were wide with wonder, but he seemed more fascinated than frightened.

The chairman patted the lad on the head to reassure him.

"They are never satisfied, I suppose," he said, drawing himself up and pulling his coat together in a way that important men have. "When we were losing money until our stock was down almost to where we would have had to pay people to take it, and we ran at a loss simply to keep our men together, they didn't complain; but now that there is a bare chance of a decent dividend, they want to share it with us."

The general manager shook his head. "They don't look into the matter strictly on the investment basis, I fear," he said.

"The trouble is," asserted the chairman, elevating his voice a little that it might reach the ears of the general manager above the din of the shop, "the rank and file of them are little better than horses, and," he went on, pleased with his comparison, "some horses I know would be ashamed of a good many of them."

"I was one of them myself for a good many years," remarked the general manager, dryly.

"Of course I said 'the rank and file,'" interposed the chairman, hastily. "There are exceptions in all classes as well as cases. Now, right on our board of directors there are men that a good, steady-going donkey would be ashamed of," and the chairman laughed in a highly self-satisfied way at the tactful manner in which he had set himself right.

The general manager smiled grimly, but made no response, and presently he suggested passing on to inspect the new brass foundry.

The little son, however, had become fascinated by the glowing metal, and he whispered that he wanted to stay longer. "I don't like to leave you alone," answered the chairman; "you might get in the way."

"Wants to stay, does he?" said the general manager. "Well, he can, if you are willing. I'll put him in charge of one of the men, and we can come through here on the way back. He will enjoy seeing them pour the big castings."

He beckoned to one of the men, a stalwart, curly-haired young fellow. "George," he said, "the little fellow wants to see the big ones poured. Take care of him until we come back."

"All right, sir." The workman held out his hand, and the boy promptly went to him.

"My stars!" ejaculated the chairman. "He's usually afraid of strangers."

"He knows a good horse when he sees one," remarked the general manager, as he stalked along ahead.

"Oh, now, I say," protested the chairman, "that was only my little joke!"

"And this was only mine," returned the manager, smiling, as the big iron doors closed behind them.

George Smith, "Big George Smith" they called him, to distinguish him from "Little George Smith," who was a pattern maker, took the boy by the hand and led him over to a safe place by the stone wall of the building.

"If you will stand right there," he said, "you will be safe, and you can see everything."

The little fellow was fascinated by the scene. There was a row of holes which the big ladle filled, quite near him, and as one after another was poured, he watched the process closely. There were three more, and the last one was quite close—not over 15 feet away.

Twice more the crane came with its heavy load, and then rolled noisily back to the spurting cupola. Now it rolled toward him again. A half-dozen men came with it to help direct the pouring, which was to be the most important one of the day. The eyes of the little boy glowed with excitement. This was to be the most thrilling spectacle of all.

The electric traveler overhead slowed and stopped. The enormous ladle was almost directly above the mold, the top of which was practically level with the surface of the floor. The great chains clanked as the huge receptacle was lowered to within a few inches of the ground.

At that moment something happened. There was a clanking as if a crossed link in the chain had suddenly straightened out. The ladle tilted more to one side. An instant it hung there, and then with a rattle as of a ratchet, it sank suddenly to the ground and turned on its side.

A great glowing pool of molten metal poured out on the earthen floor and spread in every direction. A cloud of steam from the damp sand ascended to the rafters. The men knew the danger all too well. They had started back at the premonitory sounds, and now they fled instantly, blindly, from the horrible flood.

The little boy stood with his back tight against the stone wall, wondering and thrilled, clasping and unclasping his hands. He was not frightened, but he was fairly sobbing with the excitement of this terrific climax to the wonderful sights he had seen. His eyes were confused by the sudden glare of light, and a great wave of awful heat swept over him.

The first irresistible rush of the fiery wave was checked, but still it spread out slowly in rivulets and branches on every side, like the tentacles of some hideous monster. Several of these horrid, glowing arms were stealing toward him, silently, mercilessly. He turned to fly, first one way, then another. He was surrounded on every side. The little fellow gave one awful cry of terror and despair, and stood there, trembling and sobbing.

The men, who had fled instinctively at the first warnings, had turned now and were gazing in horror at the terrible spectacle.

What could they do? Whatever was done must be done in an instant, for, second by second, the octopus-like arms of fire were creeping toward the boy. There was no time to wait and think out a plan of rescue, and Big George Smith had not waited.

Without a word he had rushed toward the boy. Men called to him to stop, but he did not hear them, or if he did, he gave no heed.

Leaping the arms of molten metal, he sprang nearer and nearer the boy. Once he fell short a few inches. The heel of his boot barely touching the edge of one of the streams, and was cut off as with a knife.

With one last, mighty bound, he reached the boy, and, gathering him in his arms without a moment's hesitation, he turned to retrace his steps. It was harder now. New streams and branches had formed, and interlaced and made pools of fire.

Keeping close to the wall, he hurried on desperately. The heat was stifling. Measuring with his eye, he leaped from spot to spot of floor yet uncovered, where sometimes only the half of his foot could rest, holding the lad high and close in his arms. Once he staggered and almost fell into the seething mass. The distance was less than 30 feet altogether that he had to go, but so erratically had the liquid spread itself that his course was zigzag, here and there, wherever he could gain an instant's footing. To fall, he knew, meant death in its most horrible form for himself, and probably for the boy.

Out at the edge of the little lake of fire the men were working like mad with shovels, building a dam of sand and throwing great shovelfuls on the outer edge of the pool to make a last footing, for the iron had filled in for several feet from the edge all of the bare spots which had served for stepping-places when Smith ran to the rescue but a moment before.

He was within 12 feet of the edge now, standing on a little hill of sand where there was only room for one foot to rest, and all around, on every side, was a sea of death. There was but one way, and he did not hesitate. Without pausing an instant, he sprang as far as he could, splashed for a single step into the awful, burning flood, and staggered into the arms of the men waiting to receive him.

The father gathered his boy unharmed into his arms, while the men, trained to such emergencies, knelt over Big George Smith, tearing away what had once been shoes from what had once been feet, and applying the "first aid" remedies, always at hand.

An hour later the surgeon came into the office, where the general manager and the chairman of the board of directors sat figuring out the details of the ten per cent. increase in wages.

"We'll save his feet," said the surgeon, cheerily. "A little crippled, but still pretty good feet. There's a man for you!" he continued, with professional enthusiasm. "Wonderful vitality! magnificent physique!"

"Strong as a horse!" remarked the general manager.

"Please don't!" said the chairman of the board of directors, gently, and there were tears in his eyes. "Don't rub it in. The question now is: What can we do for Big George Smith?"

"Well, I'll tell you what I'm going to do," said the general manager. "We need another assistant foreman for No. 3 foundry, and there's no better man for the job. He's my choice."

"Em—em—yes," said the chairman, musingly. "Perhaps that will do—for the present. But I can't let you have him long. I have in mind a little private enterprise of my own which needs just such a man as he is, and I want to have him where I can keep my eye on him."

"Lucky George Smith!" ejaculated the surgeon.

"Brave George Smith!" responded the capitalist, as if he were proposing a toast.—Youth's Companion.

A Reluctant Admission.

"How is your boy getting on at school?"

"Pretty well. He is beginning to admit that the Trojan war was almost as big a thing in its way as a football game."—Washington Star.

Thinking of His Pocketbook.

"What makes papa so cross?"

"I don't know. Did you say anything to annoy him?"

"Certainly not. I just happened to remark that Christmas was almost here."—Chicago Post.

Culture's Capital.

"Boston considers itself America's intellectual center, doesn't it?"

"Worse than that. It considers itself America's intellectual circumference."—Town Topics.

Suburban Chat.

Joe—And horseless carriages out your way?

Jim—Horseless? I guess so; but we call them mule teams.—Detroit Free Press.

Report Was Well Founded.

Mrs. Dearborn—They tell me your cook is an angel.

Mrs. Wabash—I reckon she is. She tried to light the fire with kerosene this morning.—Yonkers Statesman.

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We can furnish any quantity of testimonials, although we do not take much stock in this sort of matter. We think the goods should testify for themselves. We consider this the very best recommendation to offer.

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equals that of some of the large city establishments; but there is this difference: The operating expense at Burrsville are very much lower, and therefore, THE PRICES ARE LOWER. It will, we think, pay you to get your supplies—in the various lines of hardware—at Burrsville. Here are some recent letters about ranges of which there are 15 different makes in steel, wrought and malleable iron. Read what patrons say.

MR. T. HARVEY:

The Steel Range I bought of you gives entire satisfaction. It is a good burner and a splendid baker. I don't see how a range could work any better.

JAS. HORNS,

December 14, 1901.

TO MR. HARVEY, Sir:—Have given the "Quick Meal" Range bought of you a thorough trial, and am well satisfied with it. Being quick to heat it saves much in fuel, and yet bakes evenly at bottom and top. I could not ask a better cooking stove. H. L. SAULSBURY.

Hickman, Del., Nov. 27, 1901.

MR. HARVEY, Sir:—The Born Steel Range that I bought of you is perfectly satisfactory in every way.

A. H. CAHALL.

Whiteleysburg, Md., Feb. 27, 1902

MR. T. HARVEY:—The Born Steel Range I bought of you gives entire satisfaction in every way. It burns green wood well and bakes to perfection.

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QUEEN ANNE'S RAILROAD COMPANY.

TIME TABLE.—In Effect Tuesday, October 28th, 1902.

EASTWARD.—Read Downward. Saturday Only.	Daily Ex. Sat. & Sun.	Daily Ex. Sunday	Daily Ex. Sunday.	Distance from Balto.	NAME OF STATION.		WESTWARD.—Read Upward. Daily Ex. Sunday.	Daily Ex. Sunday.	Daily Ex. Sat. & Sun.	Saturday Only.
P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	Miles.			A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
2.00	3.15	.....	6.15	.....	Lv..... Baltimore..... Ar.		11.50	.....	9.00	7.40
3.55	5.10	.....	8.10	25.00	Ar. { Kent Island. { Lv.		9.40	.....	7.00	5.40
4.00	5.15	10.45	8.20	.....	Lv. {	Stevensville.....	9.29	10.23	5.58	5.05
4.07	5.22	11.00	8.29	28.81	.....	Chester.....	9.21	10.13	5.48	4.56
4.10	5.25	11.15	8.32	30.44	.....	Narrows.....	9.18	f10.03	f 5.38	f 4.48
f 4.13	f 5.28	f11.18	f 8.35	.....	.....	Winchester.....	9.13	9.58	5.33	4.43
4.18	5.32	11.30	8.40	31.59	.....	Wallace.....	f 9.10	f 9.54	f 5.24	f 4.39
f 4.20	f 5.35	f11.33	f 8.43	33.82	.....	Queenstown.....	9.04	9.48	5.18	4.33
4.25	5.40	11.40	8.49	35.06	Ar. {	Centreville.. { Ar.	9.30	.....	.....	.....
4.45	5.58	11.57	9.30	44.36	Lv. {	Centreville.. { Lv.	8.35	9.20	4.50	4.06
4.00	4.50	.....	8.35	.....	.....	Bloomingdale.....	8.59	.....	f 5.08	f 4.18
f 4.30	f 5.45	.....	f 9.06	49.40	.....	Wye Mills.....	8.53	.....	f 5.04	f 4.11
f 4.35	f 5.50	.....	f 9.14	49.45	.....	Willoughby.....	8.47	.....	f 4.52	f 4.02
f 4.42	f 5.55	.....	f 9.22	49.43	.....	D. & C. Junction.....	f 8.40	.....	.....	.....
.....	6.04	.....	.....	.....	.....	Queen Anne.....	8.38	.....	4.39	3.49
4.53	6.06	.....	9.34	50.48	.....	Downes.....	8.32	.....	4.30	3.40
5.00	6.12	.....	9.42	54.68	.....	Tuckahoe.....	8.25	.....	f 4.23	f 3.37
f 5.04	f 6.15	.....	f 9.46	55.05	.....	Denton.....	8.24	.....	4.20	3.30
5.11	6.21	.....	9.55	55.99	.....	Hobbs.....	8.18	.....	4.04	3.14
5.17	6.27	.....	10.10	60.39	.....	Hickman.....	8.10	.....	3.52	3.02
5.26	6.35	.....	10.30	64.57	.....	Adamsville.....	f 8.06	.....	f 3.44	f 2.54
f 5.30	f 6.39	.....	f10.34	66.40	.....	Blanchard.....	f 8.01	.....	f 3.37	f 2.47
f 5.35	f 6.44	.....	f10.39	68.55	.....	Greenwood.....	f 7.55	.....	3.30	2.40
5.43	6.50	.....	10.49	71.99	.....	Owens.....	f 7.47	.....	f 3.00	f 2.10
f 5.51	f 6.57	.....	f10.55	75.47	.....	Oakley.....	f 7.43	.....	f 2.55	f 2.05
f 5.56	f 7.01	.....	f11.00	77.55	Ar {	Eliendale.. { Lv.	7.36	.....	2.48	1.58
.....	.....	.....	11.05	.....	Lv. {	Eliendale.. { Ar.	.....	.....	.....	.....
6.04	7.08	.....	11.15	81.02	.....	Wolfe.....	f 7.29	.....	f 2.39	f 1.39
f 6.12	f 7.15	.....	f11.23	81.91	.....	Milton.....	7.22	.....	2.31	1.31
6.20	7.22	.....	11.30	87.75	.....	Whitesboro.....	f 7.14	.....	f 2.11	f 1.21
f 6.28	f 7.30	.....	f11.40	91.55	.....	Overbrook.....	f 7.11	.....	f 2.08	f 1.18
f 6.31	f 7.33	.....	f11.43	92.82	Ar.....	Lewes..... Lv.	7.03	.....	2.00	1.10
6.40	7.42	.....	11.52	96.82			A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.							

f Stops on signal to take on or let off passengers.

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6 25	2 50	Baltimore	11 23	6 48
7 25	3 20	Phila.	10 54	5 46
9 40	5 22	Clayton	8 50	3 46
9 49	5 31	Kenton	8 41	3 57
f9 58	f5 40	Hartley	f8 32	f3 28
f10 00	f5 42	Slaughter	f8 30	f3 26
10 07	5 49	Marydel	8 22	3 19
f10 13	f5 55	Henderson	f8 17	f3 13
f10 19	f6 01	Goldsboro	f8 11	f3 07
10 28	6 10	Greensboro	8 02	2 58
10 37	6 19	Ridgely	7 53	2 49
10 45	6 27	Queen Ann	7 44	2 40
f10 54	f6 36	Cordova	f7 35	f2 30
f11 00	f6 42	Chapel	f7 29	f2 23
11 12	6 54	Easton	7 20	2 16
11 26	f7 08	Trappe	f7 04	f2 00
11 35	7 17	Oxford	6 55	1 51

"f" stops to leave or take passengers on notice to conductor.

DELAWARE DIVISION.

Trains on this division leave Harrington as follows: 2.18 a m; 8.10 a m; mail, 9.07 a m; 3.09 p m; passenger, 4.43 p m, arriving in Philadelphia at 5.10; 10.54 a m, 12.06, 5.46 and 7.48 p m, respectively. Trains on same division leave Philadelphia at 7.25 a m, 10.16 a m, 3.20 p m, 5.59 p m, and 11.21 p m, arriving at Harrington at 10.36 a m, 12.43, 6.10, 9.06 p m, and 2.00 a m, respectively.

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