Kent News.

CHESTERTOWN - FEB. 1, 1890.

The Universal Malady.

Why is all the house so dismal?
  Papa's got the grippe.
Why this look of woe abysmal?
  Papa's got the grippe.
Why this coughing and this sneezing?
Why this blowing and this wheezing?
Why that tone and manner freezing?
  Papa's got the grip.

What's that turmoil and confusion?
  Mamma's got the grippe.
She knows well it's no illusion,
  Mamma's got the grippe.
Back, and head, and eyes are aching,
Brain feels heavy, knees are shaking,
Don't the children get a raking!
  Mamma's got the grippe.

Why this howling and this yelling?
  Baby's got the grippe.
Whew! Of all his woes he's telling.
  Baby's got the grippe.
What a squirming and a kicking,
Just as if a pin were sticking,
In his tender flesh and pricking!
  Baby's got the grippe.

Oh, for some relief effective
  From this cursed grippe!
Oh, for some new fierce invective
  To describe the grippe.
When you've taken six or seven
Quinine pills, and need eleven
More, it makes you sigh for Heaven,
  Where there is no grippe.

The Law's Intricacies.

"I ain't gwine to stay here no longer." The country judge, to whom the remark was addressed, looked up and saw a bench-legged old nigger standing near, says the Arkansaw Traveler.

"What's the matter?"

"Wall, sah, I jest kain't erford ter stay in a place whar de folks beat me like da do here."

"But what have I got to do with it?"

"You is de jedge ob de country, ain't you?"

"I'm the county judge."

"Yes, sah; an' I has come to see you on bizness. Some time ergo I bought a pese of land down on de bayou. Built me a house on it, I did, an' gunter lib dar in good shape, too, but one day I sorter stumbled an' fell in debt, an' den ter keep my house from being tuck away from me I had it made ober ter my wife. Dat wuz feckshun and love on my part, an' I thought dat my wife oughter be mighty thankful ter me, but what did she do?"

"I don't know," the judge answered.

"May be you don't but I does. She willed dat land ter a feller dat I doan kere nothin' erbout, dat is whut she has gone and done."

"Willed it to him?"

"Dat's whut I said."

"When did she die?"

"She ain't dead."

"How, then, did she will it to him?"

"Had de papers drawn up and turned me outen de house. Er yaller preacher come eround and suaded her; scoundrel tole her I wasn't gwine ter live long—said dat de Lawd had tole him so in a dream. Tole my wife, de yaller scoundrel did, dat when I died he'd marry her and make her er powerful lady in the congregation. Dat scoundrel sold de land and has dun left de country. Now tell me whut is I gwine to do?"

"I don't know."

"Will de law hurt me if I follers dat man and kills him?"

"Hang you."

"Wall, but what is de law gwine to do wid dat man fur beatin' me outen my own house?"

"I do not know that it can do anything."

"But it will surely break my neck ef I kills him?"

"Yes."

"Law is made fur yaller men, it pears like."

"Don't know that it is, but this yellow man surely has the advantage."

"Yas, sah; but de law kain't make me lib wid dat most trifling and no count lady, ken it?"

"No."

"Thank de Lawd fur dat much, anyhow. And ef I goes and marries ernother lady it will be all right wid de 'law, won't it?"

"Not unless you get a divorce."

"Hafter spend my money fur er 'vorce atter she shun went and turned me outen de house?"

"Yes."

"Wall, dis is de cuis country I ever seed in my life. Laws made in faber of no count ladies and yaller men. I'm gwine to make some law fur myself and ef you yere an army gun go off some day and den yere er yaller man holler, you may know dat de law hab done gone inter effeck."

SALLY CONQUERED.

How She Melted the Old Squire's Heart by a Witty Remark.

Many of the first settlers of Illinois were rude in speech and rough in manner. Money was scarce with them, and service was paid for in produce. Governor B., according to the New York *Ledger*, used to illustrate these incidents of frontier life by the following anecdote: One day when he was a justice of the peace there come to his office a young man, accompanied by a young woman.

"Be you the squire?" asked the manly youth.

"Yes sir."

"Can you tie the knot for us right away?"

"Yes, sir."

"How much do you charge?"

"One dollar is the legal fee, sir."

"Will you take your fee in beeswax?"

"Yes, if you can't pay cash."

"Well, go ahead and tie the knot, and I'll fetch in the wax."

"No," said the squire, thinking there was a good chance for a little fun; "bring in the beeswax first, and then I'll marry you."

Reluctantly the youth went out to where was hitched the horse upon which, Darby and Joan fashion, the pair had ridden, and brought the wax in a sack. On being weighed its value was found to be only about half a dollar.

"Wal," said the anxious groom, "tie the knot, and I'll fetch more wax next week."

"No, sir; I don't trust; that's against the rules of this office."

Slowly the disappointed youth turned to go out, saying:

"Come, Sal; let's go."

"I say, mister," answered Sal, with a woman's wit, "can't you marry us as far as the wax will go?"

"Yes, I can, and will," replied the squire, laughing; and he did.

NOT only should careless statements regarding our neighbors be ignored, but facts themselves should be often subdued in the interest of right thinking and fairness to our fellows.

THE most wonderful work of God is man; but brand him a slanderer and God will disown his work.

TRUE genius lurketh under cover, while arrogance stalks abroad in the full light of day.

HOW DEPEW GOT EVEN.

"Ever hear how Chauncey M. Depew got the ship-chair he used on his last trip to England?" asked a member of the New York consolidated exchange.

The *World* had not heard, and the broker proceeded to unfold.

The day before his departure Mr. Depew and a friend were walking on Fourth avenue. In a conspicuous place on the sidewalk in front of a small furniture store were two ship-chairs, each bearing a placard inscribed 'Sold to Chauncey M. Depew.'

Mr. Depew caught sight of the chairs and, scratching his chin a moment said:

"By Jove, I had almost forgotten about these pesky chairs. Got to take 'em right along now or I'll not get 'em aboard the ship," and, swinging the two light chairs over his shoulder, he walked rapidly up the street.

The furniture man, a stout German, came rushing out of his shop and followed as fast as he could run, calling after Mr. Depew to drop the chairs and yelling for a policeman.

"What's all this row about?" asked an officer who arrived on the scene as the furniture man came up puffing and blowing.

"Dose fellers carry off mine shairs!" he exclaimed, as soon as he could get command of his breath. "I vant them tooken right away to the court-house."

"You see the inscription on these chairs," said Mr. Depew quietly to the officer, as he pointed out the card, "Sold to Chauncey M. Depew." "You may not know me, but I am Mr. Depew," and he took a card from his pocket and handed it to the officer. "I sail for Europe to-morrow and these are ship-chairs I expect to use on the trip."

The shopman began to make some explanation.

"Just hold on now, fatty, "interrupted the officer, who could not see where any satisfactory explanation could be made. "You've sold these chairs to Mr. Depew and printed his name on 'em. If there's any dispute about the bill this isn't the place to settle it. Don't lose any time gettin' back to your shop or I'll run yer in for disturbin' the peace. See?"

"That's a trick these fellows have," said Mr. Depew to his companion as he negotiated with a boy to deliver the chairs on board his steamer. "These chairs do not belong to me any more than they belong to the shah, but they will come handy, all the same. The furniture man or some of his clerks heard I was go to Europe and putting my name on the chairs and displaying them on the sidewalk was simply an advertising trick. The proper place to advertise is in the newspapers. I'm not a newspaper man, but I'm opposed to sidewalk advertisements."

"And that," concluded the broker, "is how Mr. Depew got his ship-chair."

Suggestions to a Fretful Wife.

"Hester!" exclaimed Aunt Susan, ceasing her rocking and knitting, and sitting upright, "do you know what your husband will do when you are dead?"

"What do you mean?" was the startled reply.

"He will marry the sweetest tempered girl he can find."

"O, auntie!" Hester began.

"Don't interrupt me until I have finished," said Aunt Susan, leaning back and taking up her knitting. "She may not be as good a housekeeper as you are; in fact I think not, but she will be good natured."

"Why, auntie—"

"That isn't all," composedly continued Aunt Susan. "To-day your husband was half way across the kitchen floor, bringing you the first ripe peaches, and all you did was to look on and say, 'There, Will, just see your tracks on my clean floor! I won't have my floor all tracked up.' Some men would have thrown the peaches out of the window. To day you screwed up your face when he kissed you, because his moustache was damp, and said, 'I never want you to kiss me again.' When he empties anything you tell him not to spill it; when he lifts anything you tell him not to break it. From morning until night your sharp voice is heard complaining and fault-finding. And last winter, when you were sick, you scolded him about his allowing the pump to freeze, and took no notice when he said, 'I was so anxious about you that I did not think of the pump."

"But, auntie—"

"Harken, child. The strongest and most intelligent of them all care more for a woman's tenderness than for anything else in the world, and without this the cleverest and most perfect housekeeper is sure to lose her husband's affection in time. There may be a few more men like Will—as gentle, as loving, as chivalrous, as forgetful of self, and so satisfied with loving that their affections will die a long, struggling death. But in most cases it takes but a few years of fretfulness and fault-finding to turn a husband's love into irritated indifference."

"But, auntie—"

"Yes; well, you are not dead yet, and that sweet-natured woman has not been found, so you have time to become so serene and sweet that your husband can never imagine that there is a better tempered woman in existence."

Starting a Balky Horse.

On Friday afternoon a young man drove up Main street on the street car tracks. He had a one-horse wagon and a load of hemlock slabs. When he was about half way up the hill his horse balked. There was a row of street cars behind him which reached to the four corners in a few minutes, and every driver was leaning out from his platform and yelling more or less emphatically at the young man to start his horse.

The young man climbed down from the wagon and tried to start the horse. He coaxed, swore, tried to lead and to push the horse along, but to no purpose. The animal wanted a vacation, and wanted it right away.

Meantime a crowd had collected on the side walk and yelled:

"Twist his tail!"

"Build a fire under him!"

"Put pepper in his nose!"

"Club him!"

"Get a wisp of hay and lead him!"

"Hitch a team to him!"

"Blow smoke in his eyes!"

By this time the street car drivers were frantic, but the horse did not seem to care. Finally an old farmer came down the walk, stopped, saw what was the matter, and went up to where the horse stood. He reached up to the horse's head and stuck his finger down in one of the horse's ears.

The effect was instantaneous. The beast started up instantly, the street cars moved on, and the old farmer said as he came back to the walk: "That allers fetches 'em, b'gosh!"

OH, the clothes press is a swell affair
  For garments nice and neat;
The hay press is a grand machine
  And does its work complete;
The cider press is lovely
  With its juices rich and sweet,
But the printing press controls the world
  And gets there with both feet.

A MEMBER of the Dakota legislature is named Ink. He will no doubt make his mark.

They Had Much Money.

Two men walked rapidly down Wall street recently and entered one of the prominent banking institutions, says the Philadelphia *Press*. They were sturdy, heavy-set men. One carried a small black sachel. Both kept their eyes roaming from side to side. I followed them into the bank. The man with the sachel sat down, dropping the bag carelessly on the floor. The other went into the receiving teller's inclosure, reached down in his breast pocket and extracted a package of bills. Thess were hastily counted, and the two strangers left. The teller jammed the bills into an envelope, sealed it and pitched it into a safe, afterward closing the door in a perfunctory manner. The entire transaction occupied less than two minutes. Then the teller turned to me and said:

"How much do you suppose was in that package?"

"Why, about $500."

"Yes, and a little more. It contained one million four hundred and forty-odd thousand."

"You don't mean it."

"Yes," he said showing his memoranda. "You see, it's nearly all in $10,000 bills. There is no great danger in carrying notes of that denomination, because, except here in New York, they are so seldom used that suspicion would at once be directed toward any one who attempted to negotiate them."

"One thing still puzzles me."

"What did the messenger have in his sachel?"

"Nothing but a half brick. The sachel is carried as a blind, to throw any possible thief off the track."

A Great Thinker's Faith.

There is a paper of great interest in the current issue of *Harper's Magizine* on "Talks With Edison." In it is this important conversation:

"I do not believe," he said, "that matter is inert, acted upon by an outside force. To me it seems that every atom is possessed by a certain amount of primitive intelligence. Look at the thousand ways in which atoms of hydrogen combine with those of other elements, forming the most diverse substances. Do you mean to say that they do this without intelligence? Atoms in harmonious and useful relation assume beautiful or interesting shapes and colors, or give forth a pleasant perfume, as if expressing their satisfaction. In sickness, death, decomposition or filth, the disagreement of the component atoms immediately makes itself felt by bad odors. Gathered together in certain forms, the atoms constitute animals of the lower orders. Finally they combine in man, who represents the total intelligence of all the atoms."

"But where does this intelligence come from originally?" I asked.

"From some power greater than ourselves."

"Do you believe, then, in an intelligent Creator, a personal God?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Edison. "The existence of such a God can, to my mind, almost be proved from chemistry."

Agnostics, infidels and scoffers should read those lines closely. They are expressions of a great genius, a practical scientist of wide research and large knowledge, and of a man whose life has been a life of action among men of the world.

Kisses by Mail.

A young postmaster of a village postoffice was hard at work when a gentle tap was heard upon the door, and in stepped a bashful maiden of 16 with a money order which she desired cashed. She handed it to the official with a bashful smile who, after closely examining it, handed her the money it called for. At the same time he asked her if she had read what was written on the margin of the order.

"No, I have not," she replied, "for I cannot make it out. Will you please read it for me?"

The young postmaster read as follows: "I send you $3 and a dozen kisses."

Glancing at the bashful girl, he said: "Now, I have paid you the money, and I suppose you want the kisses?"

"Yes," she said, "if he has sent me any kisses I want them, too."

It is hardly necessary to say that the balance of the order was promptly paid, and in a scientific manner at that, and eminently satisfactory to the country maiden, for she went out of the office smacking her lips as if there was a taste upon them she never encountered before.

After she arrived home she remarked to her mother: "Eh, mother, but this postoffice system of ours is a great thing, developing more and more every year, and each new feature added seems to be the best. Jimmie sent me a dozen kisses along with the money-order, and the postmaster gave me twenty. It beats the special delivery system all hollow."—*U. S. Mail.*

IT is well the book of life is opened to us page by page. Were all the hard lines bared at once the task would be too hard to master.

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stimulates the torpid liver, strengthens the digestive organs, regulates the bowels, and are unequaled as an

ANTI-BILIOUS MEDICINE.

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MEN'S and BOY'S WINTER BOOTS at prices to compete with the lowest. J. H. SIMPERS.

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THROW AWAY THE SHOE BRUSH

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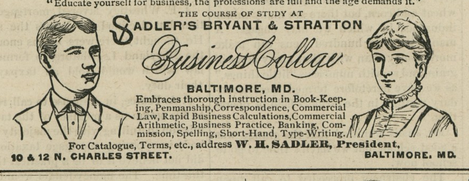

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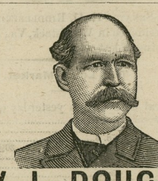

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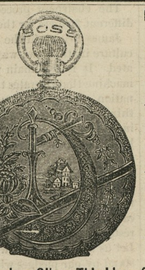

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No. 53 West Pratt Street.

Special attention given to the sale of Grain Dried, Evaporated and Green Fruits.

J. K. B. EMORY. F. W. NEAVITT.

WM. H. RUTTER

—WITH—

EMORY & NEAVITT,

GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

—FOR THE SALE OF—

Grain, Seeds, Hay, Fruit, Live Stock, Wool and all kinds Country Produce.

No. 202 South St., Baltimore, Md.

Reference—Citizens' National Bank, Agents for Wheeler Line of Steamers. je12-y.

JAS. W. STEVENS. R. NELSON STEVENS

STEVENS BROTHERS,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

—FOR THE SALE OF—

Grain, Fruits, Live Stock, Wool and Country Produce Generally.

Special attention given to the sale of GRAIN and FRUITS.

No. 303 South Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.

Reference—Merchants' National Bank.

JAMES W. JEROME & CO.,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

FOR THE SALE OF

GRAIN, FRUITS, LIVE STOCK, AND PRODUCE GENERALLY.

20 East Camden Street, (*Near Light Street Wharf*) Baltimore, Maryland.

WRIGHT & LONEY,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

FOR THE SALE OF

Grain, Fruit, Hides, Poultry, Live Stock and all kinds Country Produce.

No. 215 S. Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.

REFERENCE.—Drovers and Mechanics' National Bank, cor. Eutaw and Fayette sts. ja29.

PHILADELPHIA.

W. B. STEPHENS,

—WITH—

W. P. DOLBEY,

Commission Merchant & Produce Dealer,

N. E. Cor. Baltimore Avenue and 40th Street,

PHILADELPHIA.

LIVE STOCK OF ALL KINDS.

Strict attention will be given to all consignments or communications. Parties having sheep or lambs will do well to address us when they are ready for shipment. Mr. Stephens is my authorized agent to buy stock and produce for me. He will be through Kent in a few weeks, to look after the lamb and sheep trade for which the highest cash will be paid. W. P. DOLBY.

j18-3m.

P. E. CREW & CO.,

(Successors to CREW & IRELAND,)

FRUIT, PRODUCE & LIVE STOCK

Commission Merchants,

324 North Water Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

Strict attention will be given to all consignments or communications. Check and account statement immediately on sales if desired. Berries and Peaches a specialty in their season.

Consignments solicited. Attention given to all orders. P. E. CREW.

G. P. MOYER. S. F. CREW.

J. P. MOYER & CO.,

Commisssion Merchants in Live Stock,

EGGS and POULTRY.

No. 256 North Front Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Returns sent promptly. tf.

R. E. BRICE. J. E. HENDRICKSON

J. E. HENDRICKSON & CO.,

Produce Commission Merchants

IN ALL KINDS OF COUNTRY PRODUCE AND LIVE STOCK.

328 North Front Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

Consignments solicited. Returns promptly sent on sale of goods. Orders promptly filled and inquiries cheerfully answered. fe12-y.

TAKE NOTICE

Tax-Payers of the Fifth District!

THE TAXES ARE NOW DUE; the tax-book for the Fifth District is in my hands and I am ready to receive the amounts due for 1889. All who have taxes to pay will find it very much to their interest to pay promptly. The law is so strict that I am not allowed to indulge even though I were so inclined. For the accommodation of tax-payers I will be in Chestertown on the first Tuesday in each month; at Fairlee on the first Monday in each month; at Rock Hall every Saturday afternoon, and at home at other times. WM. H. COLEMAN.

Aug. 17, 1889—tf.

WHITE BLANKETS from $1 per pair up. J. H. SIMPERS.

DAILY LINE TO BALTIMORE!

Steamer Gratitude

Leave LONG COVE, (Tuesday & Friday)	6.30 A. M.
" CENTREVILLE, (daily) -	7.00 A. M.
" JACKSON'S CREEK, (daily) -	8.15 A. M.
" ROCK HALL, (daily)	9.15 A. M.
Arriving IN BALTIMORE - -	11.30 A. M.
Returning, leave BALTIMORE, (daily) -	2.15 P. M.
Arriving at ROCK HALL - -	4.15 P. M.

Excursion Ticket (good until used) -	$1.00
Single Fare - - - - -	75
Fare from Rock Hall, each way - -	50

Elegant accommodations at Rock Hall for the care of passengers and teams.

C. HALYBURTON, Jr., GEN'L MANAGER, Pier 13 Light Street.

March 16, 1889.

Chester River Steamboat Company.

CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.

TUESDAY, JAN. 7, 1890.

Steamer EMMA A. FORD

Will leave Chestertown every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 8 A. M., stopping at Rolph's, Booker's, Quaker Neck, Eastern Neck, Queenstown, Rock Hall, Kent Island and intermediate landings on Chester river.

RETURNING will leave Pier 7, Light Street Wharf at 11 A. M., alternate days.

The Steamer B. S. FORD

Will leave Centreville every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 8.30 A. M., stopping at landings on the Corsica river, and at Bogles, Queenstown, Kent Island and Rock Hall.

RETURNING will leave Pier 7, Light Street Wharf, at 11 A. M., alternate days.

Fare $1 Round Trip.

Tickets good until used, and accepted on all boats of the line.

The United States Express Company service on the daily boats, affording patrons an opportunity of making through shipments of freight to all points in the United States and Canada without delay.

For the convenience of our patrons, we have built at our Rock Hall landing, ample accommodations for the care of teams.

GEORGE WARFIELD, PRESIDENT.

Jan. 11, 1890.

SASSAFRAS RIVER LINE!

On and after MONDAY, December 9th, 1889, the

Steamer TRUMPETER

Will leave Georgetown on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 7.30 A. M.

Leave Pier 6, Light street, Baltimore, on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 10.30 A. M., stopping at all the landings on the route each way.

WILLIAM CUNDIFF, Pier 6, Light Street Wharf.

Dec. 7, 1889.

Balto. and Delaware Bay Railroad.

TIME TABLE No. 9.

CHANGE OF TIME, to Take Effect Nov. 30, 1889.

GOING EAST. Down & Freight No. 1. Daily except Sundays.	Down & Freight No. 3. Thursdays only.	DISTANCE.	STATIONS.	GOING WEST. Down & Freight No. 2. Daily except Tu's & Sundays.	Down & Freight No. 4. Thursdays only.
Read Downwards.				Read Upwards.	
A.M.	P.M.			P.M.	P.M.
6 25	1 25		Lve Chestertown Arr	1 05	12 45
6 37	1 37	5	" ....Worton ....Lve	12 53	12 30
6 45	1 45	7	" ....Lynch's.... "	12 47	12 20
6 49	1 49	9	" ....Still Pond... "	12 41	12 10
7 01	1 01	12	" ....Kennedyville "	12 29	11 55
7 13	2 13	15	" .....Black's.... "	12 17	11 40
7 28	2 28	18	" ...Lambson's... "	12 02	11 25
7 46	2 46	22	" ....Masseys.... "	11 14	11 05
7 58	2 58	25	" ....*Delaney's... "	11 32	10 50
8 10	3 10	28	" ...*Bingham's... "	11 20	10 35
8 25	3 25	32	Arr....Clayton.... "	11 05	10 15

Stations marked thus (*) have no agents.

Freights for Bingham's and Delaney's must be prepaid.

All Trains make close connection at Clayton with trains on the Delaware Railroad going North and South.

Freight carried at low rates to all points, and must be at the stations thirty (30) minutes before starting time, in order to insure dispatch.

The above arrangements on Thursdays will give passengers four hours in Philadelphia, and return the same day.

E. P. STACEY, SUP'T.

J. R. FRANKLIN, Gen'l Freight Agent.

Phila., Wilmington & Baltimore R. R.

DELAWARE DIVISION.

On and after Nov. 11th, 1889 (Sundays excepted) trains will leave as follows:

SOUTHWARD. PASS	PASS	EXP.	PASS		NORTHWARD. PASS	EXP.	PASS	PASS
P M	P M	A M	A M		A M	A M	P M	P M
6.07	4.01	11.55	7.27	...Phila....	9.32	10.32	1.27	8.50
5.17	12.45	10.08	6.40	...Balto....	10.39	11.10	2.00	9.25
7.00	4.43	12.21	8.30	Wilmin'n	8.43	9.42	12.22	7.35
	5.01		8.44	Farnhurst	8.33			7.26
7.11	5.05	12.32	8.50	N. Castle.	8.28	9.31	12.08	7.20
	5.10		8.56	Stateroad	8.23		12.02	7.13
7.19	5.16		9.01	....Bear....	8.17		11.56	7.08
7.26	5.20	12.44	9.10	...Porter's..	8.12	9.19	11.50	7.03
7.31	5.25	12.49	9.15	Kirkwood	8.06		11.45	6.59
7.39	5.34		9.23	Mt.Pleas't	7.57		11.36	6.50
	5.38		9.27	Armstro'g	7.53			6.44
7.48	5.43	1.06	9.33	Middlet'n	7.49	9.00	11.27	6.41
7.56	5.51		9.43	Townsend	7.40	8.50	11.18	6.32
	5.55		9.48	Blackbird	7.35		11.13	6.28
	6.02		9.54	GreenSp'g	7.28			6.20
8.09	6.06	1.25	10.00	.Clayton..	7.24	8.36	11.01	6.16
7.59	5.57	1.16	9.50	lv Smyrna	7.15	8.28	11.54	6.06
	6.12		10.05	Brenford	7.19		10 54	6.11
8.16	6.17		10.11	Cheswold	7.15		10.49	6.06
	6.20			...Dupont...	7.09			
8.26	6.26	1.42	10.22	...Dover...	7.06	8.20	10.40	5.57
8.