



F. H. COSTELLO.

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CHAPTER I.

OF MY BECOMING A SEAFARING MAN. I was born in the days of the Lord Protector, so that I was a little past my majority when the things that I have in mind to relate took place. My father was a sea captain, out of Portsmouth for the Mediterranean, and was killed by the Barbary pirates and his ship taken a little time before I came of age. My mother grieved sorely for him, and only survived his loss a few months, and my two young brothers being then put out with a reputable haberdasher, and the little that remained of our fortune turned over to him for their benefit, I found myself of a sudden alone in the world, and brought, for the first time, to depend upon myself for a living. I had made a few voyages with my father, and had come to be something of a seaman, though I knew scarce anything of navigation, and this knowledge, with what I gained from an ordinary round of schooling, stood for all I was now to reckon on to make my way in the world. While I was reflecting on my condition, and casting about to see what I should do—for I did not relish the idea of using the sea, though that was now often in my mind—I chanced to fall in with a certain shipmaster, Daniel Houthwick by name, to whom, after a short acquaintance, I disclosed my case, and asked his advice. We were seated in the taproom of one of the little dock inns at the time, with a pot of old October before us and no one just by. The captain took a pull at his mug, which made his hairy throat give a great shiver, and after a little deliberation answered: "I should be blithe to help you, Master Ardick, could I but get my bearings to see how you know I am an old salt-water, with little run of things ashore. I might come at something by broad reckoning, but no better."

"Give me that," said I, eagerly. "Anything is better than beating about all ways in the wind." "Then how say you?" he began, "to taking up with the sea? I will not deny that it is a hard life, and I mistrust you do not incline to it, yet I think that your worse callings. Moreover, your father followed it, and I conceive you must have been born with some natural fitness for it. These things do not out of the blood in one generation. Have you, then, so much salt water in your veins as will overbear the objections?" I hung in the wind a little, for this was the very thing I would not have, yet I was slow to refuse. At last I answered: "I have indeed salt water in my veins, which is to say I like the sea, yet I have a scruple concerning a sailor's life, and thus far have not learned sufficient to overcome it."

He regarded me with attention while I was speaking, and when I had made an end smiled and was silent for a moment. "It is as I guessed," he then went on to answer. "Well, and I am willing to concede you three parts right. Yet how far there offered some opportunity for advancement—I mean without waiting half a lifetime?" "Why, in that case," I answered, not quite sure what he would be at, "the matter would stand in another light."

"Look you," he said, rising upon me then and speaking in a brisker tone than he had before, "I have a mind to make you a proposition. I am in want of a second mate. So we can agree upon terms, what say you to the place? It is a little better beginning than a bare berth before the mast, with the chance of betterment."

I could see the thing closing in upon me, as it were, yet hardly knew how to evade it, and, on the whole, began to care less to do so. "Well, captain," I finally answered, "I cannot see why I should decline such a kindly and timely offer. I agree, providing that I am able to fulfill all your requirements, which I somewhat doubt, being that my experience has been but brief."

He called for the score, which he insisted upon paying, and we left the inn, standing in the dock for several of the king's ships were fitting for sea, and the running about and pulling and hauling, all without much method or precision, were surprising and perplexing, but at last we reached the jetty where the captain's boat was lying. On the way it suddenly occurred to me that I had neglected to ask a pretty important question, which was the port that the industry—the captain's ship—was bound for. I asked it now, and learned that it was Havana, in the West Indies. This suited me very well, as I had never been in those parts, and had a young fellow's fondness for novelty. We boarded the gig, which a middle-aged sailor was keeping, and were soon clear of the tangle of shipping about the docks, and standing into the roadstead. I anticipated that one of the three large vessels that were at anchor some little distance out might be the industry, and accordingly asked the captain. "Aye, quite right," he answered, pointing to the easternmost of the ships. "There she is."

There was a dazzle on the water in that direction, and I could not get so perfect a view of her as I desired, but nevertheless I was able to judge her chief features. She stood pretty well out of the water (considering that she was loaded), and, while she had a good beam, was not overround in the bows, and was well and loftily sparred. She was painted black, with a gilded streak, and showed no brass for ports, which, indeed, was not surprising, as few merchantmen at that time carried their guns otherwise than on deck. All her tops seemed to be provided with shields, or barricades, and on the poop and along the bulwarks I could resolve the outlines of several sakers and swivels. Besides these she might carry some heavy piece, and, in fact, I caught a glimpse, through an open gun-port,

of a shape in a tarpaulin which could hardly be other than a long-range gun. The whole appeared to show that she was fitted to fight as well as to fly, which was passing needful in those troublesome times. Her burthen (as I afterward learned) was 350 tons, and as we approached her, and she flashed up her great black side, she looked ever larger. As we drew near, some heads showed above the bulwark, and I made out a ladder hanging over at that place. We pulled up to it, and when we rose on the next wave the sailor reached out a boat-hook and steadied us to it, and we were speedily up the side.

As I glanced about, taking in the fashion of the deck and such arrangements as had not been visible from the water, a short, broad man, in a kind of Dutch blouse and heavy sea boots, came from some place forward and accosted the captain. I inferred that he must be the mate, and so indeed, it proved, and upon being presented I found his name was Giles Sellinger, and that he hailed from Southampton. He had a resolute, honest-looking countenance, albeit the smallpox had pitted him rather severely, and I thought had the air of a good seaman and competent officer. The captain explained the meaning of my being aboard, and said that he doubted not I should suit them well, though it might be I should halt in some things at the beginning. Master Sellinger received this explanation in a way favorable to my pride.

We made no further delay, but returned to the town, and at the hour appointed to be fetched off I was ready, clothes-bag in hand. The tide had fallen since morning, and I had to walk to the edge of the jetty before I could espay the boat, which I then perceived at the foot of the long flight of wet steps. The two sailors, who were the crew, were alone in her, and so I saw that I was beforehand with my companions.

I waited a few moments, talking with the sailors (but not too freely, lest they conceive me an easy sort, which would not do), and presently I heard the voice of the captain. The sailors pushed the boat more fairly to the foot of the stairs, and directly the captain appeared at the top. "Aye, Master Ardick is here," I heard him say back to some one behind him, and almost with the words the person he had addressed joined him. The supercargo, for such, of course, the second man was, I found to be a nimble, erect little gentleman, in age perhaps



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As soon as Capt. Houthwick had put us on our course he presented me to the supercargo, giving his name as Mr. Tym, and informing him with some little pride that he would find me other than the common sort of sailor, being a man of considerable parts, and of a family above the ordinary, my father having been an owning shipmaster and the son of a justice of the peace, and my mother the daughter of a knight.

After a somewhat tedious pull, the wind being in part contrary and quite a sea beginning to run, we drew near, and I got up and made ready to seize the ladder. It was of rope, with wooden rungs, the top and bottom made fast, and presently I succeeded in catching it, and drew the bow of the boat near as was safe. The ship rose and sank and churned about in a troublesome fashion, but I managed to hold on, and first the captain and then Mr. Tym passed me and swung over to the ladder. The old supercargo was as steady and sure-footed as a rope-dancer, and it immediately occurred to me that he might be a veteran seagoer, a conclusion which was confirmed as I saw how coolly he waited on the ladder till the captain was out of the way, though the ship was rolling and pitching and sending frothing fountains of water up to the very soles of his dainty shoes. In a moment the captain had passed over the bulwark, and Mr. Tym began to follow, and it was then that I made a surprising discovery. I had noticed that the old fellow had kept his cloak partly about him, and I had marveled at it, as the day was so warm, but now, as he began to climb, the wind caught the garment and blew it out, and behold, he had lost his left hand! The sleeve hung loose and long about the wrist, and out of the drapery—showing queer among the lace—peeped the black turn of an iron hook. He caught this over the rungs of the ladder, alternating with his right hand, and without any difficulty mounted the unsteady side and swung himself lightly over the bulwark. This lively breeze was a fair one for our sails, and we must all needs look alive, and walk up the anchor and get the industry under canvas.

The captain mounted the poop, a man was sent to the tiller, and the mate

stationed himself just abaft the fore-castle to pass the word along. "Heave her short!" shouted the captain. "Heave her short!" repeated the mate, and the pawls of the windlass began to rattle.

"Loosen sail!" followed, and the men sprang into the rigging. Everything was cleared to let go, and all hands, except a man on each yard to stay the bunt, scampered back to the deck. "All ready aloft!" harked the mate. "All ready!" answered the fellows on the yards. "Let go!" and the ship flashed out white, and stood clothed in the waves of loose canvas. Then the chief topsails were set, the yards trimmed, and the anchor finally brought to a head. She steaded quickly to her work, and as she climbed away the light canvas was rapidly put out.

In a short time the watches were appointed, and the business of putting the ship in order and other like things of the beginning of a voyage attended to, and after that I had a little breathing space and slipped down to my cabin to find a small berth in the aftermost part of the 'twain decks, and here I found my clothes-bag and other effects, and proceeded to sing a hammock (preferring it to either of the bunks the berth contained), and sat down to have a brief smoke.

My smoke over, I strolled for a bit into the fore-castle, and then went again on deck, where I found the wind rather gathering strength and quite a stiff sea running. We reefed the topsails, and by that time supper was called. The rest of the evening passed without incident. I turned in early, as my watch was to be called at eight bells, and when the time came, crawled out mighty sleepy, but full of zeal, and so kept my four hours. As daylight all hands had to be called, and there was a heavy wind, which was verging on half a gale, and we whipped down the main-sail and the great lateen, and before we were done had to be satisfied with a reefed main topsail, a bit of foresail, and a reefed sprit-topsail.

"Marry, but this is something bold-terous for the narrow seas," said a high-pitched voice behind me, as I stood holding on by the lashings of the bit gun and watching the turmoil. I turned and saw the little supercargo, who had just come out of the cabin. He was balancing himself fearfully on his straddled legs, a long sea-coat whipping about him, and his hand clasped upon his hat to keep both that and his great curly wig from blowing away.

"Aye, sir," I said, "this is rough weather for the channel." "I saw worse once!" he shouted, with a kind of chuckle, and then immediately sucking in his lips, which I found was a way he had. "And how was that?" I asked, without do, and presently I heard the voice of the captain. The sailors pushed the boat more fairly to the foot of the stairs, and directly the captain appeared at the top.

"Aye, Master Ardick is here," I heard him say back to some one behind him, and almost with the words the person he had addressed joined him. The supercargo, for such, of course, the second man was, I found to be a nimble, erect little gentleman, in age perhaps 60, with some gray in his beard, but a good fresh skin, and dressed very handsomely in sad-colored velvet, low-crowned hat with feathers, yellow hose, and high-leathered French shoes, with blue rosettes. His head was covered with a fashionable flowing wig, and his broad sword-belt supported a good substantial sword with a silver hilt.

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BRAVE YOUNG WOMAN.

She Got Away with the Oysters But Not in the Usual Manner.

A young girl from the state of Washington who came out to visit a western settler's family last winter, had an experience she has not forgotten yet. The first few days of her stay in the capital were spent there, and her meals were sent to her room. On the very first evening she ordered oysters for dinner. Now, she knew nothing of a real, life-sized oyster, having spent all her days on the Pacific coast, where oysters are not oysters at all, but something altogether different. She was young and exceedingly inexperienced, and she said to the waiter: "Bring me 50 oysters." The waiter gasped. "Is that all," he said. "Oh, no," she answered, cheerfully. "Bring me—well, dinner, too." She says herself that she had to shut her eyelids tight to keep her eyes from popping clear out of her head when she saw the 50 oysters. "Isn't that more than 50?" she asked. "No, miss," answered the waiter. "Shall I take some away and let you grime it. It was the grin that did it. Her western blood rose at it. "No," she said, coolly. "It's not too many. I hunger." She looked the door after the astonished waiter, and opened the window. It was a dark night, but she could see the roofs of the adjoining houses almost within arm's reach beneath her window. Only a narrow alley separated the buildings. She took a fork, and dexterously, one by one, she thrust the oysters as far as she could. She could hear them fall moistly, softly, flabbily upon the roof opposite. When the waiter returned, two oysters lay on her plate. His eyes were wide open. "Was—was the oysters good?" he asked, and he did not grin. "Fairly good," she made answer, calmly; "but I wasn't really hungry, after all."—Washington Post.

TOO MUCH FOR HER NERVES.

An Experience That Caused the Lady Clerk to Go Into Another Business.

"I used to work for a collecting agency in one of the northern cities," said a woman penitentiary drummer, "and my experience was too busy exciting. My duty was to sit at a roll-top desk in the office and impersonate the proprietor. Light work, did you say? Just you wait. All day long men would come in and hammer the boxes. Where's the fellow that sends out these blackmailing letters?" was the usual salutation. Then I would smile sweetly and say: "I am the proprietor, what can I do for you?" "At this the visitor would look dazed, utter things under his breath and walk off. Occasionally the real proprietor would peer through an inside window to see whether I was still alive, for I must admit our letters were calculated to give a man the homicidal mania." "Well, things went along all right for nearly a month. There was one day a little very chap walked in carrying a thick case full of letters, and he said, 'Word of it, he's a fairy story.' 'Don't believe it,' I replied, 'still I can't beat a woman.' He thought awhile, and something in his eyes caught and held me. 'I'll have to take it out of the fixtures,' he said, finally, and upon my word, he broke up every blessed thing in the shop. 'I've got it quickly and systematically, and you never saw such a fearful rascal!' I screamed, but it did no good and he went right ahead. As a windy he smashed the chair and table and then he turned to the proprietor, who came in he had a bit. 'I was after that I went into the penitentiary business. The work is harder, but it is much less taxing on the nerves.'—N. O. Times-Democrat.

A DEAF-MUTE GIRL'S CURSE.

Scientific Value Attached to His Alleged Fulfillment—Paralysis Follows Blow. The right foot of Edwin Parker Trent, of Frankfort, Mo., has become paralyzed as a result of a tumor on the brain. The tumor was caused by a blow with a hatchet, struck by Bertha Trent, his deaf and dumb niece. The girl was sent subsequently to an insane asylum. Before starting she wrote the following on her tablet: "I wanted to kill him, but failed. I hate him, and I hope he will die by inches from creeping paralysis, beginning first at his feet and working up to his head." Specialists who have studied the case declare that Mr. Trent has unwittingly been of great benefit to science, as the tumor has located beyond question the exact spot where the sensor nerves from the right foot connect with the brain. While the doctors account for the paralysis on scientific grounds, people in the village believe that Mr. Trent's malady is the beginning of creeping paralysis, which has come to him through the curse of his niece.

MARVEL IN SKIN GRAFTING.

Arm Burned to the Bone is Saved by Application of the Flesh of the Sufferer. A wonderful case of skin grafting is that of James Crowley, who was burned some six weeks ago at Fond du Lac, Wis. By the upsetting of a lamp his face was burned to death, and in his efforts to save his father, the younger Crowley had the flesh burned from one of his arms. He was taken to the hospital, and as the means of saving the arm and perhaps his life, Dr. Connel informed his patient that he must take skin from his lower limbs for grafting his arm. The patient was placed under the influence of morphia, and for nearly two hours the operation was in progress. Pieces of skin an eighth of an inch in width and from a foot to a foot and a quarter in length were taken from his legs and used on the arm. After ten days the patient was declared out of danger, and the arm, which was burned to the bone, is almost well now.

The Case in a Nutshell.

Alabastine is a permanent coating for walls and ceilings, designed to take the place of kalsomins and wall paper. Alabastine sets with the wall. It is practically a stone cement, as hard and smooth as paint, but much less expensive, and is applied just as easily by anyone. It can be mixed with either cold or hot water, and applied with a kalsomine brush. It is clean, healthful, and economical. Every one of the strong points of Alabastine, proved to be such by the test of twenty years, is picked up by every new manufacturer of ordinary kalsomine and claimed for his goods. These claims are absurd on their face. Alabastine alone can prove its durability by the test of time. It is sold by paint dealers, in 5-lb. packages, properly labeled.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

A woman hates to spread scandal the way a cat doesn't hate to drink milk. If men would admit who did the proposing most of the time the novels would be different. Maybe so many husbands are brutes because if they weren't their wives would be something worse. When you hear a woman always tearing other women's husbands to pieces you can be sure there is something mighty wrong with her own.—N. Y. Press.

Ballroom & Ohio P. P. White Card. Schedule in effect Nov. 3, 1904. TRAINS LEAVE CAMBRIDGE, O., for Chicago and northwest, week-day limited, daily, 5:30 a. m. Sleeping car attached for Chicago and northwest, express limited, daily, 8:30 a. m. Sleeping car attached for Chicago. For Columbus, Cincinnati and St. Louis, 11:45 a. m. daily. Chair car attached. For Columbus, Cincinnati and St. Louis, 1:05 p. m. daily. Sleeping cars attached. Accommodation for all stations. Cambridge to Columbus, inclusive, 4:30 p. m. Returning, arrives at Cambridge at 7:10 p. m. Daily except Sunday. For Wheeling, Grafton, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, 10:00 a. m. limited leaves 10 p. m. Sleepers attached. For Wheeling and Washington, D. C., express 1:15 p. m. For Pittsburgh, Pa., and points beyond, 2:15 p. m. Sleepers attached. For Pittsburgh, Pa., and points beyond, 8:00 p. m. Chair cars attached. B. D. MARVIN, Manager of Passenger Traffic. M. FOLDYER, Agent, Cambridge, Ohio.

CLEVELAND, AKRON & COLUMBUS RY. Schedule in Effect January 2, 1905. SOUTH BOUND. Central Time. 7:15, 8:25, 9:35, 10:45, 11:55. Cleveland, Lv. 7:15, 8:25, 9:35, 10:45, 11:55. Euclid Avenue, Ar. 8:43, 9:50, 11:00, 12:10, 1:20. Hudson, Ar. 9:06, 10:15, 11:25, 12:35, 1:45. Cuyahoga Falls, Ar. 9:41, 10:54, 12:07, 1:17, 2:27. Akron, Ar. 10:06, 11:19, 12:32, 1:42, 2:52. Orrville, Lv. 10:33, 11:46, 12:59, 2:09, 3:19. Gambier, Ar. 11:33, 12:46, 1:59, 3:09, 4:19. Westerville, Lv. 11:33, 12:46, 1:59, 3:09, 4:19. Mt. Vernon, Ar. 12:48, 1:59, 3:09, 4:19, 5:29. Centerville, Lv. 1:18, 2:29, 3:39, 4:49, 5:59. Westerville, Ar. 1:48, 2:59, 4:09, 5:19, 6:29. Columbus, Ar. 2:18, 3:29, 4:39, 5:49, 6:59. Cincinnati, Lv. 2:48, 3:59, 5:09, 6:19, 7:29. NORTH BOUND. Central Time. 7:15, 8:25, 9:35, 10:45, 11:55. Cincinnati, Lv. 7:15, 8:25, 9:35, 10:45, 11:55. Columbus, Ar. 8:43, 9:50, 11:00, 12:10, 1:20. Westerville, Lv. 9:06, 10:15, 11:25, 12:35, 1:45. Mt. Vernon, Ar. 9:41, 10:54, 12:07, 1:17, 2:27. Centerville, Lv. 10:06, 11:19, 12:32, 1:42, 2:52. Orrville, Ar. 10:33, 11:46, 12:59, 2:09, 3:19. Gambier, Lv. 11:33, 12:46, 1:59, 3:09, 4:19. Hudson, Ar. 11:33, 12:46, 1:59, 3:09, 4:19. Cuyahoga Falls, Lv. 12:06, 1:19, 2:32, 3:42, 4:52. Akron, Ar. 12:31, 1:44, 2:57, 4:07, 5:17. Euclid Avenue, Lv. 12:56, 2:09, 3:22, 4:32, 5:42. Cleveland, Ar. 1:26, 2:39, 3:52, 5:02, 6:12. Dressen avenue, Ar. 1:26, 2:39, 3:52, 5:02, 6:12. 21st Lv. 1:56, 3:09, 4:22, 5:32, 6:42. 17th, Ar. 2:06, 3:19, 4:32, 5:42, 6:52. 13th, Ar. 2:16, 3:29, 4:42, 5:52, 7:02. 9th, Ar. 2:26, 3:39, 4:52, 6:02, 7:12. 5th, Ar. 2:36, 3:49, 5:02, 6:12, 7:22. 1st, Ar. 2:46, 3:59, 5:12, 6:22, 7:32. 21st, Ar. 3:16, 4:29, 5:42, 6:52, 8:02. 17th, Ar. 3:26, 4:39, 5:52, 7:02, 8:12. 13th, Ar. 3:36, 4:49, 6:02, 7:12, 8:22. 9th, Ar. 3:46, 4:59, 6:12, 7:22, 8:32. 5th, Ar. 3:56, 5:09, 6:22, 7:32, 8:42. 1st, Ar. 4:06, 5:19, 6:32, 7:42, 8:52. 21st, Ar. 4:36, 5:49, 7:02, 8:12, 9:22. 17th, Ar. 4:46, 5:59, 7:12, 8:22, 9:32. 13th, Ar. 4:56, 6:09, 7:22, 8:32, 9:42. 9th, Ar. 5:06, 6:19, 7:32, 8:42, 9:52. 5th, Ar. 5:16, 6:29, 7:42, 8:52, 10:02. 1st, Ar. 5:26, 6:39, 7:52, 9:02, 10:12. Dressen avenue, Ar. 5:26, 6:39, 7:52, 9:02, 10:12. 21st, Ar. 5:56, 7:09, 8:22, 9:32, 10:42. 17th, Ar. 6:06, 7:19, 8:32, 9:42, 10:52. 13th, Ar. 6:16, 7:29, 8:42, 9:52, 11:02. 9th, Ar. 6:26, 7:39, 8:52, 10:02, 11:12. 5th, Ar. 6:36, 7:49, 9:02, 10:12, 11:22. 1st, Ar. 6:46, 7:59, 9:12, 10:22, 11:32. Dressen avenue, Ar. 6:46, 7:59, 9:12, 10:22, 11:32. 21st, Ar. 7:16, 8:29, 9:42, 10:52, 12:02. 17th, Ar. 7:26, 8:39, 9:52, 11:02, 12:12. 13th, Ar. 7:36, 8:49, 10:02, 11:12, 12:22. 9th, Ar. 7:46, 8:59, 10:12, 11:22, 12:32. 5th, Ar. 7:56, 9:09, 10:22, 11:32, 12:42. 1st, Ar. 8:06, 9:19, 10:32, 11:42, 12:52. Dressen avenue, Ar. 8:06, 9:19, 10:32, 11:42, 12:52. 21st, Ar. 8:36, 9:49, 11:02, 12:12, 1:22. 17th, Ar. 8:46, 9:59, 11:12, 12:22, 1:32. 13th, Ar. 8:56, 10:09, 11:22, 12:32, 1:42. 9th, Ar. 9:06, 10:19, 11:32, 12:42, 1:52. 5th, Ar. 9:16, 10:29, 11:42, 12:52, 2:02. 1st, Ar. 9:26, 10:39, 11:52, 1:02, 2:12. Dressen avenue, Ar. 9:26, 10:39, 11:52, 1:02, 2:12. 21st, Ar. 9:56, 11:09, 12:22, 1:32, 2:42. 17th, Ar. 10:06, 11:19, 12:32, 1:42, 2:52. 13th, Ar. 10:16, 11:29, 12:42, 1:52, 3:02. 9th, Ar. 10:26, 11:39, 12:52, 2:02, 3:12. 5th, Ar. 10:36, 11:49, 1:02, 2:12, 3:22. 1st, Ar. 10:46, 11:59, 1:12, 2:22, 3:32. Dressen avenue, Ar. 10:46, 11:59, 1:12, 2:22, 3:32. 21st, Ar. 11:16, 12:29, 1:42, 2:52, 4:02. 17th, Ar. 11:26, 12:39, 1:52, 3:02, 4:12. 13th, Ar. 11:36, 12:49, 2:02, 3:12, 4:22. 9th, Ar. 11:46, 12:59, 2:12, 3:22, 4:32. 5th, Ar. 11:56, 1:09, 2:22, 3:32, 4:42. 1st, Ar. 12:06, 1:19, 2:32, 3:42, 4:52. Dressen avenue, Ar. 12:06, 1:19, 2:32, 3:42, 4:52. 21st, Ar. 12:36, 1:49, 3:02, 4:12, 5:22. 17th, Ar. 12:46, 1:59, 3:12, 4:22, 5:32. 13th, Ar. 12:56, 2:09, 3:22, 4:32, 5:42. 9th, Ar. 1:06, 2:19, 3:32, 4:42, 5:52. 5th, Ar. 1:16, 2:29, 3:42, 4:52, 6:02. 1st, Ar. 1:26, 2:39, 3:52, 5:02, 6:12. Dressen avenue, Ar. 1:26, 2:39, 3:52, 5:02, 6:12. 21st, Ar. 1:56, 3:09, 4:22, 5:32, 6:42. 17th, Ar. 2:06, 3:19, 4:32, 5:42, 6:52. 13th, Ar. 2:16, 3:29, 4:42, 5:52, 7:02. 9th, Ar. 2:26, 3:39, 4:52, 6:02, 7:12. 5th, Ar. 2:36, 3:49, 5:02, 6:12, 7:22. 1st, Ar. 2:46, 3:59, 5:12, 6:22, 7:32. Dressen avenue, Ar. 2:46, 3:59, 5:12, 6:22, 7:32. 21st, Ar. 3:16, 4:29, 5:42, 6:52, 8:02. 17th, Ar. 3:26, 4:39, 5:52, 7:02, 8:12. 13th, Ar. 3:36, 4:49, 6:02, 7:12, 8:22. 9th, Ar. 3:46, 4:59, 6:12, 7:22, 8:32. 5th, Ar. 3:56, 5:09, 6:22, 7:32, 8:42. 1st, Ar. 4:06, 5:19