

THE REAL COLONEL SELLERS

Optimistic James Lampton, as Mark Twain Knew Him.

In the opening chapter of his "Autobiography," printed in the first fortnightly number of the North American Review, Mark Twain tells thus of the original Colonel Sellers:

Many persons regarded Colonel Sellers as a fiction, an invention, an extravagant impossibility, and did me the honor to call him a "creation," but they were mistaken. I merely put him on paper as he was. He was not a person who could be exaggerated. The incidents which looked most extravagant, both in the book and on the stage, were not inventions of mine, but were facts of his life, and I was present when they were developed.

John T. Raymond's audiences used to come near to dying with laughter over the turnip eating scene; but, extravagant as the scene was, in fact, I was myself the guest who ate the turnips. In the hands of a great actor that piteous scene would have climaxed any many spectators' eyes with tears and raked his ribs apart with laughter at the same time. But Raymond was great in humorous portrayal only. In that he was superb, but he was wonderful—in a word, great. In all things else he was a pygmy of the pygmies.

The real Colonel Sellers as I knew him in James Lampton was a pathetic and beautiful spirit, a manly man, a straight and honorable man, a man with a big, foolish, unselfish heart in his bosom, a man born to be loved, and he was loved by all his friends and by his family worshipped. It is the right word. To them he was but little less than a god. The real Colonel Sellers was never on the stage. Only half of him was there. Raymond could not play the other half of him. It was above his level. There was only one man who could have played the whole of Colonel Sellers, and that was Frank Mayo.

James Lampton floated all his days in a tinted mist of magnificent dreams and died at last without seeing one of them realized. I saw him last in 1884, when it had been twenty-six years since I ate the basin of raw turnips and washed them down with a bucket of water in his house. He was become old and white-headed, but he entered to me in the same old breezy way of his earlier life, and he was all there yet—not a detail wanting. The happy light in his eye, the abounding hope in his heart, the persuasive tongue, the miracle breeding imagination—they were all there, and before I could turn around he was polishing up his Aladdin's lamp and flashing the secret riches of the world before me.

Actress' Arm as a Relic.

"This is the arm of Mme. Allice, the celebrated actress, burned in the great Paris bazaar fire. It was amputated and presented to Dr. Baker of Worthing after the inquiry held in Paris."

So runs the notice that hangs beneath a greivous relic in the saloon bar of the Black Bull at Whetstone, Middlesex. Charred and mummified, it is nailed to the wall within reach of any one and occupies the place of honor among such monstrosities as a two-headed kitten and a double bodied dog. The name, "Mme. Allice," is not found in the records of the terrible disaster of May, 1897, and another story has it that the arm was removed from the body of an actress after the fire at the Opera Comique in Paris in May, 1887.—London Mail.

Brains.

All over the civilized world there is a strong demand for brains that are a little above the average in quantity for purposes of dissection. Scientists have for the most part nothing better to dissect than the brains of paupers and lunatics. These, however, leave much to be desired, and it is to the interest of the human family that the brains of cultured and learned people should be placed at their disposal. A certain number of such brains are forthcoming. In the great majority of cases they are bequeathed by their respective owners.—New York Tribune.

Sirius and the Sun.

A new estimate of the comparative amount of light received on the earth from the sun and from the brightest (apparent) fixed star in the heavens, Sirius, has been made by Mr. Ceraski of the Astronomical observatory of Moscow. The sun, according to his estimate, sends us about 17,000,000,000 times as much light as Sirius does. But this of course is a matter governed by relative distance, so that if the earth were halfway between Sirius and the sun Sirius would appear between sixteen and seventeen times as bright as the sun.

Croquet.

Croquet stands as high in favor today as it did when Leech immortalized the game in the Punches of the sixties and seventies of the last century. Croquet is played in London and the country, at Ranelagh and at Hurlingham. Several men and women in smart society have become experts, and much high betting takes place when a match is in progress.—London M. A. P.

A Runaway House.

A runaway house is certainly a novelty, but a record performance by one is reported from Butte, Mont. It has moved on rollers, broke away, ran a distance of three blocks and killed four horses, as well as tearing down telegraph poles and wires and wrecking vehicles. A house that has not been trained to stand quietly is dangerous to have around.—Baltimore News.

SEE THE DERBY ONCE.

The Horse Race Incident is by Long Odds the Least of It.

It is a matter of twenty odd miles from London to Epsom, in whose vicinity the historic race course lies, and samples of almost every curious thing there is in old England are to be seen along the various roadways. If there were but one road to Epsom, half of the procession that starts from London on the morning of Derby day would be left struggling in the outskirts of the city long after the great race had been run. But there are many, though none too many, since each is packed to the point of discomfort from early dawn until far into the night.

The Derby is a thing for the foreigner to see once and ever afterward to hold in grateful memory, because it is an experience that could never repeat itself to the satisfaction of the mere onlooker. Primarily it is, of course, a horse race, but the race, which occupies such a fleeting breath of time, is by long odds the least of it. Otherwise it is an expression of Britishness such as may not be witnessed upon any other occasion. It is the one day in the year, I believe, on which English society levels itself out upon the first principle of the brotherhood of man. "Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief, doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief," without distinction and with perfect camaraderie, come together with the evident if unconscious purpose of proving that to be merely British is all that any true Briton can reasonably desire.

The foreigners are the only spectators. Everybody else is "in the cast," as it were, and it is difficult to judge whether the king, with his nobles and their bevy of brilliantly attired ladies, or the coster in his donkey cart, with "the missus and the kids," is the leading actor. Perhaps it would be better to call it a variety show and to decide that each in his "turn" is a star in his own particular performance.—Lester's Weekly.

MOHAMMED'S BLOODY HAND

History of the Imprint on a Pillar in the Church of St. Sophia.

In the course of our exploration in Constantinople we visited a building in an obscure and poor quarter of Stamboul inhabited solely by Mohammedans.

It is called the Mosque Kahrie, but it is or was a church dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. The beauty of the mosque ceiling and walls not even centuries of neglect have been able to obliterate.

When we returned to the great Church of St. Sophia, now a mosque, and saw again the print of the bloody hand of Mohammed, which is pointed out high up on the wall of that once Christian church, we understand its significance better than we had at first sight.

Mohammed II, after advancing his outposts gradually and stealthily had finally, as if in a night, crossed the Bosphorus from Asia and raised his tents on the European side of the stream. Just the day before, on a trip up the Bosphorus, we had seen the ruins of those fortifications.

The rulers of the city had protested in vain against this encroachment. When the Moslems finally attacked the city the Christians fled in terror to St. Sophia. An ancient legend, firmly believed, promised that this sanctuary was absolutely safe.

Mohammed proved the fallacy of their trust by breaking down the doors, murdering those who had sought safety there, men, women and children—so many of them that finally, forcing his horse over the great pile of dead bodies, away up on the side of a pillar he planted his bloody hand on the clear wall in token of his victory over the Christians. That gory hand still overshadows the fairest portion of southeastern Europe.—Rosary Magazine.

Warning Him.

"I am sorry," said the poet, "but I am obliged to call your attention to the fact that a line in one of my recent compositions was entirely perverted and the meaning painfully distorted by the compositor."

"Young man," replied the editor, "that compositor has gone through more poems than you ever wrote or even read. He has put in his life setting up poetry of all kinds, spring and autumn styles and heavier goods for winter. He may have changed your poem, but when you say he harmed it you presume. When a man of his experience makes up his mind to change a piece of poetry a person in your position should not attempt to criticize."

The Art of Glove Cutting.

The cutters of the great glove houses in Brussels and in France earn even higher wages than the cutters of the most fashionable tailors in London and New York. So difficult is this art of cutting gloves that most of the principal cutters are known to the trade by name and by fame, and the peculiar knives which they use in the business are so highly prized that they are handed down from generation to generation as heirlooms.

The Poultry Business.

Bilfuzz—See that sharp looking man over there? He has made a fortune out of the poultry business. Jubb—is that so? He doesn't look like a man who raised chickens. Bilfuzz—Raise chickens? Of course he doesn't. He writes books telling other people how much they can make by raising them.

Never risk a joke, even the least of offensive in its nature and the most common, with a person who is not well bred and possessed of sense to comprehend it.—Bryere.

DEATH BY A BOMB.

Imaginary Incident of the Crimean War by Tolstol.

The following imaginary incident of the Crimean war is found in Count Tolstol's "Sevastopol." "The bomb, coming faster and faster and nearer and nearer, so that the sparks of its fuse were already visible, descended. 'Lie down!' some one shouted. They lay flat on the ground. Praskouha, closing his eyes, heard only the bomb crashing down on the hard earth close by. A second passed, which seemed an hour. The bomb had not exploded. He opened his eyes and at that moment caught a sight of the glowing fuse of the bomb not a yard off. Terror, cold terror, excluding every other thought and feeling, seized his whole being. He covered his face with his hands."

"Then he remembered the 12 rubles he owed, a debt in St. Petersburg that should have been paid long ago and the gypsy song he had sung that evening. The woman he loved rose in his imagination, wearing a cap with blue ribbons, and yet, inseparable from all these and from thousands of other recollections, the present thought, the expectation of death, did not leave him for a moment. 'Perhaps it won't explode,' and with desperate final decision he wished to open his eyes, but at that instant a red flame pierced through the still closed lids, and, with a terrible crash, something struck him in the middle of the chest."

"He jumped up and began to run, but, stumbling over the saber that got between his legs, fell on his side. 'Thank God, I'm only bruised,' was his first thought, and he wished to touch his chest with his hand, but his arms seemed tied to his sides, and it felt as if a vise were squeezing his head. Soldiers flitted past him, and he counted them unconsciously. Then lightning flashed before his eyes, and he wondered whether the shot were fired from a mortar or cannon. 'Cannon, probably, and here are more soldiers—five, six, seven soldiers. They all pass by.' He was suddenly filled with fear that they would crush him. He wished to shout that he was hurt, but his mouth was so dry that his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth."

"He felt it wet about his chest, and this sensation of being wet made him think of water. Fearing lest the soldiers might trample on him, he tried to shout 'Take care with you,' but instead of that he uttered such a terrible groan that he was frightened to hear it. Then other red fires began dancing before his eyes, and it seemed to him that the soldiers put stones on him. He made an effort to push off the stones, stretched himself, and saw and heard and felt nothing more. He had been killed on the spot by a bomb splinter in the middle of his chest."

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

A sick man talks about everything except death.

No man is big enough to laugh at a real worry.

While loading a man usually thinks about a big scheme that won't work.

An apology never gives satisfaction to but one person—the one who makes it.

If you must kick, make it swift and sure, and do not prolong the agony by making excuses.

A boy thinks, "What a good time a man has!" And a man thinks, "What a good time a boy has!" And what a poor time both have!

It may be as good a feat to have all of a little girl's petticoats the same length as it is to have everything that goes on the stove cooked at the same time.—Atchison Globe.

In a Mexican Hat Store.

Half a million straw hats is no uncommon sight to be met with at one time in the hat stores of Mexico. The hats are made of a long pampas grass which grows nowhere else in the world. It is specially cultivated for the hat industry. So rapidly are the hats made that some skilled workmen can turn out ten or a dozen a day, and they are then sent to all parts of the world. They cost about fourpence each to make, are retailed at from 1 shilling sixpence to 4 shillings and are so durable that it not infrequently happens that those of an economical turn of mind make a single hat last ten years.—London Queen.

Chesapeake Bay.

Few people fully appreciate the great size of the Chesapeake bay. It is the largest indentation on the Atlantic coast, and it has often been called the Mediterranean of America. On its bosom the navies of the world could easily float. It is 200 miles long, and in some places it is forty miles broad. It has an area of over 2,000 square miles, and it shoots off into great rivers with an aggregate length of thousands of miles.—Baltimore American.

The Latest.

Customer—You say, then, that this material is the latest? Shopman—The very latest, madam. Customer—But will it fade in the sun? Shopman—Why, it has been lying in the window for two years, and look how well it has stood.—London Mail.

Quite Different.

Papa—No; he's not the proper sort of a husband for you, my dear. Daughter—Oh, papa, he'd die for me! Papa—Oh, that's all right. Tell him to go as far as he likes. I was afraid he wanted to marry you.—Cleveland Leader.

Gratifying Progress.

"Your son is studying art, I believe. Has he made much progress?" "Oh, yes. He is able to talk the language quite fluently."—Judge.

THE EYEBROWS.

Some Superstitious and Odd Beliefs Concerning Them.

Notwithstanding their inconspicuousness, the eyebrows have been the center of a certain amount of lore and even superstition. But the chief point at which superstition or folklore is found in this connection is in those cases, not infrequent, where the eyebrows meet. Everywhere this meeting of the brows has been held to be ominous in one way or another.

In some of our southern counties folks say that it is good to have such brows, for the possessor will never have trouble; but this is a rare interpretation. As a rule, the meeting brows are held to be of evil omen. Readers of Charles Kingsley's "Two Years Ago" will remember Mrs. Harvay's face, which had been handsome and was still clever; "but the eyebrows," continues Kingsley, "crushed together downward above her nose, and rising high at the outer corners, indicated as surely as the restless down drop eye a character self-conscious, furtive, capable of great inconsistencies, possibly of great deeds."

In the Icelandic sagas a man with meeting eyebrows is said to be one of the dreadful creatures known as were-wolves, and the same belief has been traced in Denmark and Germany; while in Greece, says Mr. Baring Gould, they are a sign that a man is a vampire. In horror there is little to choose between vampires and were-wolves. A fanciful reason which has been given for these superstitions is that the meeting brows resemble a butterfly, "the familiar type of a soul ready to fly off and enter some other body." This seems tolerably far fetched.

In Hungary gypsy women and men whose eyebrows grow together are supposed to have in special degree the power to enchantment, and as illiterate folk have a great dread of such mysterious powers, especially as they may be supposed to be directed against the well being or happiness of their children, it need hardly be said that a man whose brows meet is not a popular person. Even now there are parts of England where a belief in witchcraft still lingers, and not so very long ago in Northumberland there were people who regarded a person whose eyebrows met as a witch or warlock.

In the north of Aberdeenshire, according to the late Rev. Walter Ogilvy, who was a very competent authority on Scottish lore and customs, a "close brood"—that is, one whose eyebrows meet—was regarded as being inhuman. Elsewhere in Scotland one with "close brood" was regarded as unlucky to be met as "first fit," while other folk went a good deal further and regarded the unlucky possessor of "close brood" as one foredoomed to be hanged.—London Globe.

St. Valentine.

St. Valentine, presbyter and martyr, unlike many saints who are specially remembered, did nothing which could have suggested the manner in which his day is celebrated. It was his fortune to suffer martyrdom for the faith at a time when the heathens of southern Europe were accustomed to observe the return of spring. The quick eyes of those dependent upon sunlight for warmth learned to note and welcome every indication of the approaching season. They watched the birds, and when they saw them mating and making love they were minded to do the same, and so strong was the habit that, as with Christmas day, the good fathers did not attempt to root out the custom, but to connect it with some holy name, and St. Valentine's day of martyrdom fitted very nearly to that time.

Hanged and Tarred.

An English custom of not so long ago was to hang smugglers on gibbets arranged along the coasts and then tar the bodies that they might be preserved a long while as a warning to other culprits. As late as 1822 three men thus tarred could have been seen hanging before Dover castle. Sometimes the process was extended to robbers, assassins, incendiaries and other criminals. John Painter, who fired the dockyard at Portsmouth, was first hanged and then tarred in 1776. From time to time he was given a fresh coat of varnish and thus was made to last nearly fourteen years. The weird custom did not stop smuggling or other crime, but no doubt it worked some influence as a preventive.

"Touching Wood."

Can any reader explain the origin of touching wood after boasting of one's exemption from ill fortune?—a species of abetment practised in Shropshire and Cheshire and probably in many other parts of England. The procedure is of this kind. "I'm thankful to say I never broke a bone or even had a bad sprain in my life—well, I'd better touch wood," and a chair or table or anything near that is wooden is touched. Can the custom come from some lingering memory of the veneration attached to relics of the true cross?—London Notes and Queries.

Touching a Button.

Wife—I've just been reading an article on electricity, John, and it appears that before long we shall be able to get pretty well everything we want by just touching a button. Husband—You'd never be able to get anything that way. Wife—Why not, John? Husband—Because nothing on earth would ever make you touch a button. Look at my shirt!

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong. It is but saying in other words that he is wiser today than yesterday.

God Will Sprinkle Sunshine

If you should see a fellow-man, with troubles dog unfurled, An lookin' like he didn't have a friend in all the world, Go up and slap him on the back and holier 'How d'you do?' And grasp his hand so warm he'll know he has a friend in you. The next ask him 'what's a hurtin' him, an laugh his cares away. An tell him that the darkest hour is just before the day, Don't talk in graveyard palaver, but say it right out loud, That God will sprinkle sunshine in the trail of every cloud.

This world at best is but a hash of pleasure and of pain; Some days are bright and sunny and some are slashed with rain. And that's just how it ought to be, for when the clouds roll by We'll know just how to 'precise the bright and smiling sky.

So learn to take it as it comes an don't sweat at the pores Because the Lord's opinion does not coincide with yours; But always keep rememberin' when eases your path enshroud, That God has lots of sunshine spill behind the cloud. —Riley.

High School Notes.

There has been a new book-case placed in Professor Strange's office in which the new library books will be placed. These books will be a great benefit to the students. We only wish it were more extensive.

We had a fire-drill last Friday and the building was cleared in less than a minute and a half and the best of order was maintained.

The school contributed a large amount of food to the Boys and Girls' Aid Society for their Thanksgiving. The box will be made up Tuesday evening and sent to Portland. In addition to food there has been a small contribution of money. While the amount is not great, it is very payable and will aid in the general fund.

Special Reduced Fare to Denver and Return.

"Annual Convention American Livestock Association Western Livestock show."

Denver, Colo., Jan. 21-26, 1907. Round trip tickets for this occasion will be on sale at this office Jan. 14-16, 1907. Round trip (both ways through Portland) \$56.05. Round trip (one way through Portland and one way through Calif.) \$65.15.

J. M. JERAM, Agent.

Get your cocoanuts, chocolate, currants, raisins and Louisiana Molasses for holiday pastries at the Bazaar.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

P. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known P. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

W. L. DING, KENTON & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for Constipation.

Special School Meeting.

Notice is hereby given to the legal voters of School District No. 45 of Lane County, State of Oregon, that a special school of said district will be held at the East side school house on the 1st day of December, 1906 at 2 o'clock in the afternoon for the following objects: to vote an eight mill tax for school purposes. Dated this 21st day of December, 1906.

J. K. BARRITT, District Clerk. C. H. VANDEBURG, Chairman Board of Directors.

The best treatment for indigestion and troubles of the stomach. It can be resorted by starvation or by the use of a good digestant which will digest the food eaten, thus taking the work of the stomach. At the proper temperature, a single teaspoonful of Kodol will wholly digest 3,000 grains of food. It relieves the present annoyance, puts the stomach in shape to satisfactorily perform its functions and for indigestion, sour stomach, flatulence, palpitation of the heart and dyspepsia. Kodol is made in strict conformity with the National Pure Food and Drug Law. Sold by General Pharmacy.

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No appetite, loss of strength, nervousness, headache, constipation, bad breath, general debility, sour risings, and curtail of the stomach are all due to indigestion. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure cures indigestion. This new discovery represents the natural juices of digestion as they exist in a healthy stomach, combined with the greatest known tonic and reconstructive properties. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure does not only cure indigestion and dyspepsia, but the famous remedy cures all stomach troubles by cleansing, purifying, sweetening and strengthening the mucous membranes lining the stomach.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure after meals is not only thoroughly reliable digestant, but it contains great tonic and reconstructive properties as well. This famous remedy cleanses the stomach and digestive organs to thoroughly digest, assimilate and contribute to the tissues of the nourishment that is contained in such food as may be eaten.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure clears the way and makes sure the journey from sickness to health and weakness to strength. If the stomach is disordered Kodol will cure it.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure lays the foundation for health, and the upbuilding of strength by cleansing, purifying and sweetening the glands and membranes of the stomach, and by supplying natural juices necessary to perfect indigestion, in indigestion and nutrition. Kodol digests what you eat, prevents colic, cholera, diarrhoea, flux, dysentery and summer complaints generally, and its use will cure indigestion and chronic dyspepsia permanently. Kodol is good alike for young and old. Your druggist sells it.

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Here is our condensed opinion of the Original Laxative Cough Syrup: "Nearly all other cough syrups are constipating especially those containing opium. Kennedy's Laxative (containing) Honey and Tar moves the bowels. Contains no opium. Conforms to the National Pure Food and Drug Law. Sold by Benson's Pharmacy."

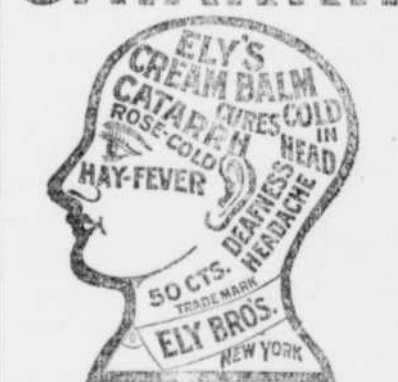
NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior, Land Office at Roseburg, Ore. October 22nd 1906.

Notice is hereby given that George W. Holland of Crow, Oregon, has filed notice of his intention to make final five-year proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 9642 made Nov. 21, 1890, for the NE 1/4 Section 32, Township 19 S., Range 4 W., and that said proof will be made before W. W. Calkins, U. S. Commissioner, at his office at Eugene, Oregon on January 6, 1907.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of the land viz.: Frank Crenshaw of Panther, Ore.; Church Stephens of Crow, Oregon; Scott Gillespie of Panther, Oregon; Frank Holland of Crow, Oregon. 27-22 BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

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This Remedy is a Specific, Sure to Give Satisfaction. GIVES RELIEF AT ONCE.

It cleanses, soothes, heals, and protects the diseased membrane. It cures Catarrh and drives away a Cold in the Head quickly. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Easy to use. Contains no injurious drugs. Applied into the nostrils and absorbed. Large Size, 50 cents at Druggists or by mail; Trial Size, 10 cents by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

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Rates per day\$1.00
Room and board, per week.....\$4.50

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF S. P. TRAINS.
NORTH BOUND SOUTH BOUND
No. 12.....1:20 p. m. No. 11.....2:25 p. m.
No. 16.....2:02 a. m. No. 15.....2:21 a. m.

O. & S. E. R. R. CO.

Time Table No. 4
To take effect November 1 1906.

East Bound	and 4 Tuesday W. Bound	and 2 Daily Except Sunday.	West Bound
No. 3—No. 1			No. 2—No. 4
P. M. A. M. P. M.			P. M. A. M. P. M.
2:40-3:00	9	6:15	12:00-12:15
2:47-3:07	5.5	6:22	12:12-12:27
2:54-3:14	5	6:29	12:19-12:34
3:01-3:21	4.5	6:36	12:26-12:41
3:08-3:28	4	6:43	12:33-12:48
3:15-3:35	3.5	6:50	12:40-12:55
3:22-3:42	3	6:57	12:47-13:02
3:29-3:49	2.5	7:04	12:54-13:09
3:36-3:56	2	7:11	13:01-13:16
3:43-4:03	1.5	7:18	13:08-13:23
3:50-4:10	1	7:25	13:15-13:30
3:57-4:17		7:32	13:22-13:37
4:04-4:24		7:39	13:29-13:44
4:11-4:31		7:46	13:36-13:51
4:18-4:38		7:53	13:43-13:58
4:25-4:45		8:00	13:50-14:05
4:32-4:52		8:07	