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ures Consump Lungs), by it

ay not be in our loyous youth, our hearts beat time to ple hat our souls will wake to the solem Or thrill to its sadder measure; For bright are the shores of the When our life is in its prime,

agerow. h, no, not thus do we learn the truth

lips of age outspoken.

i land of the living, the Land Youth,
In the radiant beauty lies far beyond,
And this is the land of shadows: They rise before us so fair and bright, And they seem to us so real, That we follow them on, and forget the

light Flows from the realms ideal. Flows from the reaims ideal.
They come and they pass away.
Like the cloudy of a summer day
and other phantoms of hope are nigh,
Whose firefly lamp
Through the earthly damp
sems hung in a cloudless sky!

Oh, fondly we cherish our dream's ideal, at the land of the living, the only real fadeless beauty lies far beyond, And this is the land of shadows!

First pleasure comes with her siren spells And striking her harp of gladness, We list till we learn from the answerin That its ryinthic song is sadness, Alas! what fears arise

As the cheating phanton flies! And oh! how the heart with its solemn rning the earth With its hollow mirth, Yearns for the Better Shore.

But oh! not yet do we leave our toys, Or feel in our inmost being That the land of fiving, immortal joys, n its radiant giory lies far beyond, And this is the land of shadow

For wealth and fame with their showy train plendid crown may weave us: caught by the glare, we are charme Till we find they, too, deceive us:

And then as we see them pass
We murmur, Alas! alas!
voice that wakes in our mournfu
Breast Sings, White fame

But manhood, flushed by the wine of health Still turns from the needed lesson;
Nor learns that the land of unfading wealth.
In its radiant glory lies far beyond.
And this is the land of shadows.

Next love with her wooing and winsome And shapes of ravishing beauty, With glorious visions our heart be Till we shrink from the path of duty; And led by her radiant star.

That glows in the zenith afar, We follow the phantom that flits before, Till down the stream Of our golden dream She glides, and is seen no more. But oh; not yet do we look above, Or learn life's beautiful lesson, That the land of the living, the Land of Love

Not till our eyes grow dim with years And we stand at the gloomy portal, Where the soul is free from its earthly And the human becomes immortal not till we hear the roar Of the waves upon the shore,

Oh. not till then will our souls be blest, That the land of the living, the land of res

its tireless giory lies far beyond, And this is the Land of Shadows.

BY THE "DUCHESS."

THE HAUNTED CHAMBER

CHAPTER, VI-CONTINUED. 'It is very high art, I suppose,' obthrown away upon us. Captain Ring. upon our heads." wood, you look as if you had been sud-

'It was uncommonly friendly of behind them. Ringwood not to have let the door slam, and so imprisoned us for life. says Sir Adrian, with a laugh. 'I am sure we owe him a debt of gratitude.'

experience for you to give a new creditor something for once. I never count. I feel sure you are all going to give me something for my services as

'What shall I give you?' asks Ethel coquettishly.

past bim down the stone stairs, where you so much at tea!'

But why?' he asks, impressed in of my non-coming? spite of himself, by her manner. 'I hardly know myself; it is a fancy -ac unaccountable one, perhaps—but still a powerful one. Do be guided by me and have it removed,'

'What-the fancy?' be asks laughthe lock. Humor me in this she pleads earnestly, far more earn- yet won. setly than the occasion seems to war · Call it a silly pres you like, but I honestly think that tion.

lock will work you evil some day.

He laughs aloud—s wild, unple

Therefore it is that I ask you to do

Bowing her acquaintance in this ar-Dora follows the others from the

round her in the dimly lighted stone I die for it.' ssage, and has discovered another that has excited her curiosity.

te asks now, pointing to it.

it is rusty with age and disuse. The I am her husband!' ervants would as soon think of coming has not been opened for years.'

Perhaps I can manage it, says distract attention. Arthur Dynecourt, trying with all his 'You have brought me here to-'she vice about something.' might to force the ancient look to yield ventures timidly. bim. At length his efforts are growned with success; the door flies I have said you want to marry Adrian; feels, astonished. As a rule, the gentle her before going on. prising covers them like a mist.

stale, stifling smell greets his nostrils, in the cocked-hat fashion. around him.

You'll fall into it if you don't night in the smoking-room, when Sir Adrian was so near being killed, has are my initials also."

the end. Ann yet —with a diagonical, take "And so like it too. You are a genius, dearest, you are really, and

or pointed in his remarks. Arthur, morro contenting himself with a scowl at him, walk? I

one, run by it as though they fear some ghostly ancestors of mine, descending from the haunted chamber, will pounce out upon them with their heads under their arms, or in some equally unpleasant position. You know the door, don't you. Arthur—the second from one, run by it as though they fear some the turning?

well protected.'

but none the less-purposely.

shooting an angry glance at the gallant captain as he speaks.

Conscience doth make cowards of us

Adrian hastily, pulling out his watch; to Lady Betty Trefeld, who raves over beverage for even five minutes. Come, the early Britons. It seems rather let us run, or destruction will light

and all its gloomy associations far

CHAPTER VII.

Reluctantly, yet with a certain amount of curiosity to know what it is "I hope you'll all pay it, laughs her way to the gallery to keep her appointment with Arthur. Pacing to and fro beenath the searching eyes of the gaunt cavaliers and haughty dames that gleam down upon him from their terrors in her. You follow me? canvasses upon the walls, Dynecourt impatiently awaits her coming.

'Ah, you are late!' he exclaims as she ity about him that dismays her. 'Not very, I think,' she responds

ing crimson, hurries come to the library? We all missed 'No doubt.' he replies sarcastically

As Florence reaches the door she 'I can well fancy the disappointment panses and stoops to examine the lock. my absence caused; the blank looks 'I wish,' she says to Sir Adrian, a and regretful speeches that marked my strange subdued excitement in her detection. Pshaw-let you and me at tone, you would remove this lock, least be houest to each other! Did hat and cloak, and go down to the Florence, think you, shed tears because

This mood of his is so strange to her that, in spite of the natural false smoothness that belongs to her, it rendera her dumb.

'Look here,' he goes on savagely. '1 have seen enough to-day up in that accursed room above-that haunted mber-to show me our game is not

'Our game-what game?' asks Dors. ent, if with a foolish attempt at misconcepcornful laugh, that makes her cheek turn pale. Its mirth, she tells herself,

'You would get out of it now, would For your cake, he whispers. What won, when a little more labor will place there I would not do, if thus re-

rian, so I understand, whether his de-desire lies in the same direction or not? there so meet you in the lime-walk, At this plain speaking the dainty and after that you will take your one. Florence takes no heed of this redomlittle lady winces openly.

from me.'

shall lay to your charge."

looking at it.'

hing ' has Sir Adrian for its theme,

one, and who so natural to expect it

'Distresses me?' interrupts Florence

Dora having seated herself, Floren

omes and goes; but her voice is quite

'Well,' she says, putting the pap

ing to you and him alone, and that he

has chosen the privacy of the lime

'Is he?' responds her cousin dryly

He has always seemed to me the san

' Dear Florence, how terribly pr

'I don't know '-with a little simper

Is it perhaps humoring him too much

I have always dreaded letting a man

imagine I cared for him, unless fully

Florence colors again, and then

grows deadly pale, as this poisone barb pierces her bosom. 'I should think,' she says slowly

· I should not please any one at the

tterly, assured of his affection for

Dear Sir Adrian is

says Dora coyly.

· Why not?

' As who desires?'

· My own opinion is that his desire does not run in your direction, con-At the foot of the small stone stair- tinues Arthur remorselessly. 'We both sence. -before they go through the first know where his heart would gladly

He grinds his teeth as he says this, door fixed mysteriously in a corner, and looks with fierce defiant eyes at the angrily, though she trembles. long rows of his ancestors that line the walls.

'She would gladly see her proud fair with an insolent shrug. Oh, that is an old door connected face looking down upon me from with another passage that leads by a amidst this goodly company, be goes eon, as Florence is sitting in her own marks coldly, still without raising her dark and wearying staircase to the on, apostrophizing the absent Florence, room, touching up an unfinis.ed water-servant's corridor beneath! I am But that shall never be. I have sworn color sketch of part of the ground

More slowly, more thoughtfully he enters her room. It is an embarrassed appointment with the Evil One; so it frighted by the sudden change that has trips up to her, and says, with pretty disfigured his face, speaks to him to hesitation in her tone-

creakingly open, and a cloud of dust I menn to marry Florence Delmaine. To-day I disliked certain symptoms I her friends Ah! exclaims Ethel, recoiling; but saw, that led me to believe that my Arthur, stooping forward, carefully own machinations have not been so time. Just five minutes will do, and examines the dark stair-case that lies successful as I could have wished. Be- then you can return to your charming from wall, to wall, and hang in dusky I have written you a note. Here it is, set, and what firs! One could imagine clouds from the low ceiling; a faint take it -banding her a letter folded one's seif in the Fairies' Glen by just ghostly room.

yet he lingers there and looks carefully What am I to do with this?" asks

'Read it. It is addressed to yourself One would think uncanny spots had rian's handwriting as closely as poss. she used to be, an unwholesome attraction for you.

Ringwood, ever since the memorable the end. And yet '—with a diabolical the end. And yet '-with a diabolical in the least discomposed at her mis-

looked askance at Arthur Dynecour.

Opening the note with trembling findigers, Dora read aloud as follows:

Can you—will you meet me to fortunate girl!

or might make your fortune, only that you have one made already for you, fortunate girl!

amused tone, the servants, passing by I am yours heart and soul. For the with assumed bashfulness that Flor appointment with him? the door below that leads up to this present I dare not declare myself, for the reasons you already know, and for

don't you, Arthur—the second from Dora, having finished reading the Mrs. Talbot, taking from her pocket time you have wasted on me. I assure the turning?"

No. replies Arthur, with his false letter, glances at him uneasily.

And—what is the meaning of this holding it out to Fiorence. I want to hand brightly. smile, 'I do not; nor, indeed, do I care to know it. I firmly believe I should am I to do with it?' she stammers, you—would you honestly advise me. run past it too after nightfall, unless beating the precious missive against Fio, to go and meet him as he desires? ell protected.'
'That looks as if you had an evil loathing of it.

conscience,' says Ringwood carelessly, You will show it to her. You will course! I am so selfishly full of myself speak of it as a love-letter written to and my own concerns that I seem to 'It looks more as if I were a coward,
I think,' retorts Arthur laughing, but sate whether it be wise or prudent to think every one else must be full of them too. Forgive me, dearest, and accede to his proposal to meet you read this sweet little letter, will you? slone in the lime-walk. You will, in 'Of whom are you speaking—to Well, what does the immortal fact, put out all your powers of decep-William say?' returns Ringwood coolly. | inc., put the sharply, in the agony of 'are great, and so compel her to be. her heart. You have a sharp wit, sir, says

'But-' falters Dora. Arthur, with apparent lightness, but There shall be no but in the mather cousin, with gentle reproach. ale with passion.

I say, look here, breaks in Sir with me, and you shall pursue it to the says Miss Delmaine, holding the letter 'it must be nearly time for tea. By your share in it-more than your share great distaste serves Ethel Villiers, glancing round Jove, quite half past four, and we know —and paint you in such colors as will no other eyes but yours to look upon it 

'Go on,' says Dora, with colorless from as you, my nearest relative? Ah. I have touched the right chord her eyes—you object to help me, Flor-So saying, he leads the way, and at last, have I? Society, your idol you ence, or it it distresses you to read denly turned into stone. Let me pass, soon they leave the haunted chamber dare not brave! Well, to continue, you will also tell her, in your own sweet in- haughtily. Why should it distress nocent way '-with another sneer that me? If you have no objection to my makes her quiver with fear and rage- reading your - lover's - letter, why to account for Adrian's decided and should I hesitate about doing so? Pray almost loverlike attentions to her in sit down while I run through it.' the room we visited, that you had had a lovers' quarrel with him some time hastily reads the false note from hebefore, earlier in the day; that, in his ginning to end. Her heart beats fit of pique, he had sought to be re- furiously as she does so, and her color ed feelings by feigning a sudden in- steady when she speaks again.

terest in her. You follow me?' 'Yes,' replies the submissive Dorn, from her as though glad to get rid of Alas, how sincerely she now wishes she it, it seems that Sir Adrian wishes t speak to you on some subject interest

approaches. There is a tone of author- had never entered into this hateful intrigue! 'Then when you have carefully sown with such an expressive look that for once the saucy girl has no answer sures the best. Why did you not proud face darken and quiver with tete-a-tete. It is quite a simple aff-ir, is pain beneath your words '-oh, how his it not? Though really, why he should W. R. Watson, Charlottelown, Wholesale Agent. own evil face glows with unholy satis-not arrange to talk privately to you in faction as he sees the picture he has soom room in the castle, which is eyes!- 'you will affect to be driven by compunction into granting Sir Adrian's supposed request, you will don your lime-walk to encounter-me. If I am any judge of character, that girl, so haughty to all the world, will lower her pride for her crushed lover's sake, and you wish to consult me?" will follow you, to madden herself

and unsympathetic you are to-day with your meeting with the man she loves. To her, I shall on this occasion says Dora reproachfully; ' and I came represent Sir Adrian. Are you listen. to you so sure of offers of love and freindship! I want you to tell me if She is indeed-listening with all her you think I ought to meet him or not. might to the master mind that has her

'You will remember not to start when you meet me, he continues, ssuing his commands with insolent ssumption of authority over the dainomed to rule it over others in her particular sphere, and who now chafes and writhes beneath the sense of slavery 'You would get out of it now, would you?' be says. 'It is too late, I tell you. 'You have gone some way with me, you must go the rest. I want your the old sweat time, and with teass in help, and you want mine. Will you her eyes. Sir Adrian flushes warmly, when a little more labor will place and with the same of slavery that is oppressing her. 'You will meet abown me, you ought to feel assured, shown me, you ought to feel assured, shown the prize is half when you can when a little more labor will place.'

'I should think,' she says alowly, that is oppressing her. 'You will meet abown me, you ought to feel assured, shown me, you ought to feel assured, when the prize is half when you have a little more labor will place.'

'I should think,' she says alowly, after reading the letter you have just me calmly, oblivious of the fact that I should think,' she says alowly, after reading the letter you have just me calmly, oblivious of the fact that I should think,' she says alowly, after reading the letter you have just me calmly, oblivious of the fact that I should think,' she says alowly, after reading the letter you have just me calmly, oblivious of the fact that I should think,' she says alowly, after reading the letter you have just me calmly, oblivious of the fact that I should think,' she says alowly, after reading the letter you have just me calmly, oblivious of the fact that I should think,' she says alowly, after reading the letter you have gone you ought to feel assured, when the prize is half should think, she says alowly, after reading the letter you have gone you are should think, she says alowly, after reading the letter you have gone you are should then the prize is half should think, she says alowly, after reading the letter you have gone you are should think, she says alowly, after reading the letter you have gone you are should think.' She says alowly, and will be calm that the should the should think, she says alowly, after reading the should think.' She says alowly, after reading the should think, she

won, when a little more labor will place thus reit within your grasp?

But their must be no violence, she full fire as he calls to mind the slight praise Florence has bestoned in a very savel to the strain, and savely do not know what you are hinting at. Violence! what do you mean by that ?

What is it you could say? he interpraise Florence has bestoned in a very savel, surely do not know what you are hinting at. Violence! what do you mean by that ? by him and dwelt upon in secret, to the terrible strengthening of the purpose

acrificing my dignity in any way.
'Cestainly.' 'Ob, I am so glad,' exclaimed little But if you sho marked, hesitates D Mrs. Talbot rapturously, nodding her bonorable head with a beaming smile, because I do so want to meet

her silence, and then, when passing by her not wanted where I am. Now to business. You want to marry Sir Adpatiently. When you meet me you any friend I possess. You are so solid

ontade, but sits quite still, with down-'That is all you have to say?' asks cast eyes, tapping the small table near Dora, anxious to quit his hated pre- her with the tips of her slender fingers in a meditative fashion,

For the present-yes. Follow my tron-bound door that leads to the cor-ridor without—they find E hel Villiers bride to place here in this grand old consequences. Any blunder in the you into a little secret. Yesterday Sir ing them. See had been looking castle, but I will frustrate that hope if performance of this arrangement I Adrian and I had a tiny, oh, such a tiny little dispute all about nothing, I as 'You threaten, sir!' she exclaims sure you '-with a gay laugh-' but to us it seemed quite important, ' He said Let it be your care to see that I do he was jealous of me. Now just fancy not carry out my threats,' he retorts, that, Fio; jealous of poor little me! 'It is quite possible; you are pretty The next day, directly after lunchmost men admire you,' Flor

afraid you won't be able to open it, as it; unless—I am her husband—unless— round the castle—which have, alsa, Well, silly as it sounds, he actually was grown only too dear to her!'-Dora jealous, and really gave me quite up here as they would of making an repeats his last phrase, until Dora, af. and significantly smiling Dora that it upset me so. So to tell the truth, we Dearest Florence, I want your ad-

'Mine?' exclaims Florence, laying Again Florence is silent, though he Ay, to tell you what is on my mind. down her brush, and looking, as she tormentor plainly waits for a lead from

'You must have remarked,' she con Dora does not seek for wisdom from inues presently, 'how cold and re-'Yes, dear, if you can spare me the served he was towards me when we were all together in that dreadful annted chamber. Here she really before him wrapped in impenetrable fore going in for stronger measures, sketch. On '-glancing at it-' how ex- shudders in spite of herself. The cruel gloom. Spider-nets have been drawn there is one more eard that I will play, actly like it is -so perfect; what a sun-eyes of Arthur Dynecourt seem to be n her again, as they were in that

'I remarked nothing,' responds Florence icily.

'It is not the Fairies' Glen at all; it No-really? Well, he was, Why. is that bit down by Gough's tarm,' says Florence coldly. Of late she has not dear Florence, you must have seen how ind,' remarks Captain Ringwood. You will see that I have copied Ad. b en so blind to Dora's artificialness as he singled you out to be attentive to you, just to show me how offended he

'He did not seem offended at any one, and I thought he was in particula genius, dearest, you are really, and good spirits, replies Fiorence calmiy. Dora turns a delicate pink.

Dear Adrian is such an excellent contenting himself with a scowl at him, walk? I have been cold to you perform the little door again, and turns away from it.

At night, says Sir Adrian, in an but in this, dearest, you are mistaken.

The want my advice, suggests the suggests the suggests to the little door again, and turns haps, but have I not had cause? You think my slight attentions to another portant. too! She throws into her portant, too! She throws into her what the effort may cost him. Well, dearest, and so but in this, dearest, you are mistaken, whole air so much coquetry, mingled you positively advise me to keep this ence knows by instinct that the 'some-

I see nothing objectionable in your

you I am not worth it '-kissing her TO BE CONTINUED ]

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During an acute attack of Bronchitis, Ah, true; you do not know, of ceaseless tickling in the throat, and attended with Hourseness, and chronic, involve the lungs, and termifatally. Aver's Cherry Pectoral affords whose letter do you refer?' asks Florspeedy relief and cure in cases of Bro chitts. It controls the disposition cough, and induces refreshing sleep. · Fiorence! whose letter would I call I have been a practicing physician for y-four years, and, for the pa-e, have suffered from annual attack onchitis. After exhausting all th sweet' except Sir Adrian's?' answer:

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Cured By Using years I was in a declungs, and suffered from atarrh. Ayer's Cherry Pretoral I me to health, and I have been for

escribed Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, w fleved me at once. I continued to is medicine a short time, and was c Ernest Colton, Logansport, Ind. Aver's Cherry Pectoral. epared by Br. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. ad by all Druggists. Price \$1; sir bottles, \$5.



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abown me, you ought to feel assured, 'You believe I ought, really?' with a supply of fine show of eagerness. 'Now, you are not saying this to please me—to grati- Clover,

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'The fact is,' continues Dors, who is

'Ab, you flatter me, naughty girl! colding. It brought tears to my eyes parted rather bad friends; and, to be cannot be sold in competition with the mu revenged on me, I suppose, he rather titude of low test, short weight, alum neglected me for the remainder of the

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'Ah, so it is!' agrees Dora airily, not

wou have one made already for you have one made already for you have one made already for you fortunate girl!

You want my advice, suggests Florence quietly.

Ab, true; and about something imof any one, no matter what the effort Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the ountain of health, by using Dr. Pierce's Gold n Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a · I advise nothing. I merely say that

liousness, or "Liver and Indigestion, it is DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS - Anti-Billious and Cathartic. 25c. a vial, by druggasts.

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12.38
12.28
12.28
12.25
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11.35
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10.15
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9.07
7.54
7.30
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All Correspondence shoul The Herald Printing Company, Charlot

Calendar for May, 180 MOON'S CHANGES D Day of Sun Sun THE MOON.
M Week Rises | Sets. | map rn | m\*rn | t | t | 11.56 | 12.23 | 2.37 | 2.33 | 2.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.30 | 3.

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