

GOOD NIGHT.

Good night, dear friend! I say good night to thee...

For, lying nate upon my couch and still, The feverish evanished from my face...

And so, from sight of tears that fall like rain, And sound of sobbing smothered close and low...

I turned my white face to the window pane, To say "Good night" to thee before I go...

Good night, good night! I do not fear the end, The conflict with the billows dark and high...

Or it may be that if, through all the strife And pain of parting, I should hear thy call...

And know no mystery of death at all, It may not be. Good night, dear friend, good night...

And when you see the violets again, And hear, through boughs with swollen buds...

The gentle falling of the April rain, Remember her whose young life held thy name...

With all things holy, in its outward night, And turn sometimes from busy haunts of men...

To hear again her low "Good night, good night!"

A LEGAL MORTGAGE.

BY MARY B. SLEIGHT. No doubt the place is yours by good rights, ain't it, Jason?

The woman that asked this question though past her girlhood, was still young...

Jason's eyes also grew misty, for there were two graves in the far corner of the garden...

"Do put 'em down, an' let 'em 'muse 'emselves. You coddle 'em too much," fretted Miranda.

"Oh, I like to have 'em 'round me," said Hesba.

But Miranda frowned. "They're gittin' mos' as bad as Jason," she complained to herself.

Jason's new business often took him from home for weeks at a time, and it was while he was off on one of these expeditions that Miranda improved the opportunity to carry out a long cherished project.

"Seems to me, gran'ma," she began, warily, having joined her mother-in-law in the sitting room, armed with her knitting work...

"Why, the int'res ain't 'ven paid for three years. You know that 'bout my tellin' you, indifferently, 'Well!' repeated his wife, sharply, 'how long you goin' to let it run on so?'

Jason stopped reeking, and looked at her uneasily. "You don't mean, Mirandy, that you want me to foreclose on my own father and mother?"

"Why not? Business is business, relation or no relation; an' if you did that, the place'd be ours to do as we please with."

"I ain't so sure about that. It's down in black an' white that, whether the int'res is paid or not, father's alyas to have a home here. Uncle Richard use to hol' the mortgage; an' when he died, some five or six years ago, father got me to take it, so's it would'n go out of the family; but 'tain't ever been changed."

"Then 'twas made out 'for he married agin'?" said Mirandy.

"Well, what of that?"

"Nuthin'; only in that case she ain't countin' in. An' she ain't your mother, any way."

"She's the only mother I ever knew anything about, Mirandy. She's been a mother to me ever since I was three years old—a right-down good one, too; an' as fo' her not bein' counted in, she's jus' as much right here as if she was; 'cause after father got hurt in the brickkils, there was a good many years that he wasn't able to do much, an' all that time she kep' the int'res paid up out of her own pocket. Uncle Richard tol' me so."

Miranda, who had stood nervously nibbling the rhubarb stalk, made haste to change her tactics. "Oh, of course, Jason, I'd alyas expect you to be good to her. But you know yourself 'tain't very pleasant havin' two heads to a house; an' so long as Mother Sands thinks she owns it all, I don't say a word even if everything goes to rack an' ruin. Besides, she's gittin' too ol' to have the care."

Jason listened with a sort of helpless patience. He was an easy-tempered man, ready to yield almost any point for the sake of peace, and his wife was well aware of his weakness. It was to please her that he had sold his farm; and though at the time he fully intended to buy another, before he could decide on one she had persuaded him to take a place that had been offered him by a city friend as drummer in a wholesale grocery store. It was a business that seemed to her much more "genteel" than farming. Meanwhile he had accepted his mother's invitation to bring his family home for a visit. "Jus' till I get time to look up a house," he said.

But Miranda had always coveted the pretty cottage, and before they had been in it a week she had determined to get possession of it. Jason had never told her of the mortgage. Knowing that the place would eventually belong to him, he had not been troubled by the fact that the interest was not always promptly paid; neither did he want the old folks troubled, and it vexed him that Miranda had chanced to find the papers. But her reasoning in regard to the housekeeping seemed very plausible. His mother was past seventy, it was time she had a rest, and she could have it as well as not if she would only consent to let "Mirandy"

take charge of things for a while. "I wish you'd speak to her 'bout it," said Mirandy. "She'd be a good deal more likely to do it if you proposed it 'an' if I did."

Jason did not covet the task, but he knew the penalty of refusing. "She's in the kitchen," Miranda remarked, with another nibble at the rhubarb stalk.

"No hurry about it," grumbled Jason. But presently, with an air of forced surrender, he laid down his rake and went into the house. He found his mother making bread.

"You see, mother, you're gettin' kinder along in years," he argued, "an' you'd ought to let somebody else do the heft of the work. Why don't you let Mirandy, long as she's here? She's a first-rate housekeeper, an' she'd rather do it 'an' no."

The little old lady lifted her head with a troubled look. "Why, I shouldn't know what to do with my self, Jason, if I hadn't something to keep me busy. I've alyas be'n use' to it, you know. But," she added, drawing in her lip, and slowly patting the loaf she was kneading, "if Mirandy wants to take a turn in it for a while, she can. I won't hinder her."

The daughter-in-law accepted this concession with secret triumph, and she soon managed to get entire control of the kitchen, that the deposed housewife, missing the homely cares that for so many years had occupied her hands and thoughts, would have been in a sad strait had it not been for the children.

"I loves gran'ma," said little Delia one day, as she mounted her grandmother's knee.

"Me do, too," chimed the baby, clambering up beside her sister.

"Makes me think, Hesba," said her husband, a sudden mist dimming his glasses, "of the times you use to sit holdin' Jany an' Ruth."

Hesba's eyes also grew misty, for there were two graves in the far corner of the garden; but the prattling children on her lay left her no time for reminiscence.

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he'd like very much to have a visit from me, an' he hopes I'll come right away, 'fore cold weather sets in. But he's 'fraid I'll have to put up with sleepin' with one of the children, they're so short o' room."

"Then o' course that puts an end to father's goin'," said Mirandy, coming in noiselessly from the kitchen, the door having been let ajar.

"An' to her goin', too, I guess," answered the old man.

"Oh, you shouldn't say that, father," said Mirandy. "It'll be a real nice little trip for her, and do her lots o' good."

The old man scowled, and thumped the floor with his cane. "She ain't goin' to stir a step, not with my consent," he cried, angrily.

"Sh-sh, father," whispered his wife. "Don't let's have any words about it."

Miranda put her apron to her eyes. "I'm sure I don't want to have no words," she whimpered.

Hesba stood up with her hand on her husband's shoulder. "We won't say anything more, Mirandy. I'll go to William's as soon as I can get my things ready, an' stay till your company's gone."

Miranda walked out of the room without answering. She had gained the day, there was nothin more to be said, but she still held her apron to her eyes.

The old people had seldom been separated even for a day, and during the time that intervened they would sit, hand in hand, by the hour, trying forlornly to find some way to escape from Mirandy's plan.

"It's no use, father," sighed Hesba. "She's made up her mind to have me go, an' to 'fore Jason comes home, an' she won't res' till she gets me out o' the house."

"Well, she'll repent it," said the old man, shaking his head.

"Don't, father," entreated his wife. "Tain't for us to make her repent it. It was not until the time came to say good-by that the children began to comprehend that she was going away."

"Gran'ma mustn't do," cried little Delia, clinging to Hesba's skirts, and then the baby set up a wail, and refused to be comforted.

Hesba strained the little creature for a moment to her bosom. "I don't want any harm to come to you, Mirandy," she said, turning to her daughter-in-law, "but I can't help fearin' that separatin' father an' me as you're doin', the Lord may see fit to separate you from some o' them you love."

That was her farewell word.

When Jason came home the following week, it was an easy matter for Miranda to make him believe that his mother had gone of her own free will to visit her brother, the old man, obedient to his wife's entreaty, keeping silent. She took much credit to herself for having managed it so well.

Her visitors came and went, but she said not a word about Hesba's coming home. Not even the old man's pleading eyes could move her.

One morning in November, while Miranda was busy in the kitchen, little Nan wandered into the yard, and amused herself for half an hour chasing the chickens. The ground was covered with slush, and that night the child was seized with diphtheria.

For three days she lay tossing and moaning, and almost the only words that passed her lips were, "Gran'ma! I ont gran'ma."

"Baby can't have gran'ma. Gran'ma's gone," said Mirandy. "Mommie's here to take care o' Nan."

But she was not skillful at nursing. Nan grew rapidly worse, still moaning for "gran'ma," and death came with the suddenness characteristic of the disease.

Jason reached home the day before the funeral. He was almost heart-broken. "You'd ought to have sent for mother," he said at once.

"I don't know what for," Miranda protested, in an injured voice. "The doctor an' me did everything that could be done, an' there wouldn't be any earthly use sendin' for her now."

A day or two later little Delia came and leaned against her knee as she sat sewing. "I want my gran'ma," said the child, with a long-drawn sigh. I want her to tell me stories."

"Delie seems to think she hol's a mortgage on mother," said the old man; "an' I guess it's legal 'an the one some othe' folks hol'."

Miranda winced, but she was too wise to make him any answer. "Go to gran'pa," she said to Delia. "He'll tell you 'bout Jack the Giant-killer."

"I doesn't want to hear 'bout Jack 'e Giant-killer," said the child, perversely. "Gran'ma she tolled me stories 'bout little chillen love one an' over."

Her grandfather took her on his knee. "That was said for grown-up folks as well as for little children," he remarked, looking turvately at Miranda. "an' it means that everybody ought to be lovin' an' kind to each other."

"Gran'ma was lovin' an' kind," said Delia.

The old man laid his cheek against hers, but he drew back with a startled face.

"Why, Mirandy, this child's sick!" he exclaimed. "She's got a ragin' fever."

Miranda threw down her sewing, and snatched the child away from him. Delia was her idol.

"I want gran'ma," repeated the little one, drowsily.

"Just then Jason came in. "Go telegraph for mother," cried Miranda. "Tell her not to wait for anything."

When the doctor came the next afternoon, he found his little patient nestled in Hesba's lap, while close beside them, his chin on this case, and his face beaming like a lover's, sat the old man.

"Ah, she is better," said the doctor. "She is getting on finely."

"We're all better," piped the old man, blinking behind his glasses.

"We've got our gran'ma back," said the child, contentedly.—Harper's Bazar.

Some Pleasant Games. A Few Suggestions for an Evening at Home.

In the game called "Observation," says the Delinquent, pencils and paper are needed. On the table in the center of a room a number of articles are placed—the larger the number and the more varied the articles, the better for the interest of the game. The players enter and walk around the table once; they then leave the room, and each writes on his paper the list of articles in the group he can remember. Each player counts the number of articles in his list, and the one having the largest number reads his list. As each article is announced the players having that article on their list cross it off. The reader scores for each article not-d that the other have not on their lists, taking as many points as there are players who have not written the name of the article. Any names remaining on the other lists after the reader has finished are read, and the scoring is carefully kept. An umpire is always chosen who settles any questions that may arise, such as, whether an article has been properly described, whether such an article was really on the table, etc. For instance the articles on the table are:

Three books, A photograph, A penknife A lamp, A paper cutter, A vase, Four marbles, A doll, A pintray, A fancy blotter, Two pencils, A taceup, Half dozen pens, A calendar, A thimble An ink-stand, A fancy bag, A penwiper Some writing paper, Two papers of needles, A spoon of thread.

A list includes all the articles except three, and he has four names that no other person has, so, as there are nine other players, A obviously scores thirty-six. B's list is a poor one, and as it contains no article that the other nine players have not observed, his score is nothing. C's list contains two articles that live of those playing, and is therefore ten. A prize might be awarded the one making the highest score, and it would prove a pleasant surprise if the prize were not mentioned until the game is ended. Favors or prizes are very generally awarded nowadays and are kept as souvenirs by the winners.

FAMOUS NUMBERS.

Pencil and paper are required for this game, and the players are seated about a table. Each person writes a number on his paper, and when all are written, the slips are collected and shuffled in a box; after which one is drawn by each player, who is required to state what the number on his new slip is famous for. Failing in this, a forfeit must be paid. Among the answers that may be given are the following:

One—A nose on every face. Two—Two gentlemen of Verona. Three—The points of a triangle. Four—The points of the compass. Five—The number of fingers on the hand. Seven—The biblical number. May refer to the seven tribes of Israel or to the seven branched candlestick. Ten—The council of ten or the ten commandments.

CLIPPED SQUARES.

All the players being seated around a table, each is given a square of paper, after which scissors are passed and each player clips his paper into four pieces. The pieces are then shuffled and passed to the player on the left, who must arrange them so they will form the original square. A time limit is usually decided upon before commencing, and is generally three minutes. At the expiration of the time those who have succeeded score one point. The pieces are then shuffled by each holder and are arranged. So the pieces are shuffled and passed from hand to hand until they have gone the round of the table. The player making the most points is the winner of the game. If at the expiration of the first time limit no one has succeeded in making the square, time should be extended; if, on the contrary, all succeed, the time should be shortened. The task may seem very simple but in reality it is quite difficult, especially as it must be completed in a certain time.

ALPHABET GAME.

In this game of letters single dots are used to represent consonants and double dots vowels. The players being provided with pencils and paper, each one writes a word by means of the dots mentioned above and passes the paper to the player at his right, who is allowed to ask any question regarding the word that may be answered by "Yes" or "No." A time limit is set.

The following samples will illustrate method of using the dots for letters: Philadelphia Boston Charles Cat Chair

THREE THINGS.

Although this is a word game, it differs considerably from the preceding one. The players sit in a circle or near each other, and the one commencing gives to his left hand neighbor three words commencing with the same two letters. The player to whom the words are given must connect them in an intelligible sentence, and must then give his left hand neighbor three similar words. A failure to make a sentence demands the payment of a forfeit, and the same words are given to the next player. To illustrate: A gives to B the words cat, caper and cannon; and B replies: "The cat began to caper in front of the cannon." I give to C the words man, match and mail. To this C makes reply thus: "The man read his mail by the light of a match. I give to D sand, sack and sap." And so the game continues. An umpire should be chosen and a time limit set, before commencing.

LITERARY SALAD.

Line a large bowl, or dish (the handsomer the better), with pale green lettuce. Lay it in carelessly, crinkling and edging, like Savoy lettuce. Cut several sheets of two shades, very pale and quite dark, into shreds, crinkling them with a knife. Put all sizes into the bowl to imitate celery tops and lettuce leaves.

According to the number playing, cut strips of stiff white paper in squares, like the bits of chicken. Write on

them short, familiar quotations from authors. Drop them into the dish, toss them over and over until well mixed. Pass the salad to your guests. To the one who guesses the greatest number, is given the prize, and the "booby prize" goes to the one least learned.

MOTHER GOOSE SALAD.

Prepare in the same way, substituting "Mother Goose" for "Authors." Mother Hubbard is simple. Write plainly on larger squares, "Old Mother Hubbard," on another, "Went to the cupboard," another, "To get her poor dog," another, "A bone!" So on—to the end. After all are drawn out one reads, "Mother," etc., as quickly as possible. Somebody pipes up, "Went to," etc.

Watching breathlessly, one little fellow reads, "To get," etc.; while another shouts, "A bone!" For mistakes a forfeit is paid. M. S.

The Population of India.

Nearly 100,000,000 People Now Own Queen Victoria as Ruler.

The census of British India just completed shows the total population of 288,000,000, and it is computed nearly 400,000,000 of people now acknowledge the sovereignty of Queen Victoria, or rather of the British parliament, for that is the essential of British rule. This is a greater number of people than any monarch of ancient or modern times has ruled over. It includes an area of 11,300,000 square miles. Russia comes next with a population of about 110,000,000, or less than one third that of the British empire, and an area of some thing over 8,000,000 square miles. The area of the United States is small compared with that of Russia or the British empire, and includes but 3,600,000 square miles, with probably 65,000,000 population.

The diversity of religious belief in the British empire is illustrated by the figures of the Indian census: Queen Victoria has in India three times as many of the Hindu religion as in her whole empire of the Christian faith, and probably as many Mohammedans as Christians. The Indian returns according to religion are: Hindus 207,654,407; Mussulmans, 67,365,204; Christian, 2,284,191; Jains, 1,416,109; Sikhs, 1,907,836; Buddhists, 7,101,057; Parsees 89,887; Jews, 17,190; forest tribes (animal worshipped), 9,202,088. Here is a wide scope for missionary labor, but unfortunately the Hindu and Mohammedan faiths are increasing more rapidly than the Christian.

St. Patrick's Day.

In observing St. Patrick's Day the Irish celebrate the dawn of civilization upon their country. The great missionary preached in Ireland not Christianity alone, but liberty and learning. He found it a land of heathen barbarians and filled it with churches and schools. He found a people who, while they practiced slavery themselves, suffered heavily from the practical marauders who swept their shores to fill the slave markets of the continent. It is as well authenticated as anything that has come down concerning him through the misty distance of 1,400 years that while he baptized kings and established bishoprics, his heart and his work took in also the wrongs and sufferings of the humblest peasant. In the shadow of universal slavery he confronted the practice of centuries, and preached liberty and the brotherhood of men. Not merely as the successful missionary who brought a white people to confess a new religion, but as among the foremost of the brave and gentle men whose lives have lighted the dark places of the earth, the people for whom he worked so long and faithfully do well to recall and celebrate his memory not only, not only with processions and the outward forms of remembrance, but with serious thought of what it stands for.

The New Route to Colorado.

First-Class Sleeping Cars—Electric Lighted—run daily between Chicago, Omaha, Lincoln and Denver, via the Short Line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R'y.—Chicago to Omaha—and the Burlington Route—Omaha to Lincoln and Denver. Leave Chicago 6:00 p. m., arrive Omaha next morning, Denver second morning, ready for business or pleasure. Time and money saved. All Oregon Ticket Agents in the United States and Canada sell tickets via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R'y., or address John R. Pott, Dist. Pass Agent, 486 William Street, Williamsport, Pa.

Platinum.

The demand for platinum for use in science has raised its value to three-quarters that of gold. Three years ago it was worth eighty dollars a pound. It now costs \$160, or eleven times more than silver. It is found in small quantities in Peru, Columbia, Brazil, the Ural mountains, California, Oregon and Borneo. The yearly output has never been more than four tons and is now three.—Philadelphia Ledger.

BUCKLEN'S ARNIC SALVE.

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by C. M. Farnish.

"Do you intend to keep Lent?" he asked, drawing his chair a little nearer to her own.

"I haven't been borrowed yet," she said with a charming frankness.

Then the poor fellow knew that he had made a fatal mistake.—Detroit Free Press.

The United States has the biggest lakes, the longest rivers, the highest mountains, the most talkative patriots and the greatest divorce record in the civilized world.

If you decide, from what you have heard or read, that you will take Hood's Sarsaparilla, do not be induced to buy any substitute instead.

The World of Women.

Brunettes are said to be harder than blondes. Miss Besant, the novelist's sister often travels thirty or forty miles by tricycle. Dancing shoes are now being worn with flat heels, almost imperceptible as heels.

A damp cloth dipped in salt will remove egg stains from silver, or tea stains from china. The newest coat bodice is cut away on the hips and set in rather long, narrow and flat swallow-tails at the back.

Vinnie Ream Hoxie, the sculptress, is petite. She has been compared to a "plump brown sparrow fluttering in the sunlight."

New harness, which you thrust in the back of the collature to hold in place the small bonnets and crowless hats, are of gold, beautifully cut out in open work pattern.

Stripes everywhere, and such very pretty stripes. They are broad and some of them exquisitely shaded, beginning with the lighter tints and shading into deeper tones.

A cut-glass vase to match to hold a few spring flowers is also a dainty accessory—especially at this season when a couple of tulips and a bunch of jonquils are so suggestive.

Throughout the entire season chevots and tweeds, shaggy and smooth, will be in demand. They are natty, stylish and durable and may always be counted upon as the correct thing for an outing.

According to the New York Times, a new 5 o'clock tea cloth is in white with a running pattern over it, through which is glittering in German. When the stranger comes give him of your best.

A special fancy this spring will be the use of pale green shades for accessories on dresses of light tan, and darker greens in pines, sages and moss; also the use of palest yellow with gray and fawn greens.

Low picturesque footstools or hassocks are covered with heavy Bagdad rugs, and take the form of a flat Turkish fez, with a cluster of odd, heavy tassels in the centre. They cost from \$2 to \$2.50 apiece.

The death of Maria C. Robbins, at Brooklyn, N. Y., will enrich various religious and charitable institutions to the extent of \$2,000,000, that being the amount devised by her for such purposes as come within their scope.

As we learn from the New York Tribune, a cut-glass bowl for biscuits (American crackers) is a pretty addition to the afternoon tea table. These come in a great variety, and some are exceedingly quaint. They have covers, of course, to protect the biscuits or cake from dust.

Yellow and white are more fashionable just at the moment than any single color or combination of colors. All the varied shades are popular. Golden yellow, primrose, buttercup, new gold, orange, chamois, maize, Spanish, daffodil, jonquil, lemon—one and all find special favor.

Miss Kate Miner, one of the vice-presidents of the Board of Lady Managers of the Columbian Exposition, is a successful sugar-planter. With her brother she manages the affairs of a plantation of 5,000 acres. She is planning to exhibit an Acadian settlement and a creole kitchen at the fair.

The spring woolens are unusually handsome, far exceeding in beauty those of last autumn. Perhaps, however, it scarcely is just to compare them with the winter fabrics, since the spring work permits so much wider range in both color and texture, but, placing them beside the woollens of a year ago, if anybody can remember that far back, the improvement is very noticeable.

The Garrick