

WHEN WOMAN GUIDES THE PLOT.

The unusual is ever the most attractive. From his assortment of morning mail Bower first of all selected the one unbusinesslike envelope and hastily tore it open. He read softly, with rising elation:

My Dear Jimmy-Monday evening next, April I, I am planning a little heart sur-prise party in honor of little sister's birth-day. It won't be complete without one of her best friends, so please cut everything and come. I should have let you know sooner had I not expected to see you at the club reception last night. Where were you—out with the other girl? Anyway, Monday evening without fail. Your sin-cere friend,

GRACE LOUISE ELSTON. "It wouldn't do to miss Marjorie's birthday-in memory of three years ago, if for no other reason," he meditated.

"Too bad she had to kick up such a fuss over nothing. How was I to blame? She must have waked up, or I never should have been invited. I wonder"- But at that moment the pile of business letters caught his eye reprovingly. .

Arriving early at the Elston home. he found the apartment ablaze with hearts. Large ones adorned the curtains and electroliers, while smaller tokens of the occasion were strewn about in picturesque profusion. Above the main doorway hung a flying Cupid. prince of romance.

The early arrivals had formed into interested groups. More than once Bower thought he heard the mention of some engagement, but upon drawing nearer he was met by a sudden change of subject and what seemed half startled glances. At last he cornered

his hostess. "What does a heart party usually mean?" she parried, with a laugh that jarred strangely on his nerves. "Oh, there's Mr. Stanwood. I must see that he meets some of the out-of-towners," and she was gone.

Just then Marjorie entered. "Little sister," as he had once called her, looked very much grown up tonight. Bower was among the first to press forward with congratulations. "How many is it this time?" he quizzed in well feigned ignorance. "Let's see, three years ago it was nineteen. This time you throw double twos-sign of good luck."

She smiled in some embarrassment. "You have too good a memory, Jim. Can't you ever forget? After the teens a girl isn't so proud of her age."

He made way for the others with a tingling sensation of loss. After all, had it been so much her fault three years ago? At the other side of the room he caught sight of Miss Sherwood beckoning to him with parted lips. Mechanically he crossed to her side.

"I was never so stumped in my life," confided his companion. "You are an old friend of the family, Mr. Bower. Did Miss Elston tell you before tonight?"

"I was about as much in the dark as

any one," he evaded. "And did you see the ring?" she rattled on. "It's a perfect beauty!"

Jim smiled to hide his suspicion. Those best wishes-were they as innocently attached to her birthday as he had supposed? He tried to recall her new friends, but none seemed to fit the case.

about the man than that, I guess I'll hunt up some one who can." Miss Sherwood disappeared with a parting shot. "I always supposed you were the right bower in that game.'

Miss Elston was passing the tally cards. "The head table is up there," she indicated, "and the booby at the other end. As there are two people short, the poorest couple at the last table will have to drop out each time And the People Dances 3 Fay until the next change. You'll find a consolation cozy corner in the conservatory."

Starting at the third table, Jim slowly advanced to the head and then as suddenly dropped to the other end. Marjorie was already there.

"Unlucky in cards"- she laughed. "You might have given a fellow a sound of the bell cut short the conversation.

For the next ten minutes he played atrociously, now heaping hearts upon her score, now adding needlessly to his own. The other pair exchanged knowing glances. He couldn't have made a plainer bid for the cozy corner. Yet Mariorie seemed oblivious.

"Now tell me all about it." began Jim a few minutes later.

Marjorie hesitated "There isn't so much to tell," she began slowly at last. "Clinton is a distant cousin of mine. He cares for me, and I care for him. He's well off-and generous-and good looking." She weighed each winning quality with a all, he knows his own mind. Why shouldn't I love him?" she demanded.

turning suddenly to her companion. "Oh, don't mind me tonight," he deprecated. "It's just this: I can't blessed memory was a bankrupt and seem to realize what it all means to a thief. I'll have them arrested and me. We did have such good times once. Martie."

She started at the sound of her nickname, so dearly loved of old. "We were children then," reflectively.

"And you promised to give me first chance if any one else came along," he pursued, drawing closer, "Did I, really? How foolish of me!"

she laughed. "Yet we were children through it all. We even scrapped like children at the finish."

"Mostly my fault," he owned. Her laughing gray eyes glanced up

"No, all your fault." she corrected. "Marjie, do you really love him?"

demanded Jim. She started violently.

"Why, the idea-what a question! Here I came out for a friendly little talk with you, and you're proving a regular inquisitor. Do you suppose 1 shall ever marry a man I don't love? Not much!"

His arm crept softly around her

"Haven't you any regard for honor?" she entreated. "We mustn't-I mean, you mustn't forget"-

"Honor? repeated Jim slowly. "No. What do I care for honor if I lose you, Marjie? Can't you see that I've loved you all the time and that it was just my infernal jealousy and pride that kicked up the trouble? Yes, I suppose we were children then, for children never stop to appreciate their happy comradeship till too late. But couldn't we be children again, Marjie-you and I-while all the rest are growing up? Do you remember, it was four years ago tonight that I met you-at the

Prestous' box party?" He drew her closer to him. Every thing favored the contrite lover. The fragrance of the hothouse plants blended into a heavy perfume. The Japanese lanterns glowed softly with warm color harmony.

He gently turned her face from the shadow to the softly glowing light. "Do you really love me, Marjie?" he

repeated. With a gesture of impatience-or was it of fright?-she arose and threw open a window. As she stood gazing into the night a distant hurdy gurdy struck up the much worn "Good Old Summer

Time." He joined her. "Do you remember the first time we heard it together down on the Jersey

shore, Marjie?" "Do it? Oh, what was I saying? It isn't fair," she implored.

Jim turned unsteadily from the freshening breeze to the heavy fragrance within. "Well, I guess it's goodby, Marile." He held out his hand.

"Oh, why couldn't I"- she breathed. He snatched her to him. "Marjie. look at me."

Slowly she raised her eyes, then as suddenly buried her face in her hands. "Oh, how could you?" she gasped, with a frightened cry.

Gently he stroked her hair. "I'll go away and wait if it will do any good," he began feverishly, "if you'll-ah, hang that engagement! Others have discovered their mistake and broken off before it was too late. Will it do any good if I wait? Tell me, Marjie. I must know."

Unresisting, yet shaking violently, she rested her head against his shoulder, but only for an instant. There was a sound of moving chairs and approaching voices.

"May I come around tomorrow night?" he urged as he turned to the room.

She nodded carelessly, for steps were close at hand. "We were just looking for you, Marjorie." said her sister. "It's time to cut the birthday cake. What has kept you two has-beens so busy out bere?

You'll be talked about." "I was just outlining my future plans," answered Jim, following the girls to the card room.

. "You're perfect dears, both of you," Marjorie was saying to Grace and Clinton an hour later. "Jimmy's such a dog in the manger. I knew he cared for me, but that he'd never come to the point unless some one else butted in. It was such a joke to see how "Well, if you can't tell me any more everybody thought Clinton was engaged to little me when big sister was it the whole time."

Grace sleepily consulted her watch. "It is getting very late," she commented. "Suppose you return my ring. From my first glimpse into the conservatory I should judge that yours will arrive in a day or two."

Debts of Louis XIV.

1712 Louis XIV. favored the opera, then established in the first salle of the Palais Royal (there have been two), with a special mansion for the better accommodation of its administration, archives and rehearsals. This hotel is situated in the Rue Nicaise. The building was generally little warning." he grieved-"sort of designated under the name of Magachance to renew his option." But the sia, whence the term Filles du Magasin (not de magasin), which was applied not only to the female choristers and supers, but to the female dancers themselves. It so happened that the king forgot to pay his architects and workmen. In order to satisfy them the Chevaller de Bouillon conceived the idea of giving balls in the opera house, for which idea he received an annual pension of 6,000 francs. He was paid, but the king's debtors were not, for, although the letters patent were granted somewhere about the beginning of 1713, not a single ball had been given when the most magnificent of the Bourbon sovereigns descended to his grave.

One day shortly after his death deliberation that hurt. "And, above d'Argenson, the then lieutenant of police, was talking to Louis' nephew, Philippe d'Orleans, the regent. "Monsignore," he said, "there are people who go about yelling that his majesty of have them flung into some deep underground dungeon." "You don't know what you are talking about," was the answer. "Those people must be paid, and then they'll cease to bellow."
"But how, monsignore?" "Let's give the balls that were projected by Bouillon." So said, so done, and the people danced to pay Louis XIV.'s debts, as, according to Shadwell, people drank

to fill Charles II.'s coffers: The king's most faithful subjects In 's service are not dull. We drink to show our loyalty And make his coffers full.

-London Saturday Review.

HAPPY MARRIAGES.

Value of the Spirit of Compromise In Wedded Life.

If marriage meant the wedding of a saint and an angel there would be be why there are no marriages in heaven.

On earth it is different. Husband and wife are strongly human. No matter how lovingly united or how sweet their accord, they never have the same temperaments, tendencies or tastes.

Their needs are different, their manner of looking at things is not identical and in varying ways their individualities assert themselves. At any critical moment if both express at the same time a desire to defer to the other's taste the result is foreordained-happiness. This makes matrimony not merely union, but unison and unity.

The spirit of compromise does not mean a continuous performance in the way of self surrender and self sacrifice; it does not mean ceasing to be a voice and becoming an echo; it does not imply or justify the loss of individuality. It means simply the instinctive recognition of the best way out of a difficulty, the quickest tacking to avoid a collision, the kindly view of tolerance in the presence of weakness and errors of another, the courage to meet an explanation half way, the generosity to be first to apologize for a discord, the largeness of mind that does not fear a sacrifice of dignity in surrendering in the interests of the highest harmony of the two rather than the personal vanity.-Delineator.

ALWAYS CHEERFUL.

Even When He Lost Both Feet He Could Find Consolation.

Brown's cheerfulness was a source of wonder and admiration to his friends, according to the Ladies' Home Journal. Either his religion or his philosophy taught him to accept everything as a wise dispensation. But then he had a large share of worldly goods, his friends argued, and nothing

but adversity would shake his faith. Therefore when a promising crop was washed away by a flood the neighbors were much astonished to hear him say: "It's all for the best. I was blessed with an overabundance last year."

In the winter his house was burned licitations he calmly responded, "The house never suited us anyway, so it is all for the best." Other calamities befell Brown, but

still he refused to be disheartened. The climax came when he was in a railroad accident. Both feet were so badly crushed that amputation was necessary.

Sympathetic friends gathered from all quarters. They dreaded to hear the lamentations they were sure would greet them, for even Brown could hardly be expected to pass this light-

ly by. "Guess you are pretty well discouraged, aren't you, with both feet cut off?" ventured some one. "Do you think this is all for the best?"

But Brown nodded his head, smiling wanly, and said: "They were always cold anyway!"

Unprofitable Adam.

There is occasion for much beating about the bush for answers to many questions put by wise theologues to timid people, but one set of men found their match in the old Scotchwoman under examination for admission to church fellowship.

"What are the decrees of God?" she was solemnly asked. "Indeed, I trow, he kens that bes

"What kind of a man was Adam?"

"Ou, just like ither fouk!" was the quick reply. The questioner insisted on a more definite answer. "Weel," said she, "he

was just like Jeems Madden, ye ken." "How so?" "Weel, naebody got anything by him, and mony lost."

Curios. Mr. Chow has a passion for curios, but was not able to distinguish a genuine article from a spurious one. One day a dealer came to him wishing to sell the lacquer bowl of Emperor Shun (B. C. 2255), the rod with which the ged Pak Kam, and the mat on which in his left hand, clutching the rod in his right hand and carrying the mat upon his back, he went around begging for a copper coin of King Woo (B. C 1122).-From the Chinese.

Naturally. Two men met at the gate of the cemetery, and each with excessive politeness bowed to the other to pass in before him. After a few minutes of this, when neither would give way, the younger of the two smiled and said: "You are the elder of the two, so naturally you ought to go first."-

Sourire.

Run and Unrun. "When I first went to housekeeping I tried to run everything. I ended with running nothing." "Absolutely nothing?"

"Well, perhaps the gamut of the emotions now and then."-New York World.

His Position Peckem-My wife referred to me as the head of the family today. Meeker tation was apropos, didn't you? Mrs. -How did that happen? Peckem- Newritch-Dear me! I always supposed his name was Edgar Allan,-Ex-She was talking to a man who called

to collect a bill.-Chicago News. Many a man finds out too late that he cannot hide anything from his own than truth spoken without charity.conscience.-Pliny.

THE WIND OF DEATH.

Life Lines In Trieste's Street For Use When the Bora Blows.

That which was once Illyria is now Dalmatia, or, rather, that part of no problems to solve, no perfections to lilyria which is of the Adriatic is attain, no progress to make. This may Dalmatia, in the forgotten country. as the Austrians called it when it fell into their hands not so many years ago. It is one of the few bits of Europe that remain in a measure unhackneyed, and it is still out of the beaten paths of the tourist, who himself is almost as much of a curiosity to the people as they are to him. There are blows, that wind of death, as the natives call it, which comes out of the blue with more than a suddenness of that is on the earth, stinging, blinding, lines are prominent features which the citizens must grasp when the bora clutches them, and they grope their way through the whirling dust and the promiscuous missiles flying in the darkened air. But the bora goes as quickly as it comes, and when it is gone the people simply excavate themselves out of the drift and think no more about the winged demon, which has left no trail whatever in the restored serenity of the scoured sky.

HIS SYMPATHY.

It Would Have Been Worth More Only He Lacked Presence of Mind.

In the criminal court in Baltimore a darky was on trial for stealing a watch, which he had pawned. He was identified by the owner as the person who grabbed the watch out of his pocket, yet the darky claimed to be innocent. When asked how he came in

possession of the watch he said: "I was standing on the corner when a man comes up to me and says he is hard up and hasn't a cent to buy food with, and he wants to sell me this watch for \$3. I knew I could get \$4 on it in pawn, and I felt sorry for him and bought the watch for \$3 and pawned it for \$4. That's how I got the watch."

The prosecutor then asked, if he had bought the watch for \$3, knowing be could pawn it for \$4, simply to help the man along because he felt sorry for him, why he did not advise him to to the ground. To his neighbors' so- pawn it himself, and then he would

have had \$4 instead of \$3. "Well, you see," said the prisoner, "I didn't have the presence of mind to do dat."-Judge's Library.

The Old Suez Canal. Few people are aware that there had been a canal across the isthmus of A canal across the isthmus was actually constructed 600 years Lefore the Christian era and served as a waterway for small vessels until about 1,000 years ago, when it was allowed to fall into disuse. Napoleon revived the idea and instructed one of the great engineers of his day to investigate the matter, but though a favorable report was presented to him, in which M. Lepere gan to express his mind with considerrecommended the restoration of the canal, the work itself was never touched. When M. de Lesseps undertook the task of cutting the canal he thought at first to follow the idea of Napoleon and restore the ancient waterway, but this plan was abandoned and the present plan determined upon.

The Other Way Around.

The loyalty of the Scottish highlander to his kilt is a picturesque thing. He will never admit that it makes him cold, and highlanders who were suffering from cold in the ordinary dress of civilization have been known to substitute the kilt for it in order to get warm, though this would be much like removing one's coat and waistcoat and rolling up one's shirt sleeves for the

same purpose It is said that a stranger, seeing a soldier in full highlander uniform shivering in a cold wind, asked him:

"Sandy, are you cold with the kilt?" "Na, na, mon," the soldier answered indignantly, "but I'm nigh kilt with the cauld."

Labor of Ants. It would perhaps be pushing metaphors to an unwarranted extreme to Duke of Chow (about B. C. 1122) flog- speak of "dignity of labor" in connection with the occupations of ants. But Confucius sat (B. C. 551). Mr. Chow if by the phrase we mean that labor is sold all his worldly possessions and the honorable lot of all citizens and purchased them. Holding the bowl that all labors of whatever sort are upon the same level of respectability then we might venture to apply the saying even to the labors of an ant hill. For therein all are workers, from the newly fledged callow to the veteran of a second summer.—Harper's Magazine.

> Nothing. A cockney tourist who had invaded Ireland was trying his hand at chaffing a native.

"Pat," said he, "what is the meaning

of the word 'nothing'?" "Sure, I can't explain it, but ye'll find it in the place where your brains ought to be!"

Narrow Escape. John-You very nearly got engaged while you were on your tour in the mountains, I hear. Michael-Precious near. But fortunately just at the last moment I fell down a precipice.-Pearson's Weekly.

At the Club. Mrs. Bloodgood-I thought her quo

change. A judicious silence is always better De Sales.

BALANCE IN THE AIR.

The Necessity For Equilibrium In Bird

Flight. It is likely that the bird's superb ease and grace in the air are due to its ability to maintain absolute balance. If a gull makes the mistake of bending until the wind strikes its head and wings on the top it will tumble instantly. And the sailing birds, though they make no flapping motion of their wings, are constantly balancing themselves, like a man on a tight rope. Some scientists have maintained that the air sacs make it possible for seasons, according to an article in the bird to manage minute changes Appleton's Magazine, when the bora that are very valuable in restoring equilibrium. It is known that the wing is joined to the body of the bird by what is called a universal joint, a tornado and shakes the earth and all enabling the creature to make almost every possible motion. The body of a choking. In the square of Trieste life man is heavier than water, but if he gets into a position of perfect balance he will float. In some such way, it is claimed, the bird floats in the air. But as the bird would fall much more rapidly in the air than a man's body would sink in water the necessity for a far more subtle ability to keep the center of gravity on the part of the bird is apparent; hence, according to this theory, the bird is provided for this purpose with the most sensitive equipment, made up of nerves and mysterious air ducts, many of the wing feathers perhaps acting as sentinels, warning instantly of the slightest approach of shifting currents .- Everybody's Magazine.

ENTERTAINING THE DUKE.

Rudely Interrupted While He Was

Chatting With Royalty. The daily papers do their best, but not even their ubiquitous representatives garner all the store of good things which attend a royal visit to Ireland, says the London Sketch. No paper at the time printed the cream of the stories which grew out of a visit of the Duke of Connaught to the Emerald Isle. "Welcome to Ireland!" said a man as he saw the duke on the steps of a hotel in the little western town in which he was staying. "Welcome to Ireland, your royal highness. I hope I see your royal highness well." "Quite well, thank you," answered the duke. "And your noble mother, the queen, I hope her ould leddyship is enjoyin' the best of health?" "Yes, thank you. The queen is very well indeed," said the duke, vastly amused with the easy familiarity of the peasant. "It's glad I am to hear it. And tell me, your royal highness," the other went on, "how are all your noble brothers and sisters?" Before the duke could answer an aid-de-camp appeared, with, "Here, Suez before De Lesseps ever conceived get along there." The peasant looked the idea of his monumental enterprise. up with infinite scorn. "Arrah! What are yez interruptin' for?" he exclaimed. "Can't you see that me and his royal highness is houldin' a conversation?"

> Explanation Was Necessary. As the Pratts' dog was at last detached from the trousers leg of the new milkman by Mr. Pratt's vigorous efforts the victim of the onslaught be-

able freedom.

"I wouldn't keep a dog like that," he said indignantly, but Mr. Pratt broke in before he had time to say more. "He's only playful, that's all," he insisted, and at the same time he pressed something into the new milkman's hand.

The man glanced at the wad of green, and then as he transferred it to a safe pocket his expression changed. "I guess I can take a little fun as well as anybody," he said dryly. "But till you explained it I had a notion that dog was in earnest when he bit that piece out of my trousers."-Youth's Companion.

Seeing the Sights. Even in these days of liberal education the young women sometimes show how confused are the ideas shut up in their heads. Illustrative of this is the native blunder which Edmondo de Amicis recounts in his story of a voy-

age from Genoa to Buenos Ayres: The captain of the steamer which numbered the charming young blunderer among its passengers met her one morning and said: "Signorina, we cross the tropic of

cancer today." "Oh, indeed!" she cried with enthusiasm. "Then we shall see something at last."

A Zulu Rain Charm. The Zulus employ a rain charm which don't exist." is very remarkable considering their usual fierceness and cruelty. They catch a bird, and after the tribal wizard has consecrated it and made it a "heaven bird" they throw it into a pool of water. In spite of their own indifference to the sufferings of animals they believe that the sky, which they conceive to be a personality, will be full of woe at the death of the bird and drop sympathetic tribute in show-

Keep to the Right. Bishop Wilberforce was out driving one day when a man on horseback stopped him and, thinking to have a joke, asked:

"Excuse me, bishop, but could you tell me the road to heaven?" "Certainly, sir," the bishop answered. "Turn to the right and keep

What He Said.

"I once gave a waiter a two dollar "What did he say?"

"To me he expressed his thanks, but I heard him say to another waiter that I couldn't have real good sense."-Louisville Courier-Journal.

He who is feared by many fears many.-German Proverb.

PANBESA'S LETTER.

An Account of an Egyptian City Thirty Centuries Ago.

Probably the oldest letter in the world is the letter of Panbesa, written fifteen centuries before Christ to his friend, Amenemapt, a scribe.

The manuscript is of perishable papyrus, and it is amazing that it should have survived for more than thirty centuries and still be legible.

It is preserved in the collection of the British museum. It has been several times translated. It presents an interesting picture of life in Egypt in the time of Rameses II. It is more in the nature of a literary production, a poem composed in celebration of the visit of Pharaoh to the city of Pa-Rameses, than an ordinary letter of to-

day. Panbesa "greets his lord, the scribe Amenemapt, to whom be life, health and strength," and then goes on to describe the verdant fields, the thrashing floors, the vineyards, the groves of olives, the orchards of figs, the great daily markets, with their fish and waterfowl and swarms of purchasers.

The citizens had their "sweet wine of Khemi, pomegranate wine and wine from the vineyards," and to these they

added "beer of Kati." There was music in plenty furnished by the singers of the school of Memphis. On the whole, Pa-Rameses seems to have been a pleasant place to live in. "The lesser folk are there equal with the great folk," and Panbesa writes that its maidens were "in holiday attire every day," with locks "redolent of perfumed oil."

THE CITY OF CANALS.

Venice and the Many Islands Upon Which It Is Built.

Venice is one of the most singular and famous cities in Europe and is built upon a cluster of islands in the lagoon. This lagoon is banked off from the Adriatic by a long, narrow sand bank which is divided into a number of islands, six in number. Inside of this sand bank and between it and the mainland is the lagoon, a sheet of shallow water. In parts of this marshy, sea covered plain islets have become consolidated into ground, firm enough to be cultivated.

And in the midst of a crowded cluster of such islands, amounting to between seventy and eighty in number, the city of Venice is built. The chief of these islands is called Isolda de Rialto, or Island of the Deep Stream. The islands, in many places mere shoals, afford no adequate foundation for buildings, and the city for the most part is built upon an artificial foundation of piles and stones.

The Grand canal divides Venice into two equal parts and is the main thoroughfare for traffic and pleasure. The city is subdivided by some one hundred and forty-six small canals or water streets, and the gondola is used for the carriage. Access can also be had to various parts of the city by land, there being over three hundred bridges across canals. The Rialto, the most famous bridge, spans the Grand canal. There are also narrow lanes in among the houses.

The Overruling of a Judge.

A judge once awoke in the night to find his room in the possession of two armed burglars. Covered by the pistol of one of the marauders, the judge watched the proceedings with his usual judicial calm. One of the depredators found a watch. "Don't take that," the judge said; "it has little value and is a keepsake." "The motion is overruled," replied the burglar. "I appeal," rejoined the judge. The two burglars consulted, and the spokesman then replied: "The appeal is allowed. The case coming on before a full tribunal of the supreme court, that body is of the unanimous opinion that the decree of the lower court should be sustained, and it is accordingly so ordered." Pocketing the watch, court adjourned.

Logic and Metaphysics. Joaquin Miller was once conversing with a learned professor who was visiting California. To the poet's query, "What do you do?" the professor answered that he held the chair of metaphysics and logic at a New England university. Whereupon the venerable Miller. with an encouraging smile, reassuringly patted the professor on the shoulder. "Logic and metaphysics, eh? Well, I suppose we must have people to look after those things, even if they

Torture.

"The Carthaginian mercenaries," he said. "incased their prisoners in a ce ment that as it hardened contracted. You can't imagine how uncomfortable this was."

"Oh, yes, I can," she answered. "I once had on a tight bathing suit when it began to shrink." - Los Angeles

Plenty of Old Ones. Mr. Chipps (looking up from the paper)-The doctors have discovered another new disease. Mrs. Chipps-Well, I wish they'd stop looking for new diseases long enough to find a cure for my old rheumatism. - London Tele-

graph.

Both Disappointed. He-I suppose, then, we may as well break the engagement and say we have both been disappointed in love. She-There seems to be no other conclusion. You thought I had money, and I certainly thought you had .- Judge.

He Told Her. She-I wish I knew how I could make you extremely happy, dear Karl. He-Well, write to your father and ask him to double your dowry .-- Meg-

gendorfer Blatter,