Short-Lived Love.

He that loves a rosy cheek, Or a coral lip admires, Or from star-like eyes doth seek Fuel to maintain his fires; As old time makes these decay, So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind, Gentle thoughts and calm desires, Hearts with equal love combined, Kindle never-dying fires. Where these are not I despise Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

No tears, Celia, now shall win My resolved heart to return; I have searched toy soul within, And find naught but pride and scorn; I have learned thy arts and now Can disdain as much as thou, Some power in my revenge convq That love to her I cast away '

NATELLA.

There was genuine welcome in the delicate voice. "Theodore, Pauline, dear girls. How glad, how very glad I am to see you. "Cousins, this is charming."

A tall young man courteously kissed their hands.

The house was a mansion at the South.

"Jetty, stop that whistling and run in to mammy.' The prettiest little darkey imaginable, laughed the jolliest laugh; put his dusky hands to the rich soil and be-

gan turning somersaults out of sight. the little woolley head, unmindful,

"Now, girls, come," and linking her arm in those of her two tall nieces, Taute led the way through the great | niece. hall, and up the wide staircase to their rooms, where, with a parting kiss, she tella, I hear." "Theo!"

The fair-haired sister turned slightly.

Pauline dropped her gloves, hat, jacket on the sofa.

"Are we dreaming?" Thoughtfully. Theo deftly made a tight bunch of her gloves, and with a precision worthy of herself tossed them direct in the face opposite. "I'm not,

but perhaps you are." Pauline started. The words were scornfully spoken. Moving over to the window, quietly, she rested her hands hair. on its ledge and leant far out. Her sister, in the room, began hastily setting things to rights.

The day was one of exquisite beauty. wearily brushing away her clinging hair, as one dreaming, rested, motion-less, at the window. Day was passing into night. The bushes, the trees, thickly clustering, dotted the large garcheek pressed to the hard wood of the loves her devoutly, but she Pierre—"
window, swept it again and again, Taute laughed gayly. " and again, swept it aga The old tree close to the house, and The birds everywhere were singing, each a different song. What a rustling they did make among the leaves!

Fighting-some five or six were busy at it, swirling in now great circles, then small ones, and at each other. So hair. But still she moved not. The amuse you girls," she said to them. birds, on the ground beneath the window, wildly chirped as they pecked for worms. She heard the slow heavy tread of some one walking through the grass. Looking sharply, she saw plainly, a powerful negro coming to the house. knocks fell on the drawing-room door, "A slave;" she breathed the word. He and the black laughing faces peeped in neared the house, stooped and entered to see if missus and the young ladies a side porch. A straw hat drawn low were there. Such giggling, high merover his forehead had kept his face riment, wild laughing, and outbursts from view. But instinctively she knew of singing, made the room shake its it was a fine one. A figure, graceful, sides in sympathy, and the very mirrors slight, came hurrying by. Pauline, to reflect from all corners the grimaces leaning out still further, waited.

"Natella?" shapely head moved eagerly from side soberly as usual, her regular features to side, then drooped. When, as a low looking like marble. The laughter died

"Natella, look up! Here I am." surprise in the great eyes raised to hers, | white dress on the motionless figure. A smile of wonderful sweetness was on

the red lips in a moment.
"Ah, missy! Welcome!"

"No, missy, one of the pickaninnies was sick and I staid with it,"

"Natelia, is you comin'?"
"Go on," Pauline said, With a low bow of her head she turn-

"Beautiful! She is far, far lovelier

suddenly chilled. strides. He was out of sight in a mo- | well in hand. ment. But still she heard the sounds and remembered the ring with the solitare Taute had given him recently.

"Are you sick? What is it? Pauline, do you bear?" Theo shook her roughly. "Supper? Did you say it was ready?" But her

sister had left the room. "Have I been dreaming, or what is it? I feel strange, strange." She dashed the cold water from the

basin again, yet again, over her face. barely sixteen.

Down stairs, in the high-ceiling dining-room, with its armor and stiff-backed chairs, seated at the table, the family waited for her. The supper was long and merry. Taute and Pauline talked together, while Theo and Harold made Taute stood in the doorway. They together, while Theo and Harold made Taute stood in the doorway. They a

riment of their laughter. The low windows were opened wide, and from her seat Pauline looked out at the dark moving bushes and saw the stars gleaming sharp in the heavens. She noticed as she sat more quiet than the otherswas she not the youngest of them all? -that the kind eyes of Taute rested with a look of love on Theo and on "She is thinking they will

marry," Pauline thought, The supper was ended, and only too soon the evening had gone, when the first night in a Southern land for these girls from a distant clime, visiting the home of their father and his fathers, had passed. Pauline and her sister, when mounting the stairs to their room, were stopped by their aunt, call-

ing:
"Girls, she said, coming into the hall, "I have told Natelle she is to wait on you. So take her as your own. You will find she is useful." Taute smiled graciously. She had given them her favorite maid. As

some hours later, she startled her sister from her sleep by asking sharply:-"Do you know who this girl is Taute makes so much of? The one she calls

Natella?" Pauline raised herself on her elbow. "No, but I shall to-morrow," fell back between the pillows and slept,

Under an acorn tree, not the one by the window, but another in the depths of the garden, Taute, Theo and Pauline, were seated. Along the winding carriage road leading from the house, "Jetty, you Jetty," called Taute; but, Harold Graham was passing. The party under the tree noticed and admired the handsome, proud rider. As he turned a corner and bowed for the last time, Taute looked up at her young

> "You have fallen in love with Na-"Yes, both Theo and I are anxious

to know all about her." Folding her white hands on her lap, with the delicate white lace falling about them, Taute, with a smile, began slowly. "I brought her up from a baby. She was pretty even then and most lovable. Her mother was a seamstress of mine, and died leaving only this child. She is exceedingly bright. Ask her whatever you wish, and you

will see she can do it." Then raising her eyes looked full in the face softly outlined by the silvery

"Why?" she asked, "does she seem so terribly sad; in a deep melancholy I should call it?"

"Sad? do you think she is ad? I'm The air, heavily laden with acacia afraid I have been making myself bedidn't seem to notice, and Harold is

very observant." The uneasiness in the hesitating voice ceased.

"Her health is perfect, and she is so den with their heavy shadows. The | proud that never for a moment would thick foliage of the trees, stirred by the she think of a negro on the place, alslight breeze, rustled softly. A great | though they all worship her. There is acorn leaf swept timorously the soft Pierre, the handsomest of negroes, who

During the weeks which now followshading many of its rooms, could, by ed there were balls and parties without stretching far out the long, slender number given to Mrs. Graham's nieces. branch, keep the leaf tapping gently. It mattered not at what late hour the The girl's blue eyes were opened wide, | girls returned home, always seated by but she seemed to notice nothing. The the burning logs of the open fireplace long journey had tired her unduly. She | waiting for them, either sewing or dozwas rosting. A parrot, she heard him ing, was Natella, a brilliant picture but chatter, chatter, tiresome bird, in the a setting of lurid gold. The time had room above. Acorns dropping, she come now when the visit must end. It heard them plainly, one, two; two, one. | was the night before their departure, when the greatest event of the year took place, when the negroes' ball was at hand.

Candles had been lighted and placed in the wide drawing-room in every conceivable corner. By the order of Taute close they came to the head below them | all the female revellers were to come to that the air they make raffled all her that room and show themselves, "To

A dress of pure white had been made especially for the beauty of them all. Natella was to be simply resplendent. Pauline and Theo were to see to the finishing touches. At an early hour and proud turnings. But they were all sent out at last, and Natella summoned. The figure stood motionless. The She entered the room stately and so note of a bird, came the words, "pas slowly from Taute's lips. Her glasses maintenant." With trembling fingers Pauline and Pauline laughed at the fright, the Theo pinned here and shook there the

"Look at yourself, child!" It was the voice of Taute sounding strangely severe. Natella moved at once to the "See, Natella, Taute had written so room and stood still. The large mirrors much about you that I knew you at on all sides flashed her back a proud, once. You were not with the other servants when we came?" dazzling picture. She seemed to be in every spot, to fill the great room and crush the silent watchers out. Jetty tumbling in broke the spell. The carriage was at the door. Taute had given them the family barouche. The crunching of the horses' feet on the gravel, the screaming and laughing of the gathering revellers were now plainthan I had ever thought. A creole! a ly heard. Taute rose and, leaning on slave! Can it be possible!" She felt her nieces, went out to the veranda to see them off. Seated on his high box Under the window it was Harold she | Pierre, the coachman, the finest negro now saw walking, with his long, easy of them all, held the prancing horses

"Git in, you chilens of Ham, git in," of his spurs clinking, the whirling of he called in a voice of iron. They obeyhis riding whip, still saw the tiny light | ed at once. Pierre gathered the reins gleaming like a fire-fly on his finger, together and raised his whip, turning then he scanned the dusky faces.

Mammy, the black cook, watching him, called out impatiently: "Sake's alive, honey, wher's that gal Natella?"

Harold had been leaning nonchalantly eyeing the scene on a veranda pillar by the side of Pauline. Without looking round she spoke to him as mammy called. "Harold, will

you find Natella?" "Homesick?" The laugh which followed had a tremor in it. Pauline was time." It was her sister's voice hushed and close to her ear. But even as she spoke a white form rushed by them, was pulled into the carriage, and the

ready the wind was banging doors. The night was of a pitchy blackness.

Pauline, in her dark dress, was not Bucks County, Pa., Has a Scheme for Re. visible on the veranda where she stood. A strong blast of wind coming suddenan one breathless second, she could not

Leaning up against the pillar where he had been before was Harold, with a face of fearful anguish. His head was bared and fallen, was a look of deep despair. His eyes sought beyond the veranda, cutting the very blackness with their intensity, and yet with a distant look about them. His lips, tightly and Montgomery Counties, and are lodgcompressed, were blanched, as were ing also in the railroad stations and conlikewise the cheeks, the brow, above them. The only hand she saw hung stiffly by his side; between the fingers of which was crushed a half smoked cigar. She tried to speak, to walk, but could not, when, with a mighty effort, she made her way to a door near by, sprang up the stairs and sank exhausted on the floor of her room. She lay Theo blew out her candle that night, there how long she knew not, trembling, with that suffering face before her, when she crept to bed. Her sister coming in later was surprised to find her

Why had she deserted them this their last night, when they had been so jolly, and Harold had kept them laughing with his songs?

Theo smiled as she thought. When at last she slept, Pauline opened wide her eyes and stared at the darkness.

"Harold, what was the matter with him? What did it mean? That dream, how plainty she remembered it; the first night there by the window." She shivered. How cold she was! Theo! would she wake Theo? She lay and thought. An hour passed. She had slept and awakened; it was about mid-

She slept again and, waking, found the darkness half gone. Her wrapper tay on a chair close by. Under the blanket, even, she was shivering; and it looked warm. She rose and wrapped it about her, went to the window and looked out. Listening there she heard voices in the distance. They came from the negroes' quarters, so she knew they had returned. She tried to leave the window to go to bed but something held her. The half light was painful to her eyes and, shielding them with her hand, she waited for the sun to burst. She would see it for the last time in all its splendor in the Southern land. A gleaming bit of white stuff caught her sight. It appeared to be

wound around the tree's trunk. Some remnant of the ball, she thought, She still was looking at it when the sun directed her powerful rays full upon it-on a face with eyes wide open meeting it unflinchingly - on parted lips and still brow. With a cry which woke her sister, Pauline pointed to the dead face of Natella, staring at her-at

The birds had begun their fighting and their songs. The acorns still were dropping and the leaf swept not the cheek of Pauline but the cold glass of the closed window, and seemed to mind

The servant knew nothing, and could but sob and wring their hands, "Lord, Almighty! Lord, Almighty!" was their refrain. Taute sternly, with the tears running down her cheeks, questioned separately one and all as they gathered together in the drawingroom. Up-stairs was the doctor. He now came and, with his hand resting on the door, bowed to Taute.

"The girl has been poisoned. She was overtaken, my dear lady, without loubt, by the spasms in the spot where she was found. As the servants tell me, she left them apparently well at their quarters to come to her room in

The doctor bowed solemnly and was shown out. Taute motioned the fright-frozen territory begins and continues ened group away. "No crying, no for over 200 feet. There are no indicaened group away. "No crying, no screeching, near this house." She said

it fiercely as they went by.
"Taute, dear, but it is better we should leave to-night, for you see how excited Pauline is, and the change is' necessary at once for her." Theo stroked the white hand gently.

"Yes," the answer came sadly. "Pauline is not herself." Harold went with them to the station, and Pauline wondered why it was that no one saw, as she did, how old

and harsh looking he had grown. "Harold," they were standing alone together at the station. "Harold," I found this in the cushion of the carriage coming here. He caught her hand which held the ring and pressed it tightly. His face was turned from The ring pierced her cruelly, and involuntarily he exclaimed "Cousin, sweet little cousin, a thous-

and pardons and as many thanks," The ring was on his finger. His hat was close drawn over his eyes. The train coming in, Pauline hastened for the last time to bid good-by to Taute.

"Your ear, dear, give it to me. I must whisper." She drew her down. "Pierre, you know Pierre, my handsome coachman. He has not been seen since last night, and I heard he was in a bad temper at the ball because Natella proudly refused to dance with him. He must have mixed the poison at the supper. Natella, my beautiful Natella," and weeping bitterly Pauline left her, with the curtains of her carriage closely drawn.

Harold Graham, a week after the girl's departure, sailed for Europe, to be gone for several years. Taute, dear soul, was broken-hearted about it, as well as-Theo.

Professor Miall says that there are to be found associated with seams of coal, and especially with the underlying shale, the flattened impressions of creaures which once had life, though at first strenuously denied.

Paint which has become dry and hard may be removed by rubbing the spot with oxalic acid diluted with water. Try a weak solution first, and the strength. A process has been recently intro-

duced for making phosphoric acid and mineral phosphate for slag—especially the slags produced by the Beasemer and Siemens processes. These phosphates are of course valuable as manure, especially as guano is said to be becoming scarcer.

A SOBERING MACHINE.

forming the Jol y Good Feiluws. The winter crop of tramps in Buck. ly buffeted against her. Frightened and Montgomery Counties is so abundshe turned to enter the house, when, ant this year that ordinary measures for driving them out have proved fatile, and the county authorities are studying how best they may dispose of the troublesome vagrants. On account of the extremely mild winter the tramps who usually seek a warmer clime in the cold months are hovering about the comfortable barns and haystacks in Bucks veniently open freight-cars. The sober vagrants are troublesome enough, but the hundreds of intoxicated tramps are even worse to deal with, and they not only defy the orders to "move on," but also threaten violence to country folks whose farms they lavade. An old-time Bucks County farmer has suggested that a revival of the sobering Doylestown thirty or forty years ago

machine that did effective work in might have a wholesome influence on the hordes of tramps and make them shun Bucks County as they would fiee in terror from soap and water. Not many of the present generation in Doylestown are familiar with the sobering machine, but men who lived there in the '50s and early '60s readily remember the unique apparatus, and probably there is more than one man in Doylestown to-day who would hesitate to tell machine.

The famous mechanism was nothing more nor less than the shafts and front wheels of a light wagon gear, with a big wooden box fustened firmly upon the sxle, making a rough kind of a cart. The machine was kept in a convenient dark alley, and whenever one of Doyles-



A BUCKS COUNTY SOBERING MACHINE. with ardent spirits that he could not handle himself the machine was run out from its hiding place, the tipsy man was seized and dumped upon his back in the box, and with three or four burghers at the shafts he was given a ride over the rough streets that was enough to shake every drop of liquor out of him and

make him a soberer and wiser man. This heroic treatment was oftenest applied to intoxicated strangers, but the moral influence of the machine was allpowerful in preserving the sobriety of the townspeople. The circumstances now are such that many Bucks and would be well to revive this old-time usural institution .- Philadelphia Record.

A Region of Perpetual Frost.

The altitude of the Stevens mine on Mount McClellan (Cal.) is 2,500 feet. At the depth of from 60 to 200 feet the crevice matter, consisting of silica, calcite, and ore, together with the surrounding wall rock, is a solid frozen mass. McClellan is one of the highest eastern spurs of the snowy range. It has the form of a horseshoe, with a bold escarpment of feldsparie rock nearly 2,000 feet high, which in some places is nearly perpendicular.

In descending into the mine nothing

unusual occurs until a depth of eighty or ninety feet is reached, when the tions of a thaw summer or winter.

The whole of the 200 feet of frozen walls is surrounded by massive rocks. The miners being unable to excavate the frozen material with pick and drill in the usual way, found that the was to kindle a huge fire against the "face" of the tunnel, and in the morning take out the ore that had been thawed loose during the night.

In fact, this was the only mode of mining used while going through the frozen belt some ten or fifteen years since. The tunnel is now many hundred feet deep, and still there is no diminution of the frost. There is, so, far as can be seen, no opening or channel through which the frost could possibly have reached such a depth from the surface. Besides this there are many other mines in the same N. Y. Herald. vicinity in a like frozen state.

The theory is that the rock was deposited in glacial times, when there was cold enough to freeze the very earth's heart. In at case the mine is an icehouse, whose stores have remained un-

thawed for at least 80,000 years. The phenomenon is not uncommon or inexplicable when openings can be found through which a current of air can pass; but cases which, like the Stevens mine, show no opening for air currents must be referred to imbedded icebergs of the glacial period .- Baltimore American.

A Rad Hand.

The widow had just said no. "Life is a game," said Mr. Upso Downes, reflectively. "I thought it was drawn, and I drew for a queen, but it seems to be eucher for me.'

"In that case," said the lady, consolingly, "you will have to go it alone."
"Yes, and what's worse," said Mr. Downes, "I can't take my partner's best card.

"I always knew you were a horrid mercenary thing," remarked the widow, as she cut out of the room and left Mr. Downes to shuffle sadly on his lonesome way .- Puck.

A Heavy Drop.

At Waterville, Mo., a 1,000-pound weight dropped from the clock in the Unitarian church, crushing the costly church organ beyond the possibility of

At the primary scholarship examina-tion in Bengal eight out of twenty scholarships were awarded to girls.

THE BOY. He is Being Crowded Almost Entirely Out

of Employment. What is to become of the boy if the present tendency to crowd him out of employment goes on? asks the N. Y. Tribune. Messengers with beards seem to be growing more numerous all the time, and the elevator boy has been large y replaced by the elevator man. Cash boys, once common in the city, have given way to cash girls to a great extent. The uniformed, brass-buttoned call-boys at the hotels are little more than a memory, and in their places are men. It is true there are still newsboys about the entrance to the bridge, and other places where there are generally crowds of people, but newswomen and newsmen are competing with them in ever-increasing numbers. Uptown the newsdealer has virtually driven the boys out of the business. With bootblacks the story is the same. A few of them still pursue their calling. but grown Italians have seized hold of the best corners, and with their big armchairs easily take away the business of their youthful rivals, whose customers have to balance themselves on one leg against a sharp corner of the building. There are a few boy ped-dlers of shoestrings and handkerchiefs, but this occupation is far more appropriate to those who have arrived at years when an amble is the natural gait. On trains there are still many lads who go about distributing illus how well he recalls the old sobering | trated papers, light novels and candy, and then go about again collecting them, incidentally selling a few of the articles, but even here the men are get-

THE NEW CENIUS OF LICHT. A Description of the N-w Statue Set Up in

ting ahead of them. Yes, what shall be-

come of the boy is a serious question.

If the present movement toward his

displacement continues the only thing

left for him to do will be to grow up

and become a man, but unfortunately this takes time .- N. Y. Tribune.

Edison's Laboratory. Among the many objects of interest to the visitor at the great laboratory of Thomas A. Edison, in West Orange, N. J., the first to attract attention is the remarkable statue that has recently been placed in position in the library. The statue attracted Mr. Edison's attention at the Paris Exposition, where it occupied the place of honor in the Italian Department. He was so much pleased with it that he purchased it, and it was shipped to this country, and now occupies the piace of honor in the center of the magnificent library. It is entitled 'The New Genius of Light," and was the work of an Italian artist, B. Bordiga of Rome, and was finished late in the fall of 1888. The subject is an allegorical one, and typifies the triumph of electricity over other means of illumina-



NEW GENIUS OF LIGHT. It is the life-size figure of a graceful youth in the full vigor of early manhood, posed in a half recumbent only way to mine in this peculiar lode | tion and partially supported by half ex tended wings, on the ruins of a broken gas lamp. The right arm is extended high above the head and holds aloft an incandescent lamp of fifty-candle power, the connecting circuits from which extend downward, and, partially supported by the left hand, continue to the base of the statue, where they are joined to a voltaic pile. About the base of the statue are grouped a telephone transmitter, a telegraph key, and a gear wneel. The whole is mounted on a pedestal three feet high. The modeling of the central figure is singularly strong and firm, and the finish is almost perfect-

The Symptoms Alarmed Him



Party on outside-Ah, Hector, why do you not come forth and share the cheese with your own Andromache? Party on inside-Speak not of cheese to me! I've got the grip, and I know | ble ones are the worst.

The Supply of Parents.

Lucy (aged 11, who is reading a paper) - "It is perfectly dreadful!" Father - "What's dreadful, Lucy?" Lucy-"Another faithless wife, the mother of six children, runs off with a married man, who leave a large family behind. Dear me, if this don't stop pretty soon there will not be any pa-

rents left."- Texas Siftings.

A Beaver Fak's man says he caught a rat by placing an apple-core with a string tied to it near the rodent's hole. Then he waited and watched until the rat came out and swallowed the core, string and all. The man then pulled

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

The fearful unbelief is unbelief in yourself.

Love rules his kingdom without a A neglected opportunity never gets

A good conscience makes an easy

It is pleasant to hear the truth-about other people.

A stoic is a man who never had the toothache. Possibly the meanest man in this

world is the devil Joy is like ague-one good day between two bad ones. reverity breedeth fear, but roughness

breedeth hate.

The love of change is as natural h man as it is in nature. Virtue is a kind of health, beauty and

good habit of soul. An acre of performance is worth the

whole world of promise. It is mighty hard to respect the man

that we have to forgive. Ah! if you only knew what peace there is an accepted sorrow.

Jealousy is an awkward homage which inferiors render to merit. Any person can enter vanity fair on

his magination alone. A man's repentance is alway the size of the whip produced.

The birthdays of his children are a man's landmarks to old age. There is nothing so easy to find as

fault-There is so much of it. erosim consists in doing one's duty

at the cost of personal sacrifice. Courtesy is the oil which makes the wheels of conduct run smoothly.

Beware of any faith that does not indicate itself in the tally doing. Den't mock God by asking h'm in

prayer for what you do not want. In many transactions the middle man very soon gets into the first place. It is better to sleep than to wake to

remark the faults of thy brethren. The hardest thing God has to do is tell a sinner that he loves him.

The great strength of simplicity lies in the words, not in the ideas. A scandal-monger is a person who talks to our neighors about us.

The wise man expects exerything from hims If: the fool looks to others. Any person who will deliberately flat-

ter you, will deliberately defame you. An extraordinary haste to discharge an obligation is a sort of ingratitude. Better to be unborn than untaught, for ignorance is the root of misfortune.

Many men owe the grandour of their lives to their tremendous difficulties. What I have been taught I have forgotten, what I know I have guessed:

There are more people in the world honest from policy than from principle. A man's heart is blamed for lots of

things for which his liver is responsi-In matters of conscience first thoughts are best, in matters of prudence the

The average man cannot understand why all other men do not vote as he

An entertaining talker is a person who tells us mean stories about our neigh-Moderation is the silken string run-

ging through the pearl chain of all vir-Fear of sin has made a great many

more Christians than the love of virtue All women are by nature flirts, but those who are the most so have the least

The love of praise never made any man worse, and has made many a man

A woman has been known to bend a man's will during life and break it after Evil thoughts intrude in an unem-

stagnant pool. 'Tis the hardest thing in the world to be a good thinker without being a good self-examiner.

ployed mind as worms generate in a

Every man should bear his own grievances rather than detract from the comforts of others.

God's hold on a man is uncertain as long as the devil's claws run clear through his pocketbook. It is a glorjous thing to resist tempta-

tion, but it will be money in your pocket if you avoid them. Those people who are sick and disgust-

ed with themselves are the ones who suffer frome ennui. When we hear some people talk we regret that the Lord did not provide a

man's ears with shutters. There are two kinds of hypocritesthe bold, and the humble; and the hum-

Men like a clever woman better than a bandsome one, they are so much scarcer. Marrying rich widows, like drinking iquors, is often done solely for the

effects. When a man finally succeeds in making himself famous his wire gets the credit of it.

It is the easiest thing in the world for a woman to feel religious when she has good clothes.

The happiness of life is so deilcate a thing that it shrinks away even upon thinking of it. A man who cannot mind his own

business of others. Every man is worth just as much as the things are worth about : which he busies to seelf.