

A PROSAC SERENADE

Oh, come, my love, to your window now!
The moon is shining clear,
And the night wind softly fans my brow,
As I stand singing here,
Am picking away on my old guitar,
As I warble my little song,
But you know I'm a sufferer from catarrh,
So I mustn't stay too long.

Oh, come, my love! Look down on me
From your chamber window sweet!
There isn't a soul around to see,
There's nobody in the street,
Though across the way a complaining man
Is begging me to shut up,
And the fellow next door, as fast as he can
Is losing his brindle pup.

Oh, come, my love, to your window, soon!
For soon I shall have to go,
I was almost hit just now by a brick
That I saw your father throw!
I love you, dear, and my love I sing
In the most melodious way,
But it's dangerous here and to life I cling,
And, so, oh, my love, good-bay!
—Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

On the Edge of the Flood.

As the railroad on which I first ran a locomotive has a tide-water terminus, it is equipped with floats, or great barge-like boats, with tracks laid on their decks, which receive freight cars for transportation by water to connecting roads. That the switch engines may be enabled to put the cars on and take them off the floats, there are regular "slips" and "bridges" such as you see in a ferry house. The lower end of the bridge is fastened to the dock by great hinges, while the other end floats on air-tight boxes. This lets the sea end rise and fall with the tides, so that the yard tracks, which run down the bridge will always connect with those on the float.

Occasionally, through somebody's blunder, a car would drop off the bridge, overboard, and once in a great while an engine. Then there was something to talk about for a few days; there would be an investigation by the superintendent; somebody would be discharged; the wreckers would have employment, and matters would settle down again until something else happened.

I had been promoted only a little while—yet long enough to learn that more skill was required in handling a locomotive than I had supposed—when, on reporting for duty one night at six o'clock, I found my partner down on the bridge with the engine.

As I stepped into the cab to relieve him, he asked:
"Did you ever work on this bridge?"
"No," said I.
"Well, look out for yourself. It's the worst place in the whole yard."
"Why, what's the matter with it?"
"Matter enough. You'll find out before morning."

I could get nothing out of him but this unsatisfactory and rather disquieting reply, before he picked up his dinner pail, pulled on his coat and left the cab.

He had been running a locomotive a year longer than I had, but as I had worked on the railroad longer than he had, I would not gratify his sense of superiority by asking for further information. I did not like him very well, for that matter, and if he chose to be mysterious I was unwilling to disturb his reserve. I thought that I could find out what the trouble was with the bridge myself. Then I should not be beholden to anybody.

A young engineer has many disagreeable things with which to contend. He feels the necessity of maintaining his dignity, yet everybody knows just how long he has been running, all hands, from the conductor to the fireman, feel called upon to proffer him much unnecessary, and usually very irritating advice. However, as nobody "knows it all" the young engineer soon learns to keep his new-found dignity within bounds, to listen to much counsel, and to appropriate such as he considers valuable.

My partner's fireman started off on a long, irrelevant harangue, under the impression that he was imparting valuable information to me, but my own fireman appearing, he, too, finally took himself off.

As it was a short winter's day it was already dark when I took charge of the engine. We were loading a float at the time, and as "forewarned is forearmed," you may be sure I kept a sharp lookout for switches, signals and moving cars.

The crew make no allowance for the fact that a man is green. On the contrary, they are inclined to be slack and careless for that very reason, thinking that in case of accident it will be easy to place the blame on the green engineer. I got that float loaded properly, but the mental strain put a slight tension on my nerves, which I would not have acknowledged for worlds.

The conductor told me I might as well stay right where I was; for, he said, a float with empty cars was in the river, waiting to come in as soon as the loaded one should get out; then we would pull the "empties" off and reload her.

That was where I failed to assert myself when I should have done so. The engine lay quite close to the river end of the bridge, and as the tide was low the grade was pretty steep. I ought to have replied: "I guess I'll pull up of the bridge, anyway."

And I ought to have done it, too. But I did not. The conductor was an old hand at float work, so I took it for granted that he advised the usual

method, and I did not like to say or do anything to cause remark.

The fireman and I lit our pipes, rested our heels on the boiler butt and settled ourselves to take it easy until the float arrived. The loaded float had pulled out of the slip, the yard crew had gone over to the yardmaster's office half a mile away, and we two were alone on the bridge with the engine.

We were chatting pleasantly, and listening to the lapping of the water about the piles in the slip, when the fireman suddenly cried in a startled voice:
"Look out! She's backing up! We'll be in the river!"

I had carelessly left the reverse lever in the back motion. As unconcernedly as I told him not to get rattled, I dropped the lever ahead, closed the cylinder cocks, and gave her a little steam. She stopped at once, and we resumed our conversation, I, meanwhile, keeping a sharp watch through the fireman's window on the side of the bridge to see if she moved again, for my mind was not quite easy.

She had a leaky throttle, as nearly all locomotives have. There was a heavy frost, and the slight backward movement had landed her on a frosty spot on the rails. The cylinder cocks being closed, the leaky throttle allowed the steam to accumulate in the cylinders until its pressure was sufficient to overcome the adhesion to the slippery rails. Then, of course, her feet went from under her, and "Whir-r-r!" she slipped.

The throttle flew wide open. I shut her off instantly, but when she stopped slipping, she began to roll slowly back again. I applied the steam brake, but it had no effect. The fireman yelled: "Your brake's froze!" and jumped off and disappeared.

The locomotive had no tender—only a small coal box being on top of the boiler. Glancing hurriedly out the back window, I saw that the coal box already appeared to overhang the cold, black water of the river.

It was less than four feet from the coal box to the rear driving wheels, if they went off the end of the bridge she was a "goner," and so was my situation and all hopes of running a locomotive for years to come, even if I was lucky enough to escape drowning. Certainly I was in trouble.

I was tempted to follow the fireman's example, and let engine and employment take care of themselves; but it was an awkward cab to get out of. The first thing I had done in the cab that evening was to button my side curtain securely down to keep out the cold. I feared I should not have time to climb down from my high seat, cross to the fireman's side and jump before she went over.

To jump from my window out upon the icy and steeply inclined surface of the bridge would be equivalent to jumping overboard, and the engine would be sure to fall on me.

I could see the tug's lights out in the stream, and I heartily wished the float in the slip.

No sand had been supplied to the yard engines for years. In fact, the sand boxes had been knocked off this old trap in some previous rough encounter, and as I had carelessly allowed the brake to freeze up, the throttle was my sole reliance.

I had no time, either, to experiment with it in an effort to get a grip on the rails, for I could see that the engine was moving steadily, although slowly, back.

These observations all passed through my mind in an instant. I seized the throttle lever with both hands, and while I invoked a left-handed blessing on the draughtsman who devised that side valve throttle, I tried anxiously, nervously, with the perspiration beading my forehead, to open it easily.

It would not budge. The engine was still moving, slowly indeed, but with the persistence of fate, back toward the end of the bridge.

In desperation I gave a strong jerk back; out it came—of course wide open. Now the wheels flew round like buzzsaws, scattering a shower of sparks from the rails. I felt rather than saw that the backward movement was checked, but I could not be sure of this.

The tug now had the float nearly entered in the slip. If I could keep her from slipping until it made connection with the bridge I should be saved; but glancing at the steam gauge I was horrified to observe that she had barely forty pounds of pressure.

I had pumped her full of cold water to prevent her blowing off, and the fire box door was wide open for the same purpose. At the rate that I was using steam, and with the furnace door open, the pressure would last only a very short time. I could see the pointer on the gauge walking back steadily.

Desiring to save steam, I worked the throttle carefully in until the engine almost came to a standstill.

Then, fearing that with the rapidly decreasing pressure I should be unable to start again, I yanked it frantically out, repeating the operation.

The tug now had the float jammed crosswise in the slip.

To close the furnace door I must leave the throttle, descend in the dark by a short, perpendicular, slippery iron ladder of four rungs, and probably fall over the shovel or the hook. Where would the engine be by the time I could get back to the throttle? Why had that cowardly fireman deserted me? Why hadn't he brought help? Or why didn't the crew, hearing the noise I was making, come out to see what the matter was?

It seemed years since the fireman left.

I saw a flicker of light under a box car, then a lantern—several lanterns. The tug had whistled and the crew was coming. I glanced anxiously back. The float was stuck again. I wanted to yell

to the crew to hurry up, but was ashamed to do so.

They had started when they heard the tug whistle, but had seen that the tide had jammed the float again, so they took their time and came down the bridge in a leisurely manner, smoking their pipes, swinging their lanterns, and talking and laughing as if they had not a care in the world.

My fireman was with them. My indignation toward him rose to the point of fury.

My steam was nearly gone, but, thank heaven! the float was moving again, and was coming steadily ahead. At last—the most grateful sound I ever heard—she bumped cumbrously into the bridge.

I closed the throttle just as the conductor—a big, overgrown booby—came abreast of the cab, and leering up at where I stood, a breathless, perspiring, nervous wreck, he asked:
"What you trying to do, engineer—saw the stop-block off?"

I climbed weakly down to the bridge and found that before leaving the crew had fastened across the rails an old tie that was used as a stop-block when the engine had to stop there for any length of time.

The engine had stood a foot or two ahead of it, and as I was slipping her furiously when she sagged back against it, I hadn't been able to feel her make the contact.

Two deep grooves in the old tie showed where the flanges of the drivers had cut into it, as I frantically slipped her for ten or fifteen minutes. Even now the thought of that experience nearly overcomes me.—Herbert

In the Days of Old.

The fashionable folk of Edward IV's court rose with the lark, dispatched their dinner at 11 o'clock, and shortly after 8, were wrapped in slumber. In the Northumberland House Book for 1512, it is set forth that the family rose at 6 in the morning, breakfasted at 7, dined at 10, and supped at 4 in the afternoon. The gates were all shut at 9, and no further ingress or egress permitted. In 1570, at the University of Oxford, it was usual to dine at 11 o'clock, and sup at 5 in the afternoon. The dinner hour, which was once as early as 10 o'clock, has gradually got later and later, until now it would be thought very eccentric in the fashionable world to sit down to table earlier than half-past six o'clock, while others extend it to 9 or 10.—Chicago Times-Herald.

GET A WHOLE LOT FOR NOTHING.

The man who always wants something for nothing made a discovery in a Diamond street restaurant. A waiter upset a glass on the marble-topped lunch counter, breaking the edge of the glass. The waiter carelessly tossed it under the counter and got another with a smooth edge for the customer he was serving.

"What do you do with glasses thus slightly damaged?" asked the customer of the restaurant proprietor, relating the circumstance.

"Oh, we give them away; have to get rid of them; can't endanger the lips of customers by serving them with nicked glasses. But why are you interested?"

"Why, I thought if you would give me a few of the old glasses my wife might use them for jellies."

"Give me your address and I'll send you some," volunteered the restaurant keeper.

The man for a longing for articles without price went away gleefully, calculating mentally on how much he had saved on jelly glasses. Two days later, when he went home from business, he found thirteen barrels in his back yard. His wife said she supposed he had sent them and she paid the man \$4.75 for delivering them. When opened, the barrels were found to contain broken glassware and china of all sorts. None of it could be used, not even for jelly glasses. An ash hauler charged \$2 for taking away the rubbish. The man who wants things for nothing has withdrawn his patronage from a particular restaurant in Diamond street.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

The Oldest Postal System.

We find the first recorded postal system in the Persian Empire, under Cyrus the Elder; but it is clear that Rome of all the ancient States possessed the best organized system of transmitting letters through its numerous provinces. All along the great Roman roads houses were erected at a distance of five or six miles from each other. At each of these stations forty horses were constantly kept, and by the help of the relays it was easy to travel 100 miles in a day. These services were intended for the State only, it being imperative to secure the rapid interchange of official communications.

In the time of Julius Caesar the system was so well organized that of two letters the great soldier wrote from Britain to Cicero at Rome, the one reached its destination in twenty-six and the other in twenty-eight days. Private citizens had to trust to the services of slaves, and it is not till the end of the third century that we hear of the establishment of a postal system for private persons by the Emperor Diocletian, but how long this system remained history does not say.—New York World.

The Value of Nickel.

Nickel is a modern metal. It was not in use nor known of till 1751. It has now largely taken the place of silver in plated ware, and as an alloy with steel it is superior to any other metal, for it is not only non-corroding itself, but it transfers the same quality to steel; even when combined with as few as five per cent. prevents oxidation.

Seventeen miles a day is the average record of a Berlin street car horse.

NEWS FOR THE FAIR SEX.

ITEMS OF INTEREST ON NUMEROUS FEMININE TOPICS.

A New Safety Pin—Gingham in Style Again—Berlin Wool Cozies—The Long Ruffled Sash—Etc., Etc.

A NEW SAFETY PIN.

In a new safety hat pin a spring arm is attached to the head of the pin and extends a short distance down its shank, ending in a sharp point at right angles with the pin to engage the fabric as the pin is pushed into position.

GINGHAM IN STYLE AGAIN.

Gingham is the rage again. It is much used in the manufacture of the irreplaceable shirt waist, for it has proved far more serviceable than linen, lawn or batiste. It comes in all sorts of plaids and stripes and in the daintiest colorings. By the way, the newest shirt waists are finished with a very narrow band at the waist in front, which extends from the side seams and is fastened with a small button. In this way unnecessary fullness is obviated and thus the shirt waist makes another appeal to stout women.

Berlin Wool Cozies.

Very nice cozies are knitted in double Berlin wool with large-sized needles; two strips are made, half of one color, say green; and the other half pink; to form the lining; then each is doubled and joined together, leaving a small opening each side for the handle and spout of teapot. The top is gathered up into a frilly heading and tied round with a pretty bow of ribbon making a very simple, pretty and useful tea cozy.

THE LONG RUFFLED SASH.

Among the many fashions which are being revived from the period of grandmother's youth is the long ruffled sash which the girls are wearing on their evening gowns. It is a rather pretty fad to enliven a black evening gown by a ruche of cerise silk about the belt with a long sash of the cerise at the back, each sash end bordered by three tiny ruffles. It is very chic to wear about the neck a ruche of the same color as the sash.

MUSLIN GOWNS.

There's a charm about a muslin gown that one of silk, satin or velvet can never hope to attain. In the first place, a woman looks younger by ten years in a fluffy dress of thin material, and no matter how plain it is, it is fresh and becomingly made, it gives her an air of daintiness. The organdies this season are uncommonly pretty, but woe to the woman with a limited allowance who puts her money in them. Organdie does not wash well as a rule, and, while it looks prettier at the start than a muslin or a lawn, the latter looks better after each washing. Colored muslins are much in vogue, particularly those with floral sprays and stripes, but they should be chosen with care. Why will very, very short, stout women wear muslins with enormous ruffles or orchids climbing about over them? And why will tall, gaunt girls choose a striped design? Small figures are universally more becoming than large, and, indeed, gowns of pure white muslin are the most becoming of all thin dresses, and more satisfactory and serviceable in every way.

WOMEN AND BICYCLING.

Bicycling has certainly been an antidote for many disagreeable moods, but according to physicians of high standing it has not yet eliminated "nerves." A specialist of nervous diseases, when asked recently if hysteria and kindred affections were not giving way before the golf and bicycle craze, said that he thought nervous affections were on the increase, instead of diminishing. "Women used to get nerves from the housekeeping, sewing and worrying over the children, staying indoors and eating too much, too late or unwisely. Now most of them are enlightened and hygienic about food and exercise and emotion, but the younger generation has inherited much of the recklessness, the imagination and the melancholy with which their nervous mothers suffered, and so we physicians have our hands as full as usual. Some young girls get into such a nervous state that they dread to go anywhere. Gradually they exclude themselves until they become almost hermits. Others cannot even go to church because it makes them restless. The cure? Sleep and air, simple food, pleasant occupation and a cultivation of that great tonic—the will."—Chicago Times-Herald.

RAG CARPET PARTIES.

The rag carpet, after many years, has returned. It is once again fairly popular, and the rags that for a quarter of a century that have been going to the ragman are now being treasured up, since, if they are of wool, they are almost worth their weight in gold. Why the rag carpet ever did go out of style it is hard to determine, and its reappearance in society is not difficult to understand. Properly put together and made of a good assortment of rags, it is exceedingly pretty, and withal easy to manufacture, all the knack needed being the skill necessary to cut the rags into strips, sew these together in lengths and wind them into a ball. For a small sum the carpet weaver does the rest.

Bathroom and study rugs are the chief uses of the rag carpet of today. It is not so much rag carpets, in fact, as it is rag carpet rugs. The rag carpet rug is not large, as a rule. Six feet by three would be quite an extraordinary size. The idea is to have

quite a number of them, and these much smaller.

They clean easily and wear like iron. These facts especially commend them. Then, too, there is much sociability in their making. A rag carpet party is a jovial event, and a "function" that, long neglected, is coming in again once more. The girls meet of an afternoon and sew rags until five or half past. Then the men, especially asked for the hour, begin to drift in, and there is afternoon tea. It is the modernizing of the old time "swing bee," and it works marvellously well as an amusement.—New York Herald.

BIRD TRIMMINGS FOR HATS.

The odd association of tulle and birds is noticed again on many of the expensive summer hats, choux and loops of the airy material supporting a snow-white, violet, or jet-black bird. Often only the wing or tail feathers are employed among clouds of tulle, while perhaps the head and breast plume of some mutilated songster peeps out from similar clouds on another model. Tall pointed feathers are likewise dyed a brilliant scarlet or a deep blue, and these and also bright green parrot's wings are used on hats of jet black.

THE FASHIONABLE PARASOLS.

Parasols are as elaborate and beruffled, tucked, corded and shirred as the gowns. They are built of ribbon, gauze, lace, silk, satin, moire and any three or four of these materials, combined. Dainty ferules of ivory, bone or pearl tipped have returned, and the ribs are tipped to match. Handles are carved and set with gems of all kinds, as they were twenty years since. Generally speaking, parasols are a bit smaller than they were last season. They usually follow in the wake of fans, which have been diminishing for several seasons. Before long the dainty little carriage parasols of our great-grandmothers will be in vogue. Black silk parasols are trimmed with white and black baby ribbon ruffled on, laid the same effect is obtained with lace and velvet. Corded and tucked parasols can be found in all shades to match street costumes. A novelty is built of silk, with a four-inch band of gauze ribbon striped with satin finishing the edge. Plaids are popular, as are also hemstitched effects. The most elaborate creations are made of chiffon, grenadine and lace. Lace applique is extensively used as a decoration. A beautiful parasol of white gauze over moire has appliques of black lace butterflies studded with jet, with rhinestone eyes. Several ruffles of the white gauze are frilled with narrow black lace. Both flat and canopied tops are fashionable.—Chicago Times-Herald.

WOMEN IN FORESTRY AND LANDSCAPE GARDENING.

Much has been said of the success in floriculture of Miss Louise Conklin, of Roslyn, Long Island. Miss Conklin's health having become much broken down, her physician advised outdoor exercise, and Miss Conklin decided that she would try to turn to account her natural love for flowers and her skill in their care. She had some moist rich land, and she began by building a small greenhouse—only 8 by 12 feet—and adding in the fall, a hotbed. She gauged the local market, and when the outdoor gardens were ready for the lettuce, radishes, cabbage and tomato plants. She also made preparations in the way of flowers for village festivities of all sorts, and she was so successful that at the end of her fourth year she had to enlarge her greenhouse and her stock. She then bought half an acre more ground and began to raise choice roses and chrysanthemums. Miss Conklin does most of her work herself, and is a strong and happy woman.

Somewhat different is the story of Miss Beatrix Jones, a daughter of Mrs. Frederick Rhineland Jones, of New York City, who now earns a goodly living from her knowledge of forestry. Taking up the study two or three years ago as an amusement and because she was fond of trees and flowers, she soon became an expert in the field, and today is so well informed that she has no difficulty in demanding good prices for her services in forestry and landscape gardening.

Miss Tucker, of Portland, Me., who started a fernery two years ago, has made an unqualified success of the venture. For five months of a year, Miss Tucker goes out of town on a farm which she and her friend, Miss Redmond, purchased in New Hampshire. On this farm they carry out their ideas as to flowers and plants, Miss Redmond also being well up on the subject. They lead an almost ideal life, these two girls, during the summer months, and the winter's work seems to Miss Tucker to be merely the means to an end whereby she can thoroughly enjoy her well-earned rest.

Mrs. Leavitt's violet farm in Connecticut is one of the institutions of the country, and it is a business started only within the last few years. Her violets are sold for three or four cents apiece, and there is a steady demand for them the whole year through. Other women have tried violet raising, and almost without exception have met with success.—New York Tribune.

FASHION NOTES.

Silk petticoats which match the lining of your gown are the latest.

The old rose so fashionable a short time ago is once more in favor.

Grenadines in black over colored taffeta make a most attractive gown just now.

Blue, black and brown coverlets will hold their own place among the summer fashions.

A Roman sash, with silk hose to match, will add much to your white organdie costume.

Tan cloth with *colavee* of applique lace, over pink and orange, will be much worn this summer.

Dark red taffeta, trimmed with apple green and salmon pink, is one of the striking effects in spring gowns.

White berege over white taffeta, and trimmed with white satin ribbon and white chiffon, makes a lovely summer dress.

Shirred sleeves are pretty for waists made of transparent fabrics, the puffs being separated by rows of velvet ribbon.

Figured silk skirts which have been so much worn with shirt waists are no longer in style and must be laid aside by the fashionably dressed women.

Bayadere stripes are the fashionable thing in silks now, and are much worn. This is another case where "the grand-mas step from the frame on the wall."

Among the chic and pretty gowns displayed in one of the big stores is one of black taffeta, slashed at the side with here and there a bit of burnt orange.

A pretty style of trimming for black taffeta silk skirts is a number of rows of black ribbon velvet, widest at the bottom and graduated until it is about a quarter of an inch wide.

Bands of embroidered silk, and of plaid silk as well, are used in various ways as an insertion for trimming wool gowns, on both the bodice and the skirt, and the edges are finished with rows of braid.

White lace ruffs trimmed with the flowers which match the different summer gowns are the fad among young girls, and they are not a mildly expressive fancy if you make them at home.

Pretty collar bands for our silk waists are made of narrow bias bands of the silk, united by transparent herring-bone stitch over a contrasting lining, and deep points of the same bands finish the back.

The old-fashioned idea that it was bad taste to use two different kinds of lace on one gown has no weight in the fashions this season. Two and sometimes three different varieties are combined on one bodice, narrow Valenciennes being very generously used with the heavier laces.

Double-breasted, unlined jackets of satin-faced cloth, in various shades of blue and violet, will be worn with white pique skirts and muslin frocks. They are fastened with white pearl buttons, and the collars are lined with white silk.

A YARN ABOUT DESEPTION.

How the Crew of One of Our Ships Redressed Their Grievances.

A story is told among naval men or how nearly the entire crew of one of our big wooden ships deserted nearly 20 years ago. There were about 400 men on board. The vessel had been on a long cruise in the South Pacific. One day they put in at the island of Tahiti.

The men forward were sullen and ugly. They had grievances which they considered unwarrantable. The plug tobacco doled out to them by the paymaster was musty and unsmokable. Only small quantities of fresh provisions had been served at the ports at which the vessel had touched. They also declared that the officers were unjust as bad a frame of mind, and so were the marines.

The crew was paid off the day the ship dropped anchor, and that night under cover of darkness the men began dropping over the side in parties and swimming ashore. The deserters included nearly all the petty officers and a good part of the marines.

The commanding officer held a conference with his subordinates, but they could not decide on what to do. The skipper, with some of the wardroom officers, went ashore the following morning and found the men walking around in an ordinary fashion, on good terms with the natives, and all still speechless and sullen. Those of them whom the skipper met he ordered back to the ship. None of the men made any reply, and none went back to the ship. The blue-jackets remained on the beach at Tahiti for more than a week, conducting themselves with perfect orderliness, but very bitter in their talk about the ship out in the harbor.

It looked as if most of the sailors intended to settle down at Tahiti and grow up with the country, and meanwhile the ship grew dirtier and dirtier and had a general unworked look. Then an American merchant living on the island got the bluejackets together and talked to them. The bluejackets told him that the officers had made the ship so uncomfortable for them that they had declined to stand it and that they had no intention of returning aboard. The American, who was a man of tact, went aboard the ship and had a talk with the officers, and then he returned and talked again with the men. He was a pretty good arbitrator, for the men returned to the man-of-war in a body in a lighter and went to work.

Some the old old-time bluejackets who were ashore at Tahiti on that occasion say that the remainder of their South Pacific cruise was like Yachting.

The Most Valuable Coin.

In the estimation of coin collectors the most valuable of all American coins today is the perfect silver dollar of 1804. That particular coin is worth whatever an enthusiastic collector is willing to pay for it. The highest auction price is \$1,000, and there is a record of \$1,200 having been paid for one at a private sale. Only thirteen of them are known to exist, and each has a record of ownership.