HE COULDN'T FIGHT.

In society they used to speak of him as "that bandsome Signolles." His title was Viscount Contran Joseph do Signolles

Orphan, and master of a large fortune, be made a conspicuous figure in the fashionable world. He had a time appearance, a good deportment, a facility of speech sufficient to gain him the reputation of wit, some natural grace, an air of noble reserve, a brave tonstache, and soft eyes, - just what women ad

He was in demand at receptions, a desirable partner in a waltz, and he inspired mer with that sort of confidence enjoyed by those who possess energetic faces. He lived happily, [quietly, in the most absolute good moral standing. It was known that he was a good swordsman and a better shot.

When I have to fight," he would say, "I choose nistols. With that weapon I am sure

of killing my man.":

Now, one evening, after having accompanied to the operative young married ladies of his acquaintance, with their husbands, he invited the whole party after the perfor mance to take some supper at Tortoni's They had been there only a few moments when he observed that a gentleman seated a a neighboring table was staring steadily a one of the ladies in the party. She seemed to feel annoyed, embarrassed, and kept her head down. At last she said to her hus

tand,
There is a man over there who keeps staring at me. I don't know him at all—do

The husband, who had not noticed any thing, turned to look, and replied,—
"Na: I don't know him stall."
The young woman continued, half-smiling, half-angry,—

mg, ball-angry, -"It's very annoying. That man spoils my

apper.

The husband shrugged his shoulders: "Nonsense; pay no attention to him. I we had to worry ourselves about all the in solent people we meet, there would never be an end of it."

But the viscount had suddenly risen. He But the viscount had suddenly risen. He could not permit that individual to destroy the enjoyment which he had offered. The insult was to him, imamuch as it was through his invitation the party had entered the cate; therefore the affair concerned no

He approached the man, and said to him. OSir, you are staring at those ladies in a manner which I cannot telerate. Will you be good enough to cease this staring at

"You keep your mouth shut, will you? The viscount, setting his teeth, exclaimed. Take care, sir! You may compet me to olate politetiess." The stranger attered only one word—one

fillby word, that resonnded from one end o the cale to the other, and made every one in the house start as if they had been set in motion by a spring. All who had their backs turned, looked around; the rest raised their heads; three waiters simultaneously whirled upon their heels like so many tops; the two women behind the counter started and twisted themselves completely about, as if they were two purpose pulled by one string. There was a great silence. Then a sudden dry sound clacked in the air. The viscount had slapped his adversary's face. Every tody jumped up to interfere. Cards were

After the viscount returned home that night, to began to walk up and down his from with great, quick strides. He was too ninch excited to think about anything. One solitary idea kept hovering in his mind -a durl, -although the idea itself had not yet awakened any special emotion. He had done just what he ought to have done; he had behaved as be ought to have behaved. He be spoken of, would be approved, be congratulated. He repeated

What a valgar brute the fellow is!" Then he sat down and began to think. He would have to procure seconds in the morning. Whom would be choose? He thought of all the most celebrated and most dignified of all the most celebrated and most agritted men of his acquantance. Finally he selected the Marquis de la Teur Noire and Colonel Empire, a great nobleman and a great soldier; that would be just the thing. Their names would have weight in the newspapers. He suidenly discovered that he was thirsty, and he drank three glasses of water, one after another; then he legan to watk up and down again. He felt full of energy. By showing himself to be placky, energy. By showing himself to be placky, ready for anything and everything, and by dithms, by demanding a serious, very serious, beryilde duel, bit adversary would be probably seared, and make apologies. He back the man's eard, which he had

drawn out of his pocket as he entered, and tent illume it on the table, and he read it over mean, as he had already read it in the cale the carriage by every passing gastight, "George Lamit, of Rue Moncey." Nothing

He examined the letters of this name, which seemed to him mysterious full vague significance. George Laurif. Who was the tellow? What did he do? What did he stare at the women in that way for? Wasn't it disgusting to think that a stranger, a man nobody knew anything about, could worry a man's life in that way, just by taking a notion to fix his eyes insolently upon a woman's face? And the viscount repeated again atoud,

What a vulgar brute the fellow is!" Then he romained standing motionless, thinking, keeping his eyes still fixed upon the card. A rage arose within him against that bit of paper, -a fury of hate mingled with a strange sense of uneasiness. It was a studied mess, all this affair! He seizest an open penkinde tying beside him, and jabbed it into the middle of the printed name, as if

he were stabbing somebody.

So he would have to ight! Should be choose swords or pistols "-for he considered himself to be the party Insulted. With swords he would run less risk ; but by choosing pistos, be might be able to frighten his adversary into withdrawing the challenge. It is very solden that a duel with swords is latal, as a reciprocal produces generally prevents the combatants from feacing at such close quarters that the blades can inflict a very deep thrust. With pistols his life a very deep thrust. would be seriously endangered; but again, he might be able to extricate himself from the difficulty with honor, and yet without an actual mosting. He exclaimed :—

"I must be tirm. He will show the white

sound of his own voice made him start, and he tooked around him. He fel-very nervous. He drank another glass of water, and began to undress in order to go to

Assemble as he got into bad, he blow out the light and closed his eyes.

He thought: "I have the whole day to-morrow to arrange my attairs. The best thing I can do is to take a good steep to settle

He felt very warm between the sheets; and still be could not steep. He turned over and over—remained for live minutes on his back—then for live minutes on his right side

felt thirsty again. He got up for a drink. Then a new anxiety came upon him. "Is it possible that I could be afraid?" Why did his heartstart to heating so wildly at the least little familiar noise in his room When the clock was about to strike, the click of the little spring rising up caused him a viol nt start, and he felt such a weight at

then he rolled over on his left side. He

his heart for several moments that he had t open his mouth in order to breathe. He began to reason with himself on the possibility of the thing,—
"Am I really afraid?

"Am I really afraid?"
No, certainly: how could be be alraid, since he was firmly resolved to carry out the affair to the very end—since he was fully decided to fight, and not to tremble? But ho felt so profoundly disturbed inwardly that he kept asking himself,— "Can a man become afraid in spite of him-

And this doubt, this suspicion, this terror grew upon him. Suppose that a force more powerful than his will, an irresistible and

powerful than his will, an irresistible and mastering force, should overpower him, what would happen? Of course he would appear on the ground, as he had made up his mind to do so. Yes; but what would happen? What if he should be afraid? What if he should faint? And he began to think of his position, of his reputation, of his name. And a strange desire suddenly seized him to get up and look at himself in the glass, he reliefed in the mirror, he could hardly recognize himself; and it seemed as if he had never seen himself before. His eyes looked enormous, and he was pale—certainly he was pale, very pair indeed. He stood there in front of the mirror. He put out his tongne, as if to certify the state of his health; and all at once this thought shot through him the shall her.

and all at once this thought shot through bim like a builet:—

"The day after to-morrow, at this very hour, perhaps I shall be dead!"

And his heart began to thump again

be dead. This person here before me—this '1' that I see in that glass—will be no more. What! Here I am; I look at myself: I feel that I live; and in twenty-four hours I will be tying in that bed dead; with eyes closed. cold, inanimate, gone from the world of the

He turned to look at the bed, and he distinctly saw himself lying there, under the very same covers he had just left. His face had the hollowness of a dead face; his bands had the limpness of hands that will never move again. Then he became afraid of his bed, and in order to escape it, he went into his smoking room. He took a cigar, mechanically install its and began to walk up and down again. He felt cold. He started to ring the bell, in order to wake up the valetdechambre; but stopped suddenly, even while his hand was raised to grasp the bell-

"The servant would see that I am afraid."
And he did not ring. He made the fire himself. His hands shook a little, with nervous tremblings, whenever they they touched anything. His mind wandered, his thoughts began to fly in confusion,—brusque, painful. A sort of drunkenness came upon him, as if he had been swallowing lique. And over he had been swallowing liquor. And over and over again he kept asking himself,— "What shall I do." What is going to be-

ome of me ?" His whole body shuddered with spasmodic

His whole body shuddered with spasmodic quiverings. He rose, and going to the window, drew aside the curtains.

The nawn was breaking—a summer dawn. The rosy sky made rosy the city, the roofs, and the walls. A great glow of soft light enveloped the awakening city, like the caress of the sunrise; and with its coming there passed into the viscount's heart a ray of hope—merry, quick, brutal! What a fool he was to have allowed himself to be worried by fear before anything at all had even been decided; before his seconds had seen those ty lear belote anything at all had even been decided; before his seconds had seen those of George Lamil; before he so much as knew whether he would have to fight at all. He made his toilet, dressed and walked out with a few ster.

with a firm step.

As he went along he kept repeating— "I must be energetic-very energetic. nust prove that I am not a bit afraid." His witnesses, the marquis and the colonel put themselves at his disposal; and after a hearty shake-hands, they began to dis-use

e conditions. The colonel asked : Do you insist upon a seriousaluel ""

The viscount repaird:

Very serious."
The marquis asked : You wish pistols ?

"Well, we leave you free to regulate the

The viscount articulated in a dry, jerky "Twenty pages to tire at the word to fire on the rise, instead of on the fail; balls to be exchanged until one or the other be seriously wounded. The colonal exclaimed, in a tone of satisfac-

These are excellent conditions. You shoot well and all the chances are in your

And they departed on their errand. The viscount returned home to wait for their re-turn. His excitement, temporarily appeased, now began to increase every minute. He lolt all along his logs and arms, in his chest, a sort of sinking-a continual quivering ; be ound himself utterly unable to remain quiet in any one place, whether sitting or stand-ing. His mouth felt dry, as if wholly devoid of saliva, and the clacked his tongue lendly very once in a white, as if trying to unfasten

n his palate, wished to breakfast, but could not eat. Then the idea came to him to take a drink in rater to give himself courage; and he orered a decanter of brandy brought in, from he helped himself to six small glasses, ne after another.

A local, as or a burn, passed through him,

ollowed almost immediately by a sort of audat numbness. He thought, "Here's be remedy. Now Lam all right." But at the end of an hour he had emptied is decanter, and his excitement, became inolerable. He felt a mad wish to roll upon the floor, to scream, to bite. Evening on A solden pull at the door-bell gave b such a sense of suffication that he could not ind strength to rise to receive life seconds. He did not even dare speak to them, not even to say "Good-evening," or anything

everything from the alteration of his voice, The colonel said : " Everything had been arranged according o the conditions you stipulated. Your adversary at first claimed, as the insulted sarty, his right to the choice of weapons out he almost immediately after waived his claim, and accepted everything as you

dse, through fear that they might discover

wished it. His seconds are two military

Thanks."

The marquis exclaimed : "You must excuse us for only coming and going out again, but we have still a thousand hings to do. We must secure a good surgeon, since the duel is to end only on th erious wounding of one of the principals and you know bullets are not things to joke about. Then we must settle upon a good place hear some house or other, to while ve can carry the wounded party if necessary -and all that sort of thing. In short, we've got two or three hours' work before us."

The viscount a second time arturalated : o Thanks."

The colonel asked:

Well, you teel all right? you are cool?

Yes; very cool, thank you."

The two men retired.

When he found himself all alone again, he felt as if he were going mad. When his servant had lighted the lamps, he sat down at the table to write some letters. After having traced, at the head of a blank sheet of note-paper, the words, "This is my last will and testament," he rose to his feet with a sudden start and waiked away, feeling incapable of putting two ideas together, of making any resolution, or deciding about anything whatsoever. So he was going to fight. There was no

getting out of it now. What was the matter with him? He wished to light; he had the firm intention of lighting; he had resolved upon it; and nevertheless he clearly felt, in spite of his utmost determination, in spite of the utmost tension of his will, that he could not possibly had the force necessary to en-He tried to picture the scene in his mind-his own attitude and the deportment of his

From time to time his tooth chattered with a little dry noise. He wanted to read, and took up Chateauvillard's "Code du Duct."
Then he asked himself:
" Does my adversary frequent the shooting galleries? Is he known? Is his name published anywhere? How can I had out."

ished anywhere? How can I find out He remembered Baron de Vaux's book on the expert pistol shots; and he went through it from one end to the other. George Lamil's name was not mentioned in it. But still, if that man was not a good shot, he would never have been so prompt to accept a duel under such tatal conditions, and so danger-

us a weapon.

As he walked up and down he stopped be fore a little round table, on which lay one of Gastiane Renette's well-known pisted-cases. He took out one of the pistols, placed him-self in the position of a man about to fire, and raised his arm. But he trembled from head to foot, so that the barrel of the pistol

quivered and pointed in all directions, Then he said to himself: "It is simply impossible. I shall never be able to fight as I am now." He looked down the muzzle of the larrei, into the little peep, black hole which spits out death. He thought of dishonor, of whisperings in the salons, of laughter at the dubs, of the contempt that women can show of allusions in the newspapers, of the oper

insults he would receive.

Still he stared at the wespon, and pulling back the hammer, he suddenly observed a cap shining under it like a tiny red flame. The pistel had remained loaded by some chance, some forgetfulness. And the discovery filled him with a confused and inex

dicable joy.

If he could not maintain before the other man the cool and dignified deportment which behooved him, then he would be ruined forever. He would be stained, ruined forever. He would be stained, branded with the stamp of infamy—driven out of society! And that calm, learless at-titude he would not be able to have; he knewit; he felt certain of it. Yet he was brave enough since he wanted to light! He was brave since—but the half-shaped thought never completed itself in his mind: tor, shiddenly opening his mouth as wide as he could, he thrust the muzzle of the pistol in, back to his very throat, and pulled the

When the valet-de-chambre-startled by the report of the pistol—ran in, he found his master lying on his back dead. A gush of blood had spatiered over the white paper on the table, and formed a great red blot imme-diately underneath the words: "This is my last will and testament."

An Angel Smoking a Cigar.

A clergyman, who is down on tobacco, asks: "What would you think if you met hour, perhaps I shall be dead!"

And his heart began to thump again in his mouths" If he was a good-natured for founding angel the average man would think of asking him if he had another.

OUR UNRENTED HOUSES.

AN UNUSUALLY LARGE NUMBER FOR THIS SEASON OF THE YEAR.

nterviewing the Real Estate Agents as to the Sumber of Unrented Houses that Laucaster Now Possesses-Is the City Saffering from Over-Building?

Recently the INTELLIGENCER gave an ac ount of the extensive building operations that are in progress in this city, illustrating how Lancaster is keeping its best foot from in the match of progress. There is perhaps no other city of like size in the state, and probably not in the whole country, that more evenly and substantially adds to its building plant year by year than Lancaster, Its many builders are men of large ideas, who are sagacious enough to see that a city well supplied with dwellings and business and with a previous commercial prosperity tounded on solid rock, must eventually attract within its limits the thousands of wanderers from other places who are in search of comfortable livings at reason

For Lancaster is a city where rents are urpassingly cheap. For \$10 a month a man nay secure a good modern house in a dealrable locality with yard room enough healthfully rear a growing family. And if he is willing to go \$5 a month better than this, he can frequently obtain all the latest sanitary accommodations, that even the wealthiest of those who lived a few genera tions ago never permitted themselves to con-template. The number of dwelling houses in this city which bring more than this latter figure are few and far between. Those whose ustes call for more elaborate dwellings than will rent for £200 a year usually own their places of residence.

THE UNRESTED HOUSES.

Interviews with a number of prominent real estate agents of Lancaster by an INTEL-LIGENCER reporter clicited the fact that there are an unusually large number of unrented houses here at the present time. Bausman & Burns report 35 dwellings in their hands awaiting tenants, and 4 stores and offices unoccupied. Heretofore at this season of the year, they say that they had practically none to rent. The average rent asked for these untenanted houses is \$120 a year. They assert that they have no translate year. They assert that they have no trouble about renting houses where the rent is under \$10 a month, but above that figure the ap

plicants diminish in very rapid ratio.

At Allan A. Herr & Co. 8 the number of dwellings to rent is 21, chiefly residences some little pretensions. Two stores and offices are without occupants. John H. Metzler has? dwellings and no stores, and Henry Shubert stands ready to give any caller the chance of six houses in his hands that are now standing idle. These real estate men also agree with Bausman & Burns that this April has been unusually duli in the house renting business.

At Jeremiah Rife's real estate agency

eight unoccupied dwellings were reported at present, while last year none were on the books at this time. Another fact that goes to show the same conclusion as to the unusu-ally large number of unrented houses in the city just now, is that at the recent appeals from water rent, sixty-three dwellings were exempted from water laxes because they were untenanted.

While the above opinions represent goodly share of city real estate, they, of course, do not cover the many houses that are rented by their individual owners. As a matter of fact, these embrace the largest class. For there are in Lancaster many small property owners, who will endeavor to save the real estate agent's commission by took-ing after their own renting. The experiment frequently proves rather costly, but they do it. A walk through the town will therefore show that the figures given by the real estate must be considerably more than doubled to arrive at an approximate number 14 TE A GOOD STON?

The query may suggest itself: Is this a healthy condition for our city? And for its proper answer two facts must be ascertained. First, whether the city is losing any of its population; and second, whether the town n being over built. To the first query none will attempt to return an affirmative repty. for it is a paient fact that the city is becoming more densely populated every year, and the increment it receives is of the most permancharacter, embracing frequently county remainder of their days in the blissful pos-session of its many advantages as a home.

As to the second question there will be varying opinious. The fact that there are many unrented houses at the present time would seem to establish that the building supply has exceeded the demand. But a careful hyperbusium will recommend. al investigation will probably lead to the conclusion that the situation this year is of only a sporadic character. The general depression of business has no doubt had the flect of driving some from dear to cheaper homes, and with the first rising of the on-coming wave of prosperity, the situation will readjust itself. As the real estate agents tell us, there is no trouble about the renting of small houses, the supply not being able to keep pace with the demand. This is the best evidence that Lancaster's working population is growing steadily. And with population is growing steadily. And with that as a basis, the city's steady growth for the future may be safely premised.

WHY SMALL BENTS ARE IN BIO DEMAND. The big reason why houses with small rents are in such universal demand is that Lancaster has few wage-workers who are righly paid. The average salary of the employe of this town is not more than \$10 a week. Old and trusted clorks, confidential book keepers and others occupying close induciary relations with their employers may here and there receive more than this amount of wages, but they are rare instances. If a man has \$500 a year, and is paying one fifth of it for rent, it is quite an item in his pocket, if he is able to secure his rent for seven dollars a month. How he manages to clothe his children, provide food for his family etc., on the balance is one of those mysteries that will doubtless be cleared up on the Day of judgment, but not before,

The increased building that is under way and in contemplation must for a time have the inevitable tendency of keeping rents down to their present low figure, if it does not still further reduce them. But this in the nature of things can only be temporary When Lancaster, with all its advantages o proximity to the great business centres of he country, the county seat of the richest farming county in the United States, unsur-passed and cheap produce markets, extraord-mary healthfulness and efficient administra-tion of municipal affairs, has besides these the cheapest of rents, it must inevitably draw to uself an ever increasing citizenship that will gain for it added tostre as one of Pennsylvania's solidest and most progres

Bible Ground for Probibitionists.

From the New York Herald, The question as to what sort of wine it was that Jesus made and drank is being debated for about the thousandth time by prohibitionists and whomever may chose to quarrel with them. Meanwhile the Chicago Times, in reviewing the discussion, says: "The Bible does not contribute much aid to the prohibitionists, taking its text on its face, but ts sanction of the cup would probably have een withheld if the liquor had been as bad

those days as it is in these." This may not be very firm Bible ground to stand on, but it is much more logical than a great deal of talk which prohibitionists seem to think is good enough for anybody.

THE PRIMROSE. Welcome, pale primrose; starting up between Bead matted leaves of ash and oak, that strey The every lawn, the wood, the spinne through.

Mid creeping moss and ivy's darker green, How much thy presence beautifies the ground : How sweet thy modest, unaffected pride Glows on the sunny bank, and wood's warm And where thy fairy flowers in groups are

found, The school boy rossus enchantedly along, Plucking the fairest with a rude delight While the week shepherd stops his simple: To gaze a moment on the pleasing sight: O'crioyed to see the flowers truly bring The welcome news of sweet, returning Spring

Old, But Clear-Sighted. Michael Potteiger, of Rehrersburg, Berks ounty, is 80 years of age and remarkable for his sharp eyesight, having never used spec-tacles. He has a pocket-book in his posses-sion which bears the date of 1689.

THE EVES Their Color, Signification of Character, Dispo

sition and Temperament From the San Francisco Argonaut. The colors most common to the eyes are brown, gray, blue, hazel and black, or what we call black, for those eyes which appear to be black will generally be found to be of a deep yellowish brown when looked at very narrowly; it is the distance only which makes them appear black, because the deep yellow-brown color is in such strange con-trast to the white of the eye that appears black. There are also eyes of so bright a hazel as to appear almost yellow; hastly, there are eyes that are positively green. Very beautiful, too, are some of the eyes of this color when they are shaded—as is very

often the care—with long dark eyelashes; but, though beautiful, they are not indicative of a good disposition.

Clear light blue eyes, with a calm steadfastness in their glance, are indicative of cheerfulness of disposition, of a serene temper and a constant nature. These eyes are peculiar to the northern nations; one meet them among the Swedes, and also sometime among the Scotch. The blue eyes we see among the Scotch. The blue eyes we see among the rare blondes of the south—that is, in Italy and Spain—have among them eyes in which are some greenish tims; and such eyes, though often called light bine, have none of the qualities of serenity and constancy which belongs to the light blue eyes of the north. Neither must the pleasant light blue eyes with the honest glance be nfounded with another sort of eye of a pale blue, almost steel-colored hue, which has a continually shifting sort of motion both of the eyelids and the pupils of the eyes. People with such eyes as these are to be avoided, as they are indicative of a deceitful and selfish nature. Very dark blue eyes, with some-thing of the tint of the violet, show great power of affection and purity of mind not much intellectuality. Blue eyes are more significant of tenderness and of a cer-tain yieldingness of purpose than either brown, black or gray eyes. Blue-eyed people are not inconstant, like those of the hazel and yellow eyes, but they yield from affec-

Gray eyes of a somewhat greenish gray, with orange as well as blue in them, and which are of ever varying tints, like the sea, are those which denote most intellectuality. They are especially indicative of the impul sive, impressionable temperament—a mix-ture of the sanguine and the billons—which produces the poetic and artistic natures. In England—where there are more varieties of tints in eyes than in any other country—the poets have almost always gray eyes. A biographer of Byron speaks of his "beautiful changelul gray eyes." Shake-peare also had, we are told, gray eyes: Coleridge, eyes of a a greenish gray. Among the artists, too, eyes of this color abound. Black eyes, or what are considered such, are indicative of passionate ardor in love.

Brown eyes, when not of the yellowish tint, but pure russet brown, show an affectionate disposition; the darker the brown—that is, the more they verge on to that deepest of brown which in eyes we are in the habit of calling black—the more ardent and passion-ate is the power of affection. The brown eyes which do not appear black—that is, which are not dark enough to appear so-are the eyes of sweet, gentle and unselfish na-tures, without the inconstancy of the light brown or yellow eyes. "golden eyes," as they were called by a lady novelist, and which are very little more to be trusted than

the green eyes.

Green eyes, although their praises are often sung in Spanish ballads, show deceit and coquetry. We sometimes see eyes which are a combination of yellow, orange and blue, the latter color generally appearing in streaks over the whole surface of the iris, while the orange and yellow appear in flakes of unequal size around and at some little distance from the pupil of the eye. Eyes of this variety of tints show intellect, or at any rate a certain originality of character. No commonplace nature has this sort of eye. Hasty, irritable persons have frequently eyes of a brownish tint inclined to a greenish hue. Although the purely green eye indicates deceit and coquetry, the propensity to greenish tints in the eyes is a sign of wisdom and courage. Very choleric persons, if they have blue eyes, have also certain tints of green in them. and when under the influence of anger

sudden red light appears in them.
There are eyes which are remarkable for being of what might be said to be of no color. The iris has only some shades of blue or pale gray, so feeble as to be almost white in some gray, and the shades of orange which inter-vene are so small that they can scarcely be distinguished from gray or white notwith-standing the contrast of colors. The black of the pupil is in these eyes too marked, be-cause the color of the iris around it is not deep enough, so that in looking at them we expressionless, for their glance is fixed and dead; they invariably belong to persons of the lymphatic temperament, and they indi-cate a listless and feeble disposition, incapable of enterprise, and a cold and indo

When a Great Editor Was a Page,

When Russel Sage was in Congress as the representative of the Trey, N. Y., district, ne of the pages was a lively, energetic little fellow named Watterson. One day Mr. Sage sent the youth out on an errand, with instructions to hurry back. It was at the end of the session and in the midst of the season when the Washington small boy had a weakness for the seductive game of marbles. The gentieman from Troy waited in vain for an answer to his message. If he had remained in Congress he might be watting yet. The youth had thrown con-gressional duties over to gamble on his kness In the dirt for some other boy's agates. Mr. Sage got a clue to the missing messenger's whereabouts, however, a year or two ago He sat at a public dinner, when a sturdy man whose sharp talk was making him the hero of the table came over and shook his

"I haven't seen you for a good years," said this gentleman. "I'm the boy you sent out on an errand down in Wash ington, with instructions to hurry while you waited." The incident while you waited." The incident came clearly back to the Wall-street magnate's mind, but he didn't scold the transgressor. The boy, become a man, was known as Henry Watterson, editor of the Louisville

THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

Han'som, stranger! Yes she's purty an' cz peart ez she kin be. Clever? Wy! she amt no chicken but she's good enough fur me. What's her name? The kind o' common yit I

aint ashamed to tell, She's ole "Fiddler" Fukin's daughter an her dad he calls her " Nell."

was driving on the "Central" just about a year on the run from Winnemucca up to Renolm Washoe. There's no end o' skeery places. Taint a read

fur one who dreams, With its curves an awful tres les over rocks an Twuz an afternoon in August we hed got behind

an hour An waz tearin' up the mountain like a summer thunder shower. Round the hends un' by the ledges 'bout ez fast • ex we could go,
With the mountain peaks above us an' the river

down below. Er we come nigh to a tree'le cros't a holler, dreg an' wild. Suddenly I saw a baby, twuz the stationkeep er's child. Toddin'tight along the timbers with a bold an

fearless trend

Right above the locomotive, not a hundred rods 1 jist jumped an grabbed the throttle an' 1 fa'rly held my breath
Fur I felt I could't stop her till the child was crushed to death.

When a woman sprang alore me like a sudden streak o' light, Caught the boy an' twixt the timbers in a second sank from sight. t tist whist'd all the brakes on. An' we worked

with might an' matu Till the fire flew from the drivers but we couldn't stop the train, Au' it rombled on above her. How she screames es we rolled by An' the river roated below us-I shell hear her till I die

Then we stop't; the sun wuz shinin'; I rat back along the ridge An' I found her—dead? No! livin! She wur hangin' to the bridge Wher she drop't down thro' the cross-ties with one arm about a sill An' the other round the baby, who was yellin

to we sayed 'em. She wun critty, She's en pear Now we're marrid; she's no chicken but she's good enough for me, of eny ask who owns her, wy! I sin't She's toy wife. Ther' ain't none better than ole Filkin's daughter " Nejl.'

It was on seeing a louse creeping up the fine silk ribbons on a fashionable lady's bonnet in church that Burns penned the oft quoted wish,

"O wad some pow'r the giftle' gle na To see oursel's as Rhers see us!" That fashionable lady was fully conscious of her stylish bonnet, one dress, and general beauty of appearance. The only thing she was not conscious of was that which most attracted the pact's attention, to wit: The louse on her bonnet. Now it has often struck me how characteristic this was of most of us. Our excellences we need not be reminded of. We don't often let ourselves forget them. And we commonly think they are just as clearly seen and fully appreciated by everybody else. Yet all the while, perhaps, there is a louse on our bonnet, of which we know nothing, but which is more conspicuous to our neighbors, and attracts their attention more, than all our excellences put together. To know our defects, weak-nesses, and tollies we must "see oursel's as ithers see us."

well as of individuals was proved to me only a few days ago. I was entertaining a friend from abroad, and "pointed with pride" to some of our handsome business places and private residences, buildings as tine as any in the state, when my friend astonished and in the state, when my friend astonished and almost offended me by saying. "Why yes, you have some splendid buildings. But do you know I had not noticed them till you pointed them out; my attention was so drawn to the queer old tumble-down shantles and little, one-story, moss-covered houses, I see scattered all over. Why, I never saw I see scattered all over. Why, I never saw anything like it in a place of this size! Look at that big old weather-heaten frame thing, right in the heart of the city, plastered over with show bills! An affair like that throws into the shade all the other, handsome, buildings round it. And I should think it must depreciate the value of all the properties within a block of it. And the same with those other little sheds and houses that disfigure nearly every square in your city." At first I felt pretty nearly as unreason-ably resentful at my friend's frankness as that lady would have felt if Burns had po litely told her, "Madam, your bonnet very beautiful: but there is a louse on very beautiful; but there is a louse on it, which somehow attracts more attention than the bounet!" met!" But why should she be The louse was there! And all she could do was to take it offas soon as po-APART from its effect on the beauty of a

THAT this is true of communities as well

city, and on the pecuniary value of real estate in it, this matter of architecture has yet a further and deeper importance and significance which deserves far more attention than it commonly receives. It is well expressed by a thoughtful writer in a recent ournal of architecture who says : "Our architects are scarcely conscious, I fancy, of the hapriness or unhappiness, progress or retro-gress, pleasure or pain, for which they are accountable. They do not realize what a moral as well as resthetic influence they have over the people, and how responsible they are for the moral tone of society. The planners of our houses have as great an in-duence in forming our character as the preachers in our churches-a more lasting preachers in our churches—a more lasting influence; for while the latter must reach and move us by too swiftly forgotten words, the former find expression for their teachings in enduring structures of wood and stone. How quickly and accurately we judge, by driving through the streets of a town, what is the grade of its citizenship." I wonder what judgment of our "grade of discussion." this welfar would form by citizenship" this writer would form by driving through the streets of Lancaster, and looking, for instance, at our uniformly com-monplace and utterly unbeautiful church edifices, to say nothing of the too numerous other buildings already referred to by my

WHEN one has once been put on the track of finding defects isn't it strange how easy it becomes to prosecute the search and find ever more and more! At least I found it so in the case of my friend. He seemed to be wound up and unable to stop again until be had pointed out every possible local defect, peculiarity, and idiosynersay he could find, —many of them such as the most old residents would never have noticed, so used have we become to them.

Frast of all he put this poser to me: "How is it that you have protty nearly as many 'hotels,' 'restaurants,' saloons, grogtwellings? there seem to be average about six to every square. your people know that degrades all of them. You can see for yourself. You have only two or three real hotels, the rest of them are nothing but taverns. And many of your saloons have a pretty lessn and shabby ap-pearance. Why do you tolerate such over-crowding? Why not close up about ninetenths of them?"

I told him to give me an easier one, and referred him meanwhile to the honorable indges of our court. They probably will have no difficulty in answering him, to their own satisfaction if not to his !

You ought to have heard this fault-tinder though the day after the circus! "Was this the first circus that has ever peen here at Lancaster ?" he commenced.

I assured him that at least one or two came every year. Then what in the name of commor ense does your city go so wild over it fo Why there was more fuss and excitement and demoralization here in this city of thirty thousand inhabitants over this one circus than would be caused by half a dozon in the own where I live, and that doesn't pretent

some little rural village — "
"Only that it made a good deal of money!" I interposed.

"Are you quite sure of that?" he asked,
"I grant that the confectioners made money,
and so did the saloons, for I saw more
drunken people on your streets on Monday
than I ever saw in a whole mouth in any
other place of five times the size of 'ancaster. But I am not so sure that your city
is any richer to day for the several thousand interposed, is any richer to-day for the several thousan dollars of its citizens' money that Forepaugh took with him. I am sure the county is just by so much poorer. And not one of the ten thousand people who went to his show but is out of pocket by what it cost, and has nothing to show for it either. For it is money which is taken clean away; neither

the city nor county will ever see a cent o tagain."
"But, my friend," I again ventured to reply, "money is not the only consideration. Our working people don't get enough recreation as it is. The annual circus is one of their chief holidays. It they did lose a day's wages and the price of admission, it was not too much to pay for a day's amusement and pleasure." You are right," he eagerly answered.

"You are right." he eagerly answered, for he seemed now to be quite excited. "You are right. Money isn't the only consideration. Even it your city had made all you seem to think it did, and all Forepaugh carried away with him besides, it would not have compensated it for the demoralizing and degrading influence and effects of the day on the right generation. For the day on the rising generation. For its boys and girls to see the hundreds of ruling drunkards, the conduct of the roughs and lewd women, to hear the profane and ob-scene language, witness the brawling and fighting, all this must have an effect on the morals, present and future, of your com-munity, for which no amount of money can ever compensate you. And as to the benefit of the holiday to the working classes, opinions likewise differ. I know that I saw a least a dozen farmers and mechanics in toxicated on the streets, disgracing them seives and their families, who would never have become so if it had not been for the demoralization of the day. I am pretty sure it did not pay them anyhow. And I know, too, that the parents of that young man, be-longing to one of the most prominent and respectable families in your city, whom I met staggering along the streets in the after-noon,—I know they didn't think the price noon,—I know they didn't think the price they paid for the circus was cheap. Neither did that poor wife whom at midnight I heard passing the house, tearfully coaxing and pleading with her husband to come home with her, while he was brutally cursing and threatening her in his drunken wrath,—she did not think the price she was paying for the circus was a small one. No, I am certain there are hundreds of women and children in this city to whom such a day as tast Monday means a night of hell following, means curses and blows and bitter tears, means the loss of far more than a day's wages, a drunken husband and father, per-baps hunger, violence, and haps hunger, violence, and untold misery, for days afterwards!"

I DON'T know how long my friend would have gone on in this way if I had not insist--Eugene J. Hall.

ed on changing the subject right here. For he seemed to be getting into a regular preaching vein. Anyhow, I stopped him; and I made up my mind in future to avoid carefully getting him into such a "Drift" of talk again. Yet after he was gone, when I came to think over what he had said, I could not help acknowledging that his side of the circus question had considerable truth in it.

What do you think ? Ir occurred to me at the same time that the charge of behaving like a little country town was, in some respects, unpleasantly It certainly is not city-like on every circus day, first of April, &c., about half a dozen times a year, to have some of the principal streets in the place used by the lavern-keepstreets in the place used by the lavern-keepers for their own convenience and profit and
to the great discomfort of all the residents on
those streets, by having a double row of carriages and wagons standing on both sides, all
day long, with scarcely room enough for a
conveyance to drive through the narrow lane
left in the middle. This seems like a decidedly rural peculiarity of Lancaster. I
have often wondered that our city authorithe versil such a wholesale obstruction of tios permit such a wholesale obstruction of the public highways; and that our long-suf-fering citizens put up with the unisance as patiently as they do. I don't believe there is another place of even half the size of Laucaster where the tavern-keepers would dare impose on the public and turn the principal city streets into tavern-yards as they do here It is a perfect outrage; and our citizen ought to rise up against it.

THEN, too, it is a little countrified to be so easily excited and "gulled," not only by every circus that comes along, but by every troupe of Indian doctors, quacks and mountebanks that happen into our city. They are a kind of people who seem to find lancaster particularly verdant, and they easily manage to fleece us out of thousands of dollars every year, while our legitimate business houses are complaining of the dull-

PERHAPS there is more than I first hought in the words of my grumbling friend, which he attered on parting from me : " If you Laneaster folks once come to care a little less each one only for himself and a little wore for the general good of all. you will do a good many man; ently from the way you now do them. UNCAS. you will do a good many things quite differ

AROUND THE WORLD ON A BICTCLE. some of the Things; Possible to Medern Travel

From the New York Sun. Mr. Thomas Stevens' bicycle excursion around the world, whether he fully carries out his purpose or not, will call attention to the fact that travelers are now free to roam about some parts of the globe that, until a year or two ago, were regarded as almost or quite inaccessible. It is only about three years since Gen. Abramon told Dr. Lansdell, vho was making the tour of Russian Central Asia, that his contemplated trip from Charjui on the Oxus to Merv was far too dangerous to attempt, as the Russians could afford him no protection. Mr. Stevens left Teberan seven weeks ago to travel over this very ground, with every assurance that he could make the journey in perfect safety and

with comparative comfort. with comparative comfort.

After wheeling his way through Europe and Asia Minor to Teheran, Mr. Stevens has resumed his eastern journey with excellent prospects of success. Along a great part of a route in Persia and Russian Asia he wit hardly incur greater personal risk than if he were traveling through the state of New York. From Teheran to Meshed he will fol-low the very fair road on which Mr. Condie Stephens over a year ago accomplished the feat of riding one hundred miles a day for several successive days. This is the road on which Count Simonich years ago drove it

his carriage from Teheran to Herat. Along the chief routes connecting the larger towns in the vast territory ruled by Russia, posts only lifteen to thirty miles apart are now maintained, where refreshments and relays of horses may be procured. Travel has thus been so largely facilitated that Dr. Lansdell was able at times to cover over one hundred miles a day in his yehicle. over one hundred mines a day in his venture.
All the Russian authorities were instructed to further his wishes. Mr. Stevens also has the promise that all official obstacles will be removed from his route, and in his northward journey through Bokhara, Samarkand and Tashkend into Siberia he will follow much of the road where Lansdell, late in 1882 under a comparatively rapid and com-1882, made a comparatively rapid and com-

fortable journey. Arriving in Siberia, Mr. Stevens intends to follow the post road east to Irkutsk, and here he is likely to meet the most serious problem of his great undertaking. It is his wish to travel southeast from Irkutsk, cross the wide Gobl desert and reach Pekin. It will probably be practicable for him to cross the desort by joining one of the trade cara-vans that travel from Klachta across Mongo-ia, though the journey is so tedious that a tussian merchant and his wife, who followed that route to Foochow in 1881, preferred to cross two oceans, America and Europe, rather than retrace their steps. Mr. Stevens would, however, have to make a long journey in Northern China, and it is not quite

certain that the people would give him and his strange machine a hospitable reception. If he decides that the journey to l'ekin is impracticable, he can still follow the Russian post roads along the Amoor valley to the Pacific ocean. His wheel will have to carry him 6,000 miles over the crooked and sometimes very difficult route from Teheran be-fore he is able to embark for Yokohama. His many well wishes will earnestly hope that his health and his tire will hold out to-gether for the long, hard pull across Central

THE ROBINS HAVE COME. The robins have come! The robins have come

In trees on the hillsides warm they sing, And soon will be heard the drowsy hum Of tuse, I life in the genial spring. The robin has come ! and the pansies lift Their soft, bright eyes to the golden light,

While snowdrops close by the melting drift Unfoid their petals of purest white. The robin has come ; and Farmer Lade Is thinking of grounds he soon will plow, and waving fields of grass and grain All garnered and safe on the high piled mov The robta has come, which is song and trill,

As she totters along to the window sill he's thinking of Philip, so noble and strong, And the day be made her his happy bride, And she hears again the sad, sweet song The morning that little Rachet fied.

And grandmother's eyes are filled with tears

They come to our doors and tenderly bring The sweet recollections of years that are gone When their vespers were chanted at twilight in

-pring, And their matina made vocal the earliest dawn.
- C. F. Gerry in the Boston Transcript. WHEN April steps aside for May.

Like diamonds all the raindrops glisten;
Fresh violets open every day;
To some new bird each bour we listen.

—Lucy Larcon; The Sister Months. PARESONIC, landanum and stupefying syrups e given to bables by thoughtless mothers to relieve colic and fretfulness, but parents of bright children use Dr. Hann's Colic Cure, beause it relieves and does no injury-a stubborn fact from experience. Castor Oil for the dogs! but Dr. Hand's Pleas

ant Physic for children and adults. mayl-lind

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M.W.8w

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