

E. B. Hawley, Wm. O. Grayson.

E. B. HAWLEY & CO., PUBLISHERS OF THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT, AND GENERAL JOB PRINTERS, Montrose, Susquehanna County, Pa.

MONTROSE DEMOCRAT

TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Devoted to the Interests of our Town and County.

FIFTY CTS. EXTRA IF NOT IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME 31.

MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1874.

NUMBER 47.

THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT

Is Published Every Wednesday Morning. Contains all the Local and General News, Poetry, Stories, Anecdotes, Miscellaneous Reading, Correspondence, and a reliable class of advertisements.

Advertising Rates: One square (10 lines of text) 10 cents; 10 squares 1.00; 100 squares 10.00; 1 year 100.00; 6 months 60.00; 3 months 30.00; 15 lines 15 cents; 1 month 1.50; 3 months 4.50; 6 months 7.50; 1 year 12.00; 10 lines 1.00; 1 month 10.00; 3 months 27.00; 6 months 45.00; 1 year 72.00; 5 lines 75 cents; 1 month 7.50; 3 months 22.50; 6 months 37.50; 1 year 60.00; 3 lines 50 cents; 1 month 5.00; 3 months 15.00; 6 months 25.00; 1 year 40.00; 2 lines 35 cents; 1 month 3.50; 3 months 10.50; 6 months 17.50; 1 year 28.00; 1 line 25 cents; 1 month 2.50; 3 months 7.50; 6 months 12.50; 1 year 20.00.

Business Cards.

BURNS & NICHOLS,
Drs. in Dispensary, Chemicals, Physicians, Patent Medicines, Sponges, Toilet Articles, Perfumery, Fancy Soaps, &c. Prescription carefully compounded. 101 N. 3rd St., Montrose, Pa. A. W. NICHOLS, Feb. 21, 1873.

E. P. HINES, M. D.
Graduate of the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, 1858, and also of Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, 1874, has returned to Friendsville, where he will attend to all calls in his profession as usual. Residence in Jessie Howard's house. Office the same as heretofore. Friendsville, Pa., April 25th, 1874.—6m.

EDGAR A. TURBELL,
Counselor at Law, No. 370 Broadway, New York City. Attends to all kinds of Attorney Business, and conducts cases in all the Courts of both the State and the United States. Feb. 11, 1874.—1y.

DR. D. W. SMITH,
DENTURE ROOMS at his dwelling, next door north of Dr. Hines', on Old Foundry street, where he would be happy to see all who desire to have their dentures made. He is confident that he can please all, both in quality of work and in price. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. Montrose, Feb. 11, 1874.—1y.

VALLEY HOUSE,
NEW DEAL, Pa. Situated near the Erie Railway Depot. In a large and commodious house, has undergone a thorough repair. Well furnished rooms and sleeping apartments, splendid tables, and all modern conveniences, at low rates. HENRY ACKERT, Proprietor. Sept. 10th, 1873.—4f.

B. T. & E. H. CASE,
HARNESS-MAKERS. Oak Harness, light and heavy, at lowest cash prices. Also, Blankets, Breast Bands, Kats, Whips, and everything pertaining to the line, cheaper than the cheapest. Repairing done promptly and in good style. Montrose, Pa., Oct. 29, 1873.

THE PEOPLE'S MARKET,
FRESH AND CHOICE MEATS, HAMS, PORK, Bologna Sausage, &c., of the best quality, constantly on hand, at prices to suit. HENRY ACKERT, Proprietor. Montrose, Pa., Jan. 14, 1874.—1y.

BILLINGSSTROUD,
IRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENT. All business attended promptly on fair terms. Office first east of the house of Wm. H. Cooper & Co. Public Square, Montrose, Pa. (Aug. 1, 1863, July 17, 1873.) BILLINGSSTROUD.

CHARLEY MORRIS,
THE HATY BARBER, has moved his shop to the building occupied by the late Dr. Hines, where he is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line, such as making, cutting, setting, shaving, &c. All work done on short notice and prices low. Please call and see me.

LITTLE & BLANKSIE,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, have removed to their new office, opposite the Tabor Hotel. B. LITTLE, Geo. F. LITTLE, K. L. BLANKSIE. Montrose, Oct. 15, 1873.

W. B. DEANS,
DEALER in Books, Stationery, Wall Paper, News & Prints. Paquet Stationery, Blank Books, &c. Next door to the Post Office, Montrose, Pa. W. B. DEANS, Sept. 30, 1874.

EXCHANGE HOTEL,
M. J. HARRINGTON wishes to inform the public that having rented the Exchange Hotel in Montrose, he is now prepared to accommodate the traveling public in first-class style. Montrose, Aug. 28, 1873.

H. BURRITT,
Dealer in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Croceries, Hardware, Iron, Stoves, Tin, Brass, and Pewter, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Fur, Buffalo Robes, Groceries, Provision, &c. New Market St., No. 8, 73—1f.

DR. D. A. LATHROP,
Mineralogist and Geologist, 201 North of Chestnut street. Call and consult in all Chronic Diseases. Montrose, Jan. 17, '73.—205—1f.

DR. S. W. DAYTON,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, tenders his services to the citizens of Montrose and vicinity. Office at his residence, opposite Barnum House, 67 Bend village. Sept. 16th, 1869.—1f.

LEWIS KNOLL,
SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING. Shop in the new Postoffice building, where he will be found ready to attend all who may want 1874 in his line. Montrose Pa., Oct. 11, 1873.—1f.

CHARLES N. STODDARD,
Dealer in Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Leather and Findings, Main Street. Make and repairing done daily. Montrose, Jan. 1, 1870.

DR. W. L. RICHARDSON,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, tenders his professional services to the citizens of Montrose and vicinity. Office at his residence, on the corner of 5th & 6th streets. Foundry. (Aug. 1, 1869.)

SCOVILL & DEWITT,
Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Bankruptcy. Office No. 60 Court Street, over City National Bank, Baltimore, D. C. Wm. H. SCOVILL, J. DEWITT. June 15th, 1871.

ABEL TURBELL,
Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Sponges, Toilet Articles, Perfumery, Fancy Soaps, &c. Prescription carefully compounded. 101 N. 3rd St., Montrose, Pa. Established February 21, 1873. [Feb. 1, 1873.—1y.

LAW OFFICE,
FITCH & WATSON, Attorneys at Law, at the old office of Bondley & Fitch, South 11th St. W. W. WATSON, L. F. FITCH. (Jan. 11, 71)

A. O. WARREN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Bank Building, 2nd Floor, and also on Clarks street. Office 2nd door below Bond's Store, Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 1, 1870)

W. A. CROSSMAN,
Attorney at Law, Office at the Court House, in the Commissioner's Office. W. A. CROSSMAN, Montrose, Pa. 1871.—1f.

J. C. WHEATON,
CIVIL ENGINEER and LAND SURVEYOR, F. O. address, Franklin Park, Susquehanna Co., Pa.

JOHN GROVES,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR, Montrose, Pa. Shop over Charles's Store. Give orders on Clarks street. Cutting done on short notice, and warranted to fit.

W. W. SMITH,
CABINET AND CHAIR MANUFACTURER.—1857 of Main street, Montrose, Pa. (Aug. 1, 1869)

M. C. SUTTON,
AUCTIONEER and INSURANCE AGENT, Friendsville, Pa.

D. W. SEARLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, office over the Store of M. Desanier, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. (Jan. 6, 1870)

J. B. & A. H. McCOLLUM,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office over the Bank, Montrose Pa. Montrose, May 10, 1871.

AMI ELY,
AUCTIONEER, Address, Brooklyn, Pa. June 1, 1874.

POETRY.

GROWING UP.
Oh to keep them around us, baby darlings, fresh and pure,
Mothers smile their pleasures crowning, mothers kiss their sorrows' cure;
Oh to keep the waxen tuncles, sunny curls, and radiant eyes,
Pattering feet, and eager prattle—all young life's lost Paradise!

One bright head above the other, tiny hands that cling and clasp,
Little forms, that close enfold all of Love's best gifts were grasped;

Sporting in the summer sunshine, glancing round the winter hearth,
Bidding all the bright world echo with their fearless, careless mirth.

Oh to keep them; how they gladdened all the path from day to day,
What joy dreams we fashioned of them, as in rosy sleep they lay!

How each broken word was welcomed, how each struggling thought was hailed,
As each bark went floating seaward, love beckoned, and fancy sailed!

Gliding from our jealous watching, gliding from our clinging hold,
Lo! the brave leaves bloom and burgeon, lo! the shy, sweet buds unfold!

Fast to lip, and cheek, and tresses, steals the maiden's bashful joy;
Fast the frank, bold man's assertion tones the accents of the boy.

Neither love nor longing keeps them; soon in other shape than ours
Those young hands will seize the weapons; build their castles, plant their flowers;
Soon a fresher hope will brighten the dear eyes
We trained to see;

Soon a closer love than ours in those wakening hearts will be
So it is, and well it is so: fast the river nears the main,
Backward yearnings are but idle; dawning new glows again!

Slowly sure the distance deepens, slow and sure the links are torn,
And by our old love, Simon, I employ you to help him to obtain honest employment. I have been a true wife and a good mother, as far as I could, Simon, yet on my death-bed I know that my only love was given to you when you were in another world.

There was a deep silence in the room as Simon Clayton read the letter, and he was forced to wait many minutes before his voice would obey him to ask: 'Your mother is dead?'

'She died in the summer, sir.'

'Why have you waited so long to come to me?'

'I took all we had to pay our debts and the funeral expenses, and I had to work to earn my traveling money to come from Illinois.'

'You want employment now?'

'I shall be very grateful, sir, if you will help me to find work.'

'To-day is a holiday. You will be my guest for the present, and I will see what I can do for you.'

As Simon Clayton spoke, he reached out his hand and touched a bell upon the table near him. His housekeeper answered the summons.

'You see I have company, Mrs. Grey,' he said, and the housekeeper wondered at the change in his face and voice, lacking all severity as when he was in the room made comfortable for Mr. Ford.

The woman courted and was gone, and Simon questioned his young guest. His eyes were misty more than once over the straightforward story of privation the boy told, his evident devotion to his mother, who had been widowed when he was a baby. It was not difficult to see that the boy, growing up in poverty, had yet a strong desire for education, and had profited by all his mother could teach him. His very touch upon the books on the table, his eyes, when they rested on the well-filled book case, told the brain hunger better than spoken words. So before Mrs. Grey called them to dinner, Simon Clayton was planning the lad's future in his adopted son.

True Thanksgiving fare the kind-hearted housekeeper had prepared for the unexpected guest, and Simon Clayton's heart was nearer thankful prayer than it had been for many long years, as he looked at the bright, grateful face opposite to him, and knew Minnie's child looked up to him for kindness and protection.

Before a week had passed the lad was entered as a student in one of the city colleges, living with his new friend.

'You had best call me Uncle Simon,' the latter said to him, 'for your mother was dearer than a sister to me, my boy, and if the people who hear you think you are my nephew, leave all explanation to me.'

But the world troubled itself very little about Simon Clayton's new relative, some of the more kindly-hearted hoping he would have comfort in the lad, others pitying poor Laura, whose chance of forgiveness seemed lessened by the arrival of this handsome boy.

Four years glided by uneventfully and happily. The stern old man seemed to renew his youth in his intercourse with the son Minnie had sent him, the talented scholar who was winning college honors, and who kept himself singularly pure in the whirl of the city's vices.

The fatherly love that Simon Clayton had thought buried in the graves of his own boys at Greenwood, sprang to new life and vigor, as Cyrus gained a firm stand in his heart. He kept the boy from the temptation of vicious company by giving him free permission to extend his visits to his home to his fellow students, and the boy's own refined instincts led him to seek only the association of gentlemen. His love for animals being discovered, he became the possessor of a fine horse. He was encouraged to join a boat club, and Simon himself accompanied him to such places of amusement as he desired to visit. Yet, suddenly lifted from poverty to riches, from a bitter self-denial to an indulgence in every wish, from the necessity of bread winning, to the envy of luxuries, Cyrus Ford was not spoiled.

With his heart full of gratitude, he looked upon all his opportunities for improvement as preparation for making his own way in the world. He was studying law, and he studied with the thought that his daily bread would soon depend upon his legal knowledge. The idea of ever ungrating any portion of the wealth that was smothering his path through college, never presented itself to his mind, and his most constant thought of future prosperity, rested upon his own exertions, was the hope of one day proving his gratitude by repaying the money spent so freely for him, though he could never by a lifetime of devotion return the favorably love and kindness lavished on him.

He had heard of Laura Clayton from one of those dear friends who try to poison all happiness by anticipations of misery.

'You had better keep on the side of your uncle by never contradicting him,' this friend had told him, 'he was awfully fond of his daughter, but he never forgave his daughter for marrying against his will.'

'I thought his children were all dead,' was the reply.

'Not at all. Mrs. Cameron lives in a little room in Pearl street, and runs a sewing machine for a living. She has one daughter, but all the rest of her children are dead. Hard times, ain't it, sewing for a living when her father is rolling in wealth?'

'Pearl street?'

'Yes. She makes my shirts, so I keep her address. She is at No.—Pearl.'

The conversation left a deep impression upon Cyrus Ford. Once in the generous impulse of youth, he had approached the subject with his adopted uncle, but he so sternly silenced that he never dared repeat the name of the disobedient girl. In the night when he went for the first time to the city, Simon Clayton led the young man one morning to his library.

'Cyrus, you are a man to day, and you have a right to know what my intentions are regarding you. In the course of the next year you will be admitted to the bar, and I shall make you the agent of my property. Together we will go over all my investments, and you will be able to relieve me of some burden of care as well as to learn where your own property will one day lie. For to-day I make my will, and you will be my sole heir. Not a word! Your mother gave you to me—I'm your loving son, Cyrus, it is all I ask of you.'

'Not a word of her. She died to me fourteen years ago.'

The tone was so stern, Cyrus could only bow his head in silence, and register a vow in his heart that his life service should never waterward his benefactor.

It seems a sudden adoption when told in the limits of my story, but, in truth, it was no caprice that influenced Simon Clayton in his resolve. During four years of constant intercourse, he had studied Cyrus Ford with the close scrutiny of a stern teacher, sored by many disappointments, and keenly alive to every defect in human nature.

He found in his closet study of the young protege, so unexpectedly placed in his care, no deceit, no time serving, no servility. An honorable ambition, a respectful gratitude that was never fawning nor cringing, and upright integrity, and a close attention to his studies that were no child's task for country bred brains, all awakened the respect of the old man. His love was more easily won, Minnie's son, looked into his face with Minnie's great, tender eyes, noted his heart to affection before the first hour of intercourse was over; and, once given, the affection never wavered, growing stronger with every day's intercourse, till the gnawing pain for his own boy's gone was lost in the son sent to comfort his old age.

Thanksgiving came again—the fourth since Cyrus Ford came to Clayton—and with it came a sorrow. For the first time in his life Simon Clayton felt the pressure of physical pain. He had been a model of manly strength during the entire sixty years of his life, but some unaccounted exposure had brought on an attack of fever, that, setting his fangs deep in the strong frame, brought it very near the grave. Cyrus had been watching all night when Thanksgiving day dawned, clear and bright, though the first fall of snow lay on the streets. The invalid, turned restlessly on his pillow, spoke of some unfinished business his illness had delayed, and seemed to have his intellect clearer than they had been before during his illness.

'I wish you would call upon Hoskins this morning, Cyrus, I want him to understand about the lease of those Grand Street stores, before the last of the month. You have the papers ready?'

'All ready, sir. But are you well enough for me to leave you?'

'Yes, I shall feel better when this is settled.'

It was a relief to be out in the crisp, cold air, after the long confinement in a close room, and Cyrus felt light-hearted in a certainty that his friend was better. Surely this attention to business was a good symptom, and the fever was certainly gone. Mrs. Grey was a good nurse, and there was no special hurry; so, after settling the business with Hoskins, Cyrus came leisurely from the office of the latter, up Broadway. It was full of holiday seekers, many of the stores being closed, and the clerks and saleswomen in their best attire going to family gatherings. Cyrus was thinking of the day four years ago, when he came friendless and lonely to the great city, when, just before him, a girl in blue came from the hand of a large student, and fell heavily to the ground. In a moment Cyrus was bending over her, helping her to rise; but her ankle was sprained, and she would have fallen again but for his arm.

'I am afraid you cannot walk,' he said, kindly, noting with deep pity her thin garments, her pinched features, and the look of pain upon her face.

'I must try,' she answered, stooping to secure the big bundle.

'Lean on me,' he said, taking the bundle

HER GRANDFATHER COULD LOOK UPON HER FACE,

'You will trust everything to Cyrus, Laura,' her father said. 'He knows how all my property is invested. Cyrus, you will be faithful to my child?'

'God deal with me as I am faithful to your trust,' was the solemn reply.

Before midnight, surrounded by those he loved, Simon Clayton died. Not ten three days later, when the funeral was over, did Cyrus know that Mr. Pearson had made a new will, while he was seeking Laura Cameron. By this will he became heir to half of Simon Clayton's estate, the other half and all personal property becoming Laura's.

My story may not end here. Five years later, on Thanksgiving day, there was a wedding in the house where Simon Clayton had spent so many lonely years, and the bridegroom was the rising lawyer, Cyrus Ford, who wedded the granddaughter of his benefactor, sweet Dollie Cameron.

MISCELLANEOUS READING.

THERE IS NO DEATH.
BY LORD BULWER LYTTON.
There is no death! 'The stars go down
To feed the hungry moss they grow;
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine forevermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-dimpled flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize
To feed the hungry moss they bear,
The forest trees drink daily life
From out the vi. wiccup air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away;
They only wait through wintry hours
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He hears our best loved things away,
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our heart all desolate,
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird like voice, with joyous tones,
Made glad with scenes of sin and strife,
Sings now an everlasting song
Amid the tree of life.

And where he sees a smile too bright,
Or heart too pure for taint and vice,
He beams on that world of light,
To dwell in Paradise.

Born unto that uncynical life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them—the same,
Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear, immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there is no death.

SHOWS OF GRIEF.

Not very many years ago it was considered an essential part of the etiquette of fashionable funerals to appear to weep. Each mourner was expected to carry in the hand a white pocket handkerchief, and to apply it to the eyes more or less frequently—the interval between the dab being regulated by the degree of relationship which had existed between the deceased and the mourner. This bit of hypocrisy has happily been dispensed with, for some time past, by the mourning fashionists. It is no longer deemed indispensable to indicate to the world that what Hamlet called "the fruitful river of the eye" is in a state of freshness, by hoisting the white flag of affliction at a funeral.

This change in the fashion is judicious, for tears are not necessarily the sign of sorrow. In fact, weeping regularly is usually superficial; so that to counterfeit tears is simply to simulate shallow grief. Besides, there are hundreds of persons who, like Job Trotter in the "Pickwick Papers," can "play on the water" at will. Actors shed on the stage mechanically. Nothing can be more fallacious than the outward symbols of sorrow. Neither ink, tears, nor clouds of grief, nor an overflow of emotion, nor the drooped behaviour of the visage, are to be trusted as signs of inconsolability, especially if our departed brother or sister has been thoughtful enough to leave a handsome legacy to the sable-clad and lachrymose mourner. In such a case, a Niobe might, without injustice, be suspected of feigning grief. It is common to weep without much suffering, and equally common to suffer keenly without shedding tears.

There are human crocodiles who could pour forth eye-water enough to swim in, without experiencing a single pang.

DISCOURAGED.

It is so easy to say "Never give up the ship." It is so easy to hold your head up and step firmly, to laugh cheerily, and have a pleasant word for everybody, when safely hedged in from sorrow and poverty by the love of friends and a bottomless purse. When sickness passes by and knock at some other door when home is the one sweet, safe corner in all the world, when there are those who would suffer that you might go free—ah! then it is easy to feel as if nothing could ever make you quite discouraged.

This is a beautiful world, and there are lots of good things in it. Yes, many a son and daughter, a few wives and mothers, and about the same proportion of husbands and fathers, do live more in the shine than in the shadow of life.

But there are so many, so many more, who have to buckle on their armor, and spend their best heart's blood in the daily life.

Oh! ye, whose paths are in the pleasant places! whose faith was never tried by heaven's seeming disregard of your prayers and tears! who never knew the lack of tender home love and protection, exit in your happiness, and thank Providence. But while you drink from your cup of life such honey sweet draughts, give a thought now and then to those whose daily poisons savor so strongly of wormwood, and remember that a kindly word and a helping hand, which cost so little, may make lighter the burdens of some one now almost discouraged.

BUSINESS ADVICE.

Two of Bothchild's maxims were never to buy anything that was not intrinsically worth the money paid for it, and to never have important transactions with an unskilful man.

If you would win success be punctual, courteous, honest, economical, agreeable in your personal habits, and regardless of your health.

Be exceedingly careful in the formation of business partnerships. Give close personal supervision to every department of your business: "the master's eye is worth both his hands."

In selecting employees be governed by their fitness.

To make good bargains, you must be taken in regard to the market value of the articles you wish to buy or sell and their quality and condition.

Pay your bills promptly and collect the bills due you closely.

Always going security and making small loans.

Don't neglect to insure your real and personal property.

In making an investment take care that your principal is perfectly secure.

Keep a sharp lookout for swindling devices. Their name is legion.

Nor lend money to strangers.

Do not entertain expectations. Your best chance of making money is always connected with the business you best understand.

Never sign a paper until you have read it and fully understood it.

Use your credit sparingly. It may serve a useful temporary purpose, but pay day is sure to come, and you should endeavor to be always prepared for it.

Always live within your income.

In selecting a business, be governed to some extent by your natural tastes and abilities; but do not neglect any opportunity that affords fair advantages, unless it makes requirements that are positively repulsive.

In seeking a situation, remember that the right kind of men are always in demand, and that industry and capacity rarely go empty handed.

Neither overrate nor underestimate your capacity, but strive to estimate your powers at their just value.

Never fail to take a receipt for money paid, and keep copies of your letters.

Do your business promptly, and bore not a business man with long visits.

Caution is the father of security.

He who pays beforehand is served behindhand.

No man can be successful who neglects his business.

Do not waste time in useless regrets over losses.

An hour of triumph comes at last to those who wait and watch.

If you post your errands upon your affairs, they will one day send you.

COMMON SENSE.

It has been said in another form of expression that the slightest excess of expenses over income is poverty, and the slightest excess of income over expenses is wealth. The slightest excess of labor to master this great problem of life is not so much dependent upon what they know of their business as upon what facility to apply what they know. Success in business is due to administration. Capacity in administration is due to that faculty, power, or quality called common sense. While everybody speaks well of and nobody undertakes exactly. We infer its presence or its absence from the results of a man's life. We venture upon a definition of the phrase we are using not so much for the purpose of making its meaning clear as for the great purpose of giving it a better place in your thoughts. Common sense is a degree, a high degree—fine, the highest degree of human wisdom, applied to practical things. It is not learning; it is not knowledge; it is rather the faculty of applying what we may know to what we do. Other things being equal, the practical farmer who knows the most will do the best; but other things not being equal, a man who excels in wisdom in administration may pass a man of greater learning, or even greater knowledge of things. But do not allow this suggestion to lead you to place a low estimate upon learning, whether general or professional; culture of every sort gives us capacity to appreciate wisdom, and opportunity also for its exercise.

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