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June 16, 1859.—1y.

A Deeply interesting Narrative.
Our readers have been made familiar with the capture of Mrs. Page and a young girl by Apache Indians in Arizona, the search for them, and the almost miraculous escape of Mrs. Page. A Tribune correspondent sends to the Missouri Republican the following personal history of the affair:

Narrative of Mrs. Larsena A. Page.—I had been married but little over two months, and was living with my husband Mr. J. H. Page, in a rude cabin at the mouth of the grand canon leading to the pinery of the Santa Rita mountains. Our family consisted of myself and husband, a little Mexican girl, eleven years of age, Misare Kirkland, and Mr. Wm. Randall, who was engaged with my husband in the lumber business.
On the morning of the 16th of March, after an early breakfast, my husband left us at camp for the purpose of putting some Mexicans to work, and Mr. Randall going out to kill a deer, Misare and myself were left quite alone. As it was washing day, I had started to procure some water, when the little girl screamed and said the Apaches were on us. They came up in a run. Having a six-shooter (Colt's revolver) in my hand I turned to fire at them, but they were already so close that before I could pull the trigger they had rushed upon me and secured the weapon. They then proceeded to plunder, seizing on everything they could carry off—four, blankets, clothing, &c.; and, not satisfied with this, they destroyed the balance. We hailed and screamed for assistance, but the Indians struck me with their lances and told us to keep quiet, or they would kill us. They packed up what they could take and marched us off, hand in hand, in a hurried and barbarous manner. After proceeding thus for a quarter of a mile they separated us in order to prevent our talking together, the little girl being a little in advance of me.

We travelled thus all day, over a very rocky and mountainous road, penetrating deeper and deeper into the mountain, finally almost reaching the summit. Having suffered much from recent attacks of fever and ague, I was in a very enfeebled condition, totally inadequate for the fatigues of such a journey; and my inability to travel at the speed which they desired was the cause of my receiving the most brutal treatment at their hands. They several times pointed a six-shooter at my head as much as to say that my fate was already decided upon, and that I was to be made a victim of savage barbarity. The little girl who was ahead, would occasionally fall back, crying, and tell me that the Indians were going to kill me. They spoke but little Spanish, yet enough was understood to awaken my fears and fill me with apprehension. I knew that my strength, which was rapidly failing, would admit of my proceeding but little farther, and that unless my husband and other parties were following to rescue us, I must fall a victim as soon as my strength entirely failed.

We had proceeded thus about sixteen miles, as nearly as my limited ideas of distance will enable me to judge, and I now lagged behind so much that my savage captors grew impatient, and resolved to kill me. They stripped me of my clothing, including my shoes, and left me but a single garment. They then thrust their lances at me inflicting eleven wounds in my body, threw me over a ledge of rocks, or precipice some sixteen or eighteen feet high, and hurled large stones after me, to make sure of their victim, and then left me, supposing that I must die, and too barbarous to end my misery by entirely extinguishing the spark of life. This occurred near sunset. I had nine lance wounds in my back and two in my arm, and my head was cut in several places by the rocks which were thrown after me, but most of the latter gashed, without striking me.

I had alighted on a bank of snow, almost in a state of nudity, and in a senseless condition. In counting up my camping places before reaching home, I think I must have laid there in a state of unconsciousness for near three days. When I came to I took some snow and put on my wounds. I recollected the direction travelled and the position of the sun from camp at sunset, and with these guides started for home. My feet gave out the first day, and I was compelled to crawl the most of the distance. Did not dare to go down to the foot of the mountain, for fear I could find no water, and was

therefore compelled to keep in the steep and rocky mountain. Sometimes, after crawling up a steep ledge, laboring hard for half a day, I would lose my footing and slide down lower than the place from which I started. As I had no fire, and no clothing, I suffered very much from the cold. I was at a point said to be six thousand feet above the sea, and only wonder that I did not freeze. I scratched holes in the sand at night, in which to sleep, and before I could travel was obliged every day to wait for the sun to warm me up. I traveled what I could every day, and in the mean time had to subsist on grass alone. On the 14th day reached a camp of some workmen in the pinery which was untenanted. There I found a little food and some flour which had been spilled on the ground. The fire was not quite out, and I kindled it up. Scraped up some of the flour and made a little cake, the first food I had tasted since I left home. I was now near the workmen in the pinery, and within two miles of my home, but was too weak to go on. I could hear the men at work, and sometimes saw them, but could not attract their attention. At length I crawled along to the road over which they must pass, and was found there, and carried home, after being out sixteen days.

On the third day of the session Capt. R. S. Ewell, U. S. A., arrived in Tucson with the little girl who was taken captive by the Indians with Mrs. Page. Her release was effected by an exchange of prisoners. The entrance of the party into Tucson was signalled by the most lively demonstrations of joy. The church bells were rung, the populace assembled in the Plaza, and the little girl, now a heroine indeed, passed from one to another to receive their embraces, congratulations, and welcomes. Such a scene of hugging and kissing! Capt. Ewell, too, was not forgotten, and blessings were showered on his head for the active part he had taken in the rescue. It was doubtless a proud moment for him, to which he will look back with satisfaction as long as he lives. He had not returned as a victorious chief with laurels of victory encircling his brow, but he had restored peace and happiness to a despairing family; had snatched an humble captive from the hands of savages who subsist on grass or roots, and who offered her the head of a rat as a choice morsel of food! It was but one of the many noble acts of an eventful career in which he had won the hearts of the people. The church was thrown open, and the devout populace with the child at their head, knelt before the altar and poured forth their prayers of thanksgiving and gratitude.

How a French Widow Chose a Second Husband.

A young, beautiful and wealthy lady, widow of a French officer who lost his life at the assault of the Malakoff, had chosen a second husband, after a somewhat eccentric fashion arising either from a material disposition of the difficulty of a selection between no less than ten sighing aspirants for her hand. Madame C. invited the ten gentlemen to breakfast, at her country villa, and leaving thus united her zealous suitors, informed them that she would unite herself to that one of them who would consent to hold in his hand a watch for her to fire at and break with a pistol, at twenty paces. Nine of the party didn't care to run the risk exacted by this female Travis, but the tenth, a young merchant, courageously determined to fulfil the condition imposed. Madame C. loaded her pistol forthwith, and stepped into the garden, followed by the company. The 20 paces were carefully measured, the mercantile hero pulled out his watch, gallantly refusing one not much larger than a franc, offered by the lady, and fearlessly assumed his place. The amazon took deliberate aim, bent the pistol, and down tumbled the watch, pierced to the esp. The gentleman, unharmed by the adventure has married the rich widow and bought a new time piece.

A queer theft was perpetrated a few days ago at the quarries near West Rutland, Vermont. A young Irish woman left her child, a few weeks old, at home under the charge of a little girl, while she made a short visit, and when she returned found that it had been carried away. It was subsequently discovered in the possession of another and a childless young wife, who stoutly stuck to it that it was her own until medical proof was given that it did not belong to her, when it was restored to its true mother, and the false one sent up for the odd theft.

An old darkey in Washington who supposed from the extraordinary preparations that were being made to receive the Japanese embassy, that it was composed of a superior order of beings, delivered himself thus, after these strangers arrived:—"Why, dey ain't nothin' more'n colored folks wid their heads shaved. Plenty colored folks in dis town whiter den dey is. Better not come here. Go to foolin' round too much, somebody snake 'em off and sell 'em to Orleans. De Lord bless us, anyhow, niggers is lookin' up."

My son what would you do if your dear father was suddenly taken away from you?" "Swear and chew tobacco for fear I could find no water, and was

From the Chicago Press and Tribune.

Lincoln as he is.
Ten thousand enquiries will be made as to the looks, the habits, tastes, and other characteristics of Honest Old Abe. We anticipate a few of them.

Mr. Lincoln stands six feet and four inches high in his stockings. His frame is not muscular, but gaunt and wiry; his arms are long, but not unreasonably so for a person of his height; his lower limbs are not disproportioned to his body. In walking, his gait, though firm, is never brisk. He steps slowly and deliberately, almost always with head inclined forward and his hands clasped behind his back. In matters of dress he is by no means precise. Always clean, he is never fashionable; he is careless, but not slovenly. In manner he is remarkably cordial, and, at the same time, simple. His politeness is always sincere, but never elaborate and oppressive. A warm shake of the hand and a warmer smile of recognition are his methods of greeting his friends. At rest, his features, though those of a man of mark, are not such as belong to a handsome man; but when his fine dark grey eyes are lighted up by an emotion, and his features begin their play, he would be chosen from among a crowd as one who had in him not only the kindly sentiments which women love, but the heavier metal of which full grown men and Presidents are made. His hair is black, and, though thin, is wiry. His head sits well on his shoulders, but beyond that it defies description. It neither resembles that of Clay than that of Webster; but is unlike either. It is very large and, phrenologically, well proportioned, betokening power in all its developments. A slightly Roman nose, a wide cut mouth, and a dark complexion, with the appearance of having been weather beaten, completes the description.

In his personal habits, Mr. Lincoln is as simple as a child. He loves a good dinner, and eats with the appetite which goes with a great brain; but his food is plain and nutritious. He never drinks intoxicating liquors of any sort—not even a glass of wine. He is not addicted to tobacco in any of its shapes. He never was accused of a licentious act in all his life. He never uses profane language. A friend says that once, when in a towering rage, in consequence of the effort of certain parties to perpetrate a fraud upon the State, he was heard to say, "They shan't do it, d—n 'em!" but beyond an expression of that kind, his bitterest feelings never carry him. He never gambles; we doubt if he ever indulges in any games of chance. He is particularly cautious about incurring pecuniary obligations for any purpose whatever, and in debt he is never content until the score is discharged. We presume he owes no man a dollar.—He never speculates. The rage for the newer acquisition of wealth never took hold of him. His gains from his profession have been moderate, but sufficient for his purposes. While others have dreamed of gold, he has been in pursuit of knowledge. In all his dealings he has the reputation of being generous but exact, and above all, religiously honest.

He would be a bold man who would say that Abraham Lincoln ever wronged any one out of a cent, or even spent a dollar that he had not honestly earned. His struggles in early life have made him careful of money; but his generosity with his own is proverbial. He is a regular attendant upon religious worship, and though not a communicant, is a pew-holder and liberal supporter of the Presbyterian church in Springfield, to which Mrs. Lincoln belongs. He is a scrupulous teller of the truth—to exact in his notions as it now is. His enemies may say that he tells Black Republican lies, but no man ever charged that, in a professional capacity, or as a citizen dealing with his neighbors, he would depart from the Scriptural command. At home he lives like a gentleman of modest means and simple tastes. A good sized house of wood, simply but tastefully furnished, surrounded by trees and flowers, is his own, and there he lives, at peace with himself, the idol of his family, and for his honesty, ability and patriotism, the admiration of his countrymen.

If Mr. Lincoln is elected President, he will carry but little that is ornamental to the White House. The country must accept his sincerity, his ability, and his honesty, in the mould in which they are cast. He will not be able to make as polite a bow as Frank Pierce, but he will not commence anew the agitation of the Slavery question by recommending to Congress any Kansas Nebraska bills.—He may not preside at the Presidential dinners with the ease and grace which distinguish the "venerable functionary," Mr. Buchanan; but he will not create the necessity for a Corvode Committee and the disgraceful revelations of Cornelius Wendell. He will take to the Presidential Chair just the qualities which the country now demands to save it from impending destruction—ability that no man can overbear, honesty that never has been impeached, and patriotism that never despairs.

The Mauler.
The Chicago Press and Tribune says that Mr. Lincoln "eats with the appetite that goes with a large brain," and never swears, "except once in a while to say d—n!" Is not the mauler a wonder!

How Jed Missed it.

Some folks are in the habit of talking in their sleep, and Miss Betsey Wilson was of the number. This peculiarity she accidentally revealed to Jedediah Jenkins in a careless conversational way. Jedediah had just finished the recital of a matrimonial dream in which the lady and himself figured as hero and heroine, he having invented the same for the sake of saying at the conclusion it was "too good to be true," and by thus speaking parallels assuring the damsel of what he dared not speak plainly.

"I never dream," said Betsy, "but I sometimes talk half the night, and tell everything that I know in my sleep."
"You don't say so."
"Yes, I can never have a secret from mother; if she wants to know anything she pumps me after I've gone to bed, and I answer her questions as honestly as if my life depended on it. That was the reason I wouldn't go to ride the other night, I knew she would find it out—it is awful provoking."

Some days after this, Jed called at the house and entering the parlor unannounced found that Miss Betsey, probably overcome by the heat of the weather, had fallen asleep on the sofa.

Now Jed, as the reader has surmised, had long felt an overweening partiality for the young lady, and yearned to know if it was returned, but though possessed of sufficient courage to mount "the imminent deadly breach"—or breeches, (concupiscence, we mean,) he could never muster spunk enough to inquire into the state of her heart. But he now betought himself of her confessed somnambulist loquacity and felt that the time to ascertain his fate had come. Approaching the sofa, he whistled—

"My dear Betsey, tell me, oh, tell me the object of your fondest affections?"
The fair sleeper gave a faint sigh and responded—"I love—let me think—(here you might have heard the beating of Jed's heart through a brick wall)—I love heaven, my country, and baked beans; but if I have one passion above all others, it is for roast onions."

The indignant lover didn't wake her, but sloped at once, a sadder but not a wiser man.

"Five per Cent."

A somewhat verdant looking individual called on a jeweler in Montreal, and stated that he had managed to accumulate, by hard labor for the few past years, some seventy five dollars; that he wished to invest in something, whereby he might make money a little faster; and he had concluded to take some of his stock and peddle it out. The jeweler selected what he thought would sell readily, and the new peddler started on his first trip. He was gone but a few days when he returned, bought as much again as before, and started on his second trip. Again he returned, and greatly increased his stock. He succeeded so well, and accumulated so fast, that the jeweler one day asked what profit he obtained on what he sold?

"Well, I put on 'bout five per cent."
The jeweler thought that a very small profit, and expressed as such.
"Well," said the peddler, "I don't know as I exactly understood about your per cent, but an article for which I pay you one dollar, I generally sell for five."

A Proselyte.

A dry old codger connected with the railroad interest, a man who listens always and speaks little, and was never known to argue a hobby with anybody, has lately been all mouth and ear to a very communicative spiritualist of the ultra school. He listened to and swallowed all sorts of things from the other world with so much placidity of assent, that the spiritualist at last believed him to be one of the faithful. A few days since, the spiritualist said to his pupil, "The spirit of B— appeared to me last night, and ordered me to borrow five dollars of you," for a certain purpose, which was named.
"Yes, I know it did," replied the old one; "and what is very strange, the same spirit called on me half an hour afterwards, and told me not to let you have the money, as it had made a mistake in giving you the order!"

The pretended spiritualist hasn't been to see the old codger since.

A story is current among the Chinese of a great wine drinker, who was able to sit all the day at table, and after consuming what would have been sufficient to drive the reason out of half a dozen men, would rise up perfectly sober. The Emperor, hearing the fame of this deep drinker, asked him to dinner, that he might test his marvellous powers. As the story goes, the Emperor had ordered a hollow figure to be cast in bronze, of the exact size and model of this man, and as the wine was served, for each cup that the guest drank a similar one was poured into the opening on the top of the head of the image. This went on for some hours, until the bronze statue overflowed, while the guest continued at the table and rose from it perfectly sober!

John C. Heenan has issued a pre-emptory challenge to John Morrissey, to fight him for any sum from 5 cents to \$5000.

The Locusts are singing in Dauphin county.

THE TORNADO.

The Towns of Camanche, Iowa, and Albany, Ill., entirely destroyed—from thirty to fifty persons killed, and one hundred wounded.

From the Lyons City Advocate—Extra.
Monday Morning, June 4, 1860.

It becomes our painful duty to record the most distressing calamity that has ever fallen on us to witness—the effects of the tornado, and the consequent loss of life and property.

Last evening, about 9 o'clock, a man came from Camanche, about nine miles below this city, on the Mississippi, with the heart-rending intelligence that the town had been visited by a tornado, and that many of its citizens were buried in its ruins. The alarm spread from house to house, and in a very short time hundreds of our citizens were on their way to the scene of the disaster, both by land and on the steamer Queen City, which Capt. Bristol immediately put in sailing order.

We were among the first to arrive at the scene of the disaster, and our pen fails entirely to depict the sight that met our view. We found the town, as the messenger had reported, literally blown to pieces, and destruction and death scattered everywhere within the sweep of devastation. The first pile that met our eye was the ruins of the Millard House, occupied by H. G. Sessions, formerly of Erie, Pa. This was a three story brick hotel, and it could not have been more effectually destroyed had a barrel of gunpowder been exploded within its walls.—The inmates were all more or less hurt. Mrs. Davis and her child, a little boy four or five years old, were taken out of the ruins dead. Mr. Sessions and his son, Anson, are both very badly hurt inwardly. A younger son has his left arm broken, and several severe cuts about the head and neck. A daughter of Mr. S., was the only one that escaped without serious injuries. One man was taken out with both legs broken, and otherwise hurt. From this we proceeded to look about the town, and we found that hardly a house was left uninjured, and many of them swept entirely away. Every business building in the place is destroyed, including the large brick block recently erected. About sixty feet of this, including the cupola, is demolished, and the remainder is nearly all unroofed. Front street presents a scene of ruin seldom witnessed; every building on it is either unroofed or entirely destroyed. The dwelling and store of Mr. Waldorf, a three-story brick, is entirely demolished, and the family buried in the ruins. Mrs. Waldorf and one child were taken out dead, and two children rescued alive, and, strange to say, unhurt. Mr. Waldorf had not been found when we left, at 2 o'clock a. m.

Soon after arriving at Camanche, we learned that the town of Albany, on the opposite side of the river, and about one mile above Camanche, had been visited by the tornado, and was about as badly riddled as Camanche. Upon the arrival of the Queen City at Camanche, she immediately put back to Albany, to learn the truth of the rumor, and found that scarcely a building in that town was left unroofed; but from what we could learn, the loss of life was not so great as at the former place. Those who returned reported twelve killed. Two churches were blown down entirely. We did not visit Albany, and consequently can speak only from report with reference to it. Amid the great confusion that prevailed, it was almost impossible to obtain any correct information. We could not learn the names of those who were killed, but shall gather the full particulars for our regular issue this week. The house of O. McMahon, banker, of this city, was entirely demolished, but the family escaped without injury.

The gale commenced about 7 o'clock p. m. Its course was from the southwest to the north-east, and we may hear of further ravages in Illinois. It is rumored at Camanche that the farmers had suffered severely, south-west from there, by having their buildings and fences destroyed, and stock killed. It was also stated that a large raft was passing Camanche at the time, and that all the men, numbering apparently about twenty, were swept into the river.

The condition of the survivors of these two towns is such as demands the warmest sympathy and aid of every one in this community, as well as elsewhere. Many of them are left without a house above them, and scarcely a garment to wear.—Their dead are to be buried, and their wounded cared for, and it is the duty of every one, so far as is in his power to minister to their relief, for who can tell how soon we may need like service. We hope that all who possibly can will go there to-day, and assist in attending their wants. Every man who will can find work there to do, in helping to restore order and to erect temporary buildings for the hundreds that are destitute of a place wherein to lay their heads. Clothing of all kinds will undoubtedly be required, and many other necessities, for the benefit of those who are badly wounded.

We are glad to see the physicians of Lyons and Clinton all there, and working with a right good will, as well as other citizens of the two places. We hope that the towns around about us that have escaped the terrible disaster will at once take active measures to do something

toward relieving the distressed of Camanche and Albany. The loss of property in Camanche alone cannot fall short of \$250,000 or \$300,000; in fact whatever the town was worth, less the real estate, is gone, and it will be seen at once that aid must come from some source to prevent those that are left alive from suffering.

The Western papers come to us filled with detailed accounts of the most destructive tornado ever known in that section of the country. From *The Chicago Journal*, which publishes a diagram showing the course of the whirlwind, most of the following facts are taken. At 7 o'clock on Sunday evening, the storm started at Cedar Rapids, in Iowa, dividing there into two winds which passed with inconceivable rapidity in a wavy line to Camanche; there uniting, they crossed the river into Illinois, striking Albany and passing on to Amboy. The distance traversed was about 150 miles, and this it accomplished in two hours. The following table is supposed to give, with a near approach to accuracy, the numbers of the killed in Iowa:

| | | | |
|-------------------|-----|-----------------|----|
| Cedar Rapids | 2 | Mechanicsville | 9 |
| Mt. Vernon | 5 | Onion Grove | 2 |
| Rogers Settlement | 1 | De Witt | 26 |
| Edon | 1 | Camanche | 29 |
| Orange | 1 | Albany | 5 |
| Lisbon | 4 | Blown from raft | 24 |
| Total | 109 | | |

This does not include a large number of killed in Illinois. The manner in which the tornado did its work will be best learned from some incidents:

Near Cedar Rapids, a man observed the tornado approaching, and instantly threw himself among some hazel bushes with his face to the ground, and clung to their branches for protection. They passed over him, hurling him a distance of some rods, and stripping every vestige of clothing from his body. Another man was surprised in a similar manner, and threw his arms around a young beach tree, holding on with all his strength which was considerable, as he was an unusually powerful man. The whirlwind, however, as quick as thought, unwreathed his grasp as one would snap a pipe stem, hurled him into the air, and dashed him to the ground, and twice and thrice repeated it, leaving him a corpse. Another man, as established by affidavits of respectable citizens of Bertram, the first station east of Cedar Rapids, was caught up from the town plain, hurled into the air, and carried high above the timber, until he was out of sight. Cattle, horses and sheep were also drawn up in the airy maelstrom, whirled terrifically about and dashed to the earth again with a force which reduced them to a mere pulpy mass. The Prairies between Cedar Rapids and De Witt were literally strewn with the carcasses of cattle, and the loss in stock alone must be immense. There is scarcely a farmer between the two stations, a distance of forty miles, but has suffered the loss of either a part, or the whole of his stock.

At Lisbon, the large brick and frame grain ware houses belonging to merchants of that town, and freight depot of the C. I. and N. Railroad were utterly demolished and their contents scattered. Ten freight cars were hurled from the track and broken up. One of them heavily loaded with lumber was lifted into the air and tarbed over twice, finally descending with such force as to completely shiver the car and its contents into fragments.

The most terrible effects of the tornado were felt at Camanche, Iowa. There, at 7 o'clock, the tornadoes were seen coming with the rapidity of lightning.—The sky assumed a yellowish, brassy aspect and the air seemed dead. The tornadoes themselves resembled large balloons at first, about the size of a barrel but gradually increasing and swelling.—At one time they rose and again fell to the earth, their black folds undulating and whirling with snapping, crackling reports like a volley of musketry, distinctly audible at a great distance. The interior of the airy tunnels was filled with a heterogeneous mass of leaves, branches of trees, timbers, and stones, which seemed to impart a yellowish tinge inside the black out folds. There was but little time for gazing, however, for in an instant and with a force inconceivable, the doomed town was struck full in the center, and the air choked with fragments of timbers, bricks, stones, furniture, and in many places, with human beings, who were hurled about like straws. The affrighted horses and cattle filled the air with their terrible and shrill screams; but above all was heard the snapping and cracking of these fearful besoms of destruction.

The scene beggars description, and one, after gazing upon it, only wonders how a single person was left to tell the tale.—There are but one or two buildings in this town of 2,000 souls which were untouched; all the others are a shapeless mass of ruin. In many places, for several acres, every remnant of a house is gone, and only a few scattered slivers mark the spot where they stood. A singular feature of the scene is the fact that from one end of the town to the other not a vestige of the furniture can be found. Here and there a few shreds of clothing, or a mattress torn into ribbons, tell that the town was once inhabited.

After destroying Camanche, the tornado crossed the river, forming an immense water-spout. In this connection, we should have mentioned before that every