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FORBIDDEN.

feet that on Life's stony ways I in separate paths; while Time's

lagging hours of all the days, e epochs of their wandering! ond! O tired, pacing feet That may not meet?

g hands that may not, must not,

se other loved ones in this world's wide

parted hands that may not, must not grasp Those other hands with yearnings infinite!

Oh, starving lips, whose hunger is but this-They must not kiss.

b, sching eyes that shine so far apart. core-haunted eyes that may not, must not

of the passion laden heart, pered secret that they know so

> ve, that hope of death survives In such cleft lives! wer while the world rolls on

in a speechless eestasy! lives on hours long dead and

ove that strives so vainly to be

life that cometh all too late! Oh, cruel fate!

PAIR OF MUTES.

an Spencer was an attorney g of a fortune, and of the of five and thirty, that at his best physically led out his frame with ding of flesh without he wrinkles are not in buirs in his mustache, nt age he is apt to be his ways.

winter had been one of unwork, but not without pe-no, so that when he was seri-ened with paralysis of the oon consulting an eminent told that rest and absore his only hope he felt ed his vacation, but at rice. He was ordered to sound, as his wornout be left entirely alone to it least three months. If to say it must be done at not a word on pain of speech. As the summer was at hand he selected a home untry as his place of exile, for one has friends one must talk. choice was a wise one, for the r and his wife were quiet, intelpeople, whose children were all ed and in homes of their own.

to house was pleasantly situated near er, so there was plenty of fishing and To a man so long deprived of lewing it, for life had not had much in it for him, but had been made up dumb," he said to himself, "and I shall k. In his struggle for a place in in had become rather cynical, especso about women, as he knew practimothing about them. His theories them were almost heathenish, but were only theories. He disliked the n what is vaguely called "general

ciples," and shanned them, one and On his arrival he was given the ice of two rooms, one large, the other what smaller; true to his manhood, took the biggest. More room for its to stand round in and to scatter s and such like manly belongings. and been pleasantly established with books, fishing-rods, cigars and all things which seem necessary to a who is reaching that period of bachod called confirmed.

ore his coming all the arrangements is stay had been made by letter, and als arrival, tablets presented with the est written to be shown to his room e the good lady of the house suppose as deaf and dumb, which was just bis mind, for he did not

"to be bored with the an's curiosity." If he made an extion he would have to answer inable questions; if he did not it A be natural for her to come to the

usion she had

in the days of July became hotter and fishing began to pall the most intersting books had been read, he began to yeary of his enforced silence, and longed or something to break the monotony. Before long he had it. One day Mr. Grey drove up to the gate from the station with a trunk in the wagon behind and a young woman on the seat beside When Mr. Spencer looked out it was not with a smiling countenance, but rather a cross one, for his seclusion would be intruded on. Nevertheless, he watched the process of alighting and renoving the heavy trunk with that inerest bored people watch anything that nomething new. He muttered someng about "scrawny, faded," as the

aura Hyde had come to Mr. Grey's to perate after a severe winter of teachvocal music in the public schools of we same city of which Mr. Spencer was it. eldent and strange as it may seem, for ame thing. Her voice had become apaired with overwork that she was tened with the total loss of it. Her ctor had commanded entire silence igh the summer, plenty of fresh air wholesome food as the only means cure. The poor girl could see no to accomplish this, but she resolved throw herself on the generosity of the

ish frame of mind, wishing that recognize me.' that woman had not intruded on his do- Just then the main, but when he saw how tired, worn and spiritless the obnoxious person listened, looked he relented somewhat and went Spencer. through an introduction (written on the tablets) with as much graciousness as he could command. He noticed Miss Hyde only answered remarks by a movement of the head, and heard Mrs. Grey explaining in her kindly way all about his own affliction-" Deaf and dumb, poor thing. Not a bit of trouble, but he does smoke dreadfully."

Laura was given the little room rejected by him and was as quiet a neigh-

bor as a man could wish. A man of Mr. Spencer's habits could not be expected to take much interest in a neighbor. The only thing that struck him was that she seemed to be that rare anomaly-a woman who could hold her tongue. He gave her but little of his thought; merely bowed when passing on the stairway or in the hall.

For some time she moved about the house listlessly, with a tired, worn look that added to her twenty-four years ; but with good food, fresh air and rest she began in a few weeks to feel the influence of the place, and her expression changed to a brighter, rested one, which at least made her pleasant to look at. The only thing that puzzled Mr. Spen-cer was, he had never heard her voice.

He had heard Mrs. Grey hold long conversations with her on many subjects of domestic economy. Once or twice he himself had been the topic of conversation, but not one word in reply did he hear Miss Hyde say. She surely must have said something, for Mrs. Grey said, "Laura, you are too hard on him. He isn't an old man, about thirty-five, and not so selfish as you may think if we only knew him. And, my dear, he can't take the same interest in things that a man who isn't deaf could. I've no doubt he would lend you any of his books if he knew you wanted them." There was a reply to this which he did not catch, for it brought a laugh and reply from Mrs. Grey, who said: "Well, it may be as you say, when men spend all their time thinking and working for themselves they forget that others may suffer for what they have in abundance and think nothing of it." Not long after this conversation took place Mr. Spencer started for a long day on the river, equipped with fishing rods and lunch basket. In the evenas he was returning home, when yet two miles from it, row-ing leisurely, he saw Miss Hyde walking along the river bank, stopping now and then to look about her. He pulled to the shore, and presenting his tablets, on which were written: "Will you not row home, Miss Hyde, the rest of the way? You look warm and tired." She answered by writing: "I will be glad of a chance to go so pleasantly. I have lost my way, I think." With his assistance she got in. As she sat drawing her hand through the water he got a look at her. Looks were all he got, t of this kind there was a boyish zest for not a word was exchanged during the ride, "She thinks me deaf and

> velopments," She pointed to the sunset, nodded her head, and smiled, to which he answered in the same way. Various objects of interest were discussed in this silent manner, so that when he came to the moo ing place he concluded that it was rather pleasant to have some one as a companion.

not undeceive her, but await further de-

After this they were on familiar terms, so that when September came their acquaintance had progressed rapidly through the medium of the tablets. On Miss Hyde's returning to her school he could hardly persuade himself that he should miss one obnoxious sex so much

He considered it rather strange that she had never told him in any of their "dialogues" where her home was. She had not done so because he had never asked, but said to herself, "If he cared to know he would ask. I will not force my confidence on any one." When she went neither gnew where the home of the other was, and they parted, as they supposed, never to see each other again. She returned to her school rested and restored. He stayed until the last of October, when he followed, and, as the physician had said, had entirely recov-

Thanksgiving afternoon the matinee was "Olivette," and as he was a little out of spirits, the natural feeling of men without family ties on holidays, Mr. Spencer concluded to go.

After being shown to his seat he idly looked over the house, but saw no ac quaintances. Just behind him he heard a soft, familiar voice say: "Sue, it is he."
"Who," asked Sue. "Why, Mr. Spencer, the deaf and dumb gentleman who was so kind to me last summer. But how strange he should come to au opera when he can't hear." "Oh, not at all," said the glddy Sue-" I should think it would be no end of fun to see them all prancing about the stage, rolling their yes, wringing their hands, and standing on tiptoe to catch the high notes, and all the time hear nothing:" and Sue went off into a giggle at the absurdity of

"Sue," said Laura, "it is heartless to laugh and talk so about one's afflictions,' "O, pshaw!" Sue answered, "He looks well led. His chin is getting double. He must be a very old bachelor. I do wish he would turn around so I could see him better." At this point Mr. Spencer did turn around, and gave Miss Sue a look which made her ask in a whisper: "Is he really deaf, Laura? He 36, as Mrs. Grey was a relative of her looked wonderfully knowing, like he That stout man there with the extreme her, explaining the whole situation. might have heard me." "Guilty con-broad brim is from Detroit or Canada. We can always tell a Philadelphian from the least possible pay, for she never spoke a word all summer, and he the provincial cut of his clothes and a and to come unless she were permit- is h. Son, so a sphynx. I do wonder if Boston man by his accent. But a man's to pay something, however small the he will remember me. Men of his age hat is the surest tellfale of the lot. So and opinions do love to snub us, and I long."-New York Herald.

Mr. Spencer went down to ten in a self- would not be surprised that he did not

Just then the curtain went up, and, as they could afford a treat so rarely, they listened, and no more was said of Mr.

At the close, while Mr. Spencer was struggling with his overcont, the two girls made their exit, but what was their dismay to find it raining, and they with no protection from it and no money to hire a cab. "O, what shall we do," said Sue; "our clothes will be rained!" Just then a voice behind them, said: "Miss Hyde, allow me to see you and your friend to a carriage," The girls looked at each other in consternation, but said never a word, and before they could realize it were scated in a with Mr. Spencer Laura looked down in her carriage, lap, Sue out the window, but, true to her character, she saw the ludicrousness of the situation, and, after vainly struggling to controlf herself, burst into a peal of laughter, which only added to Laura's distress so much that Mr. Spencer leaned across and said; "I will explain, Miss Hyde, if you will give me the opportunity." After giving her facts of the case, he said: "Now, I hope you will forgive me for any mortification I have caused you." Said Laura: "I don't know how much I have to forgive until I think it over." "Not much," said he, for strange as it may seem I never heard your voice until this afternoon, so you have said nothing I have heard, although I knew I was under discussion from Mrs. Grey's replies. I used to think it strange, 50, that she seemed to do all the talking. "Oh, that is easily explained," said Laura, "my voice wore out, and I was compelled to quit talking, but not writing. I am glad now you did not hear me, for some of my remarks were, as I think now, unkind and uncharitable, to say the least," "I attributed your silence to the fact that you supposed me deaf, and, as I never happened to be with you and Mrs. Grey very much, never suspected that we were a pair of mutes," said Mr. Spencer.

They have since gone into partnership, but not a silent one.

A Nameless Woman's Monument.

An Augusta (Ga.) letter recites the following particulars of a strange story: About thirty years ago a young woman came to Augusta and set up house-keeping for herself. She had about \$75,000 and was comely. It was well known that the name she bore was fictitious, but nobody cared to make inquiry as to her true name or the place of her birth. The woman was joined by a man who became a noted gambler. Her fortune constituted his capital, and she gave it to him ungrudgingly. A few years ago she died and the court appointed an administrator to take charge of her estate. It was found that about \$10,000 was left, and the administrator then proceeded to hunt up the heirs. But not a clue to the dead woman's rightful name could be found. Among her papers were several diplomas, showing that she had a liberal education, but in each the name had been carefully erased. There were also a number of letters, but they had received the same treatment. The woman desired to be dead to all her past associations. She no longer existed so far as her family and friends were concerned and she permitted

no one to draw her secret from her. The administrator became convinced that she came from Philadelphia, but beyoud this he could ascertain nothing. He advertised in the Philadelphia papers, but nothing came of it. No answer was returned from the grave, and the remnant of the anonymous woman's fortune is about to go for a purpose that she never dreamed of-the education of children. Under the law of Georgia, no heirs having been found for the property, it escheats to the State and goes into the educational fund. Thus in a short time the board of education of Richmond county will come into possession of the property and will be able to do much good with it. She to whom it belonged lies in a nameless grave, but the property itself will go to build school-houses and aid in fitting generation after generation for the battle of life.

There are other incidents connected with the story of this woman's life and death that show some of the remarkable vicissitudes of human experience. She evidently belonged to some wealthy family of the City of Brotherly Love. This is the first intance in this section where property escheated to the State.

The Telltale Hat.

"A charming morning, Mr. Robinson," said a dapper bunco steerer to a well known Chicago lawyer vesterday morning, in the vestibule of the Astor House.

"It is no use, my fine fellow," replied the Chicagoan, "I can't be had." . The steerer apologized and turned to

'Stop," said the lawyer, smilingly. "I am of an inquisitive turn of mind. Do you see this \$10 note? It is yours if you will tell me honestly why you picked

me out as a stranger in the city. The bunco man took the bill and whispered, "It was your hat. You laugh, but it is a fact. There is no better indicator of where a man is from than his hat. Come to the steps here and watch the people as they pass. See that well-dressed man with the silk hat with a very narrow brim. Well, where he comes from that hat is the fashion. It's an old style here, but a new one where he lives. That man is an American, but he has been living in the West Indies.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Velvet, satin and lace costumes are all Face powder in imitation of tan is the

latest thing out. The mantle Victoria is one of the most

graceful of the season Gold and silver braid find their way

on many tailor-made costumes. Fancy feathers will be more worn than ostrich tips on the first fall hats.

Turkey red, trimmed with Irish embroldery is fashionable for children.

A new style in black brocades shows large leaf patterns on a basket ground, The assistant secretary of the state department is a woman, Miss Alva A.

A woman has been appointed public vaccinator for the district of Morgan, South Australia

Black lace dresses are extremely fashionable, and are extremely useful on numerous occasions.

Pretty reception dresses have the vests and the front of the skirts trimmed with a succession of lace ruffles.

Belts of Russia leather, alligator skin and canvas are now worn as broad as the wearer's figure will allow.

The latest fashion in neck trimming is a double Fedora puff of white muslin, with small blocks or colored dots, Plain white satin remains the favorite

material for bridal dresses, with the fronts enriched with pearl embroid-

Stylish costumes are made of a changeable silk combined with changesilk muslin and gauze of the glace Very odd and pretty cockades for early

autumn hats are made of the feathers of the owl, slightly sprinkled with gold dust. A pretty pattern, more especially suit-

able for young girls, consists of ripe cherries in couples, over a roughish woolen Frequently dark silks, foulards and satteens are trimmed with deep Oriental

lace. The fashion is anything but a taste-Dark green and mignonette green are,

with navy blue and a very deep claret, fashionable colors for the foundation of bonnets. Black canvas grenadine is often seen

over golden-brown silk and over red silk; ecru embroidered net over many Small velvet lobsters in reds, greeus

and other varieties of color are fastened on the left side of low bodices with diamond pins. Tom Thumb's widow was in Bridge-

port, Ct., recently, and expressed a desire to be buried by the side of 'Tom's grave when she dies. There are twenty American girls

studying at the University of Zurich. They are admitted upon equal terms with the male students. Slightly ribbed cloth is more largely imported than the smooth habit cloth.

and the rough bourette bison cloths will be worn again this winter. A very stylish costume is of green flannel, with alligator leather trimmings. This leather forms the cuffs, collar and

belt, also fancy pocket laps for the Mrs. J. Lawrence, of Louisville, has given \$8,000 to the National Academy

of Science, the income of which is to be used for the encouragement of scientific investigation. Dark blue and red calicoes, with large anchors, bars of music, cards and dom-

inoes printed in white, black and colors, are the fauciful wear at seaside and watering places this fall. French cashmeres come in all the new shades, with tiny silk figures that

look very much like embroidery. One piece is in Gordon with embroidered spots of red with a gold rim. The latest fancy of Parisian ladies is

to paint not their faces, their eyes, or their eyebrows-that is a matter of history-but their fingernails. And this not with henna, as do the Oriental odalisques, but with landscapes and portraits by talented artists. The cause of woman is looking up even

in India. There is now in that country a lady editor to one of the most popular vernacular journals, and there has established at Calcutta a Zenana library, for the purpose of meeting the demand for healthy reading for the educated young women of India.

Mrs. Polk, who is living in Tennessee; Mrs. Tyler, who is at Richmond, Va., and Mrs. Garfield, who lives at Mentor, Ohio, three Presidents' widows, are among the United States pensioners. Each receives \$5,000 a year, according to act of Congress. President Tyler's daughter also gets a pension of \$50 a month, given because of his service in the Mexican war.

An American Dear Park.

There are now four hundred and lifty deer in General Harding's park, six miles from Nashville, Tenn. Notwithstanding the Harding family's love for venison and the large number of friends frequently supplied with the delicacy, the herd increases rapidly. At the close of the war it numbered but sixty head The park has four hundred and twentyfive acres, and has many foxes within its bounds. General Harding, now ninety yerrs old, possesses a grand farm of 4,700 acres.

The galleries of the United States Senate chamber will accommodate one thous and persons; the galleries in the hall of the House of Representatives will accommodate a great many more.

LETTERS THAT GO WRONG.

WORKINGS OF THE DEAD LETTER OFFICE AT WASHINGTON.

A Blennial Sale of Unclaimed Matter -Two Ladies Who do Nothing but Decipher Bad Addresses.

The officials of the dead-letter office in

the postoffice department, says a Washington letter of the New York Evening Post, are preparing for the biennial sale of unclaimed merchandise, which will take place in December of this year. These postoffice sales are interesting, and attract crowds of eager buyers desirous of bargains or curiosities. The catalogue of the sale makes a book of about a hundred closely printed pages, and is a monument of the careless habits which characterize the ordinary patron of the mail pouch. The average number of letters which fail to reach their destination because of defect in the address is about 4,000,000 annually. The use of the "special request" envelope and the extension of the free-delivery service, have reduced the number to a considerable extent, and the annual increase in dead letters now is not to be compared with the increased number mailed. the number received at the dead-letter office, a large proportion con-tain money, drafts, bonds, checks, and other evidences of value, and it is a remarkable fact that of the 10,000 or so forwarded here for want of any superscription, two-thirds at least are from business men. This is accounted for in the fact that the person who sends money by mail generally tak s extra care to see that it is properly addressed when he does send it, while the business man, using the mails as a daily means for the sending of money, becomes careless. Erom fifty to sixty per cent. of all let-ters forwarded to the dead-letters office

find their way to the person for whom they are intended, or are sent back to the sender. The others, if of no value, are destroyed. That so many letters, which to the ordinary observer would seem totally unintelligible, find their way to the addresses is due to the care which is taken to exhaust every means before giving up the chase. There are received an average of about 1,000 letters daily, which have been forwarded from postmasters who are unable to read the writing on the envelope, or because some part of the address was missing. Sometimes a writer will forget to put the name of the town on the letter he sends; again he fails to designate the State. Then the system of phonetic spelling adopted by letter writers is extraordinary. Virginia was spelled by one anxious swain "Furgeniar," while an English writer having a friend in Oswego, Oswego county, N. Y., addressed the letter "Horse Wigger Springs, Horse Wigger County." Two ladies employed in this department are adepts at the art of deciphering cryptography. Mrs. P. L. Collins sorts all the "illegible" or "incomplete address" letters that originate in American postoffices, and Miss Richter naudles the foreign mail of similar charcharacter. These two ladies have been in the dead-letter office for years, and have grown so expert that thousands of letters which would otherwise be destroyed are saved to their owners by the quick eyes and clear brains of these two Occasionally of course a letter reaches the dead-letter office owing to the incapacity or the stupidity of postmaster. These are readily forwarded to the proper address, and the careless official is reprimanded. Dr. Gregory, of the civil service commission, who is constantly upon the lookout for information that would be useful to him in his duties, recently visited the office, and was shown its workings. One of these errors on the part of a

country postmaster was pointed out to him. "That man," said Dr. Gregory; "should have been compelled to pass a civil service examination and he would not have made such a mistake." "That postmaster," replied the official conducting the commissioner, "has an average salary of \$3 per quarter, and would probably make some very forceful, if inelegant, remarks if notified that he would be removed if not more careful." Dr. Gregory thought it would be difficult to find a successor among the applications on file with the commission.

Whenever a letter is forwarded to an address "on a venture," that is to say, when the phonetic plan of discovering the intent of the writer is adopted, and something has to be left to the judgment of the assorter, the following notice is attached to the letter:

POSTMASTER: Upon the delivery of this letter pleass obtain the envelope and return it to the Dead Letter Office. If the letter cannot be delivered you will at the expiration of seven days stamp the letter with your postmarking stamp, and return it and this circular to the Dead Letter Office, with your next return of unmailable letters, duly num-bered and entered on the list, Form No. 1522. A. D. Hazen, Third Ass't P. M. Gen.

These envelopes are saved for reference, and albums containing several thousand of them are among the attractions for visitors in the department.

Letters having contents of any charactor whatever are carefully recorded, and can be referred to at any time. Money found in these letters, which cannot be delivered to the proper persons, is turned into the treasury, where it can be obtained by the owner within four years, after which time it is covered into the treasury, and can only be secured by act of Congress.

The aggregate valuation of the silk products of American mills is about \$80,000,000 annually, and yet this important banch of industry is compelled to rely mainly upon the producers o vast sum is realized.

The weight of the iron alone capitol is 8,008,200 pounds.

Job work-cash on delivery. ANOTHER BELL

Poets of old in verses untold Have sung oft their praises of bells, As their tones clear and bright

Legal notices at established rates.

In the dead of the night Have trembled in musical swells. The bell in the tower that notes every hour Toe bell calls loudly to church-

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

the Square, one inch, one year.......... 10 0

Marriage and death notices gratis.

All bills for yearly advertisements collected quartery. Temporary advertisements must be paid is

Or the merriest of all, the sleigh-bells' glad eall-But there's one they've left out in the

lurch. Foe music so sweet that youth loves to great-Toe marriage bells toning in glee-

or the sweet evening bells, Vhose soft welcome swells

fae flerce, angry bells whose piercing clang Of the Fire King's power untold,

As the twilight dims meadow and tree;

or the deep solemn note from the funeral bell's throat-But there's one they've left out in the cold.

Its musical chimes in no bards or rhymes Have been made to the memory dear; For e'er did muse tell Of this wonderful bell

Whose preans are heard far and near; Like a lark in the morn its clear tones are

From the first to the fourth or fifth floor, And its musical tune is again heard at noon-Tis the old dinner bell, nothing more.

-Henry M. Tichener.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A waist of time-An old maid's. The heaviest suspension yet-Brooklyn bridge.

The shoes used on hens cannot be worn by children.

It's easy to be contented with your lot if it's only a corner lot or even a lot of

A Kingston girl jumped twelve feet in her sleep, recently. She probably dreamed that some one was proposing to her.— Burlington Free Press. What is a dude? asks an exchange. Whenever you see a fifty cent head with

a five dollar hat on, grab it! You have a dude. - Las Vegas Optic. A man's love for his daughter should not be measured by the foot with which he lifts an unwelcome suitor out of the

house .- Fall River Advance. If men knew as much at forty years of age as they thought they knew at twenty, there would be more statesmen in the

country .- Texas Siftings. The cold wave from the North comes down, It's bracing and it's nice, But goodness sakes alive! It makes

A girl's nose cold as icc.

—Merchant-Traveler. A Northern Texas editor complains hat the number of marriages is ridicu-

lously small when compared with the time squandered in buggy-riding. - Texas Judging from the character of the meekness displayed by some people, we suggest an amendment to read; "Blessed

are the meek, for they shall want the earth."- Wilmington Star. "Did they feed you well at your boarding school, Johnny?" asked his fond mother. "Naw, they didn't," responded the youth, "What kind of meals did

they give you, dear?" "Oat meals,"_ Graphic. "You don't mean to say you wear all these different sizes of hats!" exclaimed Blobson, looking over the head-gear on Popinjay's hat rack. "To be sure I do," was the reply. "Those larger sizes some in handy after club nights."—Bur-

ington Free Press. SWEETLY PEAL Oh, she's always bright and gay, And her songs throughout the day. Sweetly peal; While if "hubby" comes home sick, Him by tender nursing quick She doth heal.

Yes, she never gets cast down. Or was known a sallen frown
To reveal;
Nothing her good humor shocks,
And her husband's ragged socks
She doth heel.
—Carl Pretzel's Weekly.

An Old Showman.

Yankee Robinson, the veteran showman who died recently in Iowa, is said to have been the originator of street arades. He was a genius in the advertising line, and silver half dollars with "Good for one admission to Yankee Robinson's show" stamped on them are almost every day taken in even now at circus ticket wagons in the West. Another of his devices was to have a poster containing the music of a favorite song of his, each note two or three feet long, posted on the fences, so that the people were soon humming the music. As late as 1868 he had the largest and best circus and menagerie in the country, and was worth \$100,000, according to Mr. Hutchinson, of Barnum's firm, who traveled with him for several years. His real name was Fayette Ludowic Robinson, and he was a native of Avon, Livingston county, N. Y. His father and grandfather fought in the revolutionary army. He embarked in the show business in 1845, and was engaged in theatrical enterprises as late as 1882. He took out his first circus in 1856. At the time of the John Brown raid he was in the South, and it was learned that he had once managed an "Uncle Tom's Cabin " company, He was warned out of town, Columbia, S. C., and fled on foot, leaving a show worth some \$40,000. He derived his soubriquet from a Yanken character in a play called "Days of "76," which he played more than 4,000 times. His son Silas, who used when searcely more than an infant to travel with his fi,ther's wagon show and sing "Old Uncle Ned," is now editor and publisher of the

Warsaw (III.) Democrat. England imports unnually about a hundred million dollars worth of butter Lcheese.