

# Star and Republican Banner.

[D. A. BUEHLER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.]

“FEARLESS AND FREE.”

TERMS—\$2 00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XVI.—30.

GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 10, 1845.

{WHOLE NO. 819.

## WHIG MEETING.

### THE WHIGS OF FREEDOM.

WILL assemble at MORRIS'S Tavern, on Saturday evening, October 11th inst. at early candle light, and invite their friends of the neighboring townships to be present with them. Lot there be a full turn out.

Several Addresses will be delivered. **FREEDOM.**

September 26. td

### Pennsylvania Riflemen.

YOU will parade at the house of William M'Gaughy, on Saturday, the 11th of October next, with arms and accoutrements in complete order.

An appeal will be held on said day. **D. SCOTT, Capt.**

September 26. td

### Gettysburg Troop!

YOU will parade in the borough of Gettysburg on Saturday the 18th of October, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

**J. F. FELTY, O. S.**

Oct. 3. td

## AN ADDRESS

UPON the subject of Temperance will be delivered by the Rev. B. KELLER, on Sunday Evening the 12th of October, in the Methodist Episcopal Church. The Address will be the third of a series upon the same subject by the Clergy of the borough. It is expected that the other churches of the place will be closed upon the occasion.

Gettysburg, Oct. 3. td

## TEACHERS WANTED.

THE School Directors of Mountpleasant township will meet at the School House near Anthony Smith's, in said township, on Saturday the 11th day of October next, at 1 o'clock P. M., to receive proposals and employ teachers for the several schools in the township.

**GEO. HAGERMAN, Sec'y.**

September 26. td

## ASSIGNEE NOTICE.

THE subscriber, having been appointed Assignee of **CHRISTIAN MESSER**, of Hamiltonban township, Adams county, by deed of voluntary assignment in trust for all his creditors, hereby gives notice, to all persons indebted to said Messer, to make immediate payment to him without delay, and to all persons having claims against his Assignor, to present them to the Assignee at his residence in Liberty township.

**JOHN MÜSSELMAN, Jr.**

September 6, 1845. 6i-25

## EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

LETTERSTESTAMENTARY on the Estate of **ELIZABETH STEENBERGEN**, late of Adams county, deceased, having been granted to the subscriber; he hereby gives notice to all those indebted, to make immediate payment to him without delay, and to present them, properly authenticated for settlement, to the subscriber, residing in Gettysburg.

**SAMUEL S. SCHMUCKER,**

Executor. 6i-25

## FARM FOR SALE.

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Adams county, the subscribers, Administrators of **GEORGE IRVIN**, deceased, will sell at Public Sale, on the premises, on the 27th day of October next,

## A FARM

containing about 135 ACRES, situated in Hamiltonban township, on which are erected a ONE AND A HALF STORY Log Dwelling House, Log Barn, and Stone Spring house. There is on the farm an Apple Orchard, a large proportion of good Meadow, and a sufficiency of Woodland.

## WOOD LOT.

At the same time, the subscribers will sell a tract of **Mountain Land**, late the property of **GEORGE IRVIN**, deceased, containing about 12 Acres, adjoining lands of John McCullough, James M'Gaughy, and others.

## TERMS.

One-half of the purchase money for each of the above Tracts, to be paid in hand, and the residue in two equal annual payments, without interest. Sale to take place at 1 o'clock, P. M.

## HANDBILLS,

Cards, Blanks, Notices, and Printing of every description, neatly and promptly executed at the Office of the **Star & Republican Banner.**

## POETRY.

### THERE'S BEAUTY EVERYWHERE.

BY JAMES A. BEVERIDGE.

There's beauty in the dashing wave,  
When the storm is raging high—  
There's beauty in the quiet stream  
As it gently glideth by—  
There's beauty in the cloudless night  
When stars are shining clear,  
Or darkness shuts them from the sight—  
There's beauty every where.

There's beauty when the morning dawns  
And gives to earth her light,  
And when the fading sun proclaims  
The slow approach of night—  
There's beauty in the verdant lawn  
When buds their blushes wear,  
And when the ice-king holds his court—  
There's beauty every where.

There's beauty when the Christian kneels,  
In humble prayer to heaven—  
When o'er his soul hope sweetly steals,  
And tells of sins forgiven—  
There's beauty in the merry sounds  
That float upon the air,  
When music breathes a happy strain—  
There's beauty every where.

### THE SEASON.

BY E. MOOD.

Summer's gone and over  
Fogs are falling down,  
And with russet tinges,  
Autumn's doing brown.  
Doughs are daily ruffled  
By the gusty thieves,  
And the Book of Nature  
Getteth short of leaves.  
Round the tops of houses,  
Swallows as they flit,  
Give, like yearly tenants,  
Notices to quit.  
Skies, of fickle temper,  
Weep by turns and laugh,  
Night and day together,  
Taking half and half.  
So September endeth—  
Cold and most perverse—  
But the months that follow  
Sure will pinch us worse!

### AN INFANT ON ITS MOTHER'S BREAST.

It lay upon its mother's breast, a thing  
Bright as a dew drop when it first descends,  
Or as the plumage of an angel's wing,  
Where every tint of rainbow beauty blends:  
It had soft violet eyes, that "bead each lid,  
Half-closed upon them, like bright waters alone,  
While its small dimpled hands were slyly hid  
In the warm bosom that it nestled on.

There was a beam in that young mother's eye,  
Lit by the feelings that she could not speak,  
As from her lips a plaintive lullaby,  
Stirred the bright tresses on her infant's cheek,  
While now and then with melting heart she pressed  
Soft kisses o'er its red and smiling lips—  
Lips sweet as rose buds in fresh beauty dressed,  
For the young murmuring bee their honey sips.

It was a fragrant eye, the sky was full  
Of burning stars, that tremulously clear,  
Shone on the lovely ones, while the low lull  
Of gurgling waters fell upon the ear;  
And the new moon, like a pure shell of pearl,  
Enriched by the blue wave of the deep,  
Lay 'mid the fleecy clouds that love to curl  
Around the stars, when their vigils keep.

My heart grew softer as I gazed upon  
That youthful mother, as she soothed to rest,  
With a low song, her loved and cherished one,  
That bud of promise on her youthful breast;  
For 'tis a sight that angel ones above  
May lean to gaze upon, from their bowers of bliss,  
When Innocence upon the breast of Love  
Is cradled, in a sinful world like this.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### THE RICH MERCHANT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

It was night; the streets were nearly deserted,  
The more especially as it was snowing fast.  
A single traveller, however, might  
Have been seen wrapped in a thick overcoat,  
urging his way against the tempest,  
by the light of dim lamps. Suddenly, as he  
passed a ruinous tenement, the figure of a  
girl started up before him.

"Please sir," she said, "if it's only a penny,  
mother is sick, and we have had nothing  
to eat to-day."

The first impulse of the moment was to  
go on; the second to stop. Her face was  
thin and pale, and her garments scanty—  
He was a man of good impulses, so he put  
his hand towards his pocket, intending to  
give her a shilling. But the traveller had  
forgotten that his overcoat was buttoned up  
tightly over his pocket.

"It is too much trouble," said he to himself,  
"and this wind is very cutting. Besides,  
these beggars are usually cheats. I'll  
warrant the girl wants the money to spend  
in some gin shop. And speaking harshly,  
he said, 'if you are really destitute, the  
guardians will take care of you.'"  
The girl shrunk back without a word,  
and drew her tattered garments around her  
shivering form. But a tear glistened on  
her cheek in the light of a dim lamp.  
The man passed, and turning the next  
corner, soon knocked at the door of a splendid  
mansion, through whose richly curtained  
windows a rosy light streamed out across  
the storm. A servant obediently  
gave him entrance. At the sound of his  
footsteps the parlor door was opened, and a  
beautiful girl, apparently about seventeen,  
sprang into his arm, kissed him on the  
cheek, and then began to assist him in re-  
moving his overcoat.

### "What kept you so long, dear papa?"

she said, "if I had known where you were  
I would have sent the carriage. You never  
stay so long at the office."

"No my love, I was at my lawyer's, busy  
very busy, and all for you," and he patted  
her kindly on the cheek. "But now, Maggy,  
can't you give me some supper?"

The daughter rang the bell, and ordered  
the supper to be served. It was just such  
an one as an epicure would delight in, just  
the supper for a traveller on a night like  
that.

"Pa," said the daughter, when it was finished,  
"I hope you are in a good humor,  
for I have a favor to ask of you," and she  
threw her arms around his neck, and looking  
up in his face with that winning smile  
and those beautiful dark eyes of hers, "I  
wish to give a ball on my birth day, my  
eighteenth birth-day. It will cost, oh! a  
sight of money; but you are a kind, good  
papa, and I know you have been successful  
or you would not have been at your lawyer's."

"Yes, my daughter," he said, fondly kissing  
her, "the cotton speculation has turned out  
well. I sold all I had of the article  
this afternoon, received the money, and  
took it to my lawyer's, telling him to invest  
it in real estate. I think I shall give up  
the business."

"Oh do, do, papa. But you will give me  
this ball, won't you?"

"You little teaser," said the father, but  
he spoke smilingly; and, putting his hand  
into his pocket-book, he took out a note of  
five hundred dollars and placed it in his  
child's hand.

"Take this; if it is not enough you must  
have another; I suppose. But don't trouble  
me any more about it."

The next morning broke clear, but the  
snow was a foot deep, and lay here and  
there in high drifts, blocking up the door-  
way. At ten o'clock the rich merchant  
was on his way to the counting room. He  
turned down the same street up which he  
had come the previous evening. A crowd  
had gathered round the open cellar door of  
a ruined tenement. The merchant paused  
to inquire what was the matter.

"A woman, sir, has been found dead below  
there," said one of the spectators; "she  
starved to death, it is said. They have  
sent for a Coroner. Her daughter has just  
come back after being out all night. I be-  
lieve she was begging. That is her moan-  
ing."

"Ah!" said the merchant; and a pang  
went through his heart like an ice-bolt, for  
he remembered having denied a petitioner  
the night before. A girl covered over an  
emaciated corpse in one corner of the damp  
apartment. It was the same girl he had  
learned it would prove. The merchant was  
horror-struck.

"My poor child," he said, laying his hand  
on her shoulder; "you must be cared for:  
God forgive me for denying you last night.  
Here, take this;" and he put the bill into  
her hand.

The girl looked up and gazed vacantly at  
him; then she put back the proffered money.  
"It will do me no good now," she said,  
"mother is dead," and she burst into hyster-  
ic tears.

The merchant at that moment would  
have given half his fortune to recall her to  
life.

The lesson thus learned he never forgot.  
The merchant personally saw that a decent  
burial was provided for the mother, and af-  
terwards took the girl into his house, edu-  
cated her for a high station in society, and  
on her marriage, presented her with a proper  
dowry. He lived to hear children lip  
their gratitude.

### BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.

There is something touchingly beautiful  
in words when rightly put together. They  
leave an impression that can never be ef-  
faced. We have read again and again,  
and it is as familiar to us as the face of a  
friend, the following splendid thought, and  
yet every time we see it, 'tis fresh and beau-  
tiful as ever. The author we know not,  
but he deserves to be immortalized for this  
morceau alone:

How beautifully falls  
From human lips, that blessed word renounce!  
Forgiveness—'tis the attribute of God—  
The sound which openeth heaven—renews again—  
On Earth, lost Eden's faded bloom, and flings  
Hope's halcyon halo o'er the waste of life:  
'Tis the happy he, whose heart has been so school'd  
In the meek lessons of humanity,  
That he can give it utterance: it imparts  
Celestial grandeur to the human soul;  
And maketh man an angel."

KEEP GOOD COMPANY.—There is a cer-  
tain magic or charm in company, for it  
will assimilate and make you like to them  
by much conversation with them. If they  
be good company, it is great means to make  
you good, or confirm you in goodness; but  
if they be bad, it is twenty to one but they  
will corrupt or infect you. Men or women  
that are greedy of acquaintance or hasty in  
it, are often snared in ill company, before  
they are aware, and entangled so that they  
cannot easily get loose from it, after they  
would.

SINCERITY.—Use no hurtful deceit; think  
inocently, and justly; and if you speak,  
speak accordingly.—*Franklin.*

## GOD SEEN IN ALL HIS WORKS.

In that beautiful part of Germany which  
borders on the Rhine, there is a noble castle,  
which, as you travel on the western  
bank of the river, you may see lifting its an-  
cient towers on the opposite side, above the  
grove of trees about as old as itself.

About forty years ago, there lived in that  
castle a noble gentleman, whom we shall  
call **Baron**. He had one only son,  
who was not only a comfort to his father,  
but a blessing to all who lived on his father's  
land.

It happened on a certain occasion that  
this young man being from home, there came  
a French gentleman to see the castle,  
who began to talk of his Heavenly Father  
in terms that chilled the old man's blood;  
on which the Baron reproved him, saying,  
"Are you not afraid of offending God, who  
reigns above, by speaking in such a man-  
ner?" The gentleman said he knew nothing  
about God, for he had never seen him.

The Baron then drew out a picture which  
he had never seen him. The gentleman  
admired the picture very much, and  
said, "Whoever drew this picture knows  
very well how to use the pencil."

"My son drew the picture," said the  
Baron.

"Then your son is a clever man," replied  
the gentleman.

The Baron then went with his visitor into  
the garden, and showed him many beau-  
tiful flowers and plantations of forest trees.  
"Who has the ordering of this garden?"  
asked the gentleman.

"My son," replied the Baron; "he knows  
every plant, I may say from the cedar of  
Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall."

"Indeed," said the gentleman, "I shall  
think very highly of him soon."

The Baron then took him into the village  
and showed him a small neat cottage, where  
his son had established a school, and where  
he caused all young children who had lost  
their parents to be received and nourished  
at his own expense. The children in the  
house looked so innocent and so happy, that  
the gentleman was very much pleased, and  
when he returned to the castle he said to  
the Baron, "What a happy man you are to  
have so good a son!"

"How do you know I have so good a  
son?"

"Because I have seen his works, and I  
know that he must be good and clever, if  
he has done all that you have showed me."

"But you have not seen him."

"No, but I know him very well, because  
I judge of him by his works."

"True," replied the Baron, "and in this  
way I judge of the character of our heavy-  
laden Father. I know by his works, that  
he is a being of infinite wisdom, and power,  
and goodness."

The Frenchman felt the force of the re-  
proof, and was careful not to offend the  
good Baron any more by his remarks.

### German Tale

REPOSING IN HOPE.—The tranquility of  
a mind gradually reposing in, the dearest  
hopes of a better world, is an enjoyment that  
cannot be purchased at too dear a rate. It  
is not easy sufficiently to value the peaceful  
close of a busy life, provided that repose  
is founded on the right views of Christian  
hopes, looking beyond the grave; the mist  
of doubt and perplexities dissipated in the  
meridian splendor of the gospel truth; the  
storms of life softening into silence; the  
delirium of pleasure and the dreams of dispa-  
irated; and the freed mind resigned to the  
dictates of reason; the wound of con-  
science healed by the balm of eternal love;  
the heart lacerated by the loss of those once  
so dear to us, patiently waiting in full expec-  
tation of re-union never more to be broken;  
every angry passion hushed into peace; the  
evils of life sunk into resignation to the  
Divine will; the fervent desire of the reno-  
vated heart approaching to the verge of  
never-ending enjoyments, and the whole soul  
reposing on the bosom of a Savior's love.

### From the Saturday Courier.

THE WONDERFUL CHILD.  
We have on previous occasions alluded to  
a wonderful child who had astonished so many  
persons, who have met him at the residence of  
his father, in Vermont. Rev. Geo. Dennison, former-  
ly Professor of Mathematics in Kenyon College,  
and now a resident of Newark, Ohio, has pub-  
lished an account of an interview, which he had,  
while on a late visit to Royston, in the former  
State—presenting even more than a confirmation  
of the wonderful powers of the child. We copy  
a paragraph or two of Mr. Dennison's account:

"This child's name is **T. H. Safford, jr.**  
He is now nine years and six months of  
age, of small stature and palid countenance—  
his little arms not much larger than my  
two fingers. He is of noble carriage, frank  
and yet not forward. His eye is his most  
remarkable feature, being very large and  
very bright, and when excited it rolls in its  
sockets with an almost spasmodic force,  
while his little hand is thrown over them  
both in such a way as to indicate pain. I  
am told that there is scarcely any thing  
in the circle of sciences with which this  
child is not acquainted. History, and particu-  
larly natural history, is his favorite. I  
examined him, however, in nothing but  
mathematics and astronomy. His father  
and myself were old Sunday school scholars

together, and every opportunity was given  
me to test the child thoroughly.

While the child was not yet come in from  
the field, where with his little sister he had  
gone to gather wild berries—I examined  
an almanac in manuscript for A. D. 1846 all  
of which this child has wrought out alone;  
much of it, including one of the eclipses, be-  
fore witnesses with whom I am acquainted.

About 12 days have already been spent by  
an adult in copying in a fair hand the al-  
most unintelligible writing of his tiny fin-  
gers. We were examining the projection  
of the eclipse which he himself had made  
and subsequently calculated, when he him-  
self came in. I told him of the blind stu-  
dent in Kenyon College, who was studying  
the Differential and Integral Calculus. He  
seemed much pleased, and said he did not  
think he could have done that without sight.

I then asked him of the projection which  
lay before us, when he immediately com-  
menced a full explanation, and I felt, as his  
little infant hand ran rapidly over the dia-  
gram, and I listened to his child-like ex-  
pressions, as if I were in the presence of  
some superior being."

Mr. Dennison then goes on to give a great  
many examples of his wonderful combina-  
tions of mathematical questions—and states  
that in all cases his "calculations" entirely  
outstripped the capability of his pencil to  
record them. He adds—"I believe him  
to surpass any thing of the kind on record in  
the history of man, and to open a door by  
which we are permitted for a time to see  
something of what our minds are, and  
what they can become when this natural  
body shall have been exchanged for the  
spiritual."

"PLEASE STOP MY NEWSPAPER.—I am going  
to stop my paper," said a miserly sub-  
scriber to the \*\*\*\*\*, to one of his neigh-  
bors; "I cannot afford to take it."

"What is the price of it per year?" said  
the other.

"Two dollars," was the reply.

"And can't you afford two dollars a year?"  
"Think of it, only two dollars a year? A  
year is a long time. Perhaps you have only  
a few shillings to spend here on earth. A  
year! a whole year! and only two dollars!  
And what do you get for your money? A  
large, closely printed, useful sheet; giving  
you the news of the week, and a large  
amount of miscellaneous reading—philosophical  
and grave, light and humorous. And  
you can't afford two dollars for such a sheet  
for a whole year?"

"Well, I declare, neighbor, you talk like  
an experienced man. I never thought of it  
in that light before! It is only two dollars  
for a year. And yet the paper comes to  
me every week. And I love to read it. I  
always find something in it that interests  
me. And moreover, on a second thought, I  
perceive, that, after all, a newspaper is  
about the cheapest thing a man can have.  
He gets more reading for his money than  
he can in any other way."

"True, neighbor, and this shows what I  
have always said, is true. Newspapers  
seem to have been designed almost for the  
peculiar benefit of the poor. No man is too  
poor to take a newspaper, because it is the  
cheapest thing a man can have."

Here both the speakers joined and said,  
"Blessed are the editors, for they feed the  
poor with knowledge," and then they sepa-  
rated with looks of high satisfaction.

Public education in Virginia is attracting  
a great deal of attention from the leading  
minds in that State, and there is no State  
which more requires a better, wiser, and  
more efficient system. Gov. McDowell,  
in a recent speech delivered at Richmond,  
alluded to the astonishing and disgraceful  
fact, that, while in Connecticut there were  
not more than five hundred persons over  
twenty years of age who cannot read or  
write, in the Old Dominion there were not  
less than sixty thousand persons of the same  
age whose intellectual faculties were paraly-  
zed or extinguished for want of an educa-  
tion.

DREADFUL RESULT OF INTemperance.—  
We learn from the Hagerstown News,  
that an intemperate man named McAfee,  
living on the South Mountain, in Washing-  
ton county, took home and deposited in his  
house, a few days ago, a jug of whiskey, &  
two of his children, in the absence of the  
family, partook of it freely. On the return  
of the mother, she found her children in  
the agonies of death, foaming at the mouth,  
their faces horribly discolored and so bloated  
as almost to defy recognition, and in her  
presence they died an awful and prema-  
ture death. The agony of the mother, says  
the News, may be imagined, but what were  
the feelings of the reckless father it would  
be difficult to conceive.

DRUNKARDS FORBIDDEN TO MARRY.—The Gov-  
ernment of Waldeck, in Germany, has pro-  
hibited the issuing of a marriage license to  
persons of intemperate habits. Just and  
humane.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH has  
built or consecrated over thirty new churches  
in the United States within the year.—  
The number of missionaries received from  
abroad during the same period is estimated  
at one hundred and twelve.

## GEOLOGY.

Mr. Lawrence, in a lecture on Geology, at Lou-  
isville, Ky., in speaking of changes on the earth's  
surface, said that—

"The Mississippi river within the last  
two hundred years, has advanced thirty  
miles into the Gulf of Mexico. And obser-  
vation proves that the Gulf of Mexico, for-  
merly extended higher up than where the  
mouth of the Ohio is now. All those almost  
boundless bottoms extending from the south-  
ern part of Illinois, once were occupied by  
an arm of the sea. All this filling up has  
been done at the expense of the country  
watered by those rivers. But much the  
largest portion of the mineral matters car-  
ried down by the river is conveyed to a  
great distance into the ocean, and there dis-  
tributed in layers upon its bed. Layer af-  
ter layer is thus formed, which, in process  
of time, by pressure, by chemical affinity  
and by other causes, gradually become  
consolidated into the hardness of ordinary  
rock. This is the history of all the rocks  
in the west. Every part of this vast coun-  
try has, at some period formed a part of  
the bed of the ocean which then received  
contributions from other lands; from which  
all our present rocks have been formed, and  
has subsequently been raised to its present  
elevation above us. This is likewise dem-  
onstrated by the abundance of organic re-  
mains formed in all our rocks, all of which  
are of marine origin. Another cause of  
change is the wearing action of rivers, all  
of which in the west have excavated the whole  
of their channels through which they flow.  
When they commenced running, their beds  
were higher than the highest point along  
their shores now are, for these must have suf-  
fered some abrasion, hence all the hills in  
the west have been produced by the action  
of the waters, instead of having been elevat-  
ed, and are from this circumstance termed  
hills of gradation. It was shown that the  
sea and land gradually change places, that  
portions of the earth are gradually rising &  
encroaching upon the sea, while others are  
gradually sinking and are encroached upon  
by the sea. A recent elevation of the coun-  
try through which the Missouri flows was  
supposed to be the cause of the rapidity and  
mudiness of its current."

THE POTATO-ROT, of which so much  
complaint has been made in this country,  
has, we are told, by our European corre-  
spondent, made its appearance in France.

A Professor of Agriculture and Rural  
Economy in the University of Liege,  
**CHARLES MORREN**, ascribes the disease to  
a parasitic mushroom, extremely thin and  
prolific. He particularly describes it, after  
having closely studied the whole action of  
this rot, and says, "The French Government  
has taken measures for a proper investiga-  
tion of the evil."

Mr. WILLIAM CAMYACK, a very skillful  
and successful horticulturist of this District,  
anticipated the French savior in this dis-  
covery, and mentioned to us, nearly a year  
since, that he was convinced the disease was  
a parasite on a presitential plant, the roots of  
which penetrated the potato and caused the  
mischief complained of. Evidence of the  
existence of this parasitic destroyer may  
be perceived by any one who examines a  
diseased potato after it has been cooked.

APPLE BUTTER POISON.—The season  
for making apple butter being at hand, we  
think it proper to caution the readers of  
the Democrat & Review against putting it  
up in new lead-glazed earthen crocks.

The deaths which occur from want of prop-  
er care in this respect every year, are nu-  
merous and distressing. It is but a short  
time since two persons died in a family near  
Greensburg, Westmoreland County, from  
eating apple butter which had been thus  
put up in red earthen crocks. The first, a  
negro girl, was attacked suddenly with vi-  
lent convulsions, and died in twenty-four  
hours. The second was a young man who  
had complained of pain in the head, stom-  
ach and limbs, for some days, when he was  
attacked by convulsions which continued  
for near three days, when death put an end  
to his sufferings. In both cases there was  
a total inability to swallow, even a drop  
of water, from the swelling of the throat.

Will our readers be warned by this casu-  
ality?