

The Potter Journal.

Devoted to the Principles of True Democracy, and the Dissemination of Morality, Literature and News.

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COUDERSPORT, POTTER COUNTY, PA., TUESDAY, APRIL 9, 1867.

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THE POTTER JOURNAL.

M. W. McALABNEY, Proprietor.
Devoted to the cause of Republicanism, the interests of Agriculture, the advancement of Education and the best good of Potter county, it will endeavor to aid in the work of more fully Freelying our Country.

Advertisements inserted at the following rates, except where special bargains are made. A "square" is 10 lines of Brevier or 8 of Nonpareil type:
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BUSINESS NOTICES.

Free and Accepted Ancient York Masons
EUGALIA LODGE, No. 342, F. A. M. Entered the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, 1858. Meetings every second Friday of each month. Hall, in the 2d story of the "United Block," D. C. LARRABEE, Sec. WM. SUTHER, W. M.

O. T. ELLISON, M. D.
PRACTISING PHYSICIAN, Coudersport, Pa., respectfully informs the citizens of the village and vicinity that he will promptly respond to all calls for professional services. Office on First street, first door west of his residence. 17-40

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MILLER & McALABNEY.
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JOHN S. MANN.
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend the courts in Potter and Coudersport counties. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. Office on Main street, in residence.

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ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa. Will attend to all business entrusted to their care with promptness and fidelity. Will also attend the several courts in the adjacent counties. Office in the second story of the "United Block."

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ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Coudersport, Pa., will attend the courts in Potter and Coudersport counties.

ELLISON & THOMPSON.
DEALERS in Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Oils, and all kinds of Fancy articles, Books, Stationery, School and Miscellaneous Stationery, &c. Office in the second story of the "United Block."

M. W. McALABNEY.
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HARDWARE Dealer in Iron, Steel, Brass, Tin and Sheet Iron, Main street, Coudersport, Pa. Tin and Sheet Iron Ware made to order, in good style, on short notice.

P. A. STEBBINS & Co.
MERCHANTS—Dealers in Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Flour, Feed, and all other articles usually kept in a good country store. Produce bought and sold. 17-29

C. H. SIMMONS.
MERCHANT—Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Feed, &c. Retailers supplied at the old terms.

CHARLES S. JONES.
MERCHANT—Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Fancy Articles, Stationery, Groceries, Groceries, &c. Main street, Coudersport, Pa.

COLLINS SMITH.
MERCHANT—Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Perfumery, Hardware, Crockery, Cutlery, and all other goods usually found in a country store. 17-31

COUDERSPORT HOTEL.
H. C. VERMILYEA, Proprietor, Corner of Main and Second streets, Coudersport, Pa. The Hotel is situated in the best location in the town, and is well adapted for the accommodation of travellers. 17-32

Potter Journal Job-Office.
HAVING lately added a fine new assortment of JOB-TYPE to our already large assortment, we are now prepared to do all kinds of work, and with taste and accuracy. 17-33

LYMAN HOUSE.
Lewisville, Potter county, Pennsylvania.
BURTON LEWIS, Proprietor. Having taken the excellent and well known "Lyman House" in Lewisville, Pa., and having made the necessary arrangements for the accommodation of travellers, he is now prepared to receive guests in the most comfortable and satisfactory manner. 17-34

MARBLE WORK.
Monuments and Tomb-Stones of all kinds, will be furnished on reasonable terms and short notice by
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Residence: Euclid, 1 1/2 miles south of Coudersport, Pa., on the Shenandoah road, or leave your orders at the residence of Coudersport, where any information desired can be obtained. 17-35

DAN BAKER.
Pensions procured for Soldiers of the present War who are disabled by reason of wounds received in battle, and pensions, bounty, and arrears of pay obtained for widows and orphans of those who have died or been killed while in service. All letters of inquiry promptly answered, and on receipt by mail of a statement of the case, I will forward the necessary papers for their signature. Fees in Pension cases as fixed by law. Refer to H. S. Leake, Bennett, A. G. Olmsted, John S. Mann, or W. M. Suther, Esq. DAN BAKER.
June 61. Claim Agent, Coudersport, Pa.

TAKE NO MORE UNPLEASANT AND UNBENEFICIAL REMEDIES FOR UNCLE SAM'S DANGEROUS DISEASE. Use "WHEELER'S EXTRACT BEER" and "BREWERY ROSE WASH."

Itch! Itch! Itch! SCRATCH! SCRATCH! SCRATCH! WHEATON'S OINTMENT. Will Cure the Itch in 48 Hours! Also cures SALT RHEUM, ULCERS, CHILBLAINS, and all ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN. Free of cost. Beware of all cheap imitations. 50 cents to WHEELER & OTTLE, Sole Agents, 120 Washington street, Boston, it will be forwarded by mail, free of postage, to any part of the United States. June 1, 1866. Beware of cheap imitations.

A TRUE STORY.

Many years ago I happened to be one of the referees in the case that excited unusual interest in our courts, from the singular nature of the claim, and the strange story which it disclosed. The plaintiff, who was captain of a ship which traded principally with the West Indies, had married quite early, with every prospect of happiness. His wife was said to have been extremely beautiful, and no less lovable in character.

After living with her in the most uninterrupted harmony for five years, during which time two daughters were added to the family, he suddenly resolved to resume his occupation, which he had relinquished on his marriage, and when his youngest child was but three weeks old, he sailed for the West Indies. His wife, who was devotedly attached to him, sorrowed deeply in his absence, and found her only comfort in the society of her children, and the hope of his return. But month after month passed away, and he came not, nor did any letters, short or long, ever come to her. Months lengthened into years, yet no tidings were received from the absent husband, and after hoping against hope, the unhappy wife was compelled to believe that he had found a grave beneath the weltering ocean.

Her sorrow was deep and heartfelt, but the evils of poverty were now added to her afflictions, and the widow found herself obliged to resort to some employment in order to support her children. Her needle was the only resource, and for ten years she labored early and late for the miserable pittance which is ever so grudgingly bestowed on the humble seamstress.

A merchant in New York, in moderate circumstances, accidentally became acquainted with her, and, pleased with her gentle manners, no less than her beauty, he improved their acquaintance into friendship.

After some months he offered her his hand, and she accepted. As the wife of a successful merchant she soon found herself in the enjoyment of such comforts and luxuries as she had never possessed. Her children became his children, and received from him every advantage which wealth and affection could procure.

Fifteen years passed away: the daughters married, and by their step-father were furnished with every comfort requisite to their new avocation as house-keepers. But they had hardly quitted his roof when the mother was taken ill. She died after a few days, and from that time until the period of which I speak, the widow had resided with the younger daughter.

Now comes the strange part of the story. After an absence of thirty years, during which time no tidings had arrived from him, the first husband returned as suddenly as he had departed.

He had changed his ship, adopting another name, and spent the whole of that long period, on the ocean, with only transient visits on shore, while taking in or discharging cargoes, having been careful never to come nearer home than New Orleans. Why he had acted in this unpardonable manner towards the family no one could tell, and he obstinately refused all explanation.

There were strange rumors of slave trading and piracy afloat, but they were only whispered conjectures rather than truth. Whatever might have been his motives for this conduct, he was certainly anything but indifferent to his family concerns when he returned. He raved like a madman when informed of his wife's second marriage and subsequent death, vowing vengeance on his successors, and terrifying his daughters with the most awful threats in case they refused to acknowledge his claim. He had returned wealthy, and one of the reptiles of the law—who are always to be found crawling about the halls of justice—advised him to bring a suit against the second husband, assuring him that he could recover heavy damages. The absurdity of instituting a claim for a wife whose death had relieved from the jurisdiction of all earthly laws, was so manifest, that at length it was agreed to by all parties to leave the matter to be adjudged by five referees.

It was upon a bright and beautiful afternoon in the spring when we met to hear the singular case. The sunlight streamed through the dusty windows of the court room, and shed a halo around the long, gray locks and broad forehead of the defendant—while the plaintiff's harsh features were thrown into still bolder relief by the same beam which seemed to soften the placid countenance of his adversary.

The plaintiff's lawyer made a most eloquent appeal for his client, and had we not been informed about the matter, our hearts would have been melted by his touching description of the return of the desolate husband and the great agony with which he beheld his household gods removed to consecrate a stranger's hearth. The celebrated Aaron Burr was the counsel for the defendant, and we anticipated from him a splendid display of oratory.

Contrary to our expectations, however,

Burr made no attempt to confute his opponent's eloquent oratory.

He merely opened a book of statutes, and pointing with his thin finger, to one of the pages, desired the referees to read it, while he retired a moment, for the principal witness.

We had scarcely finished reading the section which fully decided the matter in our minds, when Burr re-entered with a tall and elegant female under his arm. She was attired in a simple white dress with a wreath of ivy leaves encircling her large straw bonnet, and a lace veil completely concealing her countenance. Burr whispered a few words, apparently encouraging her to advance, and then gracefully raised her veil, discovering to us a face of prodigious beauty. I recollect as well as if it happened yesterday, how simultaneous the murmur of admiration burst from the lips of all present. Turning to the plaintiff, Mr. Burr asked in a cold, quiet tone: "Do you know this lady?"

"I do."
"Will you swear to that?"
"I will, to the best of my knowledge and belief she is my daughter."
"Can you swear to the identity?"
"I can."
"What is her age?"
"She is thirty years old on the 20th day of April."
"When did you last see her?"
"At her own house about a fortnight since."
"When did you see her previous to that meeting?"

The plaintiff hesitated—a long pause ensued—the question was repeated, and the answer at length was—
"When she was just a child."
"When she was just a child," added Burr, "Gentlemen," continued he, turning to us, "I have brought this lady here as an important witness, and such I think she is. The plaintiff's counsel has pleaded eloquently in behalf of the bereaved husband, who escaped the perils of the sea and returned only to find home desolate. But who will picture to you the wretched wife, bending over the daily toil, devoting her best years to the drudgery of sordid poverty, supported only by the hope of her husband's return? Who will picture the slow process of heart sickening, the wasting anguish of hope deferred, and finally the overwhelming agony which came upon her when her last hope was extinguished, and she was compelled to believe herself a widow? Who can depict all this without awakening in your hearts the warmest sympathy for the deserted wife, and the uttermost scorn for the mean, vile wretch, who could thus trample on the heart of her whom he swore to love and cherish? We need not inquire into his motive for acting so base a part. Whether it was love of gain, or feigning illness, or selfish indifference, it matters not; he is to be judged by such laws as govern men. Let us ask the witness—she who stands before us with the frank, fearless brow of a true-hearted woman—let us ask which of the two has been to her a father?"

Turning to the lady, in a tone whose sweetness was a strange contrast with the scornful accent which characterized his words, he besought her to relate briefly the recollections of her early life. A proud flush passed over her beautiful face as she replied:—
"My first recollections are of a small, ill-furnished apartment, which my sister and myself shared with my mother. She used to carry out every Sunday the work which had occupied her during the week, and bring back employment for the following day, and her regular attendance at church also never left the house. She often spoke of my father, and of his anticipated return, but at length she ceased to mention him, though I observed she used to weep more frequently than ever. I then thought she must have been poor, for at some times happened that our support was only a bit of dry bread; and she was accustomed to see by the light of chips which she kindled to warm her famishing children, because she could not purchase a candle without depriving us of our morning meal. Such was our poverty when my mother contracted her second marriage, and the change to us was like a sudden entrance to Paradise. We found a home and father."

"Would you excite my own child against me?" cried the plaintiff, as he impatiently waved his hand for her to be silent. The eyes of the witness flashed fire as she spoke:—
"You are not my father," exclaimed she—"you who so basely left your wife to toil for your children in beggary! Never, believe there my father," pointing to the defendant, "there is the man who watched over my infancy, who was the sharer of my childish sports, and the guardian of my inexperienced youth. There is the man who claims my affection and shares my home: there is my father. For yonder selfish wretch I know him not. The best years of his life have been spent in lawless freedom from social ties: let him seek elsewhere for the companions of his decrep-

itude, nor dare insult the ashes of my aged mother by now claiming the duties of kindred from her deserted children."

She drew her veil hastily around her as she spoke, and moved as if wishing to withdraw.

"Gentlemen," said Burr, "I have no more to say. The words of the law are expressed in the book before you; the words of truth you have heard from woman's pure lips; it is for you to decide according to the requisition of nature and the decrees of justice."

I need not say that our decision was in favor of the defendant, and the plaintiff went forth followed by the contempt of every honorable man who was present at the trial.

Bill Simpson's Legal Experience.
Many years ago the Legislature of Tennessee passed an act to organize the county of McNairy. At that time the county embraced in the limits of Snake, was occupied by a sturdy set of backwoodsmen, totally unacquainted with courts, jails, etc. The country assembled at the appointed site for the purpose of cutting logs, making boards, etc. The only theme of daily conversation, when the men were assembled, was the court. None of them had seen a court in session, as yet developed. Each one would give what his idea of a court was.

None, however, were entirely satisfactory until Bill Simpson was called on to give his ideas. He said he knew all about a court—that he had a lawsuit in North Carolina. One of his neighbors, hogs kept coming when he fed his hogs until it got fat. One morning he got so all-fired mad that he shot the hog. He thought it would not do to throw it away, so he cleaned and salted it. Shortly after, his neighbor and a man came to his house, examined the smoke-house, and took him to town and put him in a little office. About three months after that, this man came and took him to a large room. A large man sat upon a high bench—a man was sitting at a desk—about a dozen fine dressed men set in a place around. The man put me in a pen just behind them.

He then called in twelve men; they took seats in a box in front of the fine dressed men. The man that was writing gave the twelve men a book and said something about Bill Simpson and the State. Then one of the fine men read something about Bill Simpson and the hog, and he and another of the fine dressed men had the biggest quarrel you ever heard. I thought they would fight every minute, but they didn't. It was Bill Simpson and the hog, and the hog and Bill Simpson, and some times Mr. Simpson, but devilish seldom. After they had quit quarrelling, the big man talked awhile to the twelve men, and they went out and said a short time and came back and said something to the man at the desk. The man on the bench said something to the man that put me in the office, and he took me out and tied me to a persimmon tree and commenced fighting me with a cowhide, and it made me so all-fired mad that I shook all the persimmons off the tree.

Let The Forgiven Fear.
A soldier whose regiment lay in a garison town in England, was brought before his commanding officer for some offence. He was an old offender, and had been often punished. "Here he is again," said the officer, on his name being mentioned; "everything—flogging, disgrace, imprisonment—has been tried with him."
Whereupon, the sergeant stepped forward, and apologizing for the liberty he took, said:
"There is one thing which has never been done with him yet, sir."
"What is that?" was the answer.
"Well, sir," said the sergeant, "he has never been forgiven."

"Forgiven!" exclaimed the colonel, surprised at the suggestion.
He reflected for a few moments, ordered the culprit to be brought in, and asked him what he had to say to the charge.
"Nothing, sir," was the reply; "only I am sorry for what I have done."
Turning a kind and pitiful look on the man, who expected nothing else than his punishment would be increased with the repetition of his offence, the colonel addressed him saying, "Well, we have decided to forgive you!"

The soldier was struck dumb with astonishment; the tears started in his eyes, and he wept like a child. He was humbled to the dust; he thanked his officer and retired; to be the old refractory, incorrigible man? No; he was another man from that day forward. He who tells the story had him for years under his eye, and a better conducted man never wore the Queen's colors. In him kindness bent one who harshness could not break; he was conquered by mercy, and forgiven, and ever afterwards feared to offend.

"You are a dentist, Bob? I did not know you were in that trade." "Yes said Bob, I follow no other business than setting teeth—in beef, bread, potatoes and such like."

BLUNDERING BRIGITTY.

A word spoken at random has often proved of more utility than the best concerted plans; hence it often happens that fools prosper when men of talent fail.—Here is an illustration:

A poor, simple peasant, of the name of Benhassen, being heartily tired of his daily fare of brown bread and water, resolved, whatever might be the consequence, to procure for himself, by hook or crook, even at the expense of a broken head, three sumptuous meals. Having taken this courageous and noble resolution, the next thing was to devise a plan to put it into execution; and here his good fortune befriended him. The wife of a rich ivory merchant in the neighborhood of his cottage, had, during the absence of her husband, lost a valuable diamond; she offered great rewards to any person who could recover it, or give any tidings of the jewel. But no one was likely to do either; for three eunuchs, of whose fidelity she had not the least doubt, had stolen it. The loss soon reached our glutton's ears.

"I'll go," cries he, "I'll say I am a conjuror, and that I will discover where the gem is hidden, on condition of first receiving three splendid meals. I shall fail, 'tis true. What then? I shall be treated as an impostor; my back and sides may say, How d'ye do? to the bastinado; but my hungry stomach will be filled!"

To concoct his scheme and put it in practice was but the work of a moment.—The merchant still was absent. The lady, anxious for the recovery of her ring, accepted the offered terms. A sumptuous dinner was prepared; the table was covered with rich viands; expensive plates of every sort were placed upon the sideboard. Alah! how he ate! An attentive footman one of the secret thieves, filled him with sherbert; our conjuror, gorged, exclaimed: "Tis well! I have the first!"

The servant trembled at the ambiguous words, and ran to his companions.
"He has found us out, dear friends," he cried. "He is a cunning man. He said he had the first. What could he mean but me?"

"It looks like it," replied the second thief; "I'll wait on him to-night; as yet you may have mistaken his meaning.—Should he speak in the same strain we must decamp."

At night a snapper fit for a caliph was set before the greedy Benhassen, who filled until he could eat no more. The second footman watched him all the while. When satisfied, he rose, exclaiming: "The second is in my sack and cannot escape me!"

Away flew the affrighted robber.
"We are lost!" he cried. "Our heels alone can save us!"
"Not so," answered the third. "If we fly and are caught, we lose our heads. I'll tend him to tomorrow's meal; and should he then speak as before, I'll own the theft to him, and offer some great reward to screen us from punishment, and that he may deliver the jewel to the lady without betraying us."

They all agreed. On the morrow Benhassen's appetite was still the same. At last, quite full, he said: "My task is done; the third, thank Allah, is here!"
"Oh," said the culprit, "behold the ring, but hide our shame, and you shall never want good fare again!"

"Be silent!" exclaimed the astonished Benhassen, who little thought that what he had spoken of his meals could have made the plunderers betray themselves.—
"Be silent! I have it."
Some geese were feeding before the window, he went out and having seized the largest, forced the ring down its gullet, then declared that the largest goose had swallowed the jewel. The goose was killed, the diamond found. In the meantime, the ivory merchant returned, and was incredulous.

"Some crafty knave, O wife, said he, 'either the thief himself or his abettor has, with a well concerted scheme, wrought on your easy faith. I'll provide him with a meal, likewise.'"
No sooner said than done; between two dishes the mysterious fare was hidden. The false conjuror was told to declare what was the concealed cheer on pain of being well beaten should he fail.

"Alas!" he muttered out, "Benhassen, thou art a pig; thou art dead," referring to himself, and calling himself names.
"He is right," the merchant cried. "Give him a purse of gold, I honor such talent as his."
It was pork in the dish. Thus our glutton, by three random speeches, gained three hearty meals, a heavy purse, comfort for life, and a most brilliant reputation as a cunning man.

A farmer refused to hire an Irishman because two previously hired by him had died on hands. "Faith," said he, "I have wrought in many a place, and never once played such a trick."

"You are quite welcome," as the empty purse said to the shilling.

When to Prune Hedges.

April is as good as any time to prune hedges, whether of hemlock or Norway spruce, arbor vitae, or the trarlar. The thing to avoid is a hard frost and we rarely have it in April. Box-edging in yards and gardens can also now be pruned. This, instead of cutting off square at the top as many do, exposing a dead or yellow interior nearly the whole season, should be pruned on both sides to a point, cutting a little above last year's growth.

One thing should be borne in mind by those who are growing young hedges, which is not to allow them to grow too large before the pruning shears are applied.

An evergreen hedge, particularly, by commencing to prune when the bushes are about four or four and a half feet high can be made in any shape or form that may be desired, without leaving unsightly stumps. They always seem to us as though they liked to be pruned. They sort of feel a little proud, at least they look smart and jaunty after having their heads cropped.

Young hedges should receive careful attention, or they will become an eyesore instead of an ornament—and many such eyesores can be seen in the county of Philadelphia. They should be carefully forked under the branches, at least every particle of grass and weeds should be removed; and if the soil is not rich, apply a good mulching of manure; but if sufficiently rich, grass, straw or refuse of any kind may be used. The hemlock, especially, which makes the most beautiful of all hedges, and the only one that really ups well under shade, shows the effect of luxuriant growth of the darkest-green foliage that a tree can present.—*Germanstown Telegraph.*

A Leaf from a Modern Dictionary.

Water—A clear fluid, once used as a drink.
Honesty—An excellent joke.
Rural Felicity—Potatoes and turnips.
Tongue—A little horse that is continually running away.
Dentist—One who finds work for his own teeth by taking out those of other people.

My Dear—An expression used by man and wife at the commencement of a quarrel.
Policeman—A man employed by the corporation to sleep in the open air.
Bargain—A ludicrous transaction, in which each party thinks he has cheated the other.
Doctor—A man who kills you to-day to save you from dying to-morrow.

Author—A dealer in words, who often gets paid in his own coin.
Friend—A person who will not assist you because he knows your love will excuse him.
Editor—A poor wretch who empties his brain in order to fill his stomach.
Wealth—The most respectable quality of men.
Bonnet—The female head-dress for the front seat of the opera.

Esquire—Every body, yet nobody; equal to colonel.
Jury—Twelve prisoners in a box to try one or more at the bar.
State's Evidence—A wretch who is pardoned for being baser than his comrades.
Public Abuse—The mad with which every traveler is spattered on the road to destruction.

Mistery—A beautiful flower that flourishes in secret places.
Lawyer—A learned gentleman who reduces your estate from your enemy and keeps it himself.
The Grave—An ugly hole in the ground which takes and poets wish they were in, but takes uncommon means to keep out of.

Money—The god of the nineteenth century.
—Simon spells rescue thus—res-q. Ho also spells easy in this way—e-z.
—An Irishman warns the people not to trust his wife, because he was never married to her.
—Wait for others to advance your interests, and you will wait until they are not worth advancing.

—Candor, in some people may be compared to lemon drops, in which the acid predominates over the sweetness.
—An Englishman being asked how he spelled saloon, replied: "With a léss, a bay, a hell, two hoer, and a hen."
—Ran not after the blessings, why walk in the commandments of God, and blessings shall run after you, pursue and overtake you.

—A friend says he knows of but one branch of employment which is very profitable, and that is following, and that is—"Mind your own business."
—A drunken fellow recovering from a dangerous illness, was asked whether he had been afraid of meeting his God. "No," said he, "I was only afraid of other chap."

—It is said there are not less than one hundred females now in the hands of the savages, lately captured from the frontier counties of Texas, and constantly subject to the grossest outrages.