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VOL. IX.

The Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics finds that 126,000 acres of Masse chusetts farms have been abandoned.

Delaware is said to have more living ex-Governors than any other State in the Union. Five of them-B. T. Biggs, John P. Cochran, James Ponder, John W. Hall and Charles F. Stokley-are still engaged in active business.

"There is no annexation sentiment in this country," protests the New York Tribune. "On the contrary, if the question came up in any practical form, there would be a powerful opposition to it. And if Canada begged to be annexed, it is possible that her request would be declined with thanks. Even the million Canadians now in this country are not agitating the question of annexation. Having annexed themselves, they are not at all anxious to let others

Senator Higgins, of Delaware, says that the whipping-post and the pillory are still retained in his State, owing to the fact that the State lies in the neighborhood of three great cities, and that it has to adopt unusual means to protect itself from becoming the asylum of criminals from these great centres. He is himself opposed to the preservation of these forms of punishment, states the New York Tribune, although he concedes that their preservation has a tendency to make criminals give the State a wide berth. The whipping of to-day, adds the Tribune, is merely nominal and in no way resembles the brutal punishment of the past when the cat-o'-nine-tails as a form of punishment was first established.

There are, according to recent reports, 135 medical colleges in the United States whose diplomas are recognized by all health authorities, entitling their holders to the right to practice medicine. Chicago has eight of these institutions, St. Louis and Cincinnati seven, Louisville five, Atlanta four, and these institutions annually graduate 5000 students. The United States accordingly have one medical school to every 460,000 inhabitants: Germany, with her numerous universities. one for every 2,000,000; Great Britain one for every 3,000,000, and France one for every 6,800,000. "It will be seen from these presents," comments the St. Louis Star-Sayings, "that American colleges, on the quantitative side of their endeavor, easily distance the institutions of effete Europe."

"It is a significant fact," says the Congregationalist, "that fifteen ministers are employed on the daily press of New York City, writing on religious topics. It does not indicate missionary zeal on the part of the newspapers, but it shows that religion is a matter of growing popular interest, and that the constituency which is most valuable to the secular press demands to know what is going on in the world of religious thought and life. It is encouraging to note that scandals concerning ministers and churches no longer monopolize the columns devoted to religious matters. Another remarkable fact is that the greatest number of books published last year in this country, next to works of fiction, were on religious subjects, while a large proportion of the novels also were written with religious aims. No subject occupies so large a place in current thought as that which concerns men's relations with God and their future destinies, and no other subject is so steadily increasing its hold on public attention.

In its career of more than seven centuries, the Corporation of London has had at its head a number of peculiar men, states the New York Times, but the present Lord Mayor, Joseph Savory, seems to be more kinds of an ass than is usual, even among city Aldermen. His exploit in writing a letter to the Czar about the Hebrews, which was returned unopened, and his attack upon Genera Booth were enough themselves to settle his status, even by the feeble intellectual standards of Mayoralty succession, but he has been caught now in a thing which covers him with ridicule. He preached the sermon to the young men at Poly technic Sunday week, which was print ed in full by a shorthand report in the course of a few days. It was then discovered that the sermon was identical with one preached by Spurgeon in 1864 -No. 552 in his printed series. Savory then declared that he had never seen the sermon in question, whereupon the two were published in parallel colums, making the plagiarism unmistakable.

LAPORTE, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 24, 1891.

GREATER THAN LOVE.

Why do they rave of love, these poets who Tempt heaven's very airs to hear them Is there naught else to praise 'neath heaven's

blue, Naught else to sing above the sounding

Brave men lived long ere Agamemnon died; What braver theme for aye than brave men's deeds?

Brave women their whole sex have sancti-

By gentle courage 'neath a wom

Faith toward God and man, and w For all who suffer, hope and charity!

These are the heavenliest things be blue,
The noblest themes above the sounding

-The Continent.

A GOTHAM INCIDENT.

CHARACTERS:

ETHEL VAN RENSSELAER DR. POTTER, a rising young physician. Angelo, a newsbey.

Passengers in a street car, etc.

Scene—A crowded Madison avenue

r. Enter Miss Van Rensselaer, in an approved Lenten gown of pale gray, and a demure little poke. She sinks into the only remaining seat with a sigh of

Ethel (to herself): There is that good-Ethel (to herself): There is that goodlooking young doctor I met at Mrs.
Smythe's last week. I suppose he
thought me very frivolous. I wonder if
he would know me if I should bow.
[Glances with a careless air toward the
corner seat, and finds the young man
looking at her with a puzzed air, whereupon she bows demurely, and he raises
his hat, still looking as if he were not
quite sure of her identity.]

Ethel (to herself): I might as well be
one of the mummies at the Museum of
Art. to judge by the expression on his

Ettel (to hersell): Imight as well be one of the mummies at the Museum of Art, to judge by the expression on his face. Indeed, I suppose if I were a mummy he would feel more interest. [Turns around and pretends to be deeply interested in a paper-covered volume of Daudet which she carries.

Dr. Potter (to himself): There is that pretty Miss Van Rensselaer whom I saw somewhere—oh, 'twas at Mrs. Smythe's I'm afraid she thought me awfully dull because I talked of nothing but the weather. That's always an interesting subject to a doctor, though, especially this winter. Heigho? I'm a fool to imagine that she gave a thought to me after we parted, favorable, or otherwise; probably 'twas otherwise, if anything.

[At this point he is cut short in his reflections by the car stopping at the Park Avenue Hotel, where a number of women enter. As he rises to give his seat to

one of them, enter a small newsboy on crutches, with a dark Italian face and pathetic brown eyes. He holds a small pathetic brown eyes. He holds a small bunch of lead pencils, and almost instantly every lady in the car opens her purse. The boy has pulled off his red cap to receive the liberal shower of dimes and nickels, but does not even make s feint of giving his papers or pencils in

return.]
Dr. Potter (to himself): If Miss Van
Rensselaer hasn't offered that boy her
seat! Lazy little rascal!

seat! Lazy little rascal!

[As the boy reached her seat Miss Van Rensselaer had jumped up impulsively, but the boy rather shamefacedly shook his head, and she sank back, blushing, and feeling that the eyes of the whole car were upon her. car were upon her.]
Ethel (to herself): There! You have

made a goose of yourself, and all for the sake of making a good impression on a young man who didn't even remember you until you bowed to him. I'm ashamed of you!

[The car stops, several people get off. Dr. Potter draws Angelo to a seat beside

boy, I am going to buy you pencils, but I shall not give you the money. I shall pay for the pencils, and take them. That's a profitable trade you've just carried on, but it isn't exactly according to business principles, you know—or any other principles for that matter.

Miss Van Rensselaer rises to leave the car, dropping her book as she does so. While Dr. Potter is recovering it for her she speaks in a low tone to Angelo, and then, having kept the car waiting a suit-able time, she smiles graciously on Dr.

Potter and departs.]
Girl in Redfern Gown (to artistic girl by her side): Pretty? Ye-s—but not half so pretty as Eva. Still, her gowns are always pretty, and that makes such a difference.

Artistic Girl. She is the sort of girl that men always admire. Did you no-tice how that young doctor never took his eyes off of her? I met him at a dance last month, but he doesn't remember me. School-girl (looking after Miss Van Rensselaer): How perfectly sweet she

Scene—In the Berkeley Lyceum.

Ethel Van Rensselaer (to her cousin, a youth who is carefully training a moustache): Do see Kate Schuyler's sweet little pin—not that one, the enameled one with the diamond dewdrop. Do you know, I never have jewelry enough? Pecple are always sending me candy and flowers. I do wish they would be more generous!

[A pause, during which her cousin assists in removing her wrap.]

Ethel: I've been wearing nothing but old duds all winter because I wanted to save my money to buy gowns in Paris. We are going over in May. But, do you know? I've already spent my allowance up to July

know? I've already spent my allowance up to July.

Harry: Last July?

Ethel: Next July! And, really, I have hardly a thing to show for it. You see, papa gave me my Redfern habit, and mamma gave me my bridesmaid's dress that I wore at Mary's wedding. So, actually, all my money was spent on my Josephine gown. But it is perfectly sweet—you haven't seen it yet? Well, it has a diagonal row of green and gold beetles edging the folds. Oh, I'm so glad Mrs. A. sings now! Isn't she sweet? The other night, at Amy's musicale, she sang the cutest songs!

The other night, at Amy's musicale, she sang the cutest songs!

[Quiet during the song. As the last chord is played, Ethel coughs.]

Ethel: There! I had to keep from coughing so long it nearly killed me.

Low voice from next row (grimly)

Keep from talking, you mean. I should think it would!

Reep from talking, you mean. I should think it would!

[Ethel turns scarlet and looks intently at her programme for a few moments. Then glancing up, she for the first time observes Dr. Potter, in the vicinity.]

Ethel (to herself, in a horrified tone): I am absolutely certain he has heard everything I have said this whole evening. What will he think of a girl who talks about gowns and things all the time? (To Harry, sternly): Did you read Bryce's "Commonwealth?"

Harry (uneasily): Noo. The fact is, a fellow gets behind in his reading when he's training. You see, a senior has so many clubs—and then you girls are always besieging us to go to your teas and dances.

ways besieging us to go to your teas and dances.

Ethel (still sternly): You don't have to go to dances in Lent.

Harry (assuming the offensive): Well, what do you do in Lent?

Ethel (promptly): Go to the Stoddard readings and the Browning classes; and there are the Bulow recitals. And then I lunch somewhere every day and drive in the park afterward. Oh, and ride horseback and go to church. I have the loveliest new prayer book, Harry; ivorybound with silver corners!

Dr. Potter (to himself): How much

bound with silver corners!

Dr. Potter (to himself): How much interested she is in that insignificant young fellow. Wonder if she's engaged. That is just like a fashionable girl, to go and throw herself away on a boy without any brains.

out any brains.

Ethel (to Harry).: Isn't Marie Bash-kirtseff charming? She had an awfully hard time, though. There's something really pathetic in her struggles to reach fame. Such undying energy resisting

fame. Such undying energy resisting circumstance.

Low voice from behind: Nothing like energy! especially when it resists the irrational idea that music should preclude conversation.

Ethel (with dignity): Society is so nixed now. Even at the Berkeley unmixed now. Even at the Berkeley undesirable people will crowd in. Oh, Harry, I haven't told you about my violet luncheon! The other girls have had so many "rose" things that I was tired so many "rose things that I was freed to death of American beauties, and the rest of them, and so I gave myself a headache studying up something new. I didn't bother about the menu, but let mamma arrange all that and just gave myself up to the violet idea. I massed tights in contra the contract of the violets in a centre basket, had wreaths of violets around each plate, and the cloth embroidered with violets, all the sweets were candied violets, the candles were violet-shaded, and the napkins were filled with loose violets. The girls were just enchanted, but I could see they were

jealous, too.

Harry: I don't wonder. Come on,

Harry: I don't wonder. Come on, Ethel. Stupid concert. Aren't you glad it's over?

Dr. Potter (impatiently to himself): I am thankful this thing is through. I would go and speak to her if she had eyes for any one beside that-callow youth. As it is, I don't choose to be snubbed,

even by a pretty girl.

Ethel (mournfully): He is going out Dr. Potter (to Angelo): Now, my were intellectual and homely. No, I who knows nothing at all more than a girl in her second se

> Scene-On the steps of a small tene Dr. Potter: How did you come here

Why

Dr. Potter: I beg your pardon, but it seems an odd place to find a young

Ethel (flushing): Angelo is my protege; I have taken him into my mission

class.
Dr. Potter: And so you come and visit him, I see. He is improving greatly. I did not know he was receiving such instruction.
Ethel: I believe you are jealous of any one but yourself teaching Angelo!
Dr. Potter (carelessly): Not at all. He is merely an interesting study to me. Ethel: I am interested in Angelo, not in a certain type of boy at a certain stage of development. stage of development.

Dr. Potter: Perhaps not, but you

Ethel (interrupting): I am not.
Dr. Potter: Not what?
Ethel: Not what you were going to

divines the thoughts of men?

Ethel: It only required the divining powers of a nineteenth century young woman to know that you meant some

thing disagreeable.
Dr. Potter: We will waive the question. Are you going up town? Shall we take a car?

Ethel: A Madison avenue carf
Dr. Potter: Yes; it will remind us of
our first meeting with Angelo.
Ethel: Angelo has a great deal to

nswer for.

Dr. Potter: In what way?

Dr. Potter: In what way?

Ethnl: I never cared so much for appearances before I saw Angelo.

Dr. Potter: What enigmas you are talking. Enlighten my stupidity.

Ethel: What an unusual admission for a man. Such humility deserves encouragement. As for an explanation of my mysterious words: to begin with, Angelo brings our newspapers.

Dr. Potter; He brings mine; but is that so remarkable?

Ethel: It is remarkable that a little newsboy should have so excited the interest of a physician who, if his practice is rather small, has certainly enough to do without teaching every newsboy he comes across.

comes across.

Dr. Potter: You don't understand.

Angelo was especially interesting because

—well, because I had just seen some one

and Ethel Van Rensselaer in particular.
(Aloud.) But you promised to explain

your very obscure words.

Ethel: I think better of it, and you know it is a woman's privilege to change her mind.

her mind.

Dr. Potter: I supposed that nowadays young women did not choose to exercise their old prerogatives, they have so many

new ones.

Ethel: They have few enough, taking old and new together. [They have been walking rapidly meanwhile, very much absorbed in each other, and are now

nearing Madison avenue.]
Ethel (suddenly): There he is! [Dr. Potter looks across the street and iscovers Harry Shipman sauntering

along.]
Dr. Potter (to himself): That fellow! nd how much pleasure in her tone. Ethel (impressively): I must speak to

him.
Dr. Potter: I will leave you in his hands. Good-morning.
Ethel (surprised): Won't you speak to him, too? Have you quarreled?
Dr. Potter (stiffly): Never having had the honor of meeting him, I have hardly had the opportunity of doing so. (Aside.) I should cordially like to.
Ethel (in blank amazement): What are

had the opposition of the control of mysterious. (Aside.) He must be so deeply immersed in his own scientific thoughts that he hasn't heard a word I've thoughts that he hasn't heard a word I've been saying. (Aloud, sarcastically.) Evidently Angelo and I are equally unworthy of your attention. I am sorry to have forced you to waste so much valuable time.

Dr. Potter (bewildered): Angelo and you! I lower the offered that the contraction of the property of the property

Dr. Potter (bewildered): Angelo and you! Unworthy of my attention! Ethel (sharply): It would seem so, since you first decline to speak to him, and then show such a desire to leave my Dr. Potter: Decline to speak to An-

gelo!
Ethel: Why do you repeat my words?
But the poor boy didn't experience your
unkindness, and that is fortunate.
[Angelo, who has been hanging around

Angelo, who has been hanging around the corner, now boards a car, waving his cap to the slowly advancing Miss Van Rensselaer and Dr. Potter.

Dr. Potter (seeing Angelo for the first time): Was it Angelo you meant all this time?

Ethel: Of course I meant Angelo, He

Ethel: Of course I meant Angelo. He

was right on the corner.

Dr. Potter: Then it wasn't that insignificant little wretch!

Ethel: Little wretch?
Dr. Potter: Now you repeat my

Ethel: There goes a car.
Dr. Potter: No; it's a green one.
(After a pause.) Oh, Ethel, I wish you liked me a little bit.
Ethel: I do; but not so much as—
Dr. Potter (angrily): You needn't try tantalize me. Late converted.

tantalize me. I hate co Ethel (demurely): As Angelo, I w

Dr. Potter (laughing): Angelo is our good genius. It was his little venture in pencils that made our fortune—good for-

tune, I mean. Ethel: I think it was a Madison

Dr. Potter: The two combined—An-

gelo and the horse car. But, Ethel, you haven't answered my question. [Signals to approaching car.] Ethel (mischievously, as the car stops, preparing to get on): I didn't know you had asked any.—Frank Leslie's Il-

"The Needle's Eve."

"The name "Needle's Eye." is given to a subterraneous passage on the coast of Banfishire, 150 yards long from sea to sea, but through which a man can, with difficulty, creep. At the north end of the Needle's Eye there is a cave twenty feet high, thirty broad and 150 long. The whole of this passage and cave is supported by immense columns of rocks, making a grand scene which has a surprising effect on one who has crept through the narrow passage.—St. Louis Republic.

A syndicate is being formed to con-trol and operate all the big marl beds on the James and Pamunkey Rivers, Virginia.

Potatoes were not planted in New England fields until 1718.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

China's one railroad has American en-

Platinum has advanced to about \$20

It is now proposed to introduce elec-ric power in gold, silver and copper

It is said that by a new discovery the telephone can be made of use in foretell-

A speed of twenty-four miles an hour is attained on the electrical underground railway of London, England.

There are about 1600 electric meters in use in London, England, and one-third of them are of American pattern.

Lake Maggiore, in Switzerland, has water of different colors. In its northern branch the color is green, and in the southern a deep blue.

The brownish discoloration of ceilings where gas is used is caused by dust, carried against them by by the heated air currents produced by the gas.

An English company is working a silver mine in Bolivia which yields more than 360 ounces to the ton, while speci-mens of almost pure silver are met with.

An enterprising Iowa farmer who operates a big farm has called in the tele-phone as a means of direct communication with the various departments there

Any kind of cotton covering, when soaked in a solution of tungstate of soda, is rendered absolutely incombustible. It is therefore useful in central station

One of the most exasperating accidents that happen in connection with the trolley system of propelling electric cars, is the killing of horses by the breaking of the trolley wire.

The galvanized telephone wires in London, England, weighing 224 pounds to the mile, have been replaced with silicon bronze wires weighing thirty-six pounds to the mile.

On shipboard pumping, ventilating, lifting or hoisting, may all be performed by the use of electric motors. On the latest French warships all big guns are manipulated electrically. Electric motors are now made which will work with their armatures in the water.

The first applications of traction by electricity having a really practical character were made in Europe at the Berlin (Germany) Exhibition in 1873. An electric tramway was there exhibited constructed by the firm of Siemens & Halke, the extinct of which left nothing to be do. the action of which left nothing to be de

News comes from New Castle, Penn., that Joseph Martin, a glassblower, is engaged in a series of experiments to develop a formula by which glass may be hardened so as to endure great shock. He has devised a method by which a bit of glass was treated and made so hard that a strong blacksmith could not break it on an anvil.

it on an anvil. An electrician who has made a spe An electrician who has made a specialty of spectacular electricity says the day is not so far off when electrical fireworks will supersede those now used. He declares that for a comparatively moderate outlay he could arrange an electrical display that would last for many series and could be repeated as often as years, and could be repeated as often as desired. It would comprise rockets, Roman candles, wheels, Niagara Falls and all the modern pyrotechnical effects.

How Knights Are Made

How Knights Are Made.

The ceremony of conferring the order of knighthood at the hands of the Queen of England is not imposing. It is not, in fact, a public ceremonial, and only those are permitted to witness it who, by their official connection with the Queen's household, may attend her. The loyal subject upon whom such distinguished honor may be conferred may not even invite his "best man," nor the members of his personal circle of relatives or friends to be present.

Arrayed in whatever uniform he may be entitled to wear, or whatever dress court etiquitte and the time of day make proper, if he be a civilian, the subject presents himself before his sovereign and kneels at her royal feet. Seated on the throne chair, the Queen lays the shining blade of a sword across the shoulder of the kneeling but exalted beneficiary, and says, using the title which she is about to give, "Arise, Sir So-and-so."

So-and-so."

Plain Mr. Cheltenham Brown is thus. by a single stroke of Her Majesty's sword, transformed into Sir Knight, and he is permitted, perchance, to kiss his sovereign's fingertips in grateful acknowl-edgement of the distinguished honor. In other cases than this of a plain knighthood, and when the title carries with a decoration, the gracious Queen, with her own royal hands, pins the glittering her own royal manus, plus the gittering and much-coveted bauble upon the coat of her elevated subject. This is all the ceremony connected with the conferring of knighthood, but it is a great deal to

Near Cleveland, Tenn., the work of a prehistoric race has been discovered in the shape of a wall now underground. It is five feet high and has been traced 100 characters. The rock is of sandstone, mixed with iron. The mason work is well done and the wall evidently antedates the Mound Builders.—New York

NO. 28.

AN OLD SPINNING-WHEEL A spinning-wheel of the olden day,

A spinning-wheel of the order day,
Forgotten now, in the corner stands;
The bunch of flax is a dusty gray,
And for years untouched by living hands.
From each long spoke have the spiders spur
A filmy web; but they, too, are old,
And the rust of years has long begun
On the hub of brass once bright as gold.

It is hard to turn the old wheel now:

It slowly spins with a sorry creak;
It seems like a voice—so faint and low—
So long unused it can hardly speak.
But it has a charming tale to tell,
A tale of love and of sunny June,
And the wheel breaks from its long-tir

cannot remember all it told

I cannot remember all it told
One summer eve in the attic gloom,
Of a fair young maid, a suitor bold,
A whispered talk in the spinning-room;
Of a tender love that lasted long,
And a secret that the world soon learne
All this I heard in the gentle song
The great wheel sang as it slowly turner.

The great wheel sang as it slowly tur Then the perfume of the lilies rare.

And the hidden bird's sweet vesper hymn Came on the balmy evening air
As the whisper of the wheel grew dim;
And the veil of years that time had wove

Was riven 'asunder to reveal
A passing picture of that old love
That was told me by the spinning-wheel.
—Flavel S. Mines, in Harper's Bazar.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. A self-feeder-Vanity.

A day-laborer -The sun.

Never apart-The whole. A bear-trap-Rising stocks. Generally speaking, woman is seldo

An elevator is a sort of hand-me-down affair.—St. Joseph News.

The copyright law means no right to copy.—Pittsburgh Press.

It always annoys a man to find a new acquaintance as vain as he is himself.

A good motto for the poaching sealers would be—Come early and avoid the "Rush."—Puck. To a landsman it would seem that a cutter should be at home in a chopping

cutter should be at nome in a chopping sea.—Boston Courier.

"This is a terrible weight of gilt," moaned the little picture with the big frame.—Washington Post.

He was so very ugly, this
Extraordinary man,
That when in battle he faced death,
Death turned away and ran.
—New York Herald.

an old times a strong arm was neces-sary to the dictator; but just now he finds short-hand far more important.—

Puck.

Maud—"Has Clara really traveled so extensively?" Ethel—"No, but she has read the guide books carefully."—Munsey's Weekly.

During the winter the ken may be dilatory, but she generally comes to the scratch when the garden is planted.— Texas Siftings.

To keep a resolution, base it firmly on good and sufficient grounds, and do not forget either the preamble or the resolu-

tion.—Texas Siftings.
"Do you think those shoes are worth mending?" "Vell, yas, if I zole and heel tem, and put new uppers on tem. The strings are still goot."—Life.

Professor of History—"What do you know about Louis XIV.'s time?" Jack Athler 13—"Nothing, sir; I never knew he was a sprinter."—Harvard Lampoon.

I'd rather boast no family
And rise to mighty things,
That claim to be descended
From a long line of kings.
—Munsey's Weekly. An agricultural editor says that the best article he ever saw on milk was cream. Some city people think that it was not very widely copied.—Loncell

He-"How did you know I was at the door? I didn't pull the bell.'
(admiring the circlet he has just upon her finger)—"I heard the engagement ring."—New York Herald.

ment ring."—New York Herald.

Mr. Brezey—''Just on your account, madam, I've been hiding my light under a bushel for years!" Mrs. Brezey—''O, dear! Extravagant as ever! Why didn't you buy a pint cup?"—New York Herald.
"Dear Widow Brown, my love is true!"
''Your smoking, str, against you pleads."
''I'll give up smoking, dear, for you."
''Then I'll give up my weeds."

—Judge.

"But this girl Egbert is engaged to—
isn't she giddy? She seemed to me a
rather thoughtless creature." "Thoughtless!" answered Egbert's mother. "She
is absolutely thinkless."—Indianapolis

"Intelligence has just reached me," Blodger, as he sat down to table. "Thank heaven if it began Mr. Blodg the dinner table. has, at last," exclaimed Mrs. Blodger, and the food was partaken of in silence. -Lowell Citizen.

"So you want a railroad position," mused the Superintendent. "Do you mused the Superintendent. "Do you think you could give an intelligent account of an accident?" "Yes, sir, I'm sure I could." "Then I think we have no place for you."—Elmira Gazette.

In the Restaurant .- "I am sorry, Mr. Scnoferl, to have to ask you not to come to this restaurant any more, but you are so continually shaking your head that it might give rise to misapprehensions as to the quality of the dishes. I know, of course, that you are reading the political news, but the other guests don't know it."—Fliegende Blactter.