

The United States produce annually forty-six million tons of hay.

Bicycles used for business purposes are not taxed in France. All others are. Last year 132,276 machines were taxed.

"If it is true, as the Census Bureau alleges," asks the Chicago Record, "that there are 100,000 more married men in the country than there are married women, what, in the name of Hymen, are those 100,000 men married to?"

The native Russian peasantry of Esthonia and Livonia, now numbering altogether about 1,500,000, have sent thirteen deputation to St. Petersburg to celebrate the seventy-fifth anniversary of their emancipation by the Emperor Alexander I.

According to the Chicago Herald all the United States Senators from the States south of the Potomac served in the Confederate armies except Irby, of South Carolina, and Blanchard, of Louisiana, who were too young then for military service.

At the annual meeting of the Hannemann Hospital Association in Philadelphia the other day an interesting explanation of the crowded condition of the hospital was made. Secretary Lewis said the institution had been crowded beyond its capacity, and the number of typhoid fever cases was in excess of all previous years. This condition the physicians ascribe to the business depression and consequent worry of men over financial matters.

The death of David Dudley Field, the eminent New York jurist, recalls to the Philadelphia Ledger the most remarkable story of four famous brothers, all of whom led useful lives. Cyrus West Fields, one of these brothers, who died in 1892, was the projector of the Atlantic cable; David Dudley Field distinguished himself as a lawyer and acquired a national reputation by his codification of the laws of New York. Other brothers are Supreme Court Justice Stephen J. Field and Dr. Henry M. Field, the editor of the Evangelist. They were sons of a poor, but distinguished Berkshire clergyman, who managed to give three of his sons a collegiate education, of which they made excellent use.

Officials of the United States Navy Department have found a curious typographical error in the Bering Sea law recently passed by Congress, and are wondering what its effect may be. It is feared, states the New Orleans Picayune, that it may invalidate the whole law. The award of the Paris Tribunal prohibited the capture of seals at all times within a zone of sixty miles round the Pribyloff Islands, "inclusive" of the territorial waters. The bill, as introduced by Mr. Morgan, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, contained the correct phraseology, but when it was printed the types made the word "exclusive," and the bill was so passed. What the legal effect of the error may be still remains to be seen, but some people think that the Senate will have to reconsider its work and pass the bill again formally before it will be properly operative. There is a good deal of red tape about legal matters.

The rapid development of the life insurance business of this country is one of the most remarkable economic facts of the time, asserts Frank Leslie's Weekly. "And as indicating the growth of a provident spirit and habit among our people, it is a fact of immense significance. Some conception of the magnitude of this interest is afforded by the returns of the thirty-two old style life insurance companies now doing business in this State. The total amount of premiums paid into these companies last year was \$192,705,838. The death claims paid during the year amounted to \$75,933,823. The surplus, as regards policy holders, held by these companies at the beginning of the present year was \$116,543,186. These figures leave no room for doubt as to the steadily increasing popularity of life insurance as a means of assuring reasonable protection against the accidents and adverse fortunes of life to those who would otherwise be defenseless. It is no doubt true that the cost of insurance in some of the standard companies is excessive, and that the business could be safely and profitably conducted at much lower charges to the policy holder, but even at the extravagant rates sometimes exacted, the life insurance system offers advantages which few persons with children dependent upon them can afford to disregard."

A Missouri nursery farm has offered to give every boy and girl in Pike County enough standard apple trees to plant an acre of ground.

Italy's Foreign Minister cogently reasons that war is improbable because no European sovereign wants it and public opinion is against it.

Holland puts all beggars to work at farming, whether they like it or not, and there is less of that sort of thing in that country than in any other civilized country in the world.

Canon Wilberforce, in a recent interview published in the Westminster Gazette, contends that the lower animals are immortal, and uses his belief as an argument against the establishment of a Pasture institute in England.

It is an interesting fact that out of the 68,403 postoffices in the United States the ten largest furnished thirty- and two-tenths per cent, or nearly one-third of the entire revenues of the department in the last fiscal year. These ten postoffices are located at New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Brooklyn, San Francisco, Baltimore and Pittsburg, and they rank in the order given. Chicago is No. 2 in the list and shows the largest increase in business, which was eighteen and three-tenths per cent. St. Louis comes second with ten and four-tenths per cent., Cincinnati next with nine and four-tenths and New York next with eight and seven-tenths per cent.

The proposal of Kaiser William to make the peanut a liberal portion of the German soldier's rations has an unusual interest for American farmers, maintains the American Farmer. First, it is something that there is a fair margin of profit on, which there is not on wheat and corn sold abroad. Second, we would not have, at the present at least, the destructive competition of Russia and Argentina. But we fear that just as soon as the Kaiser's saldaten begin to eat peanuts in considerable quantities, he will order the German colonies in Africa to go into peanut raising. Anyway, it will be some years at least before they can produce as good and cheap peanuts as we can raise in the South.

While there are no night mirages in the far West like the one of an inverted shore, lighthouse, and vessels, recently seen off the North Carolina coast, the twilight or dawn upon plains or mountains sometimes brings strange magnifying of celestial bodies near the horizon. Thus, at close of a day, when from evaporating snow or a recent rainfall the air is humid near the ground, the going down of a red and sullen sun below the western sky line is sometimes followed almost coincidentally by the rising in the east of a full moon, as vast and fiery, which, red and portentous, seems to poise at the moment of its complete emergence over prairie, ridge or mountain, threatening to roll, a burning sphere, down the slope toward the beholder. Similarly, the morning and evening stars at times take on size and colors so extraordinary that even the experienced plainmen can scarcely believe that new and vast constellations have not appeared for the first time in the heavens.

The western part of Kansas, it is said, has been losing its population rapidly within the past few years. Twenty-two counties, which in 1888 contained a population of 102,669 souls, now have but 54,663. This exodus has been due to the long and destructive droughts, to which the region is subject; and the farmers who remain are still setting up windmills and endeavoring by their help to irrigate their fields. The loss of population has not been so marked, however, in the farming districts as in the towns. All along the railroads are towns, which once contained a teeming population, and promised a great future, but are now practically tenantless. At Chio, for instance, the train now stops only on signal. Once its arrival was a great event, and crowds of people swarmed to the station. In that day Chio had the appearance, at least, of prosperity, and boasts were made of its growth. Kanopolis was to be the hub of Kansas, and eastern capitalists, some of them men of note, invested liberally in the future of the town. To-day its ambitious Capitol square is used for a sheep pasture, and the train rushes by as though it were a tank station. South Hutchinson furnishes another illustration. It was a young giant at its zenith, with brick hotels, churches, school houses and a street car line. Prairie dogs now run about the channels of the biggest church, and the hotel door is hidden by a scrub bush.

### IN THE HEART.

If no kindly thought or word  
We can give, some soul to bless;  
If our hands, from hour to hour,  
Do no deeds of gentleness;  
If to lone and weary ones  
We no comfort will impart—  
Tho' 'tis summer in the sky,  
Yet 'tis winter in the heart!

If we strive to lift the gloom  
From a dark and burdened life;  
If we seek to still the storm  
Of our fallen brother's strife;  
If we bid all hate and scorn  
From the spirit to depart—  
Tho' 'tis winter in the sky,  
Yet 'tis summer in the heart!

—George Cooper, in Sunday School Times.

### GRANDPA PINNEY'S MOVING

BY BELLE C. GREENE.



"H dear, Abner!" exclaimed Mrs. Rodgers to her husband one May morning as she bustled about the kitchen, "I don't see how in this world I'm ever going to get through with all my spring work—cleaning and everything! If I didn't have to keep one eye on grandpa I could do more. Seems as if he grew worse and worse."

"He paused with a sigh. Her husband waited silently for more. "When the peddler called yesterday he was setting quiet as a lamb by the stove, with the cat in his lap, kind of playing with her, so I ventured to go up garret and pick over the rags—it makes such a litter down here—and when I got back grandpa was still sitting there and fast asleep. I thought everything was all right, but come to make my fire for dinner a few minutes after, there was an awful howling and mewing in the oven. I opened the door and out jumped the cat! If there'd been a hot fire he'd done just the same I suppose!"

Abner, who was sitting by the table looking over a lot of garden-seeds for the spring sowing, laughed shortly and shrugged his shoulders. "You know what I think about grandpa's doings," he said; "you know where I think folks had ought to go when they lose their faculties and are no good to themselves nor anybody else."

"Now, Abner," said his wife, reproachfully, "don't say you'd send grandpa to the poorhouse! Think what a good man he's been, and what a smart man. How can you be so unfeeling! You wouldn't want your children to do so by you, in your old age."

"I sha'n't probably outlive my usefulness," answered Abner, coldly. "My father worked till the very day of his death—more'n paid his keep till the last."

"And father Pinney has already more than paid his keep, if he lives to be a hundred, and you know it," returned his wife, indignantly. "You always lay out to forget that he's given us the old place."

"Well," said Abner, "I sha'n't hire help at present; we can't afford to, not while we have such an expense a-going on in the family."

Her father, when he came to live with them, had made over to Abner the old homestead, the "Pinney Place," as it was called. It was a good farm lying adjacent to theirs, but the house was old and of little value. So, also, was the house they now occupied, and the plan was to sell the "Pinney Place" and with the money build a new house where their own now stood.

But Abner seldom chose to remember the ample provision grandpa had made for his support, and on this occasion, instead of replying to his wife's reminder, he picked up a package of early lettuce seed, and started off. At the door he turned, however, and said, perhaps with some idea of encouraging her:

"Ain't it about time for grandpa's May-moving? He won't be round underfoot so much when he gets up in his time."

"Yes, yes; let 'em come!" His good luck seemed to have warmed his heart, and made him for once fatherly and benevolent. The next day the man who had bought the Pinney farm paid to Abner the price in full—four thousand dollars; more money than either Abner or his wife had ever seen before.

In the midst of their joyful excitement, they were both suddenly struck with an anxious fear. Since Abner could not take the money to the bank till the next day, where should they put it for safe-keeping through the night?

After much deliberation they decided to hide it in a little cupboard over the mantel in the parlor, and accordingly, while Belinda tiptoed to the window and made sure no one was nigh to see, Abner wrapped the money carefully in a large bandanna handkerchief, and put it in a dark corner of the cupboard.

Several times Abner left his work and stole into the parlor to make sure that the money was safe, and as often questioned nervously as to whether they had chosen the best hiding-place; but finally he concluded to let it remain.

"I shouldn't suppose anybody would be likely to look there for money; they'd be more apt to think I had it under my pillow," he said that night. "At any rate, we've got to run the risk of losing it if wherever we put it."

form around them, just below where the main branches joined the trunks, and made some steps to lead up to it. Then on the last day of May, which was unusually warm for the season, in spite of his daughter's coaxing and scolding, he insisted on dragging his bed and bedding up there. A single chair and his Testament completed the furnishing.

From that time on, not only did he spend his days in the tree chamber, but he actually slept there at night. Nothing but a smart shower could drive him into the house.

What seemed strange, no harm came to him from the exposure. He did not get the terrible colds and rheumatism that Belinda had feared; on the contrary, he seemed to grow stronger and happier every day. And she found she could accomplish twice as much work. It was true, as Abner had said, "he was out of her way," still, she did not feel quite easy about him.

It seemed a dreadful thing to have her old father sleeping out there alone in the darkness of the night! So she anxiously hoped that he would not think of going this year.

But a few days after the recorded conversation, Belinda came home from an errand to a neighbor's house, to find that the "May-moving" had taken place. Abner, who had been a witness to the preceding, only said, carelessly:

"Let him be, he's all right; nothing happened to him last year."

What finally reconciled Belinda more than anything else was a remark her father made in his rambling way, which gave her new insight into his feeling.

"Belindy, darter," he said, "don't hinder me. Everything is free out-of-doors, free and welcome."

She knew then that he realized how grudgingly he was housed and fed. His withdrawal from the house seemed a natural instinct, the protest of his self-respect. After that she could not oppose him further. She allowed him the most perfect freedom to come and go as he liked.

"God'll take care of him, as He does of the birds and the rest of His creatures," she said to herself, trustfully.

One day Abner came in very much elated. "Belindy!" he exclaimed, "what should you say to an offer of four thousand dollars for the old place! What kind of an offer is that, hey? and he rubbed his hands in great satisfaction."

"I should say it was a bouncing good offer, and you'd better take it," said his wife.

"He went on excitedly to tell her the particulars.

"And now, Abner," she said presently, in her coaxing way, "I do hope you'll try and feel a little more patient with grandpa. Just think of all that money coming to us through him!"

"The best of it is," continued Abner, who just now could think of nothing but the money, "the best of it is, Belindy, it's going to be paid down! So all I've got to do is to clap it into the bank, and let it stay till after the crops are in. Then we'll begin the new house right away—have it all done and ready to move into by spring!"

"And when we get into the new house, we're going to have Mary and the baby come home to live with us, ain't we? You know you've promised," reminded his wife, bent on taking all possible advantage of her unusual opportunity.

Mary, their only daughter, had married a poor man, and was now a widow, supporting herself and child by working in the factory in a distant town. To have her child and grandchild at home with her had long been the wish of the mother's heart; but her husband had always put her off.

"Wait till we get into the new house," he had always said. "Then there'll be more room." But she had feared that he never really meant to consent. Now, to her astonishment and delight, he answered good-naturally:

"Yes, yes; let 'em come!" His good luck seemed to have warmed his heart, and made him for once fatherly and benevolent.

The next day the man who had bought the Pinney farm paid to Abner the price in full—four thousand dollars; more money than either Abner or his wife had ever seen before.

In the midst of their joyful excitement, they were both suddenly struck with an anxious fear. Since Abner could not take the money to the bank till the next day, where should they put it for safe-keeping through the night?

smoke! They sprang out of bed, to see the flames already bursting through the door opening into the parlor.

"The money! the money!" screamed Abner, frantically, and rushed into flames, only to be driven quickly back.

He flew out doors and round to the parlor windows, hoping to gain an entrance there; but he was too late. The whole house seemed to be in flames; it burned like tinder.

Before any of the neighbors were aroused, before Abner and his wife thought of anything but the money, the whole house and all it contained was gone—money, furniture, clothing—everything gone in a night!

At first the thought of his loss drove Abner almost wild. He raved like a madman, and his wife looked into his face in speechless agony.

What could she say? How was she to comfort a man like him for the loss of his property? She did not think of herself for a moment; she only felt for him.

But all she could do was to pray silently that God would mercifully help him to bear his grief. And as if in answer to her humble prayer, a miracle began then and there to be worked in Abner's sordid soul. While he sat on the great chopping-block in the dooryard, in the midst of the ruin of his hopes, gradually his misery seemed to abate.

The sun had risen, the birds were twittering in the trees, and by and by the cows came up the lane one by one of their own accord to the milking. The old horse and the colt in the field put their heads over the fence and whinnied, and finally the great rooster strutted up quite close to Abner and crowed encouragingly. Abner, looking up into his wife's face, almost smiled.

"I forgot the creatures," he said, slowly. "They're left to us—and there's the land. If we only had the money to build the new house with I wouldn't care."

"Never mind; we shall get along somehow. I reckon the Lord'll provide," she answered cheerfully.

"Belindy," said Abner, tremulously, "the worst of it is I deserve it all. And see here," hesitating and speaking with evident effort, "I—I'm afraid I've got nobody but myself to blame for the fire. Belindy—I suppose—it was my own hand that set that fire. You see I went into the parlor just at dusk to make sure the money was safe before going to bed, and not contented with feeling it, I lit a match to see. I expect that match done the mischief; it must be! And I believe it's a judgment upon me, too."

"Yes," he sobbed, breaking down entirely now, "yes, I've been a grasping, wicked man, and now grandpa's money—"

At the mention of grandpa Belinda sprang up with a cry, and hastened to the chamber in the tree, closely followed by her husband. In their selfish grief they had quite forgotten grandpa! Was he safe?

They clambered quickly up the steps and reached the landing. There on the bed lay the old man, still sleeping. He was a very sound sleeper always, and evidently the fire had not wakened him.

As they looked upon him, the thought of what would probably have been his fate had he been sleeping in the house, made their blood run cold.

"We should have forgot him—and we couldn't have saved him, anyway!" they said.

While they stood there he awoke. Seeing his unusual visitors, he sat up in bed and rubbed his eyes, a little bewildered; then suddenly a wonderful bright expression illumined his dim old face, and he laughed aloud.

"I know, Belindy. I haint forgot!" he chuckled, and slipping his hand under the pillow, he drew out the bundle dose up in the bandanna that they had hidden in the parlor cupboard, and delivered it over to Belinda.

"I knew it would be safest here with me," he explained simply. "Thieves don't never look up in the trees for money."

They built the new house, and grandpa's room was the largest and best room in it. Mary and the baby came home to live, and mother and daughter did the housework together easily.

The next year grandpa forgot all about his May-moving. He was contented and happy in the new house, where he now found everything "free and welcome." But he still likes his chamber in the tree, and sits there often of a summer afternoon, poring reverently over his Testament or gazing up through the trees, dreaming perhaps of heaven.—Youth's Companion.

**Bicycles for Horses.**  
Why couldn't we have horse bicycles? It wouldn't be much expense. The poor horses shouldn't be asked to walk in this day of universal wriggling on wheels. Think of the fun! In crossing a street it is so diverting now, after long planning, to succeed in dodging five or six wagons, and ditto electric cars, only to be run down by a snaking bicycle that was not in sight when you started. But how fast and furious the fun would grow if we could only put all horses on wheels, too—a sort of swift-traveling treat-trail arrangement. This needed reform should proceed at once.—Boston Transcript.

### AMERICAN ORANGE TRADE.

#### PHENOMENAL GROWTH OF A DOMESTIC INDUSTRY.

#### Driving the Foreign Fruit From Our Market—Immense Yields of Florida and California Trade.

THE growth of the American orange trade has been phenomenal, and its history is full of interest. Thirty years ago the oranges consumed in this country were obtained mainly from the Mediterranean countries, the tart Sicilian orange, however, being supplemented by the "sweet Havana," which latter have since been so completely supplanted by the even more luscious Floridas, the finest oranges in the world, that they now practically exist only in memory.

Only three decades ago the entire orange trade of this country was controlled by a few exclusive importers. Business was then done entirely on orders, the importers sending their orders abroad every fall, at which season sailing vessels, which have since been entirely supplanted by steamships, were chartered to transport the fruit from Sicilian and other Mediterranean ports to this country; in fact, September was the month in which business arrangements were annually made six months in advance of their fulfillment.

This method of conducting business existed for many years, but in 1865, the growers of Sicilian oranges, who had previously sold their crops entirely on orders, began to ship them to this country on consignment. The old importers then gradually abandoned their original methods and began to receive fruit as consignees, instead of importing it. New firms entered the field and strong competition sprang up in the business, which was then profitable, as may be seen by the fact that a single New York firm, in one season, realized a clear profit of over \$30,000 on its Sicilian consignments alone.

About fifteen years later the American fruit firms were largely superseded by Italians, the fruit growers of Sicily and other Mediterranean ports sending their sons and relatives to this country to establish firms, till now only three or four distinctly American firms of prominence remain in the business. During the last ten years, however, the importation of oranges from the Mediterranean has steadily decreased, and while large quantities continue to come from Sicily, the imports from Spain have dwindled into utter insignificance. The decline of importation was brought about by the rapid growth of the domestic orange industry, which has been most remarkably developed. Foreign growers at first ridiculed the idea that they could ever be deprived of the American market, in which they had long been accustomed to reap bountiful harvests annually, but their ridicule was soon turned to regret.

About that time, only a single decade ago, the Florida orange industry sprang into prominence as if by magic, and the product of the Florida groves has since swifly and steadily increased, till now the annual crop is estimated at fully 6,000,000 boxes, and it is yearly augmented.

California has since come into great prominence as an orange-producing State, and last year supplied 2,500,000 boxes, which were distributed mainly through the West and Northwest, only a limited quantity reaching the Atlantic seaboard, on account of the high rates of freight, it costing 87 cents a box to transport oranges from the Pacific Slope to New York by rail, while those from Florida, coming by steamship, are transported for fifty cents a box, giving the Florida groves an advantage of 37 cents a box.

Ten years ago there were probably no less than 150 firms receiving the delicious Florida oranges directly from the fragrant groves, and in fact, it was said that a well-worded circular and a brass stencil-plate were the only prerequisites for procuring abundant consignments from the confiding growers. The number of receivers in this city, however, has rapidly decreased, and there are now not more than ten or twelve firms of noteworthy prominence in the trade here. When there was such a large number of firms in the trade there were many whose business methods were open to criticism, and who duped the orange-growers and the public, but they have happily been driven out of the trade, which is now conducted by reputable firms and on strictly business principles.

The rapid growth of the Florida orange trade has seriously interfered with the importers, as is strikingly shown by the fact that, while there were 1,708,000 boxes of Sicilian oranges imported in 1886-87, there were only 682,000 boxes imported in 1891-92.

Despite the difficulties with which the growers have to contend almost every season, the crop continues steadily to increase. Most of the trees in the orange groves of Florida are now over four years old and will soon be in full bearing, when, it is estimated, the crop will be at least 10,000,000 boxes. There were over 900,000 boxes of Florida oranges received in this city alone last year, while less than 5000 boxes were received from California, whose last crop was 2,500,000 boxes.

The California crop is also rapidly increasing, there having been 2,500,000 boxes grown last year against 2,000,000 the previous year. Oranges are also being successfully grown in Arizona and Louisiana. The groves here are yet small, but are increasing, and with the increase in the orange yield in Florida and California, the day is not far distant when only American oranges will be found in American markets.—New York Tribune.

**Male cannot live in fresh water.**

### TO-MORROW.

Advancing swiftly just a span  
Before the coming morn,  
Phantom To-morrow flees away  
As each To-day is born;

Then halting on the path of life,  
Tossing and muting she stands,  
And, as men gaze with hope or fear,  
She beckons with her hands.

Thus, tempest-like, she leads men on  
But will not suffer them  
To touch the veil that masks her face  
Or e'en her garment's hem,  
And as they follow wistfully  
Along the vale of years,  
Vainly they strive to see if she  
Is smiling or in tears.

—C. H. Williams, in Philadelphia Life.

### HUMOR OF THE DAY.

What is life but a great cake-walk—  
Galveston News.

When a man is the slave of gold, he is serving a pretty hard master.

When genius attains to a dress-suit it has become celebrity.—Puck.

Some clocks strike ten when it is only six. It is the same way with many men.

"Business" covers a multitude of transactions just out of reach of the law.—Puck.

A woman is never so likely to be mistaken as when she is perfectly sure she is right.

The angler is so absorbed in his hobby that he generally fishes with baited breath.

Good cooks can make pie of everything, from beefsteak to vinegar.—Atehison Globe.

Hannibal succeeded in crossing the Alps; but he didn't have any hotel bills to pay.—Puck.

A good resolution is supposed to be one that will stretch a little when necessary.—Galveston News.

"You say he is a bad egg. How did you find it out?" "He showed it the moment he was broke."—Fun.

It is easy for a man to paddle his own canoe when his parents buy the canoe and paddle for him.—Puck.

When hearts are broken, as we find they are by woe's rash,  
To heal them over, neatly bind  
In pillows of cash.

When the pot calls the kettle black, the kettle fearlessly demands an investigation of the color of the pot.—Puck.

It is better to walk and catch the next ferry-boat than to run for dear life and miss the one that is just starting.—Puck.

Hardup is a pretty decent sort of chap, but he never sticks to anything. "Did you ever lend him any money?" —Philadelphia Record.

The star of hope may shine overhead, but we feel more security when we can get our anchor planted safely in the mud below.—Puck.

"Johnny," said the teacher, "is a jackass a biped or a quadruped?" "Please, sir," said Johnny, "that depends on the jackass."—Life.

Lena—"She would be better off without her husband, wouldn't she?" Laura—"I should say so." His life is insured for \$40,000.—Truth.

When a man begins to remark how different children are now from what they were when he was a boy, he may look for gray hairs in his head.—Puck.

Little drops of water,  
Little grains of soap,  
Make the active Anarchist  
Get right up and slope.

Hotel Proprietor—"We don't allow any games of chance here." Gambler—"This isn't a game of chance. My friend here has no chance."—Brooklyn Life.

Clara—"What are you reading, my dear?" Dora—"Historical novels." "Do you like them?" "Yes, indeed. There is so much I can skip."—New York Weekly.

"Where is the bearded lady," asked the manager. "It is time for the show to begin." "He went out to vote," explained the ossified man.—Indiana's Journal.

The Spectacled Girl—"Have you read 'Ships That Pass in the Night'?" The Auburn-haired Girl—"No. What kind are they—courtships?"—Indianapolis Journal.

First Lady—"And the last thing that Henry did was to give me a kiss." Second Lady—"Indeed; I should think that is about the last thing he would do."—Tit-Bits.