MIDDLEBURGH, PA., MAY 20, 1897

Permanent exhibitions of North American industries are being established at Rio and Sao Paulo, Brazil.

Of the eighty-one millions of dollars appropriated by the Chilian budget, no less than \$39,000,000 are for army and navy expenditures.

Japanese officers who fought in the late war against China have petitioned their government to erect a monument to the memory of the horses that fell

The supreme court of Mexico has set free two boys who had been condemned for life to the tobacco plantations by the lower court. This is the first instance of the kind on record.

Some idea of the magnitude of the great Siberian railway, now in course of construction by the Russian government, may be gathered from the fact that by changing the route a thousand miles were saved.

According to Lloyd's register, the days of the sailing vessel seem to be numbered. Six years ago the proportion of sailing vessels was about one-fourth, last year it dwindled down to one-fourteenth of the whole ton-

Statistics show that ninety per cent. of the children in Quebec (Canada) schools do not attend after they are twelve years old, and also that the average attendance in the Montreal schools only covers about two-thirds of the children of school age.

There should be plenty of music in Budapest if it is true, as it is claimed to be, that the city contains 120 gypsy bands, numbering 997 performers, 32 wind bands, and 21 orchestras, in which the players are women. The grand total is given as 2000 musicians in a population of half a million.

The New York Independent says: "We would give a cordial welcome to the United States of Australia, for that is virtually what the Federal Convention at Adelaide has proposed. The executive department is to consist of a governor-general and council, the legislative is modeled upon our Congress, and the judicial is similar to our federal supreme court. The governor-general, unlike our president, is to be appointed from-London. This will be a chief tie connecting the new government with the crown."

A Missouri woman who is so very pious that she will do no work on the Sabbath day was very much annoyed by the fact that her hens would not as conscientiously refrain from all labor on Sunday, but persisted in laying eggs in disregard of the biblical injunction to rest on the Sabbath day, She was undecided whether she ought to dispose of such impious and heathenish fowls or not, when the brilliant idea struck her of giving all the eggs laid on Sunday to the church of which she was a member. She has acted on this idea, and now a regular source of income of the church is the proceeds of these eggs.

The cry that the wild birds are being exterminated in England has been recently supplemented by a plea for the preservation of the butterflies. Owing to the number of collectors, there is danger of some of the species becoming practically extinct, and with a view to their preservation a protection committee has been appointed by the Leicester Literary and Philosopoical Society. Over-collecting is to be prohibited among the members of the society, and offenders are to be expelled. In the case of the rares species, the number which any member is allowed to collect during one season has been limited to three on the average.

A Brilliant Coup.

Mr. Gaswell-The Cuban Junta is New York has information that the insurgents contemplate a brilliant stroke with which they expect to end the war and win their independence.

Mr. Dukane-What is the nature o this brilliant stroke? Do they expec to carry Havana by a sudden dash and make Weyler prisoner?

Mr. Gaswell -No, they will simply | kidnsp Weyler's typewriter and rai off to Florida. -Pittsburg Chronicl-Telegraph.

A girl may look pretty when she eries, but a boy never did, and never

If in each human countenance The soul's life were laid bare, Those whom we envy now perchance Might then our plty share

Knowing the joy, grief, yearning, fear, Deep-hidden in each breast, To no man would his lot appear As either worst or best. -James A. Tucker, in Youth's Companion

MRS, PARSONS, M. D.



HERE are so many fools in the world that I do not mind confessing that I was one of them for a few dismal years. Not one of the complacent, happy ones either.

To begin with, I took up medicine comparatively late They had made an architect of me, but I soon found myself kicking vigorously against that honorable profession. After a deal of persuasion was allowed to enter as a student at

Bart's, and for two years worked hard. I read a good deal at the British Museum, like other fellows, from the 8th of August, 188-, always at the

B. 11 seat. Why, you ask, always at that place? Well, because it was on that date that the most charming little woman I ever saw first came and occupied the seat marked B12. I hoped she would keep to that seat, and so she did. The pile of books she used daily staggered me, and of course it would have been troublesome to alter the indications on all her reference slips if she had changed or been ousted from B 12.

From the 9th of August, 188-, it was generally a toss up which of us was the first reader to appear in the reading room. The assistants often smiled.

Her name was Bella Whitcomb. learned that very soon. An official left one of her slips on my table by mistake. She had asked for Strauss's famous "Lecture on Cardiac Troubles." and the slip came to me marked "In use." I had the greatest pleasure in the world in returning the slip to her with a smile. Then she smiled back at me with those sweet, brown eyes of hers and remarked, "What a nuisance! I did so want it."

After this we often exchanged words. Trivial words! Any pretext was good enough for me that procured me a glance or a smile from her.

I did not get on at all with studies. If I had not been a fool (from the professional point of view), I should have bolted to the W or Y part of the room; but I had come to the conviction that it was more enjoyable to fail in my exams, and see Bella every day than pass with distinction at the cost of severance from her.

Blissful, lazy, heart breaking, anxious hours! Day after day, from half-past nine until three with an interval of three-quarters of an hour for lunch.

Bella was brought to the Museum every morning by a maid; the maid took her off for lunch, and the maid was always waiting among the pigeons under the portico from five minutes to three in the afternoon.

There was no getting rid of that precious abominable domestic.

When we had known each other month I proposed (it was a wild, foolish thing to do) to accompany her toward Bayswater on an omnibus. The maid was to go inside, she and I outside. But it was no go.

"My father wouldn't like it, Mr. Marrable," she said, with a sympathetic smile.

I tried whispering conversationsabout the weather, text books, exams., and so on; but, to say nothing of the frowns I raised on other studious faces and a formal protest from the gentieman on his throne in the middle of the room, Bella did not greatly encourage me.

"I am here to work," she wrote on a slip at one time and pushed this toward me.

It will hardly be credited, but I ostentatiously put that slip to my lips and then folded it and placed it in my watch-pocket-the heart pocket.

How she looked at me when I did this. An ordinary girl would have giggled. She did not giggle, and thenceforward her smiles were not quite what they had been. The pensive seriousness in them, however, made her more and more dear to me. Even when, for a joke, I recommended her to ask for Spencer on "Shoulder Biades"-a well-known absurdity-she only gave me a little reproving nod of her pretty head, with the bronze colored hair and the tiny shell cars.

So it went on until November, when I could bear it no longer. I knew less about surgery and medicine than in

"I must speak to you at luncheon, whispered to her that morning. My face impressed her. Besides, there was another reason why she should assent.

We came out among the Egyptian tombs, mummies and things. I told her she was everything to me-life, blood, ambition, happiness, and, as ing latterly.

was right, she believed me. Better still, she admitted that I was much to greeting the old folk, was to consult

"But, Philip," she added (I was holding her hand; we had wandered into a Greek statuary room, where there was no soul else), "it must all depend upon my father. If you satisfy him, I shall be a very happy girl."

The Greek statues had, I daresay, seen a great many people kiss each other two or three thousand years ago, but they never saw a more earnest exchange of such tokens of affections

"To-morrow, dear," said Bella, "at 11 o'clock, would be the best time for

followed, unmarred by my sister's scoff at the ides of my marrying a medicine woman—so she termed my

But when I was at Bella's father's door I did not feel happy. What were my prospects? I had a hundred a year of my own; nothing else.

Of all things, too, Professor Whit-comb was a teacher of philosophy. It is just those men who are so concerned with ideals that look so tremendously sharp after the downright material good things of this life.

The gentleman disconcerted me from the outset by his formal manners and his blue glasses. Up went his eyebrows when I told him what I wanted. Still he heard me to the end. Only when I had exhausted all my powers of asseveration about the great things I could (and would) do, with Bella engaged to me, did he cough, and pass sentence.

"I never in my life, Mr. --- " (glaceing at my card) "Marribone, heard anything more absurd or impracticable than your proposition. I have nothing more to say. Good morning."

When I was outside I held my sense just sufficiently to rush back to Great Russell street. Some one else got my seat, of course; a hulking, raw, young Scotsman, also a Bart's man. I waited, however, till lunch time, and then told

"Poor Phil!" said she. "I--I'm afraid it is all over!"

We are again among the Greek gods and goddesses. She cried gently as she "But you love me?" I asked in a

boiling rage against fate. "Yes, I love you," said she, chok "Very well, then, I shall win you

yet. Bella, always love me and things will right themselves.' The kiss we then exchanged seemed

our last, for, though I saw her in the afternoon, she never appeared again in the reading-room. I wrote to her and received one let-

ter in reply as follows:

and I must, alas, obey him. I can

"My Very Dear Phil-Papa forbids me to correspond with you in any way, only repeat what you know. You are enshrined in my heart. Let us pray that the future may be brighter for us both. - Your Fond Bella

Sweet, sweet letter, in spite of the despair it indicated!

For the ensuing fortnight I was like one bereft of half his senses. I tried to work-could not, and ran down in health at a gallop.
I learned that Professor Whitcombe

was a cold hearted, scheming monster. He worshiped rank and money, though he taught the pursuit of the noble, the true, and the beautiful. Hypocrite! It was plain I had nothing to hope for from him.

Then my father compelled me to see our doctor-he and they all were so alarmed at my personal appearance, das a cough.

The upshot was that in mid-December I was in the Bay of Biscay, bound for Australia. It was my only chance, said the doctor. He little knew. One word from that philosopher fellow and I would have been a Hercules in five minutes.

However, the Rubicon was passed. I had written "goodby" to Bella and received no answer.

Landing at Melbourne, I at once made arrangements for going up country, to present certain letters to a cattle owner, Mr. Grant, among whose acres and quadrupeds I was supposed to have the best possible chance of regaining health.

And here I settled down.

It was less than eighteen months afterward that I received an awful note from Professor Whitcombe, informing me that his daughter was married to a "distinguished colleague, in every way able to insure her happi-That was how he put it. I was further requested to see both the absurdity and impropriety of continuing to address letters to Bella at her fath-

er's house. My own people confirmed the miserable news. They didn't know the particulars, but they had seen Bella's

name in the Times. Once more I had a fit of raving, but it passed, and then I set to work to make money, the only aim that seemed

left to me. Under advice from Mr. Grant I had already bought a good block of land.

I now prepared to stock it. In three years I was worth £10,000 and scant joy the knowledge af-

forded me. This, however, was nothing to what happened in the fourth year. Gold was discovered all along our line of country, and an expert I had told me I was a millionaire. So it proved. After a vast deal of excitement with financiers and company promoters, I cleared out of the country fabulously

rich, considering my antecedents.

But though rich, I wasn't happy, being one of those fellows, sometimes enviable and sometimes to be pitied, who, having once desired a thing, are never happy until they have got it.

Moreover, my heart had gone wrong, what with the excitement and my rather rackety, desperate way of living latterly.

old Jensen of Bart.'s. To my dismay he agreed that my heart was really 'What has done it?" he asked.

"Disappointment," I replied, carelessly, as my thoughts recurred to "By the way," he added, "there's

downright elever woman specialist l would strongly advise you to see.' "You say that!" I exclaimed, aston ished, for the dear old chap knew all about my other case, and also had, in the old time, expressed his contempt

for the fair sex as medicine women.

markable little monograph. Here, I

He showed it to me, and a brief glance proved that the writer at least knew her subject. "Mrs. B. Parsons, M. D.," was her name.

Then with a shrug I promised Jen-sen I would see the lady. Reaven bless the old chap. And what excellent luck it was tny thinking to go to him

for advice. I was inwardly somewhat amused the next morning, when I called in Harley street, and joined a couple of demure, middle-aged females in Dr. Parsons's waiting room.

In less than half an hour I was something infinitely better than

"Be so good as to step this way, sir," said the man, and I and my card entered Bella's sanctum together. "Bella!" I cried, and "Philip!"

cried she, and we were in each other's arms before the amazed servant cleared out of the room. It was a tremendous meeting, and minutes passed before I recovered my sanity. Then with a fresh prick at

that troubled heart of mine, I ex-"But your husband! Good gracious,

what have I done?" "He is dead," she said. "It was a wretched business. My father had set his mind on it, and there seemed nothing for it but to make him happy, seeing that I could not-

"Could not what, Bella?" "Could not make you believe that you were happy," she said shyly.

"And your father? Oh, but never mind now. That is to say (for I was conscious of my meanness), I hope he is well, my darling."

"No, Philip; he, too, is dead." I am sorry to say that the news did not grieve me.

Then I started and told Bella everything, and afterward she told me everything. By the time that we had done with our respective histories the morning was far spent.

"And now, dearest, you must prescribe for me," I said, and I related my symptoms.

But she showed such a sweetly grave face at my words that I shuffled out of the role of patient back into that of

"At any rate, my Bella, you will now be my life's physician?" I asked. And so the is. We study each other's hearts-that is the main business of our two lives. Nor am I nearly as bad a subject as old Jensen made out when he sent me where he believed and fully hoped I should find my cure. -Cassell's Saturday Journal.

Types of Kentucky Saddle-Horses,

Kentuckians have bred saddle-horses for beauty and charm, and have got them. There is a charm about the Kentucky horse that no other American horse has. No other animals 1 have met in the country exist in the memory with quite the fascination of certain horses I have seen in Kentucky. There was, for instance, a few miles from Lexington, a roan gelding that had this fascination to a high degree. He had the graceful Kentucky characteristics-and yet with a difference. His beauty appeared partienlarly in the shape of the rump and in the carriage of the tail. There was an exquisite trick in the conformation of Kentucky," you said, as you looked at them, and yet you felt you had never seen quite that before. It was perhaps a bold flight nearer the Kentucky ideal than you had seen. This quality of the figure was certainly due to an infusion of the Denmark grace. tail was the other chief beauty. There was an Airy grace in the carriage of it which reminded you of the fortunate work of some architect of genius. 'What have you done to him?" I said, referring to the graceful lightness with which the tail was held. "Nothing," said the farmer; "as you drive out of the gate you will see his old dam in the pasture to the left, and you will see that she crrries just the same tail that he does." I did look at the mare on the way out, and it was so, This carriage of the tail is also a Denmark characteristic. It is said, by the way, that this tail has been transmitted to the Kentucky horse from the Arab progenitor of the English thoroughbred, and that the trait is due to the fact that the hair was not allowed to grow upon the tail of an Arab till he was five years old; the custom of keeping the tail shaved, observed through many generations, made it thus light and easily held up .- Harper's Weekly.

A Curious Accident. A naturalist whose tastes lead him to the investigation of curious phenomens, has found a number of deepsea fish dead from what appear to be internal explosions; indeed, this was fish of this sort sometimes gives chase for its prey and reaches a higher level than that to which it is adapted. Immediately the swimming bladder, which is filled with air, becomes distended, and the helpless owner shoots upward at a great rate of speed. it ascends, the pressure on the bladder decreases, and probably long before it reaches the surface it bursts. In some cases there is serious distortion and mutilation, the creature being almost torn in pieces. There have been some experiments in deep-ses angling. Ground sharks have been brought up from a depth of five hundred feet. They are always dead when they reach the surface of the water.

Got a Heavy Fee.

For inoculating the Russian Empress and her son Paul against smallpox in 1768 Baron Dimsdale received \$50,000 as a fee, \$10,000 for expenses and an annuity of \$2,500, while in addition to all this he was granted the title of baron. This was just thirty years before Jenner's discovery of An exciting but felicitous evening ous little cough. "She's written a re- granted him \$150,000 altogether.

SELECT RELIGIOUS READING

PRECNANT THOUGHTS FROM THE WORLD'S GREATEST AUTHORS.

Be Always Prepared-A Protest-A Prayer -Seed Growing-Work for All at the Master's Bidding-God's Ways are the Best-The Secret of Love for Christ.

Said Mark to Martin, "Wherefore spend Such constant care thy vines to tend? It may be months, it may be years, Before the vineyard's Lord appears."

Said Martin, "Though it may be long Before I hear His harvest-song, If of that hour can no man say, It may be that He comes today."

-Julia Wood.

A Protest Against Morbidness.

The Apostle's injunction, "Let every one of us please his neighbor for his good to edification," brings out the sunny side of the ideal Christian life. It is a protest against the morbidness and the mournfulness which the morbidness and the mournfulness which are too commonly associated with Christian discipleship. It helps us to draw a distinction between seriousness and dullness, between earnestness of purpose and frigidity of soul. It reminds us that whatever throes and pains may attend the germination and growth of the ideal life, that life should present to the world the rich blossom and fragrance which minister pleasure to mankind. There is, therefore, some flaw in the piety which is repellent, and in the zeal to do good which succeeds only in hiding the beauty of holiness. If there were any doubt on this point, it would only be necessary to bring it to the test of the one Ideal Life lived among men. No life can compare with His in the sense of solemnity and seriousness. Upon Him lay the burden of the heaviest task ever imposed upon man. Through sorrows unsectable services the seriousness. posed upon man. Through sorrows un-speakable, yet with unfaltering step, He pressed on to the goal of sacrince. Yet, from first to last, He exercised upon men the charm of an attractive spirit, which made them feel it was happy to be good, and scattered around Him influences which added to the joys and delights of life. And in this matter of winsomeness, His disciples have great need to learn of Him. It is their duty to cultivate His charm, to discipline themselves into His power to make the world brighter and men happier. A crotchety Christian is a monstrosity. The man who fails to spread peace, joy, hope, in this world of real and countless sorrows, is an enemy of the race and a criminal be-fore God. For foremost among the marks of the ideal life is the faculty of enjoying and dispensing the gladness of the Creator. -Charles A Berry, D.D.

A Prayer for Larger Growth.

Christ, who dost bid me not to let my heart be troubled, I believe in God and in thee. Let thy joy be in me, and let it be fulfilled. Fulfilled in the presence of fail-ure if thou didst send the failure, and my own folly did not invite it; fulfilled in sick-ness, if the great Physician bestows the sickness in order to beat me; fulfilled in loneliness, if the solitude is crowded with thee; fulfilled even in death, when death is the shadow of even in death, when death is the shadow of thy light. Wherever I turn my weeping eyes thy loving face is a tender reproach. I mourn over my sins in such wise that the mourn-ing is an added sin. I grieve at my poor service of God and of man, and that grief hinders my service. I sorrow at my pairry growth—a growth that sorrow dwarfs and joy enlarges. Biessed Lord, who dost die in my deaths, take me into thy resurrection life. I will forget failure and gloom; I will life. I will forget failure and gloom; I will forget duty, even the duty of joy; and I will learn privilege. Speed me on thy errands so swiftly that I shall have no time for moodiness. Take me into thy joy so completely that I shall not even consider whether I am joyful. And all through no grace of my own, but out of thy love which has promised and never failed. Amen.

Only the Seed Growing.

Let it not be a group of ash trees, but group of men, . . . a thought of God entrusted to the earth for its embodiment and execution. What are these dreams and visions, these upward reachings, these certainities of infinite belongings—what are they, O thought of God, but the unbroken tension of the chain which binds the think-er to His thought forever? And what are all these earthlinesses, these tender cling-ings to the things our senses understand, these calls of present duties, this fear of dying, this love of the present, warm, domestic earth—what are they all but the pressure of the warm ground up the seed entrusted to it? The man w does not somehow hold the complete truth about his life—both of these truths com-lined in one—does not live worthly. The bined in one—does not live worthily. The man who has and holds them both, look, what a life he lives! Look how substantially his roots are fastened in the earth. Look how aspiringly he lifts his branches to the sky.—Phillips Brooks.

God's Ways Are Best.

Sometimes rain comes in storms, with black clouds and fierce lightnings and thun ders. People tremble and are afraid as the look on. But the storm passes, pouring out rich blessing of rain, which make all the fleids rejoice. God sometimes sends His word to us in dark, portentous forms—sick ness, loss, disappointment, sorrow, trial. At first we are terrified; but in the end, when the storms have cleared away, we find that the dark clouds we so dreaded were but God's messengers to bring to us rich bles. .

"God bends from out the deep, and says, 'I gave thee of My seed to sow;
Bringest thou Me my hundredfold?'
Can I look up with face aglow,
And answer, 'Father here is gold?''
—J. R. Miller, D. D.

The Honor of Seif-Sacrificing Love. What is it that can convert the complaints of mankind into a song of triumph? I know of nothing but the old, old story of the death and resurrection and ascension of our Lord impressed on us by the Holy Spirit. The assurance of that self-sacrificing love, which has sounded the depths of human misery and sin and has not been overcome by them is supreme in God's universe, and destined to complete dominion.—W. H. Freemantle.

Faith is a grasping of almighty power. The hand of man laid on the arm of God— The grand and blessed hour In which the things impossible to me Become the possible,O Lord,through Thee.

Let Your Lue Shine.

I would not give much for your religion unless it can be seen. Lamps do not talk, but they do shine. A lighthouse sounds no drum, it beats no gong; and yet, far over the waters its friendly spark is seen by the mariner. So let your actions shine out your religion. Let the main sermon of your life be illustrated by all your conduct, and it shall not fail to be illustrious.—Spur-

It is because the spirit of the Old Testament says "Go," and the spirit of the New Testament says "Come," that we know jhat God has been upon the earth.—Gerald S.

Plant blessings and blessings will bloom
Plant hate and hate will grow;
You can sow teday, tomorrow shall bring
The bloom that shows what sort of a thing
Is the seed—the seed that you zow.

Your life needs days of retirement, when it shuts the gates upon the noisy whirl of action and is alone with God.

Lord Jesus to bind human hearts to the devoted love and heroic service: Be indeed perfect as God is perfect as being this He left all His discriptions an one as St. Paul hopelessly belied the divine loftiness of His character not remove Him beyond reach of the pathy. We do not loose interest a His cause he is so much better than us On the contrary, it is by His cause He draws us. He is to our hearts the able inimitable, holding us at once by the divine and by admiration.—A. R. Bros.

The Light of the Lord's Counts

Life's ioneliness—there are then we all have to go into it; there are the in the soul where no foot can fall or est friend can come. There are circum this leads to the soul where the soul was the soul that reveal to us this lonelines tensify our sense of it. Who will any good at such times? There is there is nothing, that promises there is nothing, that promises any table is a thing empty and forsake, we hand that can lead us, no voice the speak to us, no light that can break in the haunting gloom. There is but the swer to that cry of the heart. Lord in up the light of Thy countenance upas — Rev. Mark Guy Pearse.

Gladness be with Thee, Helper at World:
I think this is the authentic sign asis of Godship, that it ever waxes glad,
And more glad, until gladness has bursts

into a rage to suffer for mankind.

GHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPK

TOPIC FOR SUNDAY, MAY When to Seek it. And How

xiii. 5-18. The coming peace, isa it is The Prince of peace, isa it Peace? A sword, Mail 1 No peace possible, I is 14-24.

A judicious peace. Lib May 21. May 22. A false peace. Jer. vin to SCRIPTURE VERSES.—Mark iz. 26 179; il. 14; xix. 38; John xiv. 27; xvi 2 x. 36; Rom. i. 7; ii. 10; v. 1; viii 4 a 19; xv. 13; Gal. v. 22; Eph. iv. 2.

Selfishness and greed, even what complish their object, do not be Real satisfaction can be bought by that this world offers; and, indeed

who is willing to lose this life sake really finds life and peace. If the kingdom of Christ rules and we are true subjects of the King then we need seek no farther for the kingdom of God is righted peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.

Thy peace, O Lord, the only peace.
E'en in the midst of strife
Our hearts find peace in thee, and
To fret at vexing life. peace, O Lord, the only peace

When a telescope is to be mou great observatory, it is not enough set on a structure strongly built earth; the foundations must be earth; the foundations must be saithat there may be no trembling as that there may be no trembling as the soul that calmly and uses would look out over earth, and use would look out over earth, and use from earth to heaven, must restathing less easily shaken than the those that dwell on it. But will confidence or happiness could have is wrapped up in the assurance is so not the throne, that his kingdens umph, and that all things must will ser for good to them that love fed "What lack I yot?" asked the mone who surveyed his vast per "Only one thing, permanence is contrast with the translent happes man whose hope is based one thing

man whose hope is based one-thin at is the abiding joy, the habitus

unseen and eternal.

Peace is such a precious just would give anything for it

ness, of the soul anchored by

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