

I. O. O. F.—Lodge No. 85, meets in I. O. O. F. hall every Saturday at 8 p. m. Visiting brothers always welcome. JAMES BAKER, N. G. J. L. DEMMER, Rec. Sec.

I. O. O. F.—Rogue River Encampment, No. 30, meets in I. O. O. F. hall the second and fourth Wednesday of each month at 8 p. m. J. L. DEMMER, C. P. H. H. HARVEY, Sec.

Oliver Rebekah Lodge No. 25, meets in I. O. O. F. hall first and third Tuesday of each month. Visiting sisters invited to attend. GERTRUDE WILSON, N. G. FANNIE HASKINS, Rec. Sec.

A. F. and A. M.—Meets first Friday of each month full moon at 8 p. m. M. PURDIN, W. M. J. W. LAWTON, Rec. Sec.

K. of P.—Tallman Lodge No. 31, meets Monday evening at 8 p. m. Visiting brothers always welcome. W. I. LAWTON, C. C. WASHINGTON PURDIN, K. of R. and S.

Knight of the Macabees—Triumph Tent No. 14, meets in regular review on the 1st and 3rd Friday of each month in A. O. U. W. Hall at 7:30 p. m. Visiting Sir Knights cordially invited to attend. A. B. ELIOTT, Commander. W. T. YORK, R. K.

A. O. U. W.—Lodge No. 25, meets every first and third Wednesday in the month at 8 p. m. in their hall in the Opera block. Visiting brothers invited to attend. A. B. ELIOTT, W. W. STEWART, W. M. ABRAHAM HUBBARD, Recorder.

F. of A.—Medford Lodge No. 421, meets the second and fourth Tuesday evenings in each month in the Redmen hall. Visiting brothers invited to attend. FRANCIS JORDAN, P. M. L. A. JORDAN, Sec.

Woodmen of the World—Camp No. 90, meets every Thursday evening in K. of P. hall, Medford Oregon. FRANK JORDAN, C. C. W. R. JACKSON, Clerk.

Chrysanthemum Circle No. 84, Women of Woodcraft—Meets second and fourth Tuesday of each month at 7:30 p. m. in K. of P. hall. Visiting sisters invited to attend. MRS. ADA MILLIS, G. N. PRUE ANGLE, Clerk.

W. R. C.—Chester A. Arthur Order No. 34, meets first and third Wednesday of each month at 2 o'clock p. m. in Woodman's hall. Visiting sisters invited to attend. MRS. IRAN HUNSMAN, Pres. MRS. HELEN HARTZELL, Sec.

G. A. R.—Chester A. Arthur Post No. 47, meets in Woodman's hall every first and third Wednesday night in each month at 7:30 p. m. Visiting comrades cordially invited to attend. D. R. ANDREWS, Com. F. M. STEWART, Ad. Utter.

W. G. T. U.—Meets every other Thursday at the Presbyterian church. MRS. BRUCE, President. MRS. J. MORRIS, Secretary.

Fraternal Brotherhood—Meets first and third Friday evenings at 8:30 p. m. in their hall in K. of P. building, Medford, Oregon. Visiting Brothers and Sisters cordially invited. W. W. MURPHY, Pres. W. J. HOCKENOS, Secretary.

O. E. S.—Reames Chapter, No. 66, meets second and fourth Wednesday of each month at Masonic Hall, Medford, Oregon. Visiting Sisters and Brothers always welcome. NEAL W. WYMAN, W. M. MRS. MATTIE PICKEL, Secretary.

Uniform Rank, K. of P.—Meet at the call of the captain in K. of P. hall. E. L. ELWOOD, Recorder.

A. O. F.—Court Medford, No. 888, meets every Monday night at 8 p. m. in A. O. U. W. Hall, Medford, Oregon. Visiting Foresters cordially welcomed. L. E. HOOVER, C. R. FRANK H. HULL, Rec. Sec.

CHURCHES OF MEDFORD.

Methodist Episcopal Church R. C. Block—Pastor, Rev. J. H. Babbitt, at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. D. T. Lawton, supt. Class meeting follows preaching service. Sunday morning, July 10, 11 and 12, Epworth League at 10 a. m. Stella Duclou president. Regular prayer meetings every Thursday evening at 7:30 p. m. in their hall. Visiting members invited. Second Tuesday every month, 2:30 p. m. Mission society. First and third Tuesday every month, 2:30 p. m. Aid society. Rev. W. S. Shields, pastor. Mrs. H. W. Warner, Sec. S. S. Miss Edith Van Dyke Superintendent. J. C. E. David, St. Day, Pres. S. C. E. M. Mrs. J. Van Dyke, Treas. Aid society; Mrs. J. W. Cox, Pres. Mission Society.

Christian church—Corner of Sixth and J streets. Services on the first and third Sundays of each month. Sunday school at 11 a. m. and evening Sunday school at 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. The people welcome. Rev. Jones, Pastor.

Methodist Episcopal Church South—Rev. J. H. Darby, pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 11 a. m. and evening Sunday school at 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 8 o'clock. Women's Home Mission Society meets first Monday in each month. Every one is cordially invited to all our services.

Christian Science services are held every Sunday morning at eleven o'clock at the residence of E. H. Dunham, of Talent. All welcome.

ADMNSTRATOR'S NOTICE.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Grant.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned having been appointed by the County Court of Jackson county, State of Oregon, Administrator of the estate of Granville Naylor, deceased, all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same duly verified, and with the proper vouchers attached, to the undersigned at the office of S. Pentz, Medford, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated March 1, 1906.

G. L. SCHUMMERS, Administrator of the estate of Granville Naylor, deceased.

S. S. Pentz, Attorney for administrator.

To the Unfortunate.

Dr. Gibbon

This is the most successful and most reliable medicine ever discovered in San Francisco, California. It is a pure, natural, and scientific preparation of the most valuable medicinal plants and minerals. It is a powerful tonic and restorative, and is especially adapted to the treatment of all forms of debility, impotency, and general weakness. It is a most valuable remedy for all cases of nervous prostration, and is a most reliable and effective cure for all cases of general debility, impotency, and general weakness. It is a most valuable and reliable remedy for all cases of nervous prostration, and is a most reliable and effective cure for all cases of general debility, impotency, and general weakness.

Producing the following symptoms: pale complexion, dark spots under the eyes, pain in the head, ringing in the ears, loss of confidence, dizziness, approaching strangers, palpitation of the heart, weakness of the limbs and back, loss of appetite, and general debility. Dr. Gibbon's has been used in San Francisco for many years and those troubled would not fail to call and receive the benefit of his great discovery. Experience. The doctor cures with others. Dr. Gibbon, 629 Kearney St., San Francisco, Cal.

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PAINFUL PERIODS

Suggestions How to Find Relief from Such Suffering.



While no woman is entirely free from periodical suffering, it does not seem to be the plan of nature that women should suffer so severely. Menstruation is a severe strain on a woman's vitality. If it is painful or irregular something is wrong which should be set right or it will lead to a serious derangement of the whole female organism.

More than fifty thousand women have testified in grateful letters to Mrs. Pinkham that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound overcomes painful and irregular menstruation.

It provides a safe and sure way of escape from distressing and dangerous weaknesses and diseases.

The two following letters tell so convincingly what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will do for women, they cannot fail to bring hope to thousands of sufferers.

Miss Nellie Holmes of 540 N. Davidson Street, Buffalo, N. Y., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham—Your medicine is indeed an ideal medicine for women. I suffered misery for years with painful periods, headaches, and bearing-down pains. I consulted two different physicians but failed to get any relief. A friend from the East advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I did so, and no longer suffer as I did before. My periods are natural, every ache and pain is gone, and my general health is much improved. I advise all women who suffer to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Mrs. Tillie Hart, of Larimore, N. D., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham—I might have been spared many months of suffering and pain had I only known of the efficacy of Lydia E. Pinkham's Ask Mrs. Pinkham's Advice—A Woman Best Understands a Woman's Ills.

The Duke and the Barber.

In olden days an English noble entered a barber shop, and, upon inquiring for the master, was answered by an apprentice of fourteen that he was not at home. "Do you shave, then?" asked the duke. "Yes, sir, I always do," was the reply. "But can you shave without cutting?" "Yes, sir; I'll try," answered the youth. "Very well," said the duke, while seating himself and loading his pistol. "But, look here, if you let any blood, as true as I sit here I'll blow your brains out! Now, consider well before you begin."

After a moment's reflection the boy began to make ready and said, "I'm not afraid of cutting you, sir," and in a short time had completed the feat without a scratch, to the complete satisfaction of the duke. In gentle tones his grace asked, "Were you not afraid of having your brains blown out when you might have cut me so easily?" "No, sir; not at all, because I thought that as soon as I should happen to let any blood I would cut your throat before you could have time to fire."

The reply won from the duke a handsome reward. It need scarcely be added he never resumed his dangerous threats in a barber shop. A lesson was taught him for life.

A Tried and True Friend.

One Minute Cough Cure contains not an atom of any harmful drug, and it has been curing Coughs, Colds, Croup and Whooping Cough so long that it has proven itself to be a tried and true friend to the many who use it. Mrs. Gertrude E. Fenner, Marion Ind., says: "Coughing and straining so weakened me that I run down in weight from 145 to 92 pounds. After trying a number of remedies to no avail, One Minute Cough Cure entirely cured me." Sold by Chas. Straug.

Had Feathered His Nest.

The gauge by which worldly prosperity is measured is not always the same. But it does not so much matter what standard is used so long as it shows accurately the amount of gain or loss.

"I remember Bill Gassett as a shiftless young ne'er do well," said a former neighbor of Mr. Sands, revisiting his old home after many years' absence, "but I hear he left his widow quite a substantial property. How did he manage it?"

"He made choice of an excellent wife, and she took him as the smartest woman often take the poorest specimens of the men folk," said Mr. Sands thoughtfully, "and, what's more, she made something of him, put some gum into him and what all. Why, sir, when he married her all he had for a mattress was an old makeshift stuffed with dried leaves, and when he died he had no less'n three mattresses stuffed with live goose feathers. I guess that tells the story."—Youth's Companion.

Should Know Everything.

Editor's Son—I asked papa when the millennium was comin', an' if Mars was inhabited, an' if it was goin' to rain next Fourth of July, an' he said he didn't know. I don't see how he ever got to be an editor.

Disconcerting.

A prominent English clergyman once congratulated an old lady on her bravery in fighting her way to church against a terrible tempest, but received the disconcerting reply, "My husband gets so cross-grained after meals that I have to get out of his way, so I might as well go to church."

With a Free Hand.

"Sir," began the visitor. "I come to you in the interest of the city's poor children. I thought you might like to contribute to our fresh air fund for them."

"Of course," replied the kind hearted suburbanite. "You may take as much as you please from my place. But how in the world are you going to carry it?"—Catholic Standard and Times.

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Arizona Kicklets

Things Keep Right on Happening in Givensdam Gulch.

MR. JOHNSON of New Mexico, whoever he may be, sends us a postal card on which he writes that he is on his way to put three bullets into us. We extend the glad hand, Mr. Johnson, and will try to do as much for you.

We believe we are the only newspaper man west of the Mississippi river who can lend a dead broke gambler \$75 on a diamond pin without first putting a chattel mortgage on the fice. We don't say it to brag, but simply to show how Providence has helped us along.

In our last issue we stated that Tom Jordan, proprietor of the Bald Eagle saloon, had to leave Montana for gouging out Bill Davis' right eye in a saloon row. Mr. Jordan called at the office the next day and brought proof that we were utterly mistaken. He not only subscribed to the Kicker for a year, paying cash in advance, but his attractive advertisement will be found under the head of "Saloons" on another page.

Monday night that large and massive duffer known by the name of Hank Pierson, who has been trying to pose as a bad man among us, concluded to take our advice and change climates. His road lay past the Kicker office, and as a sort of farewell to us he fired three bullets through the windows. We got out as quickly as possible and fired a charge of buckshot at something moving off in the darkness. Next morning Hank's stearboard coat tail was picked up on the street 200 feet west of the office, and we shall add it to our stock of relics.

The cowboys over at Lone Tree got word the other day that his honor the mayor (who is ourself) would pass through the town on the regular coach at 12 o'clock noon. They gathered to the number of forty, with a beautiful new rope bought for the occasion, and when the coach drew up at the post-office they made a rush for it. There were only two passengers—a little, dried up, red headed man with the asthma and a fat woman from Bald Knob who was going east to join a side show. The boys succeeded in scaring the two into fits, but got no further satisfaction.

Our esteemed contemporary is out with an article informing the public that Captain Bill Henderson had stopped his subscription to the Kicker because it did not satisfy him as a religious paper. Our esteemed is off his base, as usual. We heard that the captain had said that he should do so, and we spent half a day looking him up. He wasn't five minutes in deciding to continue as a paying subscriber. We don't deny that any one has a right to stop his copy of the Kicker at any time he so elects, but in every instance we shall look him up and demand an explanation.

As mayor of this town it is our duty to see that all the local ordinances are enforced. Rube Scott, our town marshal, is a poor stick of a man, having less sand than a coyote and being as good natured as a Jack rabbit. There is an ordinance against crowds congregating in the corridor of the postoffice and threatening the life of the postmaster because the eastern mail happens to be an hour late. We ordered Rube to enforce this ordinance the other day, but he was afraid to. We therefore took off our coat and began on Colonel Jack Smith, and we threw twenty-seven men outdoors before stopping. It was a great surprise to the town, and the excitement is still high, but the postoffice is no longer the loafing place it was.

We have received a letter from Philadelphia asking if a young man named Victor Hugo Scott has applied at the Kicker office during the last year for a situation on the editorial staff. We can't remember, as the applicants number half a dozen per week. We have a dim recollection that such a person did call, however, and that three days later he went over to Blue Hill, and the boys took him for a horse thief and laid him away. We will look over our files as soon as we get time and see how it was. At least half the newspaper men who come this way looking for work get planted sooner or later, and it is almost impossible for us to remember names and dates and where they lie sleeping. M. QUAD.



FIRING AT SOMETHING MOVING IN THE DARKNESS.

A Man of Promise

(Original.)

Bernice Doane was a country girl—that is, she was brought up in a small New England town. She went away from home to be educated, and before her final return her father died, leaving only the house in which the family had lived. Niles Willman had been a suitor for her hand since she was little more than a child, but Niles had gone to college, where he had been a general fag in term time, a teacher in vacation. This was essential to his education. When Bernice finished at school and went home Willman was struggling in a law school in much the same fashion he had pulled himself through college.

Bernice was a more high bred girl than the other girls in her town. She would have passed in social life anywhere. On her return she learned that a young curate, Tracy Bond, had come to the village during her absence, an intellectual young fellow and very agreeable. He had, however, been brought up in the most aristocratic circles in the land and did not appear to take much interest in the girls of his parish. Bernice was informed by her friends that she must not be disappointed if he failed to notice her. But when she and Rev. Mr. Bond met he not only noticed her, but devoted himself to her. The result was a love affair, and in time Bond called on Mrs. Doane to ask for her daughter's hand.

Now, Mrs. Doane was a very practical woman. During the call she sat quietly knitting, chatting the while with her visitor, gradually getting at the bottom of the young man's ability to make a wife comfortable and taking his measure without his in the least suspecting it.

"My income at present," said the reverend gentleman, with stress on the "at present," "is a mere six hundred a year, but I have a strong friend in the bishop, and the Bond family is by no means disposed to see one of its members left in the lurch. Our family, which I may truthfully assure you is one of the oldest in our state, has—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Mrs. Doane, "I have heard of the standing of your family. Has it sufficient means to keep up a style of living commensurate with its honorable name?"

"Oh, yes," replied the young man. "My father, it is true, has not attained the success he deserves, but my Uncle Edward is now engaged in putting a copper mine on a paying basis and is just on the eve of success."

"And will share his profits with you, I suppose?" asked the lady dryly.

"Uncle has always been very fond of me," replied the curate uneasily, "but of course since he has eight children I don't count on funds from him. But I am sure of his influence. I am rather looking to preferment in my profession and the sale of some western lands taken by my grandfather for a debt. Bernice is a noble girl and is fitted to take the position I have in view for her. I do not intend that she shall be put to the necessity of doing menial work. My wife shall never go into the kitchen. My family would 'cut me if I allowed such a thing. I am quite sure it will stand by me in my marriage and will be able to make my path and Bernice's a smooth one."

This ended the interview, and Rev. Mr. Bond departed, feeling that he had silenced any doubts Mrs. Doane might have had as to the expediency of trusting her daughter to one of the old and tried Bond family.

When Mrs. Doane was alone Bernice joined her, holding in her hand a letter from Niles Willman, which she gave to her mother to read. It was a reminder of a youthful promise she had given him, but releasing her if she wished to be released, since she was now a woman of an age to make her future, while he still had years of plodding ahead, with no one but himself to help him. Mrs. Doane handed back the letter.

"Niles is doing something," she said.

"and promising nothing, while Mr. Bond is doing nothing and living in a roseate world of expectation that some one will do something for him. You must make your own decision, my daughter. I know that no one can successfully interfere with a girl following the dictates of her heart, but if I were you I would decline Bond and accept Niles Willman."

It was a bitter struggle, but Bernice inherited the practical nature of her mother and rejected the curate and in time married the lawyer.

Rev. Mr. Bond before he left the parish became engaged to one of Bernice's friends. Bernice was a bit shaken when she thought of the handsome curate in his canonicals led to the altar by another. But she tided over her emotions and in time forgot all but her happiness as the wife of a young lawyer, full of pluck and resource, rapidly making his way into a lucrative business.

Ten years after Bernice's marriage and about as many after the marriage of Rev. Mr. Bond, Mrs. Willman and her mother, being in the city where Bond and his wife were settled, thought it a good opportunity to call on them. The doorbell was answered by Mrs. Bond, whose drawn features indicated that she had not found life as roseate as Mr. Bond had promised Mrs. Doane his wife's life should be. Half a dozen children came trooping after their mother, she evidently being nurse and housemaid. During the visit the husband called out in a querulous tone from his study:

"Nan, why don't you bring me up a cup of tea, as I told you?"

Mrs. Bond sighed, excused herself, went out to the kitchen and carried a cup of tea to the man who had declared that his wife should never be her own servant.

FLORA MILLIGAN.

SHE WAS MISTAKEN.

The Story of a Woman Who Thought She Told the Truth.

"If you ask me whether we lawyers ever encourage, aid and abet untruthfulness," said an elderly attorney at a dinner recently, "I can only ask as a reply: 'Does any one know what truth is? Does any man really know when he is telling it?' I had a rather curious case once a few years ago. I won't say whether it was a murder or a divorce, but the clearing of my client, the defendant, depended entirely on his ability to prove that when he walked down a certain corridor of a certain summer hotel he was accompanied by two persons. It happened that he was seen by the housekeeper of the hotel, a woman of more than ordinary intelligence, and she insisted that there were three in the party and not simply two, as the prosecution claimed. It was impossible to shake her testimony, and we carried the day. The housekeeper died a year or so later. I heard it through her priest. He commented on the fact that she had always taken great satisfaction in the thought that her testimony cleared my client. She was, he said, and he spoke from a confessor's knowledge, one of the most truthful persons he had ever met. I told my client what the priest said the next time we met. He smiled.

"She was lying all the while," he said. "She didn't see three of us, because there were only two."—Washington Post.

CHINESE TRADE GUILDS.

They Pass on All Disputed Questions of Labor and Food.

The laborers in China work long hours, and their meals are supplied by the employer. Their food consists of rice, partaken of twice a day, with now and then a few vegetables or pieces of salt fish or pork as a relish. Tea is also furnished to them in unlimited quantities. They begin work as soon as daylight appears and continue until between 8 and 9 o'clock at night, the recent introduction of kerosene oil lengthening their hours of labor. The workman eats and sleeps in the shop where he is employed.

Not only do the male workers have a trades union or guild of their own, but so also have the employers. To these guilds are referred all disputed questions of labor and food, which, as a rule, are amicably settled. The operatives seem to take it for granted that their employers can properly claim every moment of their time from early morning until night unless about thirty minutes set apart for each meal of rice and vegetables be excepted. When the two guilds fail to arrive at a satisfactory settlement of a dispute the employers simply close up the shops.

Canton boasts of over seventy trades guilds. These guilds have fine halls and spacious courtyards, where their members meet daily and discuss the affairs of their respective trades and other matters.

Why is it?

Everybody knows how the wheels of a railroad car are fastened to the axle. They are sprung on—that is, put on hot and allowed to shrink in cooling so that they are practically a solid piece with the axle. These cars go around curves, and it will be observed that the outer rail covers a great deal more ground than the inner one, so that to turn the curves and finish even the outside wheel must of necessity travel considerably faster than the inner one. Yet it is fixed solidly to the axle and cannot make a fraction of a revolution more than the other one, yet the axle remains intact, and the curves are passed with untiring regularity. Why is it?

Postponement Inevitable.

"If yoh husband beats yoh, mabbe yoh kin hab him sent to de whippin' pos," said Mrs. Potomac Jackson.

"If my husband ever beats me," said Mrs. Tolliver Grapevine, "dey kin send him to de whippin' pos' if dey wants to, but dey'll have to wait till he gets out'n de hospital."—Washington Star.

TAKE WINE OF CARDUI AT HOME

Are you a sufferer? Has your doctor been unsuccessful? Wouldn't you prefer to treat yourself—AT HOME?

Nearly 1,500,000 women have bought Wine of Cardui from their druggists and have cured themselves at home, of such troubles as periodical bearing down and ovarian pains, leucorrhoea, barrenness, nervousness, dizziness, nausea and dependency, caused by female weakness. These are not easy cases. Wine of Cardui cures when the doctor can't.

Wine of Cardui does not irritate the organs. There is no pain in the treatment. It is a soothing tonic of healing herbs, free from strong and drastic drugs. It is successful because it cures in a natural way.

Wine of Cardui can be bought from your druggist at \$1.00 a bottle and you can begin this treatment today. Will you try it?

In cases requiring special directions, address, giving symptoms, The Ladies' Advisory Dept., The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN Hair Renewer

Makes the hair grow long and heavy, and keeps it soft and glossy. Stops falling hair and cures dandruff. And it always restores color to gray hair. Sold for fifty years.