

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

HE STAID UNTIL HE DIED.

By a little country stream, Where the purple water gleams, Where the grass was wild and dank, Growing on the sheltered bank, Sat a man with red in hand, King in a manner bland.

Summer birds were here and dead, And the roses all had fled, And the grasses on the bank, All were dead and wild and rank; But the man was a thing there— Sitting with a ghostly stare.

Years had slowly passed away— Youths were men now, old and gray; Madens now were matrons grown, Babies and children of their own; But an old and wrinkled sage, Hoary with the frosts of age,

Onward flew the silent years— Years of anguish and of tears; Centuries had passed away, Since that man went forth one day To the streamlet's mossy bank, Where the grass was wild and dank, And a stranger had dropped down, On the stream that led from town, Pound, beside a heap of bones, A lone pile of human bones,

Years had slowly passed away— Youths were men now, old and gray; Madens now were matrons grown, Babies and children of their own; But an old and wrinkled sage, Hoary with the frosts of age,

AN "IMPREGNABLE" MAN.

How a British Customs Official Refused a "Tip."

In the center companion way of most Atlantic steamers there is framed a public notice which attracts a good deal of attention from the passengers on the way over. It is published by the British Government, and is to the effect that any person offering a bribe to one of Her Majesty's customs officials will be heavily fined. The amount of this fine is mentioned, either £40 of £100 or something of that sort. The contemplation of this notice for nine or ten days every time a person goes up the center companion way is calculated to give that person a very great respect for the unbrilliant officer of the Liverpool customs office. The American Government has no such notices posted up anywhere that I ever saw. Whether it is because it is so well known that the American customs officer never under any circumstances accepts a bribe, or whether the Government fears that the public would regard the posting of such a notice as a joke, I have not been able to ascertain.

I have never met any one yet who would bribe a Liverpool customs officer. The penalty which has stared him in the face during the voyage is apt to discourage all such attempts. However, there are few things which a person could take into England on which duty is exacted. I believe the customs officers have a prejudice against dynamite, against pirated reprints of English books, against tobacco and some things of that sort, but as a general thing, the American traveler carries nothing with him on which duty could be charged.

Our big steamship reached Liverpool late one evening last summer. The customs authorities penned us all up in the several rooms of a building on the landing. Here there was a good deal of fuss and shoving through a passage way that was very narrow, and the hand baggage was examined as we passed out. This was a very slow and tedious arrangement, and it was nearly eleven o'clock at night before we were through with it, and even at that time the trunks had not been looked at. We were then passed up into a room which we reached by a long incline. On climbing up this incline we entered a large building seemingly containing only one immense room. It was well lighted, and the scene was one which once looked upon a person would not forget in a hurry. On the right-hand side were piled trunks, bags, valises, hand satchels and baggage of every description. On the left ran a long, low counter on which trunks were being examined by the uniformed custom house officers, while, bending over their open baggage were the owners, generally talking rapidly to the imperious officers. All over the room were some one hundred excited passengers running wildly hither and thither trying to collect their luggage. Trunks that were marked with names were arranged in alphabetical order. The sections of the building were lettered with the alphabet painted large and conspicuous along the right-hand side, but, as the great majority of the trunks had no name, the owners had to run about in quest of them. Porters were there with their short jackets and numbered caps, dragging the trunks about under the owner's directions, and as soon as one trunk had been examined it was taken away by a stalwart porter who called a cab, and its place was filled by another trunk slammed down by another stalwart porter. It was a scene of bewildering confusion. As I always travel as light as possible, endeavoring to compress my belongings into a satchel that can be carried by hand, if necessary, my troubles were fewer, and so I strolled along with comparative indifference, enjoying the strange and bustling appearance of the place. I was able to give some assistance here and there to companions of the voyage, and rather put on airs as being an old traveler with some ex-

SHYLOCK OUTDONE.

How Russian Usurers Grind the Last Cent out of Unfortunate Peasants.

Notwithstanding diligence and pluck—for Russian peasants are wonderfully thrifty and industrious—their future is never sure. When they can do no better—when, after a bad harvest, the stores of bread and fodder are exhausted, and the taxgatherer is threatening to flog them and after that to sell them up, dish and spoon—they make up their mind to the worst, go to the koulak and raise a loan. A Russian peasant in debt to a koulak is pretty much in the same fix as a fly in a spider's web, in a fix he will never get out of. The koulak is the village usurer—a peasant who, having struck oil, accommodates his neighbors with short loans at long interest. The koulaks are a present plutocracy and a future aristocracy. In every village there are two or three of these koulaks, as well as several smaller fry who are trying to raise themselves to the same proud position. The principal characteristic of this class is that hardness of heart which too often appertains to ignorant men who have risen from poverty to wealth by small savings and severe self-sacrifice, and being always influential members of the commune, they have a great advantage over other dispensers of rural credit, for both landlords and small tradesmen do a brisk business in loan-mongering. Loans are generally made only to whole villages, or to companies of peasants on the responsibility of the men. The interest charged by the lenders is a caution, and their bonds are drawn with an ingenuity and enforced with a ferocity that would have made Shylock die of envy.

Here are a few instances, taken at random from authentic records. In January, 1889, a large village in the province of Samara—Soloturn by name—borrowed from one Jaroff a sum equal to \$3,000, interest being deducted in advance, and bought from Jaroff's store 15,000 pounds of hay for the starving cattle. Repayment was to be made on the first of the following October, under forfeit of \$25 for every day of delay beyond that time. The wretched peasants were, of course, not up to time, but they brought the man \$1,000 on account and promised to bring him the balance as soon as possible. Mr. Jaroff pocketed the cash and offered no objection to the proposed arrangement, and for nearly a year he made no demand for payment of the outstanding \$2,000. But in September, 1891, thinking probably that he had bided his time long enough, he sued the village for the trifling sum of \$7,500—principal and penalty. The magistrate before whom the case was brought, deeming the bargain illegal and inequitable, decided that Jaroff could rightly claim no more than the unpaid balance of the loan and ordinary interest. But Shylock knew the law better than the judge; he carried the case to a higher court and won it, and as the appeal had occasioned further delay and so increased the penalty, the court gave him judgment for \$15,000, equal to five times the amount of the original debt, to say nothing of the \$1,000 paid on account.—Cor San Francisco Chronicle.

It was now after twelve o'clock. Most of the people had claimed their baggage, had it examined and departed for their hotels. "Well," said the officer, "I ought not to do it, you know, but I will chance it," and with that he put on the requisite mark that would enable it to pass out. The owner was very grateful indeed, and while he was stamping the trunk she said to me: "I would like very much to give him something. How much do you think I should offer him?" "Well," I replied, "as a general thing in England it's safe enough to give a tip where a service is done, but the penalty here seems to be very high. I don't think I would risk it. Yet I don't suppose he would object to a shilling if it could be given him so that no one could see it."

"I will give him half a crown," she said. "All right," I cautioned, "but don't do it very publicly."

The lady approached and said in her kindest voice: "I am very sorry you have hurt your finger."

"Oh," said the officer, "it don't matter in the least, I assure you; a mere scratch."

"Well, I am very much obliged indeed," she whispered, "I hope you will let me give you this, not as a compensation, you know."

"Ah! miss," he returned, smiling and bowing very low to her, "glad to have been of any service to you, but, really, we are not allowed to take any thing; it is against the rules," and he waved his hands up and down as he said this.

"But," persisted the lady, "it is only a very little and don't at all come under the head of a bribe."

"I assure you, miss," he said, "you are not indebted to me for any thing, and, as I said before, I am only too happy to have been of any service. You see, miss," he said, as we walked away after the porter who had shouldered the trunk, "officers of the customs are never allowed to take any thing, no matter how small, under any circumstances whatever." And with that he again bowed very low to us and I walked with the ladies out to their carriage.

"Well," said I, "it is refreshing to see a customs officer that will not take a bribe."

The young lady laughed merrily. "I am glad to hear you say so," she said, "for I know now we did it very cleverly."

"Why, you don't mean to say that you gave him the money?"

She held up her hands. They were empty. "I slipped half a crown into his hand the first time I spoke to him, and he concealed it with a deftness that convinced me he had done the like before."

"Then you urged him to take it after he had it in his hand, and he refused it with such a Chesterfieldian air while he was really in possession of it?"

"Exactly," she said. "Wasn't it neatly done on both sides?"

"Notably done? Well, I should say so. But what a pair of hypocrites both of you are!"—Lake Sharp, in Detroit Free Press.

The Love of Country. Such is love of country. Beautiful, heaven-sent spirit! which makes heroes of cowards and saints of detractions, which sustains men in dungeons and carries women through trials which is at once nature in art and art in nature, all things that are tender in one strong easement. Only those who have lost their country know how to value it, and there is no continental nationality which has not at some time known what subjugation is. The other evening the band played "God Save the Queen," and all the English rose to their feet and stood till the final strains of the noble old anthem died away upon the moonlit air. To be in a foreign land and to have a body of foreign musicians break upon you with your own national song—even the beef-eating Britons, for all their stolidity, are not proof against it; and blast em! I felt like getting up and standing, too!—Henry Waterson, in Louisville Courier-Journal.

One of the Pullman sleepers destroyed by fire in the Erie railroad yards recently at Jersey City, was the Jay Gould, which was built a few years ago at a cost of \$200,000, and was considered one of the finest drawing-rooms in the country.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—S. J. Gilders, aged seventy years, and Miss Hattie Millison, aged twenty years, were recently married at Jamestown, N. Y.

—Charles Moran, a ten-year-old boy living at Grass Valley, Cal., came home blind from getting caught in his net while swimming.

—A sister of Denton, Md., aged seventy years, married a blushing dandy of seventeen recently, and at the reception following the ceremony danced a polka with her.—Baltimore American.

—A New York banker whose personal beauty is a negative quality is said to have won a large wager by betting that he was not the ugliest man in the metropolis and proving it by producing his son.—N. Y. Mail.

—There are two families of the name of Dodd in Barton County, Georgia. They are not related, and interest in them arises from the fact that one of the families are composed of nine girls, while the other is made up of eight boys.

—James Armstrong, of Loure, Can., a well-to-do farmer, aged eighty-three years, fell in love with a maiden of seventy-six summers, who rejected his suit. Thereupon he made his will, bequeathing her all his property, and then hanged himself.

—During the past summer a young lady at a Long Branch cottage and a gentleman at one of the hotels who was not allowed to visit her, successfully carried on correspondence by means of carrier pigeons, one of which he contrived to get to her by the coachman.—N. Y. Tribune.

—The golden wedding of Henry Rosnosky and his wife Zella was celebrated in Boston the other evening. The event is the second golden wedding among Israelites ever known to have been celebrated in Boston. A procession was formed, led by twenty-seven grandchildren and three great grandchildren, in the order of juniority, and the venerable couple were escorted to a hall, where religious exercises were held by Rev. Dr. Lasker.—Boston Journal.

—Mr. Carpenter, the "Carp" of the Washington regiment of winter letter-writers, being now in Dublin, sends this: "The Irish brogue coming out of the pearls teeth of a rusty-checked, bright-eyed Irish girl sounds very sweet indeed, and were I a millionaire American with one or two American girl babies, I would come to Ireland to raise them for the sake of their complexions. The beauties are not, however, confined to the upper classes. I saw pretty girls everywhere."

—What bothers society ladies more than anything else is to keep up with the fashion in walking. One season a lady will be expected to adopt a winking gait. At another time swinging strides will be the style. The slow walk and the rapid pace alternate in popularity. Nothing lasts long. If fashion decrees that a woman must make herself a perambulating convulsion of millinery and dry goods, it is all right. The style must have its run.—Atlanta Constitution.

—In 1842 one thousand men formed the Old Defenders' Association of Baltimore, and on September 12 of each year celebrated the battle of North Point, fought in 1812. Three years ago the association expired because the five resident members required by the constitution could not be present at the meetings. Of those one thousand men but four are alive: George Boss, aged ninety-two; James C. Morford; ninety-one; John Pettedore, ninety-one, and Nathaniel Watts, ninety-one.—Baltimore Sun.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE." —Folks who live in tall houses had best not make up faces at earthquakes.—Boston Herald.

"The single snail race!" exclaimed an old lady, as she laid down the paper. "I didn't know there was a race of men with double skulls."

—We see a Virginia man has invented an "anchor for fence posts." Well, maybe such a thing is necessary. We have frequently seen buoys at gate posts.—Burdette.

—More than four thousand couplets have been patented in this country, and yet there are hundreds of thousands of men and women yet unhit.—Lowell Citizen.

—On a first glimpse of the sea: "Astomishing! Who would have thought there could be as much water as that?" "True; and remember that you only see what's on top."—Tid-Bits.

"Isn't it heavenly?" ejaculated Miss Gush in reference to Miss Pedal's performance on the piano. "Yes," replied Fugg, "it is indeed heavenly. It sounds like thunder."—Boston Transcript.

"I Climb to Rest," is Lucy Larcom's latest poem. The difference between Lucy and herself is that we climb to work. Our sanctum is on the third floor. Climb up and see us, Lucy.—Baltimore breeze.

"Oh, Freddie, you mustn't dig any deeper! Our teacher said the Australians lived right down through the ground, and what would papa say if you should let them right into our garden?"—N. Y. Telegram.

—Fond Father—"My boy is going to be a great man. He is always reading something. He will make a smart man some day." Visitor (to boy)—"What are you reading now?" Boy—"The base-ball guide."—Detroit Free Press.

"Can you tell me, my dear," said a hen-pecked husband to his scolding wife, "the difference between your mouth and a court-house door?" "No, sir, I can't." "Well, then, you had better have one or the other of them closed so that other people can tell the difference, even if you can't."—Newman Independent.

—Dream and dream— Dreamer, say, will you dream of love That lives in a land of sweet perfume, Where stars drop down from the skies above In motion, spangles of bod and bloom.—Indianapolis Journal.

Yes, sweet love, we'll dream and dream, Chase the crimson of the dawn, And when the stars come down, We'll get beneath an awning.—Philadelphia Call.

ACTION OF THE HEART.

In restless sleep the heart slows up and its beats number ten less every minute—six hundred less every hour, and in the usual time allotted to sleep, eight hours, four thousand eight hundred less than the number given in the same period of waking. This means rest to that wonderful organ, a rest that restores its powers and enables it to discharge its functions in a more healthful and vigorous manner. The cases of heart disease which have been cured by the use of Compound Oxygen, as administered by Drs. Starkey & Palen, is a very interesting study. They all report insomnia relieved as a beginning and then go on to tell how the palpitation gradually was relieved and the action of the heart became regular and comfortable. If the action of the heart be kept up to the working capacity by wakefulness the time cannot be far off when it will wear itself out, and the palpitation and flutter which cause so much trouble may therefore, with good reason be feared. A treatise on Compound Oxygen, giving the mode of action and results of this remarkable curative agent, will be sent free. Address Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

One of their patients, Rev. L. H. Morey, Seneca Falls, N. Y., says, in a letter dated October 12, 1888: "I think it must be a year or more since I purchased a Compound Oxygen Home Treatment and used it up. I am confident it did me a great deal of good in throat and heart troubles; the fluttering and pain frequently experienced in the heart, have not touched me for months. I did not think of Compound Oxygen for that trouble, but used it for throat catarrh. The distressing heart trouble has certainly left me." In a letter dated October 29, he adds: "With the expectation of a cold, contracted since I wrote you, I am in perfect health. What gratifies me most is my complete deliverance from pain in the region of the heart, and from frequent and distressing fluttering or palpitation of the heart, from which I suffered for years; it used to trouble me so much that I could not sleep on my left side, and frequently I would start up in bed, and have to sit up till the sensation had passed the sensation was usually accompanied by faintness. Now I sleep on either side, and have not for months, had a return of either the pain or the fluttering. I used the Compound Oxygen for possible help to lungs, throat, and catarrh, especially the latter. I believe the Compound Oxygen to be a nerve and brain restor; at least, I work professionally with surprising and unwanted freedom from exhaustion."

Orders for the Compound Oxygen Home Treatment will be filled by H. A. Mathews, 615 Powell Street, San Francisco.

The Treasury Department has established value of coins with holes punched in them as follows: Double eagles, fifteen dollars; silver dollars, seventy-five cents; half dollars, thirty-five cents; quarter dollars, eighteen cents; dimes, five cents.

65 Cents pays for a Year's subscription to the Weekly American Rural Home, Rochester, N. Y., without premium—the Cheapest and Best Weekly in the World, 5 Issues, 48 columns, 16 years old. For One Dollar you have one choice from over 150 different Cloth Bound Dime Novels, 300 to 500 pp., and paper one year, post paid (book postage, 5c. Extra. 50,000 books given away. Among them are: Law Without Lawyers; Family Cyclopedia; Family Cyclopedia; Farmer's and Stockbreeder's Guide; Common Sense in Poultry Yard; World Cyclopedia; Danielson's (Medical) Cyclopedia; Boys' Useful Histories; Five Years before the Mast; People's History of the United States; Universal History of all Nations; Popular History Civil War (both sides). Any one book and paper, one year, all post-paid, for \$1.15 only. Paper alone, 6c. Satisfaction guaranteed on books and Weekly, or money refunded. Reference: Hon. C. R. PARSONS, Mayor Rochester. Sample papers, 2c. RURAL HOME CO., LTD., Without Premium, 65c. a year, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

"DON'T PAY A BIG PRICE!" Job Press is the strongest. Registers accurately, at high speed. The easiest running press in the market. Is sold at a figure within reach of all. Has patent throw-off and chase-hook. Palmer & Rey, Portland, have all sizes on hand. Is made in two sizes—8x12 and 10x15—with throw-off. For sale by Palmer & Rey at prices that defy competition. Address Palmer & Rey, Printers' Supplies, Portland, Or.

NOT ONLY THE NATIONAL DISEASE BUT MANY OTHERS. It is said that dyspepsia is our national malady. Well, BRANDRETH'S PILLS will cure the national malady. It is said that constipation is the curse of our sedentary life. Well, BRANDRETH'S PILLS certainly cure constipation. It is generally conceded that rheumatism comes from acid stomach and sudden changes of temperature. BRANDRETH'S PILLS have corrected all this and will do again. Chronic diseases are cured by taking two to four of BRANDRETH'S PILLS every night for a month.

Irish May Flower, the king of discoveries

BABY HUMORS, Skin Blemishes, AND BIRTH MARKS are cured by Cuticura

FOR CLEANSING THE SKIN AND SCALP OF Infantile and Birth Humors, for itching, Itching, Burning and Inflammation, for curing the first symptoms of Eczema, Psoriasis, Milk Crusts, Ringworm, Scrofula, and other inherited skin and blood diseases.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA Ointment, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are infallible. Prepared by the PORTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," BARK ACHIE, Uterine pains, Soreness and Catarrhs speedily cured by CUTICURA Ointment. Internally, a PAIN PLASTER. Warranted, 2c.

HEART DISEASE CURED with Dr. Ross's GREAT TONIC, old and reliable. Sold everywhere. Prepared by the PORTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," BARK ACHIE, Uterine pains, Soreness and Catarrhs speedily cured by CUTICURA Ointment. Internally, a PAIN PLASTER. Warranted, 2c.

HEART DISEASE CURED with Dr. Ross's GREAT TONIC, old and reliable. Sold everywhere. Prepared by the PORTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," BARK ACHIE, Uterine pains, Soreness and Catarrhs speedily cured by CUTICURA Ointment. Internally, a PAIN PLASTER. Warranted, 2c.

HEART DISEASE CURED with Dr. Ross's GREAT TONIC, old and reliable. Sold everywhere. Prepared by the PORTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," BARK ACHIE, Uterine pains, Soreness and Catarrhs speedily cured by CUTICURA Ointment. Internally, a PAIN PLASTER. Warranted, 2c.

HEART DISEASE CURED with Dr. Ross's GREAT TONIC, old and reliable. Sold everywhere. Prepared by the PORTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," BARK ACHIE, Uterine pains, Soreness and Catarrhs speedily cured by CUTICURA Ointment. Internally, a PAIN PLASTER. Warranted, 2c.

For Coughs, Asthma, Bronchial Disorders, use "Bronchial Trochets."

You get more comfort for 25 cents Lyon's Heel Stiffeners than in any other article. Old Material is taken on account. Palmer & Rey; remember this fact.

The best cough medicine is Pico's Cure for Consumption. Sold everywhere. To feel free, pleasant and be healthy, use Irish May Flower. 75 cents at drug stores.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it.

"THE FAVORITE"—A NEW PAPER CUTTER. This Paper Cutter is the best made, priced 30-inch cutter ever offered to the trade. It is strong. It is substantial. It is ruled in inches. It is all iron and steel. It has front and back gauges. It cuts accurately. Price, \$175. Kept in stock by PALMER & REY, Portland, Or. PRINTERS' SUPPLIES.

TO NEWSPAPER MEN. Palmer & Rey, Type Founders and Press Dealers, make special quotations on Type and Printing Material to Purchasers in the Northwest. Nos. 112 and 114 Front Street, Portland, Oregon.

You can secure the best prices and terms from Palmer & Rey.

RED STAR COUGH CURE. Free from Opium, Emetics and Poisons. SAFE. SURE. PROMPT. 25 Cts. AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS. THE CHARLES A. VOELKER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

ST. JACOBS OIL. THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY For Pain. Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Sciatica, Toothache, Sprains, Burns, etc., etc. PRICE, FIFTY CENTS. AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS. THE CHARLES A. VOELKER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

A. FELDENHEIMER. The Leading and Reliable JEWELER Of Portland, Oregon (Over First and Morrison Sts.) COUNTRY ORDERS SOLICITED.

THE NEW CAST AXES TINNERS' SHEARS. Length of Cutting Edges, 3 Inches. (Pat. Appl'd for) Carefully made, well finished, edges chisel-edged, and hard as steel, equal to the best steel goods in cutting qualities. We guarantee them to be practically as good as the most expensive articles. BORN & ALEX. ANDER, 623 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. Weebucks' Tools, Hardware and Machinery.

HATCH CHICKENS, WITH THE PETALUMA INCUBATOR. THE MOST Successful Machine Made 3 Gold Medals, 1 Silver Medal, and 15 First Premiums. MATCHES ALL KINDS OF EGGS. Price \$20.00. Send for large Illustrated Circular and see how you may get an Incubator FREE. Address, PETALUMA INCUBATOR CO., Petaluma, Cal.

THE BEST HOLMES' EXTRA SIFTED SALT. PREPARED WITH NEW AND IMPROVED MACHINERY. BEST FOR DAIRY AND TABLE USE. CHESHIRE ENGLAND.

It is more highly refined than any Salt. All harmful ingredients found in most salts are removed; therefore, it is the safest to use. It is free from lime and sea scales, requires no softening. It is the strongest, and altogether the most economical. It dissolves very easily, therefore does not spoil butter by the gritty particles, as often happens with other Salt.

Common Salt is too risky for anybody to use in making Butter. The poorest families use no little Salt on their table; they can afford to get that that is the most healthy and the best. HOLMES' EXTRA SIFTED SALT is used by the best dairymen in California, and has never failed to please better than any other brand whenever tried.

Packed in 20, 100 and 50 pound Pure Linen Bags; also in 5 pound Cotton Bags and Cartons. Insist on having this brand from your Grocer. C. E. WHITNEY & Co., Pacific Coast Agents, 101 and 103 California Street, San Francisco.

DR. TOUZEAU'S FRENCH SPECIFIC G. & G.

Will cure (with care) the worst cases in five to seven days. Each box contains a practical treatise on special diseases, with full instructions for self-cure. (No page) Price, \$2.

J. C. STEELE, Agent, 635 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.