THE POWER OF LOVE.

How Dr. Johnson, Goethe and Others Wrote to Women They Admired.

Dr. Johnson was not a letter writer in the true sense of the word. His balanced style lacked flexibility; his strong nature abandon; but his epistles breathe the sincerity of his piety, the loftiness of his spirit, the dependence of his heart on human affection. He could write with picturesque, somewhat ponderous vivacity, as may be seen by the group of letters addressed to Mrs. Thrale during his journey through the Hebrides, which the lady thought were more delightful than his books. How pathetic and solemn is the glimpse we have of the sick man in the following, written to his friend, Mrs. Boothby! "It is again midnight and I am again alone. With what meditation shall I amuse this waste hour of darkness and vacuity? If I turn my thoughts upon myself, what do I perceive but a poor, helpless body, reduced by a blast of wind to weakness and misery?" How touching is this request to Miss Porter: "I shall take it very kindly if you make it a rule to write to me once at least every week, for I am now very desolate, and am loth to be universally forgotten."

Mr. Lewes has thrown discredit upon the correspondence of Bettina; he treats it as a romance of Bettina's, adding that: "How much is true, how much exaggeration, and how much pure fiction, I am in no position to explain." The book when it appeared two years after the poet's death threw Germany into a ferment. It was the story of the passionate feeling with which Goethe, at sixty years of age, had inspired a young girl of twenty, and of the half-tolerant, half-encouraging response he had made to it. The poet seemed a god to Bettina. This orphan girl, half German, half Italian, sentimental, mystic, ardent, loved the poet with all the strength of her soul before she saw him, and when she knew him she worshiped him like a votary in an abandonment of devotion. "I lie on the ground on the spot where thy feet rested; I am well there and nowhere else," she writes. Goethe answered letters full of such outbursts in a manner that showed that his vanity was flattered, his imagination stimulated, his intellectual curiosity (which was ever on the alert for manifestations of character) aroused. "Thy letters," he writes, "are like a braid of a thousand colors which I unbind in order to classify its beautiful wealth." He bids her go on confiding her feelings to him so that he may translate them, put them into rhyme, use them. Another time he writes: "Thy letters are read and reread with a great deal of pleasure; what my pen could answer fails to convey the immediate impression they produce, and to which one allows oneself so willingly to yield; feeling, notwithstanding, that those are all illusions, for who could reasonably believe in so much love? It is best to accept it all as a dream." Another time he writes: "Thou art like a lovely light, softly brightening the evening of my life." Did the great man tire of his votary? Did Goethe's wife cause the sudden rupture that at the end of four years rit the poet of Bettina's rapturous devotion? Long afterward they met again, just once, a short time before the poet's death.

Of the love letters of illustrious men, none are more exquisite or tragically pathetic than those of Keats to his "leopardess," as the boy-poet called the woman he loved. There is no playfulness in those letters. They are written from the shadow of the tomb with the despair of an all-absorbing love, making life a rapture.

Balzac's letters to the Comtesse Hanska, the lady whom he afterward married, are marvels of expression of the sway of love over a rich nature. "I have in the treasure of your letters, in the no less incomparable one of my recollections of you, in my grateful and constant thought of all good you have done my soul by your advice, your example, sovereign remedies against all misfortune; and I bless you often, my dear and beneficent star, in the silence of the night and in the stress of my torments." Balzac had written a few years before to a woman friend: "Friendship goes further than love; for to me it appears to be the last stage of love, quietness and security in happiness." When love touched his heart he wrote no more of the superiority of friendship.—*London Queen.*

The Old Lady Caught Him.

A patrolman who was going up Macomb street the other night was joined by a resident of that street who was on his way home. When the two reached the house it was nearly midnight, and the citizen jokingly said:

"I guess I can get in without the old lady hearing me. Some wives are mighty particular, you know."

He passed around to the side door with a key in his hand, but in about a minute the officer heard a terrible yell, followed by shouts for help. A chamber window was thrown up and a head thrust out and the officer asked what was the matter.

"Oh, nothing much," answered a woman's voice; "I wanted to know just what time he got home to-night, and so I set a steel-trap on the doorstep. I think it caught him. You can go on about your business and I'll go down and let him in."

The officer obeyed the suggestion and was heard to say as he promenaded his beat:

"It beats all how many pointers a feller can pick up after ten o'clock at night!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

CARE OF PIANOS.

How to Keep an Instrument in Good Condition for a Long Time.

Of all the furnishings of the household, the piano should be the last thing to be neglected, yet, in most cases, this article gets very little care. Aside from dusting it at the same time, and as often as the rest of the furniture, it is generally left to take care of itself the remainder of the time. An instrument may be used for years, providing it has been properly cared for during the time, and have every bit as good and sweet a tone as when first purchased, and certainly a more mellow, than when new. It may have a very old-fashioned case, and be lacking all the modern attachments, but it may not be any the worse for that, for many of the pianos, nowadays, are mostly case, and hardly much of any thing else. To be sure, a good-toned rosewood-cased piano is a beautiful piece of furniture and a pleasant companion in the home, but an old-fashioned one that has been cared for will be every bit as good a companion, and though it may not be quite as handsome as one of more recent date, it is always an attractive article of furniture wherever it may be.

One of the very first things, and the greatest enemy to the piano, to look out for, is dampness. Nothing will more quickly ruin the tone of the piano than this. It rusts the strings, causing them to snap or spoil the tone, and also injures the case. Never, if it can be helped, have a piano placed across a window, but if it is in this position do not allow the window to be opened, more particularly on a damp day. Do not set it directly against an outer wall, but allow a small space between the piano and the wall, and it will not be so likely to be injured by dampness. An oil-cloth cover is the best kind for a piano, but as many do not like the looks of them, a woolen one is next best thing. For the exclusion of dampness there is nothing will equal the oilcloth covers, and to a person of quiet tastes they are more attractive than the woolen. They are more serviceable, for the dust can be brushed off them, and not work through like it does in some of the felt covers. They come, usually, lined with wool, which makes a nice protection for the case against scratches.

Keep the piano closed when not in use, where it is used frequently, but if closed for any length of time, it should be opened occasionally to let the light get at the keys and prevent their turning yellow. If the piano is kept closed when not in use, there will be fewer buttons, hairpins, pins, etc., on the sounding board to cause a jingling, disagreeable sound. When a string breaks have another one put in as soon as convenient, but if you have to wait for this, take out the old string, using wire nippers to unwind it from the peg, or you will be annoyed by a discordant jingle when playing. Keep it in good tune and be sure the person employed for this purpose is competent ere allowed to touch it. A great deal of harm can be done by an incompetent tuner. A new instrument will need to be tuned very often for the first year, but after that at much longer intervals. In buying a piano be sure and have a person with you who understands the instrument thoroughly, as the best-looking pianos are not always the best toned. Never get one immediately from the factory unless you want to spend a good part of your time hammering it down. It is an established custom with most piano firms never to sell a new piano until it has been "hammered down" by men employed for this purpose. The action of a new piano is necessarily stiff, consequently a new instrument must be played on a great deal at first to obviate this, and in most places this is done in the salesrooms by the tuners or salesmen, and an instrument is not allowed to leave the room until the action is in good order.

Do not have it in too cold a room or too near a stove. If it has been in a cold room for any length of time, be careful when bringing it into the heat, or heating the room, to do it gradually, or you may snap more strings than you care to pay for. Don't have the top covered with music and books. These will injure the sound if allowed to remain when playing. To polish the case or remove finger marks, rub with a very little raw linseed oil, afterward polishing with a soft cloth. When dusting have a soft cloth especially for this work, and while wiping it over, shake out the cloth frequently. A piano cared for this way will do good service for years, both in the matter of ornamentation and tone.—*Boston Budget.*

It Was Down Stairs.

He was having his boots blacked on the post-office steps, and he suddenly asked of the boy:

"Is there a custom-house in Detroit?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where is it?"

"Right up stairs."

"Has it any particular custom?"

"No sir; the particular custom is down stairs."

"What is it?"

"It's our custom to charge double-price when a fellow wears over No. 10's. A dime, if you please."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Harriet Beecher Stowe says she hopes she will never be too old to go to church and hear her boy Charles preach. Charles graduated at Harvard College a few years ago and is now pastor of a Congregational church at Hartford.

FREEZING TO DEATH.

Acute Pains Followed by a Very Comfortable Condition of Mind.

Early in January, 1854, I left Red Wing in company with S. J. Willard, John Day and Albert Olson for a place fourteen miles distant, near where Vassa Church now stands, for the purpose of cutting and hauling logs preparatory for our settlement at that point the following spring. It was a clear, beautiful day, with the thermometer twenty degrees above zero. We had a span of good horses, a sleigh partly loaded with lumber, forage and provisions for a few days.

We arrived at the spot just before dark and camped in a ravine well sheltered with timber. After making ourselves comfortable with a good supper, and a blazing log fire, all four laid down to sleep on a bed made on the snow, with a thin layer of hay on top of some boards, and were well wrapped up in blankets. During the night the temperature changed to a terrible cold, the thermometer falling to forty-five degrees below zero, as we learned afterward. Had we known this and kept our fire burning, there would, of course, have been no danger. But being very comfortable we all fell asleep early in the night, and were unconscious of the danger we were in until awakened by the pain of intense cold, and then we were already so overcome with the cold that we lacked power or energy to get up or even to move.

Comparing notes afterward we found that all had experienced a like sensation, namely—first, an acute pain, like the point of a needle in every pore, but free from all mental anxiety, except a dull conception of something wrong and a desire to get up, but without sufficient energy to do so. This feeling, however, did not last long, and subsided gradually into one of quiet rest and satisfaction until consciousness ceased altogether, and without any struggle or pain, either bodily or mental. We had all reached that stage when by an accident, the arm and bare hand of Mr. Day, who lay on the outside, fell in the snow. This started the circulation in his body and gave him such intense pain that he quickly aroused himself and got on his feet, and of course we were all saved. It took a long time before we could use our limbs sufficiently to rebuild the fire, and during that time we suffered much more pain than we had before. I am satisfied from that experience that a person perishing in that way has a very easy death, because he sinks gradually into a stupor, which blunts his sensibility both to physical pain and mental agony long before life becomes extinct.

It was about fifty degrees in the morning when we got up; we did not lie down again or attempt to haul out building logs, but started in a few hours on a bee line for a ravine that would lead us back to Red Wing. It was a struggle of life and death to get across the rolling prairie, and had the cold been accompanied by a blizzard, we would not have got across.

To keep warm we took turns to walk or run behind the sleigh, and Mr. Willard was walking when he was suddenly missed, and the team turned back, following its tracks a short distance to a hill side, where we found him sitting down in the snow, apparently comfortable and with no desire to move. He rather censured us for coming back after him, claiming that he was all right, and would have come along when he got ready, but the fact was that he was already so stupefied with the cold that he would never have made any exertion to move.

After a drive of ten miles we arrived at the first and only inhabited house between Vassa and Red Wing, and it was high time that we found shelter, both for ourselves and the horses. That was the coldest day of that year, and to me the coldest in the history of Minnesota.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

FAMOUS ACTRESSES.

Indefatigable Study Essential to Success on the Stage.

People say some people are "born actresses," but those who imagine that they have not cultivated with an indefatigable assiduity the talent he or she possesses from nature have a very imperfect knowledge of the source of that merit which so astonishes them. Who that knows or reads of Rachel realizes how she worked and struggled to gain the goal—hour after hour, day after day, intonation, pauses, declamations—all she studied step by step with her master and her friend Sampson? All cried: "She is a genius," yet how many hours of deep reflection and earnest study were hers ere rare exhibitions of skill the fruit?

"I have studied my sobs," she wrote, "and shall watch to see if you are satisfied, for I am not sure they will come." This she said of perhaps her greatest piece of acting, the scene in "Phedre," where she utters "Miserable et je vis." Not one effect that delighted and electrified her audiences during two years of this great role but was studied and tried and studied again. Rachel was never lost in a character; it was lost in her.

In referring to my own humble efforts in the past, I can only say that my best results have been through my greatest study and work. Many a night have I cried myself to sleep, unable to reach an effort or make a certain point. There have been times when certain roles have been as a closed book to me, and even after repeated rehearsals remained a blank, and I became wholly despondent, when all at once the vail fell from before my eyes and I seemed to realize the character and its possibilities.—*Fanny Davenport.*

WOLVES AND COYOTES.

How the Terrors of Western Sheep-Men Are Exterminated.

"One of the greatest pests that the sheep-men of the West have to endure," said Robert P. Dodd, a large sheep-owner of Higo, Col., to a reporter, "arises from the ravages of wolves and coyotes. The great gray wolves of the plains are particularly fond of mutton, and are very dainty in their tastes when they have a chance to gratify them. If a wolf gets into a flock when the shepherd is out of sight he will kill at least a dozen sheep in half an hour, as he does not pretend to devour them, but sucks the blood from their throats, and then turns to another. Fortunately the wolves are scarce, and the amount of damage actually done is small. But with the coyotes it is different. These animals are very plenty, and seem, unlike all other wild animals, to increase as civilization advances. The coyotes are very timid, and do not attack the sheep in the daytime when the shepherds and dogs are never far off. But at night they get into the corrals, and do an immense amount of execution before they are discovered and driven away. One night some half dozen coyotes got into my corral, and next morning I had seventy-six dead sheep on my hands. The sheep dogs were powerless against them, as the coyotes could run two feet to their one, and were never captured. Some four or five years ago several sheepmen, myself among the number, bought a dozen greyhounds, intending to run down these animals and rid the country of an intolerable pest. But the experiment was by no means a success, as, although the greyhounds could easily run down the coyotes, when they came to close quarters the latter were far more than a match for the dogs. Turning over on their backs, they would snap to the right and the left with their sharp teeth, inflicting severe wounds, and by the time the following horsemen came up the hounds were badly injured. In a short time the hounds could not be induced to go anywhere near the coyotes, and we got rid of the useless animals. We had given up in despair any hope of ridding ourselves of the pests, as poisoned meat had a more disastrous effect upon our dogs than upon the wolves and coyotes, and by shooting we could not dispatch any number worth counting. But last summer a Mr. Lane, of Cheyenne, recommended us to buy a pack of Scotch deerhounds that had proved of great use on the Laramie plains. We bought a half a pack, sixteen dogs, and since then we have enjoyed some of the grandest sport I ever saw in my life. These animals are shaped somewhat like a greyhound, but are heavier, not quite so fleet, and are very fierce. They possess ample speed to run down a coyote, and when once they have overtaken one are sure to kill it. At first they did not escape without wounds, as the coyotes, generally so cowardly, will, when cornered, fight desperately. But it was beautiful to watch the way in which the dogs would deal with one. When overtaken the coyote would lie on its back, presenting a keen row of teeth for the inspection of the hounds. Instead of springing on him all at once the pack would wait until some old veteran, of which we had four, came to the front. This dog would stand over the coyote and make a movement as if to seize him by the throat, but would immediately draw back his head. Snap would go the sharp teeth, and before the coyote could again prepare himself the dog would have him by the throat, and in a few seconds he would be throttled. During last July and August the dogs must have killed upwards of two hundred, and the losses among the sheep have almost entirely ceased.

"But when the hounds got after an old gray wolf," continued Mr. Dodd, "there would be a battle royal. The great gray wolves are larger and far stronger than the hounds, and fight furiously. They do not lie down to receive the attack, but turn on the hounds, and in a moment there is a writhing, struggling mass of yellow hair, in the center of which can be seen the long, gray fur of the wolf. The fight lasts from five to ten minutes, and although the wolf always succumbs to numbers, there are usually three or four crippled dogs to be taken care of, and during the summer nine were killed outright. We bought some twenty-five additional hounds last fall, giving us a full pack, with several over to supply losses, and have had most excellent sport all winter, besides having saved hundreds of dollars in sheep that would otherwise have been killed."—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

The Sleep of Death.

The negroes in certain districts on the west coast of Africa are said to be subject to a singular and invariably fatal malady. The person is seized with a sensation of drowsiness, which increases rapidly in spite of all efforts to throw it off until he sinks into a profound and seemingly natural sleep, which continues for about three weeks, when death occurs. During this time the patient may be easily aroused for a few minutes to take nourishment and answer questions rationally. All the bodily functions continue in a natural manner, with the exception of the abnormal tendency to sleep. There is nothing to indicate disease, and though careful post-mortem examinations have been made no trace of disease could be found. No remedy has yet been discovered.—*Boston Journal.*

PITH AND POINT.

—How to make a slow horse fast—Don't feed him.

—A bad sign—an illegible signature.

—It requires a clever surgeon to dress wounded vanity.—*Life.*

—They say necessity is the mother of invention, but curiosity is its aunt.

—The sweetest things in purses is when a pretty girl purses her lips.—*The Epoch.*

—No one can blame the German for wanting one or Teutonics.—*Duluth Paragrapher.*

—The obscure Arab who invented alcoholic stimulants died more than nine hundred years ago, but his "spirit" still lives.—*American Artisan.*

—Proud Father—"I believe, my dear, that that baby knows as much as I do." Mother (gazing at the infant)—"Yes, poor little fellow."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—In the conversation of illiterate persons there is apt to be a tense strain upon the grammar.—*Boston Post.*

—It is safe to assume that the man who made a bolt for the door did not do so with the intention of fastening himself in.

—Every time a lady physician calls on a gentleman patient she plainly shows that she's Mr. calling.—*Dansville Breeze.*

—The sawmill man should be a plane fellow, and shingle his hair. This is his best cut.—*Southern Lumberman.*

—From a pretty woman's album—"A stupid fellow compliments a woman on her pretty teeth, but a clever one makes her laugh."—*Judge.*

—Men who bite off more than they can chew are no worse than those who want to chew more than they can bite off.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—The carpenter is an unreasonable fellow. He objects to plain boards, and yet he doesn't like a board until it is planed.—*Dansville Breeze.*

—"You can live within your income if you try," says the wise man. Yes, but how to live without an income is the puzzle that bothers a great many good men just now.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

—Time at last makes all things even. The rich man goes home in his carriage with an icicle on his nose, while the poor man now bowls along in a heated cable car.—*Omaha World.*

—The running of this universe is such a big thing, that it is well for all general purposes, that it is not managed by the numerous shortsighted wiseacres, who have only individual benefits, and present result in view.

DOOZENBURY BOUNCED.

Why He No Longer Represents Schaumberg, the Austin Merchant Prince.

Young Doozenbury has just been discharged by his employer, Mose Schaumberg. The facts are as follows: Doozenbury had just returned from a trip over the State. His trip had been very satisfactory to himself, perhaps, but not so to his employer. He had spent a great deal of money in buggy rides and one thing another, but had taken very few orders. When Doozenbury, on his return, called to see the old man he was as mad as mischief. He said: "I don't believe you makes any efforts to sell goots. Ven I vash a drummer I alvays sold goots to dose merchants, no matter ven dey don't vant any. I made the acquaintance von every poly."

Doozenbury came very near replying that it was the reputation of his principal that prevented him from selling any thing, but he restrained himself.

"How did you manage to sell goods when you were a drummer?"

"I vil show you all apout dot. Schoost you sits down in my chairs. You pees a country merchant; I plays now dot drummer."

"All right," says Doozenbury. "I'll be a country merchant, and I'll show you how they do."

Doozenbury pretended to be writing at his desk, and Mose Schaumberg came up from one side, bowing and scraping.

"Goot morning. Can't I sell you some goots?"

"Who the mischief are you?" says Doozenbury, looking up.

"I travels for dot Austin firm of Mose Schaumberg."

"You do, do you? So you travel for that infernal old thief, do you? Take that!" and to impress upon his employer the difficulties of drumming up trade, Doozenbury kicked the old man four or five times, pushed him up in a corner and choked him for awhile, and then told the old gentleman, who was speechless with bona-fide rage: "If you ever come in here again I'll not leave a whole bone in your body. Mose Schaumberg is the most unmitigated old rascal in Texas."

This explains why Doozenbury no longer travels for Schaumberg, the Austin merchant prince.—*Texas Siftings.*

—A steeple-jack near Huddersfield had climbed to the top of an immense chimney to remove the scaffolding, when the rope by which he was to descend broke and fell to the ground. While the crowd were wondering how he would ever get down, he unravelled his stockings, and letting down the thread finally drew up a rope big enough to let him down.

—A Cincinnati man, whose favorite driving mare fell sick, turned her out to pasture among a lot of mules. While she lay, too feeble to care what was going on, they ate her mane and tail off so thoroughly as a barber could have cut them.

PATENT MAPLE SUGAR.

It Is Made by Mixing Extract of Hickory with Any Ordinary Sirup.

Among the curious inventions for which a patent has been granted is one to Josiah Daily, of Madison, Ind., by which any body who likes maple sugar and maple sirup may readily supply himself at a small cost. If the patentee's statement is correct, it is no longer necessary to go through the tedious and exhausting labors of tree-tapping and sirup-boiling in order to obtain maple sugar. If it should be found that the patent process will also convert into maple sirup a solution of the newly-discovered chemical sweet known as "saccharine," which is said to be three hundred times sweeter than cane sugar, or the more recent artificial sugar of Drs. Fischer and Tafel, then the very acme of transformation will have been reached, and the interposition of Congress will be necessary to save the genuine maple sugar industry from going to destruction. The patent maple sugar is made by simply mixing an extract of hickory with an ordinary sirup, such as cane sugar sirup or sorghum. The patentee says: "The extract is to be obtained in any convenient manner, such as making a decoction of the hickory bark or wood, or percolating liquid through the same, or drawing off the sap from the tree. The bark or wood of the hickory tree may be ground to facilitate the extraction of its principle, and the extract may be made more or less strong by increasing or diminishing the quantity of bark or wood, or by boiling the extract for a longer or shorter time. In preparing sirups I ordinarily add about three tablespoonfuls of the decoction to a gallon of heated or boiling sirup. Of course the stronger the extract the less the quantity required for flavoring a given amount of sirup. The sirup may be manufactured from any kind of saccharine matter or mixture of saccharine matters, or the sirups ordinarily found in the market may be used. The effect of the extract or decoction is to give to the sirup the flavor of the maple, producing a sirup which can not be distinguished from genuine maple sirup. It is evident that the flavored sirup may be boiled down and a sugar resembling maple sugar in taste may be produced."—*Scientific American.*

LEGAL RUFFIANISM.

Why Lawyers Should Be Compelled to Treat Witnesses Decently.

A lawyer who is proficient in the art of badgering a witness seldom lacks clients. He is considered "smart;" and if, by dint of insolent and exasperating cross-questioning, he can goad a man into such a state of excitement that he contradicts himself, and involuntarily commits perjury, the feat is looked upon as a "great legal triumph." Occasionally, however, an abusive counsel is confronted, out of court, by an enraged witness, and receives a lesson in civility too impressive to be readily forgotten. Not long ago a somewhat notorious member of the bar in a Southern city was tremendously pounded by a witness in a divorce case, against whom, in summing up for the defense, he had insinuated nearly all the crimes enumerated in the decalogue. The libeled citizen, who was a person of irreproachable character, met the professional traducer at the court-house door after the conclusion of the day's proceedings and thrashed him without stint or pity. The flagellant was arrested and held to bail for the assault, and will doubtless be punished by fine or imprisonment, or both; but he was content, he said, to endure any penalty the law might inflict for the enjoyment of so prime a luxury.

We have never been able to see why a lawyer should be permitted to address a respectable member of society in the witness box, or to refer to him after he has left it, in terms as opprobrious as if he were a burglar or a pickpocket. It is, or should be, the business of a court to protect from insult persons who are summoned before it—often to their own great inconvenience—to further the ends of justice; and if such protection is not extended, we hold it to be natural right of the outraged parties to chastise at the first convenient opportunity the maligners and slanderers. Let the privileges of the legal profession be respected; but why should men who play the ruffian at the bar be exempted from the punishment which we all delight to see inflicted upon ruffianism in the street?—*N. Y. Ledger.*

For Medicinal Purposes.

A farmer living out on the Gratiot road bought a gallon of whisky as he was trading the other day, and while he was absent from his wagon some one substituted a jug filled with water. Back he came next day, walked into the grocery with the jug, and setting it down with a bang he exclaimed:

"Here's that whisky and it's frozen as solid as a rock!"

"No!"

"Try it and see!"

The groceryman took a stick and jabbed away until satisfied that such was the case and then said:

"Well, it's queer, and I'll make it all right. That must have come from the barrel that I sell for medicinal purposes!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Congress has passed a bill creating the office of Commissioner of Fisheries, with a salary of $5,000. This office was filled for years by the late Spencer F. Baird, who did the work gratuitously. The bill requires that the commissioner shall have a practical acquaintance with our fish and fisheries.