

THE FAMILY STORY

A SINGULAR GUEST.

HENRY APPS of Hexton completed the fixing of the wires on the lawn of Hasleigh court. He looked up at the dim light in the dressing room and chuckled softly as he bent the last yard of wire.

"A trip in time," said Mr. Apps, "saves time."

He threw the rope ladder gently in the air, and at the first effort caught the projecting nail.

"Once on board the lugger," quoted Mr. Apps, facetiously, as he mounted the rope ladder, "and the girl is mine."

He opened the window very gently and soon stood inside the dressing room. Near the table in the corner of the room was an iron safe.

"Well, I jiggered!" exclaimed Mr. Apps. He loosened the flaps of his fur cap and wiped his brow with the back of his hand. "Well, I jiggered! If they haven't been and left the key in it for me."

"I might 'ave sived myself a lot of trouble if I'd a-knewed."

Mr. Apps swung open the heavy door of the safe and listened to the music downstairs. Young Lady Staplehurst was giving (as Mr. Apps very well knew) a dance, a fancy dress dance, on her return from the continent, after her term of widowhood.

"I'll just see, first of all," he said, "that the const is clear, and then—then for a bagful."

Henry Apps stepped out into the broad passage. He slouched with his jimmy sticking out of his capacious side pocket a few steps toward the stairs. Suddenly a fishy figure turned the corner.

"Bless my art!" cried Mr. Apps.

"Why, how do you do?" said the young lady, stepping forward.

She gave a soft laugh that was very pleasant. "Do you know that I recognized you at once in spite of the costume?"

"I can make nothing out of this man," whispered the gondolier to her, as he arose. "I think he's silly."

"If you knew his qualities you wouldn't speak of him like that." She resumed her seat by the side of Henry Apps.

"Well, blow me!" said Lady Staplehurst, screwing her pretty mouth in her effort to imitate the cockney's accent. "blow me if this ain't a fair take, I mean like damn," she laughed. "It's no use, Captain Norman, I can't talk as you can."

"It's a gift," said Mr. Apps, "that's what it is."

"You don't want to be introduced to anybody here, I suppose?"

"Not me."

"You have heard—"

She pointed in the direction of the gondolier.

"All I want to."

"He's really making a big name in the house, you know. I watch his career with great interest."

"Thinks a jolly lot of himself."

"Oh, I think a lot of him, too," remarked Lady Staplehurst pleasantly.

"And that's a jimmy sticking out of your jacket pocket? This is indeed realism. You don't know how it works."

"Well, I've got a kind of hidden," said Mr. Apps. "Lookee 'ere. You put this in and—"

Mr. Apps found himself getting quite excited in the explanation that he gave. It was a new sensation to meet one who showed an intelligent interest in his profession, and he could not help feeling flattered. Looking up, he saw the gondolier gazing at him.

"I don't look 'appy, that chap," said Mr. Apps.

"Will you excuse me for one moment?"

"Not are you up to, miss?" he said apprehensively.

"I want to speak to him."

"Oh!" (with relief). "I don't mind that."

While Lady Staplehurst was making the gondolier resume his ordinary expression Mr. Apps thought and thought, the couples promenading after the waiters looked curiously at him.

"It's the rumblest show you was ever in, 'Enry," said Mr. Apps; "you're 'aving 'em on toast, you are; but you'll be glad to get upstairs again. You want them diamonds, that's wot you want. Time means money to you, 'Enry."

Lady Staplehurst hurried toward the doorway. A murmur of amusement went through the room as the guests saw a new arrival in the costume of a police constable, accompanied by a man in plain clothes. Mr. Apps, thinking over his exploit, gazing abstractedly at his boots, regretting their want of polish, did not see them until the plain clothes man tapped him on the shoulder.

"What, Apps again?" exclaimed the man.

"Yes," said the burglar, discontentedly. "Yes, it's Apps again, Mr. Walker. And verry glad you are to see him, I've no doubt."

"Always a pleasure to meet a gentleman like you," said Mr. Walker, cheerfully, as he conducted him toward the doorway. "I've wanted to run up against you before."

Much commotion in the ballroom at the diverting little scene. General agreement that Lady Staplehurst was a perfect genius at entertaining.

"But, loveliest girl," said the gondolier confidentially to Lady Staplehurst, "isn't this carrying a joke rather too far? That's a real detective."

"I know," said the loveliest girl, trembling now a little. "That's a real burglar, too."

"A real—"

"Yes, yes, don't make a fuss. I don't want the dance spoiled. Take me down to supper, like a good fellow."—London Tit-Bits.

Not for thirty years has the Birmingham trip trade been in so prosperous a state.

A BIG ICE MINE.

It is in Virginia, and is thought to be a relic of the Ice Age.

One of the greatest curiosities in the United States, or in the world, perhaps, is the wonderful ledge of ice which exists, even in the midst of the hottest summer, in Scott County, Va. This natural ice house is situated on the north side of Stone Mountain and about six miles from the mouth of a small stream known as Stony Creek. The marvel is said to have been known to at least one of the earlier settlers, a Mr. Durrige, who, it is alleged, discovered it while deer hunting away back in 1830. Owing to the fact that the land on which it was situated could not be bought, Mr. Durrige positively refused to tell of the whereabouts of the ice ledge, and only visited the place when it was absolutely necessary to obtain a supply to be used in case of sickness.

The old man died many years ago, and from that time until 1883 the location of Durrige's ice mine was unknown, the old gentleman having never even taken his own family into the secret.

In the year last mentioned, however, a party of herb diggers visited the unfrequented region contiguous to Stone Mountain and were fortunate enough to rediscover the lost ice mine.

During two or three months in the middle of summer the ice is only protected from the sun's rays by a thick growth of moss. The formation of the ice layer is similar to that of a coal vein, being thin in some places and thicker in others, the average thickness being about four feet. Persons of some scientific attainments, who have visited the place for the purpose of studying the wonder say it has the appearance of having been there since the time of the ice age, which the geologists think so much about. Another plausible theory is that somewhere beneath the bed is situated a great natural laboratory where ether is constantly formed and expelled, and that the process of freezing is now constantly going on. Whatever view is taken of it, it is one of the greatest natural wonders the State affords.

Royal Phrase-Making.

Phrase-making two or three generations ago played an important part in French politics. Louis XVI. had a literary prompter who used to prime him with phrases and plan for him scenes such as would excite the people's admiration.

Trains Without Rails.

Experiments which are described as satisfactory have recently been made in the suburbs of Paris with a train, drawn by a steam locomotive, running not on rails but on an ordinary road. The train used at present consists of only two cars, one of which contains the locomotive machinery, together with seats for fourteen passengers, while the other has twenty-four seats. The engine is of 16-horse-power and the average speed is about seven miles an hour. The train is able to turn in a circle only twenty-three feet in diameter. Another train has been constructed for the conveyance of freight. It is hoped by the inventors that trains of this kind will be extensively employed in and near cities.

The Phonograph for the Deaf.

An apparatus which may enable the record of a phonograph to be understood independently of the sense of hearing has been contrived by Professor McKendrick in England. By this apparatus the revolving phonographic cylinder is caused to produce vibrations of intensity in a weak current, and these vibrations, when conducted through the hands, which have been moistened for the purpose, are easily perceived. Since they correspond with the sound vibrations, it is thought, by their aid, a person totally deaf could appreciate the rhythm and character of a succession of sounds thus transformed into a series of sensations of a different kind.

The Gold of the Sea.

Both gold and silver exist in about equal quantities in the water of the ocean. Various estimates have been made of the total amount of these precious metals held in solution in all the seas of the globe. The latest experiments bearing on this question are those of Professor Liversidge of the University of Sydney, who finds in the waters surrounding Australia the quantity of gold per ton of sea-water varies between half a grain and one grain. Calling the average three-quarters of a grain to the ton, and putting the number of tons of sea-water to the cubic mile, in round numbers, at 4,200,000,000, we see that there are 3,150,000,000 grains, or about two hundred tons of gold in every cubic mile of sea-water. It has been estimated that all the oceans combined contain about 200,000,000 cubic miles of water, so that if the same proportion exists everywhere, the total quantity of gold held in solution by the sea would be 90,000,000,000 tons. This would be worth, at \$20 per Troy ounce, \$39,191,000,000,000, or translated into pounds, more than thirty-nine thousand millions of millions of dollars!

Turning Diamond Into Graphite.

Elementary chemistry teaches us that, as far as the nature of the substance composing them is concerned, there is almost no difference between a brilliant white diamond and the black graphite forming the core of a lead-pencil. Both are simply forms of carbon, and if we could readily turn one into the other, the diamond would cease to rank as the kind of gem. In fact, very minute diamonds have recently been made in this way by Monsieur Moissan, the French chemist. Graphite can be dissolved in molten iron, and when the iron cools the graphite crystallizes. By performing this operation in a particular manner, which has heretofore been described in this column, Monsieur Moissan gets microscopic crystals, not of graphite, but of diamond. Curiously enough, now that we know how graphite may be turned into diamond, it has also been discovered that diamond can be changed into graphite. This is effected by placing a diamond in an exhausted Crookes tube. In such a tube it is believed that invisible molecules of matter are continually darting about, and these molecules produce a ceaseless bombardment on the surface of the diamond. After a time the effect becomes visible in a black stain, or crust, covering the diamond. On examination this is found to be composed of graphite.

Cushions.

The latest cushions for head rests on chair backs are made in heart shape. They are covered with light-colored satin, silks, or linens, and embroidered in some graceful pattern; and many of them are made up plain and tufted or quilted. They are fastened to the chair back with small cords and tassels.

The Population of Germany.

Germany has a population of 51,770,284, according to the census of 1885, the results of which have just been published; 18,761,207 persons are engaged in agriculture, 28,253,241 in mining and manufactures, 3,694,845 in commerce and domestic service, and 2,805,222 in the service of the state; 3,321,862 persons are not classified.

Volgarities.

A loud-voiced American lady was explaining at a London reception why it was that she had come to Europe. "I have a house in New York," she remarked, with an obvious sense of self-importance, "in which I have twenty bed-rooms." "It must be a palace," remarked the hostess, graciously. "Or else a hotel," added a more cynical commentator.



NATURE AND SCIENCE.

New Use for X-Rays.

It is said that the X-rays have been successfully applied in France to the detection of adulteration of food, where the adulterants consist of some kind of mineral matter. The food to be examined is reduced to powder and spread thinly upon glass. An X-ray photograph of the glass reveals the presence of the mineral particles by the failure of the rays to penetrate them as they penetrate the other constituents of the powdered food.

Felt Through the Earth.

Prof. John Milne, who studied earthquakes for many years in Japan, where they are frequent, now has an "earthquake observatory" on the Isle of Wight. In describing his observations there during the past year, he recently remarked that his instruments enabled him to feel heavy earthquakes at great distances, even right through the earth. For example, on August 31 last a disturbance of the instruments led him to conclude that a violent earthquake had occurred about 6,000 miles away. Afterward it was learned that there had been an earthquake in Japan at that time, and the distance through the earth between the Isle of Wight and Japan is about 6,000 miles.

Trapping Turkeys.

One of the methods by which wild turkeys are taken by native hunters, as described in "Hunting and Fishing in Florida," by Mr. C. B. Cory, Curator of the Department of Ornithology in the Field Columbian Museum, Chicago, certainly does little credit to the intelligence of the turkeys.

A place is found where turkeys are numerous. Corn is scattered about, and if that is eaten more corn is placed there the next day. The birds are fed in this manner for a week or two, until they become accustomed to going there for food. Then small logs are laid, forming a square box about six or eight inches in height; possibly two logs on each side, one above the other. Inside is placed the corn, and the turkeys enter it readily, as the obstruction is not sufficient to excite their fears.

The next night another log is added, raising the box a little, perhaps a foot or so, and this process goes on until the small logs form a cone-shaped box, narrowing at the top, leaving an opening perhaps a foot or eighteen inches wide, by which they can enter at the top.

Corn is placed in the box, and a few kernels leading to it, as usual, and the turkeys, mounting the last log, drop in and eat up the corn. And now they are caught. The opening is so narrow that, although a turkey can easily jump down through it with closed wings, it cannot jump out again with its wings spread.

Must Be an Astrologer.

Ignorant people think that an astronomer is also an astrologer. Sir John Herschel once received a letter asking him to cast the writer's horoscope. Another letter-writer requested the distinguished astronomer to consult the stars and answer these two questions: "Shall I marry?" and "Have I seen her?"

Maria Mitchell records in her journal that on an Atlantic steamer an Irish woman, learning that she was an astronomer, asked her what she could tell. Miss Mitchell answered that she could tell when the moon would rise, when there would be an eclipse of the moon or of the sun.

"Oh!" exclaimed the disappointed woman, in a tone which plainly said: "Is that all?" She expected to have her fortune told.

Once in a town not far from Boston, during a very mild winter, a lad, driving a team, called out to Miss Mitchell on the street, saying: "I want to ask you a question, Miss Mitchell! She stopped. He asked, 'Shall we lose our ice crop this winter?'"

Unhappy French Queens.

Of sixty-seven Queens of France only thirteen have died without leaving their histories a record of misery. Eleven were divorced, two executed, nine died young, seven were soon widowed, three cruelly treated, three exiled; the poisoned and broken-hearted make up the rest.

London's Insane.

The London County Council has decided to spend £1,000,000 on the provision of new asylums for the insane. The expenditure is to spread over five years, and at the close of that period it is believed that the provision of asylum accommodation will be fully adequate to the wants of the metropolis.

Ink Stains.

It is said that when ink is spilled upon a carpet or anything made of woollen the spot should immediately be covered with common salt. When this has absorbed all the ink it will, carefully take it off with an old knife or spoon and apply more salt. Keep doing this until the ink is all taken up.

Cut Flowers.

Cut flowers will keep very fresh if a small pinch of common saltpeter is put in the water in which they stand. The ends of the stem should be cut off a little every day to keep open the absorbing pores.

Rosa Bonheur's First Painting.

"We had gone back to live in the Rue des Tournelles" (Paris), writes Rosa

"It is my own house," the lady ran on, "and it costs a pile of money to keep it up! Why, I have ten or twelve servants, even when I am not entertaining!"

There was a pause, during which the company either looked bored or exchanged peculiar glances, and then awaited in silence her explanation of her journey across the Atlantic.

"I cannot endure having the same furniture," added the lady, after a critical examination of the rings on her fingers, "longer than four years. I have refurnished my house three times in twelve years, and it is now time for another revolution. I have come abroad to look at furniture and to get some new diamonds. But, do you know, I cannot find anything that I want to buy? Everything seems cheap and second-hand in the furniture line."

By this time the hostess was blushing from mortification at having been caught by her friends in the act of entertaining so vulgar a woman. Whether the visitor was exaggerating or not the resources of her establishment and the capriciousness of her taste, she was making an indecent display of her wealth.

Another American of the same type undertook to entertain an English company with a detailed account of his expenditures for dress and wine.

"I order about thirty suits of clothes a year," he remarked, with a smile of self-approval, "and seven or eight overcoats. My wives seldom cost me less than three thousand dollars a year, but they are the choicest brands which I can import. I seldom find anything in England which I consider fit to drink. As for cigars, mine come directly from the best Havana factory. I have to pay well for them, but I must have the best."

This, too, was highly seasoned talk for guests who were not accustomed to hear any one bragging about fine clothes, wines and cigars.

There are vulgar people in England who like to make a show of their newly acquired wealth and importance. There is nothing distinctively American in vulgarity, but the trait attracts more attention in Americans because they travel extensively in Europe, and some of them flaunt their diamonds and their bad manners in the fashionable hotels of the great capitals. American reputation abroad suffers more from occasional displays of this kind than from any other cause.

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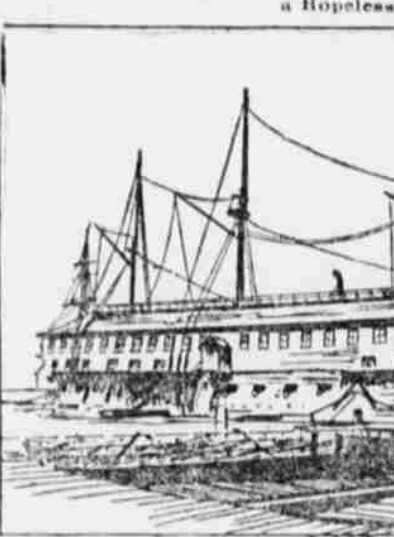
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FAST GOING TO PIECES.

Unless speedily repaired the gallant "Old Ironsides" will soon be only a hopeless wreck.



"Unless prompt action is taken by Congress," said a navy yard official the other day, "the battered old hulk of the frigate Constitution is liable to go to pieces almost any time. She now lies tied up at the old stone wharf at Kittery Point, Me., and it is open season among the staff that she is sadly in need of repair. At the present time she is leaking badly, and it is feared that the ice and winter gales may send her to the bottom before another spring. The people of both Kittery and Portsmouth are united in hoping that the historic ship of war, which has grown to be a sort of local landmark, may be preserved. Prominent citizens on both sides of the Piscataqua are interesting themselves in the frigate's behalf. Senator Gallinger of New Hampshire is heartily in sympathy with the movement and has promised to bring the matter to the attention of Congress.

ONE SHOT DID IT.

Wonderful Work Accomplished by the Dynamite Gun in Cuba.

Lieutenant Ramos, of the Cuban service, while in New York recently, gave to the Herald an interesting account of the wonderful dynamite gun of which he has had charge while with Maceo's army. The gun, as he describes, is about 6 feet in length and weighs 250 pounds. The dynamite gun is formed of three parallel barrels. The right tube holds a cartridge of smokeless powder; the left tube contains compressed air, and the center holds the iron projectile, in which is the explosive gelatine—which has three times the force of ordinary dynamite. When the cartridge is exploded in the right barrel of the gun it sets free the compressed air in the left barrel, which rushes suddenly into the center barrel, and hurls the projectile at the enemy. When this projectile strikes, it explodes with tremendous force, not only destroying human life, but uprooting trees and tearing loose the ground and rocks.

The work done by the gun in battle is thus described: "It was on the 13th of the month that we met two Spanish columns, which meant a battle with even forces. As we reached a hilltop overlooking a narrow valley we saw the Spaniards on top of the next hill, only a quarter of a mile away. They were at work throwing up a line of fortifications.

"A few shots were exchanged, when



DEADLY WORK OF THE DYNAMITE GUN NEAR CAYAJABOS.

Maceo ordered our gun forward, and had it trained on the enemy. He stood by the piece and observed us closely, as we prepared to fire, and when the report was heard he watched the result with the deepest interest.

"The aim was too low and the shot fell short of its mark. No one was injured, but the effect of the explosion on the ground where it struck apparently astonished the Spaniards, for they ceased firing for several minutes.

"During those minutes we were preparing for the second shot. The muzzle of the gun was raised a little when all was in readiness and the command given to fire. This time the aim was perfect and the deadly projectile was thrown over the brow of the hill and into the very midst of the Spanish troops. The explosion brought consternation. The shot had done its frightful work, and the Spaniards, disappearing



THE DYNAMITE GUN.

from sight, did not fire another gun that night.

"We waited for morning to renew the battle, but as soon as it was light the enemy fired one bombshell and then retreated. The battle was won by that one shot from our gun."

In another fight Generals Eschazun and Munoz led their battalions against Maceo's entrenched positions near Cayajabos. The fighting continued during two days, and though the insurgents were at first driven back into the hills, they inflicted such damage on the pursuing columns that the Spaniards could not hold their advantage. This was the first general action in which dynamite projectiles were used. Their awful efficiency may be judged from the photograph of the result of a single discharge, which was taken by Teniente Saleido, of Maceo's command, on the afternoon of the first day's fighting. In this fight the Spaniards had, by their own account, over a hundred killed and wounded, among the latter being General Eschazun.

Rosa Bonheur's First Painting.

"We had gone back to live in the Rue des Tournelles" (Paris), writes Rosa

Bonheur in the Ladies' Home Journal. "The garret of the house had been arranged as a kind of studio, and while my father was running to the four corners of Paris to give drawing lessons I worked alone as best I could. One night, when he returned home after his day's labor, he found me finishing my first oil painting after Nature: a handful of cherries. 'Why, that's fine,' he said, 'and in future you must work seriously.' From that time on I copied plaster casts, engravings and drew from Nature; and how much more agreeable I found the work than I did studying grammar and arithmetic!

Soon after this I began to work at the Louvre. My costume and independent ways gained for me the nickname of 'The Little Hussar' among the keepers of the galleries. My breakfast usually consisted of a one-cent roll and two cents' worth of fried potatoes, with a goblet of water from the fountain in the courtyard below. I made some important copies. How many of them I have copied, and I cannot repeat sufficiently to young beginners who wish to adopt the hard life of the artist, to do as I have done: stock their brains with studies after the old masters. It is the real grammar of art, and time thus employed will be profitable to the end of their career."

Guarding the Money.

There are plenty of ingenious burglars in the world, but he would have to be a very ingenious burglar indeed

who should find a way to rob the Bank of France. The measures taken for guarding the money are of such a nature that burglary would seem to be impossible.

Every day when the money is put into the vaults in the cellar, and before the officers leave, masons are in attendance whose duty it is to wall up the doors of the vaults with hydraulic mortar. Water is then turned on, and kept running until the cellar is flooded.

A burglar would thus have to work in a diving suit, and break down a cement wall before he could even begin to break into the vaults. When the officers arrive the next morning the water is drawn off, the masonry torn down, and the vaults opened. It is said that the treasures of the Bank of France are better guarded than any others in the world.

Selecting Pictures.

"The value of a picture depends upon what there is in it for its possessor," writes William Martin Johnson in the Ladies' Home Journal, on the "Selection and Framing of Pictures." "A painting by an amateur may be more precious in your eyes than one of Raphael's cartoons. Therefore, sell your cartoon to the highest bidder, and when you outgrow the little painting buy back the cartoon if you have learned to see its beauty."

"No one can tell you how to understand art without your seeing it, studying it, living with it, any more than any one can tell you how to tell good cloth from bad; you must first have had experience with cloth. Learn a language before you try to converse. But do not go so far as to imagine that you must learn drawing and painting before you can appreciate pictures. The less you know about technique the more capable you will be of looking at a painting with an unprejudiced eye. Get at the artist's intention. Does he express an idea to you? Is he interesting in the way he tells his story? Does he convince you of a truth? If the picture is that of a head does it impress you as having the characteristics of an individual? Does it look like a human being? Suppose a landscape is under discussion—do the trees sway, the clouds float? Is there any atmosphere in the painting? These are the tests of a painter's facility with language. But more than this is required—it is the intellectuality behind the brush. Herein lies the difference between sublime art and the commonplace."

"Well, now that you are back, you can tell us how much it costs to go to Europe." "All you've got and all you can borrow over there."—Judge.