

C C Bryant of Albany, was here today.

Geo O Knowles, of Florence, is in the city.

Secretary Kincaid came up from Salem today.

R L Taylor of Corvallis, spent last night here.

Postmaster Boney of Goshen, was in the city today.

Father Daly went to Cottage Grove this afternoon.

J S McMurry arrived home on today's 10:30 local.

Mrs J S Medley came down from Cottage Grove this morning.

John Tait, of Creswell, shipped two car loads of stall-fed beef cattle to Portland.

Mrs F E Goodman returned home to Cottage Grove this afternoon after a visit here.

Postmaster W W Chessman of Springfield, was doing business in Eugene today.

A M Osburn arrived up on this afternoon's local and will visit in Eugene for a week or more.

Mrs Emma Withers came down today from Oakland, where she is teaching school.

Mrs H L Hatch went to Portland today after a pleasant visit with friends in this city.

George Smith, the well known San Francisco boat and slide drummer, is in the city visiting friends.

Grandma Biddle of Albany, came up on the 2:04 train today to visit at the home of her son Dr G Biddle.

Attorney Minor, of Portland, and a member of the law firm of Cox, Teal, Cotton & Minor, is in the city.

B G Spicer, who has been visiting relatives in this county, left yesterday for his home at Warren, Idaho.

It is stated that a San Francisco detective has been here for a week investigating some recent Eugene fires.

Rev C F Clapp arrived up from Portland today and will take part in the Willard memorial services here tomorrow.

J M Volkmar, M D, has filed a physician's certificate in the clerk's office. He is a graduate of the University of Maryland.

Corvallis Gazette: Dr Ben Job and family, who are now at Cottage Grove, are expected to return to Corvallis soon to locate.

Mrs Campbell and daughter, who have been visiting for some months in California, have returned to their home in this city.

Mr and Mrs F G Shaw will leave in a few days for their old home in Nebraska, where they will make their future home.

E H Ingham goes to Portland tonight, where he will meet the representative of a large foreign house, to purchase his next Xmas goods.

Dean Sanderson and Students Gardner and Patterson, of the Divinity school, left for points north today to fill appointments for tomorrow.

District Attorney W E Yates returned to Corvallis on this morning's local, in response to a telephone message stating his little son had broken a collar bone.

Mayville item in Condon Globe: "Miss Emma Edwards, of Eugene, arrived here Friday of last week and will spend the summer with her brother and family."

A C Barbour and wife arrived here from Northern California last evening. Mr Barbour will spend several months in Lane county. He owns considerable land on the Siuslaw river.

Judge Fisk leaves tomorrow morning on a trip to his old home at Northfield, Vermont. He will stop over at Salem a day or two enroute. Mr Fisk will be gone several weeks, maybe as long as three months.

J W Grimes has been appointed administrator of the estate of Laura Augusta Mansfield, who recently died at Tekoa, Wash. Probable value of estate, \$3600; bond required \$7,200. Appraisers appointed: Monroe Leach, Ed Allingham and T E Grimes.

A German Baptist church with 18 members was organized in Albany Sunday by Rev C E Kietlow, of Salem, who has been preaching there for two years. Services will be held regularly in Pearce Memorial church. Rev C Washlie, of Eugene, will probably be installed as pastor.

Henry McClure is expected here from Seattle tonight to attend the bedside of his father, A S McClure, who is suffering from a paralytic stroke. Mr McClure can move only the toes of the side that is paralyzed and his speech is seriously affected so it is almost impossible to make himself understood, except by signs.

Medford Miner: J A Dobkins, wife and five children, who have lived in Medford for the last several months, left Tuesday evening for Eugene. Mr Dobkins is an invalid and came here for his health. He is a member of the Masonic order, and being in straitened circumstances, received aid from the local lodge while he staid here and assistance in returning to the Willamette valley, where he has friends.

CHARITY EUCHRE.

REPORT OF A GAME IN BROOKLYN, WHERE IT IS POPULAR.

Playing For Prizes and Incidentally For Charity—An Amusement That Almost Produced a Riot—A Simple Way of Awarding the Prizes.

Every one in Brooklyn plays euchre. It is as much a characteristic of Brooklyn as is beer drinking of Hoboken or wearing rubber boots of the struggle for existence in New Rochelle and similar suburbs. Brooklynites contract the habit when young, and it usually grows on them. Many authorities believe it to be contagious, as there are cases on record where persons who have played euchre while visiting in Brooklyn have scattered it broadcast about their own homes after returning. Women seem to be more affected by it than men. It is of man's life a thing apart; it's woman's whole existence in Brooklyn. In the very violent cases they even play with a joker in the pack!

For the benefit of the reader who is ignorant of what progressive euchre is (if any such exists), a brief diagnosis may be given. Progressive euchre is that form of the game where many persons play, four at a table, the winning pair progressing each time to a higher table, while the losing pair stays. The first table usually known as the king table, plays five points, at the conclusion of which a game is rung and all the other games stop then and there, the count reverting to the last completed deal. At the conclusion of the performance the person having won the greatest number of games gets a prize, and frequently there are a number of other prizes for those finishing near the top.

For each game won the player passes a little star of colored paper on his or her card. These serve as counters and afford an adequate basis for accusations of cheating. Recently there was a large and typical progressive euchre contest for charity, open to ladies only, held in a public building in Brooklyn, at which a reporter was present. Being unarmored, he sat in the gallery, where he was out of danger's way and could see everything. Explanations of the movements were furnished to him by a young lady who wasn't playing on account of injuries to her feelings received a week before in a game in which she had been wrongfully, maliciously, illegally, underhandedly and devilishly deprived of third prize.

"Now they're going to begin," said the reporter's mentor as somebody rang a big gong several times.

Immediately about 500 women on the floor began rushing tumultuously about the place, while the air buzzed with the inquiry:

"Which is my table?"

A red haired woman who sat at a stand near the door seemed to be in charge, assisted by eight young women wearing badges.

"They're the scorers," said the mentor, "and before this is over they'll wish they were dead."

A few moments were consumed in the distribution of playing and score cards, after which the manager called out:

"Play will now begin at the sound of the gong and continue until the gong rings, when all hands must be thrown down. Are you all ready?"

"Wait! wait!" shrieked a little woman shrilly. "This pack hasn't any joker in it."

"We don't play euchre with a joker here," replied the manager in withering tones. "We will proceed."

"I'd like to know where she comes from," commented the mentor, "to want to play with the joker!"

"Clang! went the gong, and the game commenced. For five minutes there was comparative silence, broken only by sporadic wrangles over tricks cropping up at various tables. Then somebody at the king table cried:

"That's five. We're out. Ring the bell."

Again the bell sounded, and this time it was the signal for punishment.

"Play the hand out." "No, play stops now." "No, it doesn't." "We're ahead."

"It isn't fair; you ought to play out."

"When the trick is on the board, you have to take it up." "The hand is finished."

"Here, bring the stars." "No, not there. We won that hand."

Five hundred separate questions were fired simultaneously at the manager, while the scorers tried to unravel the snarl. A gaunt woman finally obtained recognition by standing upon a chair and waving her arms.

"When diamonds are trump, does the right lower take the left lower?" is what she wanted to know in thunderous tones.

"Sit down!" called a score of voices, and she subsided under a load of explanations.

"Would you rather manage that or umpire a football game?" said the reporter's mentor to him. "That's the way it will be after every hand."

It was, only it seemed to grow worse each time. At one time there were no less than 20 women who, having rushed up the floor, were waving frantic arms at the manager and demanding that justice be done though the roof fall, which it seemed very likely to do. Then four players got into so animated a discussion that they all burst into tears and left the game, vowing that it served them right for entering a public progressive euchre game, where you never could tell what kind of people you were playing with. It was quite vain for the scorers to try to keep order, but in some way or other they managed to get the tables rearranged and the play to proceed. Once the king table made itself unpopular by absentmindedly playing on past the five points, which, when it became known, caused all the losers in that hand to demand that no count be made of it.

This sort of thing kept on for two hours, the number of players diminishing after each hand. At the final hand, there was almost a riot, and it seemed likely for a time that the police would have to be called in to save the lives of the manager and scorers. Quiet being finally restored, it was found that the statistics of the game were approximately as follows:

- Number of players entered..... 400
- Left the game in anger..... 27
- Left the game in tears..... 27
- Left the game in hysterics..... 27
- Refused to play because of unsatisfactory having of opponents..... 27
- Number in game at finish..... 174
- Claimed first prize..... 46
- Claimed second prize..... 23
- Claimed third prize..... 23
- Claimants for other 23 prizes..... 149
- Contests to be adjudicated..... 230

The manager and eight scorers, forming the committee on awards, said that the results would be announced in a few days. A week later they were announced, and the announcements were immediately followed by storms of protest. But, as it happened, the decision was reached in the most equitable manner. The committee simply drew lots to decide the winners. Otherwise they'd be in session yet.—New York Sun.

LITTLE PITCHERS.

PARENTS SHOULD REMEMBER THAT THEY HAVE BIG EARS.

Some of the Things That should Never Be Talked of In the Presence of Children—Repeating Their Bright Sayings—Criticising Neighbors.

I fancy, if we grown up pitchers had bigger ears, we should hear many a wholesome truth that would materially promote our souls' welfare—that is, if being heard they were likewise heeded. I have in my mind a tumbler or two that needs hearing woefully, but I hesitate to make repeat of its expounder, lest my sayings may say of the I am better than thou. You will be saying among yourselves the mighty Shakespeare was thinking of me when he opened his mouth and spoke. "I could better teach 50 what were good to be done, than be one of the 50 to follow mine own teaching." Shakespeare was wise with a wisdom that strikes home with awful accuracy. How he makes havoc of our pet opinions and delusions!

The need of reform in this matter on my mind is very great. I have given it much thought lately, and the more I see its evil effects upon household the more sure am I that now is our time for the reform. It is so easy for a mother to rebuke herself for recounting her little pitchers' bright sayings and sayings over and over again—and how often the telling is told with boasting of the we hit heretics and heroes themselves, putting up the small talkies more than we imagine, I expect. We say, "Oh, they are so little, they can do no harm now." Right they are; the danger, you see, it begins so imperceptibly and so suddenly that while we are assuring ourselves that we can be doing no possible harm, the harm has already been done. The dividing line between the safe and the harmful time for telling the blessed little epistles before the blessed little dears of yours is a line perilously light and fine. We need to put on our "high tops" to find it out.

The danger begins when the tables are set, and the star of their wonderful adventures is safe. The habit grows with the baby, and when his babbling some interposition of known little pair of big ears—the grand recital takes on danger. Imperceptibly at first, but none the less surely, the danger increases, until in so many cases the grievous ending—a forewarned child. We'll see so much of nursery days. Mrs. Smith's dreadful Johnnie and Mrs. Jones' terrible little Jane, etc.

It is a trial on the blessed innocence of babyhood, and we, not the babies, are the criminals. It is to be—began to be long ago that afternoon when we proudly told a caller of our little ones' charming speech that morning, we hit both standing by, drinking in the sweet flattery with a delight that would make a grown up proud. Bless the little pitchers! They do have big ears, and the sooner we realize it and make an end of putting into them this poisonous poison of ours the better. I wonder if we begin to know the importance of taking the warning in time? The help it would be in our leading the little standing feet into straight walking by and by and in avoiding many of the disagreeable places in our children's childhood? A mother's heart is so often wounded by some outsider's cool criticism or rebuke.

Yes, I say it behooves us to take heed unto our ways. Let us cure ourselves, and speedily, of this terrible habit. Let us see to it that neither in the little one's own hearing or his harrowing tale of babyhood any more, never should we allow our pride to run away with us to the extent of showing off our little folks. Oh, the perniciousness of it! The very case with which we slip into the habit is its worst danger.

There is room for so much repentance in this precious, delicate work of making men and women of our babies. Not till the millennium can we hope to learn the dear truth perfectly, but a bit of it, mastered now and then, will insure the well-coming of the millennium.

Right in connection with the showing off evil comes another equally objectionable, more perhaps in its ultimate impression upon the child's character. I mean the fashion of other persons have of criticising their friends and neighbors in the presence of little folks. Criticising one's friends in any presence whatsoever is hardly a Christian proceeding; but, as that is for many, I am speaking only of things fit for little children to hear and imitate. And they will imitate little pitchers. How often we overhear a little man or woman passing judgment on some subordinate quite as maliciously as we could do it in our best estate! Isn't it a judgment upon us? I suppose there is no more unbecoming manner of our petty sins and weaknesses than the innocent mimicry of a little child.

As we criticise our fellow men before the little ones, so will the little ones do among themselves, and, worse still, as well they do by and by when we yield our places in the world to them. When will it end unless we end it forthwith, and for all?

It occurs to me that perhaps the sure way to cure this evil would be to fashion such criticism altogether, signalling at the medicine books.—Annie Hamilton Kendall in Housewife.

Bathrooms All To White.

The fashion to have bathrooms done in spotless white is one that is certainly exceedingly fit. In some luxurious homes these rooms are finished with porcelain tiled floors and wainscoting of pure, creamy white, and the mirrors are framed in white enamel woods. There are white draperies at the windows, and even the little white cabinet for necessary toilet articles is finished in polished white enamel. With the marble and porcelain of the plumbing fixtures the effect is almost dazzling in its whiteness.

To Remove Fat From Inside Kettles.

Fill the kettle with water and add to it a dram of ammonia. Let it boil for an hour; then the fat or purified substance formed on the metal will be dissolved and can easily be removed. In boiling a kettle care must be taken to put on the lid closely, so as not to leave the smallest crevice. If the lid is in the least broken, it is best to get a new one, otherwise the water is liable to be smoked and rendered unfit for use, imparting a disagreeable taste to the tea.

For the Hands.

For bleaching the hands and for preventing or curing them of the roughness so difficult to avoid in winter nothing is better than the free use of mignon tallow and a pair of white kid gloves worn when sleeping. The gloves serve to keep the hands warm enough to induce perspiration, and the opening of the pores enables the tallow to do its work easily.

THE DREAM OF POMPEII.

Pompeii on that night. To him the latest day of happy life. In broken sleep an early dream conveyed. For in the waking of the night he heard a wonderful noise about his name. Within the theater. The benches void. To raise his fame and place him with the gods. As each in youth, when victory was won. He envied heroes who with Darius fought. And when he thought of his own life and fate. The next day he was to be crowned. He sat triumphant in his purple robe. A Roman knight, and heard the senate's cheer. Perhaps as he drew near his ancient seat. Following the future, would the happy part. Or, as he went, prophetic doomings greet. That which was not to be, by disaster done. Misleading, or as serious fate forbade. Pompeii to Italy, in this glimpse of Rome. Pompeii to Italy, break not his latest sleep. But let him rest. Let not the trumpet call. Stir him on the ear, for in the morning's light. He saw the towers of the city and the wall. His eye caught the east with terror. Whence should come the storm of sleep's revolt. The poor man's horizons of sleep reveal. His Phœbus of Loran. Translated by Edward Maltby.

BOULVARD OUT OF DATE.

An Old Skipper on Some of the Mistakes Made by the Landlubbers.

"When a man was drunk," said the old skipper, "walkers said, in the time when there were sailers, that he was 'three sheets in the wind,' which means, familiarly, that the old hooker had charge of himself. I have heard the practical rubbers say, with the help of dictionary's pretence, to be regular foremast hands, saying a man who couldn't navigate that he was 'bailing along a bowline.' Bowlines are out of date aboard ship and have been for many years. Centuries ago the sails of a ship were hoisted and spread like a sail, like a sail. Then ships carrying square sails could not go upwind. About the time of Sir Walter Raleigh, or a little before, merchant vessels began to use the barque, and by its use the big square rig was abandoned. It was a good omen about four knots an hour and lay within seven or eight points of the wind. Smaller vessels, with their beam sails, such as Columbus called 'the beam sail' kept the weather beach here. These were to be in the days. The foremast was stepped in the cross of the ship."

The bowline proper is attached to the weather edge of the sail by a (trifle leads forward and is used to keep the sail steady when the ship is close hauled. You will find that definition in the dictionaries. Nevertheless, that is correct. The change in the shape of pure sails used aboard ships nowadays has made the bowline antiquated. On the old fashioned square rigged vessel the sails would drop, or be holed, or much as they would spread—that is, they were out as long as they were well. Such a shape would keep full only when sailing directly before the wind. The square sails of a modern ship are from three to four times as wide as they are deep, and when they are extended between the yards, and the yards are braced up, the canvas stands as stiff as a board. The fore edge holds no bowline to keep it straight or steady. It makes me weep when I hear sailors talk about the bowline. I am almost as much affected as I am when I read a description of a race between two and get craft with 'starboard tacks aboard.' And the old skipper, with a look behind his coat, evidently nautical, wiped away what might have been a tear.—New York Sun.

The Wandering Jew.

There are various versions of the story of the Wandering Jew, the legends of which have formed the foundations of numerous romances, poems and tragedies. One version is that this person was a servant in the house of Pilate and gave the Master a blow as he was dragged out of the palace to go to his death. A popular tradition makes the wanderer a member of the tribe of Naphtali, who, some seven or eight years previous to the birth of the Christ child, left his father to go with the wife of the man whom the star led to the holy city of Bethlehem. It runs also that the cause of the killing of the child was related when he returned to Jerusalem of the visit of the wise men and the presentation of the gifts they brought to the Divine infant when he was acknowledged by them to be the King of the Jews.

He was last sight of for a time, when he appeared as a carpenter who was employed in making the cross on which the Saviour was to be lifted up, before the eyes of all men. As Christ walked up the way to Calvary he laid his work on the workshop of this man, and when he reached his door the wanderer, touched by the sufferings of the Man of Sorrows, besought the carpenter to allow him to rest there for a little. But he refused, adding there to a want of charity. Then it is said that Christ pronounced his doom, which was to wander over the earth until the second coming, since that sentence was uttered he has wandered, cursing, death, but finding it was, and his punishment, becoming more unbearable as the generations come and go. He is said to have appeared in the sixteenth, seventeenth and even as recently as the eighteenth century under the names of Castophis and Abasurus, by which the Wandering Jew has been known.—St. Louis Republic.

Some Definitions.

Here are some curious extracts from ex-amination papers quoted by the Chicago Record: "The government of England is King and Queen. Queen Isabella is the present ruler. England is owned by the Dominion of Canada, India and part of Australia." Also, "Russia has a good government; it is owned by Spain." The following were handed in as definitions of words: "Arove—the hind part of a boat." "Tory—an abandoned soldier." "Tory—a fisherman's boat." "Sycene—deadly." "Cautem—a rope shaped little to carry water across the desert." One day a class was asked to explain the meaning of "B. C." and "A. D." It was a sticker for awhile, but one lad finally figured it out. His little hand shot up, and he arose with decision written on his earnest face, as he said: "B. C. means before Christ and A. D. after he died."

A Royal Reprimand.

A tutor was once employed to teach the son of a king. The young prince was sometimes disobedient. But in the esteem of the tutor it was not quite proper to whip the son of a king with a common switch. So to the lapel of the boy's coat the teacher pinned a piece of purple ribbon. When the young prince manifested a disposition to duty authority, the instructor pointed with the end of the rod to the purple ribbon on his coat. This was an appeal to his royal blood.

In Mexico City "first class American" letter, made by an expert, is advertised at 20 and 25 cents a pound at wholesale and retail respectively.

STRONG ARGUMENT FOR UNION.

Made by the Oregon City Herald, Populist Newspaper Published in a Populist County.

"Whereas, The experience of the people's party in 1897 in Iowa, Ohio, Kentucky, Virginia and other states, proves that fusion means destruction; therefore, etc."

—Middle-of-the-road resolutions.

The Oregon City Herald answers the foregoing preamble as follows:

"The destruction of what? Did the people's party ever come within a thousand miles of capturing either of these states single-handed? What carried Kansas, Nebraska, Idaho, South Dakota, South Carolina and our sister state, Washington? Who is it that today stands in the way of the most vicious financial legislation ever proposed in a free country? Look at Senators Butler, Kyle, Aiken, Lewis and Hatfield. Fusionists all, and would to God we had a majority in Congress and a president composed of such men. Not one of those men could have been elected except by a fusion."

"Destruction? Yes. They have punctured Mark Hanna's tire. They stand a bulwark of defense for the people against the further encroachments of the money power. They are holding the fort, awaiting to be reinforced by a senator made of the same stuff from Oregon. They are holding the fort till William J Bryan or some man equally as good is seated in the White House."

"Cleveland and Carlisle and their ilk do not want such men. They and their following will support McKinley and 'sound money' [God save the mark.] Democracy does not stand for Clevelandism today. If it did there could be no 'union of forces' with democracy. Teller and Towne and their following do not stand today for gold-gouging. If they did there could be no union of forces with silver republicans. Straight populism is better than Bryan democracy, but alone it is helpless; it is better than Teller republicanism, but alone it cannot carry a single state in this single nation of ours."

"We can stand on the Omaha platform; we can publish our principles to the world, we can turn with full hearts and empty stomachs for the 'pie counter,' and we can watch a united plutocracy—a well organized minority—despoil our fair land, reduce to beggary and want and crime our common people, and erect in America an aristocracy of wealth. We can, through petty party strife and a bad, uncompromising spirit, repeat the awful doom of the Roman empire, but, my brother, will it pay? Have you counted the cost of such a blind, partisan course?

"We are two million souls; can we control a nation where nearly fourteen million voters enjoy the privileges of full citizenship? Who will come to our relief? Do you think the democratic party, reorganized under Bryan and rid of its Cleve-lands and its Carlises will leave an organization composed of three times our voting strength to come to us? Not yet. Not so long as they have confidence in their leader and believe in the Chicago platform."

"But together we can carry Oregon. Our party makes no further sacrifice than a division of the officers. We shall maintain our platform. We will promulgate our doctrines. We will contrast the men chosen from our party with all other men in office, and we shall gain the admiration and respect of our allies."

"Washington has done it, Nebraska has done it, Minnesota has agreed to do it, and Oregon will give the gold party its first black eye in the campaign of 1900 just upon us."

"The Oregonian intimates that the hope of plutocracy rests assured in the disagreement of the rabble [referring to the opposition]; but union of forces will free the state of Oregon from Mitchellism and Simony. It will give us a constitutional convention, embodying direct legislation, after which the people will take good care to veto every infamous law and repeal

every bad statute. 'The injury of one is the concern of all.' Let us not despise every or any effort at reform, even though it does not emanate from our own councils or demand recognition from within the pale of our own party."

UNION IN OTHER STATES.

J W Marksberry in a letter to the Medford Monitor-Miner, Populist Newspaper.

"In the senate we have five members—Allen, Butler, Hatfield, Turner and Kyle—who are doing noble work for reform. We all admire them and delight in pointing to their record. But for their presence in the senate another infamous bond scheme would have been insisted on the country ere this. How did they get here? Not by the middle-of-the-road route. This my anti-fusion friends will not deny. In the house of representatives we have twenty or more members, all doing the very best they can [under Czar Reed's rules] for reform and the advancement of the principles our party advocates. We delight in pointing to their records as true reformers. How did most, if not all of them, get there? Not by the middle-of-the-road route."

"Our party has been in power in Kansas to a greater or less extent for the past five years. All admit that a great deal of good has been accomplished there in the way of reducing taxes, bringing the corporations under control and dispensing with useless commissions. How have the populists of Kansas accomplished all this? Not by a strictly middle-of-the-road policy."

"Nebraska is now enjoying some of the benefits of populist rule in some of her state affairs, to which the reform press frequently calls attention, and populists claims the honor. How has it been possible for Nebraska to elect a populist official? Not by a strictly middle-of-the-road policy."

"Colorado, Nevada, Idaho and Montana all [more or less] have fallen in line with our party and its principles, but this has not been done by a middle-of-the-road policy."

"Our sister state of Washington is also at the present time enjoying some of the benefits of a populist [or, more properly speaking, a fusion] administration. If the reform press is to be relied upon and the reports from that state have shade of truth in them, our people there have no cause to regret their action in that state. Taxes have been reduced, salaries cut down, useless offices and commissions abolished, the state government is being run at \$200,000 to \$300,000 less expense each year than under republican rule, state warrants now selling at par that were a drug on the market at 93 cents—and all this brought about by that horrible bugaboo called fusion."

JUDGE BOISE AND UNION.

The name of Judge Reuben P Boise probably is familiar to more men and women in the state of Oregon than any other name, apart from those of a national reputation, that could be called. He is an old pioneer and sat on the circuit and supreme court benches of the state for thirty years. The venerable judge addressed the Marion county Democratic convention the other day as a conference delegate from the Populist convention in session at the same time. The Salem Journal, in a report of the proceedings, says:

"Judge R P Boise, from the Populist convention, made an address stating that he was glad to be in a Democratic convention especially when it had returned to the doctrine of Jefferson."

The English press, without exception, sides with the United States on the Cuban question. If England had our opportunity Spanish misgovernment on our neighbor island would soon be a thing of the past.