

Eugene City Guard.

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EUGENE CITY, OREGON

The kissing bug has a soft snap on a sure thing.

A man is like the hammock to this extent: He is apt to live where he hangs out.

Taking a hair of the dog that did the biting also applies to the general run of growlers.

Whatever you may say of trusts it should always be kept in mind that they are not incorporated idiots.

Vacation in its root meaning may imply emptiness, but few people are likely to say there's nothing in it.

This movement to prevent a certain kind of divorced people marrying again would show the marriage rite is being closed for repairs.

As soon as it becomes thoroughly understood that eggs will cure consumption the hens will probably incorporate under the laws of New Jersey.

When Li Hung Chang in so conservative a country as China is strong enough to pull down the Chinese wall it shows he's got something of a pull.

As boxing is called a science and Sullivan prays for the ring success of his favorites, somebody after a while may be making him out a Christian Scientist.

A western poet has written some verses to a girl, saying at the end of each stanza: "I dreamed of you last night." Poets can do that because it doesn't cost money.

Nansen talks of trying to find the south pole in 1902. He probably thinks the people will have ceased by that time to be interested in personal histories of the late war.

King Corn won a gallant victory in England last year. During the twelve months the British Government used 124,000 gallons of corn whisky in the manufacture of smokeless powder.

Emperor William has bought two elephants, which will be used hereafter in his big parades. This, however, must not be regarded as conclusive evidence of the Emperor's intention to make a show of himself.

The hostility to the Americans which was so pronounced in France during the Cuban war has so far subsided that the Parisians are now willing to furnish lodgings to visitors from the United States at much higher prices than have ever been charged before.

The statement that the telephones in England are very poor will create no surprise. Electricity as a household and business agent is a little too swift for the conservative Britons to manage with perfect satisfaction. That is possible only in America, which might be profited by imitating the more deliberate habits of their English cousins, while the latter could easily stand a slight infusion of American enterprise.

A French medical paper contains a strange story by Dr. Kovacs of a relative of his, whose beard and mustache from being prematurely white suddenly became dark. The editor adds a story of an old priest whose white hair fell off because of an attack of erysipelas and was replaced by raven locks. Are these stories myths like those of the ancient Greeks regarding rejuvenescence, or was "goat's juice" used by any chance?

Another of the school of imaginative scientists asserts that he has discovered that music when properly produced is so soothing and lulling to the digestive organs that it can be made in time to take the place of food. As the scientist neglects to tell just how long this interesting experiment would take it is quite evident that he hasn't carried his tests that far. But it's a nice theory and there can be no objection to the learned discoverer's following it out to the bitter end.

The class of music to which the "Hot Time" belongs is, of course, not excited. It is not chamber music or concert music. It is just the slap-dash, go-as-you-please sort of thing that suits the crowd in its hours of effervescence and outdoor celebration. The American people happen to be "built that way." They gravely chant "America" in the parlor and when they take to the street or to the battlefield they change the tune to the primitive lilt of "Yankee Doodle" with its words of superlative banality. If this tendency is immoral, then Lord help us all! As a nation, we are doomed, and the wonder is that the ghastly end has not come long ago.

The Boston "Journal" quotes the prediction uttered by General Horace Binney Sargent in his oration on Memorial day, 1893.

Comrades, though few of us may live to see it, I feel sure that the last survivors of the Grand Army of the Republic will celebrate this anniversary after some day of glory, when the sons of rebels and our sons shall have fallen side by side in some common cause of foreign war, as our sires and their sires fell side by side under the eye of the great rebel, . . . the Virginian, Washington.

This prophecy has been literally fulfilled. The predicted "foreign war" has re-embellished America's national character, restored the unity of her people, and—as Editor Watterson phrases it—"flung her geography into the sea."

The czar of Russia is quoted as saying recently: "I am sick and tired of life. What with its responsibilities, its hypocrisies, its festivals and its lies, I wish I were out of it." It would be strange, indeed, if a ruler so conspicuous had permitted himself to express this sentiment publicly, but the attitude of mind is not so fantastic as it might appear to some young person who has tired of life because of its poverty and hardship. The czar's fate is that

other of the two extremes in neither of which is to be found the truest happiness.

The sympathies of the whole country were aroused by the recent abduction from New York City and the subsequent recovery of little Marlon Clark, a baby 20 months old. Many aspects of this case are worthy of study. In earlier days it was a comparatively easy act to steal a child and carry it where its identity was lost, while the bereaved parents were left without hope of its return. Such cases were so common that the accidental reunion of parents with their long-lost children became a familiar feature in literature and on the stage. The prompt recovery of the Clark baby shows that, while the world is all the time growing larger, in another sense it is constantly decreasing in size. The growth of great modern cities, and the free movement of people from place to place, would at first seem to make it much easier to carry out successfully a crime of this kind to-day than it was in the past; but modern inventions have more than offset these changed conditions of society. When this child was stolen, such a glare of publicity was thrown upon the crime that no nook or corner of this great country could long afford the criminal a hiding-place. The telegraph, the steam railroad, the perfected police system all lent their aid, but more valuable than all else were the services of photography and the newspapers. The daily journals so faithfully reproduced the baby's portrait that a young woman in a country postoffice, as soon as she saw the strange child, said: "Why, that looks like Marlon Clark." The modern daily press has many faults, but occasionally it performs a service so important as somewhat to condone them.

A French president, if he chooses, can live like a prince. His salary is \$125,000, and the annual allowances for incidental expenses are equally large. The Elysee is splendidly furnished and kept in repair as his town residence, and the palaces of Fontainebleau and Compiègne are also maintained by the state for his use during the summer. There are large shooting preserves at Marly, where he can enjoy outdoor sport during the autumn. The late President Faure liked ceremony, splendor and stateries. Taking the view that the French people did not wish to have the presidential office maintained in an unpretentious way, he adopted much of the etiquette of European courts, drove about constantly in a coach-and-six under military escort, and gave brilliant entertainments in town and country. Generously as the state provided for him, he expended a large share of his private wealth in keeping up luxurious appearances and in entertaining guests like the czar with splendid pomp. President Loubet has not been long in office, but it is apparent that he intends to live less pretentiously and in closer accord with old-fashioned ideas of republican simplicity. In comparison with his predecessors in office he is a poor man, and he has the frugal tastes of the class of small country landholders from which he sprang. He represents the great element of rural France, which studies and practices economy and dislikes wastefulness and luxury. Pleasure-loving Paris laughs over the rumors of reform and retrenchment in the Elysee, but the president's conduct meets with hearty approval in the country towns and villages, where thrift has never ceased to be a virtue. Even the boulevard wits were silent when the president, returning to his mother's home in Montelimar, gave an unstudied exhibition of filial reverence. Catching a glimpse of her white hair as he drove in triumph through the town in a magnificent coach behind an escort of cuirassiers, he sprang to the ground, ran toward the platform where she was seated and embraced her again and again, while she was sobbing from joy and pride. A president who is not ashamed of his humble peasant mother and remembers her counsels of thrift and carefulness, stands for the best qualities of staid, rural France. There is so much that is sordid and contemptible in the public life of the republic with the strange hurly-burly of the Dreyfus case, that a touch of the simplicity of earlier and better times is welcomed.

Twain's Pajamas. Mark Twain has an intense dislike for clothes, and if it were possible would remain in his pajamas day in, day out. And whenever he can do so he eats breakfast in them, receives his friends and works in them. His favorite mode of writing is to lie flat on the floor on his stomach in his pajamas, with a pipe in his mouth. When on lecture tours he never gets out of his sleeping clothes until it is time to go to hall or opera house. When the fit strikes him he likes to exercise, and then with his customary shamble will shuffle along for miles and exhaust the most athletic companion. But he feels far more at home in his pajamas than in a street suit or evening clothes.

When a girl's engagement to an out-of-town man is reported, it is first said that she is to marry a king. As time progresses, the girl's mother confesses that the young man is a prince. It leaks out later that he works on a salary, and has to work Saturday nights, and later, just before the wedding, no one is surprised at learning that he is a clerk, and gives dancing lessons on the side to make a living.

Russian Scepter. The Russian scepter is of solid gold, and contains 268 diamonds, 300 rubies and 15 emeralds.

English Lett vs Lead. Two-thirds of all the letters posted in the postoffices of the world are English.

A retired confidence man says that all man worth doing at all is worth doing well.

The effect of a mule's kick does not depend upon the soundness of his brain.

A woman's dress never turns out as she thought it would.

Notice a mean man; he is always apologizing.

It's a cold day when the palm-leaf fan gets left.

THE DREAM THAT CAME TRUE.

THERE was a hint of autumn in the woodland tints, where the colors shaded from softest gray to deepest red and brown, and the breeze that swept over the uplands was suggestive of chilly October, but the golden spell of Indian summer lay on the valley, touching the ripe peaches with an added bloom and reaching the late roses to unfold their fragrant hearts before it was too late to give their sweetness to the dying summer.

In the rectory orchard, under the shadows of the fruit-laden trees, village lads and lasses hid and sought, and out in the meadow the children laughed and played and danced to the music of their own voices.

The professor stood at the outer edge of a circle of infant revelers, his spectacles pushed up on his broad forehead, his soft Hamburg hat tilted forward to shield his eyes from the sun.

Gray eyes they were, with a keenness in them that was reflected and that lent them a clearer vision for things that time had set at a distance than for present realities.

The iron-gray hair was brushed back and outlined features that were not unkindness, though their sternness gave him a semblance of severity, until he smiled.

When the professor smiled children understood that the tall figure with its

inclination to stoop was not likely to prove aggressive, and that the learning contained in that massive frame could be put aside with the spectacles; also that the professor might have been young once, before the weight of a laurel wreath had puckered his brows and powdered his hair with the frost that comes before winter.

He was smiling now and looking with appreciative interest at the game in progress.

"Do you hear what they are singing?" he asked the rector's wife.

Mrs. Errington detached herself from the tea urn to answer carelessly. "Nuts and May, isn't it?"

"The delightful irrelevance of childhood," pursued the professor, "the sublime faith in the impossible. 'Here we come gathering Nuts and May—so early in the morning!' Not content with demanding their autumn and their spring at the same time, they must have it early in the morning, too; all the world at their feet, with youth to make them enjoy it. They have faith enough to remove mountains, but I am afraid the days of miracles are past."

Mrs. Errington's glance lingered on him for a moment and then traveled to where a girl in a white dress stood under the trees that bordered the rectory garden.

"There is Evadne," she said; "how fresh and cool and sweet she looks! Don't you think so, professor?"

He adjusted his spectacles to give a conscientious answer.

"Miss Evadne is always pleasant to look at," he said, as he gazed with a painstaking air in her direction; "at this distance I do not see her so plainly as I could wish."

"And she is always pleasant to talk to," she said; "I do not see her so plainly as I could wish."

"I am sent to ask you if you will have some tea," he said.

"Is that meant for an excuse or an apology?" asked Evadne, demurely.

"Does my errand need either?" he questioned in return, with his usual gravity.

"You seemed to consider so," said she, "in which, if you will not think me conceited, I will confess you are unusual. There are people," she continued, noting his puzzled air, "who come and talk to me without any errand at all—merely for the pleasure of the thing."

A little smile was playing round her mouth, and through her curved eyelashes the sparkle of her eyes meant mischief.

The professor pushed his spectacles up again; when people were close to him he could see better without assistance.

"There are people," he said, "who might venture to come to you on their own merits, Miss Eva. I am not one of those fortunate few."

"No?" she queried; lifting her eyebrows, "yet your merits are by no means insignificant. They are public property, professor, and we are very proud of them down here. I have even," she looked away from him, "felt a little alarmed at the thought of them sometimes, and wondered whether we all seemed very stupid and dull to you learned a person as you."

"Stupid and dull," he echoed the words involuntarily, while he was thinking what a dainty outline the contour of her cheek and chin made—like a pink sea shell, and what a singularly sweet intonation she had!

"Has anyone ever called you anything but professor?"

"My mother calls me John."

"Anyone else?"

"No one, since I was a boy."

They were crossing the meadow now. In the distance Mrs. Errington waved a good-by to them. They had forgotten about her.

"Which would you rather be—yourself at your age and with your knowledge, or an ignorant young person like me?"

She had taken off her hat and was dangling it by a ribbon from her arm. Her hair was all ruffled, and one little tress with a glint of gold in it kissed her cheek lovingly.

He had reached the stile and he stopped to help her over it before he answered. Then he said:

"Miss Eva, do you think it is possible for anyone to gather nuts and May at the same time?"

"Yes, if they get up early enough in the morning."

"What difference does that make?"

"The difference of not leaving things till they are too late."

He was still holding her hand. She gave it to him at the stile, and apparently he had not remembered to give it back. Her eyes were like stars, and there was a rose-flush like day dawn on her cheeks.

"How is one to know whether it is too late or not?"

"I thought you knew everything, professor. And you called me stupid and dull just now, so my opinion can't be worth having."

"I called you stupid and dull? Do you know what I think you?"

"You think me a vain, frivolous girl."

"I think you the most perfect thing on God's earth."

"Professor—"

"I have another name, Evadne."

"When you have quite done with my hand—"

"I shall never have quite done with it. I want it for my own."

"Such a useless, silly little hand?"

"Such a pink and white little hand. Like a May-blossom."

He lifted it to his lips, and they were silent for a moment.

"Evadne, is a miracle possible?"

"What would be a miracle?" she said softly.

He drew her with gentle insistence into his arms, and she raised hers and clasped them round his neck.

"This is one," he answered; "it is the impossible come true."

"It was never impossible," she murmured, "only you were asleep and dreaming, John, and now you are awake, and it is early in the morning."

—New York Mail and Express.

Covered Buttons. The first maker of covered buttons was Mrs. Samuel Williston, of East Hampton, Mass. In early life her husband prepared for the ministry, but his eyesight failing, he was compelled to give up all study and support himself. He opened a general country store, and his wife gave a great deal of attention to a notion counter. One winter day, in 1829, she was sorting her stock, when it suddenly occurred to her to cover some of the wooden buttons, then in general use, with cloth. They attracted much attention among the customers of the little shop, and were finally known to all the neighboring towns, and became very popular. Williston and his wife contrived machinery to do the work, the first ever employed in America. An immense manufactory sprang up, and made half the covered buttons of the world, and Williston died worth several millions. And the source of all this wealth originated with a bright New England woman.

Forgotten Long Ago. Doubtless, this is an interesting clause in the constitution of Vermont of 1793, to limit professional obligations: "As every freeman, to preserve his independence, if without a sufficient estate, trade or farm, whereby he can honestly subsist, there can be no necessity for nor use in establishing offices of profit, the usual effects of which are dependence and servility unbecoming freemen, in the possessors or expectants, and faction, contention and discord among the people. But if any man is called into public service to the prejudice of his private affairs he has a right to a reasonable compensation; and whenever an office, through increase of fees or otherwise, becomes so profitable as to occasion many to apply for it, the profits ought to be lessened by the Legislature."

Feminine Pioneers of Long Ago. A copy of a curious newspaper has been found in the French national archives, says Literature. It is dated Jan. 4, 1808, and is called L'Atenee des Dames. The articles are evidently written by women and the object of the paper seems to have been an attempt to place women on an equal footing with men. The feminine pioneers of 1808 were evidently nearly 100 years ahead of their times. La Fronde, the Parisian newspaper written, printed and published by women, is now in its third year and appears to be successful, while only one copy of L'Atenee des Dames is to be found.

Graveyard for Animals and Birds. A 110-acre burial ground for animals and birds has been established at Coxsack, N. Y.

It is a difficult matter for a woman to believe that there any quarreling in a pretty cottage with roses in bloom over the front porch.

The desire to chase men runs in families.

LIFE-SAVING HEROES.

Thrilling Rescues—Men, Women and Children Who Have Won Medals.

The "Heroes of Peace," celebrated by Gustav Kobbé in the Century, are the volunteer life-savers. Many deeds are recorded that equal the bravest exploits of the battlefield.

For many years before the United States life-saving service was established, the Massachusetts Humane Society maintained, along the coast of that State, houses of refuge for shipwrecked sailors, and stations equipped with life-saving apparatus, in charge of keepers, who, when the emergency arose, summoned volunteer crews.

This volunteer life-saving service is still kept up, and is often able not only to render effective assistance to the regular government crews, but occasionally, also, to save life when the nearest United States life-savings station is too far from the scene of disaster for its crew to arrive in time.

The rivalry between these two corps has been most generous. There have been no bickerings, no attempts of one to outwit the other, but a singleness of impulse to serve in the cause of humanity. Naturally the gold and silver medals awarded by the United States government for heroism, displayed in saving life, have been more frequently bestowed upon members of the regular service, as this extends along our entire seaboard and lake coast, but the volunteer corps has had its share of honor.

But by far the greater number of medals for heroism displayed in saving life from drowning have been awarded to individuals—people from the most varied walks of life; men of high social position, Western Indians, a Southern negro, pleasure-seekers along the coast, a Japanese cabin steward, steamboat men, and officers and men of the United States army, navy, and revenue-cutter service. Every section of the country seems to have contributed its hero or heroes to the roll of honor. There are also heroines on that roll. A number of women hold silver medals, and two women the gold medal. Silver medals have also been awarded to mere boys and girls for displays of daring far beyond their years.

Frederic Kernochan was a lad when he received a silver medal for saving a woman from drowning in the Navesink River, near Highlands, New Jersey; and Marie D. Parsons, a girl of only 16 years when she rescued a child at Fireplace, Long Island. Nor was Edith Morgan, of Hamlin, Mich., much beyond girlhood when she tried, with her father and brother, to row to a vessel capsized three miles out. Beaten back by the heavy waves, she aided in clearing away the logs and driftwood from the beach so as to make a track for the surf-boat. At a previous rescue she had stood for six hours in the snow, hauling at the life-line, in landing sailors from a wreck. . . .

Would I could add to this record those unknown heroes—"greater than those who are known"—whose heroism lacks a human reward because they not only risked but lost their lives in the endeavor to save others. Would there were a roll of the unhonored and unsung! The medal list is a long one, but the roll of the perished longer. Occasionally a memorial like the Brookav Field at Princeton, which commemorates the heroism of Frederick Brookav, the Princeton student who gave his life to save two servants from drowning, reminds us of one or another of these sacrifices. But far more frequently a grave in an unfrequented church-yard, or a proud pang in a woman's heart, is the only memorial of the "unknown hero."

QUEER GOPHERS IN FLORIDA. Burrowing Gophers that the Natives Eat Like Escargots du Terrapin.

"The most interesting creature I ever saw in Florida," said a New York man who spent the winter there, "was the burrowing turtle. This turtle is peculiar to Florida, and it is an important factor in the domestic economy of the cracker population, for the Florida cracker hates on the gopher—that's what they call this burrowing turtle—and thinks it is the finest thing in the edible line that ever existed."

"Another thing that induces the gopher to dig its burrow out of the reach of water is that in those dry and sandy places the rattlesnake and various kinds of hideous-looking lizards are most plentiful, and the gopher is never happy unless its burrow is shared by a colony of either one or the other of these, if not of both. Find a gopher hole and uncover it and you will be sure to find from half a dozen to a dozen or more rattlesnakes, and maybe fifteen or twenty lizards of various sizes and colors and degrees of ugliness occupying it with its proprietor. The gopher plainly loves the companionship of these deadly things, although it is itself as meek and harmless as a dove."

"No dweller in those parts of Florida ever goes anywhere about without a bag slung over his or her shoulder. This is to put gophers in, as some are pretty sure to be found pasturing in the wild grass patches. The moment a gopher is surprised by a person with a bag it shuts itself securely in its shell, and the cracker picks it up and tumbles it into the bag. The gopher is likewise trapped by digging a hole close to the entrance of its burrow and sinking a barrel or box into it and covering the trap with loose twigs. When the gopher comes out and starts on a foraging trip it tumbles into the trap and can't get out. What terrapin are to the high-living epicure, the gopher is to the Florida cracker."

A Neighborhood Tragedy. "We bought a lawn-mower at the Montague auction."

"Well, that was all right, wasn't it?"

"All right? Maria says it is our old one which they borrowed and never returned."—Detroit Free Press.

On the Wrong Shelf. A correspondent of the London Academy writes that a bookseller in a large provincial city recently discovered an assistant arranging four new copies of Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" on the shelves devoted to books on gardening.

We suppose that the last intelligent thought in a woman's mind in a moment of peril is to wonder how many will see the hole in her stockings if she gets killed.

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

A One-Sided Affair. Smith—What's the trouble with Brown and his wife? They are always quarrelling.

Jones—Oh, it's the old, old story. Each declares the other is at fault.

Smith—Well, perhaps they are both at fault. Each should make some allowance for the other.

Jones—But that's impossible. You see, Brown hasn't got a penny of his own, while his wife is quite wealthy. She makes him an allowance of \$6 a week and her refusal to increase it is at the bottom of the trouble.

Those Loving Girls. Helen—Jack called me an angel last night.

Mattie—No wonder; you are always harping about something.

Why They Are Made. Jaggles—Why do they make paste diamonds?

Waggles—To stick people.—Town Topics.

Accommodating Attire. He—Can you make room for me?

She (artlessly)—O, yes; this is such a nice dress—it never shows crumpling.—Fun.

Be'ore and After. "My dear," said Mrs. Hunewell, as she poured the coffee at breakfast the other morning, "do you believe in the eternal fitness of things?"

"I used to," replied Hunewell, "but that was before you began to make my shirts."

How to Become an Artist. Miss Silleigh—I think I shall go in for landscape painting. Is it difficult to learn?

De Aubery—No, it's comparatively easy. All one has to do is to select the right colors and put them on the right place.

Making a Choice. "Which do you prefer?" asked her indulgent father.

"It is so hard to decide," she answered, "but at the price quoted I think the duke is a better bargain than the count. I guess you may buy me the duke."

An Explanation. "That automatic music box can't play for a cent."

"Why not?"

"Because one has to drop a nickel in the slot to make the wheels go round."

A Defensive Measure. Marietta, you had better write your aunt Jane that we are coming out there on the Fourth.

"Why?"

"If you don't she will be writing us that she is coming here."

What He Was After. Mr. Stubb—Maria, what was that tramp after that was preaching so loud out in the yard?

Mrs. Stubb—He was after dinner, Mr. Stubb—him! one of those after-dinner speakers, I suppose.

The Consultation of the Future. Dr. Skinnem—Have you made a careful X-ray examination of the patient?

Assistant—I have; here is the chart. It shows in all 72 cents in change distributed in various pockets. Also a key and a meal ticket.

Dr. Skinnem—Um, I see. Tell him we don't care to treat him.—New York World.

Hours and Years. Denny—Here's a picture as th' prince taken at 8, and another taken at twelve.

Larry—Be hives! but didn't he change in thim four hours.

Elastic Neck, Also. "Have you noticed what an elastic step Mr. Haught has?"

"No; but come to think of it, I have often heard the street gamin yell: 'Rubber!' when he passed."

Not Safe to Go. "I think my wife will stay at home this summer."

"How do you know?"

"She doesn't like my taste, and I told her I thought I'd have the house painted—'n over if she went away."

Her Bathing Suit. "This is my new bathing suit, papa," said the fair maid; "how do you think I'll look in it?"

"Well, judging by the dimensions," responded her papa, "I think you'll look more out of it than in it."

Great Scheme. Hoax—Guzzler has at last found a sure remedy for insomnia.

Joax—What is it?

"Why, sets his alarm clock to go off five minutes after he has retired, and when he hears it, turns over and goes right to sleep."

An Optimist. "Why did you applaud this miserable play so heartily?"

"Miserable, do you say? Do you think I intend to be disappointed after paying the price of admission?"—Fulgence Blaetter.

Fare of One Follower. "Do you mean to say that you recognize Aguinado as a dictator?" asked the rebellious Filipino.

"I can't help myself," was the sorrowing reply. "I'm the official stenographer."

A Tell-Tale Trail. The great detective paused.

"The horseless carriage containing the murderer passed here just twenty minutes ago," he said.

The other man looked astonished.

"But I see no wheel tracks," he cried.

"No," said the great detective, calmly, "but if you'll sniff a little you'll get the odor of the kerosene."

The Retort Courteous. The vicar of a South London church school, having finished his scripture lesson the other day, congratulated the top class on a coming holiday, finishing with the expression of a hope that each boy would "return with clearer and better brains." He was somewhat taken aback with the universal response of "Same to you, az."

Crullers for Quota. Weary Walker—Lady, would you please give me a few crullers like you. I got last week?

Mrs. Newed—Yes, poor fellow. Here are three of them for you.

Weary Walker—Can't yer make it four, mum? Me and me partner wants ter play quots.