

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The business department of the WEEKLY GUARD is caused considerable trouble by correspondents addressing the proprietors personally. Address all letters referring to the news or business connected therewith to THE GUARD, Eugene, Oregon.

ABOUT SHERIFF WITHERS.

The Junction City Times has an article this week on local politics in which it says that "before the defalcation of Deputy Sheriff Day the powers that be were grooming Fred Fisk for sheriff." We are not aware of the source from which the Times obtained such information, but are of the opinion that it is very unreliable.

Among the Democrats and Populists who so loyally supported the Union ticket we have not at any time heard any question raised as to the wisdom and propriety of nominating Sheriff Withers for the second term. His management of the office has been above reproach, besides the great loss he sustained through the criminal action of a trusted, but faithless deputy makes his renomination simply a matter of justice.

It may be well to let Deputy Sheriff Fisk right before the public. Not only has there never been the last question as to the propriety of renominating Sheriff Withers, but Mr Fisk never entertained a thought of becoming a candidate against the man who furnishes him employment. Fred Fisk is an honorable man, and would not under any circumstance become a candidate against his chief with whom he holds the peculiarly confidential relations that, more than in any other county office, attach to that of the sheriff.

SOME TARIFF IGNORANCE.

Wallawa Chieftain: The price of wool is now nearing the mark that it should reach under the present tariff laws. The supply that was rushed in by the manufacturers under free trade has at last been exhausted. Wool that was worth from 6 to 8 cents under the Wilson law, will be worth 17 to 19 cents per pound under the McKinley law.

The present tariff law was passed in the early summer of 1897, two and one-half years ago. The supply that was "rushed" in has held out a long time. But some excuse must be made for former low prices of wool since the passage of the high tariff act. It might not be superfluous to inform the Chieftain editor that wool is worth "17 to 19 cents," and more, in the world's markets where "the McKinley law" cannot possibly affect values.

BRITISH MILITARY STRENGTH

The law of Great Britain forbids the Queen to maintain any standing army whatever except by permission of Parliament. And every year Parliament passes an army bill authorizing the maintenance of an army of carefully specified strength.

The army thus maintained consists of regular forces, first reserves, second reserves, militia, yeoman and volunteers. The total home and colonial forces amounts to 663,259 men. The regular forces of the Indian establishment number 79,163, making a grand total of 742,422 men.

This is the army to which the South African republics have thrown down the gauntlet. In an emergency about one-half of it could be sent to South Africa. That is to say, in order to win in the struggle, the Boers, in the last extremity, would have to meet and overcome British armies aggregating about 350,000 men.

Lady Sarah Wilson of London probably wishes the Boers had kept her a prisoner. She was exchanged for a notorious Boer horse thief and convict. The horse laugh is certainly on Lady Sarah, and she will

never hear the last of the peculiar exchange. Reports have been coming that Lady Sarah made things very uncomfortable for her Boer captors by reason of being the possessor of a peculiarly gifted tongue for invective, and this likely accounts for the odd exchange. They were willing to take anything in order to get rid of her.

A recent writer advises those who wish to know something of Niagara Falls to go soon, because, in addition to the water already abstracted for power, more and more is being taken "with a wise caution so as not to strain the patience of grandeur lovers to the breaking point." Water to produce 100,000 horse-power is about to be taken by a Canadian company and the time is within computable distance when all that remains to be seen will be a dry wall over which the river once poured.

The tariff on hops under the McKinley law is 8 cents a pound. One of our leading Douglas county growers recently sold his crop for 4 cents a pound.—Roseburg Review.

The farmer's wheat that is being sold for less than forty cents a bushel is "protected" against "foreign competition" by a duty of twenty-five cents a bushel. Such protection is a fraud and exists only on the paper on which the tariff law is printed. He finds the genuine article of protection though, supplemented by trusts, when he buys many of the necessities of life.

A very good reason for the enactment of the Oregon libel law is given by the Baker City Republican. It says:

"There is a stringent law against publishing the names of debtors in any form that is public, and even a dun written on a postal card and sent through the mails subjects the sender to a heavy fine. The law contemplates that a man is not obliged to credit another and, if he does so, he has his recourse at law and cannot injure the debtor in any other public way."

An old resident of New York recalls the time when he saw on adjoining buildings in Burling Slip these three signs: "Daniel Tiemann, Paints and Oils;" "Peter Cooper, Glue;" "Cyrus W. Field, Rags." Tiemann became Mayor of New York; Cooper founded Cooper Institute; Field organized the Atlantic Telegraph Company. Field and Cooper were millionaires long before they died.

The Salem Journal may find out that a strict libel law has a place among the statutes of Oregon. Here is the offense:

"A humble little cow that can produce her weight in golden butter every year outranks even a member of the Oregon legislature as a producer of gold."

The flow of gold to Europe causes uneasiness among financial magnates. It continues for a few months Republican leaders now wrangling over the question of who wrote the gold plank in the Chicago platform will not be so anxious for the honor.

Now that Mr McKinley has come out for Secretary Root as his side partner, on next year's ticket, Teddy Roosevelt is more certain than ever that he does not wish second place on the ticket.

When Congressman Terry, of Arkansas, wished to call an utterance by a member of the House an untruth he simply said: "The gentleman thinks what Patterson dreamt; Patterson dreamt a lie."

The British soldiers could not have wished for a better Christmas than that furnished them in South Africa. Plenty of fighting with the thermometer 102 in the shade.

Both Lord Roberts and Kitchener, who are to look after John Bull's interests in South Africa, are Irish men.

THAT SUIT CASE.

Ruth Kenyon was talking earnestly to the girl who sat next her in the train from Northampton one June day.

"Not everything is over between John Baker and me," she was saying vehemently. "Frances, I sent that gentleman an invitation to the Junior prom, two months ago, and he not only never answered the letter, but went to the prom with another girl. Such rudeness! I've sent back all his presents and never want to see him again. But, for that matter, I suppose I shall, as I get home. He lives just next door and always goes home as soon as college is out."

"Why, Ruth," suddenly ejaculated her friend, looking out of the window. "Here's your station. Hurry, dear, or you'll be late. Goodby, and we'll meet again at Smith in September."

"Poor John Baker, Jr. I pity him when they meet," she added to herself, as she watched Ruth seize her umbrella and suit case and hurry off the car.

Farrington, the driver of the old yellow coach that conducted the little out of the way town of Thorndale with the rest of the world, was looking up and down the platform. His old eyes brightened when he saw Ruth. "Ben hopin' yer'd come on that train," he cried, taking her baggage check. "Jump right in. There's only one other passenger, and I reckon you know him."

He opened the coach door, and the girl stepped in. With a crack of the whip they were off, almost before Ruth had time to recognize in her fellow passenger—John Baker, Jr.

"Good evening," she said coldly. "Good evening," was his equally chilly reply. John Baker became at once absorbed in the evening's news. The coach jolted on over hills and hollows.

"Pears to me," remarked old Farrington, putting his head in the window, "ye ain't got so much to say to each other as usual. Your folks goin' to meet yer at the village, Miss Ruth?"

"They don't expect me tonight," Ruth answered brightly. "But Jerry always comes down about this time for the mail, and I shall ride back with him."

"John goes with yer?"

"If he likes," she said, stiffly.

"I shall walk tonight. I'm not going directly home," came decidedly from John Baker, buried behind his paper.

"Oho!" said old Farrington, softly. He shook his head once or twice, but said no more. "Don't see your wagon hereabouts, Miss Ruth," he ventured to remark as he handed down her suit case at the end of the route.

"It will be right along, and I'm in no hurry." And she sat down on the post-office steps to wait. John Baker strode off without a word.

The minutes passed, but no wagon came. After a time the postmistress came to the door. "You ain't waiting for your Jerry, I hope, Miss Kenyon," she said. "For he said this morning he wasn't coming again today."

"Thank you," replied the girl, with rather a vexed laugh. "Then I must wait." She picked up her suit case and started down the long, dusty road. The spirits of our college girl drooped as she plopped on in the hot summer twilight, from time to time shifting from one hand to the other her heavy dress suit case.

She began to think resentfully of all she had crammed into it at the last moment, particularly of 17 different photographs of the same Yale senior, all of them dated before that junior prom.

Then there was a sharp step behind her. Looking quickly back, she confronted—John Baker.

"Ruth!" he said angrily, "they told me you had started, so I followed. This is no place for a girl to be alone." He glanced about at the gathering darkness. "Let me carry that suit case. It's too heavy for you."

Ruth Kenyon suddenly straightened like a ramrod, and her eyes flashed, but she made no answer. John Baker's wrath blazed higher. "Miss Kenyon, I must find out what all this outrageous treatment of me means. I will not stand it any longer!"

"I will not discuss that matter now, Mr. Baker," she broke in. Baker wiped a perspiring brow and gave up in despair.

The walk seemed endless, but at last the Kenyon house appeared at the end of a long pasture, which was separated from the road by a high stone wall. Before John Baker noticed what she was going to do, Ruth had turned, placed her suit case on top of the wall and climbed up herself.

How it happened, neither of them ever clearly knew. Instantly there was a rolling sound, a crash, and a moment later John was over the wall lifting the girl's prostrate figure from the ground. In his excitement he forgot everything except that the girl he loved lay motionless before him.

"Ruth," he cried, brokenly, "are you hurt badly? Speak, dear, and to my feet. At his words she staggered and to her feet. "I'm not hurt much. That case made me slip," she said, but her lips were pale and trembling. "Thank you," she added, as he handed her a letter which lay on the ground whose she had fallen. In the bright moonlight she read the address written in her own handwriting. Mr. John Baker, Jr., Yale university, New Haven, Conn.

"John," she cried, suddenly facing him. "Light a match." And a minute later "John Baker," she sobbed, "it was all my fault. I thought you weren't a gentleman for not answering my invitation to the Junior promenade, when I never mailed the letter. It must have been in that suit case all this time. Can we ever be friends again, John?"

"No," said he, springing forward with a cry of joy. "We can't be simply friends. It's got to be something more than friends this time, Ruth."

John Baker paused on his front doorstep before going in that night to look up at a bright light in the house next door. "Poor girl, she did hurt herself," he said gently. "And it was all on account of that plaguey suit case. But I was desperate, and it gave me a chance to tell her how I feel about us two, anyway." He laughed softly, then opened the door and went in.—Boston Post.

Tack and Tact.

He stared at her with bulging eyes. She had a boxing glove on her left hand and a hammer in her right.

"My dear," he stammered, "what are you going to do?"

"Idiot," she snapped, "I'm going to drive tacks."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

AT LAST.

"I'll not have her in the house; I tell you I will not—and with that helpless little baggage whining around her too! Where would be my quiet and comfort?" "Horatio Heath!"

The pale faced woman looked up—one stern, swift glance. They were a strange pair, this brother and sister, living alone, far out from the busy, gossiping village. There had been a younger brother, long ago. A fair haired, blue eyed boy, the pride and pet of the family, and to him the partial father was going to leave his farm and money. The elder brother, Horatio, was strong muscled and miserly. He already owned a good bit of land and was claiming his wages regularly every year.

Hannah, the one daughter, was provided for by being the heiress of a maiden aunt, and so old Farmer Heath, whose practical, hard working wife had died when the little Edward Everett was born, made an idol of that fair browed baby; loved and petted him beyond all reason, had him educated in the best schools, and, as a crowning piece of extravagance and folly, actually brought home a secondhand piano and would sit for hours listening to Everett's low, musical voice and simple accompaniments as he sang and played in the twilight.

Presently the boy announced that he was going to be married.

Within a year the father died suddenly, and neither will nor money could be found in the house. There was a thorough but useless search made.

Horatio and Hannah chose the appraisers, and all the real and personal estate was divided into three parts and appraised according to law.

Everett was to take his portion and leave. And thus it came about that Everett and his young wife were launched upon the world with only a few hundred dollars between them and absolute want.

Ten years went by, and a rumor reached the old Heath farm that Everett was dead and his wife and child were coming back to the village for assistance.

"I suppose they might come here," said Hannah doubtfully, and that provoked the grumble with which this story opens. They did not live happily together, this stern faced sister and quarrelsome brother.

Horatio Heath went down to the long meadow alone to see if the fences were in order, so that he could turn the cattle in without fear of their finding their way on to the railroad.

"That pesky wall and bank," he grumbled, "is allers a-cavin in, and I have it to mend, for they never think o' touchin it. I wouldn't mind it if it came down on to the track some day and stopped the trains for awhile, long enough to let 'em know their duty."

Even as he spoke the treacherous bank, washed by the heavy spring rains, came sliding down, and a heavy boulder striking him unexpectedly threw him on his face.

"Help, help!" he screamed, writhing about and trying to rise in vain. "Help, help!" he called again, and a bright little face peered over the crumbling, shelving bank.

"Are you hurt?" asked a childish voice.

"Yes, I'm awfully hurt," he groaned.

"Go for help, do, and get me out of this."

"Oh, dear me, there comes the train!" piped the little voice. "I can see it slowing up at Meadow station. Where's a stick?"

"I must have a stick. Let me have your cane."

And, snatching off her little red petticoat, she tied it to the stout walking stick the farmer had dropped and went flying up the track in the very face and eyes of the advancing engine.

Fortunately they saw her in time to stop the train, and a strong armed fireman picked up the little creature as she stood trembling with excitement and exertion and just ready to fall.

She told them of the caving bank just around the curve and the man with his head on the rail.

They soon rescued the farmer from his perilous position and found that both legs were broken and his collar bone dislocated. When they were taking him home, he would have the little heroine who had saved his life go, too, but she had slipped away and was nowhere to be found.

Of course in a place like that the stranger could not long remain hidden, and it was known all over the village long before it reached Heath farm that Horatio Heath had been saved from a horrible death by his brother Everett's little daughter. For Horatio Heath was raving in the delirium of a long, lethargic sleep, the sick man, staring in the doctor's face, asked:

"Where is that child?"

"She is down in the village," said the doctor soothingly, not quite sure if his patient was sane even then.

"I have seen her bright eyes looking at me day and night," said the man. "I want to see her. I'll give her armfuls of gold, whole armfuls."

"I'll bring her here if you would like to see her," said the doctor.

"Oh, I would be so glad—so glad!" muttered the sick man. "I believe I can't die without seeing her once more."

So the next day the little girl stood, hushed and frightened, in the sick room.

"Tell the gentleman what your name is," said the doctor.

"Lucy Heath, sir," was the reply.

"Lucy Heath! Mother's name! Who are you?" questioned the sick man wildly.

"It's your brother's daughter," the doctor said, answering for the child.

"But your father is dead," persisted the sick man, "and you are very poor."

"My papa was a teacher, and he's not dead a bit," was the resolute reply.

But Horatio Heath had met with a change of heart while he struggled between life and death with the horrible sound of the coming train ringing in his ears. And he would not be satisfied until he had brought his brother back to the old place and shared his wealth with him.—New York News.

Casts to Fit Hunchbacks.

A curious illustration of the advance of the cutter's art is shown nowadays in the making of clothes for hunchback men. Forty years ago, as middle aged persons can recall, the coat of a hunchback man was likely to fall more or less loosely from him, while now his coat is made to fit him, as far as fit goes, as well as any man's. While the tailor overcomes many ordinary defects of man in fashioning his clothes he cannot, of course, overcome this one, but he can cut garments that will make the least of it and will fit the wearer with the same appearance of trimness as that which characterizes every garment designed with care, and that is what he does.—New York Sun.

Her Gratitude.

The snow lay very deep that year at Clinton Beeches, and old Schoolmaster Rufford was more feeble than usual. And, what with Maria's sewing being interrupted and a new milliner and dressmaker having set up at Beech village, times were very hard.

"You must get me some more wood, Billy," she said to her little brother. "The fire nearly went out this morning when you were at school, and the snow was too deep for me to get out to the wood pile."

"Wood pile's all gone," said Billy, biting a semicircular piece out of his bread—"been gone for a week."

"Gracious me!" cried poor Maria.

"And where has all the wood come from that we've been burning?"

"I've been ripping the thorns off the ghost house fence," observed Billy. "I saw the other fellows doing it, so why shouldn't I? And I've chopped up all the wood in the stable."

"But, Billy, that is stealing!" said Maria.

"No, it ain't," announced Billy, with the air of one who felt himself an authority on the subject. "The old fellow that bought the ghost house has sold the property to the railway company, and they're going to lay a line of rails right through the back garden. The old house would have been pulled to pieces long ago if folks hadn't been afraid of the ghost, and I may as well have a pull at it as any one else."

"I am quite sure that John Gregory will lend us wood until I am able to order a fresh load if you go down and ask him."

"Here he comes now," said Billy, who had been flattening his nose against the window glass. "I think you'd better borrow it yourself."

"Comin' this way," said he, "thought I'd stop and inquire how the old school-master is."

"Pa's pretty feeble," sighed Maria.

"He'll soon mend again once the spring sets in," said John, encouragingly. "Anything I can do for you, Maria, down in the village?"

"I need some more wood," said Maria, wistfully. "But I can't pay for it before pa's annuity money comes in."

"Oh, get out!" said John. "Pay for it, indeed! When our woodland is sufferin'—yes, actually sufferin'—to be thinned out, I'll send you down a load, Maria, when—"

"I am not a beggar!" said Maria Rufford, with some pride.

"Well, if you find a load left at your shed door one o' these days, you'll know what it means," said he. "Don't you want to run down the road a piece, Maria? I'm goin' to the ghost house."

"To the ghost house?" said Maria Rufford. "What for?"

"After a big mahogany chair that was left there," said John. "Old Dawson is a curiosity collector, and he's bought it for \$5. He's got me to take it to the station. He's goin' to send it down to a place in London where they expect to sell it for much more. I'm told folks are sellin' clean crazy about such old things."

"Hullo!" cried Billy, jumping down from the window seat. "We burned up that chair, Maria, the day you wanted the oven hot last week."

He turned a somersault out of the room, and poor Maria, with downcast eyes and burning cheeks, was forced to explain the whole thing to John Gregory.

"Well, if this isn't a fix," said that individual, with a long low whistle. "How am I to fetch the big chair down to the railway station if there's none to fetch?"

"Oh, John, what shall we do?" groaned poor Maria. "Do you suppose one of Grandmother Rufford's old chairs would do as well? There's half a dozen of them that have stood there ever since I was a child. They're dreadfully old fashioned."

And the result of the inspection was that one of Grandmother Rufford's high shouldered old chairs was cheerfully brought down stairs and lifted into John's cart.

John Gregory came up again within a week or two.

"Well, Maria," said he, "I've got a customer for another o' them old chairs. There's a lady in London has seen that one and offered \$25 for it, but it was a spoke. So when old Dawson told me o' it, says I, 'I know where I can get another of the same pattern, or as near like it as can be.' Says he, 'Send it to my shop then.' And if you're willin' to sell it on those terms—"

The old Rufford chairs were brought out of their dim receptacle in the garret and sold, one by one, to eager dilapidated—a battered old wardrobe was "fixed up" by John Gregory, and a spindle legged table followed close and hard upon it, until Maria's wood pile and flour barrel were replenished, a new carpet was bought for Grandfather Rufford's room, and the rent and the grocer's bills were triumphantly paid.

"It's as if we'd found a bag of gold," said Maria, with tears in her eyes. "And it's all your doings, John."

"If you're really so grateful to me"—

"Well?"

"There's a way you might show it."

"I can't think what you mean, John."

"Well, it's not for lack o' explainin' it," sighed the faithful John. "I want you to marry me, Maria. Isn't that plan enough?"

"Oh, John, when you know I can't leave pa!"

"Well, then, let me come here to live. I've no wish to part you from your father."

"Well, John, if pa is willing"—

John rose quietly, but resolutely. He grasped the vegetable pan and lifted it carefully off the fire.

"John," cried Maria, "what are you going to do?"

"To kiss you, Maria."

"But, John, the potatoes aren't done."

"Let the potatoes wait," said John. "I've waited long enough."—London News.

A New Version.

"I have a very interesting German friend," said a well known business man, "and he amuses me very much by trying to use American slang like a native. One expression that particularly caught his fancy was 'By Jimmy.' But his version is original, though he doesn't intend it to be. The nearest he can come to it is 'By Jimmy,' and that's what he always says. 'The other day I had a letter from him that shows that his slang vocabulary is increasing. He was describing some goods that were unusually fine and not what everybody would be likely to have. In fact, to quote him, they were something that couldn't be bought by every Tom, Dick and Harry.'—Detroit Free Press.

AN INCORRIGIBLE.

"Cousin Percy has returned from his wanderings," announced Mrs. Brandenburg, laying down her paper. "I do wish, Mortimer, that he would marry and settle down. But I fear he's incorrigible."

Mr. Brandenburg laughed. "I suppose you've already picked out the girl, and Percy will have her for dinner and tea, for ball and luncheon, at charming little tete-a-tete meetings, etc., until he'll have to give in from sheer helplessness and marry her."

"I fail to understand you, Mortimer," said his wife crossly.

"Come, now, don't get angry. Floss; but you know you love nothing half so well as making a match for people who are too stupid to arrange one for themselves. But you must confess there are just two people you cannot do anything with, Percy and Virginia Tarelton."

"Go away, Mortimer, and don't be so silly. I tell you they were made for each other, and I am only doing my duty in bringing them together," said Mrs. Brandenburg, tossing her head defiantly.

"Gang yer own gait, missus," replied her husband smilingly, "and meet with defeat. But I'll wager that is all you'll meet."

"What'll you wager?" queried the little woman briskly.

"The price of your portrait painted by Chattran," he responded, confident that he would never have to pay it.

"Done! And I intend to win," Mrs. Brandenburg cried gleefully just as, by a strange coincidence, the door was thrown open and Virginia Tarelton was announced. Mr. Brandenburg cast a quizzical glance at his wife as he escaped from the room, but she was already embracing her dearest Virginia and did not notice him. Miss Virginia was a rather stately young woman of eight or nine and twenty, handsome, accomplished and very wealthy; but, having been raised by a maiden aunt who had met with a disappointment in love in early life and had in consequence turned into a veritable man hater, Miss Virginia had been led to believe that men at best were untrustworthy creatures. Besides, she was constantly haunted by a fear of fortune hunters and was almost unapproachable to all unmarried men.

Flossy Brandenburg, who was very fond of her, had made several unsuccessful attempts to make her happy for life by marrying her to some venturesome suitor, but Virginia fought shy of all such well meant aid.

When, therefore, her friend began to recount the many attractions and virtues of her cousin Percy, Virginia listened but coldly. Finally, being rather hard pushed, she turned at bay.

"Look here, Flossy," she said, energetically, "please say nothing more about men and marrying to me. I'll have none of it!"

"Marrying!" exclaimed Mrs. Brandenburg tartly. "Why, Virginia, pardon me if I say what seems uncomplimentary, but Percy Pentacost would not marry you nor any other woman under any consideration."

"And why not, pray?" demanded Virginia, quite huffed.

"Because," her hostess replied solemnly, "Percy has just as intense a loathing for matrimony as you have. I never knew a man so insanely opposed to anything as he is to marriage. And it's a shame, too, for Percy is so companionable, enormously wealthy, has traveled the world over, paints, plays divinely; in short, I know of nothing that he is not master of."

"And nothing could induce him to marry? Are you sure, Flossy?" Virginia inquired cautiously.

"Quite sure," was the decided response.

"Then," said Virginia, drawing a breath of relief, "you may introduce him, Flossy."

Mrs. Brandenburg seemed suddenly to lose all interest in Cousin Percy. She stilled a yawn before replying carelessly: "I will if I ever get a chance, but Percy so seldom goes out. But perhaps I could arrange it," doubtfully.

Miss Virginia's feathers were ruffled. She colored up angrily. "Pray don't put yourself out on my account. It's of not the slightest interest to me," she said stiffly, and then plunged animatedly into a discussion of the new play. But when she had taken her departure Mrs. Brandenburg laughed aloud as she said to herself:

"Point one scored."

The day was an eventful one for Mrs. Mortimer Brandenburg, for Miss Tarelton had hardly left the house when Percy Pentacost ran in to pay his respects.

"You came just too late to meet one of my most interesting friends," his cousin said as she greeted him warmly, after which she broke into praises of Virginia and kept it up until Percy interrupted her sarcastically.

"In fact, she's a perfect female paragon, I suppose," he said.

"No," returned Mrs. Brandenburg, looking sad, "far from it, Percy. She would be if it were not for the unnatural antipathy she has for marriage. I wish it were possible for you to meet her, Percy, for you have so many congenial tastes and pursuits, and you would be perfectly safe in her society and could enjoy it freely, knowing that even if you wished she could not be induced to marry you."

"You wish it were possible. What do you mean by that?" demanded Mr. Pentacost, stung into interest at last.

"Oh, Virginia has built such a Chinese wall about herself that she's almost inaccessible," she replied.

"I've scaled some pretty high walls and broken through many others," Mr. Pentacost said rather sulkily, "and if