

FAREWELL

"I go to-morrow," I said, as we sat down on a flat stone beside the road. "Yes, so I understand."

"And is that all you have to say, Bell?"

"I wish you a pleasant journey and safe return," she said, bending over her flowers to arrange them. "When do you think you shall be back, William?"

"This was not what I wanted. Cousin Bell was too quiet and calm. I wanted her to feed my craving vanity by some look or word, or tear of love, that I could carry away with me to feast on and she would not. I determined to touch her some way, even at the expense of the truth."

"Perhaps never, Bell! If I succeed in business, I shall most probably settle there, marry there, and live and die there."

"Would you care for that, my pretty cousin?"

"Hum! I don't know. I wish I could find another violet to match this. Look what a beauty!"

"You would care—you do care—though you sit there talking about your flowers!" I said, hastily. "Tell me, don't you love me a little bit, dear Bell?"

"I drew her nearer, and a softening, yielding look came over her face. "And if I did, William?"

"It would make me happier in one way, Bell, for I should feel that my journey was only taken for your good, and that in time you would thank me for making it."

"What do you mean, William? Have you lost your senses? What have I done, or said, or looked, to make you think—what—what you have just said?"

"I was saying it all for your good," I blundered out, stultically. "And going away for your good, too."

"Because you thought I loved you too much—that was it?"

"Yes!"

"And so you were kindly going to take yourself out of sight till I had forgotten you?"

"I was silent."

"Oh, grant me patience!" she exclaimed, and then, as if I had stung her to the very heart, she buried her face in her hands. At last she looked up.

"I do not think you are to blame for this; I suppose all men are so," she said, so gently that she took me by surprise. "But I think we had better part now. I hope, when we meet again, you will know women better than you do now."

"Will you give me a flower, Bell?" I asked, feeling with a strange perversity, just at that moment, that I would have died to win her.

"She smiled, and pushed them toward me with her foot."

"Help yourself, William."

"I took up a daisy and a violet and put it in my bosom."

I wrote to my cousin several times after I had established myself in my new home in Ireland, but as she contented herself by sending messages in answer to my sister Maggie's letters, I took the hint at last, and followed her example. But her silence and her anger did for her what her affection had never done; and if ever a dream of a happy home came into my mind as I sat alone, it was sure to be the face and form of Bell that beautified it. She still remained unmarried.

Three years passed away, and during the summer of the fourth I went for a visit to my country home, thinking fondly to myself that I would bring my cousin with me when I returned, and keep her there with me forever.

It so happened that Bell had just returned from her spring trip to town when I arrived and my favorite sister Maggie was only too glad of an excuse to call upon her and see the recent fashions she had brought.

"I am obliged to have an excuse, now-a-days," she said, with a merry laugh, "for Bell is very proud, and seems to forget that we used to play together day after day at school. I often think I should like to remind her of it, but she has grown such a fine lady I hardly dare."

"Bell proud and a fine lady! I could hardly imagine that."

"It was in the orchard that we met. 'Well, cousin,' she said, smilingly, 'when you have looked at me long enough, perhaps you will talk to me. A penny for your thoughts!'"

"They were not very gallant ones, I am afraid, for I was thinking that though you have grown very beautiful, Bell, you have also grown very heartless."

"She laughed carelessly. 'And a perfect woman of the world.'" "Thank you, sir," she added, with a graceful bend of the head. "You are quite as complimentary as you used to be, I see. But never mind what I am, have been, or may be. Tell me what you have been doing all these years?"

"Thinking of you, Bell," I said, bluntly but truly.

"She changed color a little, but soon recovered herself."

"It strikes me that you might have employed yourself better. I think the air is growing chilly; shall we join our friends and go back to the house?"

"You would not write, but have you ever thought of me?"

"Sometimes—when I have had nothing better to do."

"Ah, Bell, be serious, and listen to me," I exclaimed; "I want to tell you how stupid I was three years ago—"

"There is no need," she said, with a sarcastic smile. "I hope you are wiser now."

"And do you quite forgive me for wounding you, as I must have done?"

"Oh, dear, yes!"

"I ought to have asked forgiveness long ago. I was but a boy then, and little knew what I was throwing away."

"And you think you know now," she said, looking me straight in the eyes with an indescribable glance.

"My heart beat fast; the blood flew to my temples. Did she love me after all? I caught her hand in mine, and murmured:

"Oh, Bell, my darling, none can know better!"

"Well, what do you think it was?"

"The noblest, purest and fondest heart that ever beat in woman's breast," I answered eagerly. "The truest and tenderest love—"

"I stopped, amazed, for the blue eyes grew dim with tears, and a deep flush covered her neck and cheek and bosom."

"Stop, then!" she said hurriedly. "You have said enough already to humiliate me to the very dust. It might have been all that when you first knew me, but it is not now; and because you have touched one of the old chords, I spare you. You, at least, shall never have it to say that Bell Gordon has trifled with your happiness. I meant that you should, but you have brought back my better nature. Now go, and leave me, William, and believe me, it will be better for you to meet me no more."

"What do you mean, Bell?"

"She laughed bitterly. 'Go ask anyone if I am all you said—anyone who knows me well, and see what they will say. They call me a flirt, a coquette, as well as a heartless creature—a woman of the world. And it is all true. If anyone is idiotic enough to give me his heart I only know how to break it. But you are the friend of my early years,' she said, laying her hand on my shoulder, 'and for the sake of—of—no matter what, I give you fair warning.'

"I tell you that I love you," I said. "I ask you to be my wife."

"It is too late," she replied, dryly; "we are not children to play at this game any longer. Go, and forget me; it is your better way. I am to be married soon. There is the pledge!"

She flashed a diamond ring in my eyes, which she wore upon the third finger of her left hand.

She is still the wife of the wealthy man she married, and a queen of fashion. She has one son, who bears my name, and my eldest daughter is called Bell. I never hear from her—I shall never see her in this world again; but I often sit and think about her, as I have done to-day. Others have loved me more fondly, and made me happier; yet the golden glow of my "first love" lingers about her head, and I cannot, and I would not if I could, forget her. There may be many more beautiful and better far, but to my life's end there will be none so fair to me. Farewell, sweet dream of my youth, farewell!

Noses and Ears.

With the astrologers a large nose was always a sign of much character of some kind, but what was determined by other characteristic marks. A Roman nose was a sign of a courageous temper and a disposition to face and overcome difficulties, while a more strongly aquiline nose was an indication of rapacity; the idea being evidently borrowed from the similarity of the eagle, the most rapacious of birds. The snub-nose showed little character but much temper, while the Greek nose, even, straight and regular, was a sign of the temperament of the owner. Large nostrils indicated good lungs, health and long life, while swelling nostrils showed a warlike spirit and fire. A very sharp nose was considered an indication of a busybody, while a bluntness at the end of this member was an outward sign of the possessor's mental lack of acuteness. Large ears were always bad, the similarity between their owner and the donkey being supposed to extend further than the ears, while small ears were always good. The lobe of the ear passing insensibly into the cheek was a sure sign of a thief and liar, while an exceedingly sharp division between the two indicated honesty and candor. Thick ears meant thick brains, while thin, delicate ears declared their possessor to be a man of refined intelligence.

Victoria's Ceremoniousness.

General Badeau, formerly American Consul at London, writes thus about Queen Victoria: She still exacts for herself the punctilio of former centuries. Men and women of the highest rank kneel to her to-day; Cabinet Ministers kiss her hand. She refuses to receive any personal service from a manial except at table. She never opens a door or directs a letter. Dukes and Duchesses cloak her in public, and commoners become "honorable" for life because they have waited upon Her Majesty. At a garden-party I have seen a Duchess walking behind her to carry a bouquet or standing at the entrance of a tent while her mistress went within to refresh herself. The sovereign's own daughters arrange her robes when she opens parliament, the Prince of Wales pays homage as a subject on the same occasion; her children must be presented at Court upon their marriage. In the early part of her reign she was visiting Louis Philippe, then King of the French, at the Chateau d'Eu, and one day asked for a glass of water. It was handed her by a servant, but Her Majesty declined to receive it; whereupon the King directed one of his own sons to offer the goblet, which was then graciously accepted."

Lincoln's First Dollar.

W. D. Kelly in New York Star.

One evening when a few gentlemen, among whom was Mr. Seward, had met in the Executive Chamber without official business, and were telling of the past, the President said: "Seward, you never heard, did you, how I earned my first dollar?"

"No," said Seward.

"Well," replied he, "I was about eight years of age, and belonged, as you know, to what they call down South the scrubs. People who do not own land and slaves are nobody there. But we had succeeded in raising, chiefly by my labor, sufficient product, as I thought, to justify me in taking it down the river to sell. After much persuasion I had got the consent of my mother to go, and had constructed a flatboat large enough to take the few barrels of things we had gathered going down the river. We have, as you know, no wharves on the western streams, and the custom was, if any passengers were at any of the landings, they were to go out in a boat, the steamer stopping and taking them on board. I was contemplating my new boat, and wondering whether I could make it stronger or improve it in any part, when two men came down to the shore in carriages, with trunks, and looking at the different boats, singled out mine and asked: 'Who owns this?'"

"I answered modestly: 'I do.' 'Will you,' said one of them, 'take us and our trunks out to the steamer?' 'Certainly,' said I. I was very glad to have the chance of earning something, and supposed that each of them would give me a couple of bits. The trunks were put on my boat, the passengers seated themselves on them, and I sculked them out to the steamer. 'Get on board, and I lifted their trunks and put them on the deck. The steamer was about to put on steam again when I called out: 'You have forgotten to pay me.' Each of them took from his pocket a silver half-dollar and threw it on the bottom of my boat. I could scarcely believe my eyes as I picked up the money. You may think it was a very little thing, and in these days it seems to me like a trifle, but it was a most important incident of my life. I could scarcely credit that I, the poor boy, had earned a dollar in less than a day, that by honest work I had earned a dollar the world seemed wider and fairer before me. I was a more hopeful and thoughtful boy from that time."

A Gambler's Family.

Some of the tragedies of real life in the metropolis are stranger than any fiction I have ever read. I know of one which has not yet got into the local papers, but probably will some day. More than a generation ago a man, who was known as a banker in Louisville, Ky., married a beautiful woman in that city, by whom he had in a few years six of the most beautiful daughters. He was indulgent to them in a degree which was the marvel of the city in which he lived; he brought them up in comparative ignorance; though all were unusually bright. One day during the war he was suddenly compelled to leave Louisville and fly to Canada. Then it came out that he had robbed a United States Paymaster named Cook of \$115,000 in cards, and his wife learned for the first time that his business of banking involved simply the keeping of a faro bank.

She concealed this fact from her children and fled to New York with them to hide in this great metropolis. She succeeded. She reared these girls in an exemplary way, notwithstanding her dishonest husband the fruits of her swindling at cards. She bore it for years until she had married off all her six daughters; then she refused further aid from her husband. All this time the children remained in ignorance of their father's character and business and were proud of him. Suddenly, five years ago, he died, and the New York papers told the true story of his criminal life, and the daughters learned what their father had been. One died from the shock. The others withdrew themselves from all acquaintance with old friends. One, whose husband was equally fond and proud of her, refused to let her hide her head in secrecy and pine away. The other, her father's favorite, and who had more than her share of family pride and who had not infrequently twitted her husband's husband with the fact that he was "in trade," while her father was a banker, in the first shock of the revelation of the real character of her father abandoned her home, turned to dissipation in drink to some extent and to gambling desperately, and finally, in the course of only two years of shame, has descended to the low level of the mistress of a faro banker.

Oath Taken By the Members of British Parliament.

"I—, do swear that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to Her Majesty Queen Victoria, and will defend her to the utmost of my power against all conspiracies and attempts whatever which shall be made against her person, crown or dignity; and I will do my utmost endeavors to disclose and make known to her majesty, her heirs and successors, all treasons and traitorous conspiracies which may be formed against her or them; and I do faithfully promise to maintain, support, and defend to the utmost of my power the succession of the crown, which succession, by an act entitled 'An act for the further limitation of the rights and liberties of the subject' is and stands limited to the Princess Sophia, Electress of Hanover, and the heirs of her body being Protestant, hereby utterly renouncing and abjuring any obedience or allegiance unto any other person claiming or pretending a right to the crown of the realm; and I do declare that no foreign prince, person, prelate, state or potentate, hath or ought to have any jurisdiction, power, pre-eminence, or authority, ecclesiastical or spiritual, within the realm; and I make this declaration upon the true faith of a Christian. Es help me God."

Personal Gossip.

The Rev. Peter Crudden died at Lowell, Mass., recently, leaving an estate valued at \$500,000. He gave one dollar to each of his four brothers and sisters in Ireland, and the remainder of his property to one sister and her heirs.

General Middleton, who at last accounts was pursuing the Indians in the Northwest, is an English officer of considerable experience, having served in New Zealand against the Maoris in 1845 and 1846, and also in the Indian mutiny. In the latter he took an active part in the siege of Lucknow and was recommended for the Victoria cross.

The maiden law fee of a young attorney of Sylvania, Ga., earned a few days since, consisted of \$8 in money, a sack of fodder, a silver watch, an old saw and a yearling steer. He drove his live stock into town himself.

A hammer with which General Andrew Jackson's horse was shod, while on his way to fight the battle of New Orleans, is in the possession of R. T. Schmitt, of Dickson, Tenn. It is to be sold for the benefit of the Bartholdi statue.

It now appears that the thrilling story told by a very young lady in Oswego of having her hair cut off by burglars, who committed the outrage as a revenge on her father, was due to a lively imagination, assisted by her own hands. The silverware she said the masked men had carried off has been found hidden in a closet—and the dime novels which incited the act could probably be found in the young lady's room if a careful search was instituted.

Robert J. Burdette, the Hawkeye humorist, recently said to a reporter of the Buffalo Express: "I began talking this season on the 15th of November, and have kept at it pretty steadily ever since, making five and six talks a week with scarcely a break. Got as far west as Concordia, Kas., north into Minnesota and Wisconsin, south as far as Lynchburg, Va., and down east to Halifax. Buffalo closes the season. I will now hang my chin up on a high and lonely nail for all Summer."

Madame Barrios says that the only monument she wants to see to her departed husband is a man to take his place. This has a grand sound, but the effect has been impaired by a wicked newspaper man who predicts that a pretty \$8,000,000 young widow will not have to wait for the man very long.

There is quite a ferment in the Kansas State University at Lawrence over the forced resignation of Miss Kate Stephens, Professor of the Greek Language and Literature. She says she is asked to resign, not because of incompetency, but because of her sex and her lack of religious convictions. The students generally side with Miss Stephens.

Boucicault claims that his famous play, "London Assurance," was written when he was 18 years of age. By placing the appearance of this production at a period in his life some ten years earlier than chronological accuracy would warrant, the veteran actor (always an actor), appears to be now but 60, instead of his fully 70 years of age. It is a harmless stage imposition.

With More Than Horse Sense.

From the Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Familiar to the eyes of all horsemen in and about Lewiston for several years has been a veteran white horse formerly driven by a Lewiston tailor, and more lately owned by the driver of a job team. The horse has always been accredited with more than common horse sense. He came of a long and valued strain of blood, whence, no doubt, he drew the finer perceptions of his nature. This horse was driven into the barn at Reuben Merrow's in Auburn, Saturday, before the ill-fated funeral which was interrupted by a fire. He was tied firmly out of reach of the hay, and the barn doors were closed behind him. They were the old-fashioned swinging barn doors, with a pole across their center horizontally. Later, as is known, the barn was discovered in flames. Out of the flames came a pig with a circle of fire around him from his burning bristles. The horse was supposed to have perished, as flames were issuing in great volume from out the open doors. The horse had not however, suffered such a fate. He was discovered, face toward the fire, fifty rods from the yard, with nostrils dilated and a brown smudge on his forehead. He was scared and bruised, and his harness was hanging in pieces. The horse seems to have reversed the accepted course of action which horses in view of fire are said to pursue. The marks about his head show that he pulled upon his halter as the fire swept down in front of him, breaking feebly the bits, and in so doing, falling upon his side. Then he backed through the shut doors, knocking the paint of the buggy, but finally escaping with everything but the halter. The doors must have given a firm resistance, and it is wonderful that the horse was able to break through them. The harness was repaired and the team driven home to Lewiston where the horse at night-fall ate a comfortable supper out of his own crib.

Sam Patch's Last Leap.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette, who describes himself as an eye witness of Sam Patch's last two jumps, writes as follows: "Sam Patch, the famous cataraet leaper, who asserted that 'some things could be done as well as others,' took his final, eternal and life's fatal leap," as a local poet expressed it at the time, on a gloomy day in November in the year 1829. He had "jumped" the Genesee Falls at Rochester, their natural height, one week before, and was induced by the gamblers and roughts who were grooming and managing and living off him to repeat the feat on the fatal occasion. They erected a sort of scaffold on the jutting rock whence he had taken his departure on the previous occasion, making it 25 feet above the rock, or 120 feet in all, from the scaffold floor to the surface of the river at the foot of the falls. Ascending to the scaffold with some difficulty, considerably inebriated, and by a steep ladder, the unfortunate demonstrator straightened up with a jerk, bowed awkwardly on all sides to the witnessing thousands, and then pushed a pet bear off he had with him and instantly leaped forward himself. His person "canted over" on the left side and struck the water forcibly, no doubt bruising him and forcing the breath from his body. Nothing more was seen of him till the next March, when his corpse was discovered among some bushes at the mouth of the river, seven miles below, very much mutilated, but recognizable by a handkerchief tied around the body. Patch, beginning on the schooner yardarms at Paterson, N. J., was a special leaper for twenty years or more, jumped from amazing heights at Niagara twice before he tried the Genesee rapids, and challenged the inspection of admiring thousands to the realities of his feats. If living he would be about 90 years of age, but who knows if he had not tackled John Alkohol, his bear, and a great leap at one and the same time he might not be jumping yet?"

A Crisis in Denmark.

From the New York Evening Post.

Denmark, being a small country, is trying to be revolutionary on a small scale. The folkething, or lower house, has always had a great animosity to the army, and has repeatedly refused to vote the money required for its support. Now, it has resolved upon a still more radical course, and in order to emphasize its disapproval of the ministry Estrup, has cut down the official budget by some 9,000,000 kroner. The government has endeavored to persuade the house to pass a provisional budget, but this request has naturally been refused. A complete deadlock is the result. The King is afraid of the leaders of the Left or Liberal party, and does not dare to intrust the reins of government to any one who questions the divine right of monarchs. So he prefers to keep in power a ministry which has but seventeen followers in the folkething (even some of these being uncertain) and which is detested by the great majority of the people. To account for this singular situation, it must be remembered that the Danish Left, since it made common cause with the extreme Radicals, with Socialistic proclivities, has lost the confidence of the more conservative middle class; and it is possibly this consciousness on the part of the party leaders (Berg and Boisen) that they have lost more than they have gained by the coalition, which has occasioned the recent split of the Left in two camps, the Danish party and the Europeans. The former constitute the more conservative wing, and adhere to national methods and a progressive national development, while the latter have declared war against Christianity and the whole existing social order. The two Jews, George and Edward Brandes (the former a well known man of letters) are the most conspicuous men of this ultra-radical faction.

Are Strong Men Unsound?

From the Cleveland Leader.

The autopsy on the body of Robert E. Odium, the man who leaped into the East river, from the Brooklyn bridge, not only showed that the fall had crushed nearly all his vital organs, but also disclosed the fact that, in spite of his magnificent muscular development and stalwart physique, his body was far from sound. There was a tubercular deposit at the apex of the left lung, his liver had been ruptured years before and healed again, and one kidney showed fatty degeneration while the other was full of cystic degeneration. That is to say, he was likely to become a consumptive or to die of kidney disease, and yet Odium was a man of fine physique and rugged appearance. When Garfield died, the surgeons learned that his digestive organs were not in good condition, though he was a remarkably strong, healthy man. It was the same way with one of the athletic, hardy desperadoes killed in the fight near Shelby, O., a year or so ago. In fact, it seems as if the doctors could discover something wrong in the body of almost every strong healthy man they got a chance to cut up. Are we all unsound? Is a man who looks like a model of physical perfection always a shell, a fraud upon the eyesight? Perhaps, after all, the invalids are the ones booked for long life, and the weak and puny ones are provided with perfect internal organs. Let more autopsies be held upon dead athletes, and the truth be known. Perhaps, however, the trouble is that organs unsound under a surgeon's knife were well after all, and that strong men live to a hale and hearty old age without suspecting the horrible truth that their kidneys are full of cysts and their lungs of tubercles.

A cow rarely fails in milk so soon as six weeks after calving unless she is either a very poor cow or is sick. The cause may be garget of the udder or overfeeding; if it is neither of these, it would be well to fatten the animal for beef, which is the best use for her.

Guarding General Grant.

A Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune tells this story about General Grant:

A retired army officer who was on General Grant's personal staff during the war, speaking the other day of General Badeau's article in the May Century, said: "Badeau has made one mistake. He says General Grant was in danger of assassination during the last year of the war, while his headquarters were at City Point, and that his personal staff formed a plan to protect him, one of them sitting up every night as special guard. Now, there wasn't one of his staff who wouldn't have guarded General Grant at the risk of his own life if necessary. But there was no danger at City Point. Nobody thought of it there. There never was but one time and place when we did think the presence of our troops was not a sufficient protection, or that we could add to his safety by making ourselves his personal guard. That was at Culpeper before going to the wilderness. The rooms of the house we occupied were so situated that General Grant's room was somewhat isolated, and we thought that in spite of the guard outside it was possible for an enemy to get to his room unobserved. We took in the situation and decided to place a sentry before General Grant's door at night, after he had retired. This was done without saying anything to the General, who himself had no fears and had thought nothing about it."

"But he got even with us for keeping him out of the secret. The first morning after the sentry had paced back and forth all night before his door, the General did not come down to breakfast. It was unusual for him to be late at breakfast, and after waiting some time I said to Rawlings, 'What in the mischief is keeping the old man in bed so late?' After waiting some time longer we got rather fidgety, and I think it was Rawlings who finally said he'd go to the General's room and see what was the matter. Well, Rawlings went up and found General Grant all dressed and sitting quietly in his room."

"Why, General, breakfast has been ready some time," said Rawlings.

"Well," replied Gen. Grant, with perfect seriousness, "a sentry has been guarding my door all night, and I supposed I was under arrest. Now, what have I done to be placed under arrest in this way?"

"Of course Gen Rawlings appreciated the joke, and when they came down together he pretended to be as serious as the General, who with dry humor said: 'Gentlemen, I'm sorry to have kept you waiting. But a sentry has been pacing before my door all night, and as I thought I was under arrest I couldn't come down till released.' For an instant there was a queer, puzzled look on every face, and then we all burst out laughing. He didn't share our fears, but let us have our way. Every night while at Culpeper an armed sentry paced before Gen. Grant's door, guarding him while he slept."

Something of Modern Greece.

From the Contemporary Review.

Greece, including the area ceded in 1881, comprises about 25,000 square miles of territory, inhabited by about 2,000,000 people. The population is thus only about eighty to the square mile. Of the total area one-half may be treated as uncultivated, (though much of it is capable of cultivation,) consisting of pasture lands and mountains; one-seventh consists of forests, while the balance, five-fourteenths of the whole, is cultivated. Tobacco, cotton, vines, cereals and olives form the principal crops. There are no manufactures of any importance, and the prosperity of the country may therefore be said to be wholly dependent on agriculture—that is, on the fineness of the season and the maintenance of the price of produce. Last year, for instance, the currant crop, which is exported to an average value of nearly £2,000,000, was ruined by excessive rain, and the actual export is said to have been less than the average by nearly one-half. Olive oil is exported to the average value of £250,000 and the only other exports of importance are wine, zinc and lead. The average gross value of imports and exports amount, roughly speaking, to £4,000,000 and £2,000,000 respectively. Sixty-two per cent. of the whole population are engaged either in agriculture or in the care of flocks and herds; but the inhabitants are too few to extend the area of cultivation and too poor to make the most even of the land occupied. The soil, which is rich in many parts, would easily support double or treble the present number if the methods of agriculture were improved and more capital put into the land. Between 1870 and 1879 the population increased at the rate of 1.69 per cent. per annum but the increase took place principally in the towns, and I understand that the increase in the interior has been significant. Nor is it likely to be otherwise until the means of internal communication have been considerably augmented. It has been conclusively proved, if proof of such self-evident truth were needed, that given a population mainly dependent on agriculture, nothing is so certain to improve its condition as the development of roads and railways. But until the last few years this axiom was unrecognized in Greece. There was only one line of railway—from the Piræus to Athens—and roads were practically non-existent. The tracks that did duty for roads were in so execrable a condition that Edmond About declared, in his "Roi des Montagnes," that the brigand had to spend a portion of their plunder to maintain them, so as to render it at all possible for people to travel and be victimized.