

HAPPENINGS FROM AROUND OREGON

SIX SPRAYINGS NEEDED.

Corvallis Man Gives Program for Up-to-Date Orchardists.

Portland—Professor John C. Bridwell, head of the department of entomology at the Oregon Agricultural college, speaking before the Apple Culture club on the subject of "The Insect Pests of Young Orchards," dwelt on the different pests which infest the orchards of the Willamette valley and outlined means for their extermination.

The peculiarities and habits of the following pests were described: San Jose scale, woolly aphis, apple and wheat aphis, brown apple aphis, apple tree borers, grasshoppers and climbing cut worms. In telling of the proper sprays to be used in the battle against fruit tree pests, he said:

"The summer strength lime spray should be diluted 24 times and the winter strength 12 times. Lead arsenate should be used in the proportion of two pounds to every 50 gallons of material.

"A regular routine of six sprays is almost necessary to prevent the ravages of pests in the Willamette valley. The first spray for the scab should be applied when the petals begin to show color; the second spray for codlin moth and scab after the petals have fallen; the third spray of lime sulphur for scab alone two weeks after the second spray; the fourth spray of lead arsenate about July 1 for the codlin moth; the fifth spray should be used in winter strength, after the fruit is picked.

"The apple tree borers found in healthy trees are round-headed. Flat-headed borers are found only in unhealthy trees. The best way to prevent the work of the borer is to wrap newspapers around the trunks of the trees.

"In order to keep the San Jose scale from spreading, all young stock sold should bear a certificate of inspection, and all stock not inspected should be rejected and not planted."

Will Develop Coal Deposits in Coos.

North Bend—G. Gilbertson has sold his ranch of 83 acres on Kentuck inlet to W. B. Wright, a coal mine operator, formerly of Canada, for \$30,000. There are 20 acres of the ranch, according to Mr. Gilbertson's estimate, which cover veins of coal. It is the intention of Mr. Wright to develop the mine, the former owner only having prospected the place. Mr. Gilbertson states that he has found an 11 foot vein with nine feet of good coal. It is of fair quality, not as good as the Beaver Hill coal, but better than the Libby coal, according to investigations made. It is estimated that there are about 240,000 tons of coal which can be mined, on the place.

Adjoining the Gilbertson ranch is the big Glasgow tract, owned by Senator Bourne, the Ladd interests of Portland and others. This is a very large coal area and Mr. Gilbertson says that the coal on his land is the edge of the big field on the Glasgow tract, which has not been opened.

Kentuck inlet is opposite North Bend. It will be necessary to transport the coal in scows from the mine to the city where it can be placed in bunkers. Should a market warrant, the mine could produce, when developed, as high as 150 tons of coal a day.

Higher Education Gains Ground.

University of Oregon, Eugene—The annual report of President Campbell shows that the total registration in all departments of the university is now 1,170 students, of whom 620 are enrolled in the colleges of liberal arts and engineering. Every county in Oregon, with three exceptions, is represented in the freshmen class in 171 students. The freshmen class in arts and engineering numbers 225, representing practically every four-year high school and academy in the state. Among the freshmen are also graduates of 39 high schools and academies located outside of the state of Oregon, an indication of the large immigration into Oregon during the past year.

Eagle Valley to be Reclaimed.

Development of Eagle valley, containing 30,000 acres of land in Baker county, is projected by the Eastern Oregon Irrigation company. The reclamation will be accomplished in accordance with the terms of the Carey act. The tract will produce the finest fruit in the northwest. Cantaloupes and water melons grow with great productiveness. Strawberries, peaches and other small fruits are equally profitable.

Another Million Acres for Oregon.

Washington—Senator Bourne has introduced a bill to give Oregon another million acres of land to be disposed of under the Carey irrigation act. Idaho has got such a bill through. It is believed this bill will pass at this session. The passage of a bill for a government business commission to devise means of economy in expenditures is a victory for Bourne in the senate. It was his original project. He hopes to get it through the house.

Wallows Ships 59 Cars of Hay.

Wallows—January was a record breaker in hay shipments from Wallows, there being no less than 59 carloads shipped out, aggregating more than 650 tons. Besides this one car of cattle and two of lumber were sent out, making a total of 612 cars of products shipped during the poorest month in the year. This makes a good increase over the corresponding month for last year.

SPEAK ON APPLE CULTURE.

Dr. S. A. Robinson, of Old Virginia, Praises Oregon Apples.

Portland—Members of the Portland Apple Growers club were afforded an opportunity to listen to two addresses at the regular meeting at the Y. M. C. A. recently. M. O. Lownsdale, of Lafayette, owner of one of the largest apple orchards in the Willamette valley and having 30 years' experience in raising apples, was the first speaker. He was followed by an address by Dr. S. A. Robinson, vice-president of the State Horticultural society of Virginia, and a member of the Royal society of England.

Dr. Robinson telling why Oregon apples bring the highest prices in the markets of the world said in part:

"You in Oregon are being taught to underestimate your competitors. There are a number of sections which you must take into account. Canada, along the St. Lawrence river and around the Great Lakes, Nova Scotia and a few other sections are as productive as the Pacific Northwest and while the apples of these sections do not compare with the first and second pack of Oregon they are a good commercial apple. But your apples are the best and it is because they are the best that they draw the great prices.

"The production of strictly fancy apples will never be overdone. They will always meet a demand commanding a high price, both because of the small area fitted for such apples and on account of the increasing population which is demanding the highest priced apples. In New York City a few years ago I saw apples piled on the docks, simply glutting the market and with a greater quantity sent in than ever before. They were being sold—good commercial apples—for 75 cents a barrel. Two trainloads of apples were left standing unopened. But with this glutted market Oregon apples were being held at \$3.50 to \$4.00 a bushel box and the dealers were glad to get them at that price. That shows the way Oregon apples are thought of in the East and what will be paid for them, very best.

"Now, I am from Virginia, where we can grow a very high grade of apple. But there is no fear of Virginia being a competitor of yours for a generation at least. The reason I would give as hereditary inertia although there are some who may dub it 'hook worm.' At any rate, they will not develop their land and the proprietors of the soil, the sons and grandsons of slaveowners, have such a great amount of personal individuality that they cannot be made to co-operate, and co-operation such as you have at Hood River is an absolute essential to the success of the apple industry."

Interest in Gold Mine Sold.

Pendleton—Tom Ayers of this city recently announced one of the biggest mining deals in the history of eastern Oregon. The deal represents about \$750,000 and includes the controlling interest in the Gold Coin mine in Baker county, one of the richest mines in that section. Nearly all of the stock heretofore has been owned by local people. Ayers has sold out his entire interest, and many of the smaller holders are also disposing of their stock.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Track prices—Bluestem, \$1.12@1.14; club, \$1.04@1.06; red Russian, \$1.04; valley, \$1.50; 40-fold, \$1.10.

Barley—Feeding, brewing, \$28 ton.

Corn—Whole, \$35; cracked, \$36 ton.

Oats—No. 1 white, \$31@31.50 ton.

Hay—Track prices—Timothy: Willamette valley, \$20@21 per ton; Eastern Oregon, \$22@23; alfalfa, \$17@18; California alfalfa, \$16@17; clover, \$15@16; grain hay, \$17@18.

Fresh Fruits—Apples, \$1.25@3 box; pears, \$1.50@1.75 per box; cranberries, \$8@9 per barrel.

Potatoes—Carload buying prices: Oregon, 60@75c per hundred; sweet potatoes, 8c pound.

Onions—Oregon, \$1.50@1.75 per hundred.

Vegetables—Turnips, \$1.25 per sack; rutabagas, \$1@1.25; carrots, \$1; beets, \$1.25; parsnips, \$1.

Butter—City creamery, extras, 27@28c per pound; fancy outside creamery, 35@39c; store, 20@23c. Butter fat prices average 1 1-2 c per pound under regular butter prices.

Eggs—Fresh Oregon ranch, 25@26c.

Cheese—Full cream, twins, 20c per pound; Young Americas, 21c.

Pork—Fancy, 12@13c per pound.

Veal—Fancy, 12@12 1-2c. pound.

Poultry—Hens, 17@18c per pound; springs, 17@18c; ducks, 18c; geese, 14c; turkeys, live, 22@24c; dressed, 25@27c; squabs, \$3 per dozen.

Cattle—Best steers, \$5.50@5.75; fair to good, \$4.50@5; strictly good cows, \$4.50@4.75; fair to good; \$4@4.50; light calves, \$5.50@6; heavy calves, \$4@5; bulls, \$3.75@4.25; stags, \$3@4.50.

Hogs—Top, \$9.75@10.10; fair to good, \$9@9.50.

Sheep—Best wethers, \$6@6.50; fair to good, \$5.50@5.75; good ewes, \$6; lambs, \$7.75.

Hops—1909 crop, prime and choice, 20@21c per pound; 1908a, 17c; 1907b, 11c.

Wool—Eastern Oregon, 16@20c pound; valley, 22@24c per pound; mohair, choice, 25c.

Cascara bark, 4@5c per pound.

Hides—Dry hides, 17@18c pound; dry kip, 17@18c; dry calfskin, 18@20c; salted hides, 9@10c; salted calfskin, 14c; green, 1c less.

HISTORIC RELICS FOUND.

Letters of Martha Washington and Mrs. Lincoln Come to Light.

Washington, March 7.—In an unlighted corner of the attic of the house of representatives, the committee on accounts has rescued a large number of letters and documents of the early days of the republic. Among them are letters from Washington, Jefferson, Lafayette, Jay and Monroe.

To two of them a peculiar sentimental interest attaches. These are letters written by Martha Washington and Mary Todd Lincoln, the former concerning the proposed removal of the body of her husband from Mount Vernon to a crypt in the capitol, and the other applying to the government for a pension. Both are addressed to the speaker of the house. The house today voted an appropriation of \$2,500 to have these historic papers cared for and deposited in the library of congress as "the house of representatives collection." The two letters are as follows:

"To the Honorable Speaker of the House, Sir: While I feel the keenest anguish over the late dispensation of divine providence, I cannot be insensible of the mournful tributes, respect and veneration which are paid the memory of my dear deceased husband. And as his best services and most anxious wishes were always devoted to the welfare and happiness of the country, to know that they were truly appreciated and gratefully remembered affords me no inconsiderable consolation.

Taught by the greatest example, which I had so long before me, never to oppose my private wishes to the public will, I must consent to the request made by congress which you have the good wishes to transmit to me, and in doing this I need not—can not—say that a sacrifice of individual feeling I make to a sense of public duty.

With grateful acknowledgment and unfeigned thanks for the personal respect and evidences of condolence expressed by congress and yourself, I remain very respectfully sir, your most obedient servant,

MARTHA WASHINGTON.

Mount Vernon, Va., 1779."

The letter from Mrs. Lincoln is as follows:

"To the Honorable Speaker of the House of Representatives, Sir: I herewith most respectfully present to the honorable house of representatives an application for a pension. I am a widow of a president of the United States, whose life was sacrificed in his country's service. That sad calamity has very greatly impaired my health and, by the advice of my physician, I have come over to Germany to try the mineral waters and during the winter to go to Italy.

But my financial means do not permit me to take advantage of the urgent advice given me, nor can I live in a style becoming a widow of the chief magistrate of a nation, although I live economically as I possibly can.

In consideration of the great services my dearly beloved husband has rendered to the United States, and of the fearful loss I have sustained by his untimely death, his martyrdom, I may say, I respectfully submit to your honorable body this petition, hoping that a yearly pension may be granted me so that I may have less pecuniary care.

I remain very respectfully,

MRS. A. LINCOLN.

Frankfort, Germany."

Mrs. Lincoln was granted a pension of \$5,000 a year.

Major Richardson Exonerated.

Washington, March 7.—Major W. H. Richardson, the army officer accused by Delegate Wickersham of lobbying in connection with congressional consideration of railroad matters in Alaska, was exonerated yesterday by Secretary Dickinson of the War department. Secretary Dickinson, in a letter made public, said the judge advocate general, reported that in his judgment Major Richardson was not put so much upon the defensive as to justify him in recommending further investigation.

Zeppelin Will Seek Pole.

Hamburg, March 7.—The Zeppelin North Pole exploration committee met here today under the direction of Prince Henry, of Prussia. Count Zeppelin was present. The summer will be devoted to a primary expedition for the purpose of studying the ice conditions. The expedition will start for Spitzbergen July 1. A Norwegian ice steamer will be used for the purpose of forcing an entrance into the polar ice and the expedition will return at the end of August. An airship will be taken for summer use.

Chamorro is President?

Managua, March 7.—The government authorities today published a cablegram from Panama in which it was announced that General Chamorro had been proclaimed president, the provisional president, and had proclaimed himself president. Deserters from the insurgent forces say the Bluefields garrison has been reduced to 25 men. They also declare that General Estrada never leaves the town and that his wife gives all campaign orders.

Puter Trying to Protect Clients.

Washington, Mar. 7.—S. A. D. Puter is here trying to get recognition from the general land office of preference rights to locate certain claims which by contesting he assisted the government in cancelling. The law gives a successful contestant a 30 days' preference right to locate.

Farman Breaks Record.

Mourmelon, France, March 7.—Henry Farman today established a new world's record for aeroplane flight with two passengers, remaining in the air for one hour and ten minutes.

The Redemption of David Corson

By CHARLES FREDERIC GOSS

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CHAPTER XXIII.

The period of our country's history in which these characters were formed was one of tremendous moral earnestness. In that struggle in which man pitted himself against primeval forest and aboriginal inhabitant, the strongest types of manhood and womanhood were evolved, and those who consciously the idea of living a righteous life set themselves to its realization with the same energy with which they addressed themselves to the conquest of nature itself. To multitudes of them, this present world took a place that in the fullest sense of the word was secondary to that other world in which they lived by anticipation.

David Corson was only one of many who, to a degree which in these less earnest or at least more materialistic times appears incredible, had determined to trample the world under their feet. He awoke next morning with an unabated purpose and at an early hour set resolutely about its execution. He bade a brave farewell to Peepeta, exhorted her to seek with him that preparation of heart which alone could fit them for the future, and then with a bag of provisions over his shoulder and an axe in his hand started forth to carry out a plan which he had formed in the night.

He began to prepare for himself a temporary booth which should shelter him until he had erected his cabin; and the rest of the day was consumed in this enterprise. At the close this simple task was done, so easy is it to provide a shelter for him who seeks protection and not luxury! Having once more satisfied his hunger, he built a fire in front of his rude booth, and lay down in his genial rays, his head upon a pillow of moss. The stillness of the cool, quiet evening was broken only by the crackling of the flames, the quiet murmurs of the two little rivulets which whispered to each other in reverence, sympathy and yearning. A man asleep alone in a vast wilderness! How easy it would be for Nature to forget him and permit him to sleep on forever! What gives him his importance there amid those giant trees? Why should sun, moon, stars, gravity, heat, cold, care for him? How can the hand that guides the constellations—those vast navies of the infinite sea—pause to touch the eyelids of this atom when the time comes for him to rise? When the sleeper wakes, refreshed and rested, in the morning, it was to take up the routine of duties which were to be only slightly varied for many months to come.

One after another the great trees succumbed to the blows of his axe and from their prostrate forms he carefully selected those which were best adapted to the structure of his cabin, while over the others he piled the limbs and brush and left them to dry for the conflagration which at the end of the hot summer should remove them from the clearing.

When the rainy days came he spent his time in the shelter of his little arbor cutting the "shakes," or shingles, which were to furnish the roof of Peepeta's home.

The days and weeks fled by and the opening in the forest grew apace. He measured it by night with a celestial instrument, using the stars for his triangulations, and as one after another of them became visible where before they had been obscured by the foliage of the trees, he smiled, and felt as if he were cutting his farm out of heaven instead of earth. It was really cut out of both!

His Sundays were spent at the old housestead with his loved ones, and once every week Peepeta came with Steven to bring him luxuries which her own hands had prepared, and to pass the afternoon with him at his work in the "clearing."

Those were memorable hours, possessing that three-fold existence with which every hour can be endowed by the soul of man—anticipation—realization—recollection. In this way a single moment sometimes becomes almost synchronous with eternity.

It would have been impossible to tell which of the three was happiest, but Peepeta was always the center of interest, attention and devotion. Her whole nature seemed to be aroused and called into play; all her countless charms were incessantly evoked; her inimitable laughter resounded through the woods and challenged the emulous birds to unsuccessful competition. Seriousness alternated with gaiety, coquetry with gravity. Some of the time she spent in gathering flowers to adorn her lover's booth, and some in carrying to the rubbish pile such limbs and branches as her strength would permit her to handle.

Nothing could have been more charming than the immense efforts that she put forth with such grace, to lift with all her might some branch that her loved had tossed aside with a single hand! The attitudes into which these efforts threw her body were as graceful as those into which the water threw the crosses by its ceaseless flow, or the wind bent the tree tops by its fitful gusts.

Steven was frantic with delight at the free, open life of the woods. He chased the squirrels and rabbits, he climbed the trees to gaze into the nests of the birds, and caught the butterflies in his hat.

David entered into all their pleasures, but with a chastened and restrained delight, for he could never forget that he was an exile and a penitent.

There were two days in the season when the regular routine of the woodsman's work was interrupted by functions which possess a romantic charm. One was when the Friends and neighbors from a wide region assembled to help him "raise" the walls of his cabin.

From all sides they appeared, in their picturesque costumes of homespun or fur. Suddenly, through the ever-open gates of the forest, teams of horses crashed, drawing after them clanking log chains, and driven by men who carried saws and "cant hooks" on their broad shoulders. Loud halloos of greeting, cheerful words of encouragement, an eager and agreeable bustle of business, filled the clearing.

Log by log the walls rose, as the horses rolled them into place with the aid of the great chains which the pioneers wrapped around them. It was only a rude log cabin they built—with a great, wide opening through the middle, a room on either side, and a picturesque chimney at either end; but it was not to be despised even for grace, and when warmth and comfort and adaptability to needs and opportunities are considered, there have been few buildings erected by the genius of man more justly entitled to admiration.

When this single day's work was ended there remained nothing for David to do but think and daub the walls with mud, cover the rude rafters of the roof with his shakes, build the chimneys out of short sticks, cob-house fashion, and cement them on the inside with clay to protect them from the flames.

The other day was the one on which, at the close of the long and genial summer, when the mass of timber and brushwood had been thoroughly seasoned by the hot sun, he set his torches to the carefully constructed piles.

Steven and Peepeta were to share with him in the excitement of this conflagration, and David had postponed it until dusk, in order that they might enjoy its entire sublimity. He had taken the precaution to pile many furs around the cabin and also around the edge of the clearing, so the flames could neither destroy his house nor devastate the forest.

Such precautions were necessary, for nothing can exceed the ferocity of fire in the debris which the woodman scatters about them. When the dusk had settled down on this woodland world and long shadows had crept across the clearing, wrapping themselves round the trees at its edge and scattering themselves among the thick branches till they were almost hid from view, David lighted a pine torch and gave it into the hands of the eager boy, who seized it and like a young Prometheus started forth. A single touch to the dry tinder was enough. With a dull explosion, the mass burst into flame. Shooting in his exultation, the little torch-bearer rushed on, igniting pile after pile, and leaving behind him almost at every step a mighty conflagration. At each new instant, as the night advanced, until ten, twenty, fifty great heaps were roaring and seething with flames! Great jets spouted up into the midnight heavens as if about to kiss the very stars, and suddenly expired in the illimitable space above them. Immense sparks, shot out from these bonfires as from the craters of volcanoes, went sailing into the void around them and fell hissing into the water of the brooks or silently into the new-plowed furrows.

The clouds above the heads of the subdued and almost terrified beholders, for no one is ever altogether prepared for the absolute awfulness of such a spectacle, were glowing with the fierce light which the fires threw upon them. Weird illuminations played fantastic tricks in the foliage from which the startled shadows had vanished. The roar of the ever-increasing fires became louder and louder, until in very terror Peepeta crept into David's arms for protection, while the child who had fearlessly produced this scene of awful grandeur and destruction shouted with triumph at his play.

"That's a reckless little fire-eater!" said David, watching his figure as it appeared and disappeared. "How youth trifles with forces whose powers it can neither measure nor control! It was well that I drew a furrow around our cabin or it would have been burned."

His gaze was fixed on the little cabin in which seemed to dance and oscillate suddenly in the palpitating light; and touched by the analogies and symbols which his penetrating eye discovered in the simple scenes of daily life, he continued to soliloquize, saying, "I should have drawn furrows around my life, before I played with fire!"

"Nay, David," replied Peepeta, "we should never have played with fire at all."

"How wise we are—too late!"

"Shall we walk any more cautiously when the next untrodden pathway opens?" he added, somewhat sadly, as he recalled the errors of the past.

"We ought to, if experience has any value," said Peepeta.

"But has it? Or does it only interpret the past, and not point out the future?"

"Something of both, I think."

"Well, we must trust it."

"But not it alone. There is something better and safer."

"What is that, my love?"

"The path-finding instinct of the soul itself."

"Do you believe there is such an instinct?"

"As much as I believe the carrier pigeon has it. It is the inner light of which you told me. You see, I remember my lesson like an obedient child."

"Why, then, are we so often misled?" he asked, tempting her.

"Because we do not wholly trust it!" she said.

"But how can we distinguish the true light from the false, the instinct from imagination or desire? If the soul has a hundred compasses pointing in different ways, what compass shall lead the bewildered mariner to know the true compass?"

"He who will know, can know."

"Are you speaking from your heart, Peepeta?"

"From its depths."

"And have you no doubts that what you say is true?"

"None, for I learned it from a teacher whom I trust, and have justified it by my own experience."

"And now the teacher must sit at the feet of the pupil! Oh! beautiful instructress, keep your faith firm for my sake! I have dark hours through which I have to pass and often lose my way. The restoration of my spiritual vision is but slow. How often am I bewildered and lost! My thoughts brood and brood within me!"

"Put them away," she said, cheerily. "We live by faith and not by sight. We need not be concerned with the distant future. Let us live in this dear, divine moment. I am here. You are here! We are together; our hands touch; our eyes meet; our hearts are one; we love! Let us only be true to our best selves, and to the light that shines within! Oh! I have learned so much in these few months, among these people of peace, David! They know the way of life! We need go no farther to seek it. It lies before us. Let us follow it!"

"Angel of goodness," he exclaimed, clasping her hand, "it must be that supreme Love reigns over all the folly and madness of life, or to such a one as I, a gift so good and beautiful would never have been given!"

She pressed his hand for response, for her lips quivered and her heart was too full for words.

And now, through the ghastly light which magnified his size portentously and painted him with grotesque and terrible colors, the child reappeared, begrimed with smoke and wild with the transports of a power so vast and an accomplishment so wonderful.

The three figures stood in the bright illumination, fascinated by the spectacle. The flames, as if satisfied with destruction, had died down, and fifty great beds of glowing embers lay spread out before them, like a sort of terrestrial constellation.

The wind, which had been awakened and excited to madness as it rushed in from the great halls of the forest to fan the fire, now that it was no longer needed, ceased to blow and sank into silence and repose. Little birds, returning to their roosts, complained mournfully that their dreams had been disturbed, and a great owl from the top of a lofty elm hooted his rage.

It was Saturday night. The labors of the week were over. The time had come for them to return to the farm house. They turned away reluctantly, leaving nature to finish the work they had begun.

(To be continued.)

Stopping the "Fire-Wagon."

When the first railroad was laid over the Western plains, and the cars began running to San Francisco, the Indians viewed the locomotive from the hilltops at a distance, not daring to come nearer the "fire-wagon." A train of cars was to them "heap wagon, no hoss." An Apache chief gathered a party of warriors in Arizona and went several hundred miles to see the terrible fire-wagon that whistled louder than the eagle's scream, and poured out dense black smoke. W. M. Thayer says, in his "Marvels of the New West," that the redskins grew bolder, and once attacked a fire-wagon, expecting to capture it. When they failed and many were injured, they said, "Fire-wagon bad medicine!"

The Indians stretched a lariat across the track, breast-high, each end being held by thirty braves.

"When the engineer first saw it, he didn't know what on earth was the matter," said the narrator, "but in a minute more he burst out laughing. He caught hold of that throttle, and he opened her out."

He struck that lariat going about forty miles an hour, and he just plied those braves up everlasting promises."

Fair Enough.

"Why do you hand me this almanac?" inquired the prominent citizen.

"So that you may pick out the anecdotes to be attached to your interview," explained the man who was getting up the magazine article. "It is only fair to give you a choice."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Questionable.

"Four tickets were complimentary, were they not?"

"Well," replied the man who had seen a painfully amateur entertainment. "I thought they were until I saw the show."—Tit Bits.

Experiments in abrasion conducted at a French mint have proved that aluminum coins will be less rapidly worn by use than coins made of gold, silver or even bronze.