

WICKLY'S WOODS

By H. W. TAYLOR

CHAPTER III.

"Would you mind taking a little walk with me, Miss Lizzy? I want you to see just what we are doing, and what we are going to do in the way of digging up your park, before we go too far with it. Prof. Huntley mentioned the matter twice last week. And after considering it, we concluded that you ought to see for yourself, and fully understand the situation. We have concluded that our researches must be much more extensive than we at first contemplated. And perhaps Prof. Huntley thought that an additional compensation ought to be given you under the circumstances; and has made such a statement to the—*to the Board*," said Mr. Mason, on a Saturday afternoon some two weeks after the occurrence detailed in the first chapter.

"I wish you would take her away somewhere, Mason," exclaimed John Wickly in mock despair. "She's in one of her teasing moods, and has been tormenting the life out of me for the last hour. Don't take her, though, unless you are fully satisfied that you can endure unutterable things. For I think she takes about as much delight in teasing you as me."

"Teasing! Now, Mr. Mason, you shall judge between us. Here are the Chicago papers with accounts of the meeting of the Wickly heirs, illustrated with life-like portraits of a great many of them—*as included*. Now don't you think that family ought to get an estate of fifty millions—*simply upon their personal good looks*?"

There was a very merry twinkle in the mischievous brown eyes of Lizzy Wickly, as she skillfully avoided the sudden grasp with which her father attempted to get possession of the papers.

"Now, remember, Mr. Mason, that this is the way the Wickly, or Wickly, heirs appeared, to fair and impartial artists who delineated them to the life. Aren't they ugly? There ought to be some penalty attached to such unmitigated ugliness as these pages display."

"Oh, bless you; there is. A very harsh penalty, too; since the victims never live long enough to serve out the sentence," retorted Mr. Wickly, with a laugh that had something artificial in it to Mr. Mason's ear. Therefore he hastened to say:

"If you are ready, Miss Lizzy, and don't mind the walk—"

"Oh, I shall be delighted, I assure you," said Lizzy, putting on her hat before the little mirror over the dressing case.

They went along the sandy street hedged with an enormous growth of wild hemp and jimson weeds, wherever the absence of a dwelling made it unnecessary to clear away the rapid growth of the hot June days. People stared at them out of windows, and came to the doors to prolong the view after they had passed.

Little squads of men ceased talking as they came up, and preserved a critical and vigilant silence until they were well past these spots on their way to the woods. Everywhere Sandtown had its three hundred pairs of eyes upon the pedestrians, and did not attempt to conceal that fact. Lizzy blushed a little indignantly.

"I haven't got accustomed to the village Argus yet," she said with a light laugh, as they turned out of the road leading eastward and took their way up a little straight lane crowded with the staple jimson and wild hemp, the dead white stalks of both plants glistening like bleached skeletons with knotted joints among the dark lustrous green of the luxuriantly growing young plants.

"Nor has the village Argus come to know you thoroughly," answered Mr. Mason, smiling. "When it does come to make your acquaintance thoroughly, you will find it the most docile of animals, even winking at the largest of your peccadilloes—*assuming that these are of any magnitude at all*."

"Which is an unwarranted assumption, sir. Haven't I been perfect, even in the critical eyes of the village Argus?"

There was the light and bantering air of the merry young woman out to be entertained, and, entering, certainly. But there was also a quick and searching afterglance that might mean something more, something deeper.

"Do you mean to ask me a conventional question which should have a conventional answer, Miss Lizzy? You know I am so used to the bare and abstract solution of plain arithmetical and algebraic propositions and problems, that—"

He hesitated and glanced at her doubtfully.

"Let me be solved by the very sternest rules of your science, Mr. Mason," she said, with her brows drawn just a trifle, and the short upper lip now so compressed as to hide the gleam of her very pretty white teeth. "I suppose that in very truth a young woman is seldom favored with a calm and impartial judgment upon herself from a competent source. And really, I think that all of us have a secret craving to measure ourselves with those who have already attained eminence in some laudable direction."

"And have you, too, that distrust of the hasty and formal conventional verdict, that leads us to desire to have the verdict reviewed again?" he laughed.

"Come this way, Miss Wickly. You will be bounding between a Scylla of walnut stump and a Charybdis of jimson weeds in a moment. And that calls me back to what I had intended to say of the village Argus. I became acquainted with it late enough in life to hate and condemn it at first, and afterward to yield it a tardy but ever growing respect and esteem. The espionage of the village and the country is, after all, no mere vulgar and despicable curiosity."

"What else can it be, Mr. Mason? What else but the evidence of a total lack of good breeding? The rudeness of an ignorant and uneducated people?" she asked, her upper lip curling in scorn at the very contemplation.

"For instance, the gambrel of bold and unblushing stargazers through which even you, man as you are, did not come unscathed, just now."

They had gone beyond the utmost limit of the straggling village of Sandtown, and had even begun a series of gentle as-

cents by which the road, no longer a rail-road lane, led gradually over gentle knolls to the sharp wooded ridges of the river bluffs.

As Lizzy concluded her invective she turned and glanced back toward the village. At that distance figures of people in little groups on the street or at doors and windows could be seen fixed and motionless, with faces toward the two strollers. Mr. Mason turned also, and both being struck by something ludicrous in the situation, laughed very heartily.

"I confess that a laugh is a great handicapping of a philosophical proposition. Nevertheless, I must say that so far nobody has read the riddle of the Sphinx aright. The progressive world sets itself about the instantaneous reforming, developing and lifting of the lower stratum of society up to the higher level of each epoch. In very fact, Miss Wickly, such a proceeding is as unphilosophical and materially impossible as that those apple trees should bear their fruit before the flowers and leaves, and even the twigs."

He paused again and looked at her scrutinizingly, and a little apprehensively, but with the apprehensive element slipping out rapidly.

"I think I catch your meaning—totally new and strange as it is to me. Would you, for instance, have me give up my effort to instruct and enlighten the very ignorant children of the still more ignorant people of Sandtown? Or, more comprehensively, would you have all effort at instruction and advancement of the lower classes, the poor and uneducated, stopped for once and all?"

Now, indeed, the element of apprehensiveness had disappeared entirely from the look which Mr. Wickly cast upon his fair and serious, but skeptical questioner. In its place was a half-suppressed, eager, delighted anticipation, which she saw there so distinctly, so unmistakably, that she could not restrain the involuntary smile of instant recognition.

Mr. Mason flushed a little, and his smile had something of embarrassment in it. Were his unuttered thoughts to be seen at a single glance of this girl of nineteen years? "You can hardly have an idea, Miss Lizzy," he said, apologetically, and looking away while he made broadsword cuts at the very vulnerable heads of the jimson weeds with his hickory walking stick, "how hungry I get for the companionship of educated and refined people. Or, rather, isn't it for a sort of intellectual combat that we pine, in a solitude of observations on the price of wheat, the next election, and what your friend Redden's last acquisition in Alderney cows cost him? If I hadn't discovered you and your father and mother here in this secluded spot to which I have been condemned by fortune, I should have been tempted to try conclusions with fate by resigning my position and fleeing back to the city."

"Not in the face of such a lovely scene as this, Mr. Mason, surely!"

CHAPTER IV.

They had reached the summit of the highest of the sand mounds that lie as if in little eddies of that mighty stream that once swept from the great lakes down the valley of the Wabash toward the ocean.

"Was there ever anything so lovely? Look at that faint golden green of the fringing willows of this bright, bright river! And the darker green deepening into blue and purple of the patches of woodland on the other side. And then beyond that, the upward sweep of the strange, fair, lonely, solemn prairie. I could never be unhappy nor greatly disconcerted in the presence of a scene like this."

Lizzy had involuntarily turned away from him, holding her hand outstretched, in a sort of girlish ecstasy of admiration toward the wide river bottom and the boundless prairie beyond.

They stood in silence for almost a minute, their eyes resting upon a bright reach of limpid, sparkling river cut off by a mass of the distant blue green woodland, now upon a dim and misty light blue vista of valley that from the dark and defined border of diminishing line of woodland draws up in martial array to witness the passage of the unceasing flood of waters, led on and on into the undefined dominions of northern sky, islanded with banks of unmoving clouds of creamy white.

"You are a poet, Miss Lizzy. And I am not," said the assistant geologist, presently. "I think this fact fully explains the great difference between us. You can never weary of the beautiful things of wood and field and flood. I, on the other hand, must have the beautiful and the good in some human creature."

He spoke this last sentence almost in an inaudible murmur, and now with his head turned away and the cane making broadsword sweeps among the ranks of hostile jimsoms.

"We must go on, Mr. Philosopher, or we shall be too late to make a very thorough inspection of the field of your spring labors. And I have not forgotten, too, that I had put you upon dangerous ground by my question a few moments ago. How do you answer it?"

They began the walk again, now disappearing from the vision of the three hundred pairs of eyes, in the thickest of hazel and dwarf oak that intermeddled between the sandy prairie land of the river bottom and the primal forest of the upland hills. Unconsciously they had quickened their pace as if it had been the beauty of the valley and prairie that had held them back heretofore.

"I meant to express my view that the proprietary is that immovable, imperishable, immutable, base and germinal of humanity out of which has always grown the slender and comparatively sparse, delicate and perishable roots and flowers—the educated, the refined, the intellectual men and women, and even cities and communities of the earth. But I'm afraid you will look upon this as a lecture, Miss Lizzy. And if I remember, you have stipulated against lectures."

"Then your lecture at Mount Zion four weeks ago—"

"Was aimed at you, Miss Lizzy, I must confess. I thought that I saw in you great possibilities, if only there were behind you the motive power of necessity

for continued exertion, coupled with the physical ability to cope with sustained effort—or rather to achieve sustained effort. And if I mistake not, the seed fell upon fallow ground. Have I not seen you armed with hoe and sunbonnet performing prodigies in the well-kept garden behind your father's house? Believe me or not, Miss Lizzy, to the extent of my deserts—you have really taken a long step toward quieting the Argus of Sandtown. After awhile it will blink complacently upon all your goings in and your comings out. There goes a fox squirrel. How the wary scamp runs straight for his own fortress, past many inviting trees!"

"But you are quite sure that my garden exercises are the direct result of your Mount Zion lecture, Mr. Philosopher?" she said, with a little pique disclosed in her voice, as well as in the arched brows and the drooping lids.

"Might I not arrive independently at the conclusion that I ought to 'work the' garden, as Mr. Redden puts it? But my, what a heap of ugly red dirt, Mr. Mason. Is this where you got all the heaps of ugly rough stones that I saw in the office of the State geologist once?"

They went on through the woods slipping down steep declivities, through beds of brown leaves knee deep, leaping across little slender, shaded ribs, pulling great bunches of "sweetwilliam" her and there, looking at the surprisingly tall, slender saplings of ash and elm, and poplar, and hickory, that seemed to be in such a hurry of growth to get up into the sunshine above the high tops of the parent trees that they could not afford material for lateral growth.

Here a bunch of wild raspberry vines held its clusters of black, soft, sweet berries too temptingly toward them, and their fingers and lips were stained with the purple juices.

Here a hen pheasant, spreading her drooping wings and erecting her black ruff fluttered along in a way that so aroused the latent hunter instinct in Lizzy Wickly that she intuitively gave chase, and only relinquished the pursuit when the wily bird, having succeeded in her diversion, and being satisfied of the security of her numerous little brown brood, finally flew high up in a leafy oak and immediately stood so straight up that it looked very much like a bit of dead limb.

Here a tangle of wild rose bushes covered with the sweet smelling "forbears," of all the Marechal Niels and the Jacquemonts and sweet tea roses—prettier and sweeter than any of their noble and haughty descendants, called the ramblers irresistibly to them, and held them a long, long time in admiring investigation, and delightful acquisition.

It was at the end of this episode, and when the glories of the wild rose tangle had been exhausted, that Lizzy held up a large bouquet of the roses, the sweet williams, some wild pinks, some very richly tinted bluebells and a setting of long, rich, yellow-green ferns to the admiring gaze of Mr. Mason.

"This bouquet I shall leave at your tent for Prof. Huntley. If after seeing this he shall still persist in keeping away from Sandtown and the Wickly residence I shall be driven to seek him in his lair. Isn't that the tent yours, Mr. Mason?"

There was an odd, puzzled, uncomfortable, apprehensive and abashed look of combination of looks on Mr. Mason's face, that made an impression upon Lizzy Wickly. Was he not hurt? Was the poor old fellow so very jealous? And was she altogether right in romping through the woods in this hordenish way with him?

For although his long and abundant brown hair was plentifully sprinkled with gray, announcing that the "cooling time" of life had fully arrived, was his close shaven face not ruddy and preternaturally young?

"That is the tent, Miss Lizzy. And we are upon it in the nick of time. For here comes a black cloud so rapidly and unexpectedly that—yes, we will have to run or get a sprinkling. Quick! Give me the flowers so you can hold your skirts. Now give me your hand. Not the left hand. That's ominous in a race like this. Now, hold hard, so I won't have to hurt your fingers in my grasp. Now, then, I'll never forgive myself if I get you a wetting that would spoil your pretty dress, and that love of a hat."

(To be continued.)

Enough to Make Him Swear.

"I was brought up to use a good line of talk," says a young man who lives out near the Catholic university. "I've been married now six months, and the only time my wife has ever heard a curse word from my lips was last Sunday morning. I went to a poker party over by the navy yard Saturday night. My wife knew I was going, and just to show her what a harmless little game it was going to be I gave her most of my money before I left home. It was a very mild game we played, but the grain of the table was against me and by midnight I was broke. I didn't want to make a touch right there, so, as I was young and strong, I concluded I'd stroll downtown and borrow car fare of a newspaper man I knew. It was a nice night for a walk. Well, I frisked into the newspaper man's office and found that he'd gone to Baltimore. I've lived in Washington all my life, but I am not known at any hotel. There was no place where I'd be allowed to stay without baggage except on the C. O. D. basis, so off I set for home, alone in the starry night, with a brand-new pair of patent leathers on. I romped under the wire two lengths ahead of the milkman and went to bed. Along about 9 o'clock my wife came in and woke me."

"What's the matter? I said, 'Are they ready to amputate my feet?'"

"I just wanted some money for the Sunday papers," said she, picking up my vest."

"You'll have to paw something, I said. 'I'm broke.'"

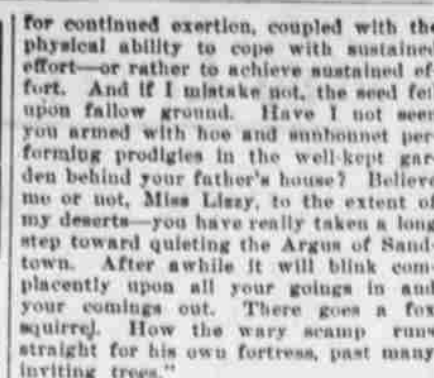
"She was poking in my watch pocket."

"Don't take my watch," I said.

"I don't want it," she answered. "I want that \$5 bill I put here before you went away."

"It was there, too. I bet you any man would have said exactly what I said."

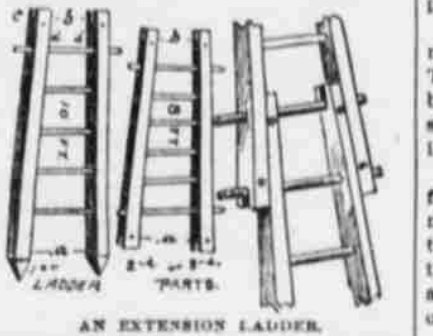
Business men are not judged so much by how they advertise as where.



FARMS AND FARMERS



A Good Extension Ladder.
A jointed ladder in three or four parts, or as many as desired. The first section or bottom one is made 2 feet 6 inches wide, from outside to outside, and 10 feet long; point both ends to prevent from slipping; rounds 1½ feet apart; begin to measure from top for crotch; allow 3 inches for slot or round; then 13 inches, or as you please, to the next round; let top round project from either side 2½ inches for a shoulder for the next edition to rest on; put a bolt through each end, of 2x4, to prevent splitting. Second part—8 feet long, 2 feet wide, inside measure, or same width from inside as the first section is on top outside, so the second part can slip down over the first part, letting the bracing part together; the second part should be 2 feet outside measure, allowance to be made at both ends for crotch, and at either end a projecting round. The idea of the coupling part is this—the top section slips down over the bottom part until the crotch



reaches the projecting round of the bottom section; also the bottom part comes in contact with the first round of section above, as seen in illustration below. You can have a ladder, 10 feet long, 18 feet long, 24 feet long; or as long as you may want it, and be easily handled. Ten feet, length of first ladder; (a) width at bottom, 2½ feet; (b) width at top, 2 feet; (c) slot to admit bottom round of second part; (d) distance between slot and round, 16 inches; 8 feet length of second or third parts; (a) width at bottom inside, 2 feet; (b) at top, 2 feet outside.—St. Louis Review.

A Margin of Dairy Profit.
The canvases of forty-eight creamery patrons sending milk to an establishment in Fond du Lac County, Wis., shows a total of 637 cows. The average cost of feed per cow was \$29.88 and the average returns for butter from the creamery per cow was \$35.82. The cows averaged 4,204 quarts by the years, yielding 185 pounds of butter, which sold to return the patrons \$19.27 per pound. Each dollar's worth of feed produced only \$1.20 in butter, and the total profit per cow over cost of feed was \$4.94 for the year. But an additional profit from skim milk at twenty cents per hundred amounts to \$8.20, making a total profit per cow of \$14.34. This skim milk profit is really the most striking result of the canvases. It shows that while with average cows the butter returned but little more than enough to pay for the feed, the value of the skim milk increased the net profit two hundred per cent. The statement does not, of course, cover the whole story, since the cost of labor is not reckoned, and on the other hand the value of manure and of the calves is not estimated. These last items would be considered to largely offset the labor.—American Cultivator.

Belgian Hares.
Passing a Chicago meat market recently, the writer noticed a sign that read: "Two Belgian Hares for 25 Cents." It was above a great pile of the animals. This points a lesson. A few years ago the exploiters of the Belgian hares at fancy prices were declaring that the time would not come when Belgian hares would not bring several dollars each. Multitudes of people went into the raising of the animals with the belief that all they produced could be sold at high figures. In vain their friends warned them that in the natural course of events Belgian hare meat would come down to the level of other edible meat. At that time no argument was effective. Millions of the animals were raised and little by little appeared on the markets, where the producers found that they had to sell them at about the price of "rabbit."

No boom of any kind of stock can last indefinitely. The high prices themselves stimulate the producing of enough animals to bring down the prices to the level prevailing in other lines. This fact should be remembered in the producing of any kind of live stock.—Farmers Review.

Volume of Butter Industry.
In an address delivered at the meeting of the National Buttermakers' Association at St. Louis, Fair, M. M. Wentworth of State Center, Iowa, in giving some figures of the magnitude of the dairy and creamery interest, said that the production of butter last year in the United States would amount to 1,600,000,000 pounds. The value of the output, exclusive of Sundays and holidays, was, he said, \$1,000,000,000 daily. To move the year's production of butter would require 43,750 cars, each containing 20,000 pounds. This succession of cars would extend 830 miles if placed end to end, or from

the World's Fair grounds to a point forty miles beyond Chicago. If placed in sections of twenty-five cars, 1,750 locomotives would be required to haul the butter output, and it would take 8,750 trainmen to operate the trains. If sections were placed six miles apart, the first section would be whistling in Manila, Philippine Islands, before the last section left the World's Fair grounds.

The Wool of the World.
Russia has more sheep than any other country in Europe. South America has the largest flocks, this side of the Atlantic. Australia has more sheep than any other country in the world.

The United States have about 62,000,000 sheep, Canada and Mexico about 15,000,000 head, Australia about 125,000,000, South America something like 90,000,000, the Central American Republic 10,000,000, Europe 230,000,000, Asia 80,000,000 and Africa about 62,000,000. The world's flock totals something like 664,000,000 sheep.

The goats of some countries go in as sheep. As statistics are not infallible, especially in Asia, this goat fact will probably not affect the situation. As these sheep will produce four pounds of wool per head on the average, the sheep of the world shear 2,646,000,000 pounds of accoured wool.

The looms of the United States need nearly 20 per cent of the total. The bulk of this is sheared at home, because our sheep are large and shear a heavier fleece than the majority of the world's sheep.

Great Britain gets most of her wool from Australia. Britain probably uses more sheep wool than any other country in the world, while Belgium uses the most llama and coarse animal hair, and Russia more goat floss than any other nation.

Some Rules About Incubators.
First comply with the manufacturer's directions, as you can be sure that he will give the best advice possible as to the running of a machine that he has probably studied over for years, says the Feather.

Then be sure that you have placed the machine perfectly level.

Keep the lamps well trimmed and use the best oil you can get.

Remove all infertile eggs on about the eighth day and on the fifteenth retest them.

Commencing with the second day, turn the eggs eight and morning until the eighteenth day.

Do not open the machine while the chicks are hatching.

It is a good thing to let the chicks remain in the incubator for a day at a temperature of about 92 degrees.

Give them their first feed when removed to the brooders.

Give them for a few days fine gravel, stale bread crumbs and hard boiled eggs, after that boiled vegetables, cracked wheat, meat, bran and green clover cut fine. As they grow they can be fed whole meat and oats. Green cut bone and milk also is good for them.

Never feed wet, sloppy food.

Bulletin and Mail Box.
A subscriber of the Farm Journal sends an illustration of a handy combined bulletin and mail box which explains itself. There is no kind of advertising that can equal this plan, which advertises things for sale and for which one would buy. It is a sure sign a man is up to date when a bulletin board like the one illustrated is seen before his door. A board of this kind also shows the residence of owner which is desired by passersby.

Agricultural Atoms.
New York has 30,000,000 grape vines growing on 90,000 acres of land.

During December eggs retailed on the New York market as high as 90 cents a dozen.

An English agricultural journal describes Secretary Wilson's annual report as "a perfect paragon over the prosperity of the farmers of his country."

A Kansas farmer, 40 years old, who has already made a success of farming, has rented his farm and will take a course in scientific farming at the State agricultural college.

The model Poland-China hog, according to Prof. John A. Craig, director of the Texas experiment station, should weigh not less than 160 pounds when it is six months old.

Keeping Birds from Cherries.
A Maryland orchardist has found an effective way of keeping the birds away from his cherry trees while the fruit is attaining that degree of ripeness necessary to a profitable market. All that he has done has been to plant a few mulberry trees scattering in his orchard and as the latter berry ripens about the same time or a little earlier than the cherry, and the birds are more fond of them than of the stone-hearted fruit, they obligingly keep away from the farmer's stock.

Enormous Cherry Tree.
A huge black Tartarian cherry tree near Newcastle, Cal., last year produced 3,100 pounds of salable cherries, for which the owner received \$500. The tree is over 100 feet high. Its trunk is 10 feet in circumference. Across the branches from tip to tip the distance is 85 feet. Ladders are built in the tree for the pickers, so that they can pick every cherry.

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



One Hundred Years Ago.

The large cotton manufactory in Saco, Me., was burned, the loss being \$300,000.

Napoleon controlled the entire military department of Holland.

The Portuguese government ordered that all ships, prizes of the English, should quit Tagus, and that no such prizes should again be admitted.

Napoleon received the foreign envoys, who presented letters of congratulation from their respective courts upon the birth of Prince Napoleon.

The English government ordered that corn and other provisions from the United States should be admitted into all British possessions.

The slave trade bill, presented to the House of Commons, provided that no negro slave should be admitted into any of the British colonies.

Seventy-five Years Ago.

Peruvian diplomats arrived at Paris to solicit the recognition of their government.

The Lyceum Theater of London was burned.

The petition of English Jews for the removal of their civil disabilities was presented to Parliament.

Fourteen hundred troops embarked from Spain for Manila and 3,000 for Havana.

Fifty Years Ago.

An industrial exhibition opened in Paris.

George W. Green, a rich banker of Chicago, who had been convicted of the murder of his wife, hanged himself in prison.

All banks of San Francisco were closed and serious financial panic resulted.

The two British houses of Parliament began to communicate by letter.

The Russians attacked Eupatoria, which was defended by the Turks, and were repulsed with a heavy loss.

Forty Years Ago.

The Union army took possession of Wilmington, N. C.

Sherman's cavalry were reported on the North Carolina border, with communication between Charleston and Richmond cut off.

Charleston, S. C., was in the possession of the Federal troops.

The War Department announced the capture of Columbia, S. C., by Sherman.

Lee took general command of the Confederate armies and recommended the enlistment of negroes.

Announcement was made in the North that Mexico and the Confederacy had entered into a treaty by which Confederate deserters were returned.

Thirty Years Ago.

The survey of the canal route across the isthmus of Panama was being made.

The indemnity which Spain would pay for the Virginia affair was fixed at \$500 for each case.

The Pennsylvania Company refused the use of its tracks in Philadelphia to the Baltimore & Ohio, an incident of a railway war.

Sir Charles Lyell, the geologist, died in London.

Dr. De Koven, against whose election there had been much opposition, accepted the Episcopal bishopric of Illinois.

The Eads Mississippi improvement bill passed the House of Representatives.

Twenty Years Ago.

The police in the Southern Russian provinces made a large number of arrests in connection with a nihilist plot.

A bill for the retirement of Gen. Grant was defeated in the House by the votes of Southern Democrats.

Congress passed an anti-foreign contract labor bill.

Dispatches from Korti to London declared Gen. Buller surrounded and closely hemmed in at Abu Klea.

The Swiss authorities intercepted a plot to blow up the federal palace at Berne with dynamite.

The Washington monument at Washington, D. C., was dedicated.

Ten Years Ago.

The National Council of Women opened its convention in Washington, D. C.

More than a score of small coast-wise vessels were reported to have been lost in a blizzard that swept the Atlantic coast.

Field Marshal Oyama, in command of the Japanese at Weihaiwei, announced the surrender of the Chinese on sea and land.