

STRONG AND STEADY

By HORATIO ALGER, JR.

CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Drummond's store was of fair size, and contained a considerable and varied stock of dry goods. Besides Mr. Drummond there was a single salesman, a young man of twenty-two, who wore a cravat of immense size, and ostentatiously displayed in his bosom a mammoth breast-pin, with glass imitation diamond, which had been real, would have been equal in value to the entire contents of the store. This young man, whose name was Nichols, received from Mr. Drummond the magnificent salary of four hundred dollars per annum. Having a taste for dress, he patronized the village tailor to the extent of his means, and considerably beyond, being at this moment thirty dollars in debt for the suit he wore.

Besides this young man there had formerly been a younger clerk, receiving a salary of four dollars weekly. He had been dismissed for asking to have his pay raised to five dollars a week, and since then Mr. Drummond had got along with but one salesman. As, however, the business really required more assistance, he was quite willing to employ Walter on board wages, which he estimated would not cost him, at the most, more than two dollars a week.

"Mr. Nichols," said Mr. Drummond, "I have brought you some help. This is Walter Courad, a distant relative"—and Walter, a man of tall and athletic build, no doubt had styled him a near relative—"as he knows nothing of the business, you can take him in charge, and give him some idea about prices, and so forth."

"Yes, sir," said the young man, in an important tone. "I'll soon break him in."

Mr. Nichols, who gave up what little mind he had to the subject of clothes, began to inspect Walter's raiment. He had sufficient knowledge to perceive that our hero's suit was of fine fabric, and tastefully made. That being the case, he concluded to pay him some attention.

"I'm glad you've come," he said. "I have to work like a dog. I'm pretty well used up to-day. I was up till two o'clock dancing."

"Were you?"

"Yes, there was a ball over to Crampton. I go to all the balls within ten miles. They can't do without me."

"Can't they?" asked Walter, not knowing what else to say.

"No. You see I don't much style at these country balls—I mean among the young men. They don't know how to dress. Now I give my mind to it, and they try to imitate me. I don't trust any tailor entirely. I just tell him what I want and how I want it. Higgins, the tailor here, has improved a great deal since he began to make clothes for me."

Just then a customer came in, and Mr. Nichols was drawn away from his dissertation on dress.

"Just notice how I manage," he said in a low voice.

"Have you any calicoes that you can recommend?" asked the woman, who appeared to be poor.

"Yes, ma'am, we've got some of the best in the market—some that will be sure to suit you."

He took from the shelves and displayed a very ugly pattern.

"I don't think I like that," she said.

"Have you not some with a smaller figure?"

"The large figures are all the rage 'ust now, ma'am. Everybody wears them."

"I should like to look at something else."

"I'll show you something else, but this is the thing for you."

He brought out a piece still uglier; and finally, after some hesitation, his customer ordered ten yards from the first piece. He measured it with an air of triumph and, folding it up, handed it to the customer, receiving in return a two-dollar bill, which the poor woman gazed at as she rendered it, for she had worked hard for it.

When the customer had left the store, Nichols turned complacently to Walter.

"How did you like that calico?" he asked.

"It seemed to me very ugly."

"Wasn't it, though? It's been in the store five years. I didn't know as we should ever get rid of it."

"Haven't you got any prettier patterns?"

"Plenty. I wanted to get off the old rubbish first. It isn't everybody that would buy it; but she swallowed everything I said."

"She seemed like a poor woman, who could not afford to buy a dress very often."

"No, she doesn't come more than twice a year."

"I think you ought to have given her the best bargain you could."

"You can fold up those goods on the counter, and put them back on the shelves," said Nichols. "Customers put us to a great deal of trouble that way sometimes. Mrs. Captain Walker was yesterday afternoon, and I didn't know but I should have to get down all the stock we had before we could suit her."

"Why didn't you pick out something and tell her it was all the rage?" asked Walter, smiling.

"That wouldn't go down with her. She's rich and she's proud. We have to be careful how we manage with such customers as she is. That reminds me that her husband hasn't gone home yet. I'll get you to carry it up right away."

It had been a considerable disappointment to Joshua to find that Walter was poor instead of rich, for he had proposed to make as free use of Walter's purse as the latter would permit. Even now it oc-

urred to him that Walter might have a supply of ready money, a part of which he might borrow. He accordingly took an opportunity one day to sound our hero on this subject.

"Walter, have you a couple of dollars about you to lend me for a day or two?" he asked, in a tone of assumed carelessness.

"Yes, I have that amount of money, but I am afraid I must decline lending. You know my circumstances, Joshua, and that I am in no position to lend anybody money."

Joshua stalked away in a fret, angry that Walter would not permit himself to be swindled. From that time he cherished a dislike for our hero, and this he showed by various little slights and annoyances, of which Walter took little notice. He thoroughly despised Joshua for his meanness and selfishness, and it mattered very little to him what such a boy thought of him.

This forbearance Joshua utterly misinterpreted. He decided that Walter was deficient in courage and spirit, and it encouraged him to persevere in his system of petty annoyances until they might almost be called bullying. Though Walter kept quiet under these provocations, there was often a warning flash of the eye which showed that it would not be safe to go too far. But this Joshua did not notice, and persisted.

"Joshua," said his mother one day, "I really think you don't treat Walter right. You are not polite to him."

"Why should I be? What is he but a beggar?"

"He is not that, for he works for his living."

"At any rate, he's a mean fellow, and I shall treat him as I please."

One afternoon there were a few young fellows standing on the piazza in front of Mr. Drummond's store. Joshua was one of them, and there being no customers to wait upon, Walter also had joined the company. They were discussing plans for a picnic to be held in the woods on the next Sunday afternoon. It was to be quite a general affair.

"You will come, Walter, won't you?" asked one of the number.

"No," said Joshua; "he can't come."

"I didn't authorize you to speak for me," said Walter quietly.

"You didn't authorize me to speak for you?" repeated Joshua, in a mocking tone. "Big words for a beggar!"

"What do you mean by calling me a beggar?" demanded Walter, quietly, but with rising color.

"I don't choose to give you any explanation," said Joshua scornfully. "You're only my father's hired boy, working for your board."

"That may be true, but I am not a beggar, and I advise you not to call me one again."

Walter's tone was still quiet, and Joshua wholly misunderstood him; otherwise, being a coward at heart, he would have desisted.

"I'll say it as often as I please," he repeated. "You're a beggar, and if we hadn't taken pity on you, you'd have had to go to the poorhouse."

Walter was not quarrelsome; but this last insult, in presence of half a dozen boys between his own age and Joshua's, roused him.

"Joshua Drummond," he said, "you've insulted me long enough, and I've stood it, for I didn't want to quarrel; but I will stand it no longer."

He walked up to Joshua, and struck him in the face, not a hard blow, but still a blow. Joshua turned white with passion, and advanced upon our hero furiously, with the intention of giving him, as he expressed it, the worst whipping he ever had.

Walter parried his blow, and put in another, this time sharp and stinging. Joshua was an inch or two taller, but Walter was more than a match for him. Joshua threw out his arms, delivering his blows at random, and most of them failed of effect. Indeed, he was so blinded with rage that Walter, who kept cool, laid from this cause alone a great advantage over him. Joshua at length seized him, and he was compelled to throw him down. As Joshua lay prostrate, with Walter's knee upon his breast, Mr. Drummond, who had gone over to his own house, appeared upon the scene.

"What's all this?" he demanded, in mingled surprise and anger. "Conrad, what means this outrageous conduct?"

Walter rose, and, turning to his employer, said, manfully, "Joshua insulted me, sir, and I have punished him. That's all."

CHAPTER VII.

Without waiting to hear Mr. Drummond's reply, Walter re-entered the store. He had no disposition to discuss the subject in the presence of the boys who were standing on the piazza.

Mr. Drummond followed him into the store, and Joshua accompanied him. He was terribly angry with Walter, and determined to get revenge upon him through his father.

"Are you going to let that beggar pitch into me like that?" he demanded. "He wouldn't have got me down, only he took me at a disadvantage."

"Conrad," said Mr. Drummond, "I demand an explanation of your conduct. I come from my house, and find you fighting like a street rowdy, instead of attending to your duties in the store."

"I have already given you an explanation," Mr. Drummond said, Walter, firmly. "Joshua chose to insult me before all

the boys, and I don't allow myself to be insulted if I can help it. As to being out of the store, there was no customer to wait upon, and I went to the door for a breath of fresh air. I have never been accustomed to confinement before."

"You say Joshua insulted you. How did he insult you?"

"I was asked if I would go to the picnic on Saturday afternoon. He didn't wait for me to answer, but said at once that I couldn't go."

"Was that all?"

"When I objected to his answering for me, he charged me with being a beggar, and said that but for you I would have been obliged to go to the poorhouse. If this had been the first time he had annoyed me, I might have passed it over, but it is far from being the first; so I knocked him down."

Mr. Drummond was by no means a partisan of Walter, but in the month that our hero had been in his employ he had found him a very efficient clerk. What ever Walter undertook to do he did well, and he had mastered the details of the retail dry goods trade in a remarkably short time, so that his services were already as valuable as those of young Nichols, who received eight dollars a week. Therefore Mr. Drummond was disposed to smooth over matters, for the sake of retaining the services which he obtained so cheap. He resolved, therefore, to temporize.

"You are both of you wrong," he said. "Joshua, you should not have called Conrad a beggar, for he earns his living. You, Conrad, should not have been so violent. You should have told me, and I would have spoken to Joshua."

"Excuse me, Mr. Drummond, but I don't like tale-bearing. I did the only thing I could."

"Ahem!" said Mr. Drummond, "you were too violent. I would suggest that you should each beg the other's pardon, shake hands, and have done with it."

"Catch me begging pardon of my father's hired boy!" exclaimed Joshua, scornfully. "I haven't got quite as low as that."

"As for me," said Walter, "if I thought I had been in the wrong, I would beg Joshua's pardon without any hesitation. I am not too proud for that, but I think I acted right under the circumstances, and therefore I cannot do it. As for being a hired boy, I admit that such is my position, and I don't see anything to be ashamed of in it."

"You are right there," said Mr. Drummond; for this assertion chimed in with his own views and wishes. "Well, it seems to me you are about even, and you may as well drop the quarrel here."

Walter felt satisfied. He felt that he had won the victory and maintained his self-respect. There was one thing more he desired, and that was to go to the picnic. He would not have urged the request, but that he was well aware that Joshua would report that he was kept at home by his desire.

"It won't be very convenient for you to be away Saturday afternoon," said Mr. Drummond, who was principled against allowing clerks any privileges. "You know we have more trade than usual on Saturday afternoon."

"I don't think we shall have next Saturday," said Walter; "everybody will be gone to the picnic."

"If you insist upon going," said Mr. Drummond, reluctantly, "I must try to let you go."

Walter felt no scruples about insisting. Meanwhile Joshua went home in a very unhappy frame of mind. He had not succeeded in humiliating Walter as he intended, but had an unpleasant feeling that Walter had got the better of him. He was very angry with his father for not taking his part, and was not slow in making his feelings known to his mother.

"What's the matter, Joshua?" asked Mrs. Drummond, observing the scowl upon his face.

"Matter enough! That beggar has been insulting me—that upstart, Conrad. He pitched into me, and tried to knock me over."

"What for? I am surprised to hear it, he seems so polite and well bred."

"Nothing at all. He sprang at me like a tiger, and all for nothing. He took me by surprise, so at first he got the advantage, but I soon gave him as good as he sent."

"I am really sorry to hear this," said Mrs. Drummond, distressed. "Are you sure you didn't say something to provoke him?"

"I only said, when he was invited to go to the picnic Saturday afternoon, that he wouldn't be able to leave the store."

"I am afraid you said it in such a way as to offend him."

"Seems to me you think a good sight more of him than of me in the matter," grumbled Joshua. "That's just the way with father. He wanted us both to beg each other's pardon. Catch me begging pardon of a beggar's hired boy!"

"He isn't any worse because your father hires him, Joshua."

"Oh, yes, of course, you stand up for him," said Joshua, sneering.

"Now, Joshua, you know I always take your part when you are right."

So Joshua continued to scold, and Mrs. Drummond to soothe him, until she found a more effectual way, by placing at his disposal half an apple pie which was in the cupboard. In the evening she told Walter that she was sorry there had been any difficulty between him and Joshua.

"So am I," said Walter, frankly, for he was grateful for her gentle kindness. "I am sorry, if only for your sake, Mrs. Drummond."

"I know he's provoking; but he doesn't mean what he says, Mr. Conrad."

"I'll try to keep on good terms with him, Mrs. Drummond," said Walter, earnestly, "if only in return for his mother's kindness."

"I am sure Joshua was hasty, and misjudged Walter, said the mother to herself, trying to find an excuse for her son.

(To be continued.)

GROWING HOGS IN IDAHO.

Industry Is Receiving Greater Attention Than Ever Before.

Prof. H. T. French, Director Idaho Experiment Station.

The hog industry in Idaho is receiving more attention now than ever before in the history of the state. The tendency to diversify farm operations is stronger now than in the past. All alfalfa, or all sheep or all of any other one thing, unless it should be fruit, is out of date for the majority of farmers of Idaho, both in the northern part of the state, where irrigation is not practiced, and in the irrigated sections of southern Idaho.

The most successful farmer, here as elsewhere, is the one who is making livestock on the farm one of the important factors. As the dairy industry increases in interest the raising of hogs will receive more attention. A farmer who is not adverse to milking cows will, as a rule, be a success in handling pigs, because no one can succeed in either line, to the fullest extent, unless he looks carefully after details.

In Idaho the dairy industry is growing, therefore I expect a more rapid development of the hog industry. In fact, there is a strong indication that this is the case just now in several sections of the state. In holding farmers' institutes in southern Idaho much interest was noticed in the subject of feeding and breeding hogs. Several shipments of pure bred stock have recently been made into southern Idaho. Pure bred Poland China, Duroc Jersey, Chester White and Berkshire pigs are found in increasing numbers in every farming section of the state. Poland Chinas predominate, no doubt, but the Duroc is becoming a close competitor in many sections.

Alfalfa pasture, with a small ration of shorts, ground wheat or finely ground barley, will grow pigs very rapidly. This, supplemented with separator milk, will produce a growth equal to that secured in the corn belt, and in quality we flatter ourselves that it is superior.

In growth, our pigs can be made to compare quite favorably with those fed on corn. Numerous reports were made last winter at farmers' meetings that it was not difficult to produce a pig that would weigh two hundred pounds at eight months old.

Some sugar beets and other roots can be fed, and are being used in feeding hogs in Idaho. Potatoes boiled and mixed with one and a half to two pounds of grain per hundredweight of pig, will produce good gains in live weight. Alfalfa, cut up with feed cutter, and softened by steaming or even a sprinkling of cold water, with a little grain, makes a good ration for brood sows during winter. A great many hogs are wintered largely on dry alfalfa hay, and they do very well.

In a state where so much cheap forage can be grown for hogs, there is great encouragement for the industry. Large yields of wheat and barley can be secured on irrigated lands, and often the wheat is of low milling quality, making it much more profitable to feed it than to sell it in the sack. A bushel of wheat will make from 12 to 15 pounds of gain in live weight when fed to thrifty young hogs weighing from 75 to 175 pounds. In young pigs even greater gains can be secured.

Field peas are grown in some sections for hog pasture, and serve an important purpose in providing good pasturage during the summer before the stubble fields are ready to glean. There is a lack of good pasture in the grain-growing sections of the state. Little alfalfa or clover is grown on many of the farms, and often pigs make very small gains during this period. Some farmers sow grain, such as wheat or barley, for hog pasture, but even this does not produce as good results as would a pasture of alfalfa, peas or clover.

Bluegrass and white clover will make a good pasture in some localities where there is plenty of moisture and good soil. This does not, in our opinion, give as good results however, as the crops mentioned above. Idaho farmers are much encouraged in raising hogs from the fact that large packing plants are being established on the coast, thus insuring a steady demand for live hogs, and while the price may not be any more satisfactory than in the past, with a limited supply, there will be a permanency to the demand even though the number of hogs produced increases several times.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Valuable Information to Pacific Northwest Inquirers.

By J. L. Ashlock, Washington Experiment Station, Pullman.

Elna—"I have a tract of land near Quincy, Wash., that I wish to irrigate. In order to do this I will have to use well water, and possibly do the pumping with a gasoline engine, or some other mechanical device. Will you please give me any information that bears on this subject?" A. L. C.

"I am quite familiar with the conditions around Quincy, and believe that irrigation in that region would bring very good results, providing the cost was not too much. In that locality the depth to water is quite considerable, and the cost of operating a pump would therefore be heavy. The farmers there use windmills quite exclusively, using gasoline engines only when the wind fails. However, the water is quite abundant when it is reached. I do not believe that it would be profitable for you to irrigate as many as ten acres unless you have a system of pipes to

conserve the water. The soil around Quincy is so light that the water will seep away and be lost, unless you put in such pipes. A ten horse-power engine would be sufficient to raise water for ten acres, but it might be necessary to sink more than one well. I am beginning to believe that irrigation will be necessary in the Quincy section to obtain the best results."

Baird—"I have been quite successful with corn in this locality, except that the ears matures rather small. Can you advise me of varieties of corn that I might try?" FARMER.

"I advise that you experiment with Kafir corn, since it seems that it will do well in your region. Try a good, early maturing Dent variety. This should be preferable to the Flint, and it certainly makes better feed. The conditions of your region require that you cultivate to retain moisture, as well as to destroy the weeds."

Chevelah—"It would be desirable as cement for building a silo? Is silage apt to freeze in this country? What forage plants should be grown in the Chevelah region?" STOCKMAN.

"Brass grass might do well, if the soil is not too gravelly, but it should not be grown in rocky soil. Vetches will be desirable in such soil as you have, as those plants reseed themselves. If you can get lumber at a reasonable price in your vicinity, it would be more costly to build of cement than of wood. Silage stays warm, and it is not apt to freeze in this country; but if it sticks to the sides of the silo from any cause, it should be tramped down in order to prevent it from setting unevenly."

Leaky—"I would like to know if it would be advisable to plant the Australian salt bush in this region? Has the plant any desirable qualities?" J. B.

"I advise you to let the Australian salt bush alone. The plant has a few desirable qualities, but we have heard that in the Walla Walla country it has developed into a pest. It resembles tumble weed in its manner of growth, and in windy weather will break off and roll for a great distance, scattering seed as it goes. Except when young and tender, it is undesirable for stock."

Washburn—"I have a white clover lawn, and would like to know what sort of bone fertilizer is best to use on it." W. A. P.

"I question the advisability of using a bone fertilizer on your lawn. Commercial fertilizers are generally poorly adapted to the soils in semi-arid regions. Well-rotted manure placed on the land late in the fall and raked off in the spring would, I believe, be far more preferable. The soil in your region needs humus rather than fertilizing elements. Manure is well supplied with phosphorus and nitrogen, and should therefore give your soil the needed stimulation."

Sunnyside—"Would your station advise me to feed grain hay with alfalfa? I am a dairyman, and have been feeding only alfalfa." F. W.

"I am sure that there would be economy in combining alfalfa with grain. From four to ten pounds of grain per day should be sufficient, using rolled barley rather than wheat or bran. The bran would practically be wasted. You would get good results, I believe, by feeding about one-half a pound per day of linseed meal. Alfalfa is entirely nitrogenous in composition, and should be balanced by a more concentrated form of the carbohydrates."

QUERIES BY FARMERS.

Experiment Station Called Upon for Advice on Various Subjects.

From the Washington State College, Pullman.

A Seattle correspondent asks for a statement of the experience the station has had with the "novelty vegetables." He was informed as follows:

"The station has experimented with all of them, and finds that they will grow successfully in eastern Washington. The tomato and egg plant should be started early in the season in hotbeds, or cold frames. With this care a creditable crop will be matured. The egg plant is a native of warm climates, and, like the tomato, should be given a high, warm elevation. The okra and artichoke have each done very well with us, requiring only the ordinary garden culture."

A farmer of Arden wishes to know what apples would do well where he lives. Professor Thorner advised him as follows:

"For the soil and general climatic conditions you have, I advise the use of equal quantities of the Jonathan, Rome Beauty and Wagoner. It is possible that you might make use of a great many other varieties, but these are apples that the all doing well, and sell for very good market prices in the annual markets.

"Vary the number of tree, according to whether you are going to irrigate or not. If you are going to irrigate, plant your trees from twenty-five to twenty-seven feet apart, in alternate rows. If you are not going to irrigate, you had better plant them on the hexagonal plan, placing the trees in the rows thirty-three feet apart, with the rows themselves about twenty-seven feet apart. It will not injure the trees to grow vegetables between them for the first three to five years, but, of course, you should plant nothing that will take the moisture or plant food from close to the young trees."

Mild Punishment.

Stranger—"In your town they close the front doors of the saloons on Sunday, and open the side doors, do they? Isn't that whipping the devil around the stump?" Native—"Yes, and the whipping doesn't hurt him a bit, either."



"I am going to have my photos taken, I hope they will do me justice." "I hope so, too—justice tempered with mercy."

Mrs. Justwed—"Why are these eggs so small? Grocer Dickelhurst—I think they were took from der nest too soon lately."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Teacher—"Johnny, what do you understand by that word 'deficit'?" "It's what you're got, when you haven't as much as if you just hadn't nothin'."

Hook—"I understand he married a cool million. Cook—"Yes; but he's complaining now because he hasn't been able to thaw out any of it."—Illustrated Muck.

"What'd Jimmy give yer fer yer birthday?" "This here brass ring." "How'd yer know it ain't nothin' but brass?" "He give it fer me."—Cleveland Leader.

"Is your husband having any luck at the race track?" "Some luck," answered young Mrs. Torkins. "He hasn't caught cold nor had his pockets picked."—Washington Star.

"Why is it?" asked the dear girl, "that the bridegroom's attendant is called the 'best man'?" "I suppose it's because he is the best off," growled the fussy old bachelor.

Mother—"You and Willie have been at my cherries again. I found the stones in the nursery. Johnny—it wasn't me, mother, 'cause I swallowed all the stones of mine."

Muriel—"Would you marry for money?" Carsons—"Not I; I want brains. Muriel—"Yes, I should think so, if you don't want to marry for money."—Brooklyn Life.

"Your love," he cried, "would give me the strength to lift mountains?" "Dearest," she murmured, "it will only be necessary for you to raise the dust."—Town Topics.

"Tell me, brother, is it possible to let Robert know that I am an heiress?" "Has he proposed to you?" "Yes." "Well, you may be sure he knows it already."—The Gospel.

"It costs more to live than it did years ago," said the man who complains. "Yes," answered the man who enjoys modern conveniences, "but it's worth more."—Washington Star.

Professional Easter—"I should like to undertake a fast of four weeks in this show of yours. How much will you pay me?" Showman—"I can't give you any salary, but I will pay for your keep."

"What would you do," asked the excited politician, "if a paper should call you a liar and a thief?" "Well," said the lawyer, "if I were you I'd toss up a cent to see whether I'd reform or lick the editor."

Miss Blondlock—"How dare you tell people my hair is bleached? You know it is false! Miss Ravenwing—"Yes, dear, I know it is. I told them it was bleached before you got it."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"I noticed she looked to you. Is she an old acquaintance?" "Yes; we're slightly acquainted. In fact, she's a sort of distant relation. She was the first wife of my second wife's husband."—Chicago Tribune.

Officer Flynn—"Ah! so you ain't a fake, hey. How did you lose yer sight? The Blind Person—"Oh, I was once on the police force with orders from my captain not to see anything. It got to be a habit with me."—Puck.

Lord Lewson—"Why, Pat, there used to be two windmills there. Pat—"Three for you, sir. Lord Lewson—"Why is there but one now?" Pat—"Bedad, they took one down to law more wind for Collier."—London Times.

He—"Do you remember the night I proposed to you?" She—"Yes, dear. He—"We sat for one hour, and you never opened your mouth. She—"Yes, I remember, dear. He—"Ah, that was the happiest hour of my life."—The Catholic Mirror.

Farmer Sacks—"Here's a letter askin' about board for the summer, an' wantin' to know is that a bath in the house. What'll I tell 'em, M'randy? His Wife—"Tell 'em the truth. Tell 'em if they need a bath we'd advise 'em to take it afore they come."—Harper's Bazar.

"Every ballot must be counted," the first speaker had declared. "I agree with the gentleman you have just heard," began the one who followed, "but I go as far as to say that in certain emergencies some of them must be counted twice."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"I was reading a magazine article the other day," said the landlady, "in which the writer advanced the theory that fully two-thirds of the diseases that afflict humanity are due to over-eating." "Well, I guess that's about right," rejoined the scanty-haired bachelor at the foot of the mahogany. "Anyway, it is months since anyone was stek in this boarding house."—Chicago Daily News.