

**THE DREAM.**  
In the dream I dreamt to-night  
Love came, armed with magic might;  
Fret and fever, doubt and fear,  
Foes that banish his kingdom here,  
Misconception, vain regretting,  
Bottomless longing, cold forgetting,  
The dark shades of change and death,  
Ever hushing on his path,  
Vanished from, or sound or sight,  
In the dream I dreamt to-night.

Time's strong hand fell helpless down:  
Fate stood dazed without her frown;  
Sly suspicion, cold surprise,  
Faded 'neath the happy eyes,  
And the voice I love was speaking,  
And the smile I love was making  
Sunshine in the golden weather,  
When we two stood close together;  
For you reigned in royal right,  
In the dream I dreamt to-night.

And I woke, and woke to see  
A cold world, bare and blank to me,  
A world whose stare and sneer scarce hidden,  
Told me that as fruit forbidden,  
Love and trust must ever pine  
In so sad a clasp as mine:  
All too faint and fragile grown,  
For gifts that youth holds all its own,  
Ah, best to wake, forgetting quite,  
The sweet dream I dreamt to-night.

#### LAURA'S MISTAKE.

Laura had just been making out a bill. "Miss Hayden, to Laura Stetson, Dr., satin overskirt, ruffling skirt, belt, fifty-three dollars."  
"That's all," said the tired girl, letting her pencil drop, and breathing a sigh of relief.  
"I hope she will pay you to-night," murmured Mrs. Stetson.  
"She is well aware of our needs," was the sad reply. "At the same time she carries her old habits of saving into her new life, for she knows I shall not charge one-half the price that a regular dressmaker would. She would have to pay Madame Joliffe \$100 at the least."

"Well, it's a shame," replied her mother, "that you can't get the regular price when you do your work as well. Time was when your father could have bought and sold Walter Hayden, and now you must work your fingers off for his daughter, who has neither your education, nor—"  
"Oh, don't mamma!" pleaded Laura, with a little laugh that was partly hysterical. "You only make it worse for me, you see, calling up old times. Just say it will all come right in the fall, as papa used to; and with the smile still on her lips, she turned her troubled eyes away."

For poor, proud Laura, earning a scanty living for her mother and herself, had a memory of the Haydens hidden in her heart.  
When Bart Hayden had gone away, only a year before, she had thought of him for months after, nay, even till now, with quickened pulse and heightened color. The Haydens were not wealthy then, but within a short time they had come into a fortune, and it was rumored that young Bart was also growing rich through lucky speculation.

It was just nine months since the death of Laura's father. He had dropped down suddenly while apparently in the full enjoyment of health; and after the funeral it was found that his affairs were in a tangled condition. In fact, only a small house was left to the widow, through the consideration of creditors, and that far from being comfortably furnished.

Laura, the child of wealth and fashion, her father's idol, a delicate, thoroughbred, elegant girl who had heretofore sunned herself in the warm rays of prosperity, and hardly knew whether she had a heart or not, proved herself a heroine. Whatever she could find to do she worked at with all her heart. Plain sewing, embroidery, dressmaking, for which she had a talent, and concerning which she had often laughingly said that if she had not been rich she might have been famous; everything was undertaken willingly. She accepted the situation, though not without some struggles with pride and many secret tears.

Mrs. Stetson thought of the time when a carriage was at the call of her darling.

"Dear, can't I take it?" she asked, gazing at her anxiously. "You look ill."

"I am ill—that is, my head aches; but the walk will do me good," Laura responded, trying to look bright. "Do you think I would let you carry home my work? No, indeed!" and she bent over and kissed her mother's forehead.

Out in the open air she felt better. The nervous depression from which she suffered gradually left her, and she became interested in the sights and sounds about her. Some of her former acquaintances passed her, a few with a nod of recognition, but most without noticing her at all; little stings these were, but she held her bundle firmly, lifted her head a trifle higher, and passed bravely on. Turning a corner she came full upon an unexpected tableau. A smartly dressed boy, with a feather in his cap, kicked and struggled with his nurse, who vainly pulled the obstinate child till her face was purple.

"Why, Lacey! Why, Benny!" exclaimed Laura, for the girl was nursemaid at the Haydens', and Benny the youngest hope of the house.

"What's all this?"

"Deed, miss, he's awful," said the girl, nearly crying. "When he makes up his mind, it's a tiger he is. Just see him now!"

Laura spoke a few words to the boy in a low tone, and he ceased struggling for a moment.

"We're all at sixes and sevens," said the nurse, "and the missus is orful nervous. Mr. Bart's just returned from California, without no warning at all, and brought a beautiful young lady with him. I do suppose it's his wife, from what I heard—and it quite upset the missus, and made such a time. Now there's that policeman, so you'd better come."

Laura heard, and for a moment street and houses whirled round so that she had so much ado to keep

herself from fainting. The words rang in her ears. "I do suppose it's his wife." The strange and sudden revulsion of feeling passed, however, leaving her deadly pale. Certainly Bart had a perfect right to get married; a perfect right to forget her—of course he had. Men had done such things ever since the flood, and would probably, to the end of time.

The blood burnt her face now; but as she came in sight of the dwelling it receded, leaving her pale and almost faint. She stormed at herself for being so supremely foolish; but the tears were very near her tired eyes, for all that.

Big trunks blocked up the hall. A loud, cheery voice sounded, that struck wofully against her heart; and the first person she saw was stalwart, handsome Bart Hayden, just coming forward as he issued his orders to the men who were taking the boxes up stairs.

"Laura—my dear Miss Stetson!" exclaimed the young man, hurrying toward her.

But Laura's face was like steel. She made a cold little bow.

"Welcome home, Mr. Hayden," she said, in a set, cold voice. "I came to bring some—" she could not say work—"something for your sister. I generally go to her room. Is she there?"

He fell back a little. Strange how the light went out of his face.

"I—I rather think she may be engaged," he said, in a blundering way, "but perhaps you had better go up."

"He didn't like to speak of his wife, and no wonder," half sobbed Laura.

"What in the deuce makes her act so coldly?" muttered young Hayden; then in a tenderer voice, "but she might have seemed just the least bit glad to see me, I think," and then he kicked a box out of his path, and went moodily to the door.

Anne Hayden was alone.

"So glad you brought it," she cried; "and oh! doesn't it look beautiful!" and she shook out the creamy satin with exclamations of delight. "Now sit down, won't you? I've so much to tell you. Bart has come home."

"Yes, I know it; but I can't wait. It must be almost dusk, and—" she grew desperate with the fear that Anne should see the tears, and stooping she snatched up the bill and placed it in the hand of her patroness.

"Oh, so sorry! Suppose you won't mind waiting for the pay till next week."

"We are out of coal and wood," said Laura, her cheeks crimson; "and, in fact, we need the money very much."

"Dear me! I was so thoughtless to spend all my money. But stop—I'll go down and ask Bart."

Laura felt as if she could sink through the floor.

"Stop!" she said, seizing Anne by the arm, her face quite white and proud again. "I can wait; do not go down."

"I'll run round, perhaps. Must you go? You do not know how much I have to tell you. Well, then, good night."

Laura had not worn her veil. The tears were running down her cheeks as she hastily descended the steps of the house, and Bart Hayden saw them. Oh, the humiliation to that proud spirit! She threw a half defiant glance at the pitying face; then, with a gesture that repelled him, she almost flew down the street, nor hardly drew breath until she was at home.

How dreary and meager it all looked! The few cheap dishes, the scanty table cloth, the worn out chintz on chairs and lounge.

"I'm tired, mamma; let me lie down," she cried in a suppressed voice, and threw herself on the old lounge.

"What is the matter, my darling? I see—she did not pay, of course; and not a stick of wood in the house. Oh, the heartlessness, the wickedness of those who are rich!"

A loud rap. Laura hid her face. Her mother answered the call, and in strode Bart Hayden almost defiantly.

"At least you will welcome me, Mrs. Stetson," he said, the old fine ring in his voice.

Laura sat up, calm and cold again. "Anne sent this by me," he said, and laid a sealed envelop on the table.

"When did you get home?" asked Mrs. Stetson, when she had recovered somewhat from her surprise.

"Only a few hours ago. I brought Cousin Jack's wife with me; she was ordered home for her health, and Jack couldn't leave, so I took Mattie in charge. I am afraid home is not going to help her much, or indeed anything else."

Laura made an almost imperceptible movement. She was far from cold now; her very temples were hot.

"Well, good night," he said, stealing a glance at Laura, as he rose to go. "I've done my errand; and Mrs. Stetson, you at least will let me come and talk with you sometimes, won't you, for the sake of auld lang syne?"

"To be sure, if you will come to so humble a place. You see how the wheel has gone round with us. My husband—"

"Yes, I heard all," he said pityingly, "long ago. Anne wrote me; but I am not one of the fickle kind, Mrs. Stetson." This with a reproachful glance at Laura. "Good night, he said the next minute, and bowed to both women.

He had just reached the door when a faint voice called:

"Bart!"

He came back with half suppressed eagerness in his manner, his glance wary but anxious.

"I was just a little rude to-night," she said, looking dangerously beautiful in her humility. "Please forget it."

"Indeed I will," and he seized her hands, his eyes radiant. "I understand—you were always such a sensitive little creature. So you forgive me, eh?"

"It was you who were to forgive me, I believe," said Laura, demurely, her lips quivering, ready to cry and laugh.

"Mrs. Stetson, will you allow me to whisper?" asked Bart.

"Certainly," said the old lady, her heart beating quicker. What was going to happen? Had poverty done its worst for them? Was there indeed bright hope for the future?

Bart put his full shining beard close to Laura's ear, and the second time said the mystic words that had so long lingered in her memory.

Laura did not repulse him. He felt then that her heart belonged to him, that it had never gone out to another.

#### A SET UP JOB.

"If it hadn't been for my Sunday school class, I'd have broken his back!" muttered Joe Fairburn to a fellow passenger on the train from Westfield, New Jersey. "It would have prejudiced my moral influence on the infant mind, or I'd have given the infernal regions a hypodermic injection of him!"

"What did he do?" asked the friend.

"Do! Dum him!" snorted Mr. Fairburn. "Look here! That man knew that I had been trying to get a servant girl for four months, and finally I hooked one. Took her out on the train with me, and we sat right behind the dog-goned cuspidor! Up he tunes to a friend of his about the small-pox at Westfield."

"I hear there were four deaths yesterday," said he.

"Did you leave your mother well?" I asked the girl, hoping to distract her attention.

"Somebody told me six," said his friend.

"This is all my poverty," I observed to the girl, pointing out the meadows to her. "Last year I raised a million acres of chewing gum on that prairie!"

"Somebody tells me that Joe Fairburn lost three servant girls by the disease," the sneak thief went on.

"And next year I'm going to plant herring and see if I can't raise shad," I told her, in desperation.

"Faith, I think you'd better plant a few dispensaries and raise hospitals," said she, and at the next station she left the train. Couldn't hold her with a dog collar and an ox chain. She was scared out by that small-pox lie, and she left on foot, dum bust him! His family owes me a dollar for being a Christian."

"Haven't you got a servant girl yet?" asked his friend.

"Oh, I've got one," grunted Mr. Fairburn. "I've got one, but I had to pack her in a shawl strap and walk out home with her! Bust him! If I ever backside and lose my grip on grace, he'll feel like a doctor's bill in a bankruptcy proceeding, now, you hear me?"

And then Mr. Fairburn changed the subject to the preceding Sunday's sermon, and wanted to know if his friend really thought that Nebuchadnezzar ate grass, or whether the grass might not have been a figure of speech for doughnuts.

#### THE SPARE BED.

A well-known bishop, eminent in his position and in personal dignity, during the exercise of his official duties, was once quartered upon the wealthiest resident of a certain village, whose wife chafed to be away from home. The bishop, with grim humor, frequently complains at being put in the spare room, which is opened especially for him and the encouragement of rheumatism. He is withal a slim man, and on this occasion, when his host inquired how he had slept, and hoped he had passed with some vehemence:

"No, I did not; I passed a very disagreeable night indeed!"

The bishop departed, and when the wife of his host returned she naturally inquired who had been in the house in her absence.

"Bishop P.," said her husband.

"Bishop P.?" exclaimed the lady. "And where did you put him to sleep?"

"In the spare bed, of course."

"In the spare bed?" shrieked the horrified matron. "Why, I put all the silverware under the mattress before I went away!"

A SNOW PLOW.—A Kansas City inventor has recently patented a snow plow which promises to take the place of the cumbersome scoops which are attached to locomotives running on Northern railroads during the winter. It is an arrangement of steam pipes which can be heated at the will of the engineer, melting the snow as the engine slowly advances. The form of the ordinary snow plow is preserved so that the snow in shallow cuts can be thrown aside, as by the plow now in use; but when deep drifts are encountered the steam can be turned on in the pipes, and the road cleared in far less time than it can be done with shovels. Another advantage in the new invention is that it will leave an additional embankment to catch a still greater depth of snow in succeeding storms.

The round house and machine shop of the Winona & St. Peter Division of the Northwestern Railway, at Winona, Minn., burned. Eleven locomotives were badly damaged. Loss, \$35,000; no insurance.

The Connecticut House of Representatives passed—150 to 21—a bill forbidding railroads of the State discriminating in freights by charging more for a short haul than for a long one.

#### COMING MAN.

Remarkable Deductions from Accomplished Facts—A Forbidding Prophecy—Toothless, Hairless, Toeless.

The man of the future—that mysterious being who will look back across a dim gulf of time upon imperfect humanity of the nineteenth century with just such kindly and half-incredulous scorn as we now condescend to bestow upon our club-wielding ape-like ancestors—will be a toothless, hairless, slow-limbed animal, incapable of extended locomotion. His feet will have no division between the toes. He will be very averse to fighting, and will maintain his position in the foremost files of time to come solely upon the strength of one or two convolutions in his brain. This may seem to be poor prophecy, but it differs from most prophecies in being a mere logical deduction from accomplished facts.

#### TOOTHLESS.

The different parts of the human frame as it exists now have been evolved or modified by the action of the two great principles that have always regulated the development of species. Every organ and every ornament that man possesses has been acquired by natural or sexual selection, and when either of these forces is weakened or removed, or when the necessity for such organs or ornaments is no longer sufficient to counter-balance the loss of the power employed in their production, then they commence at once to disappear. This is the case with human teeth. The early ancestors of man were furnished, as the male gorilla is to-day, with magnificent grinding teeth for crushing hard fruit, and huge canines for fighting with other males for the possession of the females. A trace of this remains in the more powerful dentition of savage races, who stand a short distance nearer to our common ape-like ancestors. Civilized human beings, on the other hand, have absolutely no use for canine teeth, which are therefore found to be small in proportion to the civilization of their possessors; and for the rest of the teeth, they are eminently unsuited for the work they have to perform. This is sufficiently plain from their decay, and the artificial means which have to be employed in order to retain them even to maturity. The so-called "wisdom teeth" are even now being lost. They are the last to appear and the first to go, and even while we have them they are unemployable. The rest will probably follow them two at a time, and their places will be supplied, no doubt, by a hardening of the gums, which can not fail to be incomparably more convenient and suitable to the wants of life.

#### HAIRLESS.

Long hair, beard, mustache and whiskers are all sexual ornaments acquired by man to charm and allure the opposite sex, just as the canine teeth were acquired to fight for a similar purpose. But neither is sexual selection so powerful now, nor are these hairy ornaments so important as they used to be. Marriage is no longer settled by the strength or magnificent hairiness of the suitor. Wealth will cover the bald head; intellect is more valued than whiskers, and the length of rent-roll counter-balance the shortness of a beard. A woman, too, who has but a scant supply of that ancient "pride of a woman"—long hair—can eke it out by fraud and art, nor need she go unwedded on that account. Neither men nor women, therefore, who happen to be ill furnished with hair are now, as formerly, handicapped in the race of life, and unlikely to leave children to inherit their defects. On the other hand they gain a distinct advantage at the outset inasmuch as no vital force is in their case wasted in the production of useless ornaments. There is, moreover, a mysterious law of correlation of growth between the hair and teeth. Throughout the animal world strong and luxuriant hair is accompanied by regular and durable teeth, and a hairless breed of dogs exists, which is equally conspicuous for the absence of its teeth. Hence it might have been expected that civilization would affect the hair as much as the teeth, and infallibly tend to suppress all hirsute adornments as not being sufficiently necessary to the welfare of the individual to repay the cost of their production. Experience confirms this view: for, as the teeth are small, soon lost, and two of them at least capricious in appearance, so bald heads in the prime of life, smooth cheeks and beardless chins among men, and women conspicuous for their absence of natural locks, are common in civilized countries; while savage tribes, who have more lately left, or still remain in, that state of society in which individual strength and social ornament are demanded by the principles of natural and sexual selection, have stronger teeth and retain more of their original wealth of hair.

#### TOELESS.

With respect to his locomotive limbs, civilized man has lost some faculties and is losing others. The prehensile power of the great toe, inherited from our ape-like ancestor, and still obvious in the human embryo, is retained in part by savage races, but of necessity lost by those human beings who habitually enclose their feet in the boots and shoes of civilized life. Indeed, the separation of the five toes under such circumstances is no longer necessary, and will not permanently survive. Already the percentage of persons who

have two or more of their toes united throughout their length is surprisingly large.

#### AND AFRAID OF FIGHTING.

In that particular form of endurance, again, which enables men to travel long distances on foot, the savage is, as was to be expected, immensely superior to his civilized brother. And increased facilities of artificial locomotion, by rendering the use by the latter of his lower limbs more and more unnecessary, will reduce them in time to a comparatively rudimentary condition. Finally, the readiness of our ancestors, and of our savage contemporaries, to fight with one another is no longer profitable, but absolutely pernicious, in the struggle for civilized existence. There is no necessity nowadays for frequent personal combats and struggles of life and death. On the contrary, a man who is violent and pugnacious will, as a general rule, be more often imprisoned or slain in the prime of life than his more pacific neighbors, and will therefore leave fewer children to inherit his fighting spirit. Thus the constant process of elimination of combative men will continue, without any compensating advantage arising as heretofore from success as a warrior. The man of the future, therefore, will not only be toothless, but baldheaded and incapable of extended locomotion with his imperfectly developed feet, but he will also be particularly averse to engaging in personal conflict—a love of peace at any price.—[Nineteenth Century.

#### BRIDGING NIAGARA.

Progress of Construction on the New Railway Suspension Bridge.

The work of excavating for the piers of the new Canada Southern railway bridge has been continued without interruption and with fair prospects during the week. Some of the heaviest blasting yet made has been done, and more rock has been displaced than during the first two weeks. On the other side of the river workmen have been engaged all the week in blasting out a huge boulder in the southern pit. It is a rock twenty feet high, fifteen feet wide, and eight to ten feet thick, lodged on its end, firmly imbedded in smaller rocks. A terrific blast was made from it on Tuesday, throwing tons of it into the river and sending flying pieces high into the air, some of which landed one thousand feet off. Indeed, it seemed as if a shower of stones were falling on the American side, many of which struck on the suspension bridge, and a few on the Custom House. C. A. Turner has thirty carpenters at work on the wooden platforms and trestle-work which will be needed to lay the masonry and put up the iron and steel work. This work is to be a gigantic affair of itself, and it will take until the middle of June to complete the one on this side, and until the middle of July to complete the one on the Canada side. It will take nearly 1,000,000 feet of lumber to build each of these structures. Twenty carloads of lumber have already arrived and been unloaded on this side. The laying of the top platform has already begun, and workmen are at work framing the timber for the lower and principal platforms. Workmen are engaged on the sloping bank for foundations to the main structure. Tool and storage-houses have been erected on the bank for material and patterns. Bolts will be principally used in putting up this structure, and large quantities of them have arrived and are being placed in the timbers when required. All this makes a busy place of the heretofore quiet river bank, and is a suggestive indication of the colossal enterprise which is soon to follow. "The false work" is what the wooden platform and trestle is called by the engineer-in-chief of the Central Bridge Company, and it will be an elaborate and scientific piece of work. It will be 120 feet high, facing the river over the piers; 60 feet on the bottom and 36 feet on top. It will contain 11 bents, placed on firm foundations on the bank slope, made of timbers 12x14 inches square, firmly bound by iron bolts. As stated above, it will take over a month to put up one of these false works. Thirty carpenters are now employed on it, and more will be put on as the work progresses.

There is nothing that pleases well-mannered people so much as to see others who are ill-mannered and inquisitive put to discomfort, and the more so when they are thus treated by persons who have no idea of snubbing them. Thus on a horse car one afternoon, two men were talking about a common acquaintance, while a third man, a total stranger, sat opposite and listened with all his ears. The two friends were very hard in their judgment of the subject of their conversation, and told many unsavory things about him, and at last one of them put the keystone in the arch of his misdeeds by relating an incident which made all other rascals seem saintly in comparison. The stranger on the other side of the car, who had listened to the talk with evidences of the liveliest satisfaction, could not restrain his impatience longer, and insinuatingly inquired: "What did you say that gentleman's name was?" The person thus addressed had not mentioned any name, but he replied very affably and in perfect good faith, "Mr. Smith, Mr. John Smith of Boston," and resumed his conversation. And the inquisitive man, not much edified, fairly ached to ask for Mr. Smith's address, but did not dare to, as he saw traces of a smile on the lips of all the other passengers.

The drops of the wine—the last of the dog show.

#### THE BLUE LAWS.

The famous blue laws of Connecticut, about which so much has been said as follows. They were enacted by the people of the "Dominion of Haven," and became known as blue laws because they were printed on blue paper:

The Governor and magistrates convened in general assembly, and supreme power under God of independent dominion. From determination of the assembly, great shall be made.

No one shall be a free man, or a vote unless he is converted member of one of the churches, allowed in the dominion.

Each freeman, shall swear, blessed God to bear true faith to this dominion, and that he will the only king.

No dissenter from the established worship of this dominion shall be allowed to give a vote for elect magistrates or any officer.

No food or lodging shall be given to a heretic.

No one to cross a river on a bath but authorized clergyman.

No one shall travel, cook, or make bed, sweep houses, cut, or shave on the Sabbath day.

No one shall kiss his wife or children on the Sabbath or fasting day.

The Sabbath day shall be a sunset Saturday.

Every ratable person who is to pay his proportion to support minister of town or parish, shall find five pounds and five shillings every quarter.

Whoever wears clothes, with gold, silver or bone lace, one shilling per yard, shall be sentenced by the grand jurors, or selectmen shall tax the estate of such person.

Whoever brings cards or dice to the dominion shall pay a fine.

No one shall eat mince pies, play cards or play any instrument except the drum, trumpet, or Jew's harp.

No gospel minister shall be allowed in marriage. The magistrates shall join them in marriage, or do it with less scandal to the church.

When parents refuse their consent to convenient marriages, the magistrates shall determine the punishment.

Adultery shall be punished with death.

A man who strikes his wife shall be fined ten pounds.

A woman who strikes her husband shall be punished as the law directs.

No man shall court a maid, or by letter without obtaining consent of her parents, five pounds for the first offense, the second, and for the third, imprisonment during the pleasure of the Court.

#### NAMES OF COUNTRIES.

The following countries, it is believed, were originally named by the ancients, the greatest commentators on the world. The names, Phœnician language, signifying things characteristic of the country which they designate.

Europe signifies a country of complexion; so named because inhabitants were of a whiter color than those of Asia and Africa.

Asia signifies between or middle, from the fact that the rappers placed it between Europe and Africa.

Africa signifies the land of oxen. It was celebrated for its abundance of corn and all sorts of cattle.

Siberia signifies thirsty or very characteristic.

Spain, a country of rain or comies. It was once so infested with these animals that it sued for an army to destroy them.

Italy, a country of pitch, yielding great quantities of pitch.

Calabria, also, for the same reason.

Gaul, modern France, signifies low-haired, as yellow hair characterizes its inhabitants.

The English of Caledonia is a hill. This was a rugged mountain province in Scotland.

Hibernia is utmost, or last; for beyond this western Phœnician never extended voyages.

Britain, the country of the quantities being found on the adjacent islands. The Greeks called Albion, which signifies in the Phœnician tongue either white mountains, from the white shores, or the high rocks on the eastern coast.

Corsica signifies a woody island. Sardinia signifies the foot of a man, which it resembles.

Syracuse, bad savor, so-called the unwholesome marsh of the island.

Rhodes, serpents or dragons, it produced in abundance.

Sicily, the country of grapes.

Soylla, the whirlpool of the sea.

Etna signifies a furnace, or smoky.

How friendships are kept. Mrs. Jones—"Oh, I've left Brown's! Must we invite him to home, but I suppose we must."

Brown—"Hang it all, it's a bore, but I suppose we must."

Jones, love! Must we invite Brown—"Confound it! It's a nuisance—but I suppose we must."

London Punch.

"Leaves have their time to all except tobacco leaves. Time there is any change in the go up. The tobaccoists are preparing to advance the price of the ten-cent counter, please that the sudden removal of tax left everything in the trade up."—[Burlington Hawkeye.