

A SUMMER IDYL.

See the frog, the slimy, green frog,
Dozing away on that old rotten log;
Seriously wondering
What caused the sundering
Of the tail that he wore when a wee polly-
wog.

See the boy, the freckled school-boy,
Famed for cussedness, free from alloy,
Watching the frog
Perched on the log
With feelings akin to tumultuous joy.

See the rock, the hard, flinty rock,
Which the freckled-faced boy at the frog
doth sock,
Conscious he's sinning,
Yet gleefully grinning
At the likely result of his terrible shock.

See the grass, the treacherous grass,
Slip from beneath his feet! Alas!
Into the mud
With a dull thud
He falls, and rises a stumpy mass.

Now, see the frog, the hilarious frog,
Dancing a jig on his old rotten log,
Applying his toes
To his broad, blunt nose,
As he laughs at the boy stuck fast in the bog.

Look at the switch, the hickory switch,
Waiting to make that school-boy twitch.
When his mother knows
The state of his clothes
Won't he raise his voice to its highest pitch!

Well, I should smile—a snickering snail,
His anguish will circulate ever a mile;
And the next stumpy frog
He perceives on a log
Will be given a rest in magnificent style.

—[Donald Pullman, in Courier-Journal.]

FINDING THE TRAIL.

Here in the shadow of this grim mountain is a camp of cavalry—300 men in faded and ragged blue uniforms, every face sunburned and bronzed, every sabre and carbine showing long use, every horse lifting its head from the grass at short intervals for a swift glance up and down the valley.

Here, at the foot of the mountain, the Apache trail, which has been followed for three days, has grown cold. Aye, it has been lost. It is as if the white men had followed a path which suddenly ended at a precipice. From this point the red demons took wings, and the oldest trailer is at fault.

The men on picket looked up and down the narrow valley with anxious faces. Down the valley, a mile away, a solitary wild horse paws and prances and utters shrill neighs of wonderment and alarm. Up the valley is a long stretch of green grass, the earth as level as a floor and no visible sign of life. The pines and shrubs and rocks on the mountain side might hide ten thousand Indians, but there is not the slightest movement to arouse suspicion. It is a still, hot day. Not a bird chirps, not a branch waves. The eye of a lynx could detect nothing beyond the erratic movements of the lone wild horse adown the valley and the circular flight of an eagle so high in air that the proud bird seemed no larger than a sparrow.

For an hour every man and horse has looked for "signs," but nothing has been discovered beyond what has been described. It is a lost trail. There is something in it to arouse suspicion as well as annoyance. Ten miles away the trail was as plain as a country highway, and the Indians had no suspicion of pursuit. Five miles back there were signs of commotion. Here, in the center of the valley, every footprint disappears.

Look, now! A sergeant with grizzly locks and fighting jaw rides down the valley followed by five troopers. They are to scout for the lost trail. Every man has unslung his carbine, every saddle girth has been tightened, and every man of the six looks over the camp as he rides out as if he had been told that he was bidding a last farewell to comrades. They ride at a slow gallop. Each man casts swift glances along the mountain side to his left—at the green grass under his horse's feet.

What's that! Afar up the slope to the right something waves to and fro for a moment. Higher up the signal is answered. Across the valley on the other slope it is answered again. Down the valley, a full two miles beyond where the wild horse now stands like a figure of stone, and where the valley sweeps to the right like the sudden turn of a river, the signal is caught up and 200 Apaches, eager, excited and mounted, draw back into the fringe at the base of the mountain and wait.

The little band gallop straight down upon the lone horse. Now they are only half a mile away, and his breath comes quick and his nostrils quiver as he stands and stares at the strange spectacle. A little nearer and his muscles twitch and quiver and his sharp-pointed ears work faster. Only eighty rods now, and with a fierce snort of alarm and defiance he rears up, whirling about like a top, and is off down the valley like an arrow sent by a strong hand. The sight may thrill, but it does not increase the pace of those who follow. The men see the wild horse fleeing before them, but the sight does not hold their eyes more than a second. To the right—to the left—above them—down the valley—they are looking for a hoof-print, for a trampled spot, for a broken twig—for a sign however insignificant to prove that men have passed that way. They find nothing. The signals up the mountain side were visible only for seconds.

After the first wild burst of speed the lone horse looks back. He sees that he is not being pushed, and he recovers courage. He no longer runs in a straight line, but he sweeps away to the left—swerves away to the right and changes his gait for a trot. When he hears the shouts of pursuit and the louder thump of hoof-beats he will straighten away and show the pursuers a gait which nothing but a whirlwind can equal.

Look! It is only a quarter of a mile now to the turn in the valley. The lone horse has suddenly stopped

to sniff the air. His ears are pointed straight ahead, his eyes grow larger and take on a frightened look and he half wheels as if he would gallop back to those who have seemingly pursued. Five, eight, ten seconds, and with a snort of alarm he breaks into a terrific run, takes the extreme left of the valley, and goes tearing out of sight as if followed by lions.

"Halt!"

The grim sergeant sees "signs" in the actions of the horse. Every trooper is looking ahead and to the right. The green valley runs into the fringe, the fringe into dense thickets, the thicket into rock and pine and mountain slope. No eye can penetrate the fringe. The Indians may be in ambush there, or the horse may have scented wolf or grizzly.

"Forward!"

No man knows what danger lurks in the fringe, but the order was to scout beyond the bend. To disobey is ignominy and disgrace; to ride forward is—wait! There is no air stirring in the valley. Every limb and bough is as still as if made of iron. There is a silence which weighs like a heavy burden, and the harsh note of hawk or buzzard would be a relief.

Here is the bend. The valley continues as before—no wider—no narrower—level and unbroken. The wild horse was out of sight long ago, and the six troopers see nothing but the green grass as their eyes sweep the valley from side to side.

"Turn the bend and ride down the valley for a mile or so and keep your eyes open to discover any pass leading out."

"Halt!"

It is more than a mile beyond the bend. No pass has been discovered. No signs of a trail have been picked up. The sergeant has raised himself up for a long and careful scrutiny, when an exclamation causes him to turn his face up the valley. Out from the fringe ride the demons who have been lurking there to drink blood. Five—ten—twenty—fifty—the line has no end. It stretches clear across the valley before a word has been spoken. Then it faces to the right and 200 Indians in war paint face the grim old sergeant and his five troopers.

"Into line—right dress!"

It is the sergeant who whispers the order. Six to 200, but he will face the danger. To retreat down the valley is to be overtaken one by one and shot from the saddle or reserved for torture. Down the valley there is no hope; up the valley is the camp and rescue. The two lines face each other for a moment without a movement.

"Now, men, one volley—sling carbines—draw sabres and charge!"

A sheet of flame—a roar—a cloud of smoke, and the six horses spring forward. Then there is a grand yell, a rush by every horse and rider, and a whirlpool begins to circle. Sabres flash and clang—arrows whistle—revolvers pop—voices shout and scream, and then the whirlpool ceases. It is not three minutes since the first carbine was fired, but the tragedy has ended. Every trooper is down and scalped, half a dozen redskins are dead or dying, a dozen horses are struggling or staggering, and turning the bend at a mad gallop is the sergeant's riderless horse. He carries an arrow in his shoulder, and there is blood on the saddle. In five minutes he will be in camp, and the notes of the bugle will prove that the lost trail has been found.

LONDON NEWSPAPER CARTS.

A newspaper cart is a light affair on two wheels—naturally a cart cannot be upon four—with one reckless driver and a man to deal out papers. They rush along with all the headlong speed of the American butcher cart, and the rivalry among them is something lively. Of course the first paper on the ground is the one that gets the cream of the trade. Probably the handsomest carts are those of the *Globe* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The former has a raised hemisphere on each side, typical of the name; the latter's carts are oak-colored, with the title of the paper on each side and on the ends. The *Echo* carts are ugly and very serviceable. Just before an edition comes out these carts can be seen in a row before their respective printing offices, each paper having about a dozen. When the edition is published the carts are filled in a twinkling with paper in quires—twenty six to the quire—and small bundles wrapped up in contents bills. The latest contents bills are pasted on the backs of the carts and away they all go as speedily as if one of Arabi's bombs fell among them. They dash through London streets with the robbicki recklessness of a fire engine and soon scatter to all points of the compass. The bundles are flung in at the doors of the news agents as the carts hurry by without stopping. At the street corners they pause and the newsboys gather around, handing in all the former editions that are unsold, together with cash for as many more as they wish to buy. The papers are dealt with great celerity by the man in the cart, who has a trick of holding the sheets in a peculiar way in his left hand, while he runs his right across the edges thus exposed, counting them accurately with the speed of lightning. The amount of cash, generally tendered in pennies, seems to be almost instinctively got at by hefting them in his hand. The round has to be made within a certain time, and the carts have to be back before the next edition is due, and the cash and returns handed in before another lot is brought out. On the last round they collect the cash and the returned papers from the news agents.

The evening papers here are hardly as honest in the matter of numbering their editions as their American contemporaries. No London evening paper numbers an edition as "first;" for instance, the *Echo's* first edition is called the second, and is issued at 1 o'clock. The next edition they call the fourth, and is issued at 2:20. The fifth edition, which is really the third, comes out at 4:20; the special edition at 6, and the extra special at 7. Some of the evening papers begin business with a third edition, which the unsuspecting Britisher buys under the impression that he is getting something very late indeed.—[London Cor. Detroit Free Press.]

A WILL OF HIS OWN.

One of our best local preachers preached a sermon on children, and the way to bring them up, and speaking of the old idea that a stubborn child, or a child with a will of its own, was a nuisance, the elder said, "I wouldn't give a d— for a child that had not a will of his own," or words to that effect. It is but justice to say that the good man used the word "dime" where the blank is in the above extract. But the remark is the key note to the situation. The time has been when a child with a will of its own has been looked upon by the whole neighborhood as a terror, and mothers have sighed and endured sorrow when they have noticed the spirit shown by such a child. But when they, in later years, have looked around and seen that the most successful men and women of the land grew up from children that had wills of their own, the sadness and sorrow of the mother has given place to pride. We do not like to see children have wills of their own that are so strong that they cannot be controlled by parents, but few children who have the right kind of parents have such wills. Take a child with a will of its own, and guide that will properly, and not knock the backbone out of it with a barrel stave, and the child will grow up to be a success in business. Children with wills of their own may turn out to be pirates or highway robbers but it will be because parents try to break that will by severe punishment. They may partially break it, but it will assert itself sometime in the wrong way, while if it is guided properly the will may be a mountain of strength. The successful men in all branches of business are men who had "wills of their own" in youth. They were not pet children who never said their souls were their own. Such children become milliners or duds. The successful men look with pride upon their children who have wills of their own, because they know by experience that such a will is worth millions in the battle of life. A man who had no mind of his own as a boy, may be good enough to carry shawls to a matinee, or baskets to a picnic, or he may stand on a corner and chew a cane, but he could not build a railroad through a wilderness or across a mountain, and rather than face a picnic he would sit down and cry. He could not invent anything, unless it was a patent corset or a self fastening hair-pin, while his brother, who had a will of his own, would invent a telephone or a locomotive. The child with a will of his own may be harder to raise, and he may cause some heartaches and anxiety, but when that will which was so hard to handle in youth, gets hold of a difficult problem of business in later years, and clinches itself around the problem, and begins to squeeze, it will never let up until success is achieved. The stubborn, "Be sure you are right and then go ahead" boys are in demand, and are worth their weight in gold, while the milk-and-water, "baby-mine" fellows have to be done up in bunches like radishes, and got rid of in a lump, and half of them turn out to be pithy and no good. If you, good mother, have a child with a will of his own, don't worry about the child, but thank God and bend the will by kindness, and when that child grows up and succeeds where others fail, write us a postal card. All of the successful men in the country had wills of their own, and that was all the capital they had. When we see a child with a will of his own, we always want to take it one side and tell it the good news, that the will is more valuable than a rich relative.

PLANTATION PHILOSOPHY.

None but de po' despise de rich.

Dar's one great disadvantage dat de right black 'oman labors un'er. She can't blush.

It ain't de quickes' motion man dat's got de mos' energy. De hosstly can zip aroun' faster den de honey bee, but he doan' las' nigh so long.

Eben among de animals a kind ack is recollected longer den a mean one. A dog may forget a place whar somebody kicked him, but he neber forgits de place whar somebody gin him a piece ob meat.

De evil in a man's face is plainer den de good. We sometimes see a glass filled wid water so clear dat it looks like dar ain't nuth'n' thar, but put muddy water in de same glass an' it's mighty plain.

De pesson whar tries ter make more money den his neighbors will always fine somebody whar hab got a leetle more money den he has. I don't keer how fas' a man walks along de road he'll constantly see somebody jes' ahead ob him.

"It seems to me," said a quiet old gentleman, "that this whisky business makes a great deal of noise for a 'still' business."

VERY SLY.

How a Diamond Smuggler Tricked New York Custom-House Experts—Plastered on His Back.

Captain Brackett, the Inspector of the Custom-House, to whom most clever detections of contraband enterprises must be attributed nowadays, has recently added an extremely amusing story to his repertoire. They are quite in vogue just at present in Custom-House circles, and this one is told in his words, as follows: There arrives regularly six times a year, from Antwerp, a man who is said to be one of the cleverest diamond smugglers in the world. His success has always been peculiarly expiating to the customs officials, and some time ago they went to the trouble and expense of getting a Hamburg detective to "shadow" him to find out what gems he bought and where he carried them while in Europe. Another man was to keep him company on the steamer and watch him closely all the voyage over. This clever smuggler wore a thick, black beard and whiskers, and it was more than suspected that he carried his precious freight concealed in them. One morning not long ago the authorities on this side received a dispatch from their Hamburg agent, which read: "R. has shaved his beard. Did not know it until he had sailed five days. He is on the Rynland. He has got seventy large diamonds on his person." As soon as the Rynland was sighted, six custom-house officers steamed down the bay and intercepted her. Circulating among the passengers, they looked in all directions for the now beardless and shaven man. Just as they were about to give up the search a stranger sought a confidential conversation with them.

"You are custom-house officers, and you look for Rosenberg with the diamonds."

"We are and we do."

"That is Rosenberg, and the diamonds are sewed in the lining of his necktie."

In another minute a pale, smooth-faced, shrewd gentleman was struggling in the hands of the officers. His scarf was unceremoniously taken from his neck and carefully explored with a sharp penknife. Sure enough, twenty diamonds of various sizes rewarded the seekers after contraband goods. His trunk was next rummaged and every necktie subjected to equal scrutiny. When the officers had finished their work no less than seventy-three diamonds of great luster had been discovered. The poor fellow wept and wrung his hands as he saw the captors of his property carry off his precious gems. Imperfectly comforted by the reflection that he had been allowed to retain his liberty, he proceeded to the Metropolitan Hotel, and engaging a room, almost immediately took a bath. When the Custom-house officers arrived at headquarters the chief, who held a cablegram in his hand, eagerly inquired:

"Did you get Rosenberg?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where were the stones?"

"Sewed in the linings of his neckties."

"That's rather strange," remarked the chief.

"Here's a Hamburg dispatch which says, 'Just learned that R. carried the diamonds between his back and a porous plaster.'"

"Here are the diamonds, anyhow," said the leader of the raid; "and we found 'em just as we tell you, in the lining of his neckties."

The chief looked at the confiscated gems. Then he rang his little bell and said: "Send me Smith, the jewel expert, here, if you please."

Mr. Smith came, examined the diamonds, shrugged his shoulders, and said, laconically, "Paste, but first-class." Three frantic Custom-House officers spent the afternoon tracing Mr. Rosenberg. As soon as they had discovered that he had gone to the Metropolitan Hotel, they dashed there as fast as two fresh horses could carry them. Without a word of ceremony they burst into his apartments.

"What do you want?" he inquired, with well simulated apprehension.

For answer they threw him on his face and made a frantic exploration of that particular portion of his back which had borne a porous plaster. Alas, he had taken his bath and the plaster had vanished, but where it had been, mixed with the impression of the little round preparations of plaster, were distinct imprints of seventy large diamonds. Ever since, no plaster-wearing persons are allowed to land on that portion of American soil which is protected by the Custom-House officers of New York.

WHY HE MARRIED HER.—"I hear that you have married an Indian woman!" said a state official to black Jack.

"Yes, sah, tack a Ingun."

"Couldn't you find a colored woman good enough for you?"

"Oh, yes sah. De trouble was da was too good. Ise had a mighty heap of trouble wid my black wives, an' I was al'ays in de 'voice court, so I eluded ter try dis 'oman, an' sides dat, yer know, dar aint nuch law agin killin' a Ingun, nohow."

"Harriet Beecher Stowe, is only seventy-one years old." And Mrs. Stowe is the author of "Uncle Tom." It seems as though the play of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has been on the boards of this country for at least two hundred years.

DEATH AND BURIAL IN MOSCOW.

In Moscow, as in other parts of Russia, dissenters are met with, and among them we have the "Old Believers," who conduct their worship according to the rites of the ancient Greek Church, not admitting the various changes adopted by Nikon and others and now carried out in the Russian Greek Church. These dissenters go to great expense whenever death enters their dwellings; and just now—March, 1883—there has been in Moscow a very important example of this fact. In a Russian merchant's family in that city, consisting of father, mother, two marriageable daughters, and one son, the eldest daughter, about twenty years of age, has just died, and an outline of their proceedings consequent thereon will be interesting. Certainly the social position of the family was of the middle class—wealthy—and their living was of fair style for such folks. On the day of the daughter's death, immediate preparations were made for the burial, which in Russia must be at once, dead bodies not being allowed to remain among the living for more than twenty-four hours. The coffin was made of thin boards, but covered with silk velvet, having Hall-marked silver handles, and "coffin furniture" costing over 1,000 rubles (£100); and in the hands of the corpse was placed a small painting of the Virgin having a silver frame and covering, costing another £100, and which became the property of the church where the funeral prayers were recited at burial. The body was dressed as a bride—she had become the pride of heaven; and these robes and the dressing involved, the first £200 and the latter £100. First, she was dressed in a fine linen chemise trimmed with costly lace; over this a chemise, and then a short tunic in white satin, embroidered with gold and silver thread, called a *sarafan*. Then the head-dress was the usual Russian hat with pearls. But the greatest expenses were incurred in prayers and masses. In forty churches of the city of Moscow prayers were ordered to be said for her, morning and evening, for forty days, for which 16,000 rubles were charged, or at the rate of 10s. per service—£1,600 being paid for 3,200 services; and at each service some one attended and distributed bread and alms to the poor, the bread being to each portion a *colatch*, something more than a penny loaf. Such loaves were also sent for forty days to all the prisoners in Moscow. For several days in the bazaars the bakers were authorized to distribute bread to all poor people applying who asked for it in the name of the dead girl and engaged to pray for her. But even this did not suffice. To other cities of Russia, and also to cities such as Vienna, Pesth, Athens, where churches of the sect exist, money was sent and prayers ordered to be said for forty days. The funeral took place in the church of the well-known Holy Cemetery of Ragoshka, where only Old Believers are buried, and where a wooden building was put up capable of dining 150 guests—the leading members of the sect around Moscow. The dinner was served from the leading hotel in Moscow, at a cost of about 16s. per person, to which the expense of the fruit and wine had to be added, the fruit in Russia in early Spring costing fabulous prices. It is calculated by some of the most intimate friends of the family known to the writer that a sum of not less than £10,000 was spent over the ceremony; and none of the co-religionists look upon this as at all extravagant.—Chamber's Journal.

"We had captured a 100-barrel whale, and after the head was split open I was detailed to dip out the oil. 'It's just like going into a big bath tub, and a man stands almost to his armpits in oil. I was wading about in the monster's head, when I was suddenly started by seeing the surface of the oil burst into a blaze, caused, as I afterward learned, by one of the crew accidentally dropping a box of burning matches. The only thing to do was to dive under the oil, and I did it, with my mouth knife in my teeth. I turned my head after I got beneath, and made a desperate effort to dig a hole large enough to thrust my head through, and then, by a mighty effort, escaped into the sea. It was a pretty tight squeeze. I can tell you, and my body was so warm that it made the water siss all around me. The captain of the vessel thought I had been burned to death, and when I swam to the side of the vessel he was so frightened that he told me that was only one thing that prevented him from turning gray in a night."

"What was that?" asked the listener.

"He was bald-headed," said the nautical "Cop."—[Phil. Press.]

Atlanta Constitution: "The New York editors are quarreling over each other's mistakes in grammar. A grammatical error is horrible, of course, but the editor who makes his meaning clear is always ahead of grammar."

"What is the meaning of the word 'tantalizing,'" asked the teacher.

"Please, marm," spoke up little Johnny Holcom, "it means a circus procession passing the school-house, and the scholars not allowed to look out."

"Jane, what letter in the alphabet do you like best?" "Well, I don't like to say, Mr. Snobbs." "Pooh, nonsense! tell right out, Jane— which do you like best?" "Well, dropping her eyes, 'I like 'U' the best."

18-INCH FOOT.

A Pair of Big Feet—A Girl Near Sandusky, Ohio, Whose Extremities are Abnormally Developed.

If there is anything on earth which contributes to make a handsome woman proud it is pretty feet; infinite amount of misery is caused by the ladies endeavoring to crowd No. 4 foot into a No. 2 shoe, and causing many of the masculine gender suffer with corns because the crowding of their pedal extremities fits much. A woman with a big foot inclined to be unhappy, but what is the sorrow of Fannie Mills, who resides two miles east of this town? She has the biggest feet in the town so far as known, and they are growing. The poor girl is a marvelous curiosity, and only those who have seen her ponderous feet can ever believe that they are so immense. Your correspondent came here for the purpose to see the wonderful feet which would, under ordinary circumstances, be a very indecent proceeding. It seems strange and unusual in a young man to travel 200 miles to see a pair of feet, those belonging to a woman.

Fannie Mills is twenty-two years old, and resides on the dairy farm of her father, George Mills, two miles from Sandusky. The family are English, and emigrated to this country eleven years ago. The father has to-do, and makes a good living from the sale of milk. Mrs. Mills is small, keen-looking woman, with a pleasing face. There are five children besides the unfortunate Fannie, of whom are healthy and growing. The deformed girl, however, are very imperfect, is afflicted with elephantiasis from the hips to the ankle. Her head, shoulders and bust are normal, although slightly built. Fannie has a but interesting face. Her dark eyes possess considerable expression and there is a sad look upon her countenance which shows that she fully appreciates her deplorable condition.

Your correspondent called on Mills home, which is an attractive two story frame cottage, last evening and the head of the household standing in the yard. His manner was kindly, and he entered into conversation on the subject of his daughter's big feet. He laughingly marked that people didn't believe seemingly incredible stories concerning Fannie's immense pedal extremities, but to prove that they really so large, he invited the reporter into the house to see for himself. The young woman was called by her father, and waddled rather than walked into the front room, wore a long gown, which was sufficient to hide the deformity, sat down in a chair and exposed her feet to view. It is almost impossible to exaggerate the marvellous size. She removed her shoes, and great white pillow cases, which were worn as stockings.

The feet look like two immense hands. The toes are irregular, the little toes are represented by little nobs. There are no toes, although the place where they be is clearly defined. Your correspondent undertook the delicate measuring the huge mass of flesh called feet. The right one foot six inches in length, and left one inch shorter. Over the step of the right foot is twenty inches, and over the other one less. The big toe of the left eleven inches in circumference, the right foot is longer than the left one inch, but the latter is heavier thicker. The feet are respectively seven and eight inches wide. This actual measurement of Fannie's feet one can readily imagine what marvellously large shoes must wear. Heretofore they have been manufactured in Albany, but a Sandusky shoe firm has taken which have attracted great attention. Her feet have increased in size the last display in the shoe window was made.

The left shoe is sixteen and one-half inches long, the right eighteen inches in length. The left seven and one-half inches wide, and the other inches. The right instep of the measures nineteen and a quarter inches, the left seventeen and one-half inches. Fannie Mills weighs 120 pounds, and, although delicate, says she has good health, takes two calf hides to make a pair of shoes, and all her life goes to sustain her massive feet. The girl had not large feet when she was born, they have continued to grow, and she has never since. Several have been made to induce Mills to permit his daughter to go to herself throughout the country, but she has steadfastly refused, and she was in Cleveland and visited thousands of persons on the 15th of July two years ago. The cause of the malformation is said to be from the fact that before Fannie was born Mr. Mills compelled his wife to wash the swollen leg of a horse much to her horror and disgust. The young lady is without doubt a curiosity—her feet a marvelous work of nature.—[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

"It is considered a disgrace for a Hindoo girl not to be married, she is eleven or twelve years old. All the difference there is in the customs of the Hindoos and the people of this country, is that the American girl is given a little time, but at the age of twenty or thirty she feels the disgrace as keenly as a Hindoo girl does."—[Peck's Sun.]