

AN AMOROUS POLITICIAN.

His Progression in Politics through Petticoat Persuasion.

Translation from the French.

I propose to relate the gallant and political adventures of M. de Montsegur, deputy of the arrondissement of Saint-Chamand, department of the Saône-et-Loire.

Montsegur was elected deputy in February, 1871, in the most unexpected manner. He had no political antecedents, and had hardly reached the age of parliamentary eligibility—twenty-five years. Montsegur possessed a fine estate in the environs of Saint-Chamand. He commanded a battalion of mobiles during the war, behaved bravely, and was wounded at Metz on January 10, 1871. He was in the ambulance at Sainte-Croix when he received the news of his election to the Bordeaux assembly.

As soon as he recovered from his wound he went direct to the theater of Bordeaux, about the beginning of March. At that moment France had no particular opinions, and Montsegur shared the opinions of France. Nevertheless, the majority of the chamber inclined in favor of the restoration of the monarchy, for the simple reason that the empire had finished badly, and the republic had made a bad beginning.

Montsegur studied the list of his colleagues. He found the names of two of his friends among the members of the Right Centre, or the monarchial group. He went and sat by them, and during five years, from 1871 to 1876, peacefully, amicably, and on every occasion voted with his group.

During these five years Montsegur spent a great deal of money. He was young, rich, a bachelor, master of his life and fortune, and he made a very stupid use of both. He fell in love with a young person whom I shall call Turlurette, and who from time to time played little roles in the Palais-Royal Theatre. Turlurette was a blonde, with large black eyes; her heart was very large, and her hand was very small. The thing which contains is not all ways larger than the contents, and the smaller a woman's hand is the more money it can hold. This is how, during the course of this legislature, five or six hundred thousand francs had passed from Montsegur's pocket into the tiny hands of Turlurette.

In the elections of 1876 Montsegur wished to be re-elected. He had contracted a taste for political life, and had begun by fulfilling his duties conscientiously. He was assiduous in his attendance at all the chambers, and took part in person in all the votes, shouted enthusiastically when he saw his group enthusiastic, and groaned when he heard his group groan. In short, he was a model deputy. His afternoons belonged to his country, his evenings to Turlurette.

But in 1876 there was a real contest. Montsegur had to contend against a radical and against a legitimist. He managed matters very well; he declared that the form of government was almost indifferent to him; that he could accept the republic easily, provided it inclined toward monarchy, or monarchy, provided it inclined toward the republic. He was elected by a majority of six thousand; the legitimist polled two thousand, the radical candidate five hundred.

Montsegur resumed his functions at the chamber, and found Turlurette more blonde and more greedy than ever. And so he continued to see his money slip through his fingers until the day when Lambertin, his colleague, who was member and secretary of the Left Centre, invited him to dinner. Mme. Lambertin was a delicious brunette, slender, and yet plump in places where plumpness is pleasing. Her waist measured eighteen and a quarter inches; her shoulders were irreproachable. And so she took pleasure in doing the honors to her guests; she even displayed a little more than these dazzling shoulders; in this respect, indeed, she went to the extreme limit, and showed all that can be shown at a political dinner.

It was a political dinner. Mme. Lambertin was a very intelligent woman, and very ambitious. She was perfectly aware of the insignificance of her husband; all his value and merit were due to her, Laura Lambertin. Her name was Laure. It was she, and she alone, who had made Lambertin municipal councillor, mayor, councillor-general, deputy, secretary of the Left Centre, etc. Now she wished to make him minister, and the way to the ministry was the presidency of the Left Centre. This was why she was working to increase this group, and to stock it with her friends.

Mme. Lambertin took possession of Montsegur after dinner, and treated him in a corner to a very eloquent political discourse. The country was Left Centre! Why was not M. de Montsegur Left Centre? Laure Lambertin talked with much force and warmth. Her animation added to her beauty. Montsegur did not listen to Mme. Lambertin. He looked at her talking. He remained there motionless, lost in the contemplation of those ideal shoulders and of their appurtenances. He had heard many orators formerly, when he used to be present at the sittings of the chamber; but neither Thiers, nor De Broglie, nor Gambetta had succeeded in producing upon him such an impression. One night at the presidency, after dinner, M. Thiers had celebrated at length the virtues and charms of the Left Centre. Montsegur had been proud against the eloquence of Thiers; he yielded before the eloquence of Mme. Lambertin. But then Thiers was not *decollé!*

Montsegur felt himself softly attracted toward the Left Centre, when Madame Lambertin said to him:

"Believe me, monsieur, believe me, ours is the only group!"

Laure Lambertin had an excellent dressmaker; the corsage of her dress was a masterpiece of boldness and precision. Montsegur's eyes rested complacently on the clear indication of the contours of a pretty left centre and a pretty right centre, forming a harmonious group. Montsegur said that he thought it would be very agreeable to belong to the Left Centre group. He became one of the habitués of the salon of Lambertin. And he forgot Turlurette.

Finally, one day, Montsegur went and had his name inscribed among the members of the Left Centre. There was a cry of joy in all the liberal press! The monarchists were coming over to the republic! The surprise and indignation of Montsegur's political friends were great. They pronounced the word "treason."

"Pooh!" he replied, "France has advanced; I advance with France."

Montsegur's flop insured his re-election at Saint-Chamand. The district had advanced; it would have rejected Montsegur member of the Right Centre; it acclaimed Montsegur member of the Left Centre, and gave him a majority of seven thousand. The principal editor of the Saint-Chamand *Liberal* declared that Montsegur, "with admirable political insight, had seen the

reefs on which the chariot of the republic was running." But yet, in reality, that was not what Montsegur had seen.

He returned to the chamber more deeply smitten and more Left Centre than ever. He little thought what was in store. If the district of Saint-Chamand had advanced, the district of Bargeton, the constituency that Lambertin represented, had advanced more rapidly still, and in order to keep his seat Lambertin had been obliged to join the Republican Left group.

When the electoral period was over—it seemed eternal to Montsegur—his first visit was made to Madame Lambertin, and he showed himself very anxious to resume their previous friendship, but Madame Lambertin stopped him gently, and said:

"Mon ami, which group do you intend to join?"

"Which group? Can you imagine that I have ever entertained the thought of abandoning the Left Centre?"

"Oh, you know!" she replied, "we have abandoned the Left Centre—Edouard has joined the Republican Left!"

"The Republican Left!"

"Yes; and what Edouard has done you cannot fail to do—you surely owe him that."

Madame Lambertin had such a charming and irresistible way of pleading her causes, that she always won in the end. Two hours after this conversation, Montsegur went and put his name down among the members of the Republican Left.

And so Lambertin and Montsegur passed arm in arm, from the Left Centre to the Republican Left. This group was more important. Madame Lambertin was obliged to double her zeal and ardor; she was admirable; she displayed marvelous activity. Success crowned her efforts, and in the course of the first session she managed to obtain in her new group the same popularity that she had so valiantly conquered in the old one.

But poor Montsegur was a little neglected. Madame Lambertin had no time to spare with him. He was conquered; she felt sure of it.

During three years Montsegur remained under the charm; broke his chain, resumed, and broke it again. He was deeply smitten, and very unhappy.

Finally, on the eve of the elections of 1881, after an explanation—warm on his part, cold on hers—Montsegur went off in a huff to Saint-Chamand. His electoral committee there was presided over by a large manufacturer named Brinquart, who had lived long enough to have been an ardent Philippist under Louis Philippe, ardent Cavaignacist under Cavaignac, ardent Bonapartist under Bonaparte, ardent Theist under Thiers, ardent Greyvist the day of the election of Grey, and ardent Gambettist now that it was easy to see that Gambetta would one day be a sort of emperor of the republic.

Montsegur was obliged to assemble his committee, and give an account of his labors and his votes during the session that had elapsed.

The committee listened to Montsegur coldly. The apothecary, Mignonnet, asked permission to address the meeting. Brinquart granted the permission, and Mignonnet was very severe on Montsegur: "He had been weak, timid, irresolute; he had not heard the voice of France, and yet France had spoken clearly enough. France wished to be obeyed. Forward was her word!" Thus Mignonnet. Montsegur replied that he had gone forward until he was beginning to feel the need of a little repose and that he thought that the majority of the nation were of his opinion. This declaration produced a disastrous effect. The apothecary manifested the most violent indignation at the idea that repose was possible for France. Brinquart, seeing that Montsegur was going to plunge deeper into the mire, adjourned the meeting brusquely, and taking Montsegur aside, said to him:

"You are on the wrong track. Come and dine with me to-night. We shall be alone, and able to talk quietly."

Brinquart was by no means a fool. He might easily have supplanted Montsegur at the election, only he felt no desire to leave his business and go to Paris to potter among the five hundred and fifty sovereigns of France. He did not wish to be deputy himself, but he did not wish Mignonnet to be deputy either. He wished to spare Saint-Chamand the disgrace of the election of the apothecary, who, although a free-thinker was an ass.

Montsegur went to dine with the Brinquarts in the evening. There were five at table—M. and Madame Brinquart, M. Lucien Brinquart, lieutenant in the Second Hussars, Mademoiselle Adrienne Brinquart and Montsegur himself. During the dinner Brinquart addressed long speeches to Montsegur, impressing upon him the necessity of advancing in his ideas, of abandoning the Republican Left as he had already abandoned the Left Centre. The future was for the Republican Union; the man of the future was Gambetta; one ought always belong to the party of the future.

But Montsegur did not listen to Brinquart's panegyric of the Republican Union any more than he had listened on a certain evening to Madame Lambertin's celebration of the glories of the Left Centre. He was looking at Adrienne. He had just been smitten for the third time. Brinquart went on talking and talking, Montsegur went on admiring and admiring.

Still Brinquart's remarks could not remain without reply. Montsegur declared simply that he had resolved not to take another step toward the Left. He did not mind if he lost his seat. Now that he was installed in the country, he had recovered the former way of living. He was happy to walk, and drive, and ride about more the country.

"Do you ride, monsieur?"

This was the first time that Adrienne had spoken. The phrase seemed delicious to Montsegur. He found her voice warm and musical.

"Yes, mademoiselle," he replied

"Do you like it?"

"Very much, mademoiselle."

"So do I, passionately. I ride every morning with my brother."

Politics were abandoned, and the conversation turned on dogs, horses, and hunting, subjects as inextinguishable as politics.

Montsegur, I have told you, easily fell in love. It is a great resource in life. In an instant, as if by magic, the sweet and restful vision of this young girl had driven from Montsegur's mind the disturbing memory of Madame Lambertin. One thing alone cures love and that thing is love.

The day after the dinner, at seven o'clock in the morning, Montsegur was in the sad-

dle, and posted in the woods just opposite the gate of Brinquart's park. He remained there an hour, invisible, but himself seeing very distinctly. Had she not said on the previous night: "I ride with my brother every morning?" And about eight o'clock Montsegur saw the brother and sister appear. They entered the wood. Montsegur followed them, and taking a cross-cut, he joined them, as if quite accidentally, in the bend of an alley, and the three went riding together in the fine autumn morning.

Whilst parties after dinner followed whilst parties, and rides succeeded rides. At the moment of the meeting of the chambers, Montsegur had asked for leave of absence on account of ill health. Strange to say, M. Brinquart had not said another word about progress, or about joining the Republican Union.

Three months passed in this way and Montsegur was thinking of sending for his Aunt Caroline from Paris to make the official offer of marriage, when an event happened which induced him to manage matters brusquely, and to sin against the rules of correctness. It was a very small event; a simple pressing of hands. One night, when Montsegur was going away, Adrienne shook hands with him so sweetly, so caressingly, that he suddenly felt himself full of impatience and full of hope. During three months not a single word had troubled the complete innocence of their conversations; and yet, softly drawn towards one another, they had found the means of expressing their love merely by a pressing of the hands. There are so many ways of talking love.

Those hand-pressings had passed through many phases and many shades of meaning. The first were rapid, uncertain, hesitating. Then friendship came, and then a sort of companionship. Then they shook hands frankly, openly, cordially, in a brotherly manner. But after that, and as if a fluid had circulated secretly in their interlaced fingers, both on the same day had felt the same confusion and the same embarrassment. The hand-pressings became short, nervous, and agitated. The crisis had been short. Sentiments of sweetness and tranquility had, at the same time, won their souls, and the hand-pressings became long, languid, tender, confiding, trusting, to such a degree that on that last night Adrienne's hand remained in the hand of Montsegur while they exchanged, in a voice that was by no means shaken by emotion, some words that were quite significant. Adrienne suddenly blushed. She must have said to herself: "My hand! Where is my hand? And how long has it been there?" She disengaged herself brusquely.

This was the reason why, the next morning, Montsegur entered, serious and grave, the study of Brinquart. He began by this phrase, which he had long premeditated: "My dear Monsieur Brinquart, I have a serious confession to make to you."

His voice trembled. Brinquart looked at him, and said:

"I know what it is."

"You know!"

"You are in love with Adrienne, and you come to ask her hand. Do you think I have my eyes in my pocket? You are a charming fellow, you have a nice fortune, we are neighbors, and never has there been the slightest discussion between us as to boundaries and what not—a fact very much to the credit of both of us. In short, I shall be very happy to call you my son-in-law, and so will my wife. You won her heart the first day she saw you. And as we did not interfere when we saw you falling in love with Adrienne, otherwise you may rest assured that we should not have authorized all those cavalcades and moonlight rides. As to Adrienne, I do not expect to and any obstacle on her side. I will confess her; the confession is not likely to be long. Go and take a walk in the park for half an hour. When you return you shall have a definite answer."

Montsegur obediently walked through the park. As he approached the chateau, coming back, he saw a hundred yards ahead of him, in the bend of an avenue, a white dress. It was Adrienne. She had come to meet him, courageously, alone, and when she came near him not a word was necessary. Adrienne's reply was in her eyes, in her smile, in the artless and frank emotion of her whole being. She took Montsegur's arm. They returned slowly toward the chateau. When two people have too much to tell each other, the best way to come to a mutual understanding is to say nothing at all. However, when they reached the steps, Adrienne stopped, and, with a little embarrassment, said:

"Papa has only given his consent on one condition."

"Oh! whatever condition he likes or you like!"

"I, for my part, do not mind. I assure you I do not mind; indeed the point is so perfectly indifferent to me that I do not quite understand what I am going to ask you. This is what papa desires; that you will again be a candidate for the chamber, and that if you are elected you will join the group of the Republican Union. Is that the name?"

"Yes; that is it."

"Do you consent?"

"Do I consent? With all my heart; and I will adore Gambetta, but on the condition that you will allow me to adore you also."

"Oh, I will allow you that."

And so love once more secured the re-election of Montsegur. The apothecary presented himself at the polls, but only to be crushed. Montsegur was re-elected.

When Montsegur went to put his name down on the list of the Republican Union, another deputy was just signing his name on the register—and that deputy was Lambertin.

"Ah!" he cried, when he saw Montsegur, "you are doing as I am, you are right. France is advancing; we must follow her. Mme. de Montsegur is doubtless at Paris with you. You must bring her to see us. My wife will be enchanted to make her acquaintance."

Rewarding a Brave Woman.

The secretary of the treasury has awarded the gold life-saving medal to the famous Ida Lewis, now Mrs. Ida Lewis Wilson, in recognition of her services in rescuing a number of persons from drowning since the passage of the act authorizing such awards. Most of the rescues made were under circumstances which called for extreme and heroic daring and involved the risk of Mrs. Wilson's life. The following summary of her achievements in life-saving is taken from the records of the treasury department. The whole number of lives Mrs. Ida Lewis has saved since 1834, so far as known, is thirteen. In all those cases, except two, she relied wholly on herself. Her latest achievement was the rescue last February of two fishermen from Fort Adams, near Newport, R. I. The men were passing over the ice near Lime Rock light-house, where Mrs. Lewis resides, when

the ice gave way and they fell in. Hearing their cries, Mrs. Wilson ran out with a clothes-line, which she threw to them, successively hauling them out at great risk to herself from the double peril of the ice giving way beneath her; and of being pulled in. Her heroism on various occasions has won her the tribute of her State legislature, expressed in an official resolution; the public presentation to her of a boat by the citizens of Newport; a testimonial in money from the officers and soldiers of Fort Adams for saving their comrades, and medals from the Massachusetts Humane society and the New York Life-saving Benevolent association. To these offerings is now fitly added the gold medal of the United States Life-saving service.

Internal Surgery.

From the Baltimore Sun, Nov. 4.

A lecture delivered at the University of Maryland, on the 23d of September, by the eminent surgeon, J. Marion Sims, and reported in the Maryland Medical Journal, is of interest to non-professionals from the importance of the advances in modern surgery therein indicated. Taking for his subject peritoneal surgery, or, to express it less technically, internal surgery, the distinguished lecturer proceeded to show that the operator of the near future will undertake to treat wounds of the internal organs with almost as much familiarity and freedom as those of the exterior of the body. The danger of laying open the body is not nearly so great as is generally supposed, and with their numerous successes in ovariotomy, in extirpating the spleen, the kidney, the uterus, in opening the bladder, the gall-bladder, and making Caesarian and other incisions, surgeons have gained a daring which must insure great benefits to suffering humanity. Referring to the case of President Garfield, he said that when the case was first reported to him he had said that if the bullet had entered the internal cavity of the body he would not hesitate to "cut into the abdomen, suture the intestines, if needed, tie the bleeding vessels, cleanse thoroughly the peritoneal cavity, and insert a drainage tube. The recent records of abdominal surgery show with what impunity we can and do penetrate the abdomen, and not only justify but render imperative such interference." Dr. Sims insists upon the great importance of draining the internal cavity of the body when any organ it contains has been injured by a gunshot wound, and thinks, after observing many cases, that death from internal wounds is commonly due, not to peritonitis, but to septicæmia, brought on by the presence of blood and serum which have not been removed. "There is no more danger," says the doctor, "of a person dying from a gunshot or other wound of the peritoneal cavity than from ovariotomy." Whatever internal organ has been injured the drainage is absolutely required, and "to secure this drainage it is necessary to open the abdominal cavity without delay."

Young Widows.

Voltaire, in "Zadig," tells an interesting story of how his hero pretended to have died in order to test the fidelity of his widow. The lady wept disconsolately for a whole day, vowing that she could not survive her lord. On the second day a handsome young clergyman came to console her and she wept less; on the third day she and the divine had already formed matrimonial projects, which were only cut short by Zadig's timely resurrection. Zadig, as a philosopher, ought to have known better than to put his wife to a hazardous test; but, having done so, he was quite right to bear his disappointment with the equanimity which he seems to have shown. Women cannot wear weeds eternally. Why should they do so? Once the first anguish of bereavement has been assuaged, they remember that crying spoils the eyes, and frowning wrinkles the complexion.

A KENTUCKY ROMANCE.

The Love of Two Brothers and Two Sisters With an Unexpected Denouement.

From the Falmouth (Ky.) Independent.

In a certain part of our country there lives a family in which there are two brothers just entering on the prime of youthful manhood; a short distance from them—in fact in the same neighborhood—there lives another family in which there are two sisters also in the prime of maidenhood; beautiful, fascinating and attractive. These young people being near neighbors, and coming in contact with each other often, almost naturally it would seem, fell in love with each other, the eldest brother with one of the sisters and the younger with the other. All went smoothly for a time, and these young people enjoyed themselves, and dreamed bright dreams of the future, and no doubt in imagination constructed fairy palaces of love, and gardens, like Paradise, which should be only filled with beautiful flowers and fruits of happiness and unalloyed enjoyment. Then, as a matter of course, the question of marrying arose, which must be referred to the parents of the young ladies for approval. The eldest brother had no difficulty in obtaining their consent to his marrying the young lady, and the wedding day was fixed upon. Then the young brother went to the parents and made known his attachment for the other sister and their mutual desire to "splice and travel the road of life together." But the old folks were decidedly opposed to having more than one of their girls marry into "that family," and plainly informed him that if he wanted a wife he must go elsewhere to get her, intimating that he must desist further attention to the young lady in question. But the young man was determined that if his brother married one of the girls he would marry the other. So he went to the young "lady of his love" and told her the circumstances of the situation and desired her if she loved him to prove her love by running away with him. To this she agreed, and the night was fixed upon when they should carry out their mutual agreement. But now comes the strangest part of the story. The two young ladies resembled each other very much in looks, voice, etc., and by some strange freak, when the night of the elopement came and the young man went to the appointed place of meeting, he found a woman there whom he thought was the right one, but she was not. Unconscious of this however, he took her to the place where the marriage ceremony was to be performed before he found out that he was with the wrong girl. Most won-

ful to relate, he thought that after he had gone to all this trouble he would get married any way, so he asked her if she would have him, and she in order to carry out the joke, said she would, and they were married then and there. It appears that she had overheard him making arrangements to elope with her sister, and knowing the place of meeting determined to go there ahead of her and thus fool the young man, for whom she entertained a secret liking, although she was engaged to be married to his brother. Our informant also states that after they had lived together for some time the elder brother, determining to make the most of the situation, took unto himself the other sister.

Talk of People.

The Paris correspondent of the Philadelphia Press writes of the late Edward Laboulaye: "I remember his telling me with considerable glee, during an interview that I had with him in 1869, of coming into his lecture-room one morning and hearing one lady in the audience say to another, in a hoarse whisper, 'Oh, its Laboulaye, we shall get nothing but America this time.'"

A romance in real life is reported in the Dublin papers from Druagheda. Twenty-eight years ago a man living at the latter town deserted his wife, and went to California. Meanwhile, the deserted wife, supposing her husband to be dead, married a second time. Four weeks ago, however, the first husband returned from America and inquired for his wife, who has been living in England employed as a factory operative. The man had acquired wealth, and has now taken his wife and relatives back with him to America, the second husband being fortunately dead.

Dr. Gallaudet, of the National college for Deaf Mutes in Washington, lives in an elegant house built in every detail according to plans designed by him when he was a boy of fourteen. In his own room, on the high carved head-board of his bed, hang five pairs of tiny shoes—the first shoes worn by his little ones, of whose baby steps the whitened toes and the wrinkled uppers tell a delightful story. He calls them talismans against bad dreams.

Kentucky gave birth to the only man who was ever at one and the same time the pastor of three churches, the editor of two newspapers, and the conductor of a campmeeting. This phenomenon is Ben Deering, who lives in Carthage, Mo., where he "runs a church and a newspaper, has a church and a newspaper in Cartersville, a church in Webb City, Mo., and is now devoting his leisure time conducting a camp meeting in Kenton county, Ky."

A special dispatch from London says the story of Victoria's intended abdication is absurd. The English people never imagined any such thing, and the court circles are much amused at the reports circulating in America. The temper of the queen is too well known to admit of any speculation upon the royal succession not based upon her death. Her whole course, domestic and public, and all her actions, state and personal, have shown her to be possessed of a fully developed love of power and a tireless disposition to rule. The Prince of Wales knows his mother well enough to know that he will never be king while she is living.

Mr. Mott, a member of the Salvation army in Syracuse, having led astray another member, a young girl of seventeen and being requested to do her the justice of marrying her, replies that he has a great mission in converting the world and has no time for marrying. He took an active part in the salvation meeting the other night. He says he was doing as Jesus did, and was free from sin. He carried the flag in the streets and prayed three times. There was great disorder and indignation at Mott's impudence in praying and speaking.

Hester Stuart writes of the old maid: Her days are days of pleasantness, and her nights are nights of peace. She goes to bed when she pleases, and does not leave one ear uncovered to listen for the uncertain steps and wavering night-key of a late coming husband. Neither does she turn restlessly on her pillow beside a sober, snoring spouse, and wonder and wonder, where the children's school-books or the family's flannels are to come from; but she drops into peaceful slumber to dream of her old love, and wakes to wonder whether married life with him could ever have become the sordid, meager affair which it is to so many husbands and wives."

Chased for a Kiss.

Col. Spencer appeared in the police court, New York, to plead for the discharge of Mrs. Julia Miller. The lady was not present, but was represented by a cousin. When Col. Spencer waxed pathetic she rubbed her eyes vigorously with a handkerchief. When he commented on the injustice done his client she tossed her head haughtily and looked indignant. At its conclusion Justice Gardner formally discharged Mrs. Miller. Then Mrs. Miller's cousin bounded from her chair with a glad hurrah. She ran up to Col. Spencer and endeavored to embrace him, but he waved her away, saying: "Let's have no kissing." She then fought her way through the array of chairs which were clustered about the desk, and bore down on Judge Gardner. He saw her coming and endeavored to escape, making for the large safe that stands in the corner of the examination room, but before he could scale it the lady had her arms around him. He glanced frightfully over his shoulder, and seemed to shrink within himself. His agony was of short duration, for the sombre-draped lady pressed a kiss on his beard, where she supposed his mouth was, and then bounded off to thank some one else.—New York Journal.

A close definition of the agnostic, and which that class of negative philosophers will probably accept, was given by President Seelye at Amhurst yesterday—"One who will neither grow in knowledge nor teach others to grow."