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NEW FASHIONS IN SPOOKS

A Choice Collection of Ghostly News for Spiritualists and Others.

Reports of the Latest Doings of the Mediums—Things That Some People Accept and Others Reject—Phenomena or Humbug.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

NEW YORK, Dec. 12.—Although there have been repeated exposures of the more startling phenomena, the exposed mediums do not stay exposed. They seem endowed with the proverbial feline tenacity of life. Even when the exposures have been clear and absolute they have held seances for "vindication," and have satisfied some committees that at least judgment should be held in abeyance, as, with the apparent fraud, there must be some grain of truth. Some of the more wonderful of the new manifestations, or false pretensions—whichever they may be—are agitating the spiritualists tremendously. A remarkable seance is reported by Mr. Olney, president of the Spiritual Society, of Topeka, Kan., in a letter to your correspondent. It was given by Professor Foster, Dr. Stanbury and Mrs. Rich, mediums for different phases of manifestation. Professor Foster claims to take spirit-photographs, and prepared his camera and plate under the surveillance of a committee. In these "tests" some person sits for these photographs, and if "conditions are favorable" by the side of the face of the sitter will be shadowy but distinct faces of spirit friends. The first effort of the Professor was a failure. The next trial was more successful. A lady sat in the chair, and three "spirit faces" appeared with hers on the plate. Those acquainted with photography are aware of the ease with which deceptions may be practiced, but Mr. Olney was convinced. The Doctor next produced a box in which was the key to a telegraphic sounder. This key could not be touched when the box was closed. He placed his hands on the top of this box, and soon the instrument began to tick messages, readily received by telegraphers present, giving messages to several persons present from spirit friends.

A NEW FEATURE.

Describing spirits has become a feature of spiritualism, and several lecturers have won fame by their real or false achievements. Frank Baxter is peculiar in his manner, and at first impresses the hearer with a feeling that he is distracting attention with diverting talk, after the manner of a fakir. This wears off by acquaintance, and the multiplication of "tests" soon convinces spiritualists of his genuineness. At a recent seance there was a crowded audience. He stepped to the front and said: "Is your name Elizabeth?" addressing a lady half way down the hall. She replied in the affirmative. "I thought so, for your mother, Eveline Weeks, is here, and calls Elizabeth. It is too bad your sister could not come, but she shall have a test as well as you. I mean Mrs. George D. Winchell. She said, as somebody left the house to come here, 'You bring me a test.' Tell her that her mother comes here to-night and makes of this fact a test. She did not say this to you, Elizabeth, but to—to—to," hesitating and looking over the audience, and at last saluting a lady in front, "to you."

"It is true," replied the lady, "I left Mrs. Winchell for the hall, and she said, jokingly, 'Bring me a test,' but I do not know the spirit."

"I do," said the first lady. "She is my sister, and Eveline Weeks is our mother, who has been dead forty-three years. Mr. Baxter is an utter stranger to us both."

A materialist who had dabbled in spirit circles, and been confirmed in his skepticism by repeated failures and detections of fraud, said if he could get the name of his father, which was an unusual one, he would be satisfied. The speaker saw this spirit, described him and then said: "Bertha, Bertha, it's G-r-o-e-n-l-a-n-d-t. I am Henri Greenland, your husband, Bertha, and your father, Otto. Now, doubt no more and be not so anxious for the future." The gentleman arose and said it was all correct. His father had been dead seventeen years. One such fact may have small weight in evidence, but when rapidly given for an hour at every seance their weight is cumulative; and the spiritualists are jubilant over Baxter.

SOME STRIKING MANIFESTATIONS.

Perhaps as peculiar and striking a manifestation as has recently occurred is one claimed to have been received by Hudson Tuttle, an eminet spiritualist, through his own sensitiveness to spirit influence. He claims to write by spirit dictation, having in this manner written a whole book when only seventeen years old, and at the same time an uneducated farm-boy. Since that time he has in the same manner written twenty volumes, and been a busy contributor to spiritual journals. He claims that a spirit of an Indian came, and, taking a box of flint and a small hammer, in a few minutes broke out two perfect arrow-heads. Not a blow fell wrong, nor was a break of the stone aught but as it should be. As an answer on the part of the spirit to denials, so Mr. Tuttle says, it came again, and, from two fragments of glass, a material more difficult and unmanageable than flint, fashioned two exquisite arrow-heads. It is suggested that a complete vindication cannot be made by Mr. Tuttle of this astounding claim unless he go before a committee of the Psychical Society.

From many places astonishing "materializations" are reported to the New York spiritualists. There is a characteristic sameness about them all. Whoever the "medium" may be, there is invariably a little girl "spirit" talking in a childish prattle, a gruff-voiced man usually the "control," and a sort of "spirit-clown" who keeps things lively with jokes, repartees and odd sayings. The spiritualists of Grand Rapids are having more than the usual programme of "materializations." A curtain was stretched across one side of a parlor and the "medium" seated behind it. In the room some nineteen persons, most of whom were strangers to the phenomena, were seated. It is stated that thirteen full-form "materializations" came from behind the curtain into the light strong enough to make them recognizable, and gave their names. A Dr. Rice was in the seance, and his two sisters, young girls when they died, came out and convinced him of their identity. But the most remarkable feat was yet to come. The "cabinet control" came out and extended a quilt on the floor. Dr. Rice and a lady placed their hands on the two corners furthest from the cabinet. The astonishment of those present may be imagined when they saw the center of the quilt slowly rise until it reached the heigth of about five feet, when it was thrown back, and the materialization was recognized as a young man who had been drowned at Grand Haven.

ANGLING FOR DEVIL-FISH.

How They Are Caught in the Waters of Puget Sound.

Seattle Press-Times.

"It's no trick to catch them. They are pulled out with hook and line from the deep waters of the sound, just like fish, and are found in the rocky bottoms of the fishing banks. Look at this," continued Nick, raising the slimy mass of legs and pointing to a perfect counterpart of a parrot's black beak. "That's its mouth. Just like a parrot, only much larger and more powerful. When once those jaws fasten on the bait they never let go until landed on the deck of the boat. No; they seldom give us much trouble. That is part of a Greek fisherman's early education."

Experience has taught the men how to handle them safely. The only care necessary is to prevent their fastening their suckers on the sides and bottom of the boat. If by accident or carelessness they should succeed in doing so the octopus is safe, for the suction of those cup-like disks is so great that nothig but a knife can dislodge them, and as they can't be reached they get away. The men know by the weight on the line and its action when an octopus is hooked. Then by means of poles the line is kept away from the boat, and, watching a favorable opportunity, with the assistance of boat hooks, the fellow is suddenly yanked on board and left to thrash his life away on deck. Of course the men have learned to keep carefully out of reach of its tentacles.

On a clear day and in clear water you can see an octopus at great depths. Their bodies usually lie hidden under shelving rocks, leaving only one or more of those long feelers visible, moving caustiously back and forth. By baiting a hook with a white rag and dropping it close by, it is fun to watch their movements. They pretend not to see the bait, believing it a living prey.

They will advance their feelers inch by inch, and gradually their body, and retreat again, as if to draw on the intended victim. Playing the bait back and forth excites their cupidity, and when satisfied of the result the beast makes a spring at the bait that, for lightning-like rapidity, beats anything on record. Of course it fastens its razor-like, double-back-action beak into the rag, and holds on like grim death, allowing itself to be pulled out of the water rather than let go.

HE FOOLED JAY GOULD.

And that Was Sufficient Recommendation to Secure Employment with Russell Sage.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

NEW YORK, Dec. 12.—An anecdote not yet published along with the great amount of reading matter developed from the explosion in Russell Sage's office, is worth transmission. B. F. Norton, the private secretary of Mr. Sage, was killed by the maniac's bomb. Norton went into Sage's employ from that of Jay Gould, several years ago, at the time when Gould gave up his down-town office and retired from business to recuperate his health. Norton was a bright, trustworthy man, thoroughly familiar with the practical details of Wall-street operations, and he went to Sage with a strong written recommendation from Gould. Besides that, Gould spoke personally to Sage in warm praise of Norton. So the transfer was made easily and satisfactorily, and there was not much dicker over the question of salary, although Sage has long been famous for close bargaining. It was from another point that the hindrance arose. Norton desired to take along with him to Sage's office a youth named Patrick Glane, called Glaney by his office associates.

"Can the young man bring a letter of recommendation from Mr. Gould?" asked he cautious Sage.

"Unfortunately for him, he can't do that," Norton replied, "because he was discharged by Mr. Gould several months ago. It was this way. Patrick used to be a district messenger boy. He worked a shrewd game on Mr. Gould. Patrick was detailed from the messenger office in this building to go home every afternoon along with Mr. Gould, and carry whatever packages there were to be taken home. Well, Mr. Gould observed that the boy read assiduously while making the ride on the elevated railway, and, to Mr. Gould's surprise, the reading matter was never a boy's story paper or a sensation border story, but some book of solid, educational character. That surprised and pleased Mr. Gould, and resulted in the employment of Patrick in our office. Things went along well enough with the lad, for he was capable and careful, but one day the truth came out. Mr. Gould caught Patrick reading trashy matter in the office several times, and then somebody told him the truth—that the boy had played a sort of bunco game on him—had read the worthy matter in the cars for effect. Mr. Gould was incensed, and wouldn't forgive the offender, who, therefore, had to quit the office. Now, Mr. Sage," Norton concluded, "it was a deceptive trick, of conrse, and probably you will not accede to my request and employ him in your office."

Mr. Sage rubbed his hands a moment, after his usual manner, chuckled a little, and then said: "We shall have Patrick here by all means. The boy ingenious enough to invent and operate a deal like that, and with horse sense enough to make good use of the opportunity that it opened to him, is the sort of a chap I like to encourage. So he fooled Mr. Gould, did he? Tell him to come and go to work at once."

Patrick Glane remains in the employ of Mr. Sage.

WOMAN'S LIMITATIONS.

She Can Rule Men, but Not Be Governed by Other Women.

Chicago News.

In these latter days women are finding out that they can do almost anything they please. Last year one of them became a senior wrangler in mathematics, and only last week another passed a top-notch examination for a Mississippi river steamboat pilot. There is no doubting the ability of women to achieve the possible, but they have already begun to discover that impossibilities do exist, and when they find one a mighty fuss they make in their despair over it. One of these impossibilities for the highest feminine intellect is the successful management of its own servant girl. It has been supposed and hoped that this was conceded as an impossibility, but the highest feminine intellect is once more making a dead set at it in the magazines and newspapers.

Now, it is perfectly clear to any man who gets at the realities of things that it is impossible for one woman to manage another woman. She can manage a man without any trouble at all. Whether he's her husband or the hired man, she knows how to bring him into subjection and keep him there. But in the parlor or the kitchen every woman is equally prone to believe that her way is better than any other woman's way. If one woman submits to another and yields her way it is only temporarily and with a mental, sometimes with an expressed, reservation which covers the whole case. She will not do it one moment longer than she can help it.

It is a curious and interesting fact that a man who has tried to manage one woman and has failed hopelessly, who is managed by his wife because he is philosophical enough to see that it is really the best way out of it, can go from his home to his factory and manage a hundred men and several hundred girls so that everything will seem to run like clock-work, while his wife at home, the very woman who has him completely "under her thumb," can't manage her cook and house girl to save her life.

If she insists on carrying the hopeless attempt too far the cook and house girl leave the house and hire out at the factory, where they are managed without the least trouble. Whereupon the highest feminine intellects conclude that the presence of factories in this country is largely responsible for what they call the "servant-girl problem." There is no problem about it—none whatever. Women do not object to being managed by any man they do not expect to marry or have not married already, but they do always and they always will object to being managed by another woman, and when they submit to it it is only until they can escape from it.

If they have nowhere else to go, of course, they cannot go anywhere else, but if they have they will. Next to starvation itself, the greatest evil for a woman is in being managed by another woman. The highest feminine intellects may go on evolving hundreds of columns of what they suppose to be reasoning on a "problem" without changing this in the least. It was and is and is to be.

Fashionable "Charity."

John A. Cockrell, in Kansas City Times.

A Cincinnati friend has written to me for definite information about "charity" balls here, so that the Four Hundred of the Western city can do something of the same sort. The most "definite" information that can be given for any city is this: Your fashionable people desire a grand dance for their own enjoyment and display; suppose the subscriptions and receipts are $5,000; music, supper, printing, decorations and all other expenses amount to $4,985; your distribution committee gives $15 to the janitor's wife and children, and the mission of the "charity" ball is fulfilled.

MR. BOK'S LITERARY GOSSIP

Why Mr. Howells Retires from the "Editor's Study" of Harper's Magazine.

Ex-Senator Ingalls's Literary Daughter—Cost of a Magazine—George Macdonald as a Story-Writer—Winter Literary Plans.

Special Correspondence of the Sunday Journal.

NEW YORK, Dec. 11.—It is generally understood here in literary circles that William Dean Howells will soon retire from the editorship of the Editor's Study in Harper's Magazine. The publishers have as yet made no official announcement of the fact, since the probable severance of Mr. Howells's relations with their magazine will not occur for a few months to come. It is well known by Mr. Howells's friends that the novelist most reluctantly undertook the editing of the department in the first place, and it was only after he had been repeatedly urged by the publishers that he finally consented. But of late he has expressed himself as being more and more desirous of devoting his entire time to writing fiction, and, doubtless, this is the cause of his wish to relinquish the department over which he has presided for five years. Of course, all speculation as to Mr. Howells's successor can, at present, only be of a vague character; yet it seems to be quite well understood that Charles Dudley Warner will be induced to take the place. This would, of course, leave the editorship of the Editor's Drawer vacant, but that department has, for some time past, practically been in the hands of John Kendrick Bangs, Mr. Warner simply writing a "leader" for it each month.

SENATOR INGALLS'S LITERARY DAUGHTER.

Of the eleven children with which the married life of ex-Senator Ingalls has been blessed Ethel Ingalls is the oldest and thus far the cleverest of her three sisters with the pen. Some three or four years ago her name became familiar, attached to a series of letters dealing with Washington social life printed in a New York daily. But the clever authoress soon ascertained that it was dangerous work for one holding the social position she did to report for print the society events at which she was present, and the letters ceased. Since that time she has done little if any literary work. But her ardent love for literature and the pen has proved too strong for her. She has again taken up her work, and the literary public will soon read the results. Miss Ingalls is without doubt a clever young writer. She is a quick observer, has a retentive memory and can put her thoughts on paper with a manner that oftimes suggests the spirit and dash which characterize the sayings and writings of her famous father. She is at present writing a study of convent life for one of the popular magazines, after which she will complete an ambitious romance begun some time ago. She will also appear very shortly as the biographer of Mrs. Leland Stanford, in a sketch portraying the home life of the California millionaire's wife.

WHAT A MAGAZINE COSTS.

Floating a fully equipped magazine nowadays is very much like pouring water in a rat-hole, and the more one sees of the inside workings of the popular magazines the firmer becomes that conviction. I remember when the present Scribner's Magazine was started; how money flowed out like water months before the first issue came out. With everything in its favor, and with more gratuitous advertising and advance booming than has ever been given a magazine, nearly a half million dollars were spent before the magazine "turned the corner." Take the Cosmopolitan, into which $300,000 has been sunk by Mr. Walker, and with the prospects just about beginning of getting the first return of his investment. The Illustrated American has spent nearly $200,000. The Forum, without illustrations, sunk over $75,000 before its backers saw the first gleam of light. And yet I will warrant there are to-day at least a half dozen companies of men working over new magazine schemes. Of three distinct ones I happen personally to know. Two of them are practically dead before starting, since in each case only $100,000 of funds is accessible. The third will have a working capital of $250,000, and the chances of success are proportionately increased. But I should think a man would carefully weigh the chances before putting in any money into new magazine schemes. It is not so much the survival of the fittest, but the survival of the largest capital. The drain upon the resources of a new publishing company starting a magazine nowadays is something far pleasanter to imagine than experience. The public is slow to take hold of a new periodical unless it has some specially striking qualities, and the advertiser is slower yet. And between the reluctance of the two a heavy capital is needed to stand a strain of everything going out and comparatively nothing coming in.

MACDONALD AS A STORY-WRITER.

If George Macdonald's popularity is somewhat on the wane in America, that fact is not true of his hold upon the British public, who buy each book that he issues with avidity. With the Scotch people he is almost a literary idol. To realize fully the hold which Macdonald has on the love of the Scottish people, one should have speech with a North-of-Scotland man or woman, as was my privilege a few evenings ago, one of the present generation, who was reared to the northward of Aberdeen, in the wild, rugged, storm-beaten country where Macdonald had his early home. Such a one will talk with unfailing delight of the true word-pictures in Macdonald's Scottish stories recalling the market town of Hantly, and the gray stone house with the roof and flags of slate, where Macdonald was born, and to which he came home in his college days, reproducing it to the life in the story of "Alec Forbes." The wild storms and bleak moors are as dear to Scottish memory as the sunny glens and banks of heather, and Macdonald's books are full of them all. "Robert Falconer" was such a true picture that in its serial publication, my Scottish friend told me, it gave offense to a proud patrician who was too faithfully shown up therein, and to avoid trouble the author was obliged to make a sudden change and a different ending from the one originally planned. The real power of Macdonald's stories—that is, of the best of them—lies in their honest sincerity, the real likeness to Scottish life and character. The characters are genuine; so the Scotch are ready to forgive the preachiness which is sometimes prosiness, and the terrific patois which renders some of them almost unreadable to one not tutored in the Scotch dialect. To Scotch children, his Alecs, and Roberts, and Gibbies, and Warlocks are as familiar as the boys and girls of Louisa Alcott and Trowbridge and Mrs. Burnett are to American boys and girls, or as Abbott's virtuous youngsters and the heroine of the "Wide Wide World" were to their fathers and mothers. Macdonald should understand children well, since he has reared eleven of them; and the whole family used to take part in a little drama of Pilgrim's Progress, which the mother arranged for her children and trained them to act in their home parties. The accounts of the Macdonald family have always presented a pretty picture of home life and love.

AN AUTHOR'S ORIGINAL METHOD.

I was discussing literary matters with a well-known writer of stories, a short time since, when the subject of inspiration in literary work came up.

"Do you know," said he, "I am a firm believer in inspiration, and I believe it is far more common amongst authors than most people suppose. The poets by no means monopolize it. In almost every author's work there are sentences, scenes or chapters that are genuine inspirations, born of the moment, flashing upon the author's mind without the least warning. In my own case many of the best things I have written have come to me in that way. See here, let me show you how I work—" and he took a long blank-book from his desk. "This is the kind of a book I write the first drafts of my stories in before having them copied on a type-writer. You see, I write on only one side of the page, while on the other side you will see occasional lines, hastily jotted down, diagonally across the page. Those are my 'inspirations,' and they come about in this way: While I am writing, suddenly an idea will pop into my head, often utterly irrelevant to the particular part of the work on which I am engaged—some scene later on in my story, or it may be only a sentence or two—the happy expression of some thought. I turn instantly and jot it down on the opposite page, then go on with my work, and when I have reached the point in my story where my 'inspiration' is needed, I turn back and copy it. I used to try to remember these things, believing that when I wanted the sentence the association of ideas would bring it back to me, but I found that unwise. These little 'inspirations,' in my case, are very fleeting, and I have to nail them at once or they escape."

SOME WINTER LITERARY PLANS.

Neither Dr. Holmes nor Mr. Whittier will undertake any literary work of importance this winter, both feeling that they have earned a rest. "Then, too, the young blood ought to have a chance to be heard," says Dr. Holmes. "We who have passed four score and a couple years over have been heard for a long time."

Amelia E. Barr, finding exclusion from social duties and visitors necessary to literary work, is going to make a winter home of her summer retreat on Storm King mountain. "I really thought I had found 'a lodge in some vast wilderness,'" said Mrs. Barr, recently, "but lo! here comes a new club-house just above me, and I actually find myself surrounded by electric lights all the way up the mountain. So I find myself chased by electricty and the autograph fiend."

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton is going to bring together during the winter some of her travel sketches and papers, and make a book of them, and another of her critical literary papers.

Dr. Thomas Dunn English, it is said, finds his congressional duties so interesting that he has abandoned literature, and for the present the reading public will practically receive nothing from his pen.

Although many a New York literary home would be only too glad to throw open its doors to Miss Edith M. Thomas, the young poetess prefers the seclusion which a residence away from the town assures her, and together with her sister, she lives quietly in a pretty home on Staten Island's heights, reading, writing and studying.

George William Curtis is another author who seems to prefer his quiet Staten Island home to plunging in the gayeties of New York's social literary life. Mr. Curtis comes over to the city quite frequently, however, although recently he has confined himself more strictly to the task of arranging and editing the collection of his addresses and speeches, soon to be published, as well as collecting a dainty volume of selected essays, to be called "From the Easy Chair," as a companion volume to Mr. Howells's "Criticism and Fiction," and Mr. Warner's "As We Were Saying."

One of the books of Horatio Alger, jr., the famous boys' writer, is to be brought out at Christmas, this winter, in the Norwegian language.

The editor of Lippincott's has hit upon a very good idea in the series of journalistic papers which will begin in the January issue, by Col. A. K. McClure, of the Philadelphia Times, who will tell "The Editor-in-chief's Story." Then will follow "The Managing Editor's Story," "The City Editor's Story," and so on through the journalistic gamut, each article giving an insight into the lives of newspaper men, and incidentally telling how the great dailies of the land are made. EDWARD. W. BOK.

[Copyright.]

RAILROAD JACK.

The Story of an Intelligent Dog and His Travels Over the Country.

Harper's Young People.

Railroad Jack is attached to the railway mail service, and has a roving commission. He is about seven years of age, and ever since his second year he has been one of the greatest travelers of this country. Jack has a great fondness for mail-bags. He never cares long for any particular one, but seems to have an idea that the entire business is under his charge, and he is perpetually traveling about to make sure that everything goes right. Jack hails from Albany, and his name in private life is Owney; but Railroad Jack is his traveling name, and the one that has become famous. He wears a broad leather collar, which has attached a nickel-plated badge reading: "Postoffice Owney, Albany, N. Y."; but beyond this distinguishing mark, Jack is a citizen of the entire country. Albany, however, is very proud of her representative, and Jack condescends to make his headquarters there, where there is a special apartment for his use.

Five years ago Jack made his first trip. He went to Boston by way of the Boston & Albany railroad, and since that time has always regarded that route with special favor. His experience happened in this manner: A certain mail-bag in the Albany postoffice took his fancy, and when the bag was carried to the station, Jack went along with it. When it was thrown into the baggage car Jack followed, and he stuck by that particular bag until it reached the Boston postoffice. This done, Jack's attachment was over, and that very same night he took another mail-bag under his protection and saw it safe to its destination in Maine.

As this was Jack's first trip he was not acquainted along the lines, and for three weeks he was unheard from. Then he walked into the Albany postoffice one day, wagging his stumpy tail, and saw that a certain bag was all right. Everybody was much amazed over his wonderful trip, but it turned out to be a mere run around the block compared with his later travels. The fondness for roving was awakened in Jack's heart, and a short time after he went away again and was absent two months. The men that knew him regarded him as lost this time without doubt; but one day they read in a paper that Jack had arrived in New Orleans. He was identified by his collar, and for the first time Jack began to receive newspaper notoriety.

Then he left New Orleans, stopping over here and there when it pleased him, and by degrees he traveled the length of the country. And where do you suppose he ended this wonderful journey? Away up north, at St. John, New Brunswick. There is no doubt of the truth of this, for the newspapers kept track of him all the way, and he became famous. Just think of this wonderful dog going that distance by himself! Since that time he has been to San Francisco, and has covered the entire length and breadth of the United States. He has visited nearly every large city in the country, and has gone through the Eastern States so often that every railroad postal clerk knows him.

Jack is a thorough Yankee in his tastes, and decidedly independent, but seems to like the East best, especially the Boston & Albany railroad, upon which he made his first trip. He is never molested, but allowed to do as he pleases, and is always well treated. It would not be well for any outsider to meddle with the bags Jack has in charge, and Jack seems always to know what man has the right. He was in a wreck once, and was thought to have been killed, but when the mail-bags reached their destination, Jack was with them. A little while ago he paid a flying visit to New York, and then started East again, where he is probably now traveling.

Healthful and Pleasant.

Scientific American.

If you want a lovely odor in your rooms break off branches of the Norway spruce, and arrange them in a large jug well filled with water. In a few days tender, pale green branches feather out, soft and cool to the touch, and giving the delightful health-giving odor.

Careful Answer.

Lustige Blatter.

A widower married a sister of his late wife a few weeks after the death of the latter. An acquaintance who had just returned from a long journey sympathetically inquired whom he was in mourning for.

"For my sister-in-law," was the hesitating reply.