THE DELUGE

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, Author of "THE COST," etc

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CHAPTER XXVIII.—Continued.

I braced myself for the worst. "She is about to tell me that she is leaving," thought I. But I managed to say: "I'm glad to hear of your luck," though I fear my tone was not especially joyous.

"So," she went on, "I am in a position to pay back to you, I think, what my father and Sam took from you. It won't be enough, I'm afraid, to pay what you lost indirectly. But I have told the lawyers to make it all over to you."

I could have laughed aloud. It was too ridiculous, this situation into which I had got myself. I did not know what to say. I could hardly keep out of my face how foolish this collapse of my crafty conspiracy made me feel. And then the full meaning of what she was doing came over me—the revelation of her character. I trusted myself to steal a glance at her; and for the first time I didn't see the thrilling azure sheen over her smooth white skin, though all her beauty was before me, as dazzling as when it compelled me to resolve to win her. No; I saw her, herself—the woman within. I had known from the outset that there was an altar of love within my temple of passion. I think that was my first real visit to it.

"Anita!" I said, unsteadily. "Anita!"

The color flamed in her cheeks; we were silent for a long time.

"You—your people owe me nothing," I at length found voice to say. "Even if they did, I couldn't and wouldn't take your money. But, believe me, they owe me nothing."

"You cannot mislead me," she answered. "When they asked me to become engaged to you, they told me about it."

I had forgotten. The whole repulsive, rotten business came back to me. And, changed man that I had become in the last six months, I saw myself as I had been. I felt that she was looking at me, was reading the degrading confession in my telltale features.

"I will tell you the whole truth," said I. "I did use your father's and your brother's debts to me as a means of getting to you. But, before God, Anita, I swear I was honest with you when I said to you I never hoped or wished to win you in that way!"

"I believe you," she replied, and her tone and expression made my heart leap with indescribable joy.

Love is sometimes most unwise in his use of the reins he puts on passion. Instead of acting as impulse commanded, I said, clumsily: "And I am very different to-day from what I was last spring." It never occurred to me how she might interpret those words.

"I know," she replied. She waited several seconds before adding: "I, too, have changed. I see that I was far more guilty than you. There is no excuse for me. I was badly brought up, as you used to say, but—"

"No—no," I began to protest.

She cut me short with a sad: "You need not be polite and spare my feelings. Let's not talk of it. Let us go back to the object I had in coming for you to-day."

"You owe me nothing," I repeated. "Your brother and your father settled long ago. I lost nothing through them. And I've learned that if I had never known you, Roebuck and Langdon would still have attacked me."

"What my uncle gave me has been transferred to you," said she, woman fashion, not hearing what she did not care to heed. "I can't make you accept it; but there it is, and there it stays."

"I cannot take it," said I. "If you insist on leaving it in my name, I shall simply return it to your uncle."

"I wrote him what I had done," she rejoined. "His answer came yesterday. He approves it."

"Approves it!" I exclaimed.

"You do not know how eccentric he is," she explained, naturally misunderstanding my astonishment. She took a letter from her bosom and handed it to me. I read:

"Dear Madam: It was yours to do with as you pleased. If you ever find yourself in the mood to visit, Gull

"WAS ALTOGETHER DIFFERENT FROM THE ICE-LOCKED ANITA OF A SHORT TIME BEFORE."

House is open to you, provided you bring no maid. I will not have female servants about. Yours truly,

"HOWARD FORRESTER."

"You will consent now, will you not?" she asked, as I lifted my eyes from this characteristic note.

I saw that her peace of mind was at stake. "Yes—I consent."

She gave a great sigh as at the lifting down of a heavy burden. "Thank you," was all she said, but she put a world of meaning into the words. She took the first homeward turning. We were nearly at the house before I found words that would pave the way toward expressing my thoughts—my longings and hopes.

"You say you have forgiven me," said I. "Then we can be—friends?"

She was silent, and I took her somber expression to mean that she feared I was hiding some subtlety.

"I mean just what I say, Anita," I hastened to explain. "Friends—simply friends." And my manner fitted my words.

She looked strangely at me. "You would be content with that?" she asked.

I answered what I thought would please her. "Let us make the best of our bad bargain," said I. "You can trust me now, don't you think you can?"

She nodded without speaking; we were at the door, and the servants were hastening out to receive us. Always the servants between us. Servants indoors, servants outdoors; morning, noon and night, from waking to sleeping, these servants to whom we are slaves. As those interrupting servants sent us each a separate way, her to her maid, me to my valet, I was depressed with the chill that the opportunity that has not been seen leaves behind it as it departs.

"Well," said I to myself by way of consolation, as I was dressing for dinner, "she is certainly softening toward you, and when she sees the new house you will be still better friends."

But, when the great day came, I was not so sure. Alva went for a "private view" with young Thornley; out of her enthusiasm she telephoned me from the very midst of the surroundings she found 'so wonderful and so beautiful"—thus she assured me, and her voice made it impossible to doubt. And, the evening before the great day, I going for a final look round, could find no flaw serious enough to justify the sinking feeling that came over me every time I thought of what Anita would think when she saw my efforts to realize her dream. I set out for "home" half a dozen times at least, that afternoon, before I pulled myself together, called myself an ass, and, with a pause at Delmonico's for a drink, which I ordered and then rejected, finally pushed myself in at the door. What a state my nerves were in!

Alva had departed; Anita was waiting for me in her sitting-room. When she heard me in the hall, just outside, she stood in the doorway. "Come in," she said to me, who did not dare so much as glance at her.

I entered. I must have looked as I felt—like a boy, summoned before the teacher to be whipped in presence of the entire school. Then I was conscious that she had my hand—how she had got it, I don't know—and that she was murmuring, with tears of happiness in her voice: "Oh, I can't say it!"

"Glad you like your own taste," said I awkwardly. "You know, Alva told me."

"But it's one thing to dream, and a very different thing to do," she answered. Then, with smiling reproach: "And I've been thinking all summer that you were ruined! I've been expecting to hear every day that you had had to give up the fight."

"Oh—that passed long ago," said I.

"But you never told me," she reminded me. "And I'm glad you didn't," she added. "Not knowing saved me from doing something very foolish." She reddened a little, smiled a great deal, dazzlingly, was altogether different from the ice-locked Anita of a short time before, different as June from January. And her hand—so intensely alive—seemed extremely comfortable in mine.

Even as my blood responded to that touch, I had a twinge of cynical bitterness. Yes, apparently I was at last getting what I had so long, so vainly, and, latterly, so hopelessly craved. But—why was she giving it? Why had she withheld herself until this moment of material happiness? "I have to pay the rich man's price," thought I, with a sigh.

It was in reaching out for some sweetness to take away this bitter taste in my honey that I said to her, "When you gave me that money from your uncle, you did it to help me out?"

She colored deeply. "How silly you must have thought me!" she answered.

I took her other hand. As I was drawing her toward me, the sudden pallor of her face and chill of her hands halted me once more, brought sickeningly before me the early days of my courtship when she had infuriated my pride by trying to be "submissive." I looked round the room—that room into which I had put so much thought—and money. Money! "The rich man's price!" those delicately brocaded walls shimmered mockingly at me.

"Anita," said I, "do you care for me?"

She murmured inaudibly. Evasion! thought I, and suspicion sprang on guard, bristling.

"Anita," I repeated sternly, "do you care for me?"

"I am you wife," she replied, her head drooping still lower. And hesitatingly she drew away from me. That seemed confirmation of my doubt and I said to her satirically, "You are willing to be my wife out of gratitude, to put it politely?"

She looked straight into my eyes and answered, "I can only say there is no one I like so well, and—I will give you all I have to give."

"Life!" I exclaimed contemptuously. "And you would be my wife! Do you want me to despise you?" I struck dead my poor, feeble hope that had been all but still-born. I rushed from the room, closing the door violently between us.

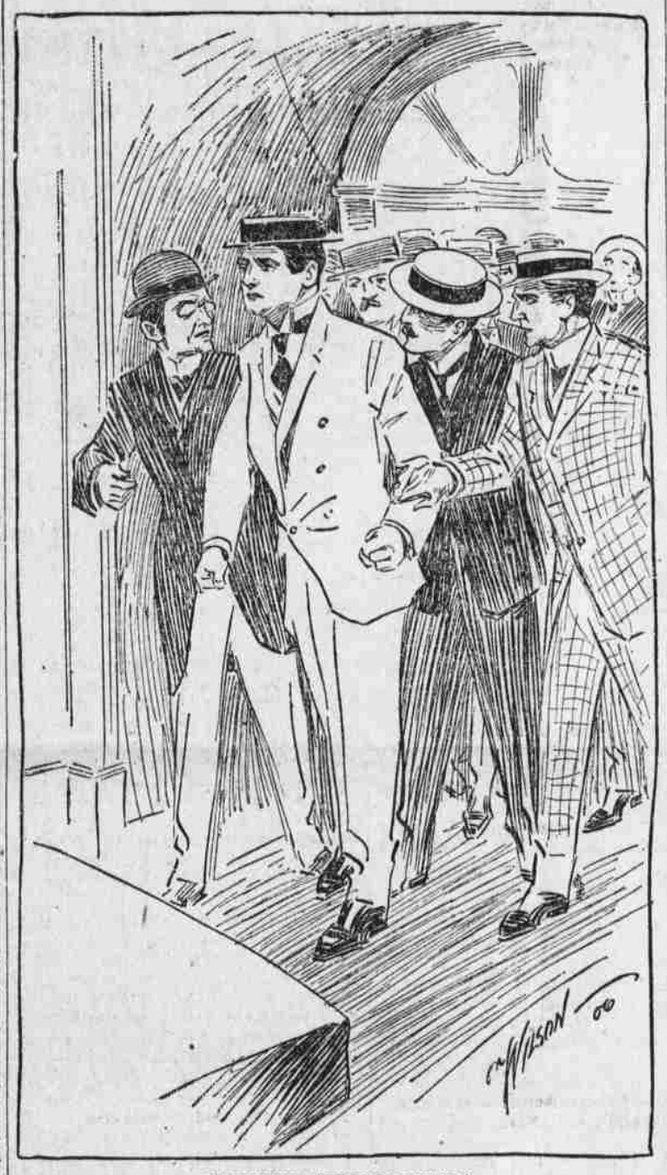
Such was our housewarming.

XXIX.

BLACKLOCK OPENS FIRE.

For what I proceeded to do, all sorts of motives, from the highest to the basest, have been attributed to me. Here is the truth: I had already pushed the medicine of hard work to its limit. It was as powerless against this new development as water against a drunkard's thirst. I must find some new, some compelling drug—some frenzy of activity that would swallow up myself as the battle makes the soldier forget his toothache. This confession may chagrin many who have believed in me. My enemies will hasten to say: "Aha, his motive was even more selfish and petty than was alleged." But those who look at human nature honestly, and from the inside, will understand how I can concede that a selfish reason moved me to draw my sword, and still can claim a higher motive. In such straits as were mine, some men of my all-or-none temperament debauch themselves; others thresh about blindly, reckless whether they strike innocent or guilty. I did neither.

Probably many will recall that long before the "securities" of the reorganized coal combine were issued, I had in my daily letter to investors been preparing the public to give them a fitting reception. A few days after my whole being burst into flames of resentment against Anita, out came the new array of new stocks and bonds. Roebuck and Langdon arranged with the underwriters for a



"I PUSHED THROUGH THEM."

"fake" four times over-subscription, indorsed by the two greatest banking houses in the Street. Despite this oftentried and always-good trick, the public refused to buy. I felt I had not been overestimating my power. But I made no move until the "securities" began to go up, and the financial reporters—under the influence where not actually in the pay of the Roebuck-Langdon clique—shouted that, "in spite of the malicious attacks from the gambling element, the new securities are being absorbed by the public at prices approximating their value." Then— But I shall quote my investors' letter the following morning:

"At half-past nine yesterday—nine-twenty-eight, to be exact—President Melville, of the National Industrial Bank, loaned six hundred thousand dollars. He loaned it to Bill Van Nest, an ex-gambler and proprietor of pool rooms, now silent partner in Hoe & Wittekind, brokers, on the New York Stock Exchange, and also in Filbert & Jonas, curb brokers. He loaned it to Van Nest without security.

"Van Nest used the money yesterday to push up the price of the new coal securities by 'wash sales'—which means, by making false purchases and sales of the stock in order to give the public the impression of eager buying. Van Nest sold to himself and bought from himself 347,060 of the 352,681 shares traded in.

"Melville, in addition to being president of one of the largest banks in the world, is a director in no less than seventy-three great industrial enterprises, including railways, telegraph companies, savings banks and life insurance companies. Bill Van Nest has done time in the Nevada State Penitentiary for horse-stealing."

That was all. And it was enough—quite enough. I was a national figure, as much so as if I had tried to assassinate the president. Indeed, I had exploded a bomb under a greater than the president—under the chiefs of the real government of the United States, the government that levied daily upon every citizen, and that had state and national and the principal municipal governments in its strong box.

I confess I was as much astounded at the effect of my bomb as old Melville must have been. I felt that I had been obscure, as I looked at the newspapers, with Matthew Blacklock appropriating almost the entire front page of each. I was the isolated, the conspicuous figure, standing alone upon the steps of the temple of Mammon, where mankind daily and devoutly comes to offer worship.

Not that the newspapers praised me. I recall none that spoke well of me. The nearest approach to praise was the "Blacklock squeals on the Wall Street gang" in one of the sensational penny sheets that strengthen the plutocracy by lying about it. Some of the papers insinuated that I had gone mad; others that I had been bought up by a rival gang to the Roebuck-Langdon clique; still others thought I was simply hunting notoriety. All were inclined to accept as a sufficient denial of my charges Melville's dignified refusal "to notice any attack from a quarter so discredited."

As my electric whirled into Wall Street, I saw the crowd in front of the Textile building, a dozen policemen keeping it in order. I descended amid cheers, and entered my offices through a mob struggling to shake hands with me—and, in my ignorance of mob mind, I was delighted and inspired! Just why a man who knows men, knows how wishy-washy they are as individuals, should be influenced by a demonstration from a mass of them, is hard to understand. But the fact is indisputable. They fooled me then; they could fool me again, in spite of all I have been through. There probably wasn't one in that mob for whose opinion I would have had the slightest respect had he come to me alone; yet as I listened to those shallow cheers and those worthless assurances of "the people are behind you, Blacklock," I felt that I was a man with a mission!

Our main office was full, literally full, of newspaper men—reporters from morning papers, from afternoon papers, from out-of-town and foreign papers. I pushed through them, saying as I went: "My letter speaks for me, gentlemen, and will continue to speak for me. I have nothing to say except through it."

"But the public——" urged one.

"It doesn't interest me," said I, on my guard against the temptation to cant. "I am a banker and investment broker. I am interested only in my customers."

And I shut myself in, giving strict orders to Joe that there was to be no talking about me or my campaign. "I don't purpose to let the newspapers make us cheap and notorious," said I. "We must profit by the warning in the fate of all the other fellows who have sprung into notice by attaching these bandits."

(To be Continued.)

Germs on Ten Dollar Bills

The night officer found the old farmer sitting on the steps of a vacant house contentedly shewing a straw.

"Waiting for anyone?" asked the officer, suspiciously.

"Yep," responded the old man in confidence, "I am waitin' for the scientist to get back."

"What scientist?"

"Why, the one with my ten dollar bill. He slapped me on the back and told me that thar be 17 different crawling germs on every ten dollar bill. He said if I'd let him have a ten dollar bill a few minutes he would take it down to the arc light around the corner and stick a pin through each germ so I could see them with my own eyes. He's been gone about half an hour, but I reckon it takes him quite a little while, cause them germs are pesky small to see."

And the old farmer settled himself comfortably to await the return of the "scientist."

CRAZY PROTECTIONISTS.

Would Add Fifty Per Cent to Present Tariff Rates.

The maximum and minimum tariff rates that the Republicans are talking of imposing is a system copied from the European nations, like Germany and France, that are always fighting each other. It is retaliation pure and simple, for such a tariff notifies the world that unless special advantages are given for the sale of the products of the country imposing such a tariff that the maximum rates will be exacted. These highest rates of duty are, of course, placed so high that they are prohibitive on such products as the country imposing them can produce enough of to supply the wants of its own people. Competition in such products is thus abolished and very naturally the prices are advanced to all the plundered consumers can afford to pay.

The proposition is now being discussed here in ardent protectionism quarters to adopt excessive maximum rates, and the San Francisco Chronicle goes so far as to say that, "our executive and congress" have been "lost to all considerations of national dignity" and but for this mollycoddle spirit a bill would have been passed providing: "That the products of all countries should continue to be admitted to our ports on equal terms, except that in case any country should discriminate against our products either with or without 'consideration,' all products of those countries should pay 50 per cent more than regular rates." The American Economist, the subsidized organ of the tariff protected trusts and monopolists, endorses this 50 per cent addition to the present high tariff as maximum tariff rates, so that it may be taken as certain that this high tariff mania is to be persisted in as far as the Stand-patter Republicans are concerned.

Fancy adding 50 per cent to the present enormous profits of the Steel trust and 50 per cent to the profits of the Woolen Goods trust, already protected by a tariff tax averaging 100 per cent, to say nothing of the other trusts. Is not this protectionism gone mad? And yet that may be the outcome if the Republican party is allowed to elect the next president and the next congress.

Judge Parker's Timely Warning.

The address of Judge Alton B. Parker before the North Carolina Bar association on July 11 clearly indicated that the common law principles can solve every problem in civil life if permitted to do so, and that the centralization of power in the federal government which is now being attempted will destroy the local authority of the states. "The campaign against the governmental plan of the fathers is on," said Judge Parker, "and has been for several years. It has for its leader the most accomplished politician of our history. Behind him and backing him stand these great corporations of the country, which are engaged in interstate commerce and insurance. Their reason is that it is easier to deal with one government than with many."

The corruption fund of the life insurance companies which the Republican campaign managers, Cortelyou and Bliss, solicited and received; the acknowledged request of President Roosevelt to the railroad magnate Harriman that he collect more campaign funds which the president declared were needed in New York, were no doubt in the mind of Judge Parker, when he now charegs that the president is backed by the great corporations of the country in his effort to centralize their control in the general government and thus release the railroads and trusts from state laws. As the charge of Judge Parker, before the election of 1904, that the corporations had contributed large sums to the Roosevelt campaign, has been fully verified by later official disclosures, although denied by President Roosevelt; there can be no doubt that the proof will be forthcoming in due time of the present connection between the corporations and the president.

Alton B. Parker, the honest and fearless judge, was denied the presidency by the people, but those voters who supported him must now feel more proud of their position than those who voted for the winning candidate.

The Only Solution.

Let us not be deceived; we are going to have trusts and monopolies until we begin to tap the sources of their power—until we begin to fight them with the only effective means—that is real competition. As long as prohibitive tariffs exist men can organize completely to control the home market in such a way as to exact from the public the last penny that the "protection" permits. Reduce the tariff from robber figures to reasonable rates and the monstrous exactions of the principal trusts and monopolies will instantly vanish and the tap-roots of these unholy parasites of industry and commerce would be cut.—Indianapolis News.

The Trees and the Tariff.

The Ohio State Journal says that assuming that we shall have no forest fires, yet our supply of standing timber will be practically exhausted in twenty years. There is encouragement in the forest reservations which the state and nation are making, but these will not meet the demand. The Journal continues:

"The timber supply will not be absolutely exhausted in twenty years, but there will be such a shortage as to make the cost of the product, especially after the long haul east, almost prohibitive. Across the line in Canada are thousands of billions of feet of standing timber. If what we need of this almost inexhaustible supply could be brought into this country from this time on, our own forests would be conserved and the excessive cost of lumber would come down. But the politicians say the Dingley law must stand just as it is until after the next presidential election. By that time they'll have some other plausible excuse for delay, unless the people are sufficiently aroused to show that further opposition to popular sentiment is futile and dangerous."

TRINKETS IN STYLE

PLAIN COMBS ARE NOW DECREED FOR THE HAIR.

Gold and Jewel-Trimmed Ornaments No Longer in Vogue—Sleeve Links Have Achieved Popularly.

For the hair the gold and jewel-tirmmed combs are no longer considered in the very best taste, especially for young girls.

The plain amber colored combs and pins for the head of the blond girl and those in dark shell for the brunette are correct. The combs are usually better also when made with tops, without knobs or other decoration. The button pins are used by girls who wear their hair up. The top part of these pins turn back over the hair in a flat piece of shell, like a large button. The effect is very neat. For keeping in flying ends of hair also there are corkscrew pins of amber—strange looking things, that screw into the hair in spiral fashion, so that one would fear they might never come out again. But they are in fact comparatively easy of adjustment and they are admirable for keeping the hair neat. There are also pins which come in pairs, called staple pins. They have amber or shell tops and are in the shape of large staples, as their name indicates. They are worn on either side of a low knot, or if the hair is braided and turned under may be forn in place of a bow. The tops stand out well from the head.

Sleeve links are much worn nowadays by women, though many waists of the tailor made variety have buttons sewed on. When girls prefer buttons, the styles worn by men are chosen, care being taken to select a suitably small and dainty pair. An idea which has been followed out by some girls for the sleeve links of their morning waists of the tailor made variety is to get the plain mother of pearl buttons which are sold for wear in men's evening clothes. These are flat buttons, just like those which are sewed on shirt waists, only finer and of more attractive design. They are small in size and when used in tailored shirt waists they are exceedingly neat and at the same time smart looking.

Belt buckles for wear with fine silk belts are in gold, silver or mother of pearl. They are most attractive without stone settings. The gold and silver buckles are chased or engraved in charming designs. The mother of pearl buckles are very nice for linen belts or for those in white corded silk.

MUCH DEPENDS ON COIFFURE.

New Millinery Demands Appropriate Dressing of the Hair.

It is practically impossible to consider the more extreme hat shapes of the season and the coiffures separately. The new coiffure is a difficult thing to manage. Women should experiment patiently and intelligently with it and should consider it in its relation to the head as well as to the hat. Otherwise we shall owe the new millinery a deep and lasting grudge

for the lamentable influence it has had upon the hair dressing of the average woman. At a recent function one of the most admired women wore a huge plumed hat in all black. The wide brim turned up sharply at the left side, leaving the entire side of the head in view, the full rolling masses of hair and the cleverly placed puffs softening every angle of union twixt hat and head. The right side of the hat and the back were an avalanche of beautiful black plumes, but the hat, handsome as it was, would have been a failure had not the coiffure so ably supplemented the milliner's efforts.

ANSWERED BY MME. MERRI.

Suggestions for Amusements and a Point on Etiquette.

For a Parcel Shower.

I wish to give a parcel shower in August and would like to know something about it. Would it be proper to use place cards and favors also? And how do you announce lunch? Do the guests find their own places at the table? Also what would be pretty to mark the bride's place at the table?

MAXINE.

Ask each guest to bring a parcel, done up and marked with an appropriate rhyme or sentiment. These may be placed in a basket beside the hostess and between courses parcels may be passed to the bride. You may use both place cards and favors. For the latter tiny slippers, hearts or wedding rings are suitable, or tiny dolls, dressed as bridesmaids and the bride. They are so pretty made entirely of crepe and may be purchased at the favor counter. The bride's chair is marked by a huge bow of tulle or flowers. If there is a maid, she announces luncheon; if not, the hostess does it herself. The guests find their own places. At the large department stores you can find articles for favors and a splendid assortment of place cards for just such occasions.

What Cards to Leave.

In calling on a young married woman is it proper to leave one of my cards and two of my husband's? Please reply in the paper. T. A. H.

Leave one of your cards and two of your husband's if the occasion is a first call, or in return for some social favor at which your husband was a guest.

For a Picnic Party.

For a club picnic at which there will be 50 guests what would you suggest for amusement?

SOCIAL COMMITTEE.

The best thing to do will be to arrange a series of races, according to age and sex. This can be made very amusing. Then have a peanut hunt, with a prize to the one finding the most. Partners for refreshments could be found by matching "flags of all nations." These may be purchased in paper and are pretty souvenirs. A contest may be arranged with paper balls which are to be inflated. Provide fans for driving them over a tennis net or a line stretched up for the purpose.

For a Birthday Party.

My brother's birthday is the last of the month and as it will probably be very warm, I want to arrange for a surprise party on the lawn. Please suggest how to carry this out in a way not too elaborate. PEGGY.

Get some obliging friend to keep your brother away until the hour set for the party. While he is gone decorate the lawn with flags, lanterns and spread down rugs with a lot of washable pillows. String up as many hammocks as you can borrow, and provide a big bowl of fruit lemonade under a huge Japanese umbrella. If you can arrange for a tennis or archery turnament you will have ample amusement, or you can have a peanut hunt, with a prize for the one finding the most.

Tutti-frutti ice cream with a round birthday cake ornamented with tall candles will be all the refreshment necessary.

Let your brother cut the cake and ask all the guests to make a good wish for him when they blow out a candle.

MADAME MERRI.

Dotted Swiss Frock.

Very attractive for a young girl would be a popular model of white dotted Swiss trimmed in bands and straps of Irish lace insertion, edged with tiny inch and a half wide frills of the swiss. The bell sleeves are worn over an inner bishop sleeve. The full-gathered skirt has two bands of the befrilled Irish insertion. With this little frock is worn a white sash of soft satin ribbon tied in an Alsatian bow with long ends. The white chip hat is bound in black liberty satin, and has no other trimming but a large lace bow of the same material.

Draped Fichu Is Becoming.

Unless a woman can drape a fichu gracefully and is of a slender, willowy type it is well to avoid this prevailing fashion of the moment. When it is becoming there is something peculiarly coquettish in the fishus and draped scarf effects that are so popular just now.

ALL KINDS OF NECKWEAR.

Pretty Little Bows Easy to Fashion from Lace.

Lingerie neck fixings form a large part of dress accessories this season, says the Chicago American. In all the stores at the neckwear counters they are selling little bows by the dozen. These bows are easily made once a girl gets her hand in. Some persons use lace-edged ruching, joining the ends with a knot in the middle. A few yards of pretty lace can be quickly worked into trig bows by clever fingers. Some girls depend upon the need and inspiration, only carrying along bits of fine mull and lace and embroidery for the purpose and putting them together as part of the dressing. It goes without saying that usually in such cases pins and not thread and needle hold them in place. There are cardboard backs with hooks for the collar button for just such uses. The embroidered turnover collar is the leader and away ahead of everything else in its department. No end of lovely embroidered mull ties, sold for a song, are ready to go with them. There was an effort early in the season to revive the standing collar, but as yet the American woman will have none of it. The jabots are popular among the French fashionables at the moment. They are of the lingerie order, made of mull and lace.

Wash Suits Popular.

Make more wash suits and fewer shirtwaists. Unless for select utility and a matter of necessary economy, the useful and comfortable white shirtwaist is no longer worn with the black skirt without a coat. Of course, this combination is seen a dozen times a day in hot weather, but it is no longer considered good style. Instead one should wear a cotton or linen shirtwaist suit, or, at least, a blouse of a harmonizing tone with the skirt.

Touches of Ribbon Are Vogish.

These ribbon waist fitments are a great feature this season, either finished with a group of tiny bows or buttons or else permitted the more important termination of a sash bow with long ends.