

The SMUGGLER

BY ELLA MIDDLETON TYBOUT

ILLUSTRATED BY RAY WALTERS

SYNOPSIS.

Three girls—Elizabeth, Gabrielle and Elise—started for Canada to spend the summer there. On board steamer they were frightened by an apparently harmless stranger, who, finding a bag belonging to one of them, took enjoyment in scrutinizing a photo of the trio. The young women met a Mrs. Graham, anxiously awaiting her husband, who had a mania for sailing. They were introduced to Lord Wilfrid and Lady Edith. A cottage by the ocean was rented. Two men called. They proved to be John C. Blake and Gordon Bennett, one a friend of Elizabeth's father. A wisp of yellow hair from Mr. Graham's pocket fell into the hands of Elise. Mrs. Graham's hair was black. Fearing for the safety of some gems, Lady Edith left them in a safe at the cottage. Mr. Gordon Bennett was properly introduced, explained his actions on board ship, and then charged with murder. At a supper, which was held on the rocks, Elizabeth rather mysteriously lost her ring, causing a search by the entire party. Gabrielle witnessed a stormy scene between Lady Edith and Lord Wilfrid, jealousy being the cause. Mary Anne brought back Elizabeth's ring. Elise went sailing with Gordon Bennett. He tried to persuade her to return the jewels left in the girls' care by Lady Edith. At midnight Elise saw two men—one of them Gordon Bennett—attempting to force an entrance into their boat-house. She admitted to herself that she had nearly loved him and believed herself used as a tool. Mrs. Graham, sick, told Elise of her husband's love for another woman. Gordon Bennett and Blake returned with Mr. Graham's body. He had been murdered. Lord Wilfrid grew awfully. Lady Edith confided to Elise that Blake and Bennett were thieves. Lady Edith led her where they were trying to break in. The girls were awakened late at night by a noise in the cottage. Elizabeth, Gabrielle and Bennett awaiting Lady Edith, who, they told the girls, was Nell Simms, a notorious criminal. They were a smuggler, wanted for murder. They refused to believe. Blake proved to be a government officer.

CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

At last it came. A stealthy step, a subdued rustle of skirts, a whispered word of caution, and we were aware that some one had entered the dining room and stood so near the sheltering portiere that it moved slightly. We could hear a low voice command some one to go to the foot of the stairs and listen for movements above. Then silence again, and a whisper from Mary Anne that everything was quiet.

A faint light appeared through the opening of the portiere, and, parting it still further, we saw two figures: One a man, on his knees at the door of the safe, while the other, a woman, held the lantern.

The man sprang to his feet with an oath, but his arms were seized by two men in uniform, who in terms more forceful than polite admonished him to keep quiet and make no trouble. And the woman—Lady Edith? She stood erect, with head flung back and blazing eyes. A scarlet spot flamed in her cheeks, glowing brilliantly at first, then fading to marble whiteness as she looked at the array against her. For a moment she said nothing; then, turning to Mr. Blake, she spoke in an even, mechanical voice.

"I congratulate you upon the success of your coup."

He came nearer and held out his hand authoritatively.

"I will relieve you of that box," he said.

"I will not give it to you."

"I should regret to use force with a woman."

But we could hear no more, and with one accord pushed aside the curtain and entered the room.

"It isn't true!" cried Elizabeth, rushing to her side. "Say it isn't true, and we will believe you."

"Even now, in the face of everything, would you believe me?"

"Yes," I said; "we would indeed. It is your word against theirs—why should we not believe you? Only say it is not true. The box is yours, but why did you get it this way? You had only to tell us you wanted it."

"You hear?" she said, standing tall and erect, her eyes on a level with Mr. Blake's as she looked at him, ignoring his outstretched hand. "My word against yours, and they believe me—me!"

"I should regret to use force," he repeated. "The box, if you please."

"Stop!" said Gabrielle quickly.

"Lady Edith, may I take the box? Thank you. Surely it is a simple matter for you to satisfy this man. Let us open it and prove him wrong once for all, and then neither you nor I need ever see him again."

She unwrapped the first layer of paper, then paused uncertainly.

"Tell me they are yours," she said in a queer, choked voice—"your mother's pearls—and I will believe you. Only look at me and tell me so."

The great brown eyes looked into Gabrielle's clear hazel ones steadily for a minute perhaps, then faltered; the long lashes drooped upon her cheek, and she turned aside, speechless—self-confessed a thief.

Gabrielle, with a sigh which was almost a sob, handed the box to Mr. Blake. He bowed gravely, removed the cover, and Mrs. Bundy's famous emeralds glittered in their bed of jeweler's cotton. As long as I live I shall hate emeralds, for they can but recall that most painful scene, bringing vividly before me the averted face, and bent golden head, of our once loved friend.

"Surely," said Gordon Bennett, "there is no use in prolonging this scene."

"None whatever," agreed Mr. Blake, making a sign to the officers who held the man I even now think of as Lord Wilfrid.

"I arrest you," said the officer, "for the murder of Harry Graham."

Something flashed in the light, and we heard a sharp click, accompanied by a suppressed scream from Mary Anne.

"Not that!" she cried. "Oh, good Lord! not that! Don't put the handcuffs on 'im."

"Be quiet," her son said. "Don't you see the game is up?"

She did not heed him, but stood before the officers with raised hand and

a certain dignity of carriage which commanded attention in spite of her gingham apron and round red face.

"Aye," she said; "the murder of Mr. Graham. 'E done it—'e struck 'im blow—but why? Ask the woman beside 'im, 'er with the soft 'ands and the yellow 'air. Ask 'er why 'e done it. Ain't she 'is wife? Ain't 'e lived and breathed and worked fur 'er ever since the evil day 'e first seen 'er—the day 'e come to me and told me 'e was agoin' to take up a trade and live honest and respectable? Wot did she do fur 'im? She smiled on 'im and she coaxed 'im, with 'er sweet voice and pretty ways; she said she couldn't live w/out 'im, and more, too. And she told 'im 'ow rich she was, and 'ow easy she made 'er money—'takin' whatever she laid 'er 'ands on, and smuggling jools and sich across the border to 'er friends in the states. Wot did she marry 'im fur? She didn't love 'im—"

The man made a sudden motion, but the officer laid a restraining hand upon his arm, and Mary Anne continued, pouring out the words in a steady stream which admitted of no interruption.

"She wanted somebody to do 'er dirty work, that's why she married 'im, and tired enough of 'im she got, fur all the gold key she gave 'im an' the cut button which I thought 'I'd die when I seen it in 'er 'ands, Miss Elise. Was there a stormy night she didn't send 'im out on the ocean w' a boat-load fur the other side, carin' not

when you two was talkin' in the boat-house jest before they sailed, that me and Willy was in the passageway listenin' to you. We 'eard jest 'ow Mr. Graham was to land 'im with the empty box, and sail away immediate, leavin' 'im caught hard and fast. Well you knowed 'e would never peach on you."

She paused and swallowed convulsively.

"So Willy went out in the boat alone with Mr. Graham, and with 'is 'eart black w' rage and passion. And 'e struck the man meann' to stun 'im, per'aps. But 'e killed 'im—'e killed 'im. And I say now, and God 'is 'eaven knows I'm right, that this woman murdered 'Arry Graham, not my boy—not my boy."

"Officer," said Mr. Blake's quiet voice, "remove the prisoners."

"Good-by," Edith said very gently. "You would have believed me, and I thank you. I—I am glad to have known you. Please forget me, and—good-by."

"And this," Blake said to Gabrielle, "explains our presence in your cellar tonight. I hope you are convinced I spoke the truth."

"Go away," she said in a smothered voice—"go away, and never, never, let me see your face again."

"What have we done?" he inquired, turning to his friend with a puzzled air.

Elizabeth now had the floor, and the mantle of dignity descended upon her.

"I think," she remarked frigidly, "we need not trouble you to stay any longer. We are quite accustomed to being alone—we prefer to be alone."

Gordon Bennett turned helplessly to me, but it was now my turn to be haughty and unappeased. Even under the circumstances, I could not let the others distance me.

"I do not think there is anything more to say, Mr. Bennett," I returned loftily. "I quite agree with my friends."

"It seems," he remarked, turning to Mr. Blake, "as though we might as well go home."

When they reached the door, how-

ever, he returned and stood before me, but in hand, and a very determined aspect about the chin.

"I want to tell you," he said, "that I found the scarf-pin on the slip. It was a sleeve button dropped by the man you call Lord Wilfrid, and the clue Mr. Blake was looking for. I had promised him not to admit to any one where I got it—therefore I lied, as you know. He had it set as a pin, and wished to try the effect on the woman. You know how she gave herself away when she saw 'it, for you also were watching her. The gold key is the badge of this particular band of smugglers, and they all wear it in various ways. Your servant, Mary Anne, was more sinned against than sinning, and will be allowed to go free. I know you would wish this."

He paused suggestively. I made no reply. "I think that is all," he concluded, "except to say that if I can at any time be of service to you, or if, for any reason, you want to see me, I hope you will let me know. Until then I shall be careful not to intrude."

The hall door slammed with some emphasis, and again we listened to steps crossing the veranda. Then, simultaneously and without restraint, we began to cry, while Mary Anne in the kitchen sobbed heavily.

This did us all good, and when at last we opened the windows and looked out, the ocean sparkled and glittered in the morning sun and the whole world smiled at us just as it had so often done before.

At the point of the island a small, dark object moved swiftly along; we recognized the government boat, and watched it with swimming eyes and trembling lips until it made the turn and disappeared.

Gabrielle pointed to the foam in its wake with a hand that shook slightly.

"There goes Lady Edith," she said; and we looked out over the empty ocean in silence.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Secretary Root's Bad Start.

Despite his great abilities and his unique prestige, Senator Root has made a bad start in the senate. It was not becoming that a man who had never before sat in a legislative body should have presumed to lecture men grown gray in legislative activities upon the proprieties and duties of senatorial service. It is never becoming in any man at the beginning of any career to pose as an expert and lay down the law to others older in service than himself. In overlooking this rule, in presuming to help the senate to better methods and manners, Mr. Root has suffered a serious humiliation, and in truth something of a setback in his senatorial status. If Mr. Root is the man he is thought to be, he will learn something from his experience and in the end will be no loser by it. But he will have to move cautiously. Anything like an exhibition of resentment, with a further effort to assume the character of guide and philosopher of the senatorial body before his own seat has fairly gotten worn, will destroy his respect in the senate and nullify the working value of his acknowledged intellectual powers. For Mr. Root, as for all men, great or small, the policy of modesty is always the best policy.

New Hampshire's Bluff.

Artemus Ward's willingness to sacrifice his wife's relations on the altar of his country was not more patriotically generous than New Hampshire's readiness to revise downward the tariff on wheat. Senator Gallinger, a priest of the stand-pat hierarchy, was in no wise abashed in presenting a petition to this effect from the wheat consumers of his state. Like the Irish landlord who warned his irate tenants that their murder of his agent could not intimidate him, Senator Gallinger could say: "If you think to scare me out of high tariffs for New Hampshire products by slashing Nebraska wheat you are much mistaken." As for Nebraska and the other wheat states, they welcome the issue. The wheat tariff has never yet held up the price of wheat till after nothing was left but the rag end of a crop, and that mostly in speculators' hands. If New Hampshire thinks otherwise it is fortunate. It may open the way to trade free wheat for lower tariffs and lower prices on the paper, lumber, leather, cotton and woolen goods than New Hampshire has to sell us.—Nebraska State Journal.

Impossible to Move Aldrich.

Of what use is it for Mr. Dolliver to urge Mr. Aldrich to "get that ghost, the British manufacturer, out of his system?" If Mr. Aldrich really believes that the attacks on his schedules are "prompted by British manufacturers," as he says, he will probably continue. He is hopeless. There are only a few thousand British manufacturers, and they have no votes here. There are eighty-odd million American consumers with voices to protest. But Mr. Aldrich is schoolman enough to repeat of his British bogey: "I believe because it is impossible."

In the End, The True Voice.

The voice of Cummins, like the voice of Dolliver and other western Republican senators, is essentially the voice of the plain people, who want real, not bogus, tariff revision. And these Iowa senators are right when they say that neither the senate, nor the house, can silence the voice of the people. No action that congress may take in prolonging an abominable high tariff can alter the determination of American consumers to obtain lower tariff.

The Coming Tariff Conflict.

If the present congress passes a tariff bill on the lines favored by Aldrich and the New England mill bosses it will merely invite a political upheaval with necessary realignments of party strength. The genuine tariff reformers of the west will align themselves against the bogus tariff reformers of the east. And the party banner they happen to fight under will be of small account compared with their real goal.

The Cry of "Tariff for Revenue Only" has been revised. It now reads, "tariff for my own revenue only."

TAKE TOLL OF ALL

WESTERN STATES PAY TRIBUTE TO NEW ENGLAND.

Tariff Bill is Being Framed for the Special Benefit of a Handful of Trust Magnates Who Control Legislation.

The Payne bill raised the tariff on hosiery. Mr. Aldrich restores the Dingley rate. Then, by way of reward, he jumps the tariff on cotton gloves to a point where his mill boss friends can monopolize our entire cotton glove trade.

New Jersey and Delaware sit at the gate of industrialism and take toll. These toll states levy tribute on the whole republic by granting charters to predatory trusts.

Rhode Island—another pocket edition of a state—also makes a specialty of industrial piracy. Rhode Island numbers within its little borders a goodly proportion of New England's privilege grabbers. And Rhode Island has also the distinction of giving the trusts their legislative captain, Nelson W. Aldrich of the national senate.

Why should a handful of trust magnates control the highest legislative body in the United States?

Simply because they have a general who understands selfish human nature. Aldrich takes his orders from the trusts and proceeds to execute them with the skill born of long experience. He knows his quarry.

And so the farce goes on—always to the ultimate advantage of the little group of New England manufacturers who have commissioned Aldrich to frame the tariff bill for their special benefit. The tail wags the dog and the convention pledges of the Republican party for "downward" revision are laughed to scorn.

The parasite states are about to take fresh toll from the nation.—Chicago Journal.

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ON PROMENADE



THE first sketch shows a smart costume in navy blue face cloth. The skirt has a wrapped seam down each side of front; it is trimmed at the lower part by straps of material with pointed ends, below two tucks are made, and at the other part there are three tucks. The coat is tight-fitting, and has cut-away fronts; it is trimmed with braid and buttons; the edge is braided, so also is the waistcoat. Velvet is used for the collar. Hat of straw, trimmed with ribbon.

Material required: eight yards cloth 46 inches wide, three dozen buttons, one-fourth yard velvet, one dozen yards braid, four yards coat lining.

The second would be very handsome made up in oak-apple brown chifon cloth; the skirt is quite plain, and is cut at the foot so that it hangs in graceful folds. The coat has a waistcoat of embroidered lace, also a panel of it down center of back and each side of front; the back fits tightly and the fronts are semi-fitting; buttons and cords are sewn on either side of waistcoat, also on panel at back. The long, tight-fitting sleeves are trimmed with strips of lace at the wrist. Hat of coarse straw to match, trimmed with roses and a feather.

Materials required: Eight yards cloth 28 inches wide, 3 1/2 yards of embroidered lace, 1 1/2 yard braid, one dozen buttons, 5 1/2 yards lining for coat.

SUITABLE IN MANY SHADES THE IDEAL IN BABY BASKET.

Graceful Gown of Cashmere That Would Be Appropriate in Almost All Season's Colors.

Of Wicker, Lined with Mercerized Satine, and Covered with Paris Muslin.

Alligator-gray is the color chosen for this graceful gown, but it would look well in many of the beautiful shades there are to be had this season. The plastron down center of front and back is trimmed each side with satin covered buttons to match, the other part of skirt is plain, and

A fascinating baby basket just made for a young mother was of wicker, shallow and oblong. It was lined with mercerized satine, pink, of high luster, and covered with Paris muslin, which is as dainty looking as organdie and much more durable.

The pink lining was put in plain, but the muslin was gathered slightly at top and bottom of the sides, the bottom being plain. Double strips of inch-wide valenciennes insertion were arranged across the bottom to form a diamond.

Along each side were pockets of the muslin gathered at the top on an elastic and edged with narrow lace. The fronts of the pockets as well as of the long pin cushion across one end and the equally long, stiffened cover with leaves of flannel underneath to hold safety pins at the other end were also striped with insertion in diamond effect.

Where each pocket and cushion joined the basket the sewing was concealed under fluffy rosettes of pink baby ribbon.

The ruffle that fell over the sides was made of straight strips of the Paris muslin, with an inch-wide hem at the bottom, and above it eighth of an inch tucks a half inch apart, with baby ribbon sewed between each tuck. The ribbon was put on plain, though it would have been equally pretty if a width wider ribbon was used and gathered at the upper edge.

Lingerie Bag.

A pretty summer fashion is the lingerie Dorothy bag. Dainty little bags of open-work embroidery of the broderie Anglaise order, with linings in delicate shades of pink, primrose, blue, green or mauve and ribbon handles to match, will be carried.

The color chosen for the lining will be repeated in the draped cincture round the waist, the ribbon on the lingerie hat and the bows of the sunshade.

It is a quaint and pretty fashion, the lingerie bag, and during the hot part of the year the familiar leather handbag will take a back place.

The New Sailor.

The new sailor has a low, broad crown, with a wide brim a little wider at one side than the other, the sides curling up very slightly.

Oriental Silks.

Oriental silks have a way of coming in on the market and meeting with popular favor because of their genuine oddity among fabrics. They are always sought by persons who look for the exclusive patterns and this is possible among oriental silks where two patterns may be alike, but of different colors. The trimmings for such are plain silks, soutache and crochet buttons. One of the dashing dresses constructed of this material was a brick red, with clouded effect. It was trimmed with black-red grosgrain silk and an edging of black soutache in sawtooth fashion for bands. The dress was a very good example of what can be produced with a foreign silk.

Paris Adopts Tailored Hats.

The chapeau tailleur is having an astonishing vogue in Paris. So great is the demand for this particular kind of headgear that the leading Paris designers, and even those whose specialty until now has been the elaborate hat exclusively do not disdain to devote some of their attention to it.—Vogue.

THIRD OPERATION PREVENTED

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Chicago, Ill.—"I want to tell you what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for me. I was so sick that two of the best doctors in Chicago said I would die if I did not have an operation. I had already had two operations, and they wanted me to go through a third one. I suffered day and night from inflammation and a small tumor, and never thought of seeing a well day again. A friend told me how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had helped her, and I tried it, and after the third bottle was cured."—Mrs. ALYENA SPELLING, 11 Langdon Street, Chicago, Ill.



If you are ill do not drag along at home or in your place of employment until an operation is necessary, but build up the feminine system and remove the cause of those distressing aches and pains by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs.

For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively restored the health of thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

NEVER DONE.



Slimkins—I hope you didn't mind my putting that little matter of \$5 in the hands of the bill collector yesterday?

Podger—Not at all; I borrowed a dollar from him.

Not That Kind.

Apropos of examination time, Prof. Carl C. Peterson of Dubuque related at a recent dinner some examination stories.

"Once, in a Bible lesson," he said, "I repeated the text:

"'Arise and take the young child and his mother and flee into Egypt.'"

"And then I showed the children a large picture that illustrated the text in bright colors.

"The children studied this picture eagerly. Then they all frowned; all looked rather disappointed. Finally a little girl said:

"'Teacher, where is the flea?'"

Great Improvement.

The patient told the doctor all his symptoms. At the end of the recital the medical man looked severe.

"My dear sir," he said, "you must gradually give up whisky and soda."

Some months later he met the patient and inquired whether the advice had been followed.

"To the letter," replied the patient, beaming. "Why, I've already given up soda completely!"

A Difference.

There is a time in every man's life when the softly breathed "Yes" of a pretty woman sounds as loud to his ears as the notes of Gabriel's trumpet.

Afterward there comes a time when she has to yell at the top of her voice: "John, John, it's time to get up," seventeen times before he becomes aroused enough to hear it.

The Rebound.

"Every time we were alone before we were married you used to take advantage of the fact to tell me what you thought of me."

"And now every time we are not alone you tell me what you think of me."—Houston Post.

WON'T MIX

Bad Food and Good Health Won't Mix.

The human stomach stands much abuse but it won't return good health if you give it bad food.

If you feed right you will feel right, for proper food and a good mind is the sure road to health.

"A year ago I became much alarmed about my health for I began to suffer after each meal no matter how little I ate," says a Denver woman.

"I lost my appetite and the very thought of food grew distasteful, with the result that I was not nourished and got weak and thin.

"My home cares were very heavy, for besides a large family for my own I have also to look out for my aged mother. There was no one to shoulder my household burdens, and come what might, I must bear them, and this thought nearly drove me frantic when I realized that my health was breaking down.

"I read an article in the paper about some one with trouble just like mine being cured on Grape-Nuts food and acting on this suggestion I gave Grape-Nuts a trial. The first dish of this delicious food proved that I had struck the right thing.

"My uncomfortable feelings in stomach and brain disappeared as if by magic and in an incredibly short space of time I was myself again. Since then I have gained 12 pounds in weight through a summer of hard work and realize I am a very different woman, all due to the splendid food, Grape-Nuts."

"There's a Reason." Trial will prove. Read the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are real, true, and full of human interest.