

RAILROAD TA TIMBLES.

Table with columns for Railroad Name, Direction, and Time. Includes Chicago & Northwestern, Illinois Central, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, and J. P. CONNER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul at Arion GOING WEST. No. 1 Passenger 6:31 a. m. No. 91 Way Freight 8:05 a. m. No. 3 Passenger 1:58 p. m.

J. P. CONNER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. DENISON, IOWA. Office over the Crawford County State Bank.

P. E. C. LALLY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. DENISON, IOWA. Damage cases. Settlement of Estates. Office, front rooms over Crawford County State Bank.

W. M. McLENNAN, DENISON, IOWA. Office in the Goldheim Block.

I. V. JACKSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, DENISON, IOWA. Money to loan on city and farm property at low rates. Optional payments.

JAMES B. BARRETT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, DENISON, IOWA. Room 1, First National Bank Building. Loans and Insurance.

PHYSICIANS. L. L. BOND, M. D. SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN. DENISON, IOWA. Office over Bank of Denison.

WM. ISEMINGER, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. DENISON, IOWA. Office east of Wilson House.

W. W. HOLMES, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. DENISON, IOWA. Office on Main street.

H. A. BOYLE, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. DENISON, IOWA. Office in Cassaday's drug store.

WM. T. WRIGHT, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. DENISON, IOWA. Office over Shaw & Kuehnle's Bank. Residence, two doors north of city hall.

DENTISTS. J. C. ROBINSON, D. D. S., SURGEON DENTIST. DENISON, IOWA. From State University of Iowa, graduate from Northwestern University Dental College, Chicago, also from State Board of Dental Examiners by examination. Satisfaction guaranteed. Office over Burk's drug store.

B. F. PHILBROOK, RESIDENT DENTIST. DENISON, IOWA. High grade dental work. Teeth extracted without pain. Office over Kelly's shoe store.

Arab stood before him with bowed head and folded arms. Captain Kettle began to feel ashamed for having pressed this man too hard. It seemed that he had intended to act honestly all along, and the suspiciousness of his behavior doubtless arose from some difficulty of custom or language. So the sailor took Rad's limp hand in his own and shook it cordially and at the same time made a handsome apology for his own share of the misunderstanding. "Your worship must excuse me," he said, but I'm always apt to be a bit suspicious about lawyers. What dealings I've had with them have nearly always turned out for me unfortunately. And now, if you don't mind, we'll go into your courthouse, and you can hand me over my mate, and I'll take him back to the ship. Enough time's been wasted already by both of us."

The Arab, still bowed and submissive, signed toward the doorway, and Kettle marched briskly out along the narrow dark passage beyond, with Rad's sandals shuffling in escort close at his rear. The house seemed a large one and rambling. Three times Rad's respectful fingers on his visitor's sleeve signed him a change of route. The corridors, too, as is the custom in Arabia, where coolness is the first consideration, were dimly lit, and with the caution which had grown to be his second nature Kettle instinctively kept all his senses on the alert for inconvenient surprises. He had no desire that Rad el Moussa should forget his submissive and stab him suddenly from behind; neither did he especially wish to be noosed or knifed from round any of the dusky, sudden corners.

In fact, he was as much on the qui vive as he ever had been in all his long, wild, adventurous life, and yet Rad el Moussa, who meant treachery all along, took him captive by the most vulgar of time worn stratagems. Of a sudden the boarding of the floor sank beneath Kettle's feet. He turned and with a desperate effort tried to throw himself backward whence he had come, but the boarding behind reared up and hit him a violent blow on the hands and head, and he fell into a pit below.

For an instant he saw through the gloom the face of Rad el Moussa suddenly turned virulent, spitting at him in hate, and then the swing floor slammed up into place again, and all view of anything but inky blackness was completely shut away.

Now, the fall into the pit, where Rad el Moussa had caught Captain Kettle, besides being disconcerting, was tolerably deep, and, but for the fact that the final blow from the flooring had shot him against the opposite side of the pit and so broken his descent at the expense of his elbows and heels, he might very well have landed awkwardly and broken a limb or his back in the process. But Captain Owen Kettle was not the man to waste time over the way he had been tricked and thirsting to get loose and be revenged. He had his pistol still in its proper pocket and undamaged, and if the wily Rad had shown himself anywhere within range just then it is a certain thing that he would have been shot dead to square the account.

But Kettle was, as I have said, wedged in with darkness, and for the present revenge must wait till he could see the man he wanted to shoot at. He scrambled to his feet and fumbled in his pocket for a match. He found one, struck it on the sole of his trim white shoe and reconnoitered quickly. The place he was in was round and bottle shaped, measuring some ten feet across its floor and tapering to a small square where the trap gave its entrance above. It was a prison clearly, and there was evidence that it had been recently used. It was clear also that the only official way of removing a prisoner was to get him up by ladder or rope through the small opening to which the sides converged overhead. Moreover, to all common seeming, the place was simply unbreakable, at least to any creature who had not either wings or the power of crawling up the underside of a slant like a fly.

But all these things flashed through Kettle's brain in far less time than it takes to read them here. He had only two matches in his possession, and he wished to make all possible use of the first, so as to keep the second for emergencies. And so he made his survey with the best of his intelligence and speed.

The walls of this bottle shaped prison were of brick, built without visible mortar and held together (it seemed probable) by the weight of earth pressing outside them, but just as the match burned his fingers and dropped to the floor, where it promptly expired, his eye fell upon an opening in the masonry. It was a mere slit, barely three inches wide, running vertically up and down for some six courses of the brick, and it was about chin high above the ground. He marked this when the light went out and promptly went to it and explored it with his arm. The slit widened at the other side, and there was evidently a chamber beyond. He clapped his hands against the lip of the slit and set his feet against the wall and pulled with the utmost of his strength. If once he could widen the opening sufficiently to clamber through, possibilities lay beyond. But from the weight of wall pressing down above he could not budge a single brick by so much as a hand's breadth, and so he had to give up this idea and, stewing with rage, set about further reconnoitering.

The darkness put his eyes out of action, but he had still left his hands and feet, and he went around with these, exploring carefully. Presently his search was rewarded. Opposite the opening he had discovered before was another slit in the overhanging wall of this bottle shaped prison, and this also he attacked in the

hope of wrenching free some of the bricks. He strained and panted until it seemed as though all the tendons of his body must break, but the wall remained whole and the slit impassable. And then he gave way, almost childishly, to his passion of rage and shouted insults and threats at Rad el Moussa in the vain hope that some one would hear and carry them.

And some one did hear, though not the persons he expected. A voice, muffled and foggy, as though it came from a long distance, said in surprise, "Why, captain, have you got you here too?"

Under cover of the darkness Kettle blushed for shame at his outcry. "That you, Murray? I didn't know you were here. How did you guess it was me?" The distant voice chuckled foggly. "I've heard you giving your blessing to the hands on board, sir, once or twice, and I recognized some of the words. What have they collared you for? You don't photograph. Have you been messing around with some girl?"

"Curse your impudence. Just you remember your position and mine. I'll have respect from my officers even if I am in a bit of a fix."

"Beg pardon, sir. Sorry I forgot myself. It shan't occur again."

"You'll go to your room for three days when we get back on board."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"I decided that before I left the ship. I can't have my officers staying away



He pulled with the utmost of his strength. from duty without leave on any excuse. And if they have such low tastes as to bring themselves on the level of common, mop headed portrait painters and photographers they must pay for it."

"Aye, aye, sir?" "What were you run in for?" "Oh, photographing."

"Yes, sir, and lowered me down in a bowline to this cellar."

"Ah," said Kettle, "then you don't want so much change out of them? They dropped me, and some one will have a heavy bill to square up for over that. Do you know whose house this is?"

"Haven't a notion. After I'd been here an hour or so some heathen sneaked round to a peephole in the wall and offered to take off a message to the ship on payment. I hadn't any money, so I had to give up my watch, and before I'd written half the letter he got interrupted and had to clear off with what there was. Did he bring off your message, sir?"

"He did, and I came ashore at once. You remember Rad el Moussa?" "The man that consigned all that parcel of figs for London?"

"That man. I considered that, as he'd been doing business with the steamer, he was the best person to make inquiries of ashore. So I came to him and asked where I could find the cad to bail you out. He shuffled a bit and after some talk admitted he was the cad and took palm oil from me in the usual way, and then I'll not deny that we had a trifle of a disagreement. But he seemed to shimmer down all right, said he'd send along for you and after a bit of time said you'd come and wouldn't I walk through the house and see you myself. The crafty old fox had got his booby trap rigged in the meantime, and then I walked straight into it, like the softest specimen of blame fool you can imagine."

"Rad el Moussa," came the foggy comment. "By Jove, captain, I believe we're in an awkward place. He's the biggest man in this town far and away and about the biggest blackguard also, from what I've heard. He's a merchant in every line that comes handy, from slaves and palm fiber to horses and dates. He runs most of those pearling dhows that we saw sweltering about at the anchorage, and he's got a little army of his own, with which he raids the other coast towns and the caravans up country when he hears they've got any truck worth looting. I say, this is scaring. I've been taking things pretty easily up to now, thinking it would all come right in time. But if I'd known it was old Rad who had grabbed me I tell you I should have sat sweating."

"What rifles? No, nobody's said 'rifles' to me ashore here." "It seems we've got some cases of rifles on board for one of those little ports up the coast. I didn't know it."

"Nor did I," said Kettle, "and you can take it from me that we haven't. Smuggling rifles ashore is a big offense here in the Persian gulf, and I'm not going to put myself in the way of the law if I know it."

"Well, I think you're wrong, sir," said the mate. "I believe they're in some cases that are down on the manifest as 'machinery.' I saw them stowed down No. 3 hold, and I remember one of the stevedores in London joking about them when they were stuck below."

"Supposing they were rifles, what then?"

"Rad wants them. He says they're consigned to some of his neighbors up coast, who'll raid him as soon as they're properly armed, and he doesn't like the idea. What raiding's done he likes to do himself, and at the same time he much prefers good Brummagem rifles to the local ironmonger's blunderbusses."

"Well," said Kettle, "I'm waiting to hear what he thought you could do with the rifles, supposing they were on board."

"Oh, he expected me to breach cargo and bring them here ashore to him. He's a simple minded savage."

"By James," said Kettle, "the man's mad. What did he think I should be doing while one of my mates was scoffing cargo under my blessed nose?"

"Ah, you see," said the foggy voice with sly malice, "he did not know you so well then, sir. That was before he had persuaded you to come into his house to stay with him."

It is probable that Captain Kettle would have found occasion to make acid comment on this repartee from his inferior officer, but at that moment another voice addressed him from the slit at the other side of his prison, and he turned sharply round. To his surprise this new person spoke in very tolerable English.

"Cap'n I want to make contract wid you."

"The deuce you do. And who might you be, anyway?"

"I culled gen'lem'n, sar. Boon Zanzibar. Used to be fireman on P. an O. I want arsk you."

"Is this the Arabian Nights? How the mischief did you get here, anyway?"

"Went on burst in Aden, sar. The ole chief fired me out. Went Yemen. Caught for slave. Taken caravan. Brought here. But I'm very clever gen'lem'n, sar, an soon bought myself free. Got slave of my own now an three wives. Bought 'nother wife yesterday."

"Oh, you beast!" said Kettle. "Sar, you insult me. Not bally Christian any longer. Hard shell Mohammedan now, sar, an can marry as many as you want."

"I'm sure the prophet's welcome to you. Look here, my man. Pass down a rope's end from aloft there, and let me get on deck, and I'll give you a sovereign cash down and a berth in my steambot's stokehold if you want more. I'm not asking you to help me more. I guess I'm quite competent to find my own way on board and to wipe this house tolerably clean before it's quit of me."

"Nothin of the kind, sar," said the man behind the slit. "You insult me, sar. I very big gen'lem'n here, sar, an a sovereign's no use to me. Besides, I partner to ole man Rad, an he say he want dem rifles you got on your ole tramp."

"Does he, indeed? Then you can tell him, Mr. Nigger-run-away-drunken-fireman, that I'll see you and him in somewhere a big sight hotter than Arabia before he gets them. I didn't know they were rifles. If I had known I'd not have planned to put them ashore, but as things are now, I'll hand them into the hands of those that ordered them, and I hope they come around to this town of yours and give you fits. And see here, you talk more respectful about my steambot or you'll get your shins kicked, daddy."

"An ole tramp," said the man relishingly. "I served on P. an O., sar, an on P. an O. we don't care to 'sociate wid tramps' sailors."

"You impudent black cannibal. You'll be one of the animals those passenger lines carry along to eat the dead babies, to save the trouble of leaving them overboard."

The ex-fireman spluttered, but he did not continue the contest. He recognized that he had to deal with a master in the cheerful art of insult, and so he came back sulkily to business.

"Will you give Rad dem rifles, you low white fellow?"

"No, I won't, daddy."

"Very well. Den we shall spillicate you till you do," said the man, and after that Kettle heard his slippers shuffling away.

"I wonder what spifficating is?" mused Kettle, but he did not remain cudgeling his brain over this for long. It occurred to him that if this negro could come and go so handily to the outside of this underground prison there must be a stairway somewhere near, and though he could not enlarge the slit to get at it that way, it might be possible to burrow a passage under the wall itself. For a tool he had spied a broken crock lying on the floor, and with the idea once in his head, he was not long in putting it to practical effect. He squatted just underneath the slit and began to quarry the earth at the foot of the wall with skill and determination.

But if Kettle was prompt his captors were by no means dilatory. Between Kettle's prison and the mate's was another of those bottle shaped oubliettes, and in that there was presently a bustle of movement. There came the noises of some one lighting a fire and coughing as he fanned smoldering em-

bers into a glow with his breath, and then more coughing and some curses as the fire lighter took his departure. The door above clapped down into place, and then there was the sound of some one dragging over that and over the doors of the other two prisons what seemed to be carpets or heavy rugs.

There was something mysterious in this maneuver at first, but the secret of it was not kept for long. An acrid smell stole out into the air, which thickened every minute in intensity. Kettle seemed dimly to recognize it, but could not put a name to it definitely. Besides he was working with all his might at scraping away the earth from the foot of the wall and had little leisure to think of other things. The heat was stifling, and the sweat dripped from him, but he toiled on with a savage glee at his success. The foundations had not been dug out; they were "floating" upon the earth surface, and the labor of undermining would, it appeared, be small.

But Murray, in the other prison, had smelled the reek before and was able to put a name to it promptly. "By Jove, captain," he shouted lustily from the distance, "they're going to smoke us to death; that's the game."

"Looks like trying it," panted the little sailor, from his work.

"That's dried camel's dung they're burning. There's no wood in Arabia here, and that's their only fuel. When the smoke gets into your lungs, it just tears you all to bits. I say, skipper, can't you come to some agreement with Rad over those blessed rifles? It's a beastly death to die, this."

"You aren't dead—by a long chalk—yet. More'n I. I'd hate to be—smoke dried like a ham—but I don't start in to scoff the cargo—on my own ship—at any bally price."

There was a sound of distant coughing, and then the misty question, "What are you working at?"

"Taking—exercise!" Kettle gasped, and after that communication between the two was limited to incessant staccato coughs.

More and more acrid grew the air as the burning camel's dung saturated it further and further with smoke, and more and more frenzied grew Kettle's efforts. He felt that the hacking coughs were gnawing away his strength, and just now the utmost output of his thews was needed. He had given up his original idea of mining a passage-way under the wall. Indeed this would have been a labor of weeks with the poor broken crock which was his only tool, for the weight of the building above had turned the earth to something very near akin to the hardness of stone. But he had managed to scrape out a space underneath one brick and found that it was loosened and, with trouble, could be dislodged, and so he was burrowing away the earth from beneath others to drop more bricks down from their places and so make a gangway through the solid wall itself.

But, simple though this may be in theory, it was tediously difficult work in practice. The bricks jammed even when they were undermined, and the wall was four bricks thick to its farther side. Moreover, every alternate course was crosspinned, and the workman was rapidly becoming asphyxiated by the terrible reek which came billowing in from the chamber beyond.

Still, with aching chest and bleeding fingers and smarting eyes Kettle worked doggedly on and at last got a hole made completely through. What lay in the blackness beyond he did not know. Either Rad el Moussa or the fireman might be waiting to give him a coup de grace the moment his head appeared. But he was ready to accept every risk. He felt that if he staid in the reek of that burning camel's dung any longer he would be strangled.

The hole in the brickwork was not large, but he was a slightly built man, and with a hard struggle he managed to press his way through. No one op-

posed him. He found and scraped his only remaining match and saw that he was in another bottle shaped chamber, similar to the one he had left, but in this there was a doorway. There was pungent smoke reek here also, and, though its slenderness came to him as a blessed relief after what he had been enduring, he hustled desperately for a taste of the pure air outside.

The door gave way to his touch, and he found a stair. He ran up this and stepped out into the corridor, where Rad had lured him to capture, and then walking cautiously by the wall so as not to step into any more booby traps he came to the place where he calculated, from their conversation, Murray would be jailed. A large, thick carpet had been spread over the door so as to prevent any egress of the stinging smoke or any ingress of air, and this he pulled away and lifted the trap.

There was no sound from below. "Great heavens!" he thought. "Is the mate dead?" He halted sharply, and

"Where's Rad? Tell me truly, or I'll make you into dog's meat!"

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a husky voice answered. Seeing nothing else at hand that would serve, he lowered an end of the carpet, keeping a grip on the other, and presently Murray got hold and clambered up beside him.

In a dozen whispered words Kettle told his plans, and they were on the point of starting off to carry them out when the sloop, sloop of slippers made itself heard advancing down the corridors. Promptly the pair of them sank into the shadows, and presently the ex-fireman came up, whistling cheerfully an air from some English music hall. He did not see them until they were almost within hand grips, and then the tune froze upon his lips in a manner that was ludicrous.

But neither Kettle nor his mate had any eye for the humors of the situation just then. Murray plucked the man's legs artistically from beneath him, and Kettle gripped his hands and throat. He thrust his savage little face close down to the black man's. "Now," he said, "where's Rad? Tell me truly, or I'll make you into dog's meat, and speak quietly. If you make a row, I'll gouge your eyes out!"

"Rad, he in divan," the fellow stammered in a scared whisper. "Sort of front shop, you savvy, sar? Don't kill me."

"I can recommend my late state-room," said Murray.

"Just the ticket," said Kettle. So into the oubliette they toppled him, clapping down the door in its place above. "There you may stay, you black beast," said the judge, "to stew in the smoke your raised yourself. If any of your numerous wives are sufficiently interested to get you out, they may do so. If not, you pig, you may stay and cure into bacon. I'm sure I shan't miss you. Come along, Mr. Mate."

They fell upon Rad el Moussa placidly resting among the cushions of the divan, with the stem of the water pipe between his teeth, and his mind (probably figuring out plans of campaign in which the captured rifles would do astonishing work.

Kettle had no revolver in open view, but Rad had already learned how readily that instrument could be produced on occasion, and had the wit to make no show of resistance. The sailor went up to him, delicately extracted the poignard from his sash and broke the blade beneath his feet. Then he said to him, "Stand there," pointing to the middle of the floor, and seated himself on the divan, in an attitude of a judge.

"Now, Mr. Rad el Moussa, I advise you to understand what's going to be said to you now, so that it'll be a lesson to you in the future.

"I came to you not very long ago, asking for your card to the cadl. I told you my business was about the mate here, and you said you were cadl yourself. Whether you are or not I don't know, and I don't vastly care, but anyway I paid for justice in hard money, and you said you'd give up the mate. You didn't do that; you played a trick on me, which I'll own up I was a fool to get caught by, and I make no doubt that you've been laughing at me behind my back with that nasty nigger partner of yours. Well, prisoner at the bar, let me tell you I don't stand either being swindled out of justice when I've paid for it or being played tricks on afterward. So you are hereby sentenced to the fine of one bag of pearls, to be paid on the spot, and, furthermore, to be incarcerated in one of those smoke boxes down the alleyway yonder till you can find your own way out. Now, prisoner, don't move during the next operation or I'll shoot you. Mr. Mate, you'll find a small bag inside the top part of his nightgown, on the left hand side. Got 'em?"

"Here they are, sir," said Murray. "Thanks," said Kettle, and he put the bag in his pocket. "And now, if you please, Mr. Mate, we'll just put his whiskers into that cellar with the nigger and leave him there to get smoked into a better and we'll hope a more penitent frame of mind."

They completed this pious act to their entire satisfaction and left the house without further interruption. The townspeople were just beginning to move about again after the violence of the midday heat, but except for curious stares they passed through the narrow streets between the whitewashed houses quite without interruption, and in due time they came to the beach and hired a shore boat, which took them off to the steamer.

But here Kettle was not inclined to linger unnecessarily. He saw Grain, the second mate, and asked him how much more cargo there was to come off.

"The last lighter load is alongside this minute, sir."

"Then hustle it on deck as quick as you can and then call the carpenter and go forward and heave up."

Grain looked meaningfully at Murray. "Am I to take the fore deck, sir?"

"Yes; I appoint you acting mate for three days, and Mr. Murray goes to his room for that time for getting into trouble ashore. Now, put some hurry into things, Mr. Grain. I don't want to stay here longer than's needful."

Grain went forward about his business, but Murray, who looked somewhat disconsolate, Kettle beckoned into the charthouse. He pulled out the pearl bag and emptied its contents on to the chart table. "Now, look here, my lad," said he, "I have to send you to your room because I said I would and because that's discipline. But you can pocket a thimbleful of these seed pearls, just to patch up your wounded feelings, as your share of old Rad el Moussa's fine. They are only seed pearls, as I say, and aren't worth much. We were due to have more as a sheer matter of justice, but it wasn't to be got. So we must make the best of what there is. You'll bag £20 out of your lot if you sell them in the right place ashore. I've reckoned my damages at £500. I guess I've got here £200."

