

# The Beautiful White Devil.

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All of these—I mean, of course, those who had not had the disease—were forthwith vaccinated and dispatched, under the leadership of one of my six lieutenants, to a site I had chosen on the hillside for the hospital. There they were employed erecting huts with all possible dispatch.

When the remainder had undergone the necessary operation, volunteers were requested to enroll themselves for the work of nursing the sick, and for this duty no less than 20 held up their hands, eight of whom had themselves been victims of the pestilence.

Long before I had completed my work of vaccination the sun had disappeared behind the hill, and it was time for the evening meal. But, tired as well were, it was useless to think of stopping, so after we had broken our fast the work of hut building and vaccination proceeded again by torch and lamp light until long after midnight. By the time my last patient was dismissed I was utterly worn out. But this was not the case with Alie, who throughout the day and up to the very last moment at night had never abated one jot of her energy. Encouraging the women, cheering the men, weighing out stores and measuring cloth, she had been occupied without ceasing. Her enthusiasm was like a stimulant, and it had the effect of one upon all concerned.

When my arms ached and my brain seemed fagged out beyond all recouping with plotting, planning and giving advice, it was like a breath of new life to see her moving about among her people, taking no thought of herself or of the danger she was running, thinking only of the terror stricken wretches who turned to her in their hour of trouble for sympathy and help. And certainly as she passed about among them, Beelzebub, the bulldog, slouching along at her heels, it was wonderful to see how their faces would brighten and the light of fear for the moment die out of their eyes. Nothing in my science had the power to do as much for them.

As I put down my implements and received Christianson's report that the fourth hut was ready for occupation the clock on the mantelpiece of my sitting room struck a quarter to 1. Bidding him good night and warning him to be early astir on the morning, I took my hat and prepared to accompany Alie on her homeward journey.

For some time neither of us spoke. Then it was Alie who began the conversation.

"Dr. De Normandie," she said—and it must not be thought concealed on my part to repeat it—"I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart for the way in which you have taken up your work of mercy. I cannot say what I would like to do, because my heart is too full for utterance, but if you could only realize what a relief it is to me to know that you are here to conduct matters you would understand something of the gratitude I feel."

I uttered some commonplace reply, all the time watching the wistful look upon her face. Then she said suddenly: "We have scarcely known each other three days yet, but somehow I feel as if, despite all you have heard of me, you are my friend."

"And you are quite right in so feeling," I said. "Believe me, I have forgotten all the foolish stories I have heard about you."

"No, no. I don't know that you ought to do that," she continued, "because, you see, a great number of them are true."

"You wish me to remember them, then?" I cried in some surprise.

"Yes," she answered. "I think you ought to get a clew for your own guidance out of them. But in saying that I wish you to understand why I do so. To do that involves my telling you my history. Are you too tired to listen to it tonight?"

"Of course I am not," I answered quickly, only too glad of the opportunity of hearing a story that others would have given anything to have had related to them. "But if it means recalling unhappy memories, why tell it to me? I shall serve you just as faithfully without knowing it."

"I do not doubt that for an instant," she said. "But you must surely see, Dr. De Normandie, that, being brought into contact with you as much as I am, I want to set myself right with you. I want you to know all about me. Hitherto you have only thought of me, remember, as—well, as a beautiful woman whose pleasure in life it is to rob and blackmail innocent and unsuspecting folk in this distant portion of the globe. Having seen your kindness and gentleness to my unfortunate people today and honoring you for it as I do, is it to be wondered at that I want you to understand my work in life properly? May I tell you my story?"

"Please do! It will interest me deeply."

She moved over from the gate to the broad wooden rail that ran along the path side and which had evidently been placed there to protect foot passengers from the abyss. Leaning on it, she scanned the moonlit valley for some moments without speaking. Then, turning her face toward me, she began:

"My father, you must know, Dr. De Normandie, was a typical Englishman. He came of a good old Yorkshire family and was an officer in her majesty's navy. He was also remarkable for his great height, strength and wonderful personal beauty. He was very popular with his fellow officers and men and in the early part of his career saw a good deal of active service in various parts of the globe. It was during the time that he was stationed in the West Indies and soon after he was made commander of his ship that he met my mother, a beautiful creole, and married her. From the moment of his marriage the good luck which had hitherto attended his

career seemed to desert him. His ship was on an uncharted rock, and when he was appointed to another was ordered to a bad station, where he nearly lost his wife and his own life of fever. With his recovery came the most unfortunate part of his career, for just as he was about to be relieved a charge was preferred against him by the admiral of the station of so base and wicked a description that all those who heard it refused at first to entertain the notion. He was court martialled and expelled the service. Since then the charge has been proved to have been entirely without foundation, but by the time that was known my poor father had died in exile. He appealed, but what was the use of that?"

"To a proud, headstrong man, conscious of his innocence, such disgrace was unbearable, and he at length fled from England, resolved to shake its dust forever off his feet. He went to India, but the result of the trial was known there, and every post was larded to him. He passed on to Singapore, and finally to Hongkong, but always with the same result. By this time everything that was obstinate and worst in him was roused, and when the admiral, the same who had brought the charge against him, was transferred to the China station my father sought him out in Shanghai, decoyed him outside the city, requested him to publicly admit that the charges he had brought against him were false, and on his refusing produced pistols, invited him to a duel and shot him dead. Then, while the police were hunting for him, he fitted out a boat, with a large sum of money that had some time before been left him, collected a dozen other men as desperate as himself, tested them thoroughly before he trusted them, and having bound them to secrecy set off to find an island where they could lead their own lives unhindered by the outside world. This was the place they came to, and those old houses near the harbor were their first dwellings. Once in every six months my father went off to Hongkong for supplies, and it was during one of these excursions that he met the man whose destiny it was to recognize him, and so hasten the trouble that lay before him. High words passed between them, and the result was a betrayal, and a fight with the police, in which two men were left dead upon the beach. That was the beginning of the end. The same night a boatload of marines put off to arrest my father, who was in the act of getting his schooner under weigh. When they came within hailing distance, they were challenged and asked their business. The officer in charge replied that he held a warrant for my father's arrest. But the latter had no desire to fall into the authorities' hands again, so he bade them stand off. The officer, however, ordered his men to board. Again they were warned not to approach, but they paid no heed. The result may be imagined. A volley was fired from the schooner, and four men out of the six constituting the boat's crew, including the officer in charge, fell dead.

"Without more ado my father got under weigh and raced for his life out of the harbor, pursued by three shots from the cruiser in the bay. From that day forward he was a proscribed man. Rewards were offered for his capture in all the principal ports of the east not only by the English government, but by the rich residents of Singapore, Hongkong and the treaty ports. Considering that it was not their affair, this action on the part of his former friends so enraged my father that he swore that if ever one of the signatories fell into his hands he would make him pay dearly for his action. It may interest you to know that Mr. Vesey, the man whom you perhaps remember I abducted, was the chairman of the meeting that offered the first reward for my father, and years afterward for me.

"Well, months went by, and once more the stores on the island began to run short. It became imperatively necessary that a fresh supply should be obtained. To do this my father repainted and rerigged his boat, disguised himself and his men and sailed off for Shanghai. Reaching that port, he sent his mate ashore to make the purchases. But suspicion seems to have been aroused, the man was arrested, and had not my father been warned in time and put to sea he would have shared the same fate. But he was resolved not to be beaten, and at the risk of his life he went back and ashore. By means of a subterfuge, which it would take me too long to explain, he succeeded in rescuing his companion. In the course of the rescue, however, a man was killed, and this closed the treaty ports even more firmly to him than before.

"The matter had become terribly serious now. He could not go into any port for fear of being arrested, and yet stores had to be obtained for the starving island. To a headstrong man like my father, rendered desperate by deliberate injustice, there was only one natural way out of it. He made for Hongkong, chose a dark night, went down the harbor in a junk, boarded a trading boat, confined the skipper in his cabin and took possession of his cargo, for which, it is only fair to say, he paid the full market price. The skipper, however, for some purpose of his own, forgot the incident of payment, went ashore in the early morning and proclaimed the fact to the police that he had been robbed of his cargo under the very noses of the cruisers.

"The description of the robber tallied with that of my father, and the hue and cry began again. Thereafter he declared himself openly in opposition to society, collected round him all the men who were worth anything and whose lives were as desperate as his own and levied toll on the ships of all nations whenever occasion offered. He ran many risks, for often he was sighted and chased by cruisers. It was on one of these occasions that my poor mother died, killed by an English bullet. Three months later my father caught the fever in the Manillas and followed her to the

grave, bidding me, a girl of 18, keep up this settlement and carry on the war he had begun. Ever since then the island has been my tenderest care. I have watched over it and guarded it as a mother guards her child. But at the same time, as you know, I have not spared my enemies. My first adventure proved successful; my second well nigh ruined me. My father's death had become known by some mysterious means, and when it was discovered that I was carrying on his trade a supreme effort was made by the authorities to capture me. But they have not succeeded yet. The same year I had the Lone Star, the boat you found me on, built in Scotland and began my work in earnest. Ever since then I have had a price upon my head; but, as I told you on board the Lone Star, I can truthfully say that I have never knowingly robbed a poor man, and, as you have seen for yourself, I have materially helped a good many. In some cases, too—the sultan of Surabaya, for instance—I have gone out of my way to assist the oppressed and have taught wholesome lessons to their rulers and oppressors. Now you know my story. It may be that you take a different view of my life and would call it by a harsh name. I should be sorry to think that. I simply remember how my father's life was ruined by his enemies and that I have never been given a chance even if I would have taken it. The English, French and Chinese governments are my natural enemies, as they were my father's before me. If the innocent suffer by what I do, I am deeply sorry for them. But do your nations in their wars heed the peasantry of either side even as much as I do? I think not. Dr. De Normandie, most of those white people you saw today have curious histories. Do not suppose for an instant that I receive any one here without strict inquiry into his temperament and antecedents. But, on the other hand, when I do take him in I never swerve from my duty toward him. Now what have you to say?"

"I can only answer that I think your character has been grossly maligned."

"No, don't say that, for you are only speaking on the impulse of the moment, and besides you must remember that those who speak against me in that fashion look upon my actions from their own point of view. However, you will not think so badly of me for the future, will you?"

As she said this she came a little closer to me and looked me in the face. Never before had I seen her look so beautiful.

"No, I can safely promise you I won't," I answered stoutly. "I am your champion for the future, come what may."

"You are very good to me. Now, as we are both tired, had we not better say good night?"

She held out her little hand, and for some reason, goodness only knows what, I took it and raised it to my lips. Then with another "good night" she turned away from me, and, with the dog at her heels, disappeared through the gate and up the path, among the bushes, that led to her abode.

When she had gone, I stood for a few moments looking down upon the lovely panorama spread out before me; then I turned myself about and went down the hill to my residence at the foot. But though I went to bed it was not to sleep. The extraordinary story I had just been told and the exciting events of the day were not of a nature calculated to induce repose, and so I tossed and tumbled upon my couch hour after hour till the first signs of dawn made their appearance. Then I had a bath in cool spring water, and, having dressed, went out and began to prepare my work for the day.

As the sun made his appearance above the tree tops Christianson and his colleagues, my trusty lieutenants, came up the path toward the house, and five minutes later Alie herself appeared upon the scene, eager to be employed. As she entered the veranda and greeted me I glanced at her face. But there was no trace there of the sadness of the previous night. Indeed, if the truth must be told, there was even a sort of distant brightness about her manner toward me that was as unexpected as it was difficult to account for.

"Good morning, Dr. De Normandie!" she said as she put down on the table the parcel she had brought with her. "It is nearly 5 o'clock. Are you ready to commence work?"

"Quite ready," I answered, turning to a man named Andrews. "To begin, sir, will you and your deputies hunt up the builders and continue the work at the huts till breakfast time?" Then turning to another: "Mr. Williams, you might take three men and erect four bed places in each hut. Mr. Christianson and the remainder of you gentlemen, if you will accompany me, we will make a careful house to house inspection of the village."

Having dispatched the others to their various employments, I set off, accompanied by Alie, to begin the ghastly work of inspection. It must not be supposed that I in any way induced her to run the risk. To tell the truth, I protested vigorously against it, but without result. Her heart was set upon it, and she would not be deterred. The first house we visited was a small one, built of adobe mixture and inhabited by three people, two of whom were down with the disease. There had originally been six in the family, but three had perished. I made my examination, noted their cases in my pocketbook, spoke some cheering words to them and passed on to the next house. This was of wood, neatly built, and contained one patient who was quite alone, his wife and daughter having both succumbed to the plague. In the next there was no case, nor the next, but in the three following there were eight. Hardly a house was free from it, and in many cases, all the inhabitants being dead, the buildings were quite tenantless. By the time I had finished my inspection it was 8 o'clock, and I was on my way for breakfast. This disposed

of, work was at once resumed. Every one toiled with a will, and the hut builders to such good purpose that



I took it and raised it to my lips.

by midday 12 fine huts were standing ready for occupation on the slope of the western hill. The real work was now about to commence. Summoning to my assistance those men and women who had volunteered to act as nurses, I had a number of stretchers made, and on these conveyed the sufferers to the hospitals. Four patients went to each hut. The men I sent to those on the right hand of the street, the women to those on the left. By this means 48 persons were disposed of, and by 5 o'clock sufficient huts were at my disposal to contain as many more.

By sundown every sufferer in the place had been removed, the nurses were duly instructed in their duties and installed, and the real combating of the disease had commenced. But at this juncture a serious problem was presented for our consideration. Having removed the owners to places of safety, what were we to do with the old houses and their contents? Taking Alie into my confidence, I explained the situation to her, told her how loath I was to destroy so many good buildings, but at the same time pointed out to her how imperatively necessary it was that every dwelling and any article likely to harbor infection should be got rid of. To my satisfaction she met it in the proper spirit.

"If it is necessary for the safety of those who remain, there can be no doubt at all as to what course we should pursue," she answered. "The houses must go. And that being so, I must endeavor to make it up to the owners when they shall require them again. Will you give the necessary instructions?"

I did so forthwith, and in less than half an hour no less than 80 houses, with their contents, were blazing on the plain.

And so the week went on, and the next after that, with hardly a break in the routine of work. Out of 100 cases treated 30 succumbed in the first eight days, 12 in the remaining six, while 15 more were added from the township during the same period.

And now I must say something about the care and attention bestowed on these patients by those who had volunteered for the arduous task of nursing. Indeed, I feel justified in saying that no better service could have been obtained in any London hospital. Fortunately a sincere bond of affection seemed to bind all these people together, and this, taken with the influence exercised by the wonderful woman at their head, made its power thoroughly felt in everything they did.

And here I should also like to put on record Alie's wonderful devotion to her people during that time of awful anxiety. Day in, day out, night and morning alike, accompanied by her dog, she was occupied about the different huts, helping and reproving, chiding and encouraging. Her presence was like a ray of sunlight which seemed to light the place long after she had left it. The convalescent derived new vigor from her touch, the dying were soothed by her voice. Never once throughout the whole of the time did she think of herself. The path of what she considered to be her duty lay before her, and the Beautiful White Devil, the notorious adventuress, the abductor of rich merchants, the terror of the China seas, trod it without murmur or complaint. It was a wonderful exhibition of womanly gentleness, forbearance and endurance. And when I saw her, tired and almost dispirited by the results of the struggle, and noted how she put all this aside, assumed a smiling face to speak words of comfort to some sufferer, and then remembered the accusations and stories to which I had listened in the Victoria hotel that first evening, I felt almost as mean and contemptible as it was possible for a man to be.

### The Spendthrift.

By most men the rosy dreams of youth are never realized. The workmen must always far outnumber the employers, more than 100 to 1. The man who puts off the practice of economy, waiting for a time when it will be easier for him to deprive himself of certain pet luxuries, learns when it is too late that he has passed the point where he can demand of the present that it shall help provide for his future. Among all the acquaintances I have had in the past 40 years, not one spendthrift among them has retired from business a successful man.

Possibly you may look upon that word "spendthrift" as one that cannot be applied to you. You may think it applies only to one who foolishly throws away a fortune. If you will turn to your dictionary you will read that he is a spendthrift who is improvident or wasteful. The word applies with equal force to the man earning \$10 a week and to him who has thousands.—Saturday Evening Post.

Muffs were first used by doctors to keep their fingers soft and were adopted by ladies about 1550.

### Mighty Bad Luck.

The colored gentleman who collects paper scraps has a disabled "right." Only the thumb is of much service. Asked how it happened he looked sad and replied, "Dat ar wuz a piece of bad luck, boss; yes, sah, mighty bad luck."

"How was that?"

"Ah doan' like tuh tell, but 'twuz mighty bad luck."

Finally he consented to explain:

"Two fellahs insulted me in a place across the street heah, an Ah stahted in tuh frazzle dem out. De second fellah Ah tackled wuz stan'in' 'tween me an an lron pilluh dat supported de roof. Jus' as Ah wuz erbout tuh hand him a smash on de nose dat niggah stepped one side an mah hand struck de pilluh instead. Hit done broke ebery one of mah fingurs, an dey've been stiff ebery since. Yes, sah, dat wuz subtinly bad luck."

"But what about the first fellow you went up against? You didn't say what became of him?"

"Oh, dat felluh? Yah, yah! Boss, Ah kin show you dat niggah any time. 'E work jus' a block from heah. 'E ain't got no nose an only lilly piece one ear'—

"How'd he lose 'em?"

"How'd 'e lose 'em? Boss, 'e didn't lose 'em. Dey wuz took from 'im, an Ah's de man what done hit. Ah done bit 'em off eh? Yes, sah, Ah bit 'em off while we'se rollin' round on de flo'."—Detroit News.

### A Football Incident in New York.

Mr. Frank W. Graves during his newspaper career witnessed many singular scenes, but the oddest one happened, according to Mr. Graves, in the old days when the big college football teams played their star games on the New York polo grounds on Thanksgiving day.

On the occasion mentioned Yale and Princeton had played and Yale had won.

Going up Broadway there walked a dapper young Princeton man and a girl. Going down Broadway at the same moment were eight victorious young Yale men. They were happy, but silent, and they came straight down the street until they spied the Princeton pair.

Then still in silence, moved by a single purpose, the Yale men formed a circle, and as the other pedestrians made way for them they went around and around the Princeton pair. At first the young man was surprised, then angered, and at last he raised his cane and made a dash for liberty, whereupon the Yale men stopped and, without a word, fell upon him as they do in football, quietly, heavily and quickly. Then, straightening themselves again into a line, the eight Yalesians stopped a moment and in concert raised their hats to the thoroughly frightened girl and silently resumed their march down the street.—Saturday Evening Post.

### Not Too Dead.

"I am not prepared to state that the dead can come to life," said a Pennsylvania man, "but the experience of a friend of mine in a Pennsylvania German town would seem to incline one to that way."

"In the town where he was visiting he became acquainted with the local undertaker and in that way was enabled to be present at the funeral of a young woman who had expired from shock at seeing her husband fall from a load of hay. He was not hurt at all, but she was, to all intents and purposes, as dead as the proverbial door nail. The body was laid out in the parlor, and all the relatives and friends had assembled to pay their last respects to the dead.

"As is customary in that locality, a big funeral dinner was served. In the midst of the meal the parlor door opened and in walked the corpse. It didn't take a minute to clear the room, leaving the intruder from the spirit world in sole possession. The undertaker finally plucked up courage to return to the dining room and found his subject enjoying a hearty meal after her enforced fast.

"Her first question was 'Was Jake hurt much?'—Philadelphia Record.

### List's Feast of Memory.

In The Century William Mason, the veteran American musician, tells of a remarkable feat of memory performed by the composer Liszt:

"My friend knew Liszt very well, and having taken a fancy to a composition of mine, 'Les Perles de Rosee,' which was still in manuscript, he said: 'Let me have it for publication. Dedicate it to Liszt. I can easily get Liszt to accept the dedication. I am going directly from here to Weimar and will see him about it. At the same time I will prepare the way for your reception later as a pupil.'"

Not long afterward I received a letter from my friend in which he told me that when he handed the music to Liszt the latter looked at the manuscript, hummed it over, then sat down and played it from memory. Then, going to his desk, he took a pen and accepted the dedication by writing his name at the top of the title page.

### A Feminine Trait.

Mrs. Hoon—They say that Mrs. Swiftsmith is greatly troubled with insomnia.

Mr. Hoon—Yes, I understand that she discovered the fact a week or so ago, that her husband talks in his sleep, and she hasn't slept a wink since for fear of missing something.—Harper's Bazar.

The ports of New South Wales are the freest on the globe, and in none of the Australian colonies are there any discriminating or differential duties.

The man who tells you all he knows isn't half so bad as the man who tries to tell you all he thinks he knows.—Somerville Journal.

### Identified at Last.

Glen Miller, a United States marshal in Utah, was sitting in his office at Salt Lake City one day when a well dressed and intelligent looking man entered and addressed him. "I was confident that I knew the man," said Glen in relating the circumstances, "but I was not able to place him. As we conversed pleasantly it gradually became impressed upon me that he was an old Kansas acquaintance, perhaps some one I had known at the university, but he spoke so cordially and with such an assumption of his knowing me and my knowing him that I did not have the nerve to ask him who he was.

"In Salt Lake," continued the smiling marshal, "we have the same fashion of doing the square thing by a friend that used to prevail in Kansas. There is no prohibition law in Utah, and we found a place near by that was sufficient upon our purposes. After I had said something, and he something, we quickly got along to the stage where I invited him to my house for dinner, but all the time I was taxing my mind to learn his identity and watching for a chance word that would give me a clew.

"By the way," I said at last, 'when did you come out?' meaning from the States, of course. 'Oh, I got out last night. You see, they cut off nine months for good behavior.'"

"Then it broke over me. My guest was Pete Curry, a celebrated mail robber, whom I had taken to the penitentiary just three years before."—Kansas City Journal.

### Her Last Drink.

In Hyde Park lives a young matron who is of such a high nervous temperament that if she drinks the very smallest amount of alcoholic stimulant before going to bed the result is sleeplessness for the remainder of the night. Some nights ago a number of friends dropped in for the evening, and the husband, who, by the way, is a southerner, suggested that he make a mint julep for each of the company. The suggestion was received with delight, and the juleps were promptly mixed.

In his wife's glass, however, he put only enough whisky to favor the water, probably not more than a teaspoonful. Of this she sipped about half. The result, however, was the same. She was troubled with insomnia all night long, and it was not until 5 o'clock in the morning that she dropped off to sleep and, as a consequence, was not called for breakfast. At 10 o'clock she came down stairs and hearing the voices of children on the front porch stopped to listen. Her heart filled with motherly pride as she heard her elder son, a boy of 6, telling seven or eight children from the neighborhood that they must not make too much noise as his mamma was asleep. Imagine her horror, too, as the young hopeful added:

"She drank so much whisky last night that she couldn't come down to breakfast this morning."—Kansas City Star.

### Something He Couldn't Wear.

A wealthy American who became a convert to Rome was very generous to Pope Leo XIII in money matters. He had done many generous things, and the pope had rewarded him with orders and medals galore. For once a year this convert made a pilgrimage to Rome, where he was kindly received by the holy father as a son and generally, until the orders were exhausted, each time was bestowed with some fresh honor. On such occasions all these brave metal pieces were attached to the rich American's breast.

"I'll soon end that," the pope remarked to a confidante who was at his side during the levee. "Next time I shall give him a snuffbox, which he did, and a beautiful jeweled box it was.

The following year the American turned up again and was granted an audience, when to the holy father's consternation the faithful son of the church appeared not only with all his medals, but with the snuffbox attached to his waistcoat.

"The next time," the pope said, with a comical "gh," "I shall present him with a marble topped table. It is the only thing I can think of that he can't tie to his waistcoat."—Chicago Times-Herald.

### 65,536 Versions of Jack and Jill.

An English clergyman has written the history of Jack and Jill on a new and original plan. The first four pages of the book are numbered 1, the next four 2, and so on up to page 8. The stories are so arranged that any page marked 2 can be read after any numbered 1, making good sense. In the same way page 3 can be read after page 1 or page 2; page 4 will follow page 1, 2 or 3, and so on through the eight. Application of the laws of permutation shows that the book thus contains 65,536 stories of Jack and Jill.

### Not an Old Acquaintance.

"Do you mean to say that the horse ran away with you?" said Mr. Meekton, aglashed.

"Yes," answered his wife. "And wouldn't stop when you told him to?"

"Of course he wouldn't." "Well, Henriette, I don't know what to say except that the horse wasn't acquainted with you or else he wouldn't have dared to act in that manner."—Washington Star.

### A Sermon in Brief.

A man met a bull in a field. "I'll toss you to see who stays," said the bull. He tossed, and the man lost. The moral is that it is never safe to indulge in games of chance, especially when all the odds are against you.—Philadelphia North American.

A conscientious person should beware of getting into a passion, for every sharp word one speaks lodges in one's own heart, and such slivers hurt us worse than any one else.