News of the State.

OFFICIAL COUNT COMPLETED.

State Canvassing Board Announces Election Results.

The state canvassing board has completed the count of the vote at the general election and certificates of election have been sent out by the secretary of state to those shown to have received the largest number of votes. The figures of the board on the vote of the election were officially certified as follows:

Presidential Electors.

William E. Lee (Rep.)	190,461
J. L. Gessel (Rep.)	183,416
Edwin Dunn (Rep.)	182,872
J. C. Donovan (Rep.)	182,369
B. K. Nasseth (Rep.)	182,107
Carl Wirth (Rep.)	182,068
J. S. Dodge (Rep.)	181,763
G. A. Whitney (Rep.)	181,548
H. W. Stone (Rep.)	180,466
Rudolf Schiffman (Dem.)	112,901
M. R. Prendergast (Dem.)	107,781
O. W. Anderson (Dem.)	107,591
George Lester (Dem.)	107,280
D. T. Ramsland (Dem.)	107,119
Daniel Aberle (Dem.)	106,944
P. D. Norenberg (Dem.)	106,955
John Jenswold, Jr. (Dem.)	106,761
T. C. Hodgson (Dem.)	106,620
George F. Wells (Pro.)	8,555
James A. Conkey (Pro.)	7,229
Charles M. Way (Pro.)	7,509
E. S. Ellis (Pro.)	7,481
C. C. Drew (Pro.)	7,539
A. J. Kanne (Pro.)	7,485
Andrew Rankin (Pro.)	7,421
P. J. Nelson (Pro.)	7,527
J. J. Rendahl (Pro.)	7,409
W. W. Morse (Soc.-Dem.)	3,065
C. W. Brandborg (Soc.-Lab.)	1,329

State Ticket.

For Governor—	
S. R. Van Sant (Rep.)	152,905
John Lind (Dem.-Pop.)	150,651
B. B. Haughan (Pro.)	5,340
S. M. Fairchild (Mid.-Pop.)	763
T. H. Lucas (Soc.-Dem.)	3,546
Edw. Kriz (Soc.-Lab.)	886
For Lieutenant Governor—	
Lyndon A. Smith (Rep.)	169,503
T. J. Meighen (Dem.-Pop.)	126,419
C. B. Wilkinson (Pro.)	8,364
E. G. Wallinder (Mid.-Pop.)	2,008
For Secretary of State—	
Peter E. Hanson (Rep.)	174,867
M. E. Neary (Dem.-Pop.)	121,776
Frank W. Carlisle (Pro.)	9,375
For State Treasurer—	
Julius H. Block (Rep.)	174,363
H. C. Koerner (Dem.-Pop.)	121,630
C. W. Dorsett (Pro.)	8,840
S. W. Powell (Mid.-Pop.)	2,194
For Attorney General—	
Wallace B. Douglas (Rep.)	180,091
R. C. Saunders (Dem.-Pop.)	123,446
For Chief Justice Supreme Court—	
Charles M. Start	216,123
For Associate Justice Supreme Court—	
Loren W. Collins	192,427
For Railroad and Warehouse Commission—	
Ira B. Mills (Rep.)	166,133
J. G. Miller (Rep.)	157,997
Charles F. Staples (Rep.)	156,254
P. M. Ringdal (Dem.-Pop.)	122,009
T. J. Knox (Dem.-Pop.)	112,739
S. M. Owen (Dem.-Pop.)	114,728
M. R. Parks (Mid.-Pop.)	4,386
M. P. Moran (Mid.-Pop.)	3,454
J. J. Hibbard (Mid.-Pop.)	2,808

Congressional Ticket.

First District—	
James A. Tawney (Rep.)	23,112
L. L. Brown (Dem.)	18,130
Second District—	
J. T. McCleary (Rep.)	30,558
M. E. Matthews (Dem.-Pop.)	18,933
S. D. Works (Pro.)	1,604
Third District—	
J. P. Heatwole (Rep.)	23,110
Albert Schaller (Dem.-Pop.)	16,498
J. R. Lowe (Mid.-Pop.)	432
Fourth District—	
F. C. Stevens (Rep.)	21,322
A. J. Stone (Dem.-Pop.)	14,886
Charles Scanlan (Pro.)	717
Fifth District—	
Loren Fletcher (Rep.)	24,724
S. A. Stockwell (Dem.)	14,269
J. W. Johnson (Soc.-Lab.)	992
Adolf Hirschfeld (Soc.-Dem.)	725
Edwin Phillips (Ind.-Pro.)	533
Sixth District—	
Page Morris (Rep.)	31,792
Henry Truelson (Dem.-Pop.)	24,219
P. J. Seberger (Mid.-Pop.)	671
J. P. Johnson (Soc.-Lab.)	628
Seventh District—	
F. M. Eddy (Rep.)	25,738
M. J. Daly (Dem.-Pop.)	21,012
H. H. Aaker (Pro.)	2,483
H. E. Boen (Ref.)	448

MONEY IN CREAMERIES.

Redwood County Farmers Receive $265,000 in a Year.

The annual meetings of the various co-operative creameries in Redwood county have been held and from the reports made by the officers the indications are that the creamery butter output of the county for 1900 will be in the neighborhood of 1,500,000 pounds, the average price of which has been about 20 cents a pound, making a total of $300,000 turned into the exchequers of the different Redwood county creameries during the past year. Deducting $35,000 for running expenses, etc., the actual amount turned over to the farmer patrons was about $265,000. This does not include the receipts from the sale of dairy butter placed on the market by those farmers who do not care to patronize creameries, or live in too remote regions to patronize them. It is estimated that the proceeds from the sale of this class of butter was in the neighborhood of $50,000. Ten years ago the creamery industry was practically a new matter in Redwood county. Since 1892 the question has been agitated to such an extent that there are now fifteen creameries in the county, and all of them are conducted on a good paying basis. During the past year three new creameries were put in operation, and while they are located in thinly settled districts, the directors report the first year's run as being highly satisfactory to them.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Dec. 22. — The Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern passenger train struck a buggy containing three young men named Reinsell near Shell Rock. Two were instantly killed and the third fatally injured.

School Census.

Fargo, N. D., Dec. 22. — Secretary Swift, of the board of education, has completed the census of the school children. There are 2,560, divided into 1,244 males and 1,316 females. These comprise the pupils from 6 to 20 years of age. The total has increased 133.

Girl Drowned.

Sebeka, Minn., Dec. 22.—The twelve-year-old daughter of Mrs. Reluni was drowned while drawing water for the cattle from an open well. No one saw her when the accident happened. She probably slipped and fell in.

Fought a Draw.

Sheboygan, Wis., Dec. 22. — Barney Walsh of Cleveland and Jim Adams of Omaha fought ten rounds to a draw before the Sheboygan Athletic club.

TREE BOUNTIES.

Acreage and Money Received in Counties of the State.

State Auditor Dunn has issued warrants for the payment of tree bounties for the current year. The warrants go to 2,625 persons, and the amount paid this year is $2.40 per acre of trees planted and cultivated. The maximum amount allowed by law is $2.50 per acre, but the acreage this year is so large that the cash available is not sufficient to cover the maximum price. The acreage is 7,738 11-24, and the total bounty paid is $18,572.30. The number of acres and the amount paid in each county follows:

	Acres paid for.	Amount paid.
Big Stone	311.50	$747 60
Blue Earth	83.75	201 00
Brown	401.00	962 40
Chippewa	305 25	732 60
Clay	66 25	159 00
Cottonwood	320.00	768 00
Douglas	14.25	34 20
Faribault	160.12 1-2	384 30
Freeborn	5 25	12 60
Grant	169.75	407 40
Jackson	310 75	745 80
Kandiyohi	337.25	809 40
Kittson	27.00	64 80
Lac qui Parle	318.75	765 00
Lincoln	144.12 1-2	345 90
Lyon	17.00	40 80
Martin	473.50	1,136 40
Meeker	173.12 1-2	415 80
Mower	181.00	434 40
Murray	234 50	562 80
Nicollet	42 00	100 80
Nobles	161.87 1-2	388 50
Otter Tail	131.62 1-2	315 90
Pipestone	23.50	56 40
Pope	146 23-24	352 70
Redwood	714.00	1,713 60
Renville	1,048.75	2,517 00
Rock	33.50	80 40
Sibley	486 50	1,167 60
Steele	86 25	207 00
Stevens	85.00	204 00
Swift	209.25	502 20
Traverse	60.50	145 20
Wasca	109.75	263 40
Watonwan	88.25	211 80
Wilkin	17.00	40 80
Yellow Medicine	239.50	574 80
Totals	7,738 11-24	$18,572 30

SMALL ASYLUMS ARE THE BEST.

Experts Report on Work in the Insane Hospitals.

The state commission appointed to investigate and report on the condition of the state asylums and hospitals for the insane is heartily in favor of the plan now being pursued in the new institutions at Anoka and Hastings. In a report submitted to the governor and signed by Dr. C. E. Riggs and Dr. W. F. Milligan, especial mention is made of the benefits received by patients in smaller institutions, with especially favorable comment on the work of Dr. Carmichael at Hastings and Dr. Coleman at Anoka.

The report states that patients in smaller hospitals come in personal contact with their superintendent, are less crowded, have more open-air exercise and better invironment, all of which is advantageous.

Recommendations made are that the nurses and other attending patients be quartered in separate cottages; that isolated wards or cottages be furnished for contagious diseases, and for the establishment of a colony for epileptics. Special care of insane criminals is proposed. Employment for all insane patients is strongly advocated. Attention is also called to the need of a pathologist and a pathological laboratory at the state university.

NOTIFIES COUNTY AUDITORS.

State Auditor Explains Rulings on 1899 Tax Law.

State Auditor Dunn has issued a circular to the county auditors of the state calling attention to the recent decision of the supreme court on the law of 1899 for the collection of taxes that became delinquent prior to 1897. It also calls attention to the opinion of the attorney general holding that owners wishing to redeem their property must pay into the county treasury the full amount of taxes, penalties, interest and costs charged against the property.

Redemption, according to the attorney general's opinion, will be permitted on the same terms upon all tracts bid in for the state at the forfeited sale. When property was sold to an actual purchaser for less than the full amount of taxes he is only entitled to receive the actual amount paid by him with interest. Where the property sold at a premium above the full amount of taxes, interest penalties and costs the purchaser is not entitled to any interest on the premium.

CANNOT CUT ICE.

Minnesota Court Renders Decision in Favor of Property Owners.

The supreme court decided by a majority opinion that the People's Ice Company of St. Paul cannot cut ice on White Bear lake for sale, the suit having been brought by property owners on the lake shore who alleged that the cutting of ice reduced the lake level and was therefore injurious to them. Two justices dissented, maintaining that the lake was public property and anybody who wished could cut ice there. The case has been hard fought and involves a large amount of money, the ice company having a large investment at the lake.

Went to the Bottom.

Portsmouth, Va., Dec. 23.—Cut down by a big ocean steamship, name unknown, the little schooner Emblem, Capt. George B. Marshall, went to the bottom of Hampton Roads. The sailors reached the deck just in time to seize the dory which was being towed astern and made their way to Old Point Comfort.

Starved to Death.

Chicago, Dec. 22.—Clasped in each other's arms, Margaret Klein, eighty-six years old, and Charles Klein, aged fifty-five, mother and son, were found dead in their little hovel by the police. Starvation is thought to have caused the death of the couple.

Jealousy Causes Double Tragedy.

Carrollton, Ky., Dec. 23. — Arthur Taylor, a farmer, shot and killed his wife and then himself. Taylor lived at Milton, Ky., twelve miles south of here. Jealousy was the cause.

New Year's Eve, and at home. This is a cozy little den of mine, just as it looks now, quite eclipses anything I ever see at the club; books, pipes, easy chairs, a cheerful fire in the grate; pictures, busts, my well-beloved etchings all about the walls.

What's the matter with you, old man, tonight? Why are you taking an inventory of these surroundings on this last night of the year? Everybody thinks you are tired of them, don't you know, for you spend very little time in their midst, says some provoking little voice. (Wonder if it's my conscience.)

Dorothy is up stairs, the servants are out; as soon as she finishes the sewing of a button on Johnnie's refractory trousers she will come down, she says, and watch the old year out, being evidently well pleased over the prospect of a club night of our own, a little "Home, Sweet Home" sort of an arrangement.

It seems that Johnnie is the only member of our family not a member of a club. Dorothy simply holds on to the little shaver by the collar, tied to her apron strings he is, and I am glad of it.

Can I ever forget the day when our

THIS IS A COZY LITTLE DEN.

neighborhood took on a sudden quiet? The question arose, where are those boys? Dorothy and I knew all about it, for were we not invited to become honorary members of their club, "The Ollapodrida?" We helped to foot the bills and evinced an interest in the affairs of the club; we lent them ten cents to buy material to reseat an old worn-out chair; there was another item; twenty-five cents for lumber, etc., and last, but not least, and that which caused Dorothy much suffering, were sundry pieces of rope to be furnished with all the paraphernalia of a trapeze arrangement, preparatory to meanderings aloft, all of which caused a rush of blood to my head, as I thought of these venturesome boys, three of them at work daily, experimenting with the center of gravity, walking on their heads being the objective point apparently.

We are happily rejoicing these days, however, in a more recent occupant of the family cradle, who so far walks feet downward after the fashion of mortals.

As time goes on, the children's youthful exploits, with the accompanying worries of their elders, fade into oblivion, as the more serious aspect confronts us.

The Ollapodrida members of my family have taken unto themselves a few extra years; two of these aforesaid members are looking collegeward, and I seem to worry about them in a wonderful way quite unlike myself.

The bread and butter question confronts me? What profession will be theirs? Are they sufficiently strong in purpose to resist this or that?

The day will come when Dorothy and I cannot shield them or stand beneath them and the cold world; we won't be here to settle the little accounts or encounters, or watch the little cotillions they are going to have with the dwellers of this mundane sphere.

Then comes the question over again: "Well, old fellow, what's the matter now? Can't you let the boys alone, and let them fight it out just as you did?" Some truth in that, I answer. "I will wait until Dorothy comes and I'll ask her, just for curiosity, what she thinks of my past, and the general outlook."

In part I am going to turn over a new leaf.

Here is a volume of Longfellow beside me on the table; he is so human, you know, and I will close my eyes, open the book (a little game of chance, you see), and on the page, where my finger rests I will try if by chance a word of comfort come to me, that would hit my case.

I seem to have a case of the blues; probably staying away from the club on this convivial occasion is not agreeing with me.

"Shut your eyes, open the book," says the little exhorter, that unseen individual.

Presto—change—O, what meets my eye? Will it be some dire prophecy or—? Here it is under my forefinger: "A Shadow." It reads:

I said to myself if I were dead,
What would befall these children?
What would be
Their fate, who are now looking up to me
For help and furtherance? Their lives,
I said,
Would it be a volume wherein I have read
But the first chapters, and no longer see
To read the rest of their dear history
So full of beauty and so full of dread.
Be comforted; the world is very old,
And generations pass, as they have passed,
A troop of shadows moving with the sun;
Thousands of times has the old tale been told;
The world belongs to those who come the last,
They will find hope and strength as we have done.

Was ever answer sent to a mortal man more clearly?

I think I'm sent for; there's something besides old Father Time after me, surely. Here is the very answer to my dismals as to those boys and their doings. But here comes Dorothy, singing, apparently in a very cheerful mood.

"This is perfectly lovely, George Augustus.

"Johnnie's trousers are all right for tomorrow, and I have been looking over my precious tin box, and I find such lovely bits of literature and all sorts; suppose we look them over tonight."

Perhaps Dorothy noticed an unusual expression on my manly countenance, for she paused and said: "What are you thinking about? What has this old year been saying to you? Are you having a retrospective sort of revival meeting all by yourself?"

"Only a few ideas have struck me, Dorothy. I rather like this den of mine, especially tonight, and one or two articles in these books here seem to have been written especially for me, and an uncomfortable little voice has been questioning me. A thought strikes me that we, you and I, have drifted apart rather more than I ever dreamed we could. There has been a sort of 'We fellows at the club' air and manner about me, that I really think now, as I sit here, has been a foolishness on my part that I shall endeavor to discontinue; a sort of desire to be 'in with the boys' and 'off with my wife.' I hope, Dorothy, that you do not think my past is really a dreadful one to look back upon."

"O, no," Dorothy replied, with something of a twinkle in her eyes; "but, then, you know, you might be more of a saint, if you tried, dear."

"And perhaps, most noble and adorable (my temper rising) and twentieth century wife, if I should give up my Sunday evenings at the club, possibly you may be willing to sacrifice a few of those insufferable 'teas' and bring an appetite uncontaminated with such diet as sipping frappes, Russian teas and chocolate to a respectable, cozy dinner with your George Augustus; and," (pausing for breath) "don't be angry; couldn't you leave out that tiresome, quarrelsome card party and await my return with unruffled nerves, for instance, meet me at the door just

DOROTHY IS REALLY ELOQUENT.

as you used to do, little wife?" (growing a little more tender).

"Why, whatever can be the matter with you, George Augustus? It is only a case of too many clubs in the family, that is all; easily remedied, you know. If this is to be a Home club tonight, let us invoke the spirit of the New Year here, right under this roof; let us stand here, and with the right hand uplifted vow that naught shall come between thee and me, George Augustus and Dorothy; we will reach that land of trust and confidence that requires no weapon, not even a club, to create or quell a disturbance." Dorothy is really eloquent.

"Bring down the tin box, Dorothy; "we are 'the Ollapodrida club' (the tin box, Dorothy and I) in memory of those boys who are trying another sort of trapeze swinging high or low with the wings of ambition, up to greater heights."

By the way, Dorothy sketches and paints. I will give her a subject, earth, sky and water, the soft green turf, the blue ethereal, the hazy mountain top, while the lazy lapping waves touch the eager feet of the climbers yet in the valley as they stand on the shore twixt earth and sea, girded and armed for the steep ascent to the shrine on the distant heights.

Send them wings, O guardian angels,
and give me sight,
I cannot read the all of their dear history,
Vanish old year;
Forward, the new!

—Detroit Free Press.

The New Year Spirit.

The return of New Year's day invites many people to the most somber reflections. Undoubtedly most of us can find abundant occasion for these, but there is such a thing as pushing self-examination and self-condemnation to the point of discouragement. The best temper with which we can enter upon the new year is that of faith, faith in God and faith in ourselves through His help. It is about as certain as anything can be that the new year will bring us new experiences. Our courage, our capacity for endurance, our steadiness of character and power of resistance is to be tested. At the end of the year we are going to be nobler men and women than we are today, or we shall have deteriorated morally, and forever afterward there will be narrowing opportunities. While we think of the latter alternative it is well to strengthen our hearts by the former. Let us believe that we are not going to fail and we have taken a long step towards success. When another New Year's day comes around we are going to be able to reckon solid gains in character won through the trials and temptations and emergencies of the year's experience.—Boston Watchman.

Good-bye, old year!
We've journeyed on together many days,
And now behold the parting of our ways
Is very near;
With thoughts of mingled gladness and of dread,
I see the winding way that I must tread
To Future Lands;
For thee awaits the realm of shadows deep—
The Silent Land of years that lie asleep
With folded hands.

Good-bye, old year!
A few more steps ere we forever part—
A few more words that wake the throbbing heart
To hope and fear;
A farewell smile, a lingering clasp of hand,
Ere thou shalt lie within the shadowland
All silently;
The while I haste a glad new year to greet,
The while I journey on with memories sweet,
Old year, of thee.

Good-bye, old year!
Alas, not half I felt or knew till now
How kind and brave and true a friend wert thou;
For ah, twice dear
A loved one seems when comes the darkened day
When heart and lips all tremulous must say
A last good-bye;
Yet, though thy friendly face no more I see,
The memories sweet my heart has kept of thee.

—Alice Jean Cleator.

Tragic.

"I shall not see you till another year
Has dawned," he said.
Oh, fickle maid! she turned not pale with fear—
She laughed instead.
This seems a tragic lay, till we remember
It occurred the thirty-first day of December.

—N. Y. Truth.

None to Turn Over.

"I thought you were going to turn over a new leaf, John," she said.

"I was," he replied, "but I find I can't."

"Why not?"

"There won't be any new leaves until spring."—Chicago Post.

The New Century.

Love's harmonies flow toward him full and sweet;
Sin's wild, discordant cries are past him hurled.
With sad, glad heart and brave, reluctant feet
He steps upon the threshold of the world.

Needed.

"I recommend to future generations," said Uncle Nathaniel, as he put away his bandana handkerchief, "that they encourage the growth of two noses—one to take cold in, the other for general use."—Harper's Bazar.

Fire a Shot 20 Miles.

The United States will fire a shot twenty miles, which will be a record-breaker for the distance. The gun from which it is to be fired will be a marvel of American ingenuity and workmanship. Another marvel of American ingenuity is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. For fifty years it has cured constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia and biliousness.

Indeed He Did.

"Work!" scornfully echoed the woman at the kitchen door, to whom he had been relating the hardships of his checkered existence. "Work! You do not know what work is!"

"You bet I do, ma'am," said Tuffold Knutt. "That's why I giner'ly avoid it."—Chicago Tribune.

Best for the Bowels.

No matter what ails you, headache, to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. CASCARETS help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. CASCARETS Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has C. C. C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

That Was Different.

"Yes; George asked me how old I would be on my next birthday."

"The impudent fellow! Of course, you said nineteen?"

"No; I said twenty-six."

"Mercy, girl! You aren't but twenty-four!"

"No; but George is going to give me a cluster ring, with a diamond in it for every year."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

FOUR DOCTORS FAILED.

A Michigan Lady's Battle with Disease and How It Was Won.

Flushing, Mich., Dec. 22.—(Special.)—One of the most active workers in the cause of Temperance and Social Reform in Michigan is Mrs. P. A. Passmore of this place. She is a prominent and very enthusiastic W. C. T. U. woman, and one who never loses an opportunity to strike a blow against the demon of Intemperance. Mrs. Passmore has suffered much bodily pain during the last three years through Kidney and Bladder Trouble. At times the pain was almost unbearable, and the good lady was very much distressed. She tried physician after physician, and each in turn failed to relieve her, let alone effect a cure. Home remedies suggested by anxious friends were applied, but all to no purpose. At last some one spoke of Dodd's Kidney Pills as a great remedy for all Kidney and Bladder Diseases, and Mrs. Passmore decided to try them. She did, and is now a well woman. She has given the following statement for publication:

At different times in the past three years, I have suffered severely with Kidney and Bladder Trouble, and after trying four of the best physicians I could hear of, two of them living in the state of New York, I found myself no better. I took any amount of home remedies suggested by kind friends, with little or no relief from anything. I decided to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. Less than one box has done me more good than all the other treatments combined. I am still using them, and can say from experience that they are an excellent remedy for Kidney and Bladder Trouble. I would heartily recommend them to all those suffering from these ills in like manner.

MRS. P. A. PASSMORE,
Flushing, Mich.

When physicians and all other methods of treatment have failed try Dodd's Kidney Pills. What they did for Mrs. Passmore, they will do for any one similarly afflicted.

50c. a box. All dealers.

Balloon Clothesline.

The Parisian laundries have discovered a novel use for the balloon, and one to be recommended. Instead of hanging clothes out to dry in the open, on the ordinary clothesline, and thus offending the eyesight of the fastidious, bamboo frames are attached to a captive balloon and the linen to be dried is attached to them. The balloon is then allowed to ascend to a height of 100 feet, and the clothes are very soon thoroughly dried and aired.

Jell-O, the New Dessert,

pleases all the family. Four flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At your grocers. 10 cts. Try it today.

It Was Strictly Modern.

"She has received a strictly up-to-date education, you say?"

"Well, rather. She hasn't a bit of practical knowledge about household affairs, but she has more theories than you could get in a book, and she can talk about parliamentary law in a way that will make her shine in any woman's club you can pick out."—Exchange.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

A Distinction.

"And you had the nerve to say that you first saw the light of day in 1867? You know you were born in 1860."

"Yes; but I lived the first seven years in Chicago."—Indianapolis Press.

An old bachelor says a rich and pretty widow never comes a-miss.

C. H. Crabtree, Des Moines, Iowa, will on request, explain all about the Gladiator Gold-Mining company; extremely interesting; write me.

All foods are products of constructive activity of protoplasm in the presence of abundant oxygen.

Even in the "fatherland" they invariably speak the "mother tongue."