

THE FROZEN DEEP

A NOVEL BY
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CHAPTER XI.—(CONTINUED.)

"I have a casualty to report," said the captain, "which diminishes our numbers by one. My second lieutenant, who was to have joined the exploring party, has had a fall on the ice. Judging by what the quartermaster tells me, I am afraid the poor fellow has broken his leg."

"I will supply his place," cried a voice at the other end of the hut. Everybody looked round. The man who had spoken so was Richard Wardour.

Crayford instantly interfered—so vehemently as to astonish all who heard him.

"No!" he said. "Not you, Richard, not you."

"Why not?" Wardour asked sternly. "Why not, indeed?" added Captain Holding. "Wardour is the very man to be useful on a long march. He is in perfect health, and he is the best shot among us. I was on the point of proposing him myself."

Crayford failed to show his customary respect for his superior officer. He openly disputed the captain's conclusions.

"Wardour has no right to volunteer," he rejoined. "It has been settled, Captain Holding, that chance shall decide who is to go and who is to stay."

"And chance has decided it," said Wardour. "Do you think we are going to cast the dice again, and give an officer of the Sea-Mew a chance of replacing an officer of the Wanderer? There is a vacancy in our party, not in yours; and we claim the right of filling it as we please. I volunteer, and my captain backs me. Whose authority is to keep me here after that?"

"Gently, Wardour," said Captain Holding. "A man who is in the right can afford to speak with moderation." He turned to Crayford. "You must admit yourself," he continued, "that Wardour is right this time. The missing man belongs to my command, and in common justice one of my officers ought to supply his place."

It was impossible to dispute the matter further. The dullest man present could see that the captain's reply was unanswerable. In sheer despair, Crayford took Frank's arm and led him aside a few steps. The last chance left of parting the two men was the chance of appealing to Frank.

"My dear boy," he began, "I want to say one friendly word to you on the subject of your health. I have already, if you remember, expressed my doubts whether you are strong enough to make one of an exploring party. I feel these doubts more strongly than ever at this moment. Will you take the advice of a friend who wishes you well?"

Wardour had followed Crayford. Wardour roughly interposed before Frank could interpose.

"Let him alone!" Crayford paid no heed to the interruption. He was too earnestly bent on withdrawing Frank from the expedition to notice anything that was said or done by the persons about him.

"Don't, pray don't, risk hardships which you are unfit to bear!" he went on entreatingly. "Your place can be easily filled. Change your mind, Frank. Stay here with me."

Again Wardour interfered. Again he called out, "Leave him alone!" more roughly than ever. Still deaf and blind to every consideration but one, Crayford pressed his entreaties on Frank.

"You owned yourself just now that you were not well seasoned to fatigue," he persisted. "You feel (you must feel) how weak that last illness has left you. You know (I am sure you know) how unfit you are to brave exposure to cold and long marches over the snow."

Irritated beyond endurance by Crayford's obstinacy—seeing, or thinking he saw, signs of yielding in Frank's face—Wardour so far forgot himself as to seize Crayford by the arm and attempt to drag him away from Frank. Crayford turned and looked at him.

"Richard," he said, very quietly, "you are not yourself. I pity you. Drop your hand."

Wardour relaxed his hold with something of the sullen submission of a wild animal to its keeper. The momentary silence which followed gave Frank an opportunity of speaking at last.

"I am gratefully sensible, Crayford," he began, "of the interest which you take in me—"

"And you will follow my advice?" Crayford interposed eagerly.

"My mind is made up, old friend," Frank answered, firmly and sadly. "Forgive me for disappointing you. I am appointed to the expedition. With the expedition I go." He moved nearer to Wardour. In his innocence of all suspicion, he clasped Wardour heartily on the shoulder. "When I feel the fatigue," said poor simple Frank, "you will help me, comrade—won't you? Come along!"

Wardour snatched his gun out of the hands of the sailor who was carrying it for him. His dark face became suddenly irradiated with a terrible joy.

"Come!" he said. "Over the snow and over the ice! Come! where no human footsteps have ever trodden, and where no human trace is ever left."

Blindly, instinctively, Crayford made an effort to part them. His brother officers, standing near, pulled him back. They looked at each other anxiously. The merciless cold, striking its victims in various ways, had struck in some instances at their reason first. Everybody loved Crayford. Was he, too, going on the dark way that others had taken before him? They forced him to seat himself on one of the lockers. "Steady, old fellow!" they said kindly—"steady!" Crayford yielded, writhing inwardly under a sense of his own helplessness. What in God's name could he do? Could he denounce Wardour to Captain Holding on bare suspicion—without so much as the shadow of a proof to justify what he said? The captain would decline to insult one of his officers by even mentioning the monstrous accusation to him. The captain would conclude, as others had already concluded, that Crayford's mind was giving way under stress of cold and privation. No hope, literally, no hope now but in the numbers of the expedition. Officers and men, they all liked Frank. As long as they could stir hand or foot they would help him on the way—they would see that no harm came to him.

The word of command was given; the door was thrown open; the hut emptied rapidly. Over the merciless white snow—under the merciless black sky—the exploring party began to move. The sick and helpless men, whose last hope of rescue centered in their departing messmates, cheered faintly. Some few whose days were numbered sobbed and cried like women. Frank's voice faltered as he turned back at the door to say his last words to the friend who had been a father to him.

"God bless you, Crayford!" Crayford broke away from the officers near him, and, hurrying forward, seized Frank by both hands, Crayford held him as if he would never let him go.

"God preserve you, Frank! I would give all I have in the world to be with you. Good-by! Good-by!"

Frank waved his hand—dashed away the tears that were gathered in his eyes—and hurried out. Crayford called after him, the last, the only, warning that he could give:

"While you can stand, keep with the main body, Frank!"

Wardour, waiting till the last—Wardour, following Frank through the snow-drift—stopped, stepped back, and answered Crayford at the door:

"While he can stand, he keeps with me!"

CHAPTER XII.

ALONE! alone on the Frozen Deep! The Arctic sun is rising dimly in the dreary sky. The beams of the cold northern moon, mingling strangely with the dawn light, clothe the snowy plains in hues of livid gray.

An ice-field on the far horizon is moving slowly southward in the spectral light. Nearer, a stream of open water rolls its slow black waves past the edges of the ice. Nearer still, following the drift, an iceberg rears its crags and pinnacles to the sky; here, glittering in the moonbeams; there, looming dim and ghostlike in the ashy light.

Midway on the long sweep of the lower slope of the iceberg, what objects rise and break the desolate monotony of the scene? In this awful solitude can signs appear which tell of human life? Yes! The black outline of a boat just shows itself, hauled up on the berg. In an ice-cavern behind the boat, the last red embers of a dying fire flicker from time to time over the figures of two men. One is seated, resting his back against the side of the cavern. The other lies prostrate with his head on his comrade's knee. The first of these men is awake, and thinking. The second reclines, with his still white face turned up to the sky—sleeping or dead. Days and days since, these two have been given up by their weary and falling companions as doomed and lost. He who sits thinking is Richard Wardour. He who lies sleeping or dead is Frank Aldersley.

The iceberg drifts slowly; over the black water; through the ashy light. Minute by minute the dying fire sinks. Minute by minute the deathly cold creeps nearer and nearer to the lost men.

Richard Wardour rouses himself from his thoughts, looks at the still white face beneath him, and places his hand on Frank's heart. It still beats feebly. Give him his share of the food and fuel still stored in the boat, and Frank may live through it. Leave him neglected where he lies, and his death is a question of hours, perhaps minutes—who knows?

Richard Wardour lifts the sleeper's head and rests it against the cavern side. He goes to the boat and returns with a billet of wood. He stoops to place the wood on the fire, and stops. Frank is dreaming, and murmuring in his dream. A woman's name passes his lips. Frank is in England again—

at the ball—whispering to Clara the confession of his love.

Over Richard Wardour's face there passes the shadow of a deadly thought. He rises from the fire; he takes the wood back to the boat. His iron strength is shaken, but it still holds out. They are drifting nearer and nearer to the open sea. He can launch the boat without help; he can take the food and the fuel with him. The sleeper on the iceberg is the man who has robbed him of Clara—who has wrecked the hope and the happiness of his life. Leave the man in his sleep, and let him die!

So the tempter whispers. Richard Wardour tries his strength on the boat. It moves; he has got it under control. He stops, and looks around. Beyond him is the open sea. Beneath him is the man who has robbed him of Clara. The shadow of the deadly thought grows and darkens over his face. He waits with his hands on the boat—waits and thinks.

The iceberg drifts slowly; over the black water; through the ashy light. Minute by minute the dying fire sinks. Minute by minute the deathly cold creeps nearer to the sleeping man. And still Richard Wardour waits—waits and thinks.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE spring has come. The air of the April night just lifts the leaves of the sleeping flowers. The moon is queen in the cloudless and starless sky. The stillness of the midnight hour is abroad, over land

and over sea.

In a villa on the westward shore of the Isle of Wight, the glass doors which lead from the drawing room to the garden are yet open. The shaded lamp yet burns on the table. A lady sits by the lamp reading. From time to time she looks out into the garden and sees the white-robed figure of a young girl pacing slowly to and fro in the soft brightness of the moonlight on the lawn. Sorrow and suspense have set their mark on the lady. Not rivals only, but friends who formerly admired her, agree now that she looks worn and aged. The more merciful judgment of others remark, with equal truth, that her eyes, her hair, her simple grace and grandeur of movement have lost but little of their olden charms. The truth lies, as usual, between the two extremes. In spite of sorrow and suffering, Mrs. Crayford is the beautiful Mrs. Crayford still.

The delicious silence of the hour is softly disturbed by the voice of the young lady in the garden.

"Go to the piano, Lucy. It is a night for music. Play something that is worthy of the night."

Mrs. Crayford looks round at the clock on the mantel-piece.

"My dear Clara, it is past twelve! Remember what the doctor told you. You ought to have been in bed an hour ago."

"Half an hour, Lucy—give me half an hour more! Look at the moonlight on the sea. Is it possible to go to bed on such a night as this? Play something, Lucy—something spiritual and divine."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ROPE FROM THE SEA.

A Seaweed Whose Stem Is 300 Feet Long.

The largest marine plant and probably one of the highest plants known on this globe, is a gigantic seaweed, the nereocystis, the stem of which has been found to grow as much as 300 feet long, says an exchange. It was first discovered not far from the Alaskan coast, but has since been found floating in various parts of the Pacific ocean along the American and Asiatic shores. This seaweed grows in a very curious manner. Large quantities of it are found at a little distance from shore, and at a depth not exceeding 300 feet. On loamy bottom large thickets of this plant take root and a stem of the thickness of ordinary cord grows upward. At its top there is a pear shaped balloon, which grows with the stem, and when it reaches the surface of the water it often measures six feet and more in length, with a diameter of four feet six inches. This balloon has, of course, an upward tendency, and keeps the stem growing until it floats on the surface of the water. From the top of this balloon a large tuft of strong, thick, spade-like leaves grows out, which ordinarily are not more than two feet long, and which grow and split until from the balloon a rose-like growth of from fifty to sixty-five feet in diameter covers the water. This gigantic weed grows in such quantities that near the shore large meadow-like islands are formed, which impede navigation. The natives of the Aleutian Islands make manifold usage of this plant. From the strong dried stems they make rope 250 feet and more long, while balloons of this weed furnish them with large vessels after they are dried, the smaller ones being used in their boats to bail out water. The long leaves after being dried are cut into narrow strips and used for wickerwork, the making of baskets and similar furniture.

And Hence She Didn't.

He—"If I should kiss you would you scream?" She—"Indeed I would, if it were not for startling poor mamma."—Detroit Free Press.

Twenty years ago England had 11,615 male and 14,901 female school teachers. Last year there were 55,310 female and only 28,270 male teachers.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"THE THREE TAVERNS" LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Text: Acts, Chapter XXVIII, Verse 15, as Follows: "They Came to Meet Us as Far as Appell' Forum and the Three Taverns."



SEVENTEEN miles south of Rome, Italy, there was a village of unfortunate name. A tavern is a place of entertainment. In our time part of the entertainment is a provision of intoxicants. One such place you would think would have been enough for that Italian village. No, there were three of them, with doors open for entertainment and obfuscation. The world has never lacked stimulating drinks. You remember the condition of Noah on one occasion, and of Abigail's husband, Nabab, and the story of Belshazzar's feast, and Benhadad, and the new wine in old bottles, and whole paragraphs on prohibition enactment thousands of years before Neal Dow was born; and no doubt there were whole shelves of inflammatory liquid in those hotels which gave the name to the village where Paul's friends came to meet him, namely, the Three Taverns. In vain I search ancient geography for some satisfying account of that village. Two roads came from the sea coast to that place; the one from Actium, and the other from Puteoli, the last road being the one which Paul traveled. There were, no doubt, in that village houses of merchandise and mechanics' shops, and professional offices, but nothing is known of them. All that we know of that village is that it had a profusion of inns—the Three Taverns. Paul did not choose any one of these taverns as the place to meet his friends. He certainly was very abstemious, but they made the selection. He had enlarged about keeping the body under, though once he prescribed for a young theological student a stimulating cordial for a stomachic disorder; but he told him to take only a small dose—"a little wine for thy stomach's sake."

One of the worst things about these Three Taverns was that they had especial temptation for those who had just come ashore. People who had just landed at Actium or Puteoli were soon tempted by these three hotels which were only a little way up from the beach. Those who are disordered of the sea (for it is a physical disorganizer), instead of waiting for the gradual return of physical equipoise, are apt to take artificial means to brace up. Of the one million sailors now on the sea, how few of them coming ashore will escape the Three Taverns! After surviving hurricanes, cyclones, icebergs, collisions, many of them are wrecked in harbor. I warrant that if a calculation were made of the comparative number of sailors lost at sea, and lost ashore, those drowned by the crimson wave of dissipation would far outnumber those drowned by the salt water.

Alas! that the large majority of those who go down to the sea in ships should have twice to pass the Three Taverns, namely, before they go out, and after they come in. That fact was what aroused Father Taylor, the great sailor's preacher, at the Sailors' Bethel, Boston, and at a public meeting at Charlestown, he said, "All the machinery of the drunkard making, soul-destroying business is in perfect running order, from the low grog holes on the docks kept open to ruin my poor sailor boys, to the great establishments in Still House square, and when we ask men what is to be done about it, they say 'what can't help it,' and yet there is Bunker Hill and you say you can't stop it, and up there are Lexington and Concord." We might answer Father Taylor's remark by saying, "The trouble is not that we can't stop it, but that we won't stop it." We must have more generations slain before the world will fully wake up to the evil. That which tempted the travelers of old who came up from the seaports of Actium and Puteoli, is now the ruin of seafaring men as they come up from the coasts of all the continents, namely, the Three Taverns. In the autumn, about this time, in the year 1837, the steamship Home went out from New York for Charleston. There were about one hundred passengers, some of them widely known. Some of them had been summing at the northern watering places and they were on their way south, all expectant of hearty greeting by their friends on the wharves of Charleston. But a little more than two days out the ship struck the rocks. A life boat was launched, but sank with all its passengers. A mother was seen standing on the deck of the steamer with her child in her arms. A wave wrenched the child from the mother's arms and rolled it into the sea, and the mother leaped after it. The sailors rushed to the bar of the boat and drank themselves drunk. Ninety-five human beings went down never to rise, or to be floated upon the beach amid the fragments of the wreck. What was the cause of the disaster? A drunken sea captain. But not until the judgment day, when the sea shall give up its dead and the story of earthly disasters shall be fully told, will it be known how many yachts, steamers, brigantines, men-of-war and ocean greyhounds have been lost through captains and crew made incompetent by alcoholic demeritment. Admiral Farragut had proper appreciation of what the fiery stimulus was to a man in the navy. An officer of the warship said to him, "Admiral, won't you consent to give Jack a glass of grog in the morning? Not enough to make him drunk, but enough to make him fight cheerfully." The admiral answered, "I have been to sea considerably, and have seen a battle or two, but I never found that I

needed rum to enable me to do my duty. I will order two cups of coffee to each man at two o'clock in the morning, and at eight o'clock I will pipe all hands to breakfast in Mobile Bay." The Three Taverns of my text were too near the Mediterranean shipping.

But notice the multiplicity. What could that Italian village, so small that history makes but one mention of it, want with more than one tavern? There were not enough travelers coming through that insignificant town to support more than one house of lodgment. That would have furnished enough pillows and enough breakfasts. No, the world's appetite is diseased, and the subsequent draughts must be taken to slake the thirst created by the preceding draughts. Strong drink kindles the fires of thirst faster than it puts them out. There were three taverns. That which cursed that Italian village curses all Christendom today—too many taverns. There are streets in some of our cities where there are three or four taverns in every block; aye, where every other house is a tavern. You can take the Arabic numeral of my text, the three, and put on the right hand side of it one cipher, and two ciphers, and four ciphers, and that re-enforcement of numerals will not express the statistics of American rummeries. Even if it were a good, healthy business, supplying necessity, an article superbly nutritious, it is a business mightily overdone, and there are Three Taverns where there ought to be only one.

The fact is, there are in another sense Three Taverns now; the gorgeous Tavern for the affluent, the medium Tavern for the working classes, and the Tavern of the slums, and they stand in line, and many people beginning with the first come down through the second and come out at the third. At the first of the Three Taverns, the wines are of celebrated vintage, and the whiskies are said to be pure, and they are quaffed from cut glass, at marble side tables, under pictures approaching masterpieces. The patrons pull off their kind gloves, and hand their silk hats to the waiter, and push back their hair with a hand on one finger of which is a cameo. But those patrons are apt to stop visiting that place. It is not the money that a man pays for drinks, for what are a few hundred or a few thousand dollars to a man of large income—but their brain gets touched, and that unbalances their judgment, and they can see fortunes in enterprises surcharged with disaster. In longer or shorter time they change Taverns, and they come down to Tavern the second, where the pictures are not quite so scrupulous of suggestion, and the small table is rougher, and the castor standing on it is of German silver, and the air has been kept over from the night before, and that which they sip from the pewter mug has a larger percentage of benzine, ambergris, creosote, henbane, strychnine, prussic acid, coculus indicus, plaster of paris, coppers, and nightshade. The patron may be seen almost every day, and perhaps many times the same day at this Tavern the second, but he is preparing to graduate. Brain, liver, heart, nerves, are rapidly giving way. That Tavern the second has its dismal echo in his business destroyed and family scattered, and woes that choke one's vocabulary. Time passes on, and he enters Tavern the third; a red light outside; a hiccupping and besotted group inside. He will be dragged out of doors about two o'clock in the morning and left on the sidewalk, because the bartender wants to shut up. The poor victim has taken the regular course in the college of degradation. He has his diploma written on his swollen, bruised and blotched physiognomy. He is a regular graduate of the Three Taverns. As the police take him in and put him in the ambulance, the wheels seem to rattle with two rolls of thunder, one of which says, "Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it moveth itself aright in the cup, for at last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." The other thunder roll says, "All drunkards shall have their place in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone."

With these thoughts I cheer Christian reformers in their work, and what rejoicing on earth and heaven there will be over the consummation. Within a few days one of the greatest of the leaders in this cause went up to enthronement. The world never had but one Neal Dow, and may never have another. He has been an illumination to the century. The stand he took has directly and indirectly saved hundreds of thousands from drunkards' graves. Seeing the wharves of Portland, Maine, covered with casks of West Indian rum (nearly an acre of it at one time), and the city smoking with seven distilleries, he began the warfare against drunkenness more than half a century ago. The good he has done, the homes he has kept inviolate, the high moral sense with which he has infused ten generations, is a story that neither earth nor heaven can afford to let die. Derided, belittled, caricatured, maligned, for a quarter of a century as few men have been he has lived on until at his decease universal newspaperdom speaks his praise and the eulogiums of his career on this side of the sea have been caught up by the cathedral organ sounding his requiem on the other. His whole life having been for God and the world's betterment, when at half-past three o'clock in the afternoon of October second he left his home on earth surrounded by loving ministers, and entered the gates of his eternal residence, I think there was a most unusual welcome and salutation given him. Multitudes enter heaven only because of what Christ has done for them, the welcome not at all intensified because of anything they had done for him. But all heaven knew the story of that good man's life, and the beauty of his death-bed, where he said, "I long to be free." I think all the reformers of heaven came out to hail him in, the departed legislators

who made laws to restrain intemperance, the consecrated platform orators who thrilled the generations that are gone, with "righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come"—Albert Barnes and John B. Gough were there to greet him, and golden-tongued patriarch Stephen H. Tyng was there, and John W. Hawkins, the founder of the much derided and gloriously useful "Washingtonian Movement" was there, and John Sterns and Commodore Foote, and Dr. Marsh and Governor Briggs and Eliphalet Nott, and my lovely friend Alfred Colquitt, the Christian Senator, and hundreds of those who labored for the overthrow of the drunkenness that yet curses the earth, were there to meet him and escort him to his throne and shout at his coronation.

God let him live on for near a century, to show what good habits and cheerfulness and faith in the final triumph of all that is good, can do for a man in this world, and to add to the number of those who would be on the other side to attend his entrance. But he will come back again! "Yes," say some of you, with Martha, about Lazarus to Jesus, "I know he will rise at the Resurrection of the last day." Ah! I do not mean that. Ministering spirits are all the time coming and going between earth and heaven—the Bible teaches it—and do you suppose the old hero just ascended will not come down and help us in the battle that still goes on? He will. Into the hearts of discouraged reformers he will come to speak good cheer. When legislators are deciding how they can best stop the rum traffic of America by legal enactment, he will help them vote for the right and rise up undismayed from temporary defeat. In this battle will Neal Dow be until the last victory is gained and the smoke of the last distillery has curled on the air, and the last tear of despoiled homesteads shall be wiped away. O departed nonagenarian! After you have taken a good rest from your struggle of seventy active years, come down again into the fight, and bring with you a host of the old Christian warriors who once mingled in the fray.

In this battle the visible troops are not so mighty as the invisible. The gospel campaign began with the supernatural—the midnight chant that woke the shepherds, the hushed sea, the eyesight given where the patient had been without the optic nerve, the sun obliterated from the noonday heavens, the law of gravitation losing its grip as Christ ascended; and as the gospel campaign began with the supernatural, it will close with the supernatural; and the winds and the waves and the lightnings and the earthquakes will come in on the right side and against the wrong side; and our ascended champions will return, whether the world sees them or does not see them. I do not think that those great souls departed are going to do nothing hereafter but sing psalms and play harps, and breathe frankincense, and walk seas of glass mingled with fire. The mission they fulfilled while in the body will be eclipsed by their post-mortem mission, with faculties quickened and velocities multiplied; and it may have been to that our dying reformer referred when he said, "I long to be free!" There may be bigger words than this to be redeemed, and more gigantic abominations to be overthrown than this world ever saw; and the discipline gotten here may only be preliminary drill for a campaign in some other world, and perhaps some other constellation. But the crowned heroes and heroines, because of their grander achievements in greater spheres, will not forget this old world where they prayed and suffered and triumphed. Church militant and Church triumphant but two divisions of the same army—right wing and left wing.

PEOPLE OF THE COUNTRY.

Few of Them Seemed to Have Learned Anything Noble from Nature.

"For the stability and righteousness of our government we are accustomed to think we must pin our faith on the country people who live 'near to Nature's heart,'" writes Mrs. Lyman Abbott in the October Ladies' Home Journal, the first of a series of "Peaceful Valley" papers which picture life in an ideal rural community. "But how many of them," she says, "seem to have learned anything noble from her? Her beauty does not refine them, her honesty does not incline them to thoroughness, her free-handedness does not inspire them to generosity; they become narrow and sordid in the midst of grandeur and liberality. They imagine there can be nothing in life but work or play, toll or rest, and they feel a contempt for those who play and rest. They have never learned to mingle work and play, toll and rest in due proportion, and they cease to find any pleasure in life unless they abandon work altogether. Like the tired woman who wrote her own epiphany, they fancy heaven a place where they can 'do nothing forever and ever.' This view of life makes loafers in the village as it makes them in the cities. When a different spirit has found room to grow, a new order of living prevails. Life becomes something more than a slow grinding of the mill, more than a burden, to be endured only because a luxury as well as a necessity. Individuals combine, not for their own advantage, but to multiply benefactions, and as strength increases, by its right use, the attainment of one worthy and ambitious advantage is only the suggestion and achievement of another."

Ebber's Philosophy.

"Nine times out of ten," said Uncle Eben, "a gemman advises young men to choose some yuthub business dan what he got into. He takes it for granted that it took a heap mo' dan common smatness ter succeed like he did."—Washington Star