THOMAS COUNTY CAT.

JOSEPH A. GILL, Editor.

SOLBY. . . . . KANSAS

GRIN AND BEAR IT.

Bob Burdette Gives Some of His Good Advice to a Young Man.

My son, your brow is clouded; something has happened that didn't and doesn't agree with you. Were you neglected in the invitations? Didn't you get on any of the committees? Were you overlooked in the convention? Hasn't the secretary written you a personal letter asking your advice upon the campaign? Have you been coldly passed over for men of less ability? Do you feel that an intentional slight has been put upon you? Can you see clearly that every thing is going wrong because you have not been consulted? Have you been directly snubbed by inferior people? I thought as much. At your time of life such things are very liable to occur. They used to happen with me now and then. You will grow wiser as you grow older, unless you take the other chute; then you will grow more foolish, and there is only one cure for an old fool, my boy—that is, death. Ordinary death won't cure him, either. "Though thou shouldest bray him in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him." See how awfully dead he has to be killed! Smashing him only makes him worse.

But now, if any or all of these slights have been put upon you, listen to me, my tender Telemachus. Don't show your sores. Oh, don't show your sores. They are not pleasant things to look at, nobody wants to see them and they will heal much more rapidly and naturally and healthfully, if you don't expose them. Keep them covered. Don't show them to any body but your surgeon, and don't show them to him unless you have to. And, don't look at them yourself. Leave them alone under the healing plasters of time and the cool compresses of forgetfulness, and you'll be surprised some day when you do happen to think of them, to find that they have healed by the first intention without a scar. Don't tell people when you are hurt; don't tell every body how keenly you feel a slight when, perhaps, there was no slight intended. Don't get yourself snubbed by people who never see you, and who don't know you and never think of you. And if you really are hit, and hit hard, it belittles your manhood and it drives away human sympathy when you lift up your voice and howl on the streets. Keep quiet about it. Don't whine; don't yell. One day, at the investment of Vicksburg—it was on the memorable 22d of May—during a lull in the desultory skirmishing that preceded the assault, while I was lying close to the surface of the great round globe which we inhabit, and wishing I could get a little closer to it, we heard a tremendous howling and shrieking, and down the dusty road from the front came a blue-jacketed skirmisher on the trot, holding one hand up in the other, and the hand he was holding up had no thumb on it. It hurt like the mischief, I have no doubt, but it was only a thumb after all, and how the fellow was howling about it. He was a brave man or he wouldn't have been where he could have lost that thumb. But you would think it was the only thumb in the whole United States army and that no one else on the skirmish line had been hit that morning. So the soldiers saw only the funny side of the picture, and a perfect chorus of howls, in vociferous imitation of the man's own wails, went shrieking up from the sarcastic line of the men who were waiting their turn to face death. In a minute another soldier came walking back from the skirmish line. He was walking slowly and steadily, never a moan fell from his compressed lips, though they were whiter than his bronzed face, and he held his hand against his breast. The silence of the death chamber fell upon the line in an instant, as the figure of the soldier moved along the road with the air of a conqueror. Half a dozen men sprang to his side. Tenderly they laid him down in the shadow of a great oak; his lips parted to speak a message to some one a thousand miles away, and the line was short one man for the coming assault. He died of his hurt; but he died like a king. Oh, my boy! don't yell the lungs out of you over a mashed thumb, when only three files down the lines a soldier salutes his captain before he faces about to go to the rear with a death bullet in his breast. You can't help getting hurt. There isn't a safe place in the whole line. There are cruel people in the world who love to wound us; there are thoughtless, heedless people who don't think; there are people who don't care, and there are thick-skinned people, who are not easily hurt themselves, and they think mankind is a thick-hided race; in fact, the air is full of darts and arrows and singing bullets all the time, and it's dangerous to be safe anywhere. But when you do get hit—as hit you certainly will be—don't "holler" any louder than you have to. Grin and bear it, the best you may. There are some people so badly hurt they must moan; do you forget your own hurt in looking after them.—Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

—The value of the garden as an appendage to the farm is seldom or never over-estimated, but often undervalued.

WOMEN IN POLITICS.

How the Women of Kansas Conducted Themselves in the Late State Elections.

The reports of the recent municipal elections in Kansas show that women of the State exercised more generally their privilege of voting than at either of the other elections which have taken place since it was granted to them in 1887. In that year they cast about 30 per cent. of the whole vote polled for municipal officers. In 1888 the ratio was about the same, but this year it seems to have been much increased.

At all the town elections women came out in large numbers and took the deepest interest in the contests. In some of the larger places they were more zealous politicians than the men, and yet we hear nothing of scandals like those that marked the first elections in which they took part. As the novelty of voting for municipal officers wears off they seem to preserve their self-control better, at the same time that they are more earnest in performing the duty.

So far from following the political direction of their husbands, wives in many cases took the leadership into their own hands and the husbands were the followers, while in others husband and wife voted in opposition to each other without producing serious family discord. The women voters, too, exhibited both political independence and political conservatism, not hesitating to vote for candidates not of their own party if they deemed them better fitted for municipal offices. They also did a great amount of electioneering among men and women both, and displayed much aptitude for it. There is no doubt that if women generally were allowed to vote, and they were waked up to a lively interest in politics, very many of them would make politicians with whom men would find it hard to compete; and the wife might have more to do in determining the political faith of the family than the husband. At any rate, the experience in this instance proves that the Kansas women do their political thinking for themselves.

Feminine interests is aroused in municipal elections more particularly, of course, because they involve moral issues with regard to which women are sure to have an opinion. Where women are allowed to vote on school questions, as is the case now in fourteen States, they seem to be indifferent to the privilege, though such partial suffrage was granted them on the theory that they would have a peculiar solicitude concerning the education of children. The only time they exercised it in Boston to any large extent, was when a mischievous religious issue was imported into the canvass. But as municipal officers have committed to them some sort of moral supervision in the enforcement of the laws against liquor selling and the punishment of vice, the Kansas women, high and low, turn themselves into active politicians on election day. However it might be in a community like New York, in the Kansas towns the feminine vote is almost wholly cast on the side of Puritan restriction. The women are the relentless enemies of the drinking saloons, and the small minority of their number who violate the strict code of morals, receive little consideration at their hands. They are uncompromising in these respects, and probably the same would be the case elsewhere, for the vast majority of women will tolerate no departure from moral purity in their own sex, and they would gladly break down the competition of the rum shop with the home.

Prof. Goldwin Smith therefore is alarmed at the prospect of admitting women to the suffrage in England, for it looks now as if at least widows and spinsters would gain the privilege there before long, and with that entering wedge women generally would probably get the vote in due time. His fear is that men would come under the power of women, and petty social tyranny would be the result. The feminine voters would be in the majority, and, therefore, could determine the policy of the State, making it a feminine policy in place of the existing masculine policy. If they took the bits in their teeth, as the Kansas women seem to be doing in the municipal elections, there might be some reason for his alarm, if such a transfer of power affords occasion for misgiving. Turn over to them the authority which lies in their majority, and they might exercise it with an independence of masculine restraint which would surprise the people who oppose woman suffrage on the ground that women would vote simply as they were instructed by men. Perhaps they would and perhaps they would not. As it is, they usually have their own way, and if they became voters they might carry the same disposition into politics.

The extent to which women interest themselves in public affairs is now great as compared with what it was when the agitation against slavery started the demand for women's rights forty years ago. Then, and long after, the appearance of a woman as a speaker on a public platform excited general ridicule, and most among women. But now, both here and in England, women are welcomed as efficient allies in politics and philanthropy. They are admitted to colleges and school boards, and large numbers of them are in the public employment. Millions of women, too, are working in competition with men in all except the rougher industries, and their modern occupations are drawing them away from the seclusion of homes and into the strife and turmoil of outside life. Thus they are learning to throw off their ancient reserve, and they are in a road which will be likely to lead them eventually to the goal of the suffrage; for whenever they rise to demand the right of voting, they are sure to get it. The woman suffrage bill has just been defeated at Albany, where it had only jocose consideration, but it would not have been so if its advocates had represented the great body of women. Some day, probably, the measure will have that backing, impossible as it is at present to interest women in the subject.—N. Y. Sun.

A NOBLE SACRIFICE.

How the Women of Massachusetts Paid for the Privilege of Voting for the Good of the Public.

We felt proud, says the Boston Woman's Journal, of Kansas women, and of the women in Wyoming and Washington Territories, who used their right to vote so wisely as to win the commendation of the best men in their respective localities. Now we are proud of Massachusetts women who, under difficulties that are never opposed to men, secured assessment to the number of twenty-five thousand in this city, and of hundreds in other cities and towns where the results are not fully known.

The immediate cause of this increase was an interest in the public schools, whose welfare was supposed to be menaced. Nothing like this uprising has occurred since the war of the rebellion. Then it was the welfare of the country, now it is that of the schools—and at what cost! Women whose small earnings, saved up for old age or sickness, had never been taxed, now were required by law to give in under oath a true list of all their property, and to be taxed on it before they could vote.

A man may refuse to do this and yet vote all the same. But in this case women, who earned their daily bread, paid some five, ten and thirty dollars, that they might vote for school committee. This shows how truly women are to be trusted to sacrifice for what they deem the public good.

The registration of twenty-five thousand in this city virtually gives them the control of the school board election. It changes the whole aspect of the woman question, and, as the Boston Globe says, "the municipal election next December will be the beginning of the end of the long struggle for the enfranchisement of women."

Victorious Women.

The Chicago Evening Law School has had a lively fight over the question of admitting women as students. The school is incorporated under the State law, and was opened a short time ago in the appellate court room, with Judges Moran and Bailey of the appellate court as faculty and seventy young men as students. Miss Emma Baumann and Miss Baker applied for admission. Both are stenographers, and wished to perfect themselves in legal technicalities to enable them to do court reporting. Strong opposition was made to their admission. Mrs. Myra Bradwell, of the Legal News, and other ladies took up the cause of the young lady applicants. The sentiment of the students is said to have been against their admission, but Judge Moran sensibly said: "Let the ladies be given equal privileges. If young gentlemen are mentally superior, let them demonstrate it by proficiency in their studies." The directors were divided, but after some discussion, and a postponement or two, they voted that women shall be admitted. This scores one more victory for justice and common-sense.

INTERESTING TO WOMEN.

A. J. DREXEL, the banker, is about to found an industrial college for women at Wayne, Pa., at a cost of $1,500,000.

MY belief in the wisdom and justice of the demand that women shall be admitted to the ballot grows stronger every year.—Geo. F. Hoar.

MARY S. SNOW has been elected to the school committee for three years in Bangor, Me. She received the unanimous vote of the city council.

DR. AMELIA B. EDWARDS is now called upon to live up to the reputation of being the most learned woman in the world. Even she, however, in the opinion of the many hod-carriers, does not know enough to vote.—Boston Commonwealth.

WE agree with the woman suffragists on one point: The argument that women should not vote because a majority of them do not desire to is weak. The question is one that is to be decided chiefly, if not entirely, in the interest that the State has in the subject.—Boston Herald.

J. EDWARD PFEIFFER, who lately died at London, was a warm advocate of collegiate education for girls and also of woman suffrage. He left nearly $500,000 to his wife, Emily Pfeiffer, the English poetess, with the request that at her death it should be used for the advancement of women.

THE relative standing of the pupils in a public school does not depend wholly upon their ability, but partly upon their application. It is our impression that girls are generally more diligent and studious than boys, during their school life. We should not claim that the higher standing of the girls in their studies is a proof of their absolute intellectual superiority; but it certainly ought to silence those who have hitherto asserted their hopeless inferiority.—Lucy Stone.

MRS. ZERELDA G. WALLACE said that the righteousness of woman suffrage was so self-evident that to argue in its favor now seemed almost humiliating. One point at least has been gained. The advocates of the movement were no longer criticised and ridiculed in the public press, and it has become understood that there could be no thorough development of the race until woman should be entirely free. Men could not work out the problem of self-government alone.

ENGINES OF DESTRUCTION.

The Part Taken by Americans in the Designing of War Materials.

The world moves so fast and improvements follow one another in such rapid succession that the work of original designers is often lost amid a maze of modifications, and the imitator becomes famed above the artist. If we turn to modern war machinery we shall find apt illustrations of this, and in most of the effective material in the great European armaments behold the cunning fashioning of the Yankee inventor. Admiral Porter has told us that the guns at Hampton Roads—the Monitor and Merrimac fight—resounded through the world and announced to the British that their great steam fleet—the finest in the world at that time—was obsolete. The great iron fleets of to-day have been developed from this Monitor germ. The liquid compass, that makes it possible to navigate iron and steel ships, is the invention of Mr. Ritchie, of Brookline, Mass. The world talks of the Krupp gun, yet how few are aware of the fact that it was only through the invention of the American, Colonel Bradwell, that Herr Krupp was enabled to make his guns effective? General S. V. Benet, Chief of Ordnance, U. S. A., speaking on this subject, says:

> All modern steel guns are of one or two systems, either the Krupp bolt system or the interrupted screw used in the French service. Our guns are of the latter system, which seems to offer the greatest advantages. Like all good modern inventions, it is an American one. So, for that matter, is the Krupp, or rather what gave Krupp's invention the practical value. The great trouble with the Krupp gun was the escape of gas at the breech. This was overcome by the aid of the "Bradwell plate," the invention of Colonel Bradwell, an American, who sold Krupp the invention. It consists of a thin steel plate, with elastic edges, that fits in the breech; and the pressure of the gas wedges it tightly against the sides and prevents the escape of gas.

The machine gun, that terrible weapon now so important a part of the great European armaments both on land and sea, is primarily an invention of the American, Dr. Gatling; the French mitrailleuse is a modification of it, so is the Nordenfelt. In June, 1883, Nordenfelt brought suit against Gardner, inventor of the Gardner machine gun, for infringement. Gardner showed that the principles on which the Nordenfelt gun was constructed had long been developed in the American Gatling machine gun and Winchester rifle, indeed long before 1873, when Nordenfelt got his English patent. It may fairly be said that this principle has found its highest development in the automatic gun of the American, Hiram Maxim, a gun which will fire 600 shots a minute; the recoil being utilized to load and fire and to keep a stream of water moving about the barrels for cooling. The disappearing gun mechanism is also his invention. The screw propeler, an invention that makes it possible to sink the motive power of a war ship, within and without, out of range of flying shot, though first tried in British waters, found no favor till Captain Ericsson came hither. The revolver, now in universal use, is, as every body knows, the invention of Colonel Colt, of Connecticut. We may add to the list the dynamite gun, yet in the infancy of its development, and the dynamite cruiser, intended to make up for its shortcomings in point of range, of which an English authority recently said there was not, probably, a ship afloat that would be safe before it. The torpedo, now holding so important a place among war material, was first made practicable and effective during our last war; its cousin, the automobile torpedo, of comparatively recent designing, is also American, though there are several foreign forms of the same.—Scientific American.

VASE, NOT VAWZ.

A Little Word About Whose Pronunciation Much Has Been Written.

If three of our most celebrated poets—Pope, Byron and Moore—may be cited as orthœpists, then are, or were, "case," "face" and "grace" correct rhymes to "vase," in proof of which I append a quotation from each poet:

Pope, "The Rape of the Lock," canto v., *ad fin.*:

> There heroes' wits are kept in ponderous vases
> And beaux in snuff-boxes and tweezer cases.

Byron, "Don Juan," c. viii., s. 96:

> A pure, transparent, pale, yet radiant face,
> Like to a lighted alabaster vase.

Moore, "Odes of Anacreon," v. and lxxviii.:

> Grave me a cup with brilliant grace,
> Deep as the rich and holy vase, etc.

Ode lxxviii. has the same rhyme.

The question is, was such pronunciation of "vase," the "pure well of English undefiled," or was it only "poetic license," or caprice, fashion or custom? Of course, many words alter their pronunciation from age to age, and "vase" may be one of them, as at present, I think, the word is generally pronounced as though it rhymed with "stars." Nuttall, in the preface to his dictionary, says: "The standard of pronunciation is not the authority of any dictionary, or any orthœpist; but it is the present usage of literary and well-bred society." If this be so, such usage seems to be the "safest standard" we have for our pronunciation. Keats, in one of his miscellaneous poems, makes "faces" rhyme with "vases":

> Fair dewy roses brush against our faces,
> And flowering laurels spring from diamond vases.

When I was a boy, about 1843, we had a reading book, one story in which was about "The Broken Vase." My father taught us to read it to rhyme with "chase," but we afterward came to think it ought to be something between "Mars" and "pans."—Notes and Queries.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Some of the Stylish Novelties Noticed by a Gotham Fashion Writer.

French cashmere is a fabric that holds its place in fashionable favor year after year, and season after season, with unvarying monotony. New patterns are just received, which are more than ever tempting and desirable—first, from their most beautiful and varied coloring and wonderfully-delicate finish, and again from the fact that they are everlasting wear, and neither wrinkle nor crease like many of the grades in Henrietta cloth and other fine wool fabrics. The fresh invoices have some charming features, among others the dainty qualities of figured patterns on pale-hued grounds, with fine foulard designs in delicate colors. These fancy cashmeres are specially adapted for watering-place wear, and their various colors and designs give a wide choice for both young women and their elders.

Turkish batiste is the name of a new cotton material that is finer than cambric and more opaque than lawn. There are plain and gaily-figured goods in this material. New French muslin in exquisite qualities repeat the beautiful patterns and tapestry designs of Persian and French foulard silks. Shirting cambrics for negligé waists are shown in pretty new checks, stripes and Pompadour devices. French cotton cheviots in Oxford goods with plain surfaces, and in Cambridge fabrics with finely-twilled face are also used for fancy morning waists.

Some of the stylish gowns noted among the fair promenaders on the avenues are marvels of fit and finish. braiding still being a favorite decoration. Many in Directoire fashion are simply wrought, but the smartest are elaborately decorated with a new sort of silk soutache or gimp, which gives the pattern the effect of heavy rich applique work. Next to the braided and magnificently-bordered gowns, large plaids and stripes are popular. Most of these this season have a redingote of the same, or a bodice everywhere bias, opening over a stylish vest of some description, with deep Cromwellian cuffs to match. Upon other gowns at the importing-houses, however, and also in the display-rooms of leading modistes, are deftly draped plaided skirts with very elegant jerseys above in monochrome—these variously decorated and quite often very oddly trimmed with some of the plaided goods. Jerseys are popular still, in spite of their want of novelty. Of course these are never seen on dres occasions, if those are excepted which are made of marvelously fine and flexible silks and rare open-work textiles studded with gems, superbly embroidered or lace finished and sleeveless. But the jersey pure and simple, yet elegant in effect, is a good investment, as a perfect fit is always assured in advance, and so far as economy goes it can be bought for less than the making of an equally well-appearing bodice often costs, with, in a sense, the material for nothing. The jersey really gives the appearance of a tailor-made gown at little cost. A well-fitting silk or satin underwaist should always be worn beneath a jersey. It facilitates the drawing on of the latter and greatly aids in keeping it in position, innocent as it is of either bones or braces.—N. Y. Evening Post.

EXERCISE FOR STOCK.

Successful Methods of Treating All Kinds of Breeding Animals.

The shy breeder is a too frequent exception on the stock form. The successful methods of treating such animals are not numerous. In fact the usual remedy for this trouble is complex in its application. While the diet of the plump animal is readily considered and understood to be a fault, many farmers do not appreciate the part which steady, judicious exercise holds in reducing flesh and in imparting "condition" for breeding. The horse is not a flesh-growing animal in a practical sense. When not properly fed and "handled," however, the equine animal may impair the reproductive functions. The mare worked steadily and carefully, maintains a normal condition, as a rule conceives and nurtures a foal to maturity. The "loose," idle mares and fillies and the one driven occasionally (too often violently), given thus the extremes of rest and exercise, make the trouble. On a large "horse breeding farm" it will pay well to employ one man in the work of exercising the mares (as well as the stallions), if there is not the regular daily work for them during the breeding season. This is especially desirable in the case of draft mares. The trotting or road mares do not so much tend to the fleshy condition. The cows, swine and sheep, too, claim a full share in this direction. During the summer and fall they should be watered if possible in a remote part of the pasture, salt (rock salt) should be kept at some distance from the water, then hay-racks and feed-boxes at still other places, so that they may have the travel desirable to ensure reproductive vigor as well as bones, tendons and muscle. There is certainly no adjunct of reduction of feed that equals exercise for breeders. Special attention to difficult animals will, of course, be required.—Orange Judd Farmer.

—Sometimes it happens that quite an entertainment is arranged especially for a juryman's benefit. Such an instance was seen in a Maine village the other day. It was in a horse case, and the entire jury had to go out and see for themselves what kind of a record the animal could make on the track.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—The crown of Charles II., made in 1660, is the oldest existing in England.

—The monastery of Melk, in Austria, lately celebrated the eight-hundreth anniversary of its foundation.

—Some of the handsomest shops in Paris are now devoted to the sale of Japanese wares, and are wholly conducted by Japs.

—Holland reclaims an average of eight acres per day from the sea, and the salt water is no sooner crowded out than cabbage is crowded in.

—Queen Victoria objects to the general use of electric lights at Windsor Castle, because it is too strong for her eyes, and it is therefore restricted to a few localities.

—Including policemen, post-office officials, marketmen and women, caretakers, hospital nurses, and newspaper writers and printers, it is estimated that fully one hundred thousand of the inhabitants of London are night workers.

—The Eiffel Tower is now declared, even by those who feared that it would be unsightly, to have a "light and graceful appearance in spite of its gigantic size, and to be an imposing monument, worthy of Paris."

—A curious animal peculiar to Tasmania is the Tasmania devil. It is equal in size to the short-legged terrier. Its skin is nearly of equal thickness of that of a pig, and it is covered with course, jet-black hair. It is of the bear species and possesses a power of jaw scarcely inferior to that of the bulldog.

—Ex-King Milan of Servia was so afraid of assassination during his reign that he slept in a room with double doors cased in steel. A powerful mastiff lay at the foot of his bed, and he always kept a loaded revolver on a table by his bedside. When eating alone the King would not use any made dishes, and satisfied his appetite with toast and boiled eggs.

—The trumpeter who congratulated the German Emperor early on the morning of his majesty's birthday anniversary by a joyous blast from his instrument, has been fined three marks "for giving a signal which was not required," but his imperial master has put balm into the wounds which the fine inflicted on the patriotic trumpeter by expressing to him, in a personal audience, his pleasure at the birthday salutation, and presenting him with a £5 note.

—Over the grave where Matthew Arnold lies with his four children, in Laleham church-yard, there has been placed a plain head-stone of white marble, containing beneath the raised cross the inscription: "Matthew Arnold, eldest son of the late Thomas Arnold, D. D., head master of Rugby School. Born Dec. 24, 1822. Died April 15, 1888. There has sprung up a light for the righteous, a joyful gladness for such as are true-hearted."

—A bridge on one of the upper courses of the Yang-Tse river, described by an American missionary to China, presents very unusual features in the way of ornaments. The bridge is of stone, and has buttresses up and down stream at each of the piers raised about five feet above the water. These buttresses are used to support standing or reclining figures of animals. Those up stream are water monsters; down stream are land animals, such as the buffalo and bear.

PROTECTING AN EDITOR.

A Second Daniel Discovered in a Small California Town.

At last we have got the printer where we want him. Since the establishment of printing the compositor has held the whip hand over the newspaper writer.

More brilliant efforts of genius have been ruined by the man who has the putting of them in type to do than have been lost by never being printed at all. And there has been no law to punish him. There has been more trouble over how matter has been put in the paper than over what matter has been put there. The compositor is my natural enemy, and it is with a glee I can not and do not care to hide that I get this in on him. Civilization in its highest form has developed itself in a small town of California. We have some fair showing of it in San Francisco, a little less in New York and a trifle in Oakland, but this out-of-the-way little town, unassuming and modest, as all great people and communities are, deserves to be placed at the top of the list. It seems that some time ago there was some trouble in the office of the only paper published there. The editor is proprietor, advertising canvasser, reporter and dramatic critic; the printer is foreman, sub, devil, battery-boy and father of the chapel. He conducted himself a small union, the printer did, and one night he went and got full and independent and refused to get the paper out. The editor, etc., argued the matter quietly at first, but failing to get any satisfaction, he took a mallet and knocked the printer, etc., on the head until the union gave in and pledged his word to get out the paper if he'd let him up. He got up and he got out the paper, and then he went and had the editor, etc., arrested for assault. The case was tried. The decision should be printed in letters of gold and made a prominent legend on all newspaper buildings. The judge, all honor and praise to him! dismissed the case. He gave a reason: "We have only one paper here and one editor, and he must be protected; therefore, I dismiss the case." Oh, upright judge! Oh, wise and learned judge! A Daniel, say I!—San Francisco Chronicle.