July Shoe Sale.

Gents' Ladies' Misses' } **Russet Shoes and Oxfords.**

During July we follow our usual custom of making cut prices on all Tan Shoes. A few of our prices. All new goods:

Ladies' and Gents' $3.50 Shoes reduced to.....$2.98
" " " 3.00 " " " 2.48
" " " 2.50 " " " 1.98
Ladies' $2.00 Shoes reduced to.....1.65
" 1.50 " " 1.25
Gents' Bicycle Shoes from.....90c to $1.98 pair
Ladies' Bicycle Shoes from.....$1.75 to 2.48 pair
" " Leggings from.....25c to 75c pair

Special bargains in odd sizes and broken lots.

H. B. Merritt, 17 N. Saginaw St. Pontiac.

No Generating, No Tin Tubes, No Smoke, No Explosions, No Smell, with the

Detroit Vapor Stoves.

A child can light them. We also handle the Douglas Stove Co,'s stoves from $2.50 to $15; Two-burner Oil Stoves for $1.

DEWEY & LAWSON

Dealers in Lumber, Coal, Hardware and Agricultural Implements.

Royal Oak, Mich.

ROYAL OAK.

Quite a good deal of sickness in this vicinity.

Berry picking is the order of the day at Crescent Hill farm.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Pirie entertained several guests from Detroit Sunday (a week).

Another brave boy gone to the war, and the name of James B. Hickey, Co. M., 32d Reg., Mich. Vol., Tampa, Fla., is now enrolled. The young man took his departure Sunday. He is the oldest son of N. B. Hickey.

Mr. and Mrs. N. B. Hickey entertained the following guests Sunday, the occasion being the 4th birthday of their little daughter Edith: Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Reilly and family, Mr. and Mrs. E. Flanigan and family, Mrs. J. Forsythe, son and daughter, Mrs. Benoit, Mrs. Smith and son, J. R. Richards, Mr. Lambert and Mr. Coleman, all of Detroit.

COUNTY LINE.

Mrs. John Martin is sick under the doctor's care.

Joiner Bros. are working on E. Wilson's new house.

An aunt from Petoskey is visiting G. W. Hoard at present.

John Preisel is shingling his house and otherwise fixing up things.

Miss Maude Alger, of Royal Oak, visited her sister at Warren lately.

Wheat in our vicinity is good, hay light, corn and potatoes looking well.

The hay and wheat in our neighborhood is about all taken care of in good shape.

F. Wells, the veterinary surgeon at Warren is going to try for representative this coming campaign.

Old Mrs. Beebe has been moved to A. Lyon's place. Her daughter, Mrs. E. Tharrett, of Mt. Clemens, is with her.

SOUTHFIELD.

May Gilbert, of Howell, is visiting at Mr. Willis'.

Say, did we come near having a cyclone Friday, well we guess yes.

Mrs. Stanton and son, of Bay City, are visiting her mother, Mrs. Helen Stewart.

Gracie Johnson has returned from Birmingham, where she spent a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Harris attended his grandfather's funeral at Dearborn Monday.

Frank Hooper is home again after working for Joe Brooks so long.

J. M. Boden and family of Detroit, spent Sunday at C. I. Johnson's.

The Cod, Willis and Johnson girls spent Saturday evening at Rue Van-Elvery's.

Does Baby Thrive?

If your baby is delicate and sickly and its food does not nourish it, put fifteen or twenty drops of Scott's Emulsion in its bottle three or four times a day and you will see a marked change.

We have had abundant proof that they will thrive on this emulsion when other food fails to nourish them.

It is the same with larger children that are delicate. Scott's Emulsion seems to be the element lacking in their food. Do not fail to try it if your children do not thrive. It is as useful for them in summer as in winter.

Ask your doctor if this is not true.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York

EN ROUTE FOR THE CONFLICT.

An Interesting Letter From Geo. Ewing, Written on Board the U. S. S. "Yosemite."

KINGSTON, Jamaica, June 14, 1898.
U. S. S. "Yosemite."

DEAR MOTHER:—We are in the windward passage between Cuba and Jamaica; we are going to land at Kingston to-morrow. We can't get ashore but the mail will go. Well, from Key West we went to Havana, and Tuesday morning at 4 o'clock we sailed for Santiago De Cuba, arriving there, Thursday morning at 6 o'clock. We convoyed the Panther loaded with 800 marines. We landed them at Guantonama Bay, at Santa Rosa, about 40 miles east of Santiago. Since then we have been drifting around between Cuba and Jamaica, looking for a Spanish cruiser.

The place, Santa Rosa, was bombarded at 4 o'clock in the morning, before we landed. Our boys burned the town and got a lot of relics, among them were a little brass cannon and a sword. The Marblehead did the work and the boys said the Spaniards ran like so many rats.

There are two Spanish gunboats up the river. The city is about five miles from the bay. One of the boats came out Wednesday night and the Marblehead put a shot clear through her; the crew was anxious to sink her, but the captain wanted to take her as a prize, so she got back up the river. We were near the coast of Cuba all the way from Havana; most of the way there are mountains and the scenery is nice.

This southern country is warm, but I am standing it in good shape and have the greatest sail I ever had. Alf is in good shape and wishes to be remembered.

Guantonama Bay or Santa Rosa,
Cuba, June 22, '98.

DEAR MOTHER:—I wrote you from Jamaica but before I saw Kingston, and it is a fine place, we were there from Thursday morning until Friday afternoon, and just before we got there we sighted a Spanish vessel, but did not know she was a Spaniard until we arrived at Kingston. The international laws compel a gunboat to lie 24 hours in a harbor, so we could not chase her. She was a very valuable prize, having $100,000 cargo of provisions and $4,000 in gold, besides being a fine large steamer.

We arrived at Santiago Sunday and came here to the place, where we landed the soldiers and where "Old Glory" floats on top of a hill where a Spanish block house was until the morning we landed there. There was a three days' battle here last week; the Americans won, but had six men and two officers killed. Our soldiers have buried over a hundred Spaniards, and say, judging by the stench on the other side of the hill where the Spaniards charged from, there must be a great many more.

There are thirty men and one lieutenant (Spanish prisoners) on the boat we are taking coal from. They are hungry looking cusses and seem to be enjoying themselves better than if they were free.

The U. S. S. Marblehead is here and she picked up seven sub-marine mines yesterday up the river from here, heading to Santa Cantalena, about ten miles from here. It is a town of about 15,000 people; a Spanish town, of course, but will soon have the Stars and Stripes floating. The Cuban flag is a dandy. There is a body of insurgents here; their flag floats down by the edge of the water and right above them the Stars and Stripes.

I suppose you know more where we are going by reading the papers than we do, and here we are in the middle of the whole thing. I managed to get hold of some of a Spanish Signal flag and will send you three small pieces. I would like to get ashore just to pick up some relics of the place, but I might as well try to go up in the air.

I think we will be ashore before the snow flies, and maybe by the first of September.

Give my best regards to the boys.

Your loving son,
GEO. A. EWING.

The Use of Whiskey

Is sometimes abused, but properly used, Sloman's Diamond Wedding Pure Rye Whiskey is of marvelous building-up power. All leading druggists and dealers.

A Tail-less Jersey.

A strange freak of nature occurred on the farm of Daniel Whaley, near Clio recently, when a calf, born without even an excuse for a tail, first saw the light of day. What this poor critter lacks in narrative it may gain in value by the fact of this "missing link." However, we would advise Mr. Whaley to take good care of his Jersey freak, as it may be worth its weight in gold to him some sweet day.

An Enterprising Druggist.

There are few men more wide awake and enterprising than Whitehead & Mitchell, who spare no pains to secure the best of everything in their line for their many customers. They now have the valuable agency for Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. This is the wonderful remedy that is producing such a furor all over the country by its many startling cures. It absolutely cures asthma, bronchitis, hoarseness and all affections of the throat, chest and lungs. Call at above drug store and get a trial bottle free or regular size for 50 cts and $1. Guaranteed to cure or price refunded.

"CRAZY!"

I should say yes.

The boys and girls are all wild over the fine display of Fireworks that W. R. Owen has in his store and windows. The largest stock and greatest variety ever brought into Oakland County. You should see his funny goods, and do not forget to look at his Hammocks from 75c to $4.50. Croquet Sets cheap as ever. Call and see him.

Yours truly,

W. R. OWEN,
Pontiac, Mich.

The Latest Hit.

"Never Kick a Man When He's Down" is the title of a new musical production by Feba D. Comstock. It is a very pretty song with chorus printed for a quartet and contains a sentiment which cannot help but gain applaud from its hearers. The rapid increase in orders for this piece of music leads the publishers to believe that it will enter the ranks of other popular compositions. Just the thing for an answer to an encore. Price 40c. Will be sold for half price for a short time only. Send silver. Address Lilla M. Krathwohl, Springport, Mich.

Communicated.

Our state law forbids the sale of liquor on Sunday and on holidays. Do our temperance people know that the law is not enforced—even here?

There is much complaint of bad boys on our streets. If every man in town would do his part toward teaching the boy that meanness is not manly, it would stop much of it.

"Penelope's Progress," by Kate Douglay Wiggin, is the last book in the library.

Boys, Huckleberry Finn is now in the library.

How to Look Good.

Good looks are really more than skin deep, depending entirely on a healthy condition of all the vital organs. If the liver be inactive you have a bilious look; if your stomach be disordered you have a dyspeptic look; if your kidneys be affected, you have a pinched look. Secure good health, and you will surely have good looks. "Electric Bitters" is a good Alterative and Tonic. Acts directly on the stomach, liver and kidneys. Purifies the blood, cures pimples, blotches and boils and gives a good complexion. Every bottle guaranteed. Sold at Whitehead & Mitchell's Drug Store for 50 cents a bottle.

James F. Meline, assistant United States treasurer, has received from Rev. Hume Elliot of Manchester, England, a money order for 10s 6d and a letter saying the half guinea is a token of regard for the United States in its present high and righteous enterprise."

Lieut.-Gen. Von der Goltz, better known as Von der Goltz Pasha, the reorganizer of the Turkish army, has been appointed inspector general of fortresses in the German army in place of Vogel von Falkenstein. The office is second in importance only to chief of the general staff.

Professor Warren K. Moorehead, formerly of Columbus, O., and now of Victoria institute, London, has returned from a protracted stay in southern Arizona. He carried on investigations through the Salt valley and discovered that the ancients living in the Slado valley occupied the middle ground between the cliff-dwellers and the Nahanas, or people popularly called Aztecs.

WITH THE PLAY-WRITERS.

Martha Morton, during her stay abroad, is to complete a new comedy for Sol Smith Russell.

Henry Guy Carleton is to deliver the new comedy he is writing for Smyth and Rice early in August.

The play on which Bronson Howard and Charles Klein are collaborating is not to be finished before next autumn. Where or by whom this play is to be produced remains a secret.

Mr. Hoyt is reported to have said, before sailing for England, where he is going to try "A Stranger in New York" on the Londoners, that his principal reason for withdrawing from active theater management is the desire to secure freedom from the cares necessarily attendant upon conducting a metropolitan playhouse, in order to devote himself wholly next season to play-writing. Mr. Hoyt is still desirous to turn his attention to work of a more serious kind than that with which his name has been identified.

"Oh," she suddenly exclaimed, "I wish I were a man." "What would you do?" he asked. "I'll not say what I would do, but there is one thing I will confess that I wouldn't do." "And that is——" "I wouldn't sit around as if I had handcuffs on when I happened to be alone with a girl."—Cleveland Leader.

Guaranteed to Cure.

That's rather strong, but we mean it. If your blood is impure, your nerves weak, your stomach, liver, or kidneys wrong, you can buy a bottle of

Dana's SARSAPARILLA

"The Kind that Cures."

with this guarantee, NO BENEFIT—NO PAY. If, after using a bottle of it, you feel no benefit has been received, you can GET YOUR MONEY BACK.

All Druggists Keep It.

THE CURFEW BELL.

Ancient Custom Adopted by Many Towns with Good Effect.

There are, it is said, 300 towns in this country in which the curfew bell is now rung at night, says Harper's Bazar. The upholders of the new regulations quote statistics to prove that crime has decreased in consequence and that every day fewer arrests have been made. The object of the government is to keep children off the streets at night and to get them, under penalty of a fine in money, safely tucked away in bed before danger can assail them. When statistics about crime and its decrease are quoted the voice of dissension for the time being is silenced and it requires a certain amount of hardihood afterwards to so much as attempt the first argument to prove a possible other side. But there are those of us who remember among the sweetest sins of our youth the joys of running away on summer nights when bedtime came—behind out of reach of the parental voice. There was the beauty of the early moonlight to tempt us, the fragrance of sweet fields; there were the romps on newly mown grass-heaps, the hide-and-seek behind the currant bushes and the daring plunge into some boat drawn up on the shore. No delights were ever like them. We would barter much that we possess today to have them over again. And there was no penalty of a $2 fine hanging over our heads, only the frown on a mother's face that we could kiss or laugh away in a moment. We would never do in these days of strict discipline to let the children know how innocent and easily condoned that disobedience was. Yet who of us can resist a sigh of sympathy for those little ones who have to be summoned to bed by a curfew bell—a bell the sound of which they can never reason, only hope to escape, or coax into a smiling silence? For them will there never be the memory of a voice, no less sweet because ignored, of some mother standing on the porch or coming down the dusky road to call them home to bed? Of course, these pleasures were never at best for the town-dweller and no doubt it is wise to get the children in from city streets and out of harm's way before temptation is abroad. Yet how hot the rooms to which the bell will summon them; how crowded, how unpleasant! Better then the streets? Perhaps! But better than all, if we only knew how it could be done, would be no poverty, no cramped rooms and no evil streets, so long as little children dwelt among us.

A DOG STOPS A TRAIN.

After Saving a Baby's Life He Modestly Takes to the Woods.

Train No. 20 on the Indianapolis and Vincennes, in charge of Conductor F. W. Russe of Indianapolis, was tearing along toward Indianapolis yesterday evening fifty miles an hour. The train was loaded with passengers and was behind time. East of Edwardsport Engineman Dorsey saw on the track far ahead a dog that was jumping about and acting in a peculiar manner. The dog's actions looked suspicious and, as a measure of caution, Dorsey shut off the steam, so as to have his train under control. When the train reached a nearer point the dog stood and barked at it, and then, with a yelp, started for the woods. Then it was that Dorsey saw that there was something red between the rails, and he threw on the emergency brakes and opened the sand box. The train came to a standstill within ten feet of a pretty, flaxen-haired baby in a red frock. The child was about 2 years old and had been playing with the dog. The train crew ran forward and Baggageman Franklin picked up the child, which laughed and crowed and patted his face in glee. About one thousand, eight hundred yards distant was a farmhouse, and toward it Franklin started with the baby, to meet a man running toward him like an insane person. It was the child's father, who had missed the baby just as the train stopped and supposed that the little one had been killed. How it got so far away from home and into such a dangerous place no one could understand. The passengers were considerably jolted by the sudden stopping of the train, but no one was hurt, and when they learned the cause of it they clustered about Engineer Dorsey and congratulated him on his caution.

Bill Warts, Toad, Mascot.

From the San Francisco Post: The happiest living being in the whole camp is without doubt Bill Warts, who came to California with one of the Colorado companies. Bill is not regularly enlisted either as a private or a mascot, but he is "one of the gang." He is the flattest and homeliest little horned toad that any one would care to see, but he is happy. Bill traveled to California carefully stowed away in one corner of a private's knapsack, but the trip and change of climate did not agree with him. He became listless and seemed to take no interest in life or flies, and gradually drooped during the cold, rainy weather, till one morning he was found cold and stiff. His master regretfully decided on a military funeral, so Bill was buried in the sand and a firecracker exploded over his grave. Bill's forgotten grave was trampled by many feet during the next few days. Then came the hot weather, when the men were forced to seek what shelter their little tents afforded. While some of the boys, half stripped, lay panting in a tent they observed a movement in the sand in front of their door, and on closer inspection discovered Billy Warts contentedly winking and blinking in the sun, while his sides were bulging with flies he had snapped off a discarded bacon rind.

Some He Had Overlooked.

Washington Evening Star: "This country," said the foreign gentleman, who is given to trite remarks, "hasn't any picturesque ruins." Hasn't it!" exclaimed the man of intense local pride. "You ought to go out west and look at some of those 16 to 1 castles in the air!"

Flag Floats Over a Church.

Bethany Presbyterian church, Philadelphia, has flung out a flag which will not be taken down until the war is over.

Worse Than Philistines.

Captain Sampson—Weigh anchor at once, sir, and——

The Executive Officer—We can't weigh anchor, sir.

"Can't weigh anchor? Why not?"

"There are three newspaper boats tied fast to our cables, sir."

"Cut the cables and go ahead full speed."

"Beg pardon, sir, but we can't go ahead."

"What's that? Can't go ahead?"

"No, sir. There are four newspaper boats tied to our bow chains, sir."

"Great Nelson! Slash the lines and back up!"

"We—we can't back up, sir."

"Can't back up?"

"No, sir. There are three newspaper boats fastened to our rudder, sir, and two more are lashed to our screw."

Envied Himself.

Judy—Ah, Dinnis, it do be shtrange to hear ye talkin' that way, whin it was yerself that used to be tillin' me that Oi was the shwatest craychure in the wurruld.

Dinnis—Did Oi iver till yez that, Judy?

Judy—Indade, an' ye did, Dinnis.

Dinnis—Begorra, an' ef that's so, thin Oi invy meself the condition Oi musht hev be'n in at the tolme.—Richmond Dispatch.

His Rank.

Twynn—You addressed that man as general, didn't you?

Triplett—Yes.

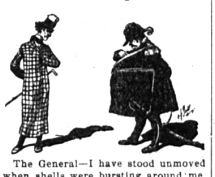
"How did he acquire that rank?"

"I conferred it on him."

"What for?"

"Because he is a general nuisance."

Sure Thing.



The General—I have stood unmoved when shells were bursting around me. Could you?

Romeo Barnstormer — Well, that would depend a great deal upon the age of the eggs.—Life.

The Funny Man.

Miss Mattinay—You won't mind my sitting down in my bonnet, Mr. Sparkle, will you?

Sparkle (the well-known comic writer, quoting one of his latest witticisms)—Not at all; it will only flatten it out a little.

Miss Mattinay—Oh, come, now, Mr. Sparkle, I know that is not your own. I saw it in print the other day!—Moonshine.

Still Going.

Mrs. Bingley—George, I wish you'd put an advertisement in the paper for a girl.

Mr. Bingley—Why? Where's Hannah?

Mrs. Bingley—Oh, she left this morning without as much as saying good-by.

Mr. Bingley—That's nice. I wonder what made her do it?

Mrs. Bingley—The oil can.—Cleveland Leader.

A Fine Morning.

"Fine morning, your worship," affably remarked the man who had been arrested the night before for being drunk and disorderly.

"Yes, indeed," responded the justice, "quite a fine morning—in fact, a $10 fine morning."

Truthful.

"Do you consider Mittimus to be depended upon?"

"I would trust him with millions."

"But you haven't the millions."

"I know. Perhaps that is the reason why I would trust him with them."

How to Tell.

Zingboom—Gladski plays the violin in the symphony orchestra, doesn't he?

Barr—Yes.

Zingboom—First or second?

Barr—Fourth, I think. I know he sits some distance from the leader.

Too Tame.

First Agitator—What did you think of Billikin's speech against the money power?

Second Agitator—It was weak—very weak. He mentioned the deadly upas tree only three times.

The Cheerful Idiot.

"And you don't believe there were ever mermaids?" asked the boarder who has gone in for the Greek cult.

"No," said the Cheerful Idiot. "Those mermaid stories are very fishy tales."

About Matrimony.

Dasherly—Marriage isn't for a day, old boy; it's for a lifetime.

Flasherly—Don't you get anything off for good behavior?

PECK'S BUSY CORNER.

Trading at Peck's

Means saving dollars. We not only give you best goods at lowest prices, but give our customers handsome pieces of Furniture FREE.

$25.00 in trade secures a handsome Hat Rack.
$30.00 " " " Music Rack.
$45.00 " " " Oak Stand.

Great Cut in Prices of Millinery This Week.

Ladies' Sailor Hats cut from....49c to 25c.
" Trimmed " " $3, 3.50 to $1.98

Large assortment of Children's Hats, all $6, $7, $7.50. Pattern Hats cut to $4.

Muslin Underwear--Some Specially Good Things Just in.

Lace Trimmed Gowns.....50c, 75c 95c.
Lace Trimmed Skirts, very full, double ruffles.....95c to $1.13.
Suisse Ribbed Underwear.....

I have purchased 80 dozen samples comprising ladies', gents' and children's at a very low price, and can save you at least 25 to 40 per cent on these goods.

All cars stop and start from Peck's Corner.
Make this store your waiting room. Packages can be left here.
Books and magazines on the counter. Let this be your headquarters.

SAMUEL N. PECK,
Corner Huron and Saginaw Sts., - PONTIAC.

FOR WOMAN AND HOME

ITEMS OF INTEREST FOR MAIDS AND MATRONS.

Some Current Notes of Fashion—A Beautiful Evening Gown in Ivory Satin—Pretty Low Necked Dresses for Children—Cooking School.

Training Housewives.

Belgian authorities recognize the fact that one of the best qualifications for a wife is the ability to manage a well-ordered home, and have undertaken to supplement home training in housewifery by the establishment of classes in both the primary and secondary schools, where the whole system of housekeeping is taught, beginning with the smallest children and continuing until the girls are graduated.

One of the largest of these classes is held in the basement of a Brussels house. One room is set apart for lecture purposes, and in it lectures are given on domestic economy, nursing, care of children and invalids, and hygiene. Another room is furnished as a kitchen, and the cooking utensils are precisely such as would be found in a cottage of any respectable working man. On the walls are odd-looking pictures of joints of meat, with price attached, and notes stating whether it would be most economical to roast, boil, stew or fry in each case.

Members of the class take turn in cooking the dinner every day. They are made to go through the form of purchasing all materials for the meal, which must cost under two shillings, and must be sufficient for six persons. Both judgment and economical management are required to feed six persons at a cost of about 25 cents, but it is stated that the girls turn out very fair meals, each dish being well made in every way.

The girls go through a regular course in the laundry as well as in the kitchen, and order everywhere is especially insisted upon. Two hours a week are given to instruction in making dresses, darning stockings, and all kinds of needlework. Lessons on how to take care of children are also given. They are taught in other classes how to bind up wounds, dress burns and treat the simple kinds of ailments. The result of all this is that when a Brussels maiden marries she is more likely to be a success as a wife than any other girl in Europe.

Pretty Fashion for Children.

Low-necked dresses for children are to be the thing this summer—low-necked dresses with no sleeves at all, just a ruffle over the shoulders—and socks to go with these that will display bare legs to match the bare arms. The tinier the tot is the prettier the costume and the more the vogue.

Potato Salad.

The yolks of three eggs beaten, one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of black pepper, one tablespoonful of mustard, one-half cupful of vinegar, one grated onion, butter one-half the size of an egg. Mix to a smooth paste and cook slowly. Let the mixture cool and add an equal quantity of sweet cream (milk will do). Mix well and pour over cold boiled potatoes cut in small dice. This is appetizing. Try it.

New Evening Gown.

A beautiful evening gown of recent London make is of ivory satin, the front of its skirt cut into exquisite curved lines, and trimmed both there and in front of the bodice by long trails of roses embroidered in relief. This overskirt opened to show a petticoat of green chiffon veiled in tinted lace. The bodice claimed some distinction, with its small chemisette of gathered chiffon, and I would give more than one word to the dainty chiffon sash falling to the hem at the back, tucked narrowly and rounded at its ends, then edged all around with a ruching of the chiffon.

SMART WEEDS.

Fashion Notes.

There is great variety in wraps this season. They range from the merest neck ruffle to the long ulster. A very stylish cape is made of gray silk. It is cut in three tiers, each tier being edged with plaited black chiffon. The neck is finished with a high plaited ruffle of the chiffon.

A stylish costume is made of taffeta silk in light gray. Narrow black lace insertion is arranged in deep scallops all around the skirt. Bands of this insertion begin at the sides of the front breadth just below the waist line and follow the seams to the round and round rows just above the hem.

Lace flounces are again becoming popular. They vary in width, one recently seen on an imported costume being about fourteen inches deep and full gathered at the sides and back, but with less fullness across the front. A heading of beaded galloon made an appriate finish.

A novelty costume is of spotted silk muslin. The skirt has four flounces set on to form deep points at the front, the ruffles rising at an angle of almost forty-five degrees. This leaves a plain space at the sides and back, which is filled in with shaped ruffles so that the back is a continuous cascade. The waist of this costume is plain, with the exception of very full ruffle that outline the lower edge and a yoke and extend over the shoulders. They are so full that they form a solid ruche.