

# THE GREENVILLE ENTERPRISE.

Devoted to News, Politics, Intelligence, and the Improvement of the State and Country.

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## Selected Poetry.

**An Anxious Inquiry.**  
Maiden with the raven locks,  
And the fringed eyes so brown,  
If thy father hath "the rocks,"  
Need thy heart be kindred stone?  
If so, speak; or by a frown,  
Let the dismal fact be known.  
  
Maiden, with the swelling bust,  
Where the heart I covet lies,  
If thy father hath "the dust,"  
Do not, by your many wiles,  
Seek to throw it in my eyes,  
Blinding hopes and quenching smiles.  
  
Thy father's fields I know are broad,  
Whilst my own are "gone to grass,"  
By rogues from every rook outlaid,  
My heart's the only sower left;  
And now I see by you, alas!  
Of even that I'll soon be reft!  
  
If thy father hath "the soap,"  
Do not wash your hands of me;  
Make it mine, and then I hope  
To scour the country o'er and o'er,  
And keep my reputation free  
From all the stains it ever wore.  
  
Secured, like thieves, in public stocks,  
Maiden, what a life we'll lead,  
With that "soap," that "dust," those  
"rocks;"  
Oh, hear my prayer! as down I kneel—  
Give me the hand I so much need,  
And I'll be true to thee as steel!

## Original Communications.

FOR THE GREENVILLE ENTERPRISE.

### Thecla's Dream—No. 3.

HACIENDA, SALUDA, April, 1870.  
My Dear \*\*\*\*\*—Thecla's chariot moved so slow on the Equator, that she became wearied with the dull, inactive life, day after day, on a long voyage at sea. She longed to see the land—to walk among the flowers; taste delicious fruits, and enjoy a refreshing shade near some fresh-water stream; to listen to her pretty little canary call a mate from among the sweet songsters away among the palms and green foliage, where doves find rest at mid-day from the piercing rays of a tropical sun. She was standing in her chariot keeping a bright lookout ahead.—The sun was losing strength, and gradually sinking in the west, when she saw a long streak of shadowy blue across her line of progress, resting on a white line of soft mass like foam. The water had changed from deep blue to a greenish tinge. As the sun went down, she saw tall palm trees waiving to the breeze; the dense foliage; the long white sand beach; the waves of ocean foaming as they dashed up the shore. Her chariot was moving directly on the Equator, and the land she saw was that of the great continent of South America. Nearer and nearer she went—darker and darker the time became. Was she doomed to be wrecked? She saw the ribs and broken masts of ships strewn along the coast. She trembled, not for the insurance company who had paid for those stranded ships; not for the hardy sailors who might have been lost had they attempted to double Cape Horn in them; not for the cool trickery of those who purposely ran the unseaworthy craft on the beach, then jumped on shore to claim the insurance double the value of their property. No. She trembled because she saw the helplessness of humanity to save themselves from ruin and death without the help of power so far beyond her strength and judgment. The law by which she was to be saved from being cast away just then, was at work under the wheels of her chariot. The current gently turned, and she found herself moving close by the very jaws of the great Amazon River.  
The waters of the Amazon reach the ocean in a large volume of light color. It can be seen very distinctly joining, and being turned by the heavy equatorial current towards the Caribbean Sea. Thecla was relieved from fear, and sank down to rest, as her chariot moved along the coast of the Guianas. She dreamt she was on board the fleet of the Blacks. The steamers took the sailing vessels in tow, and stemmed up the Amazon River. The passengers thronged the sides of the fleet; manned the rigging and yards; the young Africans ascended the masts to the truck; all looked with delight at the promised land; cheered and an-

swered cheers from the laden commercial fleets; shouted with wonder at the sight of cities and towns with tall church steeples and long wharfs jutting out into the river; they peeped into the country and saw the rice fields—cotton, corn, and indigo fields; coffee trees, chocolate groves, coconut groves, fields of pine apples, watermelon, banana, plantains, oranges, lemons, gardens, country houses, sugar cane fields, and sugar mills; plowmen with horses, mules, oxen, steam power; the people all black; all free; all busy. As they passed large steam boats loaded with produce, Thecla read on the ends of the packages, on the upper and lower decks—cotton for England; coffee for the United States; chocolate for Portugal; rice for Italy; india rubber for Russia; alpacas wool for France; peruvian bark for the world; fruits for mankind. Again and again the African fleet turned, first on one side, then on the other, passing rafts of logs or lumber—flat boats, on steam boats, ferry boats or sail boats.  
At day-light in the morning the birds began to sing,  
As the boats passed each other the bells began to ring.  
The boatmen pulled, and sang, at rope or oar,  
Up or down the river, and from shore to shore.  
"Cheer up my lively lads in spite of wind or weather—  
Cheer up my lively lads—let us all pull together."  
Ascending the Amazon a thousand miles, they turned into Madeira River; passing cultivated prairie lands; pasture fields; herds of cattle; pens filled with young calves; droves of horses, colts, lakes and rivers; fishermen and farmers; ship builders and house carpenters; wash women and dairy maids. "Is that an ostrich I see going with lightning speed away across the prairie?" said Thecla. "It is the locomotive," said the pilot. The passengers were landed five hundred miles from the mouth of the Madeira River near the lower falls, and were conducted along the bank up the river.—The fleet returned towards Africa for more emigrants.  
Among the traditions about Amazons and Amazonia, there is one which tells of a great city built long before the Spanish conquest, and it may have been long before the reign of the first of that long chain of Incas' rulers, who conquered so many tribes, but who, it is said, never extended their rule into these rich and productive low lands of the Amazon valley. This traditional city is thought to have been built by a great people inhabiting this country during past ages. The streets were paved with gold, and the houses built of silver and marble. Thecla's curiosity was excited. She was so near the reported locality of this wonderful city, she determined, if possible, to see it. It is in what is called the Gran Pitite country, west from the falls of the Madeira—near the River Parus. After travelling along at the foot of the range of hills and mountains which separate the Amazon basin from the upper country—which is watered by the tributaries of the Madeira river—she came to a lake of orange colored water, with shores thickly wooded. She peeped through the foliage, and saw, in a small inlet, large white lilies—pink in the centre, and yellow stamens growing around the edge of a flat, broad, thick leaf. Raising her dress, she stepped on the leaf; and while she was expressing her delight at the beauty of the flowers, an east wind sprang up, and Thecla was borne swiftly away on the Victoria Regia out over the broad sheet of water to the opposite shore. There stood the city of gold—the city of silver and white marble—the city of tradition—the city of Pitite. Pushing between the light canoes or gondolas of the lake which lay near the marble steps, she soon found herself on the smooth pavement, walking among a well dressed multitude of people—all black—speaking the English language, and who seemed to be deeply interested in some exciting question common to them all. She soon discovered that she was in the capital city of a great nation of Black Republicans. She found the centre of attraction and cause of the interest the people felt at the time, was that the newly elected President was, at twelve o'clock, to deliver his inaugural address from the balcony of the capitol on the main plaza. Thecla felt a greater interest in seeing the wealth and grandeur of a great city, and in the beauty, improvements and agricultural developments of the country from which the substantial commercial wealth she saw on the rivers came, than to hear any one man talk about what he would do for the people.

However, "when you are in Rome, do as the Romans do." She was politely offered a comfortable seat where she could see the people.—The nation had had many Presidents, but they had either been from among the blacks, who came from the Brazils, the West India Islands, the United States, or from among the Liberians, who were now settled in that rich and beautiful country on the tributaries of the great River Parus—now called Madre de Dios—mother of God.  
The new President was the first who claimed descent directly from Africa—"the first shall be last and the last first," was about to be verified, for the blacks from the other countries had always overruled the Africans in previous elections. Religion had its effect upon the political questions of the day; the blacks from North America were usually Protestants, those from Brazil and the West Indies were generally Catholics, while the poor, ignorant African had no religion at all, so far as Thecla could discover. The new President led the African vote; and as he had joined the Protestants, this gave him their votes. There was a political question before the people as to whether their country should be open freely for the introduction of emigrants from all other countries. The West India and Brazilian Catholics were most positively and bitterly opposed to the idea of permitting white folks to live on political, social, commercial or agricultural terms of equality with themselves. He being friendly to their views on this subject, they all voted for him. The Liberians generously gave him a complimentary vote, which placed him in office by the united vote of twenty millions male and female black republicans.  
President Mtesa Kamrasi, appeared on the balcony; the mass of people who crowded the plaza doors, windows and house tops, took off their hats. He was a tall, neatly dressed, intelligent looking, grave, determined black man. He said: "Let us thank the Great Ruler of all for health, prosperity and happiness" (the people bowed low). "The initial point of the boundary of our land has been fixed at Carthagena, on the shore of the Caribbean Sea. From that point, the line follows the summit of the Andes through New Granada, Ecuador, Peru and Bolivia, to the intersection of these mountains with the Tropic of Capricorn, next to the Territory of the Argentine Confederation; thence along said line of the Tropic to the shore of the South Atlantic; thence along the shore of the ocean back to said initial point. We have no intanglements with other nations. Our commercial intercourse with the world is prosperous and increasing. Besides an extensive mercantile marine, we have one hundred steamships of war, ten thousand naval seamen, five thousand apprentice boys instructed and being educated by the Government for the future requirements of the country. The foundation on which our commerce and its naval protection rests, is the great improvement and development of the agricultural wealth of the country, and we have the satisfaction of knowing that since the introduction of our agricultural productions into market the daily expense of life among the people of the world has been decreased nearly one half. The African fleet arrives monthly with an average of five thousand native Africans. The emigrants have finished the Ship Canal from the lower to the upper falls on the Madeira River, and are now at work on a canal between the head waters of the Madeira and La Plata. When this canal shall be completed, the commercial wealth of the La Plata Valley will be upset, and will fall into the Amazon Valley. The long sea voyage to and from the mouth of the La Plata will be unnecessary as the trade with the interior of South America can be more cheaply reached through the mouth of the Amazon River. The feasibility of building a ship canal over the Andes from the valley of the Beni to the Pacific Ocean—the highest elevation being twelve thousand feet above the sea—is being examined by scientific engineers. The locks of such a canal may be filled with water from Lake Titicaca, and from other sources on the sides of the mountains. The increased discovery of gold at the mines of Carabaya, at the head waters of the Parus, and at Tipisani, at the head of the Beni, have encouraged the miners. The agricultural improvements by the introduction of steam plows on the prairies, and other implements for the cultivation of the soil, has increased our commercial intercourse with other nations to such a degree that our exports far ex-

ceed the value of our imports. The treasury is abundantly supplied with the means to prosecute the internal improvements of the nation. The heart of the country contains so many miles of navigable rivers, our expenses for railroads is naturally small. The road from Matto Grasso to Rio de Janeiro will ere long be completed. The road through the Andes from Lima to the river Ucayali, in Peru, is met near the base of the Andes, where the tunnel enters our territory, by our road terminating at Tabatinga, on the main trunk of the Amazon. The effect of this road will give a fresh impetus to the mining of silver among the mountains of Sierra de Pasco. The increased supply of gold and comparative small amount of silver in the markets, threatens a change in valuations, and silver is fast becoming the most precious metal."  
Thecla had noticed the politeness of the well dressed, black woman to whom she was indebted for her pleasant situation. The woman took her two little daughters by the hands and leaning forward she said, "I see you are a stranger, would you like to look at the country?" Thecla said "yes." They walked through the crowd—now moving in all directions, towards home—to a side street where stood a wagon and fine pair of horses held by a black man. The woman helped Thecla in, taking a seat by her side, with the children in front. They drove off through the beautiful city of Pitite.  
Very truly yours,  
LARDNER GIBBON.  
\*\*\*\*\*  
Holmesburg,  
Philadelphia, Penn.

**DEBT.**—Debt is a perfect bore. How it haunts a man from pillow to post; lurking in his breakfast cup, poisoning dinner, embittering his tea! How it stalks from him like a living, moving skeleton, seeming to announce his presence by recounting the amount of liabilities. How it poisons its domestic joys, by introducing its infernal "balance" into the calculation of madam respecting the price of a new carpet, or a new dress! How it hinders dreamy plans for speculations, and cripples resolutions too good to be fulfilled.  
At bed and board, by night or by day, in joy or grief, in health or sickness, at home or abroad, debt—grim, gaunt and shadowy, falls as an incumbrance. As no presence is too sacred, no ground is too holy to deter the memory of "bills and notes payable" from taking immediate possession, so no record is enlightening, no reminiscence more than the consciousness that the debt has fallen like a January morning, twenty-nine degrees below zero.

**CULTIVATE CHEERFULNESS.**—An anxious, restless temper that runs to meet care on its way, that regrets lost opportunities too much, and that is over painstaking in contrivances for happiness is foolish, and should not be indulged. If you cannot be happy in one way, be happy in another; and this facility of disposition wants but little aid from philosophy, for health and good humor are almost all that are requisite. Many run about after happiness, like an absent man hunting for his hat, while it is on his head or in his hand. Though sometimes small evils, like invisible insects, inflict great pain, and a single hair may stop a vast machine, yet the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones, alas! are let on long leases.

**SOUTH CAROLINA MONUMENT ASSOCIATION.**—The following are the receipts of the second quarter ending May 20, 1870:  
From Greenville, \$80.00; Beaufort, 29.35; Barnwell, 15.25; Kershaw, 104.30; Clarendon, 40.00; Horry, 38.00; Richland, 111.50; Orangeburg, 100.00; Newberry, 72.85; Anderson, 75.00; Fairfield, 42.50; Pendleton, 50.00; Union, 20.75; Chesterfield, 75.14; York, 85.00. Charleston in the hands of the ladies of Charleston and invested in that city, 737.00; South Carolinians in Baltimore, 518.00. South Carolinians in New York, 110.00; total, \$1,791.64; receipts for first quarter, 1870, \$9,309.64.

A young school Count Montmond—the memoir writer—to teach him the art of succeeding in society. "Oh, it is simple enough," said the Count. "Talk to the middle aged and young ladies, and listen when the old ones talk to you."

**Two Dog Stories.**  
An English officer, who was in Paris in 1815, mentions the case of a shoe-black's dog which brought customers to its master. This it did in a very ingenious and scarcely honest manner. The officer, having occasion to cross one of the bridges over the Seine, had his boots, which had been previously polished, dirtied by a poodle dog running against them. He, in consequence, went to a man stationed on the road and had them cleaned. The same circumstance having occurred more than once, his curiosity was excited, and he watched the dog. He saw him roll himself in the mud of the river, and then watch for a person with well-polished boots, against which he contrived to rub himself. Finding that the shoe-black was the owner of the dog, he taxed him with the artifice; and, after some hesitation, he confessed he had taught the dog the trick in order to procure customers for himself. The officer being much struck with the dog's sagacity, purchased him at a high price, and brought him to England. He kept him tied up in London some time, and then released him. The dog remained with him a day or two, and then made his escape. A fortnight afterwards he was found with his former master, pursuing his old trade on the bridge.  
A gentleman had two dogs of the terrier breed—the one rough-coated, and of rather large size, of great intelligence and great attachment, named Pincher; the other was a very small, smooth-coated, snarling little animal, but an excellent house guard, named Jacko. These animals lived together on very friendly terms, domiciled generally in the housekeeper's room, where they were great favorites. One Sunday evening the servants were summoned to prayers, leaving the room with their supper on the table, the cook only remaining in the kitchen adjoining the supper-room. In a short time Pincher went into the kitchen and pulled the cook's gown, who, supposing he was begging for food, chided the animal and drove him away. In a few minutes he returned and again pulled at the cook's garments, when he was again reproved. A third time he came, and pulled at her gown with more vehemence; when, wondering at the cause, she followed him to the supper-room, where the first thing she saw was little Jacko helping himself to the supper.

**MOTHER.**—Around the holy name of mother the mind clings with fond affection.  
It is the first dear thought stamped upon our infant hearts, when yet soft and capable of receiving the most profound impressions, and all the after feelings are more or less light in comparison. Our passions and our wills may lead us far from the object of our filial love; we may become wild, headstrong, and angry at her council opposition; but when the chilly hand of death stilled her monitory voice, and nothing but calm memory remains to recapitulate her virtues and good deeds, affections, like a flower beaten to the ground by a rude storm, raises up her head and smiles amidst her tears.  
Round the name as we have said, the mind clings with affection; and even when the earliest period of our loss forces memory to be silent, fancy takes the place of remembrance, and twines the image of our departed parent with a garland of graces, and beauties, and virtues, which we doubt not that she possessed.

**SCOURING KNIVES, ETC.**—A correspondent writes that for five years she has used water-lime for scouring knives, forks, tins, and the like. She says: "I have a box with a partition and keep the lime in one part and the cloths in the other. I wet a small cloth in a little and dip it in the lime, and after the articles are well washed and wiped, I rub them until the spots are removed. Then I take a larger, dry cloth, dip it in the lime, and rub the articles until polished to suit me. Wipe off the dust from the knives and forks with a dry cloth, and they are ready to put away."

A silly old woman, who sold ale, being in church fell asleep during divine service, and unluckily let her old fashioned clasped Bible fall, which, making a great noise, she exclaimed, half awake, "So, you jade, there's another jug broken!"

JOHN BILLINGS says that opera music has no more effect on him than castor oil on a graven image.

**Slander.**  
It seems a little thing to slander our neighbor; to repeat all the harm we have heard of him, to whisper away reputation, and to stab in the dark. Yet it is a great matter to him, though a small thing to us. We can never know the amount of repeating all the harm of him that we have heard. The human heart is prone to slander, and we should watch ourselves carefully when we find that we are about to speak of our neighbors. We heard a lady once say, "I make it a rule never to repeat anything bad that I hear of another. I am resolved that I will never take part in injuring any one." What a wise resolve! Would that all made it the golden rule of their life. How much misery would be spared, how much more kindly would be our intercourse with each other. Why, the world would be like Eden without the serpent. But instead of hiding the evil that we have heard, how eagerly we spread it; how glad we are to pour into the ears which open so gladly to receive it. Deprive us of that great staple of conversation, slander, and some of us would be at a loss what to talk about. Would that we were only as anxious to tell the good we know of our acquaintances as we are to tell the bad; what a charming thing society really would be. There are people to whom slander is the very breath of their life; social spiders, hideous and venomous in secret, and in darkness they weave their webs of distraction. They are a curse to society, a canker to their friends, and a disgrace to themselves.

**THE HUMAN HAIR.**—Gray hairs sell for a cent apiece. Hair dressers inquire of their customers for them, and beg that they may be saved from the comb in dressing. Gray hair is the most expensive and difficult to obtain. There is now a strong motive for young women to cultivate the growth of fine heads of hair, as their tresses in moments of difficulty may be worth a dowry to them. Mothers are warned against cutting their children's hair too often. If it is of good thickness at first, scissors should not be touched to the head; cutting makes the hair grow thicker, but coarser. Frequent brushing while the hair is of moderate length, and washing once a week with a teaspoonful of liquid ammonia in a large bowlful of warm water, is the best treatment possible. Keep it done up loosely, so that the air can move through the hair freely. If any stimulant is required, half an ounce of dry ammonia, rubbed into a pint of olive oil, is the finest dressing to be made, surpassing bay rum and any mixture of spirits and oil.—This dressing prevents the hair from turning gray, if anything will do so, and urges its growth.  
[N. Y. Citizen.]

**DEFINITION OF BIBLE TERMS.**  
A day's journey was thirty-three and one fifth miles.  
A Sabbath day's journey was about an English mile.  
Ezekiel's reed was eleven feet nearly.  
A cubit is twenty two inches nearly.  
A hand's breadth is equal to three and five eighths inches.  
A finger's breadth is equal to one inch.  
A shekel of silver was about fifty cents.  
A shekel of gold was \$8.00.  
A talent of silver was \$538.32.  
A talent of gold was \$13,800.  
A piece of silver, or a penny, was thirteen cents.  
A farthing was three cents.  
A gerah was one cent.  
A mite was one cent.  
An epha, or bath, contains seven gallons and five pints.  
A bin was one gallon and two pints.  
A firkin was seven pints.  
An omer was six pints.  
A cab was three pints.

**GREASE ON CARPETS.**—There is nothing that annoys a tidy housekeeper so much as to have her carpet spotted with lamp oil or grease, and we therefore make known for their benefit the following receipt for extracting oil or grease spots from carpets and cloths:  
Cover the grease spots with whiting, and let it remain until it becomes saturated with the grease; then scrape it off and cover it with another coat of whiting, and if this does not remove the grease, repeat the application. Three coats of whiting will, in most cases, remove the grease, when it should be brushed off with a clothes brush. So says one who pretends to know.

**CUDA.**—The land of the flea and the home of the slaves.

FRANKLIN once said: "Give your son a trade and you do more for him than by giving him a fortune."  
LOGIC.—Strange as it may seem, it is nevertheless a fact, that if you cut off your left hand, your right hand becomes your left hand.  
"Isn't it strange," remarked a lady, "that the Miss Smiths are so gross?" "Not at all," was the reply, "their father was a grocer."  
It is little troubles that wear the heart out; it is easier to throw a bomb-shell a mile than a feather—even with artillery.  
God makes no promise to those who hold back. But he gives strength to the obedient, and light to those who determine to trust Him.  
A PHYSICIAN boasting at a dinner that he cured his own hams, one of the guests remarked: "Doctor, I would rather be your ham than your patient."  
A MAN in Rhode Island has been sent to jail for ten days for sleeping in church. Nothing was done with the clergyman who put him to sleep.  
WHY is an Italian exile returning to his native land, like a man going to see his son go up an apple tree? Because he is going to see his own sunny climate.  
BUG KILLER.—Kerosene, a wine-glass full to three gallons of water, thrown on plants from a syringe or watering pot, it is said, will exterminate garden vermin. But never try it with undiluted oil.  
FIRE insurance in Japan is simple, but effective. No paid up capital required. The "Company" consists of the Mikado, who issues one general "policy" which he calls an edict. The chief condition of the policy is that every person whose house catches fire shall have his head cut off. The losses have been very light.  
A WITNESS was examined before a judge in a case of slander, who required him to repeat the precise words spoken. The witness, fixing his eyes upon the judge, began: "As 'May it please your honor, you lie, steal, and get your living by cheating." The face of the judge reddened, and he exclaimed: "Turn your face to the jury, sir, when you speak."  
A TRAVELER, who demanded his trunk at a Baltimore depot, before all others, and was told by the Irish baggage-master that he must have patience and wait his turn, turned upon the baggage-master with "You're an impudent dog." To which he of the trunks rejoined: "An' faith, ye are a monkey, and it's a great pity that, when we two were made basties, ye wasn't made an illphant, so that ye could have yer blasted trunk under yer nose all the time."  
RECENTLY Captain Mason, of Way Key, Fla., was standing on the porch of his hotel, when an elderly lady came out of the building. The rain had been falling, and consequently the middle of the street was wet. "I should like to get across the street without wetting my feet," said the lady. "I can help you across," the Captain responded. "Oh, dear! I shall feel so much obliged to you," the lady said: "my feet have not been wet for twenty years." "For Heaven's sake, Madame," said the Captain, "don't show them to me."  
"Young gentlemen," said the celebrated Doctor Thos. Cooper, addressing his class, in the South Carolina College, years ago, "Poetry is defined in your text-book to be the language of passion!" Then suddenly pausing, and addressing the juvenile Ethiopian who was vainly striving to kindle a fire in the recitation room, the doctor fiercely added:  
"Jim! you infernal black rascal, why don't you light that fire?"  
Turning again to his astonished auditors, with a merry twinkle in his eye, the professor inquired:  
"Gentlemen, is that poetry?"  
POOR RULE THAT WON'T WORK BOTH WAYS.—The following is very applicable, and we publish it for the benefit of those most interested:  
Landlord—Mr. Editor, I will thank you to say that I keep the very best table in the city.  
Editor—I'll thank you to supply my family with board, gratis.  
Landlord—I thought you were glad to get something to fill up your paper.  
Editor—I thought you were glad to get somebody to fill your house! It's a poor rule that won't work both ways.  
Exit landlord in a rage, threatening to have nothing more to do with the office.