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People will Talk.

You may go through the world, but 'twill be very slow,
If you listen to all that is said as you go;
You'll be worried and fretted and kept in a stew,
For meddlesome tongues must have something to do.

If quiet and modest, you'll have it presumed
That your humble position is only assumed—
You're a wolf in sheep's clothing or else you're a fool;
But don't get excited—keep perfectly cool.

And then, if you show the least boldness of heart
Or a slight inclination to take your own part,
They will call you an upstart, conceited and vain,
But keep straight ahead—don't stop to explain—

If threadbare your dress and old-fashioned your hat,
Some one will surely take notice of that,
And hint rather strong that you can't pay your way;
But don't get excited, whatever they say—

If your dress is in fashion, don't think to escape,
For they criticize them in a different shape;
You're ahead of your means, or your tailor's unpaid,
But mind your own business—there's naught to be made—

Now, the best way to do it is to do as you please;
For your mind, if you have one, will then be at ease.
Of course you will meet with all sorts of abuse;
But don't think to stop them—it ain't any use—

BRAZIL CONVICT LIFE.

How the Convicts are Taken Care of—
Their Island Home—A Sad Tale to Read.

In *Scribner* for February is an interesting article on the penal settlement of Fernando Noronha, belonging to Brazil:

There are one thousand five hundred convicts on the island, chiefly Brazilians, negroes, and half castes, with a few Italians, etc. Sixty of them are women. The children number about two hundred. The total island population, including convicts, soldiers and their wives and children, is about two thousand.

Convicts (including sixty women).....1,500
Soldiers and children.....150
Wives of soldiers and convicts.....144
Children.....200
Total.....2,000

The chief crimes for which they have been banished are murder, embezzlement, coining, forgery—all of frequent occurrence in the Brazils; and in the case of many of the women, husband murder or poisoning, another common felony. Of the one thousand five hundred, only one-third, or five hundred, including the women, live and work in the village. The women are mainly employed in sewing, tailoring, etc., and the men at their special trades. Those who have none have different tasks allotted, e. g., fishing, cooking for the governor, landing cargo, working in the stores, etc. Fishing is carried on single handed in small rafts, or catamarans, like those used along the coast of Hindostan. With these the convict has little chance of escape to the distant coast. This is seldom attempted, and even if successfully accomplished, the prisoner is almost sure to be recognized and recaptured in Brazil. All the able-bodied artificers work in the general workshops under surveillance, and only the aged, infirm, and crippled are allowed the privilege of working at home. Of the village convicts, four hundred occupy the prison, the remaining one hundred being women and married men, who have huts of their own. The women are seldom compelled to live in the prison so-called, which is merely a stone built structure, consisting of an open yard, and on either side a long, rough, and bare looking, comfortable stone floored room, along each side of which the closely packed convicts sleep, feed, and keep their scanty and generally worthless stock of clothing on long wooden tables. At the further end is a primitive, dirty kitchen, where they grind and cook their principal article of food, maize. The only fettered man on the island was here—a large boned, flabby, ungainly, scowling individual, evidently despised by his fellow prisoners for having murdered a man in his sleep, and being thus "good for nothing"—according to my informant, the half caste who first boarded us on arrival, and who, with the Englishman who accompanied him, had murdered eight Brazilians in a drunken brawl on shipboard at Rio. This, however, was a fair stand up fight, and he evidently considered himself a hero of a very different stamp from the coward he was now pointing out.

As a rule, the convicts spend half of their exile in the prison. If well behaved, they may afterward live outside, build their own hut and cultivate their own garden, government giving all, whether in prison or out of it, a certain allowance of food. It specially well behaved, particularly if married, they may sooner live outside, a boon granted by the governor on application. A married convict can insist on having his wife and children beside him; and, though free, they often come from the Brazils to share a husband's or father's exile. Marriages occur between convicts' children.

As might be expected, the standard of morality is low. If lazy or refractory, various punishments are inflicted, e. g., solitary confinement in the prison "cell." The lash is quite often and freely used in the square, and every convict must be present to see it administered. For laziness they get from fifty to one hundred strokes, but sometimes from one hundred and fifty to three hundred. Very recently one thousand five hundred were administered at one whipping to a Brazilian convict for stabbing his wife. The man was in hospital recovering from this at the time of our visit. There

are no capital punishments in the Brazils. What is most dreaded is banishment for six months or a year to Rat's Island, where they live a Robinson Crusoe life, and may starve unless they fish and cultivate the soil, no provisions being sent from headquarters.

The convicts generally are not fed by government, but are allowed about \$5 per month to purchase food, and, when they can, to buy tobacco and other luxuries. The entire farm produce and manufactures are claimed by government, the farm laborer getting nothing beyond a few heads of maize after a day's work. Their clothing is coarse but strong, and they appeared to have no distinctive dress. Their usual food, purchased either at the government or private stores, consists of maize, manioc, white and black beans, all island produce, and jerked beef from the Brazils. Food and other necessities are, on the whole, dear; and the scanty pay makes luxuries like tea, coffee, etc., for which they are charged enormously, for the most part beyond their reach.

The private stores are small dirty dens, the stock of which might be purchased in any American city for \$25 or \$50. They usually belong to privileged convicts, some of whom are wealthy, and do not scruple to enrich themselves by preying on their poorer fellow prisoners. One said to be worth \$300,000 was formerly a bank cashier and had been sentenced to twenty years' banishment for embezzlement. Some of the women, transported for husband poisoning, are also well to do. Neither wealth nor possessions are forfeited to the crown, nor is Brazilian society less lenient, inasmuch as, his time having expired, the convict may soon, especially if rich, regain his old social position.

Here, as elsewhere, however, banishment does not always prove an effectual cure for crime. A detective was then on the island to ascertain whence certain counterfeit coins occasionally circulated were emanating. He must be an adept who contrives to carry on secret coining under such adverse circumstances, and to pass base money in a community of this kind.

Some of the life prisoners who have been long on the island, and have grown old in the place, like it, and are contented, if not happy. On the whole, there does not appear to be much discontent. Many of the prisoners would not be free for other than well-conducted laborers, farm servants, or artisans. But the majority have a demoralized, self-conscious, hang-dog look.

How they Cured the Tutor.

He was the pink of perfection. If the cream of human excellence was to be churned the butter would lump up in the shape of Professor Porteous Frye, tutor, of Detroit. He had contracted the bad habit of stealing up stairs, in his stocking feet, to see if the lights were out at ten. It is hard teaching old dogs new tricks, but boys sometimes succeed better with old professors.

Tommy Tayre is a cadaverous youth, with a sulphur-colored mustache, but the iron had entered his soul, and he said he must do what he could. So he bought three papers of carpet tacks, one night, and stood the innocent little nails on their heads all the way up and down the stairs, and retired with his faithful followers to the wood closet above to await results. Promptly the chapel bell struck ten, then a season of waiting and whispering followed. Presently came a furry, creeping sound like woolen stockings, being their way over rough boards. Tommy tucked his hat in his mouth—his mouth runs clear around, except a small isthmus which connects the top of his head with the nape of his neck—and held his nose till the first burst of gleeful sobriety. Now came a suppressed scream, one foot on the stairs; then another foot down; then a scream that was not suppressed; then a howl; he had struck the second stair; then he sat down on the next step; but he got up again, and a groan, with exclamation points after it, came tearing up to the wood closet. The boys stood back to give Tommy room to kick, then came a scuffling and shouting of heavy words, and Tom promptly appeared and asked, in a voice fresh from the valley of Nod: "What seems to be the matter?" "Matter!" "The boys!" "The demons!" "confound it!" "see here;" "help!" and he shifted about and hung to the railing, and tried to stand on his knees.

Tom brought a light, and the boys carried the wounded man to his room; offered sympathy; got a clawhammer and drew out the tacks. The professor wears slippers and sits on a cushion. Tom sits on nettles, for seventeen boys know the secret, and it is spreading like snailpox in an Indian camp.—*Free Press.*

The Newspaper Exhibition.

One of the most unique and interesting features of the Centennial exhibition will be the collection of American newspapers. Nothing will give to intelligent visitors from abroad so clear an insight into the peculiarities of our civilization.

The 7,870 periodicals that are now published in the United States show all the phases of our varied activities, tastes, idiosyncracies, politics, religions, faith, social and business and professional life. We are more given to newspaper reading than any other people. In our newest frontier settlements the newspaper is the first "institution" to be founded. From the local "organ" of the shanty village in Montana to the great dailies of New York, there are all sorts of sizes and variations of development of "American ideas of journalism."

The following suggestion, given in *Scribner's Magazine*, is worthy the consideration of parents: "Nervousness with a child is almost always a matter of the stomach. A cut of bread will usually put an end to the most obstinate perverseness. Children, for this reason, should never be allowed to go to bed, after a fit of crying, with an empty stomach. A bit of bread and jelly or a cup of custard will bring back smiles and happiness when all the moral law fails, and for the soundest of reasons."

A Struggle for Education.

On the ninth day of October, A. D. 1800, a poor insane woman of Rutland, Vermont, the wife of a helpless cripple, gave birth to a puny baby, whom the good neighbors were moved to hope that God would mercifully recall from so inhospitable a world as this promised to prove to the new-born child.

On the twenty-fourth day of August, A. D. 1873, there died in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, a venerable clergyman, loved and honored throughout the country, and known in his books the world over. The unpromising infant who came unwelcome into the world at the beginning of the century had become the Dr. John Todd whose influence for good has been felt to the very ends of the earth, and whose published writings are read in more languages than one can well count on the fingers.

The childhood of the young John was passed, after the fashion of rural childhood in New England at that early day, chiefly in hard work. His crippled father died about six years after the boy's birth, leaving a large family, which, by reason of extreme poverty and the helplessness of the maniac mother, was necessarily scattered. John found a home with an aunt in North Killingworth, Connecticut, where he remained several years, working hard "for his food and part of his clothing," and trapping wild animals for the rest.

When ten years of age he passed a brief time in New Haven, attending school, and earning his bread in the capacity of "chore boy" in the house of a kinsman. It was during this residence near Yale College that he first came into contact with people of a higher culture than was common among the rural folk of North Killingworth, and the accident appears to have determined the whole course of his life. His ambition was awakened, and from that time forward his purpose was fixed—to secure the benefits of a thorough training in the schools. The task he thus set himself seemed a hopeless one—so much so, indeed, that from first to last his friends labored diligently to dissuade him from the undertaking.

He was without money, without prospects, and without friends able to help him; but young as he was, the iron will which served him so well in after life was already his, and he appears never to have faltered in his purpose, after it was once formed. He lived poorly, by such work as he could get to do, saved every moment of time, studied under any teachers he could find, and, finally, in the autumn of 1818, entered Yale College, having traveled thither on foot from Charles-town, Massachusetts, "with his entire wardrobe under one arm and his entire library under the other." At the time of his matriculation, he tells us, he had but three cents in the world, two of which he paid out for toll in crossing a bridge on the same day.

Particulars of a Horrible Affair.

Silas Wilder, who killed his father and mother with an ax at East Lyndon, Vt., cut his wife's throat, then his own, and afterwards hanged himself, was thirty years old and a well-to-do farmer. His parents opposed his marriage, and he made his marital relations very unpleasant. A difficulty arose between them and the result was the terrible deed. He had been married but a year.

There was terrible excitement at East Lyndon over the tragedy. It is supposed that Wilder was laboring under temporary insanity superinduced by excessive excitement and passion. The details of the tragedy are most horrible. His father and mother were aged respectively seventy-three and seventy years. The immediate cause of the affair was an altercation with his wife, who in altering a pair of overalls had made them too short. After angry words Wilder started for the shed saying he would get an ax and end the trouble. His wife followed him and seized the ax, when he drew a dirk and stabbed her. He left her for dead, and taking the ax started for his father, who had followed him, and struck him a fearful blow, the ax crushing through the old man's head. At this point he appeared still further infuriated, and next attacked his mother, killing her with three fearful blows over the head and breast, and returned to the shed and found his father had crawled into the kitchen. He struck him as he lay upon the floor, and the ax crushed through his head and remained fixed on the floor. He then cut his own throat, and death ensued at once, he ran to the barn, fastened a rope around his neck and jumped from a beam. The fall broke his neck and he died instantly.

Obtained His Fee.

Recently a minister, residing near Crescent, N. Y., went three miles from home to perform a wedding ceremony, and his experience is thus related: "After the couple had been pronounced man and wife, the happy groom drew up a chair and, seating himself, said, in a voice loud enough to be heard all over the room: 'Well, how much is it?' The clergyman's surprise may be easily imagined. As soon as he recovered from it sufficiently to do so, he replied: 'Oh, I never set any price on such little matters.' 'Well,' replied the groom, 'but I want to know. How much is it?' 'Anything you like,' replied the clergyman. 'That won't do,' said the groom; 'I'm bound to know, so you may as well tell me.' Seeing that things were getting desperate, a friend of the newly married man called him aside and whispered to him. This seemed to do no good, for, returning to the vacant chair, the groom again commenced conversation, with the remark: 'Pretty hard times, ain't it?' 'Yes,' replied the clergyman. 'Oh! come now,' said Benedict, 'tell me how much it is, and have done with it.' But the minister didn't tell, and the father of the bride relieved him just then by remarking that he would attend to the matter. And thus it stood for awhile, when, to the dominie's great surprise, the bride appeared upon the scene. She walked up and laid three one dollar bills upon his knee, one at a time, counting in a loud voice as she did so: 'One, two, three,' and ending with 'there!' She had been a factory girl, and it was very evident that she was the 'moneeyed man' of the new firm.

MURDER THAT WOULD OUT.

Proofs Against Murderers Furnished by the Very Means that they Employed for Concealment—Parallels of the Williamsburgh Tragedy.

The discovery of the mutilated remains at Williamsburgh, N. Y., calls to mind some notable cases that seem to confirm the popular belief that whatever disposition may be made by a murderer of the corpse of his victim, sooner or later it will "cry out from the ground" against him. In England what was known as "The Waterloo Bridge Mystery," about fifteen years ago, created great excitement there, remains of a human body being found crammed into a cart, as did recently the discovery of the murder of Harriet Lane by her paramour, Wainwright, by the finding in a cab a package containing part of her remains. In America, the killing of poor Alice Bowsley of Paterson, N. J., by Rosenweig, discovered by the finding of the body crushed into a trunk for father's use of the public. An examination of the stomach of the murderer showed that he must have eaten between six and nine o'clock on the fatal evening. Seemingly, here was a perfect chain of circumstantial evidence. But the defense met the theory that Alley had committed the murder in a quarrel by showing his peaceable disposition and his high reputation for honesty, and controverted the assertion of the prosecution that Alley was in debt to Ellis, and without money to meet an engagement that fell due at the time of the murder, by showing that the prisoner owned real estate in New Hampshire, and had money in a bank. Alley's abundance of ready money after the murder was explained by his son having repaid him \$125 the evening before. He gave a satisfactory account of how he had spent his time on the day of the murder. Experts called by the defense swore that the blood on the prisoner's clothes, being dry, could not be distinguished from the blood of a beast. This conflicting scientific testimony confused the jury to the advantage of the prisoner, and he was acquitted. If he was not the murderer, the murderer was never found.

AN OBSCURE LIFE.

What a Poor Woman Did for Humanity Without Ostentation and with no Hope of Earthly Reward.

Here is the record of an obscure life which may be worth the attention of that intelligent well-to-do majority, which is made up, after all, of obscure people. It is a story which suits all classes or any time, yet perhaps this special time best, when men and women in the cities who have anxiously tried to be of service to God and their fellow men are apt to be daunted and depressed by the contrast between the great work accomplished by others and their own domestic quiet labor. The story is of a poor seamstress in a mill town in Indiana, who was left a widow some fifteen years ago, dependent on her needle for her daily bread. She lived near one of the factories where hundreds of both sexes were employed, and night and morning large gangs of girls and men passed her door miserably hungry and gloomy, or more miserably boisterous. It was a mill where the hands are driven like cattle and regarded as cattle in every other sense. The woman who saw the young girls pass so often that she learned to know their faces pitied them as a mother might have done. Indeed, we question if she had any exceptional quality or means of influence in the world other than her motherly nature. She was an uneducated, homely little body, but with patience and tenderness enough in her heart to serve all the children in the world. "O woe," she said, "to give these girls a chance like other women, they had no chance as it was to be anything better than the mules which drew away the stuff they spun."

Our poor reformer took one—just one girl into her kitchen. She half starved herself to do that. She made the girl clean, and taught her to remain clean; taught her to scrub, wash, cook, and tell the truth. It took years to accomplish so much; years of patience and self-sacrifice. When she had finished, instead of a coarse dirty animal, she had molded for use and service in the world a clean-minded honest woman, with skillful hands and intelligent brain. She took one after another of these wretched girls and trained them as seamstresses, cooks, chambermaids, at her own cost of time and money. Situations were readily found for them; the housekeepers of the town soon discovered how readily the women were whom she had trained with them used; but she never parted with them unless she was confident that the work she had begun would be carried on in the same hearty spirit. In two cases the girls whom she thus adopted were deformed and sickly. These both remained with her until their death, supporting themselves by some light handicraft. In other cases they were rescued from worse places than the mill. A few of the girls became sincere Christians, but all (except one) led virtuous, honest, useful lives. One peculiar effect of her training was that her pupils caught from her her own genial, helpful spirit; they were missionaries of kindness in their humble world; and a cheerful face in a cook, or gentle, tender manner in a nursemaid, are not merits so common as to be despised.

The widow and her work were never known to fame, even in the town where she lived. People supposed when she took a larger house so as to accommodate more inmates that she kept a kind of intelligence office, or cheap boarding house, and there were not wanting many in her own rank of life to hint that she paid herself somehow from the labor of these poor; that she "feathered her nest well." None of the women whom she had helped ever wronged her by a suspicion. Next to God, whom she faithfully tried to teach them to serve, they believed in her. If she had proved a humbug, the faith of many a poor soul in His goodness would have been shaken, for all they knew of the goodness or beauty or pleasure He has sent into the world they knew through this poor woman. There were other women who could preach of Christ by words more effectually than she; some of them, quite as uncultured, had a "gift of prayer," or a real native eloquence which moved their hearers in class meeting or the church. Aunt Hannah, as she was called, never spoke in class or meeting; she was slow and dull of speech as many where. She often doubted felt her deficiencies bitterly, and wished that she could serve her Master in some great and conspicuous thing to her, as it may to readers, to teach girls how to make or wear clothes neatly, or to cook a savory dinner; to watch and labor incessantly day after day, year after year to wipe out this or that little fault, to strengthen a weak virtue. She would have been glad, no doubt, as we all would, to convert the great masses of vice and uncleanness in the world into purity and goodness, in an hour—to play Divine Providence, in a word. Instead, she had small, coarse work set before her, and did it. Of another woman it was said, "She hath done what she could," when she pointed her Savior's head with precious ointment.

Domestic Bankruptcy.

He had been telling her for weeks past, says the *Detroit Free Press*, that times were tight, money scarce, bankruptcy stalking abroad through the land, and so forth, and she had consented to the discharge of the nurse girl, and up stairs girl, and had wheeled the cook into doing general housework. That wasn't enough. He came home one night and said he was going to discharge the hostler; that money had gone up to thirty per cent; that he could 't afford to carry his life insurance any longer; that she mustn't ask for any more new clothes for a year. She went over the house and pinched expenses down again, and things ran along until the other day, when he remarked: "We've got to reduce still further or bust!" She was pondering over his remarks late that evening when he came home. He was so long getting his overcoat off that she went into the hall. He gave the coat one awful jerk just then and fell over.

"What on earth ails you?" she exclaimed, as she tried to help him up. "Nozing," he replied. As he got up she peered into his face. The fact was as plain as if it had been written on a whitewashed fence with tar.

"You are drunk!" she said, as she drew back. He gazed at her without replying. "Here you've been yelling 'reduce!' 'reduce!' all winter, and while I am trying to reduce you go and get drunk! You'd better reduce your whisky!" "I said anything 'bout reduce!" he asked.

"Yes, you have!" "Whaz want reduce for?" "Only to-day you said we'd either got to reduce or bust." "Di say zat?" "Yes, you did." "Well, in reduce?" "No; how could I?" "Zen didn't I bust?"

Croup.—Croup may be cured in one minute, and the remedy is simply alum and sugar. The way to accomplish it is to take a knife or grater and shave off in small particles about a teaspoonful of alum, then mix it with about twice its quantity of sugar, to make palatable. Almost instantaneous relief will follow.

Resignation.

Let nothing make thee sad or fretful,
Or too regretful;
Or too despondent;
Be still—

What God hath ordered must be right;
Then find in it thine own delight,
My will.
Why should'st thou fill to-day with sorrow
About to-morrow,
My heart!
One watch with care most true,
Doubt not that He will give thee, too,
Thy part.

Items of Interest.

"'Tis false," as the girl said when her lover told her she had beautiful hair.

"The rich," said a wit, "eat venison because it is deer. I eat mutton because it is sheep."

The Prussian government compels bakers to keep their bread at least one day before selling.

Buckingham, Ferry and Starkweather, all from Connecticut, and all taken away within a few months.

A Roman once said: "Build me a house where I shall be seen by every one every hour of the day."

London is estimated by the register-general to contain now nearly three millions and a half of people.

The Legislature of Minnesota passed a bill to borrow \$80,000 from the school fund to pay its current expenses.

"Perley" insists that "cold tea" in the Capitol restaurant at Washington is a liberal translation of "whisky."

Thirty-two sales of short horns took place in Kentucky last year, in which 1,553 animals were sold for \$665,946.

There are 21,255 Baptist churches in the United States, with 13,117 ministers, and a total membership of 1,815,000.

"John, if you're going to be out till two o'clock to-night you'll have to stay at home and let yourself in, for I won't."

A Lycoming county (Pa.) farmer took home a freshly painted wagon; three cows licked the paint off and died the next day.

Eleven shillings and the same number of pence constituted the entire capital of a London banker when he failed for about \$200,000.

Under the Iowa civil damage law the wives of drunkards in Sioux City have sued liquor dealers for sums amounting in all to \$60,000.

Laziness is said to be one of the causes of insanity. In the Virginia bedlam there are two women and one man who became insane from indolence.

A Chandler having had some candles stolen, a person bid him be of good cheer, "for in a short time," said he, "I am confident they will all come to light."

One of our merchants sat his umbrella against a tree while he stepped into a store to ask a question. When he came out the tree stood there. No one had taken it.

A counsel was asked by the judge for whom he was concerned. He answered: "I am concerned, my lord, for the plaintiff, but I am employed by the defendant."

Minnesota Falls, Minn., was organized as a town over three years ago, and although the population is over three hundred, not a death has occurred there during the three years.

There has been a good deal of fun made over the Chinese bird's nest soup, but it is said by Americans who have tasted of the dish that it will yet be served at our restaurants.

A school inspector visiting a school said: "Now, children, who loves all men?" "The question was hardly put before a little girl, not four years old, answered: "All women."

Speaking of the depression of trade the world over, the *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "In Austria and Germany the recovery will be slower than in England or the United States, for the simple reason that their resources of all kinds are less."

David T. Sleeper, of Sandown, N. H., who is totally blind, is able to reap, mow, thresh, chop down trees, cut up cord wood, make ax handles, ox goads, and can go round a neighborhood with assistance or direction from any one, and never finds time to spend in regretting the loss of his eyesight.

The arithmetic man of a Western paper has discovered if every one of the 8,000,000 families in the American Union would only skim the soap grease off their dishwater, and invest its proceeds in a sinking fund at four per cent compound interest, the proceeds in 169 years two months and eleven days would pay off the national debt.

A minister offered a prayer at the laying of a corner stone. A brisk young reporter bustled up and said: "I wish you would give me the manuscript of that prayer." "I never write out my prayers," said the preacher. "Well," said the reporter, "I couldn't hear a word you said." "I wasn't praying to you," quickly replied the parson.

A Wisconsin trader discovered two men, disguised with veils, robbing his store one night recently, and went for them with a revolver. The rogues fled and he followed, firing as he went, but the thieves apparently escaped. The next morning a man was found dead in the road with a veil over his face, and he proved to be the trader's brother-in-law.

Mineral Wool.

The method of manufacture at the Krupp works, Essen, Prussia, is as follows: The pig iron furnace is provided with a tap an inch in diameter, out of which a continual stream of slag is allowed to flow and to fall a distance of two feet six inches, at which point the falling stream of slag is met by a strong blast of cold air, the effect of which is to separate the slag into myriads of hair-like threads, as white as snow, resembling the finest wool. These fibers, like spun glass, if handled, will penetrate the skin. The mineral wool is used for packing steam pipes, boilers, etc., and is a valuable product.