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In the Nest.

Gather them close to your loving heart—
Ornate them on your breast;
They will soon enough leave your brooding care,
Soon enough mount youth's topmost stair—
Little ones in the nest.

Fret not that the children's hearts are gay,
That their restless feet will run;
There may come a time in the by-and-by
When you'll sit in your lonely room and sigh
For a sound of childish fun;

When you'll long for a repetition sweet,
That sounded through each room,
Of "Mother!" "Mother!" the dear love calls
That echo long in the silent halls,
And add to their stately gloom.

There may come a time when you'll long to hear
The eager, boyish tread,
The tuneless whistle, the clear, shrill shout,
The busy bustle in and out,
And patter overhead.

When the boys and girls are all grown up
And scattered far and wide,
Or gone to the undiscovered shore
Where youth and age come nevermore,
You will miss them from your side.

Then gather them close to your loving heart,
Cradle them on your breast,
They will soon enough leave your brooding care,
Soon enough mount youth's topmost stair—
Little ones in the nest.

Joe Chickweed's Courtship.

"I vow," said Joe Chickweed, as he stood before the parlor mirror, putting the last touch to his well oiled hair, "if I let this night pass without finding out just how I stand with Melinda Martin, then I'm a cow. The critter has always acted so peevy skittish that there's no gettin' round her. I like her, and she knows it, and I'm inclined to think she likes me. But she likes more than one string to her bow, and I ain't sure but she'd ship me any minute if she thought she could make a better bargain. Maybe I'm doin' her an injustice, and I hope I am, but she acts sometimes 'aruaally like a real coquette, and I don't know what to make of her. But, tonight," he added, fitting an immensely wide brimmed hat upon his shining head, "to-night I'll settle the matter—I'll cross the Rubicon, if I get my boots full of water. Melinda ain't a bad sneer, and I might do worse most anywhere else."

"Do tell me if it's come to that!" exclaimed old Mrs. Chickweed, who had entered the room unnoticed by her son in time to hear the last sentence; "well, I've long had a notion that you was aiming in that direction."

Joe turned red from his eye winks to his ankles, and looked very sheepish. He worked very busily, too, for a few seconds, with brushing some imaginary dust from a place between the shoulders of his coat, which he couldn't reach, but he said nothing.

"There ain't nothing to be ashamed of, Joe," continued the loquacious old lady, apparently pleased at making the discovery she had, "and you spoke the gospel truth when you said you might do worse elsewhere. Melinda's a nice gal."

"Well," said Joe, gaining courage from his mother's manner, "I'm glad you think so, for I'm bound to make her my wife if I can."

"If what?" asked the old lady.

"Well, if anything's agin it."

"You just do your duty, Joe, and Melinda is yours. Remember the farm."

"It is a fine farm, no mistake!" said Joe earnestly.

"No better farm of its size in the whole country than the Widder Martin's," said Mrs. Chickweed, in an emphatic tone.

"No, I think not."

"And then see how it is stocked; two yoke of the best steers in these parts, besides her two horses, say nothing of the rest of the critters. And, of course, they'll all go with Melinda when the widder's dead, and before, too, for you will go right on the farm as soon as you get married, and take charge of everything."

"It's a good opinion, that's a fact," said Joe, "but I put a higher value on Melinda than all the property."

"And well you should, though the farm and fixin's ain't to be despised."

"Oh, I ain't one to despise 'em."

Joe laughed and left the room, and soon after he left the house, and made his way, as expeditiously as the gloom of the evening would permit, toward the residence of the Widder Martin. A light was burning in the front room, but the window curtains were closely drawn so that he could not get a view into the apartments as he passed along the yard. He knocked at the door, and was admitted by the widow in person, who, after inquiring benevolently after his health, ushered him into the parlor.

It was already occupied by two persons—Melinda and Reuben Sparks, the latter a young man who had recently returned to Springville from California, who was looked upon with special disfavor by the young farmer.

Joe was welcomed by the young lady, but not so cordially as formerly, and by no means so cordially as Joe thought his due. He was greeted by Mr. Sparks in a sort of joking, condescending way, that raised his ire inwardly. However, the conversation that followed was apparently agreeable to all parties, and the evening wore away till the widow retired, when Mr. Sparks intimated that

perhaps it was time for him to be retiring, as it was quite a little walk to the village. Melinda at once asserted that it was very early indeed, and he should not think of leaving so soon; whereupon Mr. Sparks was induced to stop a while longer, and Mr. Chickweed was secretly enraged that Melinda should be so taken up with the young sprig.

California became the topic of conversation, and Reuben Sparks shone brilliantly in his descriptive accounts of the country and what he had done while there.

"Then you weren't in the diggin's?" inquired Joe, in response to something his rival had uttered.

"By no means," replied Sparks, loftily. "I left the diggin' to those who were used to it; I had no taste in that direction."

"Oh, then you stopped in town?"

"Certainly."

"Business, I s'pose, first-rate there?"

"Yes; a young man of talent will soon engage himself in profitable employment."

"Then I s'pect you must have done extraordinarily well," in a tone that he intended should be sarcastic.

"Oh," replied the other, laughing in a meaning way, and winking with one eye at the young lady, who appeared to take and enjoy it accordingly—"as for that matter, I can't complain. I think I improved my chance—I rather think I did. No, I can't complain, by any means."

"Then why didn't you stay longer? You weren't gone but a short time; you should have stayed a year or two more, and made yourself independent."

"Perhaps I'm independent already; I say perhaps. Of course, I can't tell you the exact amount made—that, I think, is quite unnecessary."

"Oh, quite."

"And, perhaps, too, there were attractions in this part of the world as alluring as gold."

He looked knowingly at Melinda as he spoke, and gave her another wink, which she blushed and seemed wonderfully embarrassed for a moment. Joe noticed what occurred, and didn't fancy the course affairs seemed to be taking. He knew that he should feel and appear peculiarly savage if he remained much longer, and he hinted it was about time for him to be going—and what seemed to enrage him more than all else, Melinda appeared to be of the same mind, for she offered no objection. So he took his hat and departed, with firmness in his step and bitterness in his heart.

"I don't like the looks of things at all," he muttered to himself, as he walked on through the dark; "she is altogether too tender to that chap to be agreeable to me. If he has not turned her head, then there is a mistake somewhere. I don't believe he has brought enough money from California to buy a rope to hang himself. He is after the widder's farm now, to make it up, I'll bet my hat. Yes, sir, he means to catch Melinda, and I've been fool enough to wait until this time to come to a final point. But perhaps it ain't too late yet, if I lose no time in asking her. I'll try it, I vow I will. I'll go over again tomorrow and have the thing settled."

And, having come to this conclusion, he hurried forward, and soon after was dreaming of Melinda Martin, the widow, himself, and an infinite number of Reuben Sparkses, who were chasing him up a steep hill, and endeavoring to beat his brains out with bars of California gold.

Mrs. Chickweed was most anxious next morning to learn from her son the result of his mission to the widow's, but Joe was silent and pensive, avoiding his mother's eyes, and keeping away from the house as much as possible. Late in the evening he carefully dressed himself in his best suit, and, with a look of determination stamped on his features, he once more determined to visit the fickle Melinda.

He found her at home and alone.

"Hope you spent an agreeable evening yesterday," remarked Joe, after he had passed the usual compliments, and seated himself near the lady.

"Oh, yes, I did, I assure you," was the reply.

"Mr. Sparks, I should say, was a very entertaining young man."

Joe didn't think anything of the kind, but quite the contrary.

"He is, indeed, very interesting," replied Melinda.

Joe looked anything but pleased at this encomium on his rival, and sat for some moments in utter silence.

At length he turned to the young lady and said:

"I came here last evening with the intention of speaking to you on a particular subject, but I found you so engaged that I determined to call again to-night, and so—"

"Here you are," said Melinda, smiling at his embarrassment.

"Yes, here I am. And now that I am here, I'll tell you at once what I came for. You know I love you; I've told you as much more'n once, and I've flattered myself that I weren't indifferent to you. But now I wish you to tell me if you really love me in return, and if I may hope to make you my wife. Will you marry me?"

Joe, having arrived at this important question, looking tender and appealingly into her face, and breathlessly waited her reply—she colored slightly and bent her eyes to the floor.

"You are quite right in supposing that you are not indifferent to me, for I regard you very highly," she said.

"Then all my fears have been groundless!" uttered Joe, exultingly.

"But then," continued the lady, "I cannot very well grant your wishes regarding"—

"What," cried Joe, his countenance suddenly changing.

"I can't very well marry you!"

"And why can't you? I'd like to know what is to hinder your marrying me if you think enough of me."

"There is one reason in particular."

"What is it?"

"I'm engaged to another."

Joe turned pale.

"Sparks," he cried; "tell me—tell me, is it Sparks?"

"Well—and if it is?"

"I knew it! Blast him, I knew what he was after."

"I don't know that Mr. Sparks has acted in any way as he should not," remarked the young lady, warmly.

"He's a cheating villain!" replied Joe, indignantly.

"You don't know him; he's nothing of the kind."

"It's you that don't know him; but you will before long. I've been deceived, and I ain't afraid to say so! It's the money that he pretends to have that's lost me a wife; but when you want to touch it, just as like as not you won't be able."

He rushed from the house as he uttered these words, and hurried homeward. He found his mother still up, and was eagerly interrogated by her as to the luck he had met with. He told her all, and little condolence was she enabled to offer in return.

For two or three days following Joe Chickweed said very little, but he thought much. One morning he met his mother with a smiling face and a sort of triumph in his look. The old lady was somewhat surprised at this sudden change in her son's manner.

"Why, what on earth's the matter now, Joe?" said she; "I hope you ain't goin' crazy."

"Not by a long shot," replied Joe; "I ain't quite so big a fool as that."

"Then what ails you?"

"Oh, I've got it all arranged at last—I've got him now."

"Who? What?"

"Why, Melinda Martin and that vagabond, Reuben Sparks—ha! ha!—I'll surprise him!"

"Well, how are you going to do it?"

"Oh, it's all right," said Joe, laughing slyly. "I'll do it, darned if I don't; I'll fix the sneaking critter."

"But how—how, Joe? Can't you speak out? What's got into the boy?" cried the old lady, dying with curiosity to know what his plan.

"Well, I'll tell you all about it," began Joe, assuring a more sober tone.

"Well, I wish you would."

"You know the widder has always favored my keeping company with Melinda."

"Well?"

"And I do believe she's desperate down on that feller, Reuben Sparks, coming into the family."

"Yes."

"In that case she wouldn't very willingly let her property go into his hands."

"But according to the will of old Mr. Martin the property ain't to go out of her hands till she's dead."

"Just so, and now I'm coming to the point; it's just right there I'm going to floor Reuben Sparks."

"Well, let me hear."

"The widder Martin herself ain't a bad looking woman!" Joe remarked, in a sort of mysterious tone of voice, glancing up suddenly into his mother's face.

"No. But what has that got to do with the matter?" replied the old lady, impatiently.

"And she ain't very old, neither," continued he, with the same air.

"Why, she can't be more'n forty."

"So I think she has a good chance of living forty more."

"Well, and what of it?"

"Just this," said Joe; "I'll marry the widder!"

Mrs. Chickweed, expecting, as she was, something awful, wasn't prepared for this. She uttered an exclamation of surprise, started upward from her seat, then sunk back and fixed her eyes with a vacant stare upon her son's face.

"Well," said Joe, "I hope you don't say anything that's agin it."

"No—no!" stammered his mother, recovering somewhat from the shock she had received; "but are you really in earnest—will you marry the widder?"

"To be sure I will; and that's not the whole of it—I'm going to see her this very day. I'll marry her if she'll have me, and be revenged on Melinda, for cutting me as she has for that blasted Sparks. I'll teach 'em what's what!"

Joe was as good as his word. He sought the widow and made his proposal. She was more astonished than she knew how to express, but she was more gratified than she was astonished. Fresh and fair as she was, considering her years, she had never given up the idea of winning another husband; but it had never entered her head that she could possibly secure so young and estimable a prize as Joe Chickweed.

Joe made it a special proviso in his proposal that they should be married privately the day before the marriage of Sparks with the widow's daughter, and that it should be kept a secret till the wedding had taken place. To this the widow readily agreed, although it was a hard task sometimes for her to restrain the enjoyment she experienced, and prevent the secret being discovered.

The evening before the nuptials of Sparks and Melinda at length arrived, and all preparations for the ceremony on the ensuing day were completed. When darkness had fairly set in, while Melinda was so occupied with the com-

pany and conversation of her soon-to-be husband as to be oblivious to all else, Mrs. Martin cautiously left the house, and meeting Joe near at hand, she hastened with him to the residence of the Chickweeds. The minister, who had been duly admonished to secrecy, was in attendance, and in less than half an hour Joe was a married man and the no longer widow was on her way back home, parting with Joe with a single but very enormous kiss, with which he was content to satisfy himself, considering what was to follow from so doing on the morrow.

The wedding passed off next day to the entire satisfaction of all parties. The affair took place in the morning at the residence of the bride, and at the hour of noon all the guests, with the exception of Joe Chickweed, who had been formally invited, had departed.

Why he remained so long it puzzled the newly married pair to surmise, as they had not supposed he would be present at all. Joe took it very easily, however, and seemed quite unembarrassed with the occasional banterings of the happy Sparks.

"I s'pose you'll take up your residence in the village right away," said Joe, addressing himself to the newly made husband, as they were assembled in the parlor together; "buy you a nice house and live comfortable."

"Oh, no," replied Mr. Sparks—"don't know as I shall."

"What! Well, now, I calculate you don't have any idea of settling on a farm! You ain't used to that work, you know."

"Don't know but I may," said Sparks, assuming a careless air and tone; "coming on hot weather, you know, and living in town is a bore in summer. Yes, I think I shall try the country life for a while; I ain't in the best of health, and a farm life may improve me."

"Well," responded Joe, deliberately, "can't say that I'm sorry that you're going to stay with us. I think myself that it would be to your benefit to work on a farm for a while, and we'll try to make it as comfortable as possible for you."

Mr. Sparks looked at his wife; they looked at one another and laughed.

"No doubt," remarked Mr. Sparks, "you'll make an agreeable neighbor, very agreeable, indeed."

"Oh, well, I'll be nearer than neighbors, a good sight—of course we will," said Joe, glancing with a look of intelligence toward the former widow.

Again Mr. and Mrs. Sparks glanced at each other, but this time they didn't laugh.

"What do you mean?" they asked simultaneously.

"Oh, excuse me; I forgot that you didn't know what had transpired. The fact is, the widow and myself, taking a mutual liking to each other, were married last night. We should have invited you to the wedding, but we knew you were so much engaged."

"What! married?" cried Mr. Sparks, springing to his feet, while a look of horror overspread his features. His wife sat pale as a ghost, utterly unable to speak a word.

"Certainly, married," said Joe, coolly.

"Is this so?" he inquired, turning to the late widow.

"You may rely on all he says," she replied.

"Then I have been swindled?—imposed upon—deceived! And you knew of this, and led me on," he continued in a violent tone, addressing his wife. "You worked to get me, while this infernal cheat gets the property."

"No—it's not so," exclaimed Melinda, bursting into tears; "I knew nothing of it. And I thought you married me for myself, and not for money—you pretended to have enough of that yourself."

Reuben Sparks smiled a sickly and scornful smile.

"It's even as I thought; his money's so deep in the bank that he'll never be able to dig it out," remarked Joe.

"You scheming rascal!" gasped Sparks, looking as if it would be the height of pleasure to eat him entirely up, body and bones.

"Oh, fire away! it don't hurt any, and I've got a long lease of the farm."

"You scoundrel!"

"And the horses and steers."

"Oh, you miserable cheat!"

"And the fixin's generally."

"Fool!"

"And, moreover," continued Joe, assuming a more sober and stern tone, and at the same time grasping Sparks firmly by the collar, "among other things, I've got a word or two of advice to you. You married Melinda in the expectation of stepping into a snug property, palming yourself off as a gentleman to accomplish your end. You are a real schemer, but a part of your scheme has failed. Take my advice and it will be well with you; use your wife as you know you should; go to work like an honest man, and strive to be an honest one. And finally, don't let me hear you make use of any more such expressions as you just now bestowed upon me, or I'll thrash you within an inch of your life! Remember," added Joe, giving him a shake as a terrier would a rat, "you're my son now, 'ording to law, and you must have a slight show of respect for your old father!"

Reuben Sparks seemed to come at once to his senses, and, after a little reflection, concluded that the advice he had received was, upon the whole, the best he could get; and for many a year thereafter Joe Chickweed looked upon him as a most valuable assistant.

The less men think the more they talk.

Hints for Travelers.

Take one-fourth more money than your estimated expenses.

Acquaint yourself with the geography of the route and region of travel.

Have a good supply of small change, and no bill or piece higher than ten dollars, that you may not take counterfeit change.

So arrange as to have but a single article of luggage to look after.

Dress substantially. Better be too hot for two or three hours at noon than to be cool for the remainder of the twenty-four.

Arrange, under all circumstances, to be at the place of starting fifteen or twenty minutes before the time, thus allowing for unavoidable or unanticipated detention on the way.

Do not commence a day's travel before breakfast, even if it has to be eaten at daylight. Dinner or supper, or both, can be more healthily dispensed with than a good warm breakfast.

Put your purse and watch in your vest pocket and all under your pillow, and you will not be likely to leave either.

The best if not entirely secure fastenings of your chamber door is a bolt on the inside; if there is none on, lock the door, turn the key so that it can be drawn partly out, and put the wash-basin under it; thus, any attempt to use a jimmy or another key will push it out and cause a racket among the crockery, which will be pretty sure to rouse the sleeper and rout the robber.

A sixpenny sandwich eaten leisurely in the cars is better for you than a dollar dinner bolted at a railroad station.

Take with you a month's supply of patience, and always think thirteen times before you reply once to any supposed rudeness, insult or inattention.

Do not suppose yourself specially and designedly neglected if waiters at hotels do not bring what you call for in double-quick time; nothing so distinctly marks the well bred man as a quiet waiting on such occasions; passion proves the puppy.

Do not allow yourself to converse in a tone loud enough to be heard by a person two or three seats from you; it is the mark of a boor in a man, and of want of refinement and ladylike delicacy in a woman. A gentleman is not noisy; ladies are serene.

Comply cheerfully and gracefully with the custom of the conveyance in which you travel, and of the places where you stop.

Respect yourself by exhibiting the manners of a gentleman and lady, if you wish to be treated as such, and then you will receive the respect of others.

Travel is a great leveller; take the position which others assign you from your conduct rather than from your pretensions.—*Journal of Health.*

Fall Bonnets.

French bonnets imported for the fall and early winter are exceedingly rich this season, a fashion journal says. The shapes are unique, with oddly trimmed crowns and close clinging fronts. There is scarcely any face trimming except a slight fringe of tulle or a twist of velvet; it is an exceptional case to see flowers or loops of velvet in front, the only touch of color being given by the facing in the brim or the cord piping on its edge. Fine velvets and plush, either plain or corded in stripes, are used for covering the frame of the bonnet smoothly. French felt bonnets are not largely imported, and will not be worn on dressy occasions as much as they were last winter, but will still be chosen to match costumes, and as second-best hats. Contrasts of color and two shades of one color will be equally fashionable. Cream color of the greenish linden shade will brighten up myrtle green, ink blue, and plum colored hats. Cardinal will be worn in contrast with ink blue, plum, and myrtle green, and also with black velvets. The bonnet is usually of the darkest shade, with pipings, facing, scarf, etc., of the pale tint; but occasionally this is reversed, as in the case of dress bonnets of pale linden green velvet trimmed with myrtle green plush, or of celeste blue trimmed with dark cardinal red. The contrast of color must be odd in order to be stylish, and two tones of the same color must represent extreme shades. The trimming is heaped in loops and plaitings on the front of the crown, and there are usually two long streamers of ribbon directly behind, which may hang there as ornaments or be brought forward as strings.

The Question of Courtship.

The English custom of courtship, says the *Star*, in answer to a correspondent, is first to approach the father in a suit for a daughter's hand, and seek to gain his consent to the addresses. It has much to recommend it, for it implies a recognition of the parent's authority over the daughter, and gives him opportunity to have something to say in advance about the propriety of the proposed engagement. However, in England, as here, after a girl has reached the legal marriageable age she may, if she chooses, marry without her parents' consent. In the United States it is not the custom to ask the father's consent to a courtship, and so our correspondent can do as he chooses in the premises, though it would be more proper for him to speak to the girl's father. Still, it will probably be the girl's yes or no which will wholly decide the matter, since our girls usually claim the privilege of picking out their husbands themselves without first consulting their parents. At any rate, they tearfully hold to the notion that their hearts are a better guide in love affairs than their parents' heads.

Price of Cows.

William Sheldon, of Upper Providence, well known as one of the most extensive dealers in Montgomery county, Pa., has furnished the *American* with some valuable information on the subject of the price of cows for the last forty years. Mr. Sheldon is a careful, methodical man, and his statements may there of be relied on. He says that previous to 1835, and during that year, good cows could be bought from \$18 to \$24. From 1835 to 1836 the average price was \$20. During the years 1837 and 1838, \$23. In 1837 the average was \$39 per head; in 1840, average \$30; with a dull trade during 1841 the average price went down to \$19, at which price the market stood the two following years of 1841 and 1842; in 1843 there was a slight rise, the average going up to \$22; in the next year there was a rise of about \$1, the price being \$23 per head; in 1846, \$24 per head; in 1847 and 1848, \$22 to \$25; in 1849, 1850, 1851 and 1852 the market averaged \$26; in 1853 the average was the same, but the market was not so strong; in 1854 the average was \$28; the highest price was \$40 and the lowest \$22 and \$23. In 1855 and 1856 the average was \$30. In the spring of 1857 the market was excitable, and the average for the year reached \$34, but prices went down very low at the end of the season. In 1858 and 1859 the market was low and hard, averaging \$29. In 1860 and 1861 good lots brought \$35 per head. During the next three years good prices were obtained, the average being about \$35 per head; some good lots averaged over \$100. Since then the markets have been high, and drovers have done well. Just now there is a downward tendency, and the prospect is that prices will continue to decline for some time. Mr. Sheldon says that the best cow he ever sold was from the mountains, and she made eighteen pounds of butter per week. She was a muley of the common stock.

Oratory vs. Journalism.

The day for speeches has gone by, says the *New York Herald*, which adds: Webster, Clay, Calhoun, with all their eloquence, could not move this generation as they did their own age. The reason is that the press has superseded the forum. When the country was small and newspapers were few voters were obliged to depend upon public speakers for their political ideas. Mass meetings were then serious matter and had direct effect upon the canvass. Now they are mere celebrations, in which parties utter their enthusiasm. The last of the great debates was probably when Lincoln met Douglas on the stump in Illinois and argued the questions of the day in the immediate presence of the people. But speeches are not now made to be heard, but to be read. The great orator who speaks in a hall cares far less for his three or four thousand auditors than for his hundred thousand readers. Another reason why oratory is becoming every year less effective in moving the people is that it is preceded by the press. Mr. Bri to made a good speech the other day in New England, but his arguments had all appeared before in the Republican journals. Mr. Durand spoke at Hartford, but his ideas had previously been expressed in the Democratic newspapers. The true field for political oratory, so far as it is to have a direct effect, is in the State legislatures or on the floor of Congress. There personal magnetism often has an electrical influence. This was signally shown in the last session of the House.

Perils of Investment.

Among the troubles of the hour, says *Burling*, in the *Boston Journal*, is what to do with one's money. It is not safe in the bank. The trust companies turn out to be vain things for safety. The more real estate a man has the worse he is off. There have been a great many times in the last fifty years when people could not make money unless they had money to make it with. But there has never been a time till now when people could not make money with money to make it with. The peculiarity of this panic is that you can do nothing with the money. No investment seems safe, and millions are lying idle. The recent flurry in New York shows this. Everybody who could have taken out their money from real estate and put it into stocks. A certain line of stocks was considered as good as gold. This was especially true of coal stocks. All along the line of the Lackawanna and kindred roads stock was held by well-to-do families. In a single house lately families with incomes from \$2,000 to \$20,000 a year were made penniless. It is said that if the great railroad men were obliged to realize at once a larger part of the so-called millionaires would be as poor as their neighbors. Nearly all our heavy companies, if obliged to throw their real estate on to the market, would find themselves in a bad way.

CHARITY.—It is said that Mrs. A. T. Stewart's charities have amounted to more since the death of her husband than did his during all his life. However that may be, it seems that her principal object in visiting Europe was to escape begging letters. Her return is expected shortly, when the beggars will have a fresh chance and the letter carriers additional work.

Any hard steel tool will cut glass with great facility when freely wet with camphor dissolved in turpentine. The ragged edges of glass vessels may be easily smoothed thus with a flat file.