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BY CLINKSCALES & LANGSTON.

## TEACHERS' COLUMN.

J. G. CLINKSCALES, Editor.

What one of our teachers has to say about this noted place.

MONTEAGLE, Tenn., July 5th, 1888.

The Editor of this journal has asked us to give some notes from Montevale, and as several others have recorded his request we will do so. We left Anderson on Monday at about five o'clock and reached this place on Tuesday, travelling all night. We greatly enjoyed the trip, especially the beautiful scenery along the banks of the river, and the prettiness of the hills. The States are those to be seen just as we pass the boundary and enter Georgia. Mt. Airy is a lovely place. We reached there just at sunset; everything looked so delightfully cool, the guests strolling about the grounds, or seated on rustic benches, made a beautiful picture; while a band on the piazza discoursed sweet music. Everything about the place suggested rest, and if any of the Andersonians are looking for an ideal summer home, let them go to Mt. Airy. We were delayed at Cleveland two hours, and this caused us to have to wait nearly five hours in Chattanooga. This, at first, seemed quite a misfortune, but just then we remembered Dr. Ozella had advised us to stop over there in order to visit Lookout Mountain, so after a short time spent in reading, we started out to see it. A street car took us to the foot of the mountain. The small is reached either by going up the incline or on a narrow-gauge railroad. On the latter a car leaves the foot of the mountain every ten minutes, and on the narrow-gauge every half hour. We entered the coach at the foot of the incline, and in six minutes reached Sunset Point, a distance of 4200 feet. The conductor informed us. This incline was something entirely new to us. The coach, floor, seats and windows, is inclined to suit the road. Should a person attempt to walk up this incline he would have to go on all fours and have hard work even then, and as to coming down on foot that is impossible. We felt as if we were just swinging in the air as we ascended, and the descent was rather dangerous looking, but it was a delightful experience. The views as you ascend are grand: from the summit portions of seven States may be seen. Sunset House is built on a shelf rock just on the verge of a precipice; the balcony projects beyond this rock, and standing on it, one seems literally suspended between Heaven and Earth; above, only the clouds, and below, a view too grand for descriptions. We think a painter could find a life worth transferring these glorious views to canvas. All around Chattanooga the scenery is beautiful, especially along Missionary Ridge. All along the slopes of these mountains are lovely summer residences, peeping out from the green trees, making a succession of picturesque scenes. The route from Chattanooga to this point is a wonder in itself; the seemingly impossible has been made a reality by human skill. The road, at some points, winds around the mountains, then again through tunnels, then spanning deep gorges, until we are lost in wonder and ask, "what next?"

The first exercise on the programme of the Assembly was the "Welcome Meeting" on Tuesday evening. This we were too tired to attend. On Wednesday morning at nine o'clock, Prof. Payne, of Nashville, gave an interesting lecture on "Education," after which classes were organized in the various schools, viz: Primary Training, Kindergarten, Elocution, Mathematics, English Literature, Hebrew, French, German, Latin, Greek, Botany, Music, and Drawing. We have entered the following classes: Junior French, Senior Latin, English Literature and Mathematics. Later, we will be admitted to Kindergarten, work and Elocution. This will occupy us from eight o'clock to twelve each morning. Next week we will give you a description of the Assembly Grounds and the further work in the schools.

LEONORA O. HUBBARD.

MONTEAGLE, July 9, 1888.

We thought in this article to give a description of the grounds and holidays, but the difficulty is, where shall we begin. So much might be written that would be interesting and yet much must, of necessity, remain untold. The grounds are situated on the highest part of the mountain, and embrace one hundred acres. The entrance is not very attractive, but once within the gates, new beauties are seen on every side. There are drives, where the magnificent chestnut trees on each side meet overhead, paths through the forest, springs in abundance, brooks spanned by rustic bridges, picturesque cottages, Jacob's Well of mineral water, and Moses' Rocks from which gushes forth a stream of the most delightful water we ever drank. In the center of the grounds is the Amphitheater, where the large gatherings are held, farthings to buildings where the different classes meet, and a little to the right the Children's Temple, in which the Kindergarten is taught. Social meetings and twilight prayers are held every evening. Montevale may be made either the busiest place imaginable, or the most restful. You simply take your choice. If you wish to join the busy crowd, here is a wide range of work from which you may choose. After breakfast, the following classes meet from 8 to 8:40: Algebra, Senior French, English Language, Geology, Latin Poetry, From 8:40 to 9:20, Senior German, Junior Drawing, Botany, Latin Prose, Elocution, and later on the Kindergarten. In the next period, from 9:20 to 10, Arithmetic, Junior French, Senior Drawing, Greek Prose and English Literature. From 10 to 10:40, Hebrew, Junior German, Primary Training, Rhetoric and Primary Latin. The fifth period, from 10:40 to 11:30, Geography, Primary Greek, Geometry and the Shakespeare class. This last mentioned is the most charming of all. It is conducted by Prof. A. P. Bowland, of Southwestern University, Jackson, Tenn. He also has

## ALLEN AND HOSTILE PEOPLE.

Who Opposed and Tyranny of Mormonism.

Frank Willerton in the New York Times.

The Mormon Church has a firm clutch on the Territory of Utah, which has an area of 84,970 square miles. There are many hundreds of thousands of acres of arable land in the Territory. The mountain ranges which trend to the northwest through the fair land are ribbed with veins of precious ore and blackened in Southern Utah by the outcrop of many immense coal seams. And there is iron ore in masses and in veins throughout the mountains. Clear, cold water flows in all of the highland streams, which, almost without exception, are stocked with trout. The sky seems to be bluer and the stars brighter in Utah than elsewhere. The climate is wholly delightful. It is not too warm in the summers, and the winters are not intensely cold, and the air is ever dry. The scenery in Utah is grand in its utter desolation. The barren treeless mountain ranges, the gray valleys the dead salt Lake shimmering in the strong light grow on you, and presently you love them.

In this fair and highly desirable Territory live about 200,000 Mormons, every one of whom is a bitter and resolute enemy to the Republic, to progress, to education, to intelligence, and to all things which tend to elevate men and to loosen the shackles from their minds. Outside the limits of Salt Lake City and of Ogden Utah is a foreign land, far more foreign than the older portions of the Indian Territory. The American citizen who visits the agricultural portions of Utah, or who enters the small towns, is instantly aware of the fact that he is regarded as a foreigner and an enemy. Hostile spirits glare at him through unkindly eyes. Not only has he entered a foreign land, but he has actually passed outside of the protecting folds of his flag. The only result of the attempt to enforce the Edmunds Act has been to intensify the hatred which all Mormons, it matters not whether they are polygamists or monogamists, bear toward the Gentile citizens of the United States. To-day the population of Utah is divided into two hostile bodies. One body, the Mormon force, is rich and powerful, and numbers 200,000 resolute people. It has detachments scattered throughout the Territory wherever grass grows and water flows. The other body consists of about 30,000 Gentiles. They are gathered into the Mormon cities and towns, and in the highland mining camps. Almost no Gentile hand guides a plow through Utah's soil.

Utah is an exceedingly arid land. In all arid countries, it matters not where they lie, the people who own or control the water actually own the land, and it is impossible to wrest it from them as long as they can hold the life giving water. Under thevarious national and territorial laws which relate to the ownership of water that is diverted from its natural channels to be used for mining or irrigation a water code has been created. Eliminating the legal verbosity from the code there remains: the person or association of persons who take water from natural channels for mining or agricultural purposes own the water in fee simple. No person or association of persons has the right to tap the stream above the head of a ditch already dug to divert sufficient water from the existing ditch to lessen its flow or its head above the discharging orifice. This is the law relating to water rights in the highland mining region and in the arid agricultural region. It is evident that the people who own the water virtually own the land. The Mormons have tapped almost every flowing stream in Utah. The Church virtually owns the water which flows in all the valleys. No Gentile who may desire to create a home in Utah can legally obtain water to use on his land unless the Church sells to him or he borrows an Artesian well. If he should homestead a quarter section of land and dig an irrigation ditch to obtain water from a near by stream his Mormon neighbors would instantly object to the ditch—that is, if the American citizen had settled in the vicinity of Salt Lake City or Ogden, and the Mormon Church would bear the legal expenses connected with the suit. If the Gentile had been settled in the remote agricultural districts he would be driven from his homestead by force, or the crack of a Winchester would settle the dispute once for all, and presently another prospector would be reported as having been killed in the mountains by Indians.

## THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

How Your Uncle William Arr Spent the Day.

Atlanta Constitution.

The 4th of July is a big thing. We had forgotten that it was so big and it is a good sign that our people are waking up to it again. The first rebellion gave it birth and we were proud of it but the last was such a failure and brought so much trouble that rebellions were at a discount and we quit celebrating—we hung our heads on the willows and, like the Jewish captives, refused to sing the Lord's song in a strange land, but we are all harmonizing now and it is a good sign to see our people celebrating the same old Fourth. The first rebellion was against the old man and the boys whipped him but when the boys got to fighting one another with no ocean between them was a different thing. Their first declaration of independence, that great secession document, was conceived at Williamsburg, Va., in the old Raleigh tavern, but it had to go over to Philadelphia to be born, because there was a big bell there I reckon. Williamsburg was the seat of government of the Virginia colony, and the declaration was read there on the 1st of June, by Thomas Jefferson to the house of burgesses, and a more solemn scene was never witnessed. There was no hilarity, no gush, or enthusiasm. The whole thing was like a funeral. Love for the fatherlands and a burning sense of her tyranny and oppression. The older members dressed to cut the cords that bound them, and had the declaration been left to a quiet vote it never would have carried, but when Patrick Henry closed his immortal speech, the house rose up as one man, and with quivering emotion endorsed his closing sentiment—Give me liberty or give me death. History says that one of the delegates said an hour afterwards that he would give five hundred pounds to recall his vote. It was a terrible trial, and reminds us of the solemn passage of the ordinance of secession in 1861. John Adams and Patrick Henry were the orators and carried the day by storm. There was no resisting their patriotic eloquence. It was like a great tidal wave and overwhelmed everything. The like of it had never been heard before, and Daniel Webster said would never be heard again. Let the young men of this age read that history and will do them good. In soul-stirring emotions it surpasses all the romances ever written. It is far more sublime than Burke's impeachment of Warren Hastings, for the cause was greater and the men were greater. The old independence bell was rung until it cracked, and strong men met upon the street and wept.

Well, now, what was this all about? Nothing very much outside of principle. We would not call it a very great oppression now. The biggest thing was a little tax on tea—a sort of tariff that did not protect. Nobody drank tea but the New England Yankees. The stamp act had been repealed two years before. But all the Southerners from Maryland west were just as mad about that tax as if it had been on whiskey. There was no whiskey here, but New England run was all the same thing to them. Everybody was fighting mad—even the citizens of the city of brotherly love. They went to fighting, and they whipped the fight, and it was glory, and we are all proud of it; but if they hadn't whipped it and had been forced back under old Johnny Bull it would have been treason, and there would have been more amendments made to the English constitution than you could tote on a stick. When these rebels made a constitution after the war was over, Patrick Henry and old Ben Harrison refused to sign it for a long time because it did not secure the rights of the States as strong as they wanted. At the last they signed under protest, and the historian says that Henry never recovered from his fears that some day the States would lose their separate independence.

I heard an old whig say not long ago that Jefferson was more of a demagogue than a statesman, and that the declaration of independence was an extraordinary document, and most any school boy could write a more grammatical composition. "For instance," he said, "take the first sentence, wherein he says 'a decent respect for the opinions of mankind.' Now what kind of respect is that; who ever heard of an indecent respect. Why didn't he say 'respect for the opinions of mankind' that is useless and inappropriate adjective."

I heard another man say that Jefferson didn't compose very much of that declaration, no how, but got it from old Mecklenburg, in North Carolina, where secession had its birth two months before. That is what a tar-headed man. I was talking to a Scotch Presbyterian yesterday, and he said that Jefferson got the general hang of the thing from the confession of faith. Well, it don't matter. It is a lively old document, and is still good reading on the Fourth of July, or any other day.

Last Wednesday I ran over to Tallapoosa to see how those imported yanks were getting along and how they were going to celebrate the day. They did it up in style. They hoisted a flag pole 150 feet high and floated a splendid streamer of stars and stripes from the masthead. Gay bunting adorned the stores and hotels and dwellings. Five thousand people filled the streets. A regiment of men marched arm in arm in pairs—a rebel on one side and a yank on the other, just as they did at Gettysburg. Splendid music filled the air and the Star Spangled Banner alternated with Dixie and everybody shouted and cheered for both. Patriotic songs were sung by a choir of fifty trained singers. Then came the reading of the declaration, and lastly the orators were on hand and distinguished themselves and made the turkey bumps rise on the spinal columns of every patriot son and daughter. Colonel Hanson, the great apostle of protection, made a splendid speech, as he always does, and he captured the audience, especially the yanks by his wit and his wisdom. George Adair never fails and General Young was in his glory. I didn't catch all of George's thrilling

## THE BEST SNAKE STORY YET.

While at a neighbor's a few days ago Mr. George W. Fisher of Independence, Kan., heard a racket out in the kitchen, and, going out to investigate the cause, found that a large rattlesnake had crawled into the kitchen and was fastened in the handle of a jug in the following manner:

There were some eggs and a jug on the floor when the snake crawled into the house, and it swallowed one of the eggs, and as the jug was lying on its side had crawled through the handle as far as the egg had swallowed would admit, and, finding another egg convenient as he crawled through the handle of the jug, swallowed that egg also, and as the egg was too large to pass through the handle of the jug, Mr. Snake was fastened so he could neither move forward nor backward, there being an egg inside of him on either side of the jug handle.—Kansas City Times.

—Last fall a bug flew into the ear of Henry Bolton, of Frederick township, Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, rendering him entirely deaf on that side. A few days ago the bug dropped out and his hearing almost immediately returned.

—Bodily health and vigor may be maintained as easily in the heat of summer, as in the winter months, if the blood is purified and vitalized with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Every person who has used this remedy has been greatly benefited. Take it this month.

## THE HUSBANDMAN.

John Smith is a neighbor of mine but no relation. He is a good farmer, but—

Well, I will let him tell his own story. He came to me to advise me what to do. "I want you to advise me what to do," he said. "I have awful times over at my house. The boys are falling into bad habits. The girls are gadding about all the time. My wife is as cross as a bear. She says it is all my fault that the children don't do better, and that I have nobody but myself to blame. But you know that I have always been a sober, hard-working man. I have made a good living for my family, and I can't see why things turn out so. What do you think I ought to do?"

"I'll tell you just what I think?" "Yes."

"Well, John, my opinion is that if you had been a good husbandman indoors as you are out of doors, your family would be in as good condition as your farm. You know that the Bible calls the farmer a husbandman, and we speak of farming as husbandry. And I take it, the idea is that a man ought to care for and cultivate his land just as he does his home. But if you had treated your farm as you have treated your home, it would be all overgrown with weeds and thistles."

"What do you mean by cultivating my home? I understand about cultivating land. But that is a very different thing from cultivating people."

"I am not sure of that. Let us look at the matter. Soon after you bought your farm you married your wife. In becoming a husband, you assumed in regard to her the duties of a husbandman. She expects you to study her capabilities and her wants as you studied your fields. Your idea when you looked on your land was, how can I make it most productive and yet keep it in good heart? If you saw the crops beginning to grow light, you summer fallowed, or changed the seed. But did you study your wife in that way? Did you ever think that she needed encouragement? Did you ever see how she was dropping from the monotony of her daily toils and cares, to try to give her a change? Did you ever say, 'Come, Sarah, we will take a journey to the Mountains or to the seashore and rest awhile.' I tell you, John, people need summer following as well as land. And if they don't get it now and then, their spirits grow worn and weary, and the crop of comfort for them, and for those who are dependent on them, will be light. Nay, in spite of themselves, they will get to be irritable. You say that your wife is cross. Don't you see why? She loved you and thought that you loved her. But after you married her, how did you treat her? Did you cultivate her, or did you neglect her? Don't you act just as if she had nothing to expect of you but to keep the family supplied with provisions, and to eat your meals when she had prepared them? And didn't you sometimes grumble even when she wanted money for things necessary to the comfort of the family? And didn't you complain of her cooking, when she was doing the best she could to please you? Now, just remember how much more careful you were of your land than of your wife! how much more time you spent in trying to mellow it and smooth it, and to find seeds adapted to it, than you spent in trying to make her happy, and you will see why you have such a harvest of thistles, when you might have had wheat and fruit and flowers!"

"And then about the children. You are the best man I know of to handle horses. I have often wondered at your patience with your colts. You never seem to get tired of training and petting them. You are so kind to them, and yet so firm with them, that by the time they are old enough to work, they will do anything you want them to. That pair of bay geldings that you drive is the finest in the country, and it is because you have taken such pains in breaking them. Now, if you had done as well by your children as you have done by your colts, they would be just as nice girls and boys. But while you petted colts, you repelled your children. I have seen little Johnny come to you while you were in a corral trying to gentle the horses and you would order him away harshly and then turn and speak so softly and caressingly to the beast as a mother talks to her babies. You know that if you had spoken to the horses as you spoke to Johnny, you would have spoiled them. Is it any wonder, then, that you have spoiled Johnny?"

"I tell you, John, your wife is right. You have nobody but yourself to blame. You have been a good land farmer, but a shiftless and careless house farmer, you have been a first-rate husbandman, but a very indifferent husband and father. And you are reaping just what you sowed. Now, my advice is to do just as you would if you had a field that had been neglected until it was covered with weeds and thistles. Clear the land and begin to cultivate it. Take an interest in your wife and children, and it may not be too late for you to secure a happy home. Be kind to your boys and girls, and yet firm with them, as you are with your horses, and they will learn to love you and obey you."

I write out the substance of this conversation because I am afraid that there are a good many such John Smiths in the world. Men who have homes ought to know how to husband them. Husbandry is defined by Webster. "To use in the manner best suited to the greatest effect." Every head of the family has a good opportunity. What noble men and women have gone forth from the well cultivated homes of Christendom to bless their country and the world! All our homes should be the nurseries of plants of righteousness. But to have a good nursery one must devote time and thought and toil to it. It won't grow and flourish of itself, uncared for. Neither will a home.—Herald and Presbyter.

—Shiloh's Vitalizer is what you need for Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness, and all symptoms of Dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle. For sale by Hill Bros.

## ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

—A planter in Brooksville, Fla., cleared \$10,000 off a cabbage patch of 100 acres.

—The man who is good natured all day does more for the race than he who wins a battle.

—More than a million men are employed by the various railway lines in the United States.

—A 6-year-old daughter of Joseph Davis, of Wayne County, W. Va., weighs 280 pounds.

—There are about 300,000 children in the United States, under 12 years old, whose lives are insured.

—There is a lady in Port Huron who has had her coffin made and is now having her tombstone prepared.

—It has been discovered that the flea uses only one eye at a time, and that he dies the hardest of any insect in nature.

—The town of Liberty, Texas, proudly claims that sixteen inches of rain fell there lately in the course of thirty-six hours.

—An enterprising physician in Australia advertises: "I will pay half the funeral expenses in cases where I am not successful."

—A man who is looking for something to do rarely finds anything, but if he is willing to do anything he can always find something.

## THE WATERMELON CROP OF FLORIDA.

Sold North this year will amount to over \$50,000,000.

—A check fourteen years old was cashed the other day at the Allenton, Pa., bank. The holder said it had been all that time in the forgotten pocket of an unused vest.

—In Brazil some of the senators hold their term for life. One of them has not shown himself in the senate for forty years, and there is now due him a back salary of \$90,000.

—An Alaska Indian, sentenced to prison for ninety-nine years for murder, wants to know if the government is going to keep him alive long enough to serve the whole term.

—Caterpillars have so overrun the County of Kent that the fruit farmers, whose products are all eaten up, are collecting them and selling them at \$20 a sack as food for pheasants.

—The number of immigrants who arrived at Castle Garden in May, of this year, was 73,770. The number for the first five months this year is 187,189, against 166,090 in the same time last year.

—There is a man in New York who eats glass, carpet tacks and live frogs, and he says that this abnormal desire to turn his stomach into a junk shop was brought about wholly by the excessive use of cigarettes.

—An English writer has discovered that the devil is eleven thousand years old. But the old boy seems to be in a pretty fair state of preservation, and still continues to put in his work with neatness and dispatch.

—There is a man living in Atlanta, Ga., 81 years old, who has never taken a chew of tobacco nor smoked a cigar, never was drunk, never swore, and never married. And yet he probably thinks that "he knows it all" notwithstanding.

—A gentleman who is a close observer informs us that he accidentally came across a curiously a few days ago. While examining some rocks in Fishing creek he was surprised to find the well-defined imprint of a man's foot upon a rock as hard as adamant. He says it was perfect in its facsimile of the human foot as he ever saw. When and by whom it was made, are queries too hard to be solved.—Lincolnton, Ga. News.

## THE BEST METHOD.

The most agreeable as well as the most effective method of dispelling Headache, Colds, and Fevers, or cleansing the system is by taking a few doses of pleasant California Liquid Fruit Syrup of Figs. It acts gently and safely, strengthening the system, and which it acts, so that regular habits may be formed. Manufactured only by the California Fig Syrup Company, San Francisco, Cal. For sale by Simpson, Reid & Co.

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