

"THE BOY-JEEMS."

Training Up a Boy in the Way for Him to Go.

A Powerful Particular Blind of Business—Old Man Cas Garner Picked a Winner and Jeems Measured Up to His Work.

Bringin a boy up in the way you want him to go is a powerful particular and ticklish kind of business, and for a common thing I don't reckon more than one man in every hundred would know for certain how to take hold and turn off the job. Leastwise, from what I have seen and heard and learnt and know about the human family in general, it is now my private and public opinion that a whole passle of money is wasted in this country every year training boys up into ways which was never intended for them to go—ways wherein they ain't fitten to go—ways in which they couldn't go if they wanted to, and wouldn't if they could.

Stating the Mainest Facts. Now in orderment to state the mainest facts of the case more in full I will give you the great common pint which I am drivin at so plain till a fool—blind drunk and a runnin—mought read.

There was Tom Dick Simpkins, which run for the legislature the first time I was a candidate and got the livin daylight beat outen him. Well, when Tom Dick was a yearlin boy at school he was bright as new money and terrible smart in his books. He could git his lessons, it did look to me like, more quicker and easier than any boy in the school and always stood pat at the head of his class. If he went foot like this mornin he would spell up to head inside of three days without half tryin. So consequently about this time old man Simpkins took up a fool notion to the extent that Tom Dick was smart enough to go to congress or run for governor, and with that he give it out amongst the neighbors that he was goin to spend money like water runnin down hill on that boy and make a big lawyer outen him. So then Tom Dick he is in and run through the Cross Roads school as quick and easy as a heavy dose of salts, and the next news we got from him he was off and gone to college. He went right on holdin his own with the best and smartest boys that the country could bring forth and there want any thing in the college that could set him back or turn him down. He made a smashin good record, and at the finish he come down under the wire first, winnin the race like a deer in a walk.

In the main time old man Simpkins was blowin his money in on Tom Dick like it was growin on the trees, and if it so happened that he couldn't drop his wad fast enough he could always git plenty of help from that smart and promisin boy. After comin through college with a high and mighty flurry, Tom Dick soon got to be a lawyer, hung out his sign accordin and lit in to build up a big name and fame and let the whole entire discovered world hear from the Simpkins family.

But somehow or other the world went vagrin along at the regular old lick and the natives they wouldn't startle any to speak of. Old man Simpkins had fixed the nest and set the eggs, but, by gracious, the chickens didn't hatch any at all hardly. He had built the mill and laid the rocks, but somehow the ding thing jest wouldn't grind, and it didn't make a blame bit of difference how he turned the water on. What was the matter with Tom Dick? The good Lord only knows—I don't. He went so far in fine style and shape, and then all of a sudden like he come down to a dead halt. If he was to go and ask Andy Lucas, the great horse trader, what was the matter with Tom Dick more than probable he would tell you that "the youngster had too much daylight under him and they didn't put no packs in his feet." And I reckon no doubts Eley Scroggins, the most swiftest man with the "documents" around Rocky Creek would tell you that the mainest trouble with Tom Dick was he thought he was smart enough "to come into the game with nary pair and win the pile." But as for me, I don't know for certain what was the matter with that boy. I do but only know that old man Simpkins sailed in and spent a big pile of his money bringin up Tom Dick in a way that he wouldn't go and couldn't go and didn't go. After piddlin and fumblin and foolin around considerable, makin out like he was a lawyer and dabblin in politics here and there, he finally at last stowed down and petered out and quit.

How to Pick a Winner. Now there was an old man, Cas Garner—which he was one of the mighty few men I ever met up with that could say he brung up a boy in the way he wanted him to go, and the boy went that way. But old man Cas was dead sot in his own notions about boys and things and he played the game a whole lot different from old man Simpkins. I recollect onest upon a time when I rid over to the Garner place one Sunday evenin and passed a few pleasant hours with the old man and his folks.

At that writin old man Cas—and Misses Garner between them—had 13 boys and four girls and hadn't burnt the cradle-yet. The old man called up the whole drove whilst I was there that evenin and stood them out in a row so I could take a good look at them.

some crankified notions when we first started out in the business, but I soon got well and quit. They are too frequent like and numerous now. I only make my figgeration for our children to come up to the general average, and you will never hear tell of old man Cas Garner grumblin if they do that well. Thrown them 13 boys in with the common run of sich dry cattle, I calculate that some of them will turn out first class, some only middlin and some hardly that. It may be different with the girls, but as for the boys, if I can but raise three or four rale good ones out of the pack I will be plum willin to give thanks and say nothin. Some people mought think they could raise them all up to be great men, but I know a whole lot better than that. They are all boys and all boys—regular open-faced, stem-windin American boys.

"You see this here youngster, with the pale and puny look and a head on him as big as a hamper basket, Rufus?" says the old man, h— in his hand on a boy that stood about middle way of the row. "Well, this is my comin congressman. The old lady she has picked out two or three for prece—rs, and I tell her that out of the whole bunch we had ought to raise one that—" "I do to send to congress. So I have picked the winner, and this is him. I will let him take his growth naturin and slow for a few years longer, and then I will put him in trainin to run with patience the race set before him. I don't see how it would make any partiklar difference whether he has got any name or not, Rufus, but anyhow, the name of our comin congressman is Jeems—jest plain Jeems."

"That Boy Jeems" in Training. I forgot to tell you in the outstart, but anyhow, old man Cas Garner was one of the best fixed men in all of the surroundin country. He want to say no ways rich, but he wore good clothes, and rode a fat horse with a sereakin saddle, and had plenty of everything around him. It was some six or seven years after that Sunday evenin when the old man called up his fine bunch of boys for me to look at, and named the winner for congress, and I was over there to see the Garner folks onet more. I soon took notice that the family looked ruther swunk up in size, and went on to ask about the boys and girls. It turned out that two of the girls had already took and got married whilst the others had went to havin company right tolerably constant. Some of the boys went to the city, and got in business, and there was two or three off at college takin on the finislin touches to preach.

"What about our comin congressman, Uncle Cas?" says I. "Who, Jeems? Well, I don't try to keep very close up with that boy, Rufus, but he is summun around the place, but the old man come back, and then he sorter loosened up and went on to say:

"Ef Jeems ain't plowin the best pair of mules on the place and layin by swamp corn, I reckon you will find him runnin the wagon and haulin timbers to build a new barn, or either down on the creek clearin up a new ground. You must recollect, Rufus, I am trainin up Jeems for congress and learnin him how to go in all the gits. He is farmin on shares with me this year. I give him a third of what he can make, with his board and washin free. If the seasons hold out good and no bad luck comes our way, I reckon Jeems will go to school some this comin fall and winter. It all depends on what we have got left after the crops come in and we count up and divide out. I will give him the time providin he can rake and scrape up sufficient money to pay his way. He takes to books as quick and natural as a hound dog to a meat house and would be in school all the time if it was so he could.

"As to that, Rufus, you know good and well I am able to send the boy to school for 20 years hand runnin, but Jeems don't know that and it ain't none of my business to tell him. It wouldn't do nohow for a boy in trainin for congress. He has got plenty of speed on him right now, but I must work him somehow and manage so as to put the muscle on him and give him some stayin qualities. He has got plenty of sense, but it will take some hard work to round him out and fill up the low places. The upper machinery is perfectly all right now, but in orderment to make him a deend sure winner I am bound to look out for the underpinnin. Jeems must learn his right hand from his left, and stand alone and walk before he can run a whinin race. I don't claim to know much about anything in this world, Rufus, exceptin corn and sotton and niggers and males and boys, but I'll be everlastinly d-d-smashed if I don't know all about them!

"Now the boys that my old lady has picked out for preachers, they are off at college, and our future merchants are now clerkin around and doin about in town. That is well enough and all right for them, I reckon, but as to Jeems, the comin congressman, he must sweat for his feed and swim without gourd, Rufus. It never would do for things to come easy with Jeems. I am not goin to push the youngster in his work, but let him take his own gait and come down to his knittin steady and naturin like. But when he goes on the track he is goin to show down like a thoroughbred, and—maybe—you mought—well—at any rates, you can keep your eye on Jeems."

Showing Strong Points. I remained and tarried around over there in the hill country about a week on that trip, with my general headquarters at the Garner place. And along in durin of that time I made it my business to watch that boy Jeems, which he was then 14 years old past, 15 come next grass. The first night he come up about dusk drivin a six-mule team, the wagon loaded with fresh cut timbers. Him and a nigger boy then unloaded and took out and fed. After supper a crowd of the settlement boys come together and blowed up the dogs and went

off possum huntin. I could see with one eye that Jeems was the mainest leader of the pack. Soon the next mornin I got up and was browsin around the place to put a razor edge on my appetite, and there was the boy Jeems callin up the hogs and drivin out the cows and tendin to the stock in general. One day me and old man Cas went out ridin around through the fields lookin at the crops, and way down in the swamp we run up with the boy Jeems and a squad of hands cuttin timbers and buildin a new weather house. That night Jeems come up with a new saddle horse which he had swapped for late in the evenin—which he made the trade with a Methodist circuit rider passin through the settlement.

When I got a good chance I asked old man Cas what sort of a trade Jeems had made. "He jest naturally swapped the livin socks off the preacher," says the old man, lookin proud and tickled to death. "I can't tell as yet whether you will ever enter that boy Jeems in a race for congress," says I to old man Cas the mornin that I left, "but I don't make no bones of tellin you this much. If you ever can git him to go on the track and score for the start he will win the race, and you can put the gate money away in your flanks as easy as findin it in the big road. He is already comin down to his work in good shape and showin some strong pints, and he hasn't shed off his baby teeth yet. Don't hold the ribbons too tight, and don't buckle up the checkrein too high, and that boy Jeems will earn his feed by and by."

And the Race Was Won. Did that boy Jeems ever measure up to the work which the old man had marked out for him to do? You can bet your last solitary dollar that he did. I was on the ground when he entered his first race for congress. I watched him from the start to the finish, and saw him come down under the wire like a thoroughbred—winner by a full length.

When the bell first tapped three candidates scored for the start. The other two showed up in some better style than Jeems, pulled on the bits and pranced back and forth across the track. But at the same time Jeems was keepin cool and savin himself for the work ahead. When they first went off you mought cover the whole bunch with one blanket, and things didn't change any to speak of till they swung into the home stretch. But after they passed the last quarter pole Jeems limbered up surprisin, squatted down close to the ground and come in ahead as easy as a boy in a baseball game would steal to the home base on his belly.

But whilst there may be one man in a hundred that can train a boy up in the right way for him to go, there are 99 that will make a botch of the game every clatter. A boy can't be a girl, but he is more than probable to be a human.

RUFUS SANDERS.

LIKE A VAST VOLCANIC BUBBLE.

Extraordinary Freak of Nature Near the Mexican City of Puebla.

Rev. F. S. Bortain, of Puebla, writes as follows: "It may be of interest to some of the readers of the Herald who visit Puebla to know of one of the less visited attractions in the vicinity of the City of the Angels. I refer to the 'Coccomate.' It is about 20 minutes distant from Puebla over the street car line to Cholula. Any street car conductor can point it out to the curiosity-seeker. It is to the right of the car line, about 500 yards distant. "It looks from the car window to be a pile of white stones or a well-bleached haystack. But upon closer inspection it proves to be a tumulus of white calcareous stone evidently of water formation, about 50 feet in height and 100 feet in diameter at the base. The form is that of a truncated cone. At the apex is an elliptical-shaped opening about 25 feet along the minor and 50 feet along the major axis. It is a bell-shaped cavity and lined with ferns of various descriptions. I should judge the depth to be at least 100 feet, and at the bottom, so far as is visible, the opening must be 60 feet in diameter. In the bottom, on one side, are to be seen some gorgeous ferns and on the other side a pool of water.

"Tradition says that the ancient Aztecs were accustomed to worship here the genius of the spot, and occasionally threw in a live victim to appease his subterranean majesty. It is also said that a few victims of the inquisition were thrown down here to reflect upon the controverted points of doctrine. At all events it is a most singular freak of nature, as it is in the middle of a level plain, or rather a barley field. It looks to have been some volcanic bubble, of which the great Mexican upland is so full, and is well worth a visit on the part of the curious.

"Although I have inquired among my Mexican friends, I have found no one who could tell me the meaning of the name 'Coccomate.'"—Mexican Herald.

Bequeathed Her Skeleton.

Before her death, which occurred in New York city in 1878, Mrs. M. K. Benchley, the widow of the former lieutenant governor of Massachusetts, bequeathed her body to the Woman's medical college. According to the provisions of this queer will the body of Mrs. Benchley was to be carefully dissected and her skeleton hung in the college museum. This seems to be the only instance on record where an educated woman has deliberately sent her body to the dissecting-room and her bones to the show-rooms of a museum.

Cow Invades a Pantry.

A queer incident is reported from the West district, Rocky Hill, Conn. One day last week when Mrs. Charles Gilbert returned from a brief call on a neighbor she found one of the cows in the pantry. The bovine had stowed into its capacious stomach three loaves of bread and a lot of cake. In order to reach the pantry the cow was obliged to pass through two rooms, between tables and chairs and past a hot stove.

LIFE IS WORTH LIVING.

Arp Horrified at the Apparent Increase in Suicides.

Work Is the Remedy Given—Remorse Over Some Very Wicked Deed the Only Possible Excuse for Self-Murder.

I was ruminating about these suicides that seem to be on the increase all over the land, and are not confined to any class or condition. Several have occurred during the last few days in Georgia and the adjoining states. Two were young men, two past middle age and one was a girl in her teens. None had good cause for the rash deed, and it seems like this generation has more nerve and less fear of the hereafter than their fathers. I cannot imagine any condition or peril that requires as much courage and will power as the deliberate taking of one's life. I would rather take my chances in battle or shipwreck or pestilence. To be weary of life is a common misfortune, and thousands there are who can exclaim with David: "Oh, that I had the wings of a dove, that I might fly away and be at rest." But to the average man "the weariest life that age, penury and imprisonment can lay on nature is a paradise to what we fear of death." It must be a fearful leap to commit suicide—"to die and go we know not where," and yet it has become almost as common as murder—murder that has the excuse of gratifying some passion as hate, revenge, avarice, desire or ambition. The suicide leaves no blood behind him save his own—no nothing but pity and domestic grief. There is no sheriff to pursue, no court to try, and in this country no attainder or confiscation or burial without benefit of clergy.

A little more than a century ago, when George IV. was king of England, the law was in force that the body of a suicide should have a stake thrust through it and be buried by the highway, so as to intimidate others from self-destruction. His goods and chattels were forfeited to the crown. This law was repealed during King George's reign, but a new law declared that the body should be buried at night, without the performance of religious ceremonies. Such was the detestation of our English ancestors for what they called the crime of suicide. I know of but one cause that would justify a man taking his own life, and that is remorse—such remorse as Judas Iscariot felt when he went out and hanged himself. There are but three instances of self-murder mentioned in sacred history, and they were all bad men. But in our day, suicides are generally good-hearted people—Shakespeare says of Othello that he was great of heart, but it was remorse for killing his innocent wife that nerved him to the deed. Nowadays the most of suicides are caused not from remorse, but from disappointments, failures in business, domestic unhappiness, or grief over lost lovers or dead kindred. Sometimes the unhappy man tries to drown trouble in drink, and this brings a depression that ends in self-murder.

But it does not take a great misfortune to cause suicide now. Only last week a clever young man killed himself on hearing that his mother was dead, and a young girl hanged herself because she did not like her step-mother. How many traveling men have been found dead in the Atlanta hotels during the past few years with no extraordinary cause for self-destruction—just tired of life—couldn't make money fast enough; couldn't square their accounts with their employers, or some such reason. Job suffered great tribulations, but didn't dare to destroy himself. In the greatest anguish he said: "My soul is weary of my life; oh, that it would please God to destroy me, that I would loose His hands and cut me off."

What is the cause of this growing mental malady in this happy land? Are these suicides all skeptics, or infidels, or universalists, that they should have no fear of death, no dread of something after death? Maybe there is a hereafter and a judgment to come, and if so a murderer has a better chance than a suicide, for he has time to repent and be forgiven, as David was. Then, again, it is such a selfish act, for it brings grief to kindred and leaves a shadow over the household that never passes away. A few years ago I met a young man whom I had not seen since he was a lad. He was doing well in a distant state, where his mother and sisters lived, but I could see the lines of a never forgotten sorrow in his face. His father hung himself in a barn, and the heart-broken family moved far away. A few months ago I met an old friend who had always greeted me cheerfully, but I hardly knew him. He was prematurely gray, and the lines of sadness were in every lineament of his intellectual features. He had ceased to smile. His only son, on whom his love and his hope was centered, had killed himself—had placed the fatal pistol to his temple and fired it. What makes our young men do so? If it comes from remorse, is it not cheaper and safer to repent and reform? What does a man kill, anyhow? Nothing but his body. His soul goes marching on and the remorse goes with it. But even his body is sacred, and he has no right to mutilate or destroy it.

THE GENTLEMAN FARMER.

Why His Lot Is Continually Growing Worse in the South.

While the material development of the south in the last 30 years has been almost startling, it would nevertheless be rash to assume that the economic character of her people has been entirely transformed. Slavery no longer exists and labor is no longer considered disgraceful, but the negro, though politically free, is still socially and economically servile, and still affects his white employer disastrously in many ways. With the growth of towns, an artisan and a middle class have been developed, and the former aristocracy of birth and wealth has given way to one of wealth only, but in the country the well-to-do middle-class farmer is the exception, the gentleman planter is becoming much rarer, and the negro and "poor white" squatters cumber and choke the ground. Want of thrift and intelligent foresight and an inherited instinct of laissez-faire are to be observed in every rural community—normally in tidewater and remote mountain regions, less commonly in such favored spots as the valley of Virginia. In cotton-growing localities the factor or commission merchant plays a part fully as important as he did before the war, and practically holds both planter and plantation in his grasp. With the factor on one hand and the lazy negroes with whom he works on shares on the other, it is no wonder that the lot of the gentleman farmer is continually growing worse, or that his sons seek urban employment whenever they can.—Atlantic Monthly.

—The Roquefort cheese is made of the milk of goats or sheep.

form or to suffer and endure whatever troubles you. Get up and do something—work for your board if you can't do better. Work at anything—dig, hoe, chop wood, be fireman on a locomotive, keep going—don't stop to think and brood over trouble. Constant employment will stifle grief. If you can't get work, go to the woods and hear the birds sing, and see the glad water flowing in the little branches. Life is worth living and the faithful wag of your log's tail is worth living for—much more is the love of kindred and friends. I believe that idleness is not only the devil's workshop and the chief cause of crime, but it produces that morbid melancholy state of mind that begins with drink and ends in suicide. Who ever heard of an engineer, or conductor, or a gardener, or a hard-working farmer committing suicide? They haven't got time to think about it. If domestic trouble or discord haunts you, work it off. Socrates married Xantippe, the most aggravating woman he could find, and he says he did it for self-discipline and humiliation. Some women marry aggravating men, but not for the like reason, but women rarely commit suicide. They prefer to suffer and to live for their children. Don't nurse your wrath to keep it warm. There are thousands who are unfortunately worse off than you are. Suffer and be strong, for death will come after awhile and relieve you.

I was ruminating between the difference between now and then—between the old times and the new. There were no suicides then. A crazy woman threw herself into a well, and it created a great sensation. We heard of many cases in Paris, and we wondered and we had pity, but I can't recall any in Georgia. Now the daily papers have to keep a space open for them. Our children are raised wrong or educated wrong. They don't love to work or to study or to read good books or go to church. They want to frolic or to sport or to find short cuts to fortune. Suppose we look for some of the old landmarks and travel along the old roads and see if we can't stop this self-destruction that is so fearfully increasing in our southern land.—Bill Arp, in Atlanta Constitution.

VARIATIONS IN ACORNS.

No Two Seeds Nor Even Two Leaves Exactly Alike.

It is said that in individual trees scarcely two leaves can be found exactly alike. What is true of leaves is true of seeds, and, indeed, of every part of a tree. It is also true of the behavior of trees during their life career. In acorns especially one may note a remarkable difference in their behavior. Some species of acorn will preserve their vital power without much difficulty for a couple of years, while others can rarely be found with life after a few months. Some when put into the earth will remain months before sprouting, while others will sprout before they are fairly out of their cups on the trees.

The acorns of the live oak of the south often sprout before they fall. The process of germinating is among the most remarkable of all American trees. The root pushes out from the acorn to a distance of many inches before it enters the ground, the root then goes into the earth while the bud or plumule ascends to form the incipient tree trunk. The young tree of the live oak will frequently be a distance of six inches from the acorn. In this respect the behavior of this species of oak corresponds nearly with what is almost universal in monocotyledonous seeds.

Another early sprouter is the common white oak. These have not been known to sprout on the tree, but they scarcely reach the ground before the little radicle prepares to enter the earth. It does not wait to get to the surface of the earth before doing this. On shelves or boxes where there is some number of them together the whole will be a mass of roots before a few weeks after gathering. On the other hand the nut of the burr oak will remain a long time before showing any disposition to sprout. It is these varying characteristics which make rules for the transportation of seeds difficult, each kind has to have a method of its own. So far as the two oaks are concerned it has been found better to send young plants long distances than the acorns themselves.—Meehan's Monthly.

THE GENTLEMAN FARMER.

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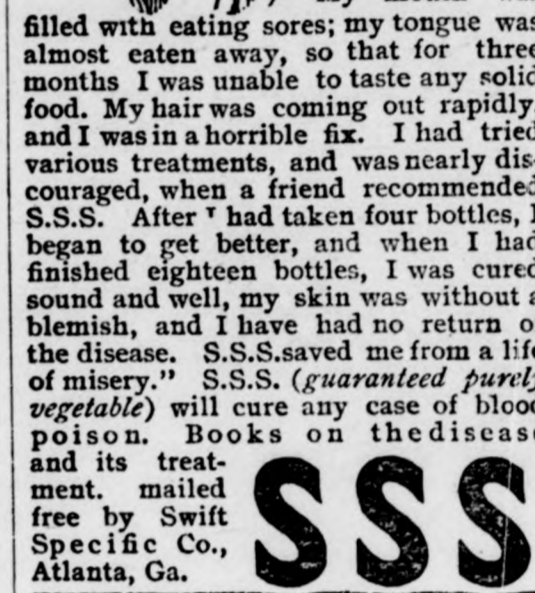
—The Roquefort cheese is made of the milk of goats or sheep.

Blood Poison.

Contagious Blood Poison has been appropriately called the curse of mankind. It is the one disease that physicians cannot cure; their mercurial and potash remedies only bottle up the poison in the system, to surely break forth in a more virulent form, resulting in a total wreck of the system.

Mr. Frank B. Martin, a prominent jeweler at 926 Pennsylvania Ave., Washington, D.C., says:

I was for a long time under treatment of two of the best physicians of this city, for a severe case of blood poison, but my condition grew worse all the while, notwithstanding the fact that they charged me three hundred dollars. My mouth was filled with eating sores; my tongue was almost eaten away, so that for three months I was unable to taste any solid food. My hair was coming out rapidly, and I was in a horrible fix. I had tried various treatments, and was nearly discouraged, when a friend recommended S.S.S. After I had taken four bottles, I began to get better, and when I had finished eighteen bottles, I was cured, sound and well, my skin was without a blemish, and I have had no return of the disease. S.S.S. saved me from a life of misery. S.S.S. (guaranteed purely vegetable) will cure any case of blood poison. Books on the disease and its treatment, mailed free by Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.



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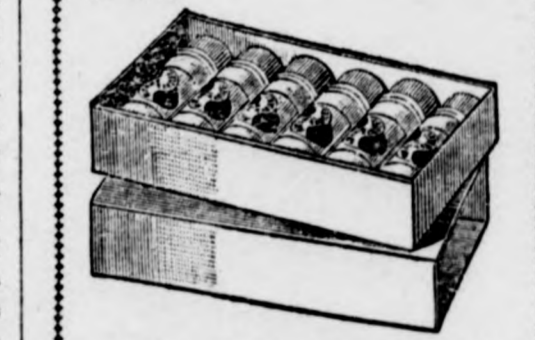
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