## PETER HORACE'S SPECULATION.

It had been for months a mosted question in the little village of Glendale who would fall heir to Aunt Martha Marvale's money

when she died There were her two nieces, the nearest of kin, in the first place. One, Miss Bertha Marvale, an amiable young lady, who was immensely proper and respectable, and had been very dutiful in her attendance upon her invalid aunt. The other, a wee bit of a maiden, with sunny eyes, and short dancing curls, who taught school for her own and her mother's support, and did not seem to mind it at all, she was always so bright and winsome. She had done nothing in particular for her aunt except to make sunshine in the prim old rooms by occasional visits, and in a saucy, inveigling sort of way to get herself very much liked by the eccentric old lady; it was very hard to see upon what grounds Miss Dot Mayburne based her expectation, so the neighbours said.

Then there was the church of which she had been a life long member, with its many charicies, missions, and relief works. The trustees fully expected to be remembered by Miss Marvale; but many of the neighbours knew too much of her "closeness" and pride of family, and were sure she would not give her money to charitable institutions. Still, the weight of opinion went in favour of either Miss Bertha Marvale or the church.

And now the good, queer Miss Martha Marvale was dead, and buried with due solemnity and proper gloom. Soon it would be known who was the fortunate possessor of her fabulous wealth-for "fabulous" it had become, under the busy tongues of interested friends and acquaintances. To be sure, she had never made a display of riches | vale thought this very delicate in him, as it and no one in Glendale had ever seen her | might naturally be supposed the stool would money except in quite meagre sums. But | be a disagreeable object. she was known to have been quite miserly amounts stowed away in odd corners.

The lawyer sat at the head of the room rattling the important document ominously. Miss Marvale sat in a high backed chair, looking pale, melancholy, and severe in her new and fashionable mourning dress. Mr. Peter Horace, a gentleman who never in his life had evinced a liking for anything but money until he met Miss Marvale, sat

attentively near. Dot Mayburne in doleful black, reclined that appealed to every tender heart in her presence. Willard Hayes, a young and penniless physican, and her most devoted admirer, supported her, figuratively speaking, of course, on her left. The deacons of the church sat in decorous silence, and one or two "oldest inhabitants" occupied the spare corners of the room. The reading be-

After the usual preliminaries it was found that all of Martha Marvale's real estate, moneys, and personal properly were left unconditionally to her beloved niece Dorothea Maybourne, excepting a few insignificant legacies to church and friends. To Bertha Marvale, in consideration of affectionate attention, she willed her favourite foot-stool. Its many dear associations, the fact that she had seen it for years the support of her aunt's wearied feet, would indear it to her, and, as she often expressed a pious contempt for carnal wealth, she would prize it above all earthly

The whole fortune was not a munificent one, after all, and even Dot was not a rich woman. And she could only open her blue eves in wonder while Willard Hayes smiled brightly upon her and whispered his congratulations. Miss Marvale's face was buried in her black-edged handkerchief and no one could tell how she was affected. Mr. I'de deacons looked glum, and said not a word. Everybody seemed inclined to get out of the way with as little ceremony as possible, and soon the cousins were left

make this house your home," Dot began timidly. "You know this is as great a surprise to me as to you, and, while I am glad of a home and comforts for mamma, I do not want you to be poor or homeless. Can't we all live together ?"

"No, we can't all live together," snapped Bertha, coming out from behind her pocket handkerchief. "You are a little uncharity from you if I were starving ! And it is not necessary, as I am engaged, and Mr. Horace is amply able to see that 1 do not come to want,

Dot retired, overcome by the stupendous intelligence, as Miss Marvale intended she keep the fate of her aunt's legecy a secret. should be.

"I am sure I congratulate you," she murfriend, you will not besitate ---

rate lady, rising: "I think we can dispense with each other's company, and as I cannot ask you to leave your own house, 1 ing disinterestedness. will take the liberty of retiring myself."

That evening the will was discussed over to and fro. What the old lady had seen to admire in Dot so much, what had become of all the wealth she was supposed to have owned, why she had left a paltry old ottoman to Bertha, who had been so faithful, and so forth, were all dutifully discussed, and left as unsatisfactorily disposed of as

cotstool!

somehow. Then he burrowed deeper in his out-Did not people invariably, in stories and H. Parkhurst.

romances, who had queer old legacies left them knock them to pieces, sooner or later, by accident, or in a fit of ill-temper, and

find them stuffed full of gold pieces? This was certainly the solution of the eccentric gift, and it also accounted for the missing wealth which everybody seemed so sure existed somewhere. He sprang up and paced the room in a sprightly manner quite at variance with his former moody

"I will play the disinterested lover," he said : "I will swear to be true, come weal or come woe, and thus gain the approbation of the entire community. "I'll marry the poor, disinherited Bertha Marvale, and at the very first dawning of matrimonial infelicity I'll kick that beastly footstool viciously across the floor. Then won't I be astonished to see the papers and gold roll out? Won't I clasp my tearful companion in my arms, magnanimously forgive her, and calmly take possession of her fortune? What a lucky idea of mine that was !"

Miss Marvale was deeply gratified of being assured of her lover's devotion and disinterestedness, and her spirits and dignity rose in proportion. Indeed, she carried herself in the presence of her unpretending cousin as though she were the heiress and Dot the insignificant possessor of a footstool. She claimed the right to remain in the house which had been her home so long till she should be married from it, and, as far as appearances went, might as well have been the mistress of Marvale Mansion.

Mr. Horace rented a pretentious house, and furnished it completely, referring with beautiful deference to his betrothed's tasce

in everything. "Be sure and bring your footstool," he said playfully, "and we will dedicate a whole corner to it. I would not keep house without it for the world." And Miss Mar-

They were married, and the wedding was in her habits, and no doubt had large the "event of the season." Dot was not invited, but she was busily engaged elsewhere, and did not mind the neglect, and when Bertha left the old house to enter her brand new home, Dot and her happy husband, Willard Hayes, moved in.

For a few weeks everything went on smoothly. Mrs. Horace carried herself with a great deal of dignity, as became the newly-married wife of a well-to-do money lender and the mistress of a handsome new residence. Indeed, the fashionable people in the uncompromising recesses of the big of the place paid her more attention stiffold sofa, with a sadness in her pretty face than they did the real heiress, who was so little like a wealthy matron that the fact was almost forgotten.

Mr. Horace bore his happiness quietand contained himself with patience. Perhaps he was a little irritable in the privacy of the domestic circle but he was only preparing for the grand moment when it would be appropriate to "kick that beastly stoolclear across the room." To be, sure, he might have suggested to his wife that they examine the stool, and see if it contained anything of value; but she would perhaps laugh at his whim, and would not allow it to be spoiled, and when the wealth was found she might suspect him of knowing | mistress." something about it and of marrying her for it; and, as he rather preferred peace to unnecessary squabbling he wished the discovery to come about accidentally.

At last, one evening, he found it standing directly in his way. Bertha, looking apprehensively at her husband's stern counten- money. ance, hastened to remove it, but he was too quick for her. A well-applied and forcible kick sent it dancing across the room, where it was shattered against the marble fireplace, Mr. Horace eagerly sprang to the spot, where Bertha regretfully followed him.

He did look at it in amazement, as he had often pictured himself doing, but the amazement was very genuine. He grasped each piece, and shook it fiercely; he tore every-Horace's face was a picture of blank dismay. thing apart that could be torn apart with furious haste. Alas, in vain! At his feet -nothing less.

"What do you mean? What did you ex- "You are presuming on your position, "I ain't superstitious, but I believe this fatal hiding place.

"Your aunt's legacy. I've been fooledtrapped-I won't stand it. What have you done among you with all her money? She couldn't have carried it with her."

Peter Horace was angry enough, as he strode up and down the room, to have demolished forty ottomans, and Bertha went into hysterics on the sofa. It was a dreadful derhand cheat, and I wouldn't accept blow to her vanity to think that she had not been "married for herself alone," after all; they had a terrible scene, but finally a sort of reconcilation was patched up. Both were too respectable to let the world know of their disappointment, and they agreed to

Bertha owned that the old lady had given her £500 before she died, telling her she was mured. "And I hope, if ever you need a not as rich as had been supposed, and that was probably all she would ever receive "Bother your friendship !" exclaimed the from her. Still, she had hoped against hope that more would fall to her share, and had only been reconciled by Mr. Horace's seem-

With renewed devotion to business, and a little extra fleecing of customers on Mr. hundred tea tables, and many queries, Horace's part, they managed to retain their wonderings, and "I told you so's" passed handsome residence and keep up appearances, which was, after all, what they both cared for most of anything in the world.

# Two Men Shot By a Sentry

A Berlin correspondent telegraphs:-A fresh case has occurred of a sentinel firing with ball cartridge in the middle of the town In a little meagre private office down upon two civilians. It must be admitted, town Mr. Peter Horace sat, with his head however, that the soldier in this case acted resting dejectedly in his hands, and a gen- only under strong provocation. About mideral air of forlorn despondency in his atti- | night on Friday a sentinel pacing to and fro tude. He had for forty years loved him- in front of the barracks in the Wrangelself, his money, and his single-blessedness strasse was approached by two men, who more than anything else on earth; if ever a began to call him names. The soldier callweman had stirred the religion under his ed upon them to desist, and they would shirt-front where his heart is supposed to have done so but for a woman in their combeat, it was pretty, saucy, gay little Dot pany, who egged them on afresh. The sol-Mayburne. And yet he had deliberately | dier thereupon loaded, and declared them engaged himself to marry a plain, prim, his prisoners. The two men pulled out elderly maiden who possessed nothing in their knifes, but when they saw that the fainting fit. the world more valuable than a worn-out | soldier was about to are one of them ran off. After thrice challenging him to stand, the What a donkey he had been ! And how sentinel fired, and struck him in the lower | had it come about? Why was not Bertha | part of the stomach, the force of the pro-Marvale the heiress, as he had calculated jectile being so great that it passed through ipon? The old lady's money seemed not his body and hit another man, who had intirely accounted for, either. Bertha had stopped to see what was going on. He stood ived in the house for years, and he had with his hands in his pockets, and the buldeemed her a person of good sense; yet she let passed through his thumb and thigh, and must have bungled in her management lodged itself in the wall of a house. The first man has since died.

stretched arms, and thought it all over | Contentment with to-day's lot makes canagain. Suddenly a bright idea struc ; him. | didacy for a better lot to morrow. -[Charles

#### THE DEVIL-SNARE.

Let us come away from this end of the garden," Miriam Wardale said to her lover, as they walked up and down. "You can't think what an uncanny chill comes over me whenever I pass this way. I feel as though the proofs of some old crime must lie buried

"Nonsense, my darling," answered Roger Garnett, trying to laugh away her fears sir," Robert Garnett answered hotly. "She with assumed levity.

on approaching this remote end of the garden he had experienced a chill, sickly sen- me what this curse is which blights every-

sation himself. It was an old house at Highbury, the property of Miriam's guardian-just the sort of old house where an imaginative fancy can picture a hundred strange sights and young man across the chest. sounds. The present owner was well off, but he was a strange man and had let it go to rack and ruin. Weeds grew unchecked wafted with a muffled sound to its green | cry broke from him :

"Mr. Westwood used to keep this part fenced off, didn't he?" Roger asked.

"Yes, until-until the other day. That strange old vine is one that he brought over from abroad-South America, I believe. the seat placed under it for me."

"That was very considerate of him, but his kindness does not extend to sanctioning our marriage."

"Oh, he is good enough to me. It is not

that but--"But what?" asked Garnett, glancing quickly at her; was she trying to conceal not be. They were in the very hey-day of street, opposite Westwood's house.

I don't know why it is, but I have got to Miriam. dread that spot.'

he was racking his brains to think what could be the cause. But he said nothing, dently much agitated. for he knew that Miriam was not very happy there, and would not needlessly add to her | come in, sir."

By this time they had reached the house, and Garnett soon took his departure; for he was there to a certain extent on sufferance, something has happened-something so not being exactly approved of as a suitor to | terrible ! the young lady's hand.

That evening Miriam Wardale was once more out walking in the garden; but this time with a totally different companion; her guardian, Robert Westwood.

"Mr. Garnett has been again to see you to-day," he said, breaking a long silence between them. "Yes."

"I have already said, Miriam, that hardly approve of his attentions to you." "And I have reminded you that the time is not far distant when I shall be my own

He bit his lip, and a malignant look shot from his splendid black eyes; but it was gone in an instant, and a farsofter light had replaced it. "I only speak for your good. I think he

"I don't think so," she answered, very

quietly, but firmly. "Ah, if you had only consented to cast your fate in with mine," he said in a deep, passionate tone, "many things might have been different. I am not old, you know.'

Nor indeed was he. He was barely forty, and did not look so much as that. A handsome man, too, with a black beard; and although now a peaceful citizen, he had just fall?" that dash of the adventurer about him which would have casta glamour over some women. lay a heap of broken mahogany, torn purple But not so with Miriam Wardale. Her velvet, and dusty horsehair-nothing more heart was too definitely gone elsewhere out that he died by my hand?" of her own keeping.

this. You accuse others ; what proof have I of your own sincerity ?"

There was something which Miriam had concealed from her lover. It was this, for sense, Jenkins. the present was not the first painful scene of the kind which had taken place between her and her guardian. She had not spoken of it to Garnett, because she thought to do so might only cause further mischief.

Westwood had by this time led her down to the old vine, and almost mechanically she had seated herself upon the bench. He

stood a few feet away. "Perhaps you may have cause to doubt respectability. Otherwise I shall once more face of the earth, without a hope in life. I would have been so kind to you, Miriam. he had employed in going down. You should not have had a wish ungratified.

She sprang to her feet in terror, but the same sickly feeling as before came over | Snare!" her. The earth seemed to rise up and swim around her, and she fell unconscious among | bewildered than ever.

the branches of the vine. Westwood had not stirred a step to assist | Snare of Nicaragua ?" her. His face was livid; his lips were set and from between them there broke the

"What have I done? What have I

done ?"

## III.

as she had swooned in the garden.

ly asked him what was the matter, "Frankly, Mr. Garnett," he answered,

before. She is a little better to-day, and upon these terrible events. you may rest assured that she is having every care and attention.

The amount of consolation contained in but not in spirit .- [Victor Hugo. these words was not very great, and it was

his departure. Miriam's forebodings on his last visit equality. -[Matthew Arnold.

came back to him, and mentally his anger was directed against her guardian. He leave quietly by the back gate, but there he came face to face with Mr. Westwood,

who was pacing up and down. said, stopping short. "I tbink I have before expressed my disapproval of your visits to my ward. I should not like to see any-

one marry her for her money. "You have no right to say that to me, the baneful influences of this place. Tell one who comes here ?"

"What do you mean?" cried Westwood,

"Not here-for God's sake!-no there!" angrily away.

calm and motionless.

The following morning, at an earry hour, something from him? But no, that could Roger Garnett was pacing up and down the their love; distrust must not enter their could not enter those doors again; but he instructions to lose no time, let fly with one was in a fever of anxiety, and felt that it "Oh, nothing," she replied, "only-only was at least some comfort to be near

After he had been there some time, Jen-So did Roger, and at that very moment kins, the old servant, came up the area steps and ran across the road to him, evi-

> morning?" "Very much better thank goodness; but

"To her?"

"No, no; you must come in at once, "I tell you I cannot."

"You must indeed, sir. Dr. Cameron is there, and bade me fetch you." Something in the man's manner surprised Garnett, and he accompanied him to the house and up to the drawing-room. There stood Dr. Cameron with his back to the

fireplace. "Well, Mr. Garnett," he said, "I suppose you have heard the news?" "No; Jenkins tells me you wish to see

me, and--" "Mr. Westwood is dead!"

"Dead he echoed. He could hardly believe he heard aright. "How did he die?" "That is a mystery, so far-as great a mystery as Miss Wardale's illness, for the symptoms are the same. As for her, I am thankful to say she is out of danger now. is wild, and that he only wants you for your The servants declare they saw you in the garden with Mr. Westwood--that high words were passing between you--"

"They may have seen him strike me. struck him back." "And he fell among the branches of the

vine," Jenkins rejoined. "There I found him late last night; he was unconscious; we carried him in, and he never breathed or spoke again. He must have fallen when you struck him. Did you not see him

"He certainly staggered," replied Roger, "but I went away without looking back. You surely do not mean to suggest that-"No, no, Mr. Garnett," said old Jenkins;

"I hope, Cousin Bertha, you will always pect to find?" asked Bertha with trembling Mr. Westwood, when you speak to me like house is haunted, and there's a curse on the spot where that tree grows."

"That's bosh, you know," said the doctor; "I thought you had more common

"Well, sir, I only know this, that when poor master had it over from South America, the young man as planted it sickened and died suddenly. Then Miss Miriam swooned at the same place." "From South America you say it came?"

"Yes, sir." "Well, anyway, let us go down and look

at this wonderful tree.'

They all went down accordingly into my sincerity now. For your sake I would the garden, Dr. Cameron a few paces actually have settled down into everyday ahead of the other two. He stood for some moments examining the fatal vine; be an Ishmael, wandering by myself on the then suddenly started back again, and rejoined them at a much quicker pace than

"Keep back !" he cried, "keep back But you have changed me by your coldness | both of you as you value your lives!" The usually calm physician was much excited. There was a strange gleam in his eyes. "The thing must be burnt by whoever has courage enough to go near it. It's a Devil-

> "A Devil-Snare!" echoed Garnett, more "You have never heard of the Devil-

"No never."

ghost-like fibres. had the horrible tree placed there with the the teeth were found. The bones were subdiabolical intention of destroying Miriam's mitted to Dr. Redmayn, who states that Two days later Roger Garnett called to lover by a death whose cause should re- they were those of young men, and ventures see Miriam, and found the house in commo- main enveloped in mystery. Then, when an opinion that the place was a disused tion. Miss Wardale was seriously ill in bed, she persistently refused his suit, he induced burying ground connected with St. Anfrom which she had never risen since her the poor girl herself to sit under the shade drew's Church; but having made a careful of its treacherous boughs. But the hand of survey of the ground a correspondent doubts Dr. Cameron, the family physician, was God had frustrated his evil intentions, and this, and this ks that during the wars which in attendance, and the young man anxious. he had succumbed to the same fate which followed the battle of 1066 a trench was dug

he would have meted out to others. that I never detected in her constitution had recovered from the shock consequent to be kept.

A stout heart may be ruined in fortune Life is not so short but that there is alwith a sad heart that Roger rose to take ways time enough for courtesy .- [Emerson

Men of culture are the true apostles of

#### HUMORS OF THE DUEL

went down into the garden, thinking to As Might be Expected, Ireland Has Been Most Prolific of Them.

The annals of the Emerald Isle bristle with incidents of duelling in which Irish hu-"Good evening, Mr. Garnett," the latter mor, if not at all times Irish bravery, is conspicuous. On one occasion Sir Jonah Barrington-fought a duel with a barrister named McNally. The latter had one leg shorter than the other, and because it was his habit when in a hurry to take two thumping steps with the short leg to bring up the will soon be her own mistress, and I shall space made up by the long one he was nick-Her words had affected him strangely, for be thankful to be able to get her away from named "One Pound Two." McNally could get no one of his bar to fight him and so he challenged Barrington, who good-naturedly exchanged shots in the Phœnix Park. The baronet hit his opponent in the braces, then white with rage; "leave my house?" And called the "gallows," and feared he had he so far forgot himself as to strike the killed him. When the result was made known one of the seconds shouted: " Mac. Both were passionate natures—the one you are the only rogue I ever knew who generous, the other malignant-and their was saved by the gallows." Sir Jonah Barblood was up now, Garnett gave the other | rington gives several instances of duels in in that garden. It was surrounded by high a blow which sent him staggering backwards | which the comic side of the Irish character walls, and the roar of busy London was among the bushes of the old vine. A wild came out. One of these occurred in 1773, when Mr. Frank Skelton, a boisterous, joking, fat young fellow, was prevailed on, But Roger did not heed him, and strode much against his grain, to challenge the exciseman of the town for running the butt Meantime, Robert Westwood tried vain- end of a horsewhip down his throat when ly to disentangle himself from the branches; he slept drunk with his mouth open. In but they surrounded him like the arms of vain did he remonstrate. The exciseman When I expressed an interest in it, he had some terrible monster. He seemed under could snuff a candle with a pistol ball, and the influence of a weird spell. The fibres he was as big as a hundred dozen candles. encircled him closely, and soon he lay there | He was forced to the combat. Hundreds of people came to see the fight on the green of Mary borough. The friends of each party pitched a ragged tent on the green, where whiskey and salt beef were consumed in abundance. Skelton screwed up his courage with two heavy drams and each party took pistols. "Blaze away, boys!" bellow-He ed the seconds, and Skelton, minding his weapon. "Halloo," shouted the excisemen. "I'm battered by -. " The devil's cure to you, said Skelton, finding his second pistol and bringing the exciseman to his knees. Then, however, judging that if he gave the exciseman time to recover his legs he might have to stand two shots, he bolted as fast as his "Oh, Mr. Garnett!" he exclaimed; do legs could carry him, followed by his second who cursed him for a coward. "Sure it's "Net now. How is Miss Wardale this better to be a coward than a corpse." However, he was dragged to the ground, and, luckily, the exciseman was too much hurt to shoot. On his recovering the latter insisted on challenging Skelton, who chose fists as the weapons and the affair dropped. FIRED UP THE CHIMNEY.

> Cornelius O'Dowd, in one of his inimitable essays, tells us that once upon a time in the County of Clare a quarrel occurred in the hunting field between two gentlemen whom we will call Capt. Robins and W. Jones, esq. Very hot words passed between them. "Let us settle the business at once," cried the captain; "I have pistols in the house." "Nothing better," said the squire: "I'm your man." It was at length decided that they should fight in the stable yard at fifteen paces, each man to hold a lantern as a mark for his opponent. "Where are you, you scoundrel?" cried the captain, when they came out into the yard. "I'm here, you shoe-black," replied the squire. "Stand out bold," said the captain. "It's what I'm doing," said the other. "Give the word and no more talking." "Get behind the pump, Yer Honor, get behind the pump before you fire," whispered the groom, pulling the captain by the coat. He did so and when they blazed it was the squire who got it and it was more than three months before he could get out again. Apropos of this duel in the dark there is a beautiful but pathetic anecdote of two men, the one a "kind man" and the other a "timid man," who, finding themselves unhappily bound to fight, chose the dark-room duel. The "kind man" had to fire first and, not wishing to hurt his adversary, groped his way to the chimney-piece, and placing the muzzle of his pistol straight up the chimney pulled the trigger, when, to his consternation, with a frightful yell down came his adversary, the "timid man," who had selected that

> How prevalent duelling was in Ireland may be gathered from the fact that men of the highest dignity and most responsible position were ready to eat fire and taste steel. The Lord Chancellor, Lord Claire, fought the Master of the Rolls, Curran. The Chief Justice, Lord Clonmel, fought Lord Tyrawley and two others. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Isaac Corey, fought Henry Grattan. The provost of Trinity College, Mr. Henry Hutchinson, fought the Master in Chancery, Mr. Doyle. G'Connell fought and killed Mr. d'Esterre, the champion of the Dublin corporation, and, as Barrington, says, the duel "was fatal to the champion of Protestant ascendancy. These are not the only eminent Irishmen who fought duels, for Sir Jonah Barrington states that during his "grand climacteric," 227 memorable and official duels had been fought. He tells of one man who had fought no less than sixteen duels, and Mr. S. C. Hall describes a field near Castlebar where it was stated that sixty fatal duels had taken place, the last being that of an uncle who had shot his nephew or a nephew who had shot his uncle.

## Discovery of Human Bones.

An interesting discovery of human bones was made on Saturday afternoon last at "Neither should I have done, only Hastings, Eng., as some excavations were that I have studied the botany of being made to form a carriage drive to a South America. It is a terrible new church which has just been erected for plant which deals death to every- the use of railway men. The edifice is built Then he fled towards the house, as thing that comes near it. Its powers of on a patch of land which has for years been though a thousand demons had been pur- suction are contained in a number of infini- used as a kitchen garden, situate below the suing him, and ordered the servants to tesimal mouths, which drain the blood old castle walls on the western side. The go to the assistance of their young mistress, from any living thing placed among is workmen first came across a skull, and on digging carefully unearthed six skeletons It was even so. Robert Westwood had almost complete, and in one especially, all on the western side as well as the deep one Miriam, now without a guardian, soon there, the latter being still shows to visi-"I am puzzled myself. It seems a nervous found a protector in a loving husband. She tors. The discoveries will probably lead to attack, complicated with wasting symptoms | was married to Roger Garnett as soon as she | a thorough investigation, and the bones are

## Our Modern Homes.

Mrs. Lincrusta Walton-"I like the design of this wall paper very well; but I can not take it."

Salesman-" Why not?" Mrs. Lincrusta-"It is too thick. It is my flat I am going to paper, and I have to economize space as much as possible."