

HOUSEHOLD.

Slumber Song.

Hush! my darling, smile and rest; Day has faded from the west; Sheltered safe from cold and snow, Close beside the hearth fires glow. Little head on mother's breast, Snug as summer bird in nest. Hush! the busy hours are sped, Waits the soft and cozy bed; All the happy dreamland waits, With its slowly swinging gates. On their silent hinges turning, And the fairy lamps are burning. And the angels of delight Come to bless the baby's sight. When the snowy lids shall close At the touch of sweet repose, And the world be shut away At the dying of the day. Sleep! nor hurt nor harm she knows, Mother watches over thee.

AURILLA FURBER.

What Constitutes a Good Wife.

BY MRS. G. HALL.

It's both natural and honorable that young girls should look forward to marriage as the "Ultima Thule" of life, for a woman's crowning glory must always be wifehood and motherhood; but better than a marriage without love, or love without esteem, is the single girl forever.

Many girls on leaving school seem to think their education completed, and there is nothing more to do than to dress and amuse themselves, and try and ensnare some one into marrying them. This may be fairly natural, to look forward to having a home of one's own, and yet how few seem to think it necessary to qualify themselves for so responsible a position as the head of a household.

There is a most important interval in a woman's life, that between her school days and her marriage. Then the useful and practical knowledge on household matters, needle work, economy and various other points which all tell upon the happiness of a home, may be acquired.

If habits of industry, and economy of time are not formed in early life, they never will be. Every girl should help in the household, having her own appointed tasks. How much better, even if not obliged to do it, than spending the time in dressing, and promadening the streets, searching for the latest novelty in dress, or, as a walking fashion plate to be admired!

She should make her mother's home her own in interest. Begin with her own things and her own living place, and when she has made herself wholly mistress of that, so that it is easier to do than to leave undone, she has learned enough to keep a whole house so far as its cleanly ordering is concerned.

Cherish instincts of taste and neatness, girls, in every little thing you have about you, and order will breathe out and grace from even the commonest things. Some people may call you "fussy," but never mind; it is the not knowing that makes you that.

Don't put even your pins into your cushion in a tipsy sort of way. Let it be a part of your toilet to dress your room while you dress yourself.

It is wonderful to see how much ingenuity is shown by some women, who with very little money, make themselves and their surroundings so attractive. Old clothes fixed over to look as good as new; old carpets and curtains, fresh and bright. Nothing helps a person like doing these things, and it is a real fact that, if distasteful at first, housework and sewing will come to be a woman's realm in which such exact results will be reached, by careful management, that it will seem like magic.

"One keep clean is worth a dozen make cleans" is an old maxim and a true one. Manage to clean as you go, which will save hours of labor, and give abundant satisfaction in results. Putting to rights will not be a separate task then.

In a realm of home, woman should be queen. Home should take its hue from her. If she is in the best sense womanly, if she is true, and tender, loving, and heroic, patient and self-devoted, she unconsciously organizes or puts in operation, a set of influences that do more to mould the setting of the nation than any man, uncrowned by power or eloquence, can possibly do.

To those, as we have said, who believe that in marriage lies their only or chiefest source of happiness, let me say that you will not find all light and no darkness, all roses and no thorns. A young girl in marrying, sacrifices much. She gives up in a great measure her independence, to a great extent her preferences. She consents to great changes in her habits and often in her friendships.

In fact, she leaves nearly all her past life behind her, when she becomes a wife, and very seldom does she appreciate the character of the sacrifice she has made, even beneath the crown of blossoms. Oh, what a chasm often lies between wifehood and maidenhood! How she misses the mother, the sister, all the tender felicities of home, the old singleness of heart, the serenity of mind, the blissful, girlish days.

Ah, she must love long and deeply, and worthily, or she will feel a blank in her heart, a dull, dumb pain, never wholly conquered, particularly if she light upon a man not altogether meriting it, or fully capable of compensating her for the losses she has sustained.

It is true enough that a happy marriage is the best lot that can befall a woman, but surely, by a long way, an unhappy one is the worst, and how many such would be averted, if one looked early to the ways of the household, and took a longer time in determining the choice.—[Housekeeper.

Three Raised Oakes.

To those housewives who keep cakes constantly on hand, who get tired of the common kinds, baked over and over again, and who do not care for or cannot afford rich cooking, raised cake may present a gratifying change. It keeps moist longer than the other kind (except the very rich cakes, which always keep well), is more easily freshened, and is quite as appetizing, besides being much more digestible by the average stomach. The following excellent and many times tried rules deserve a trial.

RICH RAISED CAKE.—Three pounds of flour, one and one-half pounds of sugar, twelve ounces of butter, seven ounces of lard, one and one-half pints of milk, one coffee-cupful of yeast, two nutmegs, a teaspoonful of mace, three eggs, one pound of raisins, four ounces of citron and a teaspoonful of salt. Scald the milk, lard and a pint of sugar together. When cool stir in the flour and add the yeast. Set in a warm place until light. Then add the butter and sugar beaten to a

cream; eggs, fruit and spice. Let it rise a second time. Then divide and put it into pans, and after setting it in a warm place for half an hour, bake slowly for an hour. This makes quite a quantity, and if desired the recipe may be halved, or thirded, but the cake will keep a long time—indeed, it improves by keeping, and is most convenient for unexpected company. It will be found much more delicious if old-fashioned hop yeast is used, although the proper proportion of a yeast cake may be used as a substitute.

CAKE NUMBER TWO.—One cupful of raised dough, one cupful of molasses, one cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of butter, one cupful of sour milk, a little grated nutmeg, a cupful of raisins, a teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful of mace, one teaspoonful of clove, three and one-half cupfuls of flour. Bake slowly.

A THIRD VARIETY.—Two cupfuls of light dough, two cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of butter, one cupful of cream, one cupful of raisins, one cupful of currants, a teaspoonful each of ground cinnamon and mace, and a grated nutmeg. Work well together, and add sufficient flour to make it stiff. Shape in loaves, put in pans, raise and bake slowly.

Grandmother's Recipes.

Oil drow latches and locks occasionally. Nails dipped into soap will drive easily into hard wood.

To keep off flies, paint walls or rub picture frames with laurel oil.

Morocco leather may be restored with the varnish of white of an egg.

A cement made of sand and white-lead paint will stop leaks in the roof.

Apply ammonia when acid has taken the color from cloth, then chloroform.

You can sweep a rag carpet much easier by sweeping across the breadths.

To remove paint from glass, just rub it with a wet penny or a large silver piece.

Sealing wax is made of two parts of bees-wax and one of resin melted together.

The juice of a lemon taken in the early morning will often prevent a bilious attack. About a pound of wood soot to a gallon of boiling water makes a very fine fertilizer of plants.

To clean ermine and all white fur, rub with corn meal, renewing the meal as it becomes soiled.

There would be more vegetarians if there were more cooks who knew how to prepare vegetable foods.

Yellow spots on the linen or cotton produced by the iron may be removed by setting them in the boiling sun.

To prevent colored stockings from fading put a tablespoonful of black pepper into the water in which they are rinsed.

To give a good oak color to a pine floor-wash in a solution of one pound of copperas dissolved in one gallon of strong lye.

Headache, toothache, backache, or most any joint ache, will be relieved by heating the feet thoroughly with the shoes on.

Wormwood boiled in vinegar and applied hot, with enough clothes wrapped around to keep the flesh moist, is said to be an invaluable remedy for a sprain or bruise.

When a chimney catches fire throw salt upon the fire below, shut off all the draughts possible (a piece of old wet carpet held before the grate is an excellent thing to use in shutting off the draught), and the fire will slowly go out of itself.

ONE CHINESE POWER.

The Celestials Upon Their Native Tea Gardens Can Sleep Always.

In the item of sleep the Chinese establish a difference between himself and the Occidental. Generally speaking, he is able to sleep anywhere. None of the trifling disturbances which drive us to despair annoy him. With a brick for a pillow, he can lie down on his bed of stalks or mud bricks or rattan and sleep the sleep of the just, with no reference to the rest of creation.

He does not want his room darkened, nor does he require others to be still. The "infant crying in the night" may continue to cry for all he cares, for it does not disturb him. In some regions the entire population seem to fall asleep, as by common instinct (like that of the hibernating bear) during the first two hours of the Summer afternoons, and they do this with regularity no matter where they may be.

At two hours after noon the universe at such seasons is as still as at two hours after midnight. In the case of most working people at least, and also in that of many others, position in sleep is of no sort of consequence. It would be easy to raise in China an army of 1,000,000 men—nay of 10,000,000—tested by competitive examination as to their capacity to go to sleep across three wheelbarrows, with head downward, like a spider, their mouths wide open and a fly inside.

Rothschild's Maxims.

The elder Baron Rothschild had the walls of his bank placarded with the following maxims:

- Shun liquors.
- Dare to go forward.
- Never be discouraged.
- Never tell business lies.
- Be polite to everybody.
- Employ your time well.
- Be prompt in everything.
- Pay your debts promptly.
- Bear all troubles patiently.
- Do not reckon upon chance.
- Make no useless acquaintances.
- Be brave in the struggle of life.
- Maintain your integrity as a sacred thing.
- Never appear something more than you are.
- Take time to consider and then decide positively.
- Carefully examine into every detail of your business.
- Then work hard and you will be certain to succeed in life.

Saved.

"My daughter, I am ruined," sadly said the unsuccessful business man. "I do not know what we can depend upon hereafter for our support."

"Do not worry, father, dear," was the loving daughter's fond reply. "I will save you, and, by my sacrifice, we shall live as happily as before."

"You, my daughter!" exclaimed the stricken man. "Why, what in the world can you do to raise ready money for me now?"

And the girl answered him proudly: "I will melt up my engagement rings."

TRAPPED BY REDSKINS.

An Adventure That Turned His Hair White in a Few Hours.

Paul McCormick's Narrow Escape from Death by Torture at the Hands of the Indians—His Companion's Awful Fate.

Everybody in Montana, and in fact, nearly every one living west of the Missouri, knows or has heard of Paul McCormick, who has charge of Senator Tom Power's interests at Junction City, and who for years has been the wily little Republican Senator's right bower in his deals with the Indians. Nearly six feet in height, broad-shouldered, resonant of voice, and with eyes as keen as a hawk's despite the slight defect in the lid of the left orb. Paul is an ideal frontiersman, a favorite with all who know him, and whose prowess with the rifle has been displayed in many a tussle with the Indians. Not every one, however, knows what turned Paul's hair prematurely white, for the brave fellow is loath to dwell upon this incident in his eventful career whereby he so nearly lost his life, and which caused his magnificent crop of jet black curly hair to take on the whiteness of driven snow.

It happened early in the seventies. Paul with a number of traders, had gone up the Yellowstone in a floatboat loaded with goods that they expected to exchange with the Crows for skins and such other commodities as the Indians had to barter for the gaudy blankets and calicoes so highly prized by the bucks and squaws. At this time the Cheyennes were

ON THE WARPATH

against their natural enemies, the Crows, which made travelling in that country even more dangerous than usual. But the traders were all old Indian fighters and trappers, thoroughly familiar with the locality, and not likely to be scared off by trifles, besides which Paul McCormick, their leader, was known to be the best shot in the Territory, and whose knowledge of Indian tactics had been gained in many a dearly bought field of experience.

Landing at Peace bottom, the outfit made the floatboat fast, and, after selecting a suitable site, proceeded to build a block-house as much for the purpose of protection against the hostile Indians as to store their merchandise. Every morning it devolved upon the keen-eyed McCormick to saddle his horse and, with his trusty Sharps across his saddle bow, ride to the summit of the nearest butte and scan the country for Indian signs. This completed, he would lope his horse back to camp to assure the boys of cold trails and a prospect of uninterrupted work on their horse.

One bright morning as Paul started out on his accustomed scout he was approached by an old trapper known to the rest as Grizzly who said he reckoned he'd jine Mac in his ride that day if the latter didn't keel. Of course, Paul was glad to have company, and willingly waited until Grizzly brought up his horse and cinched on the saddle. Lured by the brightness of the morning and intoxicated by the fresh, delicious air which they inhaled in long breaths as they galloped over the short, curly buffalo grass, the traders strayed much further from the camp than was customary with Paul when he was alone, but as they had scaled several buttes without noting a trace of Indians, each rode along unsuspecting of danger, lost in the enjoyment of the perfect June day.

They had walked their horses up a pretty stiff butte, and, arrived at the summit, were breathing the animals while taking a survey of the country. For miles around not a sign of life could be seen, save in the far distance where a black speck in the sky circling earthward told them of a possible breakfast awaiting the industrious buzzard which had already scented its prey. Grizzly had been discussing with Paul the best method of defence, in case they were surprised by Indians and found it impossible to break away.

"I'd shoot her critter right thar, Mac," said the old trapper, indicating a spot behind his mare's ear, "and she falls 'thout er quiver. Then down clost ter ther carkiss yer pumps, an' behind these breastworks yer squads lead into ther bloomin' savages, an' stands 'em off onto ther boys gets anxious about us an' forms a rescue party. Et's jest ez simple ez—"

But old Grizzly never finished his sentence, for at that moment up rose from the sage-brush, where he had lain concealed, a tall be-painted Indian, who

UTTERED A WILD WHOOP,

and in an instant the sagebrush all around vomited redskins, howling, shooting, yelling in concert, intent upon scaring the animals upon which the traders sat, so they would become unmanageable and handicap the riders in their effort to escape.

It seemed to Paul's startled senses that where a moment before no sign of life was visible now circled thousands of whooping savages, eager for his blood, and if for the nonce he lost his customary nerve he was surely excusable.

The animal he bestrode was a wiry mustang, full of energy, with a good deal of the devil in him. His gyrations under fire required all of Paul's skillful horsemanship to prevent his being unseated, especially with a dozen Indians firing crosswise over and under the brute's body. Apparently the redskins were more desirous of capturing Paul alive for the purpose of torture than to kill him outright, which may account for his almost miraculous escape from the hundreds of bullets that zip! zip! zip! in the air all about him. As for Grizzly, he had encountered a chance shot at the first onset, and, stone dead, sat upright in the saddle, with his arms outstretched, his head bare, and a streak of blood trickling over his long, gray moustache that fell from a round bullet hole sunk square between his eyes. Grizzly's mare, bearing his dead rider, at first broke away from the Indians and circled over the plateau, but, returning, ran round and round in a still narrowing circle until a well-aimed shot dropped her in her tracks.

All this Paul saw before he managed to break through the cordon of Indians that endeavored to snare him. Several times the lithe savages were running neck and neck with his mustang, and once a vicious tug nearly pulled him from his horse, but he kicked loose, and, with

A YELL OF DEFIANCE

galloped madly down the butte in the direction of the block-house, a hundred bullets singing in his ears, sent in deadly earnest by the Cheyennes, who viewed their intended victim's escape with deep chagrin that found vent in a chorus of yells.

Straight to the blockhouse rode Paul,

chased for the first few miles by about a dozen braves, who fired as they ran, but without inflicting any damage save to wound his horse. So intent had he been on his escape that not once had he returned the fire of his foes, although in addition to his rifle he carried two big navy revolvers in his belt that held six rounds of cartridges each. To a friend, later on, he confessed that it never occurred to him to use either the rifle or the revolvers, although he might have done some damage with the latter when he had the Indians at close range.

The spectacle of their leader galloping madly over the prairie had a startling effect upon the little band of of quasi carpenters then putting the finishing touches to the block-house. It was not necessary for Paul to shout "Indians!" All knew well enough what his appearance so clearly denoted, while the significant absence of Grizzly plainly indicated there had been more than a passing scrimmage. Barely had Paul leaped from the saddle when the gallant animal that had carried him in safety to his friends fell forward on the ground, and, bleeding from several gaping wounds, gave one or two gasps and expired.

For a few moments Paul stood mutely watching the fallen animal, and the tear that crept to his eye was not unworthy the brave fellow. But he felt that it was no time for sentiment, and dashing his hand savagely across his face he turned to his comrades, and in a few graphic words told them of the ambushade to which he had so nearly fallen a victim and which had

PROVED A DEATH TRAP

to poor Grizzly. "But we must go back at once, boys," he added, "and bring in Grizzly's body for decent burial. We can't afford to have it said that we left a comrade in the open to become food for coyotes and buzzards. Get a move on you and saddle the horses instantly. You, Saunders and Brooks, remain here to guard the stuff; the rest of us will skin back to Big Butte."

In a very short time the small body of determined men, led by the intrepid McCormick, were on their way to the scene of the recent ambush. Few words were uttered by the party. All realized the errand was a sad one, and in his heart each vowed vengeance on the murderous Cheyennes. But not a hostile was in sight when they reached the summit of Big Butte, up which they had cautiously stolen in a manner worthy of trained Indian fighters. Already the coyotes and birds of prey had assembled for the feast, some of the latter that had perched on the carcass of Grizzly's horse boldly continuing their ravenous banquet in defiance of the appearance of the rescuers.

Paul was the first to stumble on the body of his late comrade. In a dozen other ways besides that of scalping their victim, they had maltreated the defenceless dead, much in the same manner in which the poor fellows of the Seventh Cavalry were treated on the Little Big Horn a few years later. Small wonder that, as Paul McCormick stood by the body of Grizzly, fascinated by its horrible appearance, and thought how narrowly he had escaped a like fate, a mighty revulsion of nature took place in his system, so that when he returned to camp his raven locks had forever lost their pristine hue and had suddenly changed to the unnatural whiteness they have ever since assumed.

VICTORIA'S CROWN.

Contains 3,000 Precious Stones, and Is Valued at \$1,500,000.

The crown of the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, made in 1838, has been estimated to be of the value of \$1,500,000. It weighs nearly two pounds, and comprises more than 3,000 precious stones, of which five-sixths are diamonds. The lower part of the band is a row of 129 pearls, the upper part of 112.

Between them, in front, is a large sapphire. Behind is a smaller sapphire, with six others and eight emeralds. Between the two great sapphires are ornaments containing 236 diamonds. Above the band are eight sapphires surmounted by eight diamonds, and eight festoons containing 160 diamonds. In the front of the crown is the ruby given to the Black Prince by Pedro, King of Castile. This is set in a Maltese cross, and forming the cross are 75 large diamonds.

Three other crosses, containing 386 diamonds, are around the upper part of the crown. Between the four crosses are four ornaments with four rubies in the centre, and containing respectively eighty-four, eighty-six, eighty-five and eighty-seven diamonds. From the Maltese crosses rise four arches, composed of oak leaves and acorns, the leaves containing 728 diamonds. The thirty-two acorns are each of a single pearl and are set in cups made of fifty-four diamonds. Above the arches stands the mound, containing 548 diamonds, and above the mound is the cross, containing a very large sapphire, four very large and 108 smaller diamonds.—[Jewelers' Review.

The Wife of 2,000 Years Ago.

"Wives, obey your husbands" would seem to be an even stronger point in Confucian than in Pauline doctrine, from the sample translations by Miss A. C. Stafford of an ancient Chinese work, in 313 chapters, instructing women as to the behavior expected of them. The work is about 2,000 years old. The first duty of a Chinese woman, so the book says, was to "revere her husband as heaven." She must not hesitate to die for him, and one of the little anecdotes related to encourage obedience is that of a peasant, who, during a severe famine, was seized by some soldiers, who proposed to make a meal of him. "My husband is very lean," pleaded the wife, "he will be scarcely a mouthful. I am fleshy and of dark complexion, and they say that the flesh of such persons is excellent eating." Her argument prevailed, and the soldiers ate her and spared her husband. As to how she should comport herself the book says: "In the presence of her parents or parents-in-law a woman may not sneeze or cough, neither stretch, yawn, nor lol about when tired, nor may she presume to stare at them. She should wear a happy face and mild, pleasant deportment in serving them, in order to soothe them." The wife of a certain Liu Kung-tseh comes in for a large share of praise simply because "for three years after her marriage nobody had seen her smile."

Yet it is not probable this ancient work chronicles any such stories of devotion and sacrifice by women for their husbands and other loved ones as could be told of this era of grace, where nothing compels but woman's own sweet heart.

BRITISH PLAN OF DEFENSE.

Positions of Strength Sought Between Egypt and India.

The Rumor that a Protectorate Will Be Extended Over the Sultanate is Highly Probable.

There is nothing improbable in the rumor that Great Britain proposes to establish a protectorate over southern and eastern Arabia. From the British point of view such an extension of influence in these regions would be highly politic and the difficulties to be overcome in effecting it are slight. According to the statement of the Berlin newspapers, which started the story, the present sultan of Zanzibar is to be deposed in favor of a rival of his own kindred. British influence is strong enough in the African sultanate to effect such a revolution without trouble and the consideration stated that Muscat was to accept of British protection, points to the likelihood of the union of Zanzibar and Muscat under a ruler acceptable to Great Britain. The same family supplies rulers to both dominions and until a generation ago they were comprised within the same sultanate.

Zanzibar was founded by Omani Arab merchants, chiefly from Muscat, and there is scarcely a notable family in southeastern Arabia which has not a branch in the African dominion. The political separation of the two states was due to a whim of the Sultan Saeed, who, greatly against the wishes of his subjects, bequeathed Zanzibar to a favorite son, another succeeding in the regular course to Muscat. The present crisis may result in the union of the sultanates by the help which the British can give to a pretender willing to place himself under their protection.

The need of external protection for Muscat is not obvious. The Wahabee power in central Arabia, which was formerly a serious menace to Omani independence, has declined so much within the present generation that the people of the coasts have ceased to regard it as dangerous. The Turks have encroached on the Hara region, which occupies the Arabian shore of the Persian gulf, but Omani is too remote to fear aggression from them. The advantage of the protectorate would therefore rest with the ruler rather than the people, as in the case of Afghanistan. The sultan would acquire security of tenure, which would be a pleasant thing for himself, but the people would have to forego the only constitutional right that oriental communities value, that of deposing a ruler when they consider they have had enough of him.

Great Britain will profit exceedingly by any change which gives her a foothold in Arabia. Muscat is capable of being strongly fortified and would be a valuable naval station whether directly under British rule or not. Apart from the value of such a post on the road to India, the commercial advantage would be very great. The Omani Arabs are the richest, the most intelligent, and the most enterprising people of the country. They are less warlike than other Arabs and have the commercial instinct more highly developed. No better agent for the introduction of British staples to interior Arabia and to Africa could be found. Both in desert caravans and in journeys by sea they show themselves enduring and resourceful. Not being true Mohammedans, they are not fatalists, and consequently on critical occasions try every chance for life and safety instead of resigning themselves to destruction. Such people are eminently fitted for British protection if they can be induced to accept it.

The Most Valuable Part of London.

The part of London in which land is the most valuable is the City, the ground around Lombard-street being worth, it is estimated, not less than £2,000,000 an acre. One house in Lombard-street was rented at £25 a year in 1665, now the building erected on the same site is rented for £2,600 a year, under lease from 1877. The rateable annual value of the City rose from about £760 an acre in 1801 to £5,300 an acre in 1831. Amongst the highest prices that have been paid for land in the City may be mentioned Cannon-street, 1880, a 12ft. by 50ft. site brought £4,500, being £7 5s. per square foot, or £330,000 per acre. In the same year a site in Gracechurch-street brought £18 9s. per square foot, or £820,000 per acre, and in 1886 a site in Old Board-street, 42ft. by 30ft., was sold for £37,000, being £28 8s. per square foot, and £1,260,000 per acre. The City of London is the smallest of cities, but the most valuable. It has an area of one square mile, which produces a rental of £1,400,000 per annum.

Stewart's Millions.

It is just sixteen years ago that the will of New York's great merchant prince, Alexander Turney Stewart, was admitted to probate, but the fight for the millions disposed of by that instrument has not yet come to an end.

Mr. Stewart always believed and took frequent occasion to remark that he had no relatives that he could trace, being the only son of an only son. He left no children of his own to enjoy the fortune that he had accumulated.

Mrs. Stewart, to whom the greater portion of the estate was left, transferred a large share of her property to her husband's friend and adviser, ex-Judge Henry Hilton, who has had to fight litigation after litigation to retain his possessions.

An Ingenious Thief.

An Irishman living in Glasgow on one occasion passed a grocer's shop, and seeing a pile of cheeses on the counter, and noticing the shopman in the back room partaking of breakfast, thought he saw his opportunity to get a cheese for nothing. He therefore stepped lightly into the shop, and taking a couple of cheeses, placed one on each side of the scales.

The shopman, hearing the noise, came from the back shop, and demanded to know what Paiddy wanted.

"Och!" said Pat, "don't annoy yourself; I only wish to know if your cheese or mine is the heaviest."

"Like your confounded cheek," said the shopman angrily; "if you don't take your cheese out of this at once I'll set the police on you."

Pat lifted up the cheese, and, smiling at the trick he had done, bade the shopman a respectful good morning.