



CHAPTER VIII.—(CONTINUED.)

"It is of no consequence," replied the farmer, turning to the marquis with some quiet remark concerning the weather.

The count bustled away from the room. The countess then earnestly inquired concerning all the turbulent movements in Paris, and the marquis was much impressed by the good sense and intelligence of her remarks.

"What!" thought he, "is that obtuse Languedoc ignorant of the superiority of the wife he treats so slightly?" He might have guessed that this very superiority was cause enough for slight from such a little nature as the count's. The count came back in the highest spirits.

"That is as remarkable as propitiously," observed the marquis. "Are you sure this man has means of observation?"

"Certainly; a more faithful, trustworthy fellow cannot be found in all Europe."

The countess and her daughter exchanged glances. In the face of their knowledge it was certainly painfully ludicrous—this complaisance and self-sufficiency of the count's. The marquis did not lose this little by-play of dumb talk between the ladies.

"We must not be over confident," said he, "there is too much at stake to permit it lightly."

"Oh, no," responded the count, rubbing his hands briskly, and acting like a person just emerging from a nightmare of horror into perfect security.

"But we can afford to take Pierre's word, I will give warrant of that."

The countess opened her lips, and then closed them again, casting at the same time beseeching looks at Felicie. The latter spoke at once.

"But, papa, I do not in the least share your confidence. I can tell you something that will shake your faith in that odious M. Pierre."

"Odious M. Pierre! yes, that is it. Your ladyship has used my absence skillfully; you have instilled into the girl your own absurd and shameful antipathy to my favorite agent!" exclaimed the count, turning angrily to his wife.

She bit her lips ere she answered, with the utmost coolness:

"Felicie will assure you her prejudices are her own. But pray let us leave so disagreeable a subject. I think I hear the bell which summons us to the dining-room; I am sure you must be ready for the repast."

The marquis gave her his arm, and Felicie went out with her father. The latter recovered his good humor at the table, and drank to the health of the future Marchioness De Berri. His daughter received it in silence.

"Edward should be here to respond," said the marquis, gayly, "but I trust a week from this will give him the privilege."

The ladies retired early, leaving the gentlemen to their wine.

"Mamma," exclaimed Felicie, "what is to be done? Papa will never credit our story, so obstinately does he pin his faith upon M. Pierre. And if we tell it, he will carry it at once to M. Pierre, and will not that ruin all?"

The countess sighed bitterly. "I cherished the hope that he would at least give me credit for veracity. His mistaken confidence in that villain will greatly embarrass us. It will never do to risk the destruction of all by allowing M. Pierre to hear of our discovery. I see only one method."

"I know what that is, mamma. Wait until Emile comes, and ask his advice. I shall look for the answers every morning and noon. It seems best to me, also."

"You have guessed my decision. And about the marquis and the marriage, Felicie?"

The girl dropped her head against her mother's shoulder.

"I am a coward, mamma, after all my brave talk. I dare not oppose my father's will. Besides, since Emile has seen him and pronounced him worthy, I do not feel so desperately miserable." The countess kissed her fondly.

"Dear child, Heaven grant there may be no risk. His father is very prepossessing."

"Yes, I wonder how he came to be so intimate with papa, he is so different."

"Hush, my child, do not forget your filial respect."

Felicie accepted the reproof without comment, but as she contrasted this careful respect of her mother's with the tantalizing behavior of the count, she found it impossible not to reiterate her indignation mentally.

The next day the two gentlemen rode over to Frejus, dressed very plainly, and quite unattended. M. Pierre watched them ride away with malignant glee.

"There go two simpletons on a fool's errand," muttered he. "Do they expect the people to come forward and insure them of the intended revolt? What wiser may they be on their return."

CHAPTER IX.

HE marquis looked STAVES as he again entered the drawing room, and the countess hastily inquired: "No ill news, I hope?" "Nothing definite; but I am painfully anxious for my son's arrival. I shall fully share the count's confidence. There was a dogged, sul-

len look on some faces to-day, and on others a suppressed exultation, which suggests to me that Parisian doings are not entirely unknown. Some terrible thing has happened in Versailles, for one man muttered, when he thought the count was too far away to hear, "What do you think of Versailles? How many are left of the Guards?" Ah, madam, I fear everything horrible!"

The countess sighed, but would not add to his disquietude by the revelations in her power to disclose.

The days wore on into weeks; the weeks became a month. Continual reports of additional horrors arrived, but no sign of the Marquis Edward. In vain, also, Lady Felicie strolled off morning after morning, to the meadow bridge. No longed-for blossoms appeared. If Emile lingered much longer the chilly winter winds would despoil them all. The father was restless and miserable, and dared not return to search for his son. The count, too, grew anxious and less confident. It was a terribly trying time for all. The countess wasted away fearfully; the suspense seemed consuming her very life. M. Pierre still remained with them, and outwardly everything proceeded calmly; but what a feverish tide surged and throbbed beneath the assumed mask of indifference on all sides.

The count and his noble guest were pacing the terrace just at twilight one October afternoon, when a ragged figure, in a rough peasant blouse, came slowly up the avenue. The count lifted his arm in a gesture of rebuke for the presumption, but the forlorn-looking creature gave no heed, only hurriedly approached nearer. Suddenly the marquis with a sob of relief and astonishment rushed to meet him.

"Edward! Good Heavens! In what a plight!"

"Yes, my father. Thank Heaven, I have reached you at last, but I am nearly dead with exposure and suffering," exclaimed the youth, and as he spoke he tottered and would have fallen but for the father's outstretched arm.

They carried him into the house through the balcony window, to save the prying curiosity of the servants, and so came most abruptly upon the countess and her daughter in the little parlor they had used constantly since the count's return. Lady Felicie's first view of her betrothed husband was certainly not a very flattering one. The pale face, the disordered hair, the rough, stained clothing might well change poor Edward's appearance. She retreated in dismay, and left them busily restoring animation to the half-insensible youth. When at length she summoned courage to return, he had been moved into an adjoining chamber. Her mother came out, and flinging her arms around her neck, fairly sobbed.

"What is it, dear mamma?" exclaimed Felicie.

"Oh, my child, what horrible times have we fallen upon! That poor youth has narrowly escaped with his life. He has been in prison all of this time; he escaped the day after a fearful massacre. The palace was sacked, the Guards cut down; more than twenty thousand souls sent into eternity. The poor king and the royal family are close prisoners. La Fayette, himself, is denounced, and has fled to Germany. The whole land will be steeped in blood."

"But now the Marquis Edward has come, we shall all escape," said Felicie, soothingly, alarmed at the fixed look of anguish on her mother's face.

"Heaven grant it, my child; for you, at least, may there be safety, but a wild foreboding has seized me; I cannot shake it off."

"Hush, hush, my precious mamma, my blessed one, you are nervous and excited. Perhaps, Emile has come, likewise. Oh, do not give way, you who are all my support and strength."

The noble mother clasped her daughter closely in her arms, closed her eyes, and Felicie saw her lips moving in fervent prayer. After that she smiled calmly.

"It is indeed wrong in me to frighten you, my Felicie; the weakness is over. Whatever it may be, I accept my fate humbly, as the portion dealt out to me by Heaven."

How often afterward did these thrilling words return to the tender daughter! How much comfort and grace did they pour into her bleeding, mournful heart!

"Some one aided him. It was a strange name—the Gray Falcon, I think he called it."

"It was not Emile, then. Somehow I fancied it might be this which detained him so long."

At this moment the count came into the apartment; he was fairly trembling with terror.

"Make ready for instant departure, Violante," said he; "the moment Edward is able to be moved, the marriage must take place, and an hour afterward meet me on the road to St. Joseph, where a fishing vessel lies waiting for us. The marquis and myself have converted everything possible into diamonds, and we shall not need to burden ourselves with anything bulky. We might take the plate, if it can be packed without discovery by the servants. No one but M. Pierre will know of our movements, till too late to hinder."

"M. Pierre!" exclaimed both mother and daughter, in horror.

"The old story!" ejaculated the count, angrily; "one would think at this awful time you might put aside this perversity."

"Count Languedoc, if you confide in that man, you are ruined; the horrors which come, whatever they may be, will lie upon your own conscience. Believe me, I beseech you, for this once in your life. M. Pierre is the leader of the band who wait but the signal for murdering us all," cried the countess, sternly.

"A pretty accusation to bring forward against a faithful fellow I have known and trusted for years; he is as anxious and alarmed as any one of us."

"He is an artful knave, indeed, if he has won your confidence so thoroughly that you will accept his word in contradiction to your wife and child," retorted the countess, bitterly.

"Oh, papa, papa, believe us," cried Felicie, "we have proof of his treachery, we heard with our own ears, we saw with our own eyes—"

"Tell me precisely what you accuse him of, what is your proof?"

"I will gladly do it, if you will assure me that you will not carry the story to him."

"Ah," sneered the count, "you will not allow him the opportunity to clear himself. I shall give you no such assurance, for I should certainly allow him to vindicate his honesty."

The countess wrung her hands. "Perverse to the last! Immovable as a rock! What can we do?"

"Obey my instructions, get ready your clothing, and have a bridal dress for Felicie. It shall not be said a Languedoc was without fitting wedding garments, even in such a time as this."

The countess and her daughter went silently away. What could be done to convince him of the folly and wickedness of his conduct?

Edward was feverish and too ill to rise the next morning. Much as this delay distressed them, there seemed no other alternative than to be patient. But they were careworn, anxious faces which gathered around the breakfast table. Immediately after the meal, however, Lady Felicie came flying to her mother's side with sparkling eyes. In her hand she held a small nosegay of wild flowers.

"Oh, mamma, I seem to have found strength and safety. Emile is certainly at hand."

The countess's face brightened likewise.

"You found them on the bridge?"

"Yes, yes. What if we go to meet him there at the tree? You know since my father's return, the ghosts have forsaken the woods. He may give us valuable information."

"I will think about it. It will be difficult to elude your father's observation, and he would peremptorily forbid our leaving the house. Yet it is worth the trial."

"You do not look equal to it, ma chere mere. How was your face has grown! I almost think I have courage to go alone, rather than that you should venture."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Ancient Laws of Ireland.

The ancient laws of Ireland, compiled about the time of the conversion of the island by St. Patrick, and known in their completed form as Cain Patraic, after the missionary, were curious in many ways. There is no trace of Roman law about this old Breton code, which, modified by St. Patrick, lasted as the law of the Irish quite down to Queen Elizabeth's time. It is like the old German codes in that it makes everything a matter of fine. When a judge on circuit, after the English fashion, is to be appointed by one of Henry VIII's viceroys to a new district, the chiefs beg to know what is his eric, in order that they may pay for him, in case their people "put him out of the way." And so it was in the fifth century. St. Patrick found a law of compensation existing, and he did not succeed in altering it. He attempted to do so, for he got sentence of death passed on the man who soon after his landing threw a lance and slew his charioteer. "The man was put to death for his crime; but Patrick obtained heaven for him." "Therefore," quaintly adds the old commentator, "as no one now has the power of bestowing heaven, as Patrick had that day, no one is put to death nowadays, but has to pay his eric."

The basis, then, of Irish law was compensation. If any wrong is done, and not atoned for, the sufferer, or his tribe, has a "right of distress" against the criminal or his tribe. The seizure, whatever it was, was lodged in the public pound; and both parties went off to the brehon (judge) to get the case settled by him. The judge heard the witnesses and gave judgment, which was usually religiously respected. A commoner had to give a chieftain notice by fasting before his door for a given time, after which a seizure could be made. Undutiful children were forbidden to inherit property; for leaving a mad woman at large there was a fine of ten cows, and for idiots not dangerous of five cows; a kinsman's crime could be visited on his father's, mother's or foster father's tribes. There was a certain exemption from seizure. No man could be deprived of his harp, his chess board, his raiment, his wife's lap dogs or his children's playthings.

No Orphan Asylums in Australia.

Australia has no orphan asylums. Every child who is not supported by parents becomes a ward of the state, and is paid a pension for support, and placed in a private family, where board and clothes are provided until the fourteenth birthday. After that he may be able to go to work, in which case the pension is placed to his credit until the age of eighteen, when he becomes a citizen, with a balance due to him from the state to begin life with. This inculcates a humane, charitable and responsible spirit in all residents, decreases the chances of pauperism, and places every young man on a fair and square footing with the world.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SLAUGHTER OF MEN, LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Following Text, Proverbs, Chapter VII, Verse 23: "As an Ox to the Slaughter."—Keep Clear of the Loan Sharks.



HERE is nothing in the voice or manner of the butcher to indicate to the ox that there is death ahead. The ox thinks he is going to a rich pasture field of clover where all day long he will revel in the herbaceous luxuriance; but after awhile the men and the boys close in upon him with sticks and stones and shouting, and drive him through bars and into a doorway, where he is fastened, and with well-aimed stroke the axe falls him; and so the anticipation of the redolent pasture field is completely disappointed. So many a young man has been driven on by temptation to what he thought would be paradisaical enjoyment; but after awhile influences with darker hue and swarthier air close in upon him and he finds that instead of making an excursion into a garden, he has been driven "as an ox to the slaughter."

We are apt to blame young men for being destroyed when we ought to blame the influences that destroy them. Society slaughters a great many young men by the behest, "You must keep up appearances; whatever be your salary, you must dress as well as others, you must give wine and brandy to so many friends, you must smoke as costly cigars, you must give as expensive entertainments, and you must live in as fashionable a boarding house. If you haven't the money, borrow. If you can't borrow, make a false entry, or subtract here and there a bill from a bundle of bank bills; you will only have to make the deception a little while; in a few months or in a year or two you can make it all right. Nobody will be hurt by it, nobody will be damaged." By that awful process a hundred thousand men have been slaughtered for time and slaughtered for eternity.

Suppose you borrow. There is nothing wrong about borrowing money. There is hardly a man who has not sometimes borrowed money. Vast estates have been built on a borrowed dollar. But there are two kinds of borrowed money: Money borrowed for the purpose of starting or keeping up legitimate enterprise and expense, and money borrowed to get that which you can do without. The first is right, the other is wrong. If you have money enough of your own to buy a coat, however plain, and then you borrow money for a dandy's outfit, you have taken the first revolution of the wheel down grade. Borrow for the necessities; that may be well. Borrow for the luxuries; that tips your prospects over in the wrong direction.

The Bible distinctly says the borrower is servant of the lender. It is a bad state of things when you have to go down some other street to escape meeting some one whom you owe. If young men knew what is the despotism of being in debt, more of them would keep out of it. What did debt do for Lord Bacon, with a mind hovering above the centuries? It induced him to take bribes and convict himself as a criminal before all ages. What did debt do for Walter Scott? Broken-hearted at Abbotsford, kept him writing until his hand gave out in paralysis to keep the sheriff away from his pictures and statuary. Better for him if he had minded the maxim which he had chiseled over the fireplace at Abbotsford, "Waste not, want not."

The trouble is, my friends, that people do not understand the ethics of going in debt, and that if you purchase goods with no expectation of paying for them, or go into debts which you cannot meet, you steal just so much money. If I go into a grocer's store and I buy sugars and coffees and meats with no capacity to pay for them, and no intention of paying for them, I am more dishonest than if I go into the store, and when the grocer's face is turned the other way I fill my pockets with the articles of merchandise and carry off a ham! In one case I take the merchant's time and I take the time of his messenger to transfer the goods to my house, while in the other case I take none of the time of the merchant, and I wait upon myself, and I transfer the goods without any trouble to him! In other words, a sneak thief is not so bad as a man who contracts debts he never expects to pay.

When a young man willfully and of choice, having the comforts of life, goes into the contraction of unpayable debts, he knows not into what he goes. The creditors get after the debtor, the pack of hounds in "will cry, and alas! for the redeer. They jingle his doorbell before he gets up in the morning, they jingle his doorbell after he has gone to bed at night. They meet him as he comes off his front steps. They send him a postal card, or a letter, in curtest style, telling him to pay up. They attack his goods. They want cash, or a note at thirty days, or a note on demand. They call him a knave. They say he lies. They want him disciplined in the church. They want him turned out of the bank. They come at him from this side, and from that side, and from above, and from beneath, and he is insulted, and gibbeted, and sued, and dunned, and sworn at, until he gets the nervous dyspepsia, gets neuralgia, gets liver complaint, gets heart disease, gets convulsive disorder, gets consumption. Now he is dead, and you say, "Of course they will let him alone." Oh, no! Now they are watchful to see whether there

are any unnecessary expenses at the obsequies, to see whether there is any useless handle on the casket, to see whether there is any surplus plait on the shroud, to see whether the hearse is costly or cheap, to see whether the flowers sent to the casket have been bought by the family or donated, to see in whose name the deed to the grave is made out. Then they ransack the bereft household, the books, the pictures, the carpet, the chairs, the sofa, the piano, the mattresses, the pillow on which he died. Cursed be debt! For the sake of your own happiness, for the sake of your good morals, for the sake of your immortal soul, for God's sake, young man, as far as possible, keep out of it.

But I think more young men are slaughtered through irreligion. Take away a young man's religion and you make him the prey of evil. We all know that the Bible is the only perfect system of morals. Now, if you want to destroy the young man's morals, take his Bible away. How will you do that? Well, you will caricature his reverence for the Scriptures, you will take all those incidents of the Bible which can be made mirth of—Jonah's whale, Samson's foxes, Adam's rib—then you will caricature eccentric Christians, or inconsistent Christians, then you will pass off as your own all those hackneyed arguments against Christianity which are as old as Tom Paine, as old as Voltaire, as old as sin. Now, you have captured his Bible, and you have taken his strongest fortress; the way is comparatively clear, and all the gates of his soul are set open in invitation to the sins of earth and the sorrows of death, that they may come in and drive the stake for their encampment.

A steamer fifteen hundred miles from shore with broken rudder and lost compass, and hulk leaking fifty gallons the hour, is better off than a young man when you have robbed him of his Bible. Have you ever noticed how despicably mean it is to take away the world's Bible without proposing a substitute? It is meaner than to come to a sick man and steal his medicine, meaner than to come to a cripple and steal his crutch, meaner than to come to a pauper and steal his crust, meaner than to come to a poor man and burn his house down. It is the worst of all larcenies to steal the Bible which has been crutch and medicine and food and eternal home to so many. What a generous and magnanimous business infidelity has gone into! This splitting up of life-boats, and taking away of fire-crackers, and extinguishing of light-houses. I come out and I say to such people, "What are you doing all this for?" "Oh," they say, "just for fun." It is such fun to see Christians try to hold on to their Bibles! Many of them have lost loved ones, and have been told that there is a resurrection, and it is such fun to tell them there will be no resurrection! Many of them have believed that Christ came to carry the burdens and to heal the wounds of the world, and it is such fun to tell them they will have to be their own saviour! Think of the meanest thing you ever heard of; then go down a thousand feet underneath it, and you will find yourself at the top of a stairs a hundred miles long; go to the bottom of the stairs, and you will find a ladder a thousand miles long; then go to the foot of the ladder and look off a precipice half as far as from here to China, and you will find the headquarters of the meanness that would rob this world of its only comfort in life, its only peace in death, and its only hope for immortality. Slaughter a young man's faith in God, and there is not much more left to slaughter.

Now, what has become of the slaughterer? Well, some of them are in their father's or mother's house, broken down in health, waiting to die; others are in the hospital, others are in the cemetery, or, rather, their bodies are, for their souls have gone on to retribution. Not much prospect for a young man who started life with good health, and good education, and a Christian example set him, and opportunity of usefulness, who gathered all his treasures and put them in one box, and then dropped it into the sea.

Now, how is this wholesale slaughter to be stopped? There is not a person who is not interested in that question. The object of my sermon is to put a weapon in each of your hands for your own defense. Wait not for Young Men's Christian Associations to protect you, or churches to protect you. Appealing to God for help, take care of yourself.

First, have a room somewhere that you can call your own. Whether it be the back parlor of a fashionable boarding house, or a room in the fourth story of a cheap lodging, I care not. Only have that one room your fortress. Let not the dissipator or unclean step over the threshold. If they come up the long flight of stairs and knock at the door, meet them face to face and kindly yet firmly refuse them admittance. Have a few family portraits on the wall, if you brought them with you from your country home. Have a Bible on the stand. If you can afford it and can play on one, have an instrument of music—harp, or flute, or cornet, or melodeon, or violin, or piano. Every morning before you leave that room pray. Every night after you come home in that room pray. Make that room your Gibraltar, your Sebastopol, your Mount Zion. Let no bad book or newspaper come into that room any more than you would allow a cobra to coil on your table.

Take care of yourself. Nobody else will take care of you. Your help will not come up two, or three, or four flights of stairs; your help will come through the roof, down from heaven, from that God who in the six thousand years of the world's history never betrayed a young man who tried to be good and a Christian. Let me say in

regard to your adverse worldly circumstances, in passing that you are on a level now with those who are finally to succeed. Mark my words, young man, and think of it thirty years from now. You will find that those who thirty years from now are the millionaires of this country, who are the orators of the country, who are the great philanthropists of the country—mightiest in church and state—are this morning on a level with you, not an inch above, and you in straightened circumstances now.

Herschel earned his living by playing a violin at parties, and in the interstices of the play he would go out and look up at the midnight heavens; the fields of his immortal conquests; George Stephenson rose from being the foreman in a colliery to be the most renowned of the world's engineers. No outfit, no capital to start with! young man, go down to the library and get some books and read of what wonderful mechanism God gave you in your hand, in your foot, in your eye, in your ear, and then ask some doctor to take you into the dissecting room and illustrate to you what you have read about, and never again commit the blasphemy of saying you have no capital to start with. Equipped! Why, the poorest young man is equipped as only the God of the whole universe could afford to equip him. Then his body—a very poor affair compared with his wonderful soul—Oh, that is what makes me so solicitous. I am not so much anxious about you, young man, because you have so little to do with, as I am anxious about you because you have so much to risk and lose or gain.

There is no class of persons that so stir my sympathies as young men in great cities. Not quite enough salary to live on, and all the temptations that come from that deficit. Invited on all hands to drink, and their exhausted nervous system seeming to demand stimulus. Their religion caricatured by the most of the clerks in the store, and most of the operatives in the factory. The rapids of temptation and death rushing against that young man forty miles the hour, and he in a frail boat headed up stream, with nothing but a broken oar to work with. Unless Almighty God help them they will go under.

The great musician who more than any other artist had made the violin speak and sing and weep and laugh and triumph—for it seemed when he drew the bow across the strings as if all earth and heaven shivered in delighted sympathy—the great musician, in a room looking off upon the sea, and surrounded by his favorite instruments of music, closed his eyes in death. While all the world was mourning at his departure, sixteen crowded steamers fell into line of funeral procession to carry his body to the mainland. There were fifty thousand of his countrymen gathered in an amphitheater of the hills waiting to hear the eulogium, and it was said when the great orator of the day with stentorian voice began to speak, the fifty thousand people on the hillsides burst into tears. Of that was the close of a life that had done so much to make the world happy. But I have to tell you, young man, if you live right and die right, that was a tame scene compared with that which will greet you when from the galleries of heaven the one hundred and forty and four thousand shall accord with Christ in crying, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." And the influences that on earth you put in motion will go down from generation to generation, the influences you wound up handed to your children, and their influences wound up and handed to their children, until watch and clock are no more needed to mark the progress, because time itself shall be no longer.

WORLD'S LARGEST FLAG.

The Monster Will Consume 700 Yards of Bunting.

Capt. George C. Beckley of Honolulu, who arrived here recently to take back the new steamer Helena, lately launched here, is having the largest flag made of which shipping men have ever heard. It will be of the extraordinary width of forty feet and will be eighty feet long, consuming in all no less than 700 yards of bunting, says the San Francisco Call. This monster flag is to be raised on the Helena on the maiden trip of that vessel as she leaves here for the Hawaiian Islands. It is a Hawaiian flag, of course, and as such will dwarf every other flag, no matter of what nation, that comes into port. When the Helena gets to Honolulu the flag will be taken down and will finally be put on a gigantic pole, towering in the air from the heights of Punchbowl hill. The pole will be 150 feet long. It is to be made of a monstrous Puget sound fir tree and is now en route to the Islands. The way Capt. Beckley happened to get the idea of coipsing the world in the way of flags is peculiar. He is a commodore in the Hawaiian navy. On the eve of his departure for this country a dinner was given him by the employes of the company and he received a present of a fat purse. Capt. Beckley said, as it was handed him: "The money will be used in the purchase of the largest Hawaiian flag ever seen in Hawaii. It will be larger than the great flag of the American league and will fly from the foremast of the Helena from San Francisco to Honolulu. Then it will float from a tall pole in my yard on the slope of Punchbowl hill." This is why a heavy manufacturing firm here is now busy with the great flag. "It will be the biggest flag of which I ever heard," said Capt. Beckley yesterday. "There isn't another one like it in the world."