"Josiar."

I never kin forget the day
That we went out a-walkin',
And sot down on the river bank,
And kept on hours a-talkin';
He twisted up my apron string
An' folded it together,
An' said he thought for harvest time
'Twas cur'us kind o' weather.

The sun went down as we sot there
Josiah seemed uneasy,
And mother she began to call:
"Loweezy! O Loweezy!"
An' then Josiah spoke right up
As I was just a-startin',
An' said, "Loweez, what's the use
Of us two ever partin'?"

It kind o' took me by surprise,
An' yet I knew 'twas comin';
I'd heard it all the summer long
In every wild bee's hummin';
I'd studied out the way I'd act,
But, law! I couldn't do it;
I meant to hide my love from him,
But seems as if he knew it;
In looking down into my eyes
He must a-seen the fire;
An' ever since that hour I've loved
An' worshipped my Josiar.

—*Eatonville Messenger.*

A GORDON'S PRIDE

CHAPTER I.

Ethel Gordon sat in her own room alone, and no room ever gave a more correct idea as to its owner's mind than did this. The profusion of flowers, all beautifully arranged, yielding sweet perfume, the choice books, pictures, copies of world-renowned works of art, and vases and ornaments of rare design, were all indications of highest refinement and cultivation.

Ethel Gordon was not unworthy of her surroundings. She gave promise of a magnificent womanhood; her slender girlish figure was admirably graceful, her attitude perfection; every unstudied pose was statuesque. Her face was beautiful with a bright beauty of its own; rich brown hair fell on the graceful neck; her eyes were of the rare hue of a purple heart's ease, a golden light shining in their liquid depths, a light that deepened with every phase of feeling, that flashed with scorn, or gleamed with tenderness or shone with pride. Beautiful eyes they were, for one glance of which men would have fought in olden days and died; the brows were straight, like those of a Grecian goddess—brows of ideal loveliness. The ancient Greeks gave such a mouth as hers to Venus, for it was one of singular beauty, the upper lip being short, the lower one full and curved, while the dimpled chin was faultless.

There was no flaw in her beauty from the crown of her fair head to her tiny feet. Her small, white hands had a delicate rose tint; her arm was round and perfect in contour. Yet she did not possess the cold, perfect, regular beauty of a woman without fault. There was pride and, perhaps, some little degree of temper in the bright eyes, just as there was something of independence and hauteur in the curved lips.

The sunbeams were falling on her, and the sweet south wind, bearing the scent of hawthorn and lilac, was fanning her brow; but she was not looking well pleased. She was standing at an open window, watching the slanting sunbeams, her little white fingers tapping impatiently on the window frame.

"I am a Gordon," she said to herself. "I like my own way, and I will not submit to it!"

At that moment a footman came to say that Sir Leonard Gordon awaited his daughter in the library.

"I will be there directly," said Ethel, carelessly—it was one of her principles never to seem in haste. She remained for a few minutes longer at the window just to gratify her spirit of independence, and then she walked slowly to the library, where Sir Leonard awaited her.

Sir Leonard Gordon resembled his daughter in several respects—he had the same clear-cut, regular features, the same waving rich brown hair; but his face, handsome though it was, bore the marks of deep care and thought, while the hair was streaked with gray. He was a tall, aristocratic-looking man, with an impressive air of dignity and command.

"Come in Ethel," he said, in a deep, musical voice. "I want to speak to you very particularly."

A musical voice and a winsome smile were the heirlooms of the Gordons. Their features might and did vary—some were of the dark, proud Norman, others of the fair, calm Anglo-Saxon type—but all alike had a voice of softest music, and a smile that would have melted a heart of stone. There had been faithful Gordons, and false Gordons—Gordons true as steel, and treacherous as the men who betrayed their young queen; but every Gordon could be recognized by these two gifts.

"Sit down, Ethel," said Sir Leonard. "I have much to say, and you will be tired."

But the spirit of independence and contradiction seemed to be strong in his beautiful daughter this May morning.

"I prefer to stand, papa," she replied; and Miss Gordon swept across the room, with a haughty bearing not lost upon Sir Leonard. He smiled to himself, and it was just as well that Ethel did not see that smile.

"I have sent for you, Ethel," he said, "that we may come to some amicable arrangement of our difficulties. I hope you have come prepared to be just and reasonable.

"If you are determined to have your own way, papa, it is useless my arguing with you," returned Ethel, proudly.

"I am afraid, my dear, that we Gordons are too fond of our own way; but I think you and I can arrange our difficulties without coming into collision. It is useless to talk to a Gordon of submission; but, if I can convince your judgment, you will obey me, I hope."

"I am not very clever at obedience, I fear," said Miss Gordon.

"No, you have been spoiled, Ethel, ever since you were a child; and now that you are seventeen it is difficult to contend against the effects of that spoiling. See, my dear," and Sir Leonard held out an open letter to his daughter; "I received this by the morning's post from the Austrian Ambassador, and I must send in my reply to-night."

She took the letter, read it carefully, and then laid it on the table.

"It is complimentary," she said; "and he speaks of the position as a lucrative one."

"It is so now, Ethel. You are old enough to understand some of the cares that have turned my hair white, and have lined my face with marks that nothing will efface."

Her beautiful face softened for a few moments, and the proud eyes grew dim with tears.

"Although," he continued, "I am the representative of one of the oldest families in England, owning Fountayne Hall in England and Heatherbrae in Scotland, yet I am a poor man. I never know the luxury of having a sovereign to spare. My father, who succeeded to a rich inheritence, spent all he could. He gambled, played, bet heavily, bought extravagantly—he ruined himself, Ethel, and consequently ruined me. When I succeeded to Fountayne, it was one of the poorest estates in England. Your mother, Lady Angela, brought with her a good fortune, and that helped me—indeed, but for that I must have sold the Hall. Your mother's fortune cleared off the heavy mortgages; still it has been difficult to live. Now, this offer of the Austrian Ambassador comes in the very hour of need, I wanted a few thousand pounds; and, if I go, they will be mine."

"It is an inducement, certainly," she said, gravely.

"A very great inducement," he agreed. "For the first time in my life, I shall be quite at ease as to money matters—Heaven grant you may never know what that implies, Ethel—and the advantages in other ways will be great."

"Why not then decide at once upon accepting the offer, papa?"

"Because the decision rests with you. I cannot leave home for two years, and leave, you alone unprotected, uncared for—it is out of the question."

"There never was a Gordon yet incapable of taking care of himself or herself," said the girl, proudly.

Sir Leonard laughed and shook his head.

"You are only just seventeen, and that is no age for ripe judgment. You are too young to be left in charge of a large house like Fountayne. You have not had experience enough."

She went up to him and laid both hands on his shoulders, gazing straight into his face.

"Now, papa, look at me; tell me the truth. Who really governs the house now?"

Sir Leonard's face flushed; he laughed uneasily.

"If you insist upon the truth, there can be no doubt, Ethel, that you rule the house and every one in it; but you must remember that I am here to take all the responsibility from you,"

"That which I am old enough to do in your presence I can surely do in your absence," she said, proudly.

"That is the very point on which we disagree," returned Sir Leonard; "and on that point my decision rests. We will argue the matter fairly, Ethel, and you will see that I am right. In the eyes of the world," continued Sir Leonard, "I should be greatly to blame if I went away leaving a girl so young as you, Ethel, to manage a large house—above all, if I left you without a chaperon of any kind."

"A chaperon!" repeated his daughter, contemptuously. "Of what possible use would a chaperon be to me?"

"She would keep you out of all danger; young girls are easily imposed upon. She would teach you to fulfil the duties of your station in a proper manner. In fact, Ethel, it is useless to argue the question; you cannot possibly do without one. You would lose caste in the eyes of the world, and would be certain to get into mischief."

"If I ever forget myself so far as to feel any inclination for mischief, no amount of chaperonage would keep me from it," said Miss Gordon, proudly. "I am too old to be taught to obey a stranger."

"My dearest Ethel, how proud you are! I fear that some great sorrow—some great and terrible pain—will be your portion—will be sent to break the pride, the unbending spirit that nothing seems to move."

"All the Gordons are proud, papa. Why blame me for having one of the characteristics of my race?"

"Submissiveness and gentleness, Ethel, form a woman's diadem."

"A very poor one!" objected Ethel. "Now, papa, be reasonable. Give up this absurd notion of a chaperon; go to Austria—that is a magnificent offer—one you should not refuse. Leave me here at Fountayne; I shall have a staid old housekeeper and faithful servants; what more can I need?"

"My dear Ethel, what would the world say if I left a girl of seventeen alone in that fashion?"

"I do not care for the world," retorted the girl. "I care about pleasing myself."

"You cannot run counter to the opinion of the world, Ethel; at your age the idea is absurd. You must submit to the inexorable laws of custom and etiquette."

Sir Leonard spoke angrily, with flushed face and darkening eyes. Both father and daughter were growing terribly earnest.

"What if I refuse to have anything to do with a chaperon? Papa, if I refuse to obey one, what then?" asked Ethel.

"In that case I should certainly refuse the offer," said Sir Leonard. "I should write to the ambassador and decline. But, Ethel, you will surely take my disappointed, blighted life into consideration before you do that?"

The girl was silent for some minutes; then, turning to him her beautiful face all flushed and eager, she said persuasively:

"Let me make one more appeal to you, papa. Go to Austria, and leave me here. I will be prudence itself; I will surpass discretion in all I do or say; I will promise you that no stranger shall ever cross the threshold; I will obey every law you may lay down for me, if you will consent to leave me free and unfettered."

"My dear Ethel, I cannot do it. You do not know what you ask. A girl of seventeen, left in such a position, would quite lose caste. If you were twenty, or even thirty, I would not do it."

"You refuse, then?" she said quietly.

Sir Leonard moved uneasily in his chair; he did not like, when looking on that beautiful face, to refuse a prayer.

"I must do so for your own sake as well as mine. I cannot leave you alone, Ethel, and I will not."

She was silent for some minutes, the flush dying from her face, and the light deepening in her eyes. A struggle was going on between her pride and her love for Sir Leonard; then she turned to him quite calmly.

"Will you tell me, then, what you purpose doing, papa?"

Sir Leonard looked slightly confused. Something in the beautiful face and proud eyes seemed to agitate him.

"I may as well—nay, I had better speak plainly to you, Ethel. The truth is that the sooner that you accustom yourself to a chaperon the better it will be for you; for I am tired of a single life, and I think of marrying again."

The slender figure was drawn to its full height, the beautiful face was flushed with the deepest crimson, the proud lips wore their most scornful curve.

"You think of marrying again, papa! Pray may I ask why?"

"That is hardly a respectful question, Ethel. I have told you my reason. I am tired of a single life, and I have met with a lady who would make me, I am sure, a most excellent wife."

"Am I permitted to ask who the lady is?" asked Miss Gordon.

"Certainly, my dear. I met Miss Digby last year at the Trexhams'—I met her again at the Davencourts'; and if I must speak plainly, I fell in love with her."

The scorn on the lovely face deepened.

"Miss Digby has money, I believe?" she interrogated.

"Yes," replied Sir Leonard, "she has money—money made by her father in trade. She lays no claim to high birth or great connections, but, for all that, she is a lady of great accomplishments and refinement."

"You would choose a tradesman's daughter to take my mother's place?" asked Ethel, with quivering lips.

"You must speak respectfully of the lady I hope to make my wife," returned Sir Leonard, sternly.

"Do you expect me, Lady Angela's daughter, one of the Gordons of Fountayne, to obey such a person?" inquired Ethel, proudly.

"I expect you to obey me. I also am a Gordon of Fountayne, and my will is stronger than yours. I have asked Miss Digby to be my wife, and she has consented."

A low cry escaped Ethel's lip, but she made no comment. Sir Leonard continued—

"The same obstacle that prevented my taking you to Austria forbid me to take a wife there; therefore, I have arranged with Miss Digby to postpone our marriage until my return. You understand that, Ethel?"

"Yes, I understand perfectly," was the quiet reply.

Sir Leonard looked relieved. He felt that the worst part of the revelation was over.

"Miss Digby, to oblige me, has consented to another arrangement," Sir Leonard resumed. "Perhaps that will not please you. She is going to spend a few weeks, perhaps months, at St. Ina's Bay. She has invited you to go with her, and I should like it to be so. Then she has promised to remain with you at Fountayne until I return."

The girl's face grew white with anger, her eyes seemed to flash fire.

"I will not submit to such an arrangement," she said, haughtily. "You are treating me as a child. Papa, you forget that I am a woman."

Sir Leonard laughed.

"Not quite, Ethel. You are seventeen, and I admit that you are tall for your age but girls of seventeen are not women."

"After being mistress of Fountayne so long, do you think, papa, I can submit to the rule of a stranger?"

"I think you have sense enough to see that you can only submit," said Sir Leonard. "I love Miss Digby; but it is quite as much for your sake as for my own that I wish to marry."

"Why for my sake?" asked Ethel, briefly.

"My dear child, you will ask questions the answers to which simply displease you. Because you have grave faults, and require the gentle training and the wise guidance of a good woman."

"What are my faults, papa? You seem to have found them out all at once."

"You are proud, Ethel—proud, unbending, independent. You have no self-discipline, no self-control."

"Those are all Gordon characteristics," she objected—"not faults."

"They are both," returned Sir Leonard. "You must do battle with them and overcome them, or you will never be an amiable woman, Ethel."

"I am not quite sure that I wish to be one, papa. Amiable people, as a rule, are weak. I dislike weakness. I may be proud, as you say; but I never said a false word nor did a mean action."

"That I am sure of; but, Ethel, I have spoiled you. You have grown up your own way entirely; you have no idea of submission. I have been thinking very much of it lately. I have read the words of some wise man that great pride can only be subdued by great trouble, and I cannot bear to think of my Ethel's bright face shadowed with care. I want you to correct this pride yourself: to learn submission to wise and gentle guidance, so that a woman's greatest ornament, a meek and gentle spirit, may be yours."

Ethel laughed.

"You make me think myself very wicked, papa. When you change the colors of a flower, turn night into day, make thistles grow on rose-trees, then you may hope to change a proud, wilful girl into a meek, submissive woman; but not till then."

"Take care, Ethel. What I cannot do a mightier Hand may effect. This is the crisis of your life. Think well before you decide that your disposition is immutable."

If either father or daughter could have seen to what this was to lead they would have prayed that the May sunbeams might fall on her dead face, rather than that she should suffer what was in store for her.

Ethel made no reply, and Sir Leonard, whose relief at having unburdened himself of his communication was great, rose from his chair.

"I shall drive over to see Lady Davencourt this afternoon. You had better go with me, Ethel; Miss Digby is staying there, and I should like to introduce you to her. I shall be ready at two."

And then Sir Leonard quitted the library, and his daughter passed through the open glass-door into the garden.

CHAPTER II.

Out from the darkened room where she had suffered the keenest torture of her life, out in the beautiful sunshine, to the fair smiling flowers, to the sweet singing birds, went Ethel Gordon. It was like a change from some dark region to Paradise. She paused and drew a breath of deep satisfaction at finding herself alone in the sweet, warm sunshine. There was a gleam of purple from the lilac trees, a sheen of gold from the drooping laburnam, a glitter of white from the fair acacia blossoms, the roses were budding, large bushes of southern-wood filled the sweet, warm air with fragrance, the white daphnes, purple hyacinths, and mignonettes were all in flower, sweet lilies of the valley nestled among their green leaves. Fountains rippled among the flowers, bright-winged birds flew from tree to tree, all nature smiled; and Ethel, who had a poet's soul, and a keen, passionate love for all that was beautiful, gave a deep sigh of unutterable content that the world was so fair.

"I love the lilies best," she thought, as she picked a few sprays, and then the memory of all she had just heard came over her, and a low, passionate cry escaped her lips. "I shall hate her," she thought, "and the Gordons, who know so well how to love, know how to hate."

It seemed cruelly hard to her. Sir Leonard had been content with her love and her sway for so many years; now a stranger must come and take both from her. She had been proud of her rule; she was so frank, so true, although imperious, so generous, so noble in every word and deed, that the servants of the household, the tenants, the dependents all worshipped her. Miss Gordon could do no wrong—she dispensed rewards and punishments with a royal hand; no one had ever disputed her will or disobeyed her commands. She had reigned absolutely as a queen, and, girl though she was, the sense of power had been sweet to her. She had enjoyed the exercise of it. If any one wanted a favor from Sir Leonard, it was through Ethel they asked it, and he was never known to refuse. So she had grown up gracious and beloved.

"Miss Gordon is proud," people said, "but she has a heart of gold;" and now this pleasant rule, this absolute sovereignty, this influence and power, were to be taken from her, and placed in the hands of a stranger. How was she to bear it?

Tears dimmed the bright eyes. She stretched out her hands as though she would fain embrace the grand old hall and the picturesque grounds.

"How shall I bear to see a stranger here?" she murmured; and on that bright May morning no warning came to her that she would have far greater troubles to bear.

The Gordons of Fountayne were, as Sir Leonard said, one of the oldest families of England. They were a handsome race, fair of presence, winning in speech, noble in mind, and chivalrous in manner; they had been celebrated both in song and in story. Legends and stories without number were told of their fair women and dauntless men, but they had never been famed for wealth. Gold had never lasted long in the hands of a Gordon; still they never had been poor until Sir Alexander Gordon, the father of Sir Leonard, took to gambling. He impoverished his estate, himself, and his only son to such an extent that it was doubtful whether Sir Leonard would be able to keep up the position of the family or not. He, however, married an heiress, the Lady Angela Lyle. Her fortune, large as it was, sufficed to pay off the heavy mortgages only, nothing being left for the improvement of the impoverished estate, so that Sir Leonard was, despite his marriage, always a poor man. He was obliged to scheme and contrive, for Lady Angela required her house in town, her entertainments, her dinners, balls, jewels, carriages and dress like other ladies in her position, and Sir Leonard could not refuse her.

"She brought plenty of money to Fountayne, and she must have all she wants," he was in the habit of saying to himself; so that, during her lifetime even, his hair grew grey, and deep lines came upon his face, all caused by money cares.

Then Lady Angela died, leaving one daughter, Ethel; and this daughter became the pride, the pet, the plaything, and the torment of her father's life.

She was always beautiful. She had the Gordon face, the bright, winning face that belonged to the debonnair race. She had the quick impetuous Gordon temper, the Gordon pride. She had all the virtues and many of the failings that characterized her race.

Ethel Gordon had the faults that generally characterize a warm, impetuous, loving, proud nature, and those faults had been fostered in her from the hour in which her baby rule had begun at Fountayne. She was imperious, proud, with the quick temper that belonged to the Gordons. Her face would flush, her eyes flash fire; she would express scorn, contempt, and anger in a moment; but she was quick to forget; she never thought twice of a wrong committed, and those who had borne the brunt of her anger were the first to feel the charm of her generous, kindly manner. She was quick to forgive; if she hurt any one's feelings she would do all in her power to atone for it. It was not wonderful that she was loved; she was well worth loving.

She was the very light of Sir Leonard's eyes, the joy of his heart, his pride and his delight. He had thought at first of sending her to school, but she had resolutely refused to go. Her refusal was accompanied by such endearing caresses, such a charm of manner, such loving words that Sir Leonard could not be angry; and from that moment her triumphant rule commenced. A long-suffering line of governesses had tried their best to educate her, but it had been found a difficult, almost impossible task. She had caricatured them, mimicked them, caressed them, defied them—did everything, in short but obey them. One more courageous than the rest went to complain to Sir Leonard.

"Miss Gordon will not obey," said the unfortunate lady. "What am I to do with her?"

"The Gordons are accustomed to command, not to obey," said the child.

A wise father would have compelled obedience—would have punished the mutinous speech. But Sir Leonard was not wise. He merely said, sadly:

"People must learn to obey, Ethel, before they know how to command; the greatest men have yielded the most implicit obedience."

"So would I to you, papa, but I cannot to those tiresome complaining women; they always look ready to cry. I do not like governesses and shall be glad when I can do without them."

The whole household was kept in such a continual turmoil by the warfare between Miss Gordon and her helpless instructors that it was a real relief to Sir Leonard when the last of them went away. Ethel was sixteen then, and she gravely declared her education to be finished.

"I know quite enough, papa," she said. "Besides, I can have masters if necessary, and that will be so much better than a governess in the house."

It was wonderful what an amount of knowledge she had obtained; she had read every book that was within her reach, she had made herself familiar with all the poets, she had a mind stored with all kinds of information—some of it quaint enough. She had taken to music naturally, as birds take to song. She played with the most exquisite taste; it seemed as though the half-awakened soul found its voice in her glorious gift of song. If she had been the daughter of poorer people, her destiny must have been the stage, her voice was of the rarest beauty—a contralto full of sweetness. Much as she disliked all training and discipline she had submitted to anything with regard to her music—long hours of practice, perseverance in exercises—and the result was that she sang with a taste and skill rarely equalled. Sir Leonard was very proud of this gift; there was no pleasure greater to him than that which he derived from his daughter's musical talent.

From her earliest girlhood she had been accustomed to have the full control of her father's house. While barely old enough to know the name of the different dishes, she had been accustomed to give orders for dinner; and the servants had been accustomed to look to her for orders. Child though she was, she had taken the greatest interest in her father's guests; nothing was ever done without consulting her. Accustomed as she had been to the most complete sway and control over everything and every one, it seemed to her now very hard that this power must pass from her into a stranger's hands.

For some time past it had been dawning upon Sir Leonard that with all his daughter's beauty and accomplishments, she was in many respects untrained; by this time he had begun to see that in reality he had fostered and encouraged her faults, not corrected them. Childish passion, when the lovely little face had flushed crimson, and the tiny foot had been stamped upon the floor, was one thing; anger so frankly displayed by a young girl was different. Love of rule and pride of power were amusing in a child; in a grown girl they were not pleasant.

Then the world, in its interfering fashion, had begun to tell him how much better it would be if he had some lady to chaperon his daughter—how much better it would be if she had some lady companion. When the offer came from the Austrian Ambassador, the matter seemed pressing upon him; it was impossible that he should take her with him; yet it seemed equally impossible that he should leave her at home. There was nothing for it but finding a chaperon for her; and who would be so unexceptionable in every way as the lady he was hoping to marry?

He shrank at first from telling Ethel his resolve, but there was no escape; and her reception of it was more favorable than he had dared to hope.

CHAPTER III.

Through the green lanes, where the hedges were one mass of bloom, where the hawthorn gave out its fragrance, and the woodbines trailed their long sprays; where starry primroses from their green leaves looked like great golden stars; where the purple violets hid themselves between the fern leaves; where the tall trees met overhead, and the sunshine, passing through the thick branches, fell in golden splendor—through the ancient woods, ringing with the musical song of the birds, great sheets of wild hyacinth and bluebells, which stretched out like the waves of a blue sea, stirring faintly in the warm spring breeze—rode Sir Leonard and his daughter. It was a very paradise of beauty, of music, and sweet perfume.

But neither the smiles of the sun, nor the song of the birds, nor the scent of the flowers brought any brightness to Ethel Gordon. More than once during their ride Sir Leonard turned to her, and said:

"I wish you would look more cheerful, Ethel; all that I am doing is for your own good."

"I cannot well see, papa, how you can think of marrying again for my special benefit, but I suppose you know best."

It was a relief to Sir Leonard to reach Chantry court.

"You will be sure to like Miss Digby, Ethel," he said; "you will not be able to help it—she is so amiable, so kind of heart, so gentle in manner."

Miss Gordon made no reply. In her heart she rebelled with the fiercest rebellion against her father's decree; in her heart she had resolved never to like, never to obey, never even to please the lady who was to take her dead mother's place.

Lady Davencourt and Miss Digby were both at home. Sir Leonard and his daughter were shown into the drawing-room, where the baronet tried to look quite at his ease, and Ethel, without deigning to utter a word, sat in one of her most queenly attitudes, beautiful, wilful, and defiant. Sir Leonard turned angrily to her at last.

"Your indulgence of this angry temper, Ethel, proves to me that you are indeed in great need of some one to correct, to guide, and advise you, I say nothing about the want of respect you show to me, but I must impress upon you that it is unladylike."

The proud lips were not opened in excuse, Ethel gathering the folds of her riding habit around her in a disdainful silence.

Then the door opened, and Laura Davencourt entered. She gave one rapid glance from father to daughter.

"There is something wrong here," she thought, as she hastened to greet them.

"Lady Davencourt is with Miss Digby in the grounds," said Laura. "Would you like to join them there?"

A few minutes later the whole party were seated on the lawn under the shade of a large beech-tree. Lady Davencourt greeted her visitors warmly, and then Sir Leonard, taking his daughter's unwilling hand, led her to Miss Digby.

He introduced them in a few words, and Ethel, raising her proud, frank eyes, looked upon the face of the woman who was to cross her life so fatally.

(To be continued.)

U.S. Postmaster-General Vilas proposes to institute a reform in the matter of post-office names. That of Buzzards' Roost, Ga., he has changed to Westlake.