

KERSHAM MANOR.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

PHIL'S LOVER.

"Phil! Phil! Don't you know me?"
Esther had snatched her hat from a nail as she ran downstairs, and now stood in the open street, arresting the father and daughter on their homeward way. The girl was erect as a dart; her mouth was still rigidly set, and her great eyes looked into Esther's face without the slightest sign of recognition. Esther had held out her hand, but Phillis Wyatt's fingers were locked within her father's and would not move.

"No," she said, in a voice as untender as her looks. "I do not know you."
"Look at me," said Esther eagerly. "Don't you remember? I am Esther—Esther Denison, who used to play with you at Woodbury, when we were children! Don't you remember coming to see us on the night when we arrived? Where are your grandfather and grandmother, Phil? You must not say that you forget me when I remember you so well."

Esther was unusually excited, and the color came and went in her cheeks. For a moment Phil looked straight into her eyes, then Esther knew, as well as if she had been told in words, that Phillis Wyatt remembered her perfectly, but did not choose to show that she remembered.

"Phil," said Esther reproachfully, "it is not that you have forgotten, it is that you do not care!"

A flicker of some strange emotion passed over the girl's face.

"I can't wait, I am sorry to say," she said boldly. "I am taking my father home."

"May I come to see you some time?" Esther asked.

"Oh yes, if you choose. I shall most likely be out," Phillis answered proudly. There was something childish in her defiance after all.

"I won't detain you," Esther said, drawing back. "I see that you want to get home. But will you tell me where you live?"

"It's the top flat, Number Eight, Forth Buildings," Phil replied, without looking at her. The name is on the door.

"Good-by," said Esther sadly. She felt disheartened by her old friend's coldness, and the tears came into her eyes as she held out her hand. But Phillis would not take any notice.

A youthful reporter had been dispatched by his condutors to see why Miss Denison had fled in so unaccountable a manner, and electrified them on his return by the information that she was "hobnobbing with the Wyatts in the street." This communication was made in a low tone, and Mr. Haslam, seated in a dignified silence at his desk, did not apparently take any notice of it. But he heard it, and saluted Esther with an inquiring twinkle of his eyes, when she returned to the Evening Gazette office on her way to her own little den. Possibly he might have asked her a question if it had not been that at that moment the door of an inner room opened, and the chief proprietor of the papers—king of the place—came forth in conference with the editor of the Chronicle, and in presence of these two authorities, all heads were bent industriously over desks and tables, and silence was restored.

Memories of her childhood were always dear to her. For this reason she was especially grieved when Phillis Wyatt received her advances so coldly. She had so often dreamed of Phil. They had parted rather suddenly. Phil was taken to the seaside by her grandparents just about the time when Mr. Denison quitted Woodbury. The children had written to each other once or twice; then the correspondence languished. Esther expected Phillis to return to Woodbury; but before long she heard that Mr. and Mrs. Neave had left the town. Mr. Neave had had losses in business; indeed, some people said that he was bankrupt, but Esther never ascertained the truth or falsehood of this story. Certain it was that the Neaves were gone, and Phillis with them; and during all the years that had elapsed Esther had never heard of her friend again.

She was pale and depressed with disappointment when she came out of the dressing-room and prepared to go downstairs to the street. But in the passage she encountered Mr. Jack Drummond, a gentleman whom she did not expect to meet, because he was not on the staff of the Chronicle, and was not due at the office until later in the afternoon.

He turned round upon her quickly when he saw her, and held out his hand. Esther took it with some surprise. She had learned by degrees that a friendly nod was the only greeting expected from her, and that shaking hands was looked on as a waste of time and energy in the office. But Jack Drummond not only shook her hand, he held it quite affectionately.

"How are you?" he said, as if she were an old friend whom he had not seen for years. His voice was peculiarly sympathetic, soft, and melodious, yet deep; he could use it like a trumpet on occasions and subdue it to the tenderness of murmurs when he wanted to be gently impressive. When Esther knew him better, she used to tell him that he had an Irish voice; but he replied that this remark only proved her ignorance, and that she meant that he had good Celtic blood in him—being, indeed, quite three-fourths of a wild Highland man—and that it was from the Gaelic Celts that he derived his musical voice and his ready tongue.

"How are you?" he said. "I waited for you in the passage. I knew you were just putting on your hat. Do you mind coming in here one moment? I won't detain you long." He led her by the hand into a little side-room, on the door of which "Sub-Editors' Room" was painted in large black letters. At present, however, it was deserted, and Esther looked round it with some natural feminine curiosity, as she had never penetrated these sacred precincts before.

There was nothing much to see, however, so her eyes reverted to Jack Drummond, who, having, shut the door, now set his back against it, and eyed her earnestly from beneath his shaggy brows.

"Miss Denison," he said impressively, "I believe that you are a kind-hearted woman."

Esther's brows went up a little. "Possibly, some-times," she said.

"And a sincere one."

"Cynics say that no woman is sincere," "Ah! but you're not a cynic, Miss Denison; neither am I. They tell me—I've just heard—that you were speaking to Miss Wyatt in the street as if you knew her."

"used to know her when we were children," said Esther, with some surprise.

"And you are going to know her now?" His tone was decided; he had evidently made up his mind that she was to do it whether she liked it or not. "I'm sure you are."

"If she will let me—"
"Now you have, with your usual acumen, seized upon the very heart of the matter. It's just that—if she will let you! I never knew anybody who was so determined to have no friends as Miss Wyatt. Her pride! it's tremendous. It's ridiculous, in fact. And yet I don't know but what one likes her the better for it." And Jack's eyes grew soft with a yearning for sympathy, and an unspoken question that Esther was quick to answer.

"I think it shows that she is strong and brave and independent." It did not show that she was amiable; but Esther reserved her opinion on this point. "Has she no friends at all?"

"I never heard that she had," said Jack gloomily; "and I think I should have known. That is why I came to you as soon as I heard that you had been speaking to her. I want you to do something for me, Miss Denison. Oh, not to speak about me, or anything of that sort—Jack's face betrayed confusion—"but to notice, to find out, whether she is really—really in want, you know. That wretched old father of hers is an awful brute—spends every penny on drink that he can lay hold of; and if there were anything that one could do, with money—if you could tell me—without letting her know—"

"I will do my best," said Esther gravely, "but if she is as proud as you think her she is not likely to accept help from any one."

"She might take from a woman what she wouldn't from a man, don't you think?"

"Possibly; one can but try. I must know her better before I promise to do much."

Her hand was taken and pressed with a warmth which seemed disproportionate to the smallness of the service Esther had proffered.

Meanwhile Phillis Wyatt had gone with her father through a maze of back streets to the lodging which she called her home. She had great difficulty in getting him up the five flights of stone steps at the top of which her "flat" was situated. He sat down several times and refused to move. She was not slow in speech, nor apt to mince matters when stirred to wrath. She spoke very sharply as he sat helplessly on the steps, with hands hanging and hat on one side of his head, a pitiable object.

She had not strength of arm wherewith to force her father up the stair; but by dint of stinging words she got him home at last. Their flat consisted of three small rooms, very sparsely furnished; the kitchen with a press-bed in it where Phillis slept, her father's room; and a bare little parlour, which nobody used at all. Phillis's earnings raised them above destitution, and there was no need for Henry Wyatt to devise modes of cheating Mr. Haslam out of a few shillings. He earned nothing for himself, however, and Phillis would not give him money to spend on drink. He was a clog upon her, but she never even thought of abandoning him to his fate. She would work for him as long as she had strength; but it sometimes seemed to her as though her strength would fail in the ceaseless strife with circumstance, the hopeless battle that was all she knew of life.

She saw him safely laid on his bed, and then she got food ready and brought it to him.

When she had taken away the remnants of her father's meal, she ought to have eaten her own. She always attended to her father's dinner first. But on this day she stood looking at the food for a minute or two, and then turned from it with a shudder of sick abhorrence. She could not eat; she occupied herself in washing the dishes and putting them away without swallowing a morsel.

When she had done her work, her hands dropped idly to her sides, and her face grew very white. She stood gazing at the floor for a little time; the circles round her eyes seemed to grow more vividly violet than ever, a slightly bluish tinge showed itself round her lips. She knew what was the matter; she had done too much that day; she had excited herself, spoken angrily, struggled with her father. Then she had eaten nothing since morning. She was going to faint—that was all. She dragged herself to the bed, and threw herself down upon it, straight, pale, inanimate, like a woman already dead. For a few minutes the room was black to her; she lost consciousness. When she came to herself again, she was very cold and very miserable. It seemed to her as though Esther were still before her, with loving eyes and tender outstretched hands, saying, "Phil, Phil, do you not remember me?" and that although she would have given all the world to speak, a power stronger than her own had sealed her lips. She turned her face to the wall, and lay there, shaken with long-drawn miserable, despairing sobs.

But at seven o'clock, as Jack Drummond afterward informed Esther, Phil Wyatt was at her post at the door of the dressing-room, smartly dressed, sharp-witted and sharp-tongued as usual, with a basket of programmes in her hand and a neat answer ready for every witty remark that the golden youth of Dunross chose to address to her. Smiling, jesting, flirting—what remained of the white-lipped girl with haggard eyes who had sobbed her heart out that afternoon over her father's degradation—over her own, perhaps, as well? Which was the Phil that Esther had known and loved long years ago?

CHAPTER XXIX.

PHIL'S STORY.

Esther had been eight months in Dunross, and the treacherous sunshine, the vicious east winds of a Scotch May, led her to think regretfully of the exquisite warmth and brightness which she had enjoyed so keenly on the North African coast when, a little more than twelve months ago, she had been dispatched by Mrs. La Touche to bring Nina, Malet, home.

Mrs. Sebastian Malet had been only too happy to linger a little on her way to England. It was the end of May when she left

Algeria, it was the middle of July before she reached Kersham. Paris had been so delightful that she had stayed there quite three weeks, and only the heat drove her away at last. On arriving at the Dower House, it was found that Nina and her babies and their nurses took up so much room that even the school-room would have to be sacrificed. Cecil had a holiday; the temporary Mademoiselle went away for a time; Esther packed up the few goods that she called her own, and went with them to Miss Meredith's for a fortnight.

But she was restless, with the restlessness that comes of a secret sorrow. There was something at her heart that would not be stilled. Ignore it as she would, there was a gnawing sense of pain, a sickness of life, as she knew it, which vitiated all her old enjoyments. She would not yield to it. Above all things she dreaded that she might yield; she shrank desperately from acknowledging that she had received a secret hurt. It would make it so much worse, she thought, if she gave way. She fought down the pain and the sorrow; she tried to absorb herself in her work. But she could not do this at Kenneth's Green, where every face and voice evoked old memories. Change of scene might effect what resolution failed to do. She resolved to give up her holiday and set to work at once. It was early in August when she arrived at Dunross, and she had not been to England since.

Her remedy seemed to have been successful. She had crushed down her heart and her love with it, and spent no time in mourning over what was lost. She worked hard, and was resolutely cheerful. She was almost glad that Nina wrote so seldom, that Sebastian never at all. It seemed to her that it would be good for her never to hear of them again. They had passed out of her life. She thought that she had been of some service to them; if so she was glad of it, but it was better that she should see and think of them no more. They belonged to the past.

Nevertheless, and in spite of all good resolutions, her heart beat and her hands trembled one day as she read a letter from Miss Meredith, who prided herself on her epistolary powers and on giving a complete resume of the village news.

"Nina is back again," she wrote, "and her husband not with her, of course. I do not at all like the way in which she speaks of him. It seems that he had been reading and writing a great deal more than he used to do; I believe he thinks of bringing out a book of his uncle's letter and memoranda; and Nina complains that he neglects her. He is coming to England in the autumn, however, for a long holiday, and I think that he will take his wife to the lakes or even to Scotland. (It would be very pleasant if they came to see you, dear.) They will not go to Kersham Manor, although I hear that the Squire has invited them; but Nina is very unwell to Mrs. Malet, especially since the birth of the little boy, which is exceedingly silly of her, and can do nobody any good. No doubt it was annoying both to her and to Sebastian to hear of the fuss made about the 'young heir', as people insisted on calling him; but it is always better to hide that sort of feeling. Mrs. La Touche does not want them at the Dower House, as 'the dear Colonel' is actually coming home at last; and, between ourselves, I believe that Mrs. La Touche is quite nervous about the changes that he will probably make in her life. She says that he talks of going abroad; and if so, her house can no longer be a home for poor dear Nina and her children." I say, all the better for Nina depends too much on her mother and not enough upon her husband. Depend upon it, my dear, these love-matches very seldom come to good. A husband and wife may be too fond of each other to be happy. Mrs. Malaprop was quite right; and at any rate, it's better to begin than to end with a little aversion."

Esther folded up the letter with a sigh. She could do nothing to help the friends that she loved so well. She could not even pray. For the outer rind of ritual had slipped away from her faith—she scarcely knew how or why—and the faith itself, she found, was dead at heart. The old emotional life being gone, she had worn out her powers of feeling; her old ecstasies, her transports of love and joy had vanished like dew from a flower when the sun is high.

She had been brooding over thoughts like these on the day when she received Miss Meredith's letter, and being already depressed was particularly open to the shock of pain which it gave her. She found herself so cast down, so unstrung, that she took herself seriously to task, and began to devise remedies for her evil case. It was a commonplace maxim, much insisted on in her childish days, that by trying to cure other people's sadness we may cure our own. She smiled at its triteness, but rose up immediately to put it into practice. She would see Phillis Wyatt, and try again to make friends with her. It was a difficult and rather disagreeable duty; therefore, Esther argued, one that might bring satisfaction in the performance. There was a remnant of Puritan hardness in the argument.

Esther looked anything but hard as she set out upon her errand, which, after all, she but dimly suspected to be an errand of mercy. Her eyes had grown very soft of late, when she was deep in thought; they lent a look of pleading sadness to her face which added to its charm. She was a woman whom other women trusted; her gentle eyes, her steady mouth, invited confidence, and her sympathy was never wanting when required. If she could not gain Phil Wyatt's heart, it was pretty safe to assert that no other woman ever would.

It was four o'clock when she mounted the stairs to the Wyatts' little flat. Jack Drummond had told her that at this hour she was almost sure to find Phillis at home. She rang the bell with some trepidation; would Phillis be sorry that she had come?

Phillis certainly did not look glad. She herself opened the door, and stood with her hand on the door-knob, firm, straight, un-conciliatory, with a look on her unsmiling face which said as plainly as a look could say: "What have you come for?"

"How are you, Phillis?" said Esther, extending her hand. "You said that I might come to see you if I liked."

Phillis let three stiff fingers be shaken. "Certainly, come in," she said. And she stood aside to let Esther pass.

When the door was shut, the narrow passage was very dark. Phillis opened the door of the chilly little sitting-room and bade her guest enter. The room was cold yet close; it was poorly furnished with a round table, a horse-hair covered sofa and three chairs to match. Esther sat down on one of the chairs, and Phillis took another. The girl

crossed her hands in her lap, and sat with her pale, rigid face turned toward the window—away from Esther. There was an ominous tightening of her lips, a perceptible darkening of the hazel eyes. But she smiled, as if in defiance, when Esther spoke to her.

"You have a view of the river, I see." Esther could, for the moment, find nothing but trivial words to say.

"I suppose so. I haven't time to look at it."

"You are very busy?"

"Almost as busy as you are yourself, Miss Denison."

A look of pain passed over Esther's face. Phillis saw it and was delighted. She had made up her mind that Esther wanted to patronize her, and she would not be patronized.

"Phil," said Esther pleadingly.

"Yes—Miss Denison."

"Phil, don't call me that. Call me Esther, as you used to do. Have you quite forgotten me?"

"Oh, dear, no," said Phil, with a cool smile. "I have a very good memory."

"Then don't you remember how fond I was of you? And you were fond of me too. We were children then, but I never ceased to love you."

"We were children then," Phillis answered with emphasis. "We liked many things then that we do not care for now. I should not have thought then that I should like to be a sort of maid-of-all-work at a theater, but you see I do like it now."

"You like your work? You are happy in it?"

"Oh yes. I like it better than anything in the world. I am as happy as it is possible for a girl to be."

"What have you to do at the theater?" said Esther, led on to the question by the puzzling expression of the pretty face before her.

"All sorts of things," said Phil, with a triumphant air. "I am hired by the manager, you know, as a 'general utility' person. They say that I'm peculiar to Scotland; that only in a Scotch town can you find a person who is able and willing to sell programmes, take ladies' wraps in the cloak-room, sing a comic song, dance a break-down when wanted, and help to scrub the boards and polish the furniture in the day-time. Oh I'm very useful to Mr. Macalister. He says I'm like the man in the song, I'm so versatile. And I like variety."

The speech jarred on Esther's ear. She listened gravely, not conscious that she was looking grave until Phil burst into a wild laugh.

"Phillis, when did you leave your grandmother?"

"When my father came for me, of course. What you want the whole history? We left Woodbury, you know, when my grandfather failed, and we lived in London for a time, first in Bloomsbury, and then in a dismal street in Whitechapel. Grandfather's mind gave away; he was paralyzed and imbecile. Grandmother did nothing but cry. I think her mind went too before very long. I was ill; I had one illness after another, till everybody thought that I should die. Oh, it was a merry time! But I would not die. I said that I would live; I said that I would work whether I was ill or not, and I had my own way."

When I was sixteen, I got taken on at a theater as a chorus-girl. I could always sing, you know. And it was better to do work like that than to see grandfather and grandmother starving, wasn't it? Although it might not be very respectable!"

She flung the word at Esther as if it were a stone and she wished it to hurt. But Esther only said, "You were quite right, Phil dear," and looked at her with steady loving eyes which never wavered in their gaze.

In spite of herself, Phil's tone was lowered as she went on. "Then grandfather died. Grandmother and I went on living together. I was obliged to give up the chorus-singing for a time, because she was so feeble that I could not leave her at nights. She was quite childish at last, and could not move herself. I did everything for her until she died." The girl's lips trembled, her eyes swam in sudden tears. "She did not know me for weeks toward the end. She was always scolding and complaining of me. She used to tell the neighbors that I ill-treated her. Poor old grandmother! I was working my fingers to the bone for her all the time, and she never knew. I did plain sewing for shops. Do you know that they used to give us twopence-halfpenny a shirt, and we had to find our own thread? I would sooner have sold flowers or sung in the streets; but I couldn't leave grandmother. I was eighteen when she died."

"What did you do then, Phil?"

The softness passed out of the girl's eyes and voice. "What did I do?" she said sharply. "You may well ask that. You were safe away at a boarding-school, I suppose, hardly allowed to walk out by yourself, well-housed and well-clad, and I was roaming about the streets in search of a morsel of bread. Oh, I could take care of myself if it came to that. I've a tongue in my head and wits of my own, if I haven't a strong arm; and I've defended myself with my tongue many a time when I hadn't any other weapon. I 'kept myself respectable,' as the poor people say. You needn't be afraid to come near me on that score. But—oh, the things that I've seen and heard in the wicked, brazen London streets! My grandfather used to talk about a God; your father used to preach about Him, Esther, but don't you think that if He had any power, He would put a stop to all the terrible things that go on in this great, dreadful world?"

It was the first time that she had called Esther by that name. Esther drew closer to her, and ventured to take her hand, but Phillis took no notice of the caress.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper.

Character is not cut in marble, it is something solid and unalterable. It is something living and changing, and may become diseased as our bodies do.

Whoso neglects a thing which he suspects he ought to do, because it seems to him too small a thing, is deceiving himself; it is not too little, but too great for him, that he doeth it not.

Many ideas grow better when transplanted into another mind, than in the one where they sprang up. That which was a weed in one intelligence becomes a flower in the other, and a flower again dwindles down to a mere weed by the change.

TWO TRAVELLERS.

Struggle in a Railway Tunnel.

A Most Exciting Adventure Resulting From the Murder of Mr. Briggs by Muller.

A writer in Chambers's Journal in an article on "The Iron Road" relates the following singular adventure. Some of our readers may remember the murder, in a first class compartment, of the unfortunate Mr. Briggs by the German Muller. A wave of tragic horror passed over all respectable travellers in or near London, and it is said, greatly lessened the numbers of the first-class ticket-holders. However that may be, it happened that Mr. Wilson took his seat in a first class compartment at Cannon Street Station on the afternoon of the day succeeding that terrible crime. The friend who saw him off remarked on his having the compartment to himself, adding that he was not likely to be troubled with company on account of yesterday's catastrophe. Accordingly, the pause at London Bridge had been made without any one entering Mr. Wilson's carriage, and the train was in motion again, when the door flew open, and a man rushed in, and was flung into a seat by the starting of the engine. Much wrapped up, with his hat crushed down over his forehead, his height and appearance at once suggested to Mr. Wilson that he was shut in with Muller himself. The resolute mouth and pointed chin—his only features distinctly visible—tallied with the

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE MURDERER.

of which Mr. Wilson's mind was full. From behind the shelter of the Times newspaper he continued to observe the newcomer and to compare item by item his appearance with the description in the columns before him. Ever and anon, while so engaged, his eyes met the wavering glances of the stranger, full of ominous meaning—so it seemed to him—and when he rose, unbuttoned his overcoat, and consulted a handsome gold watch with pendent seals, Mr. Wilson thought he saw before his eyes the very property of the unhappy Mr. Briggs. Reason is a light rider, and easily thrown when imagination runs away with it, and fear, though it may brace for a moment the sinews of the body, relaxes those of the mind; so, when the stranger moved along the carriage, seated himself opposite Mr. Wilson, and asked, in a hesitating guttural voice—in every tone of which Mr. Wilson heard the accent of the Teuton—if "they were not timed to run thirty minutes without stopping?" Mr. Wilson could only nod—his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth, and his eyes could not withdraw their gaze from the grey orbs opposite. While the two men sat thus, glaring at each other, the train dashed with a prolonged scream into the S— tunnel, and the carriage was instantly in total darkness. At that moment Mr. Wilson's wrists were

SEIZED WITH A GRASP OF IRON.

Deprived of the power of resistance, he sat preparing himself for the death-struggle as best he might, his hands held as in a vice, his eyes straining through the darkness, a cold sweat oozing at every pore. As he sat thus, it flashed into his mind that his assailant would probably wait for a glimmer of light before aiming his death-blow. As he thought this, they were out into the daylight, glaring at each other and gasping. Then Mr. Wilson felt his enemy's hands relax, and heard him say in an interrupted voice: "I beg your pardon; I'm afraid I've startled you. The fact is—the plain truth—I didn't like your looks, and the way you hid your face behind that paper and watched me. I suppose my mind is full of this horrible murder. I see now I was mistaken. But—pardon me; I really began to think you might be—Muller!" With a half-hysterical laugh, Mr. Wilson responded; "And I've been in an awful funk for that's just who I thought you were!" In this instance, prejudice yielded to the knowledge gained by travel; for before they reached M—, the seeds of a friendship, still flourishing, were sown in the minds of these two wayfarers on the Iron Road.

A STRANGE CAREER.

The Death of the Marquis d'Eguille Removes a Remarkable Character—He Might Have Posed as One of Dumas' Villains.

A Paris special says: "A remarkable character has passed away in the Marquis d'Eguille, who might have passed for the hero (or villain) of one of Alexandre Dumas' romances. He had, according to his account, been condemned to death in most countries for political or other offences, and although he may have exaggerated his exploits in this direction, it is certain that he was the man who followed the late M. Blanc, of Homburg, into his sanctum, gagged him, and threatened to blow his brains out if he did not hand over a large sum. He turned the key in the door when he had got inside, and was well away before M. Blanc was released. At Spa, upon one occasion, while playing, he noticed a little Belgian "militaire" with immense moustaches, whereupon he observed in a loud tone to a friend: "Avez-vous jamais vu de si grandes moustaches sur un si petit corps?" The little Belgian was, of course, furious, challenged d'Eguille, and was badly wounded. Many years ago at Presburg during the race meeting there he had a roulette table of his own, and when the Carlist war was going on in the north of Spain, he was just across the French frontier at Irun, or rather upon its outskirts, where he had started a small casino, in humble imitation of his old friend, M. Blanc. However, as his establishment was raided in turn by the Carlists and Alphonists, he found that it did not pay, and since then the old Marquis, whose family is an ancient one, and parchments unimpeachable, had found it no easy matter to do what Abbe Sieyès said that he had done during the Revolution—namely, live.

Klaire—"Yesterday morning I gave a poor tramp those nice biscuits I made for breakfast, and I told him if he came back in the evening, I would give him some dinner." Jack—"What did you give him for dinner?" Elsie—"He didn't come back."

How little our knowledge of mankind is derived from intentional, accurate observation! Most of it has, unsought, found its way into the mind from the continual presentation of the objects to our unthinking view. It is a knowledge of sensation more than of reflection.