A CAST FOR FORTUNE.

By Christian Reid, in "Lippincott's Magazine."

CHAPTER III.

Seen first in the light of a sunset which filled the whole earth and sky with roseate flush, Guadalajara, with its slender towers and shining domes rising out of the wide, verdant plain, seemed to Derwent like a city of a dream,—as fair and white and graceful as if builded of marble and ivory instead of common bricks and mortar. "La Perla del Occidente," a friendly Mexican fellow-traveller told him it was called; and the poetical name suited its appearance well, as it lay steeped in sunset color, the spires of its cathedral rising against the pellucid sky, its Byzantine domes glowing with iridescent color, shaded avenues leading to its gates from all directions, and exquisite ranges of azure heights framing the beautiful expanse of the great valley which encompassed it.

"What a picture!" said Derwent to himself, as he craned his neck out of the window of the railway car to take it in more fully. "And what a country!" he added, as his glance swept from the pearly towers to the wide, luminous horizon, over miles of level plain covered with tender green and set with gleaming villages. "As beautiful as Europe, as picturesque and romantic as the East. I hadn't the faintest idea of what I should find here!" he ended, prosaically, as the train, slackening its speed, passed through a gap in the city walls and made its slow way to the station.

"You were inquiring for the Cosmopolita," said the conductor, as it finally stopped. "Here is the porter." And he pointed to a tall, slender Mexican, wearing a short, braided jacket, and the name of the hotel in large letters around the crown of his sombrero.

This dignified person took Derwent's valise, invited him by a gesture to follow, and threaded his way easily through the crowd toward the place of exit. Declining a carriage,—for the exquisite evening air made walking a delight,—Derwent followed his guide along a street which led past a beautiful old church with an elaborately-sculptured front of brownstone, through a lovely plaza green with trees and fragrant with roses and violets, where a military band was playing and numbers of people were sitting and walking, up a crowded thoroughfare lined with handsome buildings, and finally into the court-yard of a large Spanish house, where at the head of the broad stone steps he was met by an English-speaking landlord, who relieved him of all frrther necessity to think for himself.

An hour later he was seated at one of the small tables placed invitingly around the gallery which overlooked the large inner *patio*, or court, with Senor Fernandez opposite him. The scene was altogether charming to eyes fresh from a more northern latitude. The polished tiles that formed the floor of the wide gallery stretched to a stone balustrade where broad-leafed tropical plants were set in large pots, while through the great arches that sprang from pillar to pillar the dark-violet sky, sown with golden stars. looked down. Around the gallery various other parties were dining at the tables set here and there, waiters, noiseless as Oriental slaves, skimmed lightly back and forth over the smooth pavement, the air was soft as a caress, and—most important point—the *cuisine* was excellent.

In the intervals of doing justice to it, Derwent studied the appearance of the man to whom Morell had consigned him. Senor Fernandez was probably of middle age, but he bore his years lightly. A slender, dark man, well bred, well dressed, with all the courteous suavity of his country, it was impossible not to find him agreeable; yet Derwent was conscious of a sentiment of distrust which he could only account for by believing that it sprang from a warning given him before he entered Mexico by a man who knew the country well.

"The men," he said, "whom I advise you to look most sharply after in business dealings are Mexicans who have learned their business methods in the States. It is a sad fact that in the matter of honesty they are very likely to be demoralized. Doesn't say much for our higher civilization, does it? I never regretted trusting a native Mexican, but when you find one who is thoroughly Americanized it is generally safe to watch him."

This warning from a shrewd practical man had struck Derwent as rather an amusing commentary on the higher civilization which at another moment the speaker would have been ready enough to arrogate to himself and his people. But he remembered it when Morell said to him," "You'll find Fernandez speaks English perfectly—he lived sixteen years in California—and is thoroughly conversant with American habits. He's a capital partner for me. He manages the Mexicans and gets the mines, while I introduce them to the notice of inquiring investors like yourself. You'll like him, I know."

Derwent was doubtful on this point, and he still remained doubtful when he met Senor Fernandez. Yet there could be no question of that gentleman's agreeable qualities. As they dined together he proved a very pleasant companion,—waived the discussion of business, talked of the attractions of Guadalajara, lightly sketched its history, and deftly changed his tone when he found that Derwent had scant sympathy for the aggressions and tyrannies of the so-called "liberal" government. Senor Fernandez, it appeared, was one of those gentlemen who always find it convenient to uphold the existing order of things. He spoke familiarly of ministers and governors, shrugged his shoulders when Derwent denounced the wholesale robbery and persecution of the Church, was evidently too highly civilized to possess either religion or patriotism, and thought that the golden day of promise would dawn for Mexico when, giving up her "antiquated customs," she would be recreated according to the admirable pattern of her neighbor across the Rio Grande. He was somewhat astonished by Derwent's reply to this.

"When that day comes, if it ever does," said the young man, "your country will cease to be worth caring for. She will lose her individuality and become a feeble copy of a civilization altogether alien to that which has made her what she is. All that renders her most attractive to those who have any cultured appreciation will disappear,—the foreign charm of her beautiful old cities, the exquisite manners of her people, the decorum of her women, the respectful obedience of her children, the grace of her picturesque, unhurried life; but, more than that, the things in the civilization she desires to imitate. There can be no doubt that 'sharp' American practices will be among the first improvements that American admirers will import into Mexico."

Senor Fernandez smiled, but it was in a somewhat disconcerted manner, as he bowed over his glass of claret. "I am delighted to find that you have so high an opinion of Mexico," he said. "Most Americans think that we have much to learn, and that we cannot do better than copy their more fortunate country."

"Most Americans—like their English kinsmen—are too narrow-minded to understand that patent Anglo-Saxon methods of civilization don't suit every people," said Derwent. "God knows, they had better reform themselves before setting out to reform the world. But you take nothing more, senor: may I offer you a cigar?"

It was accepted and lighted, the table cleared, and then the two men looked at each other with a glance of mutual interrogation.

"Let us get to business now," Derwent said. "You have heard from Morell, of course. You know that I am here to examine the mine that you and he are offering for sale. When can we go to see it?"

"We can start to-morrow if you like," the other answered. We will take the diligencia to Eitzatlan, and from there it is twenty leagues on horseback to the Buena Esperanza."

"The Good Hope," said Derwent, unconsciously translating. "Is that the name of the mine? It may be a good omen."

"The man who first found the lode and gave it that name thought so, and it proved so good a hope to him that he realized a fortune from it. Several fortunes, in fact, have been realized from the Buena Esperanza; but now the water is troublesome, the oars have grown rebellious, the present owners are too poor to handle the property, and so they sell. It is a wonderful mine to go for such a price, Mr. Derwent. You will say that when you see it."

"If so, the price will be promply paid," said Derwent. "But what is that Morell was telling me about a difference of opinion among the owners with regard to the sale?"

"Oh, there is one of them who is dissatisfied,—thinks the mine ought to bring more, doesn't want to sell at all in fact, and regrets having joined in the bond. But the others brought pressure to bear on him and made him sign: so you need not fear about the title."

This was explicit enough, and sufficiently plausible; but the same instinct of distrust which he had been conscious of at first made Derwent say to himself that there was something in the transaction which might not perhaps reflect credit upon Senor Fernandez if known. It plainly did not concern him, however, to take up the vaguely-suspected grievance of an unknown Mexican. That must be settled between the parties concerned. All that he had to do was to look at the mine, and, if assured of its value, pay the price asked, in case a good title could be given him. It was settled that they would start the next morning, and, since nothing could be determined until this journey was made, Derwent, who heard seductive strains of music near by, proposed that they should finish their cigars in the open air.

"We will go to the plaza," said Senor Fernandez. "Every one is there to-night. You will see some very pretty women. Guadalajara is famous for its beauty."

"There are very pretty women in Mexico," observed the young man. "In fact, I think that one face which I saw in the Alameda last Sunday morning is the most beautiful I ever saw anywhere."

"Oh Mexico, being the capital gathers its beauty from all parts of the country, and of course it has more fashion, more style," replied Fernandez. "But it is hard to surpass Guadalajara for lovely girls. Come and judge for yourself."

They passed out into the soft, tropic night. The plaza from which the music proceeded was only a block distant, and when they gained it Derwent thought that he had seen nothing more handsome and imposing even in the city of Mexico than the surroundings of the beautiful garden which occupied the center of the large hollow square, the old Plaza de Armas, that was always the scene of tumult and fighting whenever revolution arose or war invaded the city. To-night, however, it was difficult to imagine that it had ever witnessed such scenes. In the middle of the garden rose a light Moorish pavilion, from which a military band was pouring forth music. Orange-trees that filled the air with the fragrance of their blossoms lined a broad walk surrounding the parterres of tuft and flowers and fountains, where between opposite rows of well-filled benches two streams of promenaders were walking,—all the ladies in one direction, all the men in another, thus passing and repassing each other as often as the circuit of the square was made. Electric lights shed their white radience over the scene, people were coming and going constantly, joining the ranks or dropping out of them, sitting down to talk with their friends, or passing from group to group. There was animated movement, but not the least disorder, for the perfect manners of the people are never more fully displayed at than these large open-air gatherings, where the same courtesy and decorum reign which would distingnish a private conpany in the most exclusive drawing room.

Derwent sat down with his companion on the first bench where vacant seats presented themselves, and looked at the setting of this attractive scene. One side of the square was faced by the long and handsome front of the Governor's palace. the other by the great mass of the cathedral building,—a pictursque mixture of Byzantine and Greek architecture with its tall towers rising against the deep-violet sky. The remaining two sides were lined by brilliantly-lighted arcades, and the whole effect was of a long-established order and opulence.

"Oh, yes," said Senor Fernandez, in answer to a remark to this effect, "Guadalajara has been a place of great wealth and importance for more than two hundred years. It is only second in importance to Mexico itself. But observe whether or not I have spoken to you correctly of the beauty of our ladies."

"I have already seen a number of pretty faces," answered Derwent. "Guadalajara is evidently 'La Perla del Occidente' in many respects. But—by Jove! it can't be possible!—yes, it is—— Well, this is certainly extraordinary!"

As he uttered these quick, disjointed remarks, his companion turned, stared at him for an instant, and then, following the direction of his glance, saw in the line of promenaders a tall, handsome man of distinguished bearing advancing with a beautiful girl on his arm. She walked with a step as firm, a carriage as stately, as his own, and they were both of appearance so striking that they would have attracted attention anywhere.

"Oh! you know Don Maurizio, then!" said Fernandez, in a tone of surprise, which, had Derwent observed, would have struck him as not being very well pleased. But he did not observe at all. He was looking at the lovely face of the girl passing by, as he answered, absently,—

"Don—who? No, I don't know the man at all. But that is the same lady I saw in the Alameda in Mexico last Sunday. How curious that she should be here!"

"No more curious than that you are here yourself," answered the other, smiling. "Those people have a large hacieda near this place, and Don Maurizio has evidently come in to meet his daughter on her return from Mexico."

"But Morell told me that her father was an Irishman."

"Well, so he is. Do you think he looks like a Mexican! He is Don Maurizio Ormond, who married the great Cardella heiress. She had a magnificent estate, but he has doubled or trebled it since it came into his hands. He has remarkable business capabilities; but then he had such opportunities as do not come to many men. His daughter is very handsome, and a greater heiress than her mother. It is said that her father will look at no one less than a prince for her."

"But princes do not exist in Mexico."

"No; but we have only a few great landed asistocrats to represent them. Rut Don Maurizio, it is said, will go to the Old World for an alliance for his daughter. He comes, I believe, of a noble family himself: and as for the Cardellas, everybody knows that they are of pure Spanish descent and have held their lands by royal grant since the Conquest."

"The matrimonial prospects of the Senorita Ormond seem to be a good deal canvassed," said Derwent. "Morell told me, when I saw her in the Alameda, that she would probably marry her cousin, the representative of her mother's family, in order to restore the land to the name."

"The Cardellas are, of course, anxious for that; but it is said that Don Maurizio does not favor the idea. How Dona Zarifa stands herself I have never heard, but she will certainly have a word to say in the matter, or report does her injustice."

"She has too noble and too strong a face not to have a word—the most important word—to say," Derwent remarked, positively. "That girl will never allow her hand to be given away for considerations of family or ambition.—But they do not return, Surely they have grown tired of walking very soon."

"Probably they were only taking a turn around the plaza while looking for seats," said Fernandez. "Shall we walk and look for them?"

"By all means," answered Derwent, rising lightly. As with his companion he fell into place in the circling masculine throng, he did not think of the difference between the first time he had seen Dona Zarifa and the present. The first time he had been indifferent whether he saw her again or not, while now he was conscious of a strong desire to look once more on a face that fascinated him like a rare and exquisite picture.

But, although he made several circuits of the plaza, and scanned as closely as compatible with good manners the row of faces on each side of the promenade, he had no further glimpse of Don Maurizio or his daughter.

(To be continued).

THE LOST PEARLS.

A Roman Story, with a Bit of Humor Too.

A few days ago, while strolling through the Pincio, a public garden in Rome, the keeper of a cafe found a row of pearls lying upon the ground. They were strung upon a broken string. "Aha," thought he, "I shall please my wife with these." So home he trudged with them, and to his spouse he quoth: "I should like to give you something handsomer, but these will have to do." "And what did you pay for them?" she asked. "Five francs," said he. "You paid enough, surely," said she, "for they are wretched imitations." Then the poor fellow confessed that he had found, not bought them. "Faugh!" cried the wife, "I'll wear nothing which has been cast off," and she threw the bauble behind the trunk.

By the merest chance the husband read in one of the public prints next morning that the Princess Olimpia Doria d'Avella had lost a row of pearls belonging to a famous antique necklace. For the return of the treasure a reward of 1,000 francs ($200) would be paid. Then the restaurateur (his name was Peppe) expiscated the string of pearls from the rubbish behind his wife's trunk and took the bundle to the Palazzo Colonna, where the princess lived. The princess identified the pearls as her lost treasures, and she promptly and joyfully paid Sig. Peppe 1,000 francs, who took a fiendish delight in taunting his wife with the circumstance that she had spurned a necklace which any queen might envy.

The complete necklace, composed of four rows of pearls, each row fastened with a separate diamond clasp, was the finest pearl necklace in Italy. Aside from its intrinsic value of $20,000, it was treasured by the princess as an heirloom, having been in the family many generations.—*Chicago News.*

What He Dreampt About.

"John, John, wake up! You've got the nightmare. What are you dreaming about?"

"Oh it was all a dream! I thought I had been left a fortune, Maria."

"You were puffing at a terrible rate. What were you dreaming about?"

"I thought it was bank holiday and I had lassoed an iceberg, pulled it into harbor and was selling it at the rate of ten shillings a ton, and I was selling a ton a minute."

"Oh, I wish I could dream of such luck, John!"

"You can, Maria—you can if you will put your cold feet against your own back like you have them against mine."—[London Tid-Bits.

OUR COUNTRY'S HISTORY.

A Volume of Interest to Every Canadian Patriot.

Mr. Douglas Brymner, Archivist of the Dominion of Canada, has given evidence of the importance of the office he holds, and of the marked ability with which he fills it, by the production of the bulky volume containing his official report for 1889. There is not a page in this report which is not valuable to the historian, and there is much that will prove interesting to the general historical reader.

The report includes the conclusion of the papers belonging to the Haldimand collection. Sir Frederick Haldimand's diary is particularly interesting, as it introduces us in quite an informal way to many of the leading actors in the stirring series of events on this continent immediately preceding and succeeding the Declaration of Independence in 1776. The collection of papers left by this warrior is as valuable to historians on this side of the Border as it is to those across the St. Lawrence river. The petitions presented to Sir Frederick from officers, soldiers, sailors, civil servants and even civilians for appointments, allowances and gratuities to recoup them for losses sustained through the rebellion, throw a significant side-light upon the troubles and annoyances to which people were then subjected, and of which the ordinary histories tell us nothing. John Macdonald sends a petition from Montreal, September 10th, 1791, stating that he "is 74 years of age and his wife 67, and that he has nine sons, seven in the army and two on the King's works. He recounts the persecutions he has suffered, and being reduced to poverty from the losses he sustained, prays for relief." In July, 1778 came a petition from "Captains Alexander McDonald, John Munro and Samuel Anderson of the Royal Regiment of New York for themselves and others, praying that some plan may be adopted to relieve the distress of their families, and remove them out of the hands of their enemies." Petitions for various requests are from Lieutenant Donald McKinnon, Lieutenant John McLean, Captain Malcom Frazer, Captain Neil Maclean, Captain W. Dunbar, Captain D. Robertson, Ensign Prentice, Quartermaster Duncan Murray, Privates Roberts Grant and James McDougall, and others belonging to the regiment known as the 84th or Royal Highland Emigrants.

From the Haldimand collection we get many glimpses into the social and business life of these times. Petitioners ask for licenses to sell liquor, to practice as attorney-at law, to act as inspectors of chimneys, or as recruiting officers, and in divers other ways. The slavery question comes up in these petitions at frequent intervals. In January, 1779, Agnes Laforce states "that her late husband suffered for his loyalty and was compelled to leave Virginia; that she and her family were taken prisoners by British troops and Indians, and with thirteen negroes taken to Detroit, where the negroes were sold." So she prays Sir Frederick Haldimand to restore them to her, or to see that she gets their value at Montreal, where she had taken up her abode. Alexander Henry, Montreal, asks to be allowed, October 5th, 1778, to sell a negro for a debt due him by the negro's late master. At Quebec, March 29th, 1782, a negro named appropriately John Black, who had been a seaman in the King's service implores Sir Frederick to give him a passport to protect him in his liberty, of which his then employer, a Captain Martin, sought to deprive him.

Quite a harvest of historical and geneological data will result from any survey which may be made of the old burying-ground of the Dominion, and the sooner such a work is commenced the better. In the volume of Archives now before us we find an instance of this. The old English burying-ground in Montreal at the corner of Dorchester and St. Urban streets was, a dozen years ago, destroyed and converted into a so-called park. In this little enclosure were interred many people of note in early Canadian history. The stones which marked the graves were removed, and all trace of most of them, apparently, has been lost. Fortunately, many years before this act of vandalism was perpetrated by the authorities Mr. Walter Shanly, M. P., copied many of the inscriptions, and they are printed in the volume of archives. In sending these transcriptions to Mr. Brymner, Mr. Shanly wrote:—"In some few cases, where descendants of the early English residents were still to be found and who thought it worth their while their ancestors' bones 'from insult to protect' the tombstones and monuments with the remains they guarded, were removed to Mount Royal Cemetery. But such instances were not many, and, doubtless, the ashes of scores of once noted citizens of Montreal lie beneath the sward of the new 'park,' while the stones which once marked the graves and 'implored the passing tribute of a sigh' have been turned to base account in the macadamizing of the streets. They manage these things better in the States. In Boston the King's Chapel and the Park burial places, and in New York, Trinity and St. Paul's churchyards . . . would, if put up for sale, have a money value to be reckoned by the millions; but the hand of the destroyer has never been permitted to touch them." As Mr. Brymner shows, other places in Canada—Windsor, N.S., for example—have not been so neglectful as Montreal; but still it may safely be said that the latter are the exceptions, and that the old God's-acres are not only neglected but are passing into a condition of decay which will shortly make their old monuments totally illegible. The work of copying these memorials should be entered upon at once and systematically carried through, and we know of no one better able to direct such a duty than the Canadian Archivist. The result of such work should be filed in his office, and there, too, all the old burial registers should find a resting and protecting place.

Worse Than the Girls.

A strange fad of the young men of the present day is darkening the eyebrows and the eyelashes. They imagine this process gives an expression of strength to the face which is otherwise lacking. The stuff used for the purpose comes in a tiny box, and is a black powder.

In the box is a little kid pencil, similar in form to the stump of a blender used by a crayon or pastelle artist. This tiny kid implement is dipped in the black powder and applied in a dexterious manner, first to trace the eyebrows darker and into the desired shape. After this the eyelashes are touched, and then a slight line is drawn under the eyes on the lower lid. At each corner is put the final touch, a little dash of the dark powder, which gives a languid look pronounced to captivating.—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A DARING VOYAGE.

Adventures of a Walrus Hunter Who Reached the East Coast of Greenland.

A very unusual feat of Arctic navigation last summer is reported in *Petermann's Mitteilungen*. Capt. R. Knudsen an enterprising Norwegian walrus hunter, while in pursuit of walrus pushed his little steamer Hekla into the ice along the coast of east Greenland, and landed at several points in King William's Land, the most northern part of the east coast which has been visited, and that only once by the German expedition under Capt. Koldewey in 1869-70. Capt. Knudsen first reached the coast in the middle of August, and, in spite of the danger of being hopelessly beset, he thought himself amply repaid by the great abundance of walrus, and it did not take him long to load up his vessel.

He skirted the deeply indented coast in a northern direction, landing now and then. He was for some time beset in the ice and drifted north, and for some day he was fast in the pack on the north coast of Shannon Island. He finally, however, escaped and reached open water fn safety.

This was a very daring if not a foolhardy enterprise. The Arctic ice packs incline against the east coast, and for this reason that part of Greenland was almost entirely unknown long after the west coast, in its general features, was very well mapped. In the Koldewey expedition one of the vessels was crushed in the ice, and the crew, after terrible suffering and a long drift southward on the ice floes, reached succor on the southwest coast.

In recent years, however, three successful attempts have been made to reach the east coast. The first was by Nordenskiold, who landed on Cape Dan in 1883; the second by Nansen, who reached Semalik fiord in 1888, and from that point made his overland journey to Godthaab; and the third by this daring walrus hunter, whose adventures occurred several hundred miles north of the points reached by the other two travellers.

A Ring no Thief Dare Touch.

A costly ring, unguarded by police, or special watchmen, hangs suspended by a silken cord around the neck of a statue of the maid of Almodena, a patron saint of Madrid, in one of the beautiful parks in the Spanish capital. It is set with diamonds and pearls, notwithstanding which there is no danger of its being stolen. The greatest thief in Madrid would not touch it any quicker than he would the plate on his own mother's coffin. Its history is curious and interesting, and equal to anything found in mediæval folk lore. The ring was made for King Alfonso XII, who gave it to his cousin, the pretty Mercedes, on the day of their betrothal. She wore it during her short married life. On her death the King presented it to his grandmother, Queen Christiana. She died soon, and the King passed the deadly little circle to his sister, Infanta del Pilar, who died within the month.

Again it started on its deadly rounds, next finding a place on the finger of Christina, the youngest daughter of the Duke of Montpensier, but in less than three months she also was dead. Alphonso next put the ring in his own casket and lived less than a year after so doing. No wonder it safely hangs on a statue in an unguarded square.

Repartee Extraordinary.

"How does the world smell to you with that long nose?" said the donkey to the elephant.

"About as it sounds to you with those long ears," replied the elephant.

"How does the world taste you with those big teeth?" said the donkey.

"About as it feels to you with those big hoofs." replied the elephant.

"Are those two tails you have," said the donkey, "one before and one behind?"

"Are those two wings you have," replied the elephant, "one on each side of your head?"

"Old pipe line," said the donkey, "let me see you blow your nose."

"Old fog-horn," replied the elephant, "let me hear you sing."

"Your nose is too big for your body" said the donkey, "which is saying a great deal, and it must be very inconvenient to you."

"No more inconvenient," replied the elephant, "than it must be for you to have such a voice to sing and such ears to hear it with."

"I believe," said the donkey, "you could put out a fire with a spout from that piece of hose of yours."

"Not if you fanned it with those ears of with a blast from that throat of yours."

And the donkey gave it up.

What a Woman Can Do.

"Is there anything a man can do that a woman can't do?" asked the woman's rights advocate, as she adjusted her spectacles and looked around upon the audience.

"That's it," said the bald-headed man in the back of the hall, "put it to 'em straight. Bring these opponents of woman suffrage right to their mutton."

"You see," pursued the lady, "we are not without our friends among the stronger sex. Again I ask the question, is there anything a man can do that a woman can't do?"

"Good, good," cried the bald-headed man enthusiastically; "she can do more. A woman can do things that a man can't do. I know it."

"You hear," said the lady triumphantly, as she waved her hand, "you hear what the champion of our down-trodden sex says. A woman can do things that a man can't do. Tell us, my friend, what a woman can do that a man can't do."

"She can talk a man to death, by jings," said the bald-headed man, "and if you could hear my old woman when she gets her tongue on to me, you'd believe it, and don't you urgit it."

This speech broke up the meeting.

Rapid Musical Progress.

Mr. DeRich—"I must buy a $300 harp for my daughter, must I? She's got a regular music store on hand now; first a piano, then a pipe organ, then a banjo, then a violin, then a guitar, then a zither, next a mandolin, and dears knows what else; and now she want's a harp. Has she mastered a single one of the instruments already purchased?"

Mrs. De Rich—"Of course not. How could she? She no sooner gets a new instrument tuned up and ready to start when away it goes out of fashion."—*New York Weekly.*