

THE LONE STAR

CHAPTER VIII.

It was quite clear that the lull which had taken place in the storm was to be of brief duration. As evening drew in, the wind rose again, the dark and gloomy sky once more appeared to weigh upon the tall masts of the brig, and everything presaged a terrible and horrible night. Sail was gradually taken in under the orders of Sir Reginald, who had constituted himself commander, now that Captain Montrose was lying on a bed of sickness. All hands, after snatching a brief instant of repose, came on deck, and prepared for the renewed battle with the elements. Two men, by way of precaution, were already placed at the wheel. Not a star, nor a glimpse of the moon, which, however, had long since risen could be seen. The sun had gone down in a deep bank of clouds of an angry red, and not one of the signs that encourage the mariner could be distinguished. The rigging began to quiver and shake under the force of the breeze, and then the gale was upon them. The howling of the wind through the shrouds, backstays, and flying gear, was fearful. Nothing can convey an idea of its sound but the supposed screeching of unhappy spirits, while the shaking of the masts and yards added to the wild character of the uproar. Every plank, too, in the brig creaked and groaned, while a man must have bowed low, indeed, to have made himself heard in this tumult.

Eleanor, who could never remain below during a storm, wrapped up in cloaks, and with a tarpaulin round her besides, held on to a belaying-pin with one hand, and to a gun with the other. Sir Reginald stood beside her, gazing at the heavens, and occasionally giving some brief order, which the men obeyed with sullen alacrity.

"Try the well," whispered he to the carpenter, suddenly speaking in a low and cautious tone, from certain knowledge of the fact, that no terror is greater for the sailor than the presence of a leak.

The carpenter went to the pumps and measured the depth of water.

"Two feet of water, sir," he replied in an equally low tone, not unmingled with terror.

"Rig the pumps," continued Sir Reginald; "boys divide yourselves into two gangs; there is a little water in the hold from the straining of the vessel, but half an hour's spell will set that to rights."

The men did as they were ordered, and each gang pumped a quarter of an hour. The storm seemed, however, to increase in fury. The men at the wheel were bound to keep their attention awake to every movement of the brig, which at times seemed almost unmanageable. The darkness increased, and the vessel seemed absolutely sailing in a sea of ink. Suddenly the whole scene was illumined by a bright flash of lightning; every rope and spar became distinctly visible, while the Lone Star could be distinguished at some distance crossing the foaming crest of a wave. Presently rain, too, began to fall in torrents, so heavy and unceasing, as even to beat down the raging waters, and slightly to diminish the rolling and pitching of the Royal Charley.

"Sound the well once more," said Sir Reginald, again at the expiration of an hour, addressing the carpenter.

"Two feet six inches, sir," presently replied the man in a low and despairing tone.

"Keep at them, boys," said the captain of the Lone Star in a cheerful tone, though his heart sank within him. But he knew the vast importance of keeping up the men's spirits. "Courage! the storm shows signs of abating, and the water is being got under."

He then, without further speech, headed the fresh gang himself, after bidding the steward distribute a free ration of spirits to the men who had just left off pumping. But though all went cheerfully enough to work, both crew and passengers, they could not but see that Sir Reginald was simply speaking to encourage them, and keep up their spirits. They all felt the demoralizing influence of the fact, that the ship was filling with water. The storm may rage, the wind howl, the lightning flash, the thunder roll, and yet the sailor will have confidence in the planks he treads on, but when once he feels that water is within the ship, under his very feet, his courage fails him, and despair takes fast hold upon his heart.

About midnight the storm seemed still further in increase. Huge waves rolling furiously behind the brig threatened every instant to break over the stern-poop of the vessel, one of the greatest dangers of a tempest of long duration on the deep. The vessel laboured heavily in the trough of the sea, then upon mountain waves, and seemed at every plunge about to rise no more. Not a word had been spoken for a long time. On all sides nothing could be seen but torrents of white foam, illumined every now and then by vivid flashes of sheet-lightning. The men were still at the pumps. Precisely at midnight, Sir Reginald again commanded an inspection of the well, which now showed four feet of water in the hold. The men stood aloof, and refused to work.

"Bear a hand, my gallant boys," cried Sir Reginald; "it wants but four hours to daylight, and then we can leave the brig to its fate, and go on board the Lone Star. It is but to keep the ship afloat for a few hours. Steward, give the men cold meat, bread, and Holland, and then all hands to the pumps. Overboard with the first man who flinches!"

The captain of the Lone Star spoke with intense energy. There was a

double tone of persuasion and command in his words, which had its effect, and, despite the gloomy night, the dreadful beating of the storm, the rolling and pitching of the vessel, the men, after rapidly devouring the welcome refreshment offered, again separated into two gangs, and prepared for work.

"Very likely sir," said the soldier commander, addressing the carpenter, "if she were lightened of her masts, she would stain less, and make less water."

"Hand me an axe," said the man.

"Starboard your helm, boys—keep her away a point. Look alive! Steady—so!"

This order given, both he and the carpenter sprang to windward, and began hacking at the shrouds and stays, while others did the same forward. Very little time was needed to cut away the strained ropes, and their cracking was soon heard.

"Look out below!" thundered Sir Reginald, and the next minute the two masts broke off at the main and fore-top, and hung to leeward. They were not, however, loose. Numerous bolts and ropes still held them on, and the brig lay down on one side in a very fearful manner. The four who had axes in their hands sprang up the rigging, clung firmly to the rattlings, and though almost blown off by the violence of the gale, succeeded in gaining the tops. A few well-directed blows soon sent the masts swimming alongside. They all then descended, and proceeded to sever the ropes which attached the spars to the ship to leeward.

The Royal Charley seemed visibly eased. She rolled still, but more lightly, and at two o'clock an examination of the well showed no increase of water in the hold. Still there was no abatement in the storm, and when in the morning the remnant of the wreck looked around them, and saw about a mile off, the Lone Star skimming the waters like a duck, all wished themselves on board the admirable little vessel. The difficulty was to get on board. It was clear that no boat could live in such a sea, but Sir Reginald, after making a signal to the schooner to come down upon them, presently a sweet smile floated on his face as a memory of childhood came upon him, and he bade the men look for a

flexible but strong piece of wood for a

hook. This was readily found, and converted into a bow. Arrows were rudely manufactured by the carpenter in a few minutes. Sir Reginald himself attached a leaden point to one, and a piece of rag by way of feathers. To the whole he attached a long piece of strong twine, to which in turn was fastened an immense and powerful cable.

In a very short time the Lone Star was, as directed by her commander, dashing close under the stern of the brig. Sir Reginald, drew his bow, let fly, and the arrow after twisting and turning a little in the air, fell right on the deck of the Lone Star, and was seized by some of the men. A rapid movement of the schooner's helm then brought her nearer still, and before the raging sea could separate the vessels, another smaller rope was passed, and the water in the rigging, fastened in hammocks, were rapidly pulled over to the deck of the Lone Star. The passage, however, was long and tedious; and when a whole hour had passed, there still remained on the deck of the Royal Charley Sir Reginald, Eleanor and Josh, who was at the wheel.

"Go," said the captain to the mulatto; "you can then pull me over, with the lady in my arms. Bid them pull gently."

"Me go last," replied the black sullenly.

Sir Reginald advanced menacingly toward Josh; he left the wheel; the brig, abandoned to itself, gave a fearful lurch, and all three were cast from their feet. Then they regained their footing, they found that the shock had parted the cable—the Lone Star was edging away to leeward, without any—the remotest chance of making back to them. They heard the frantic shouts of the men; they saw the sweeps of the wind; but all in vain. The elements had still too much power, and the devoted trio remained on board the Royal Charley, at the mercy of the gale.

CHAPTER IX.

The position of our three adventurers was now apparently of the most painful, hopeless and dreary character. They were alone, on board of a wreck, which was evidently fast filling with water. They were totally unable to manage it for any length of time. Sir Reginald and Josh, however, in a moment's reflection and rest, lashed the helm amidships, which kept the brig dead before the wind, and then held counsel. Eleanor sat in a state of perfect stupor on the deck. The Lone Star was already far away to leeward, still making desperate efforts to get to windward, a position it had inherited nearly always kept; but the experienced eyes of the two men plainly told them that all its efforts were vain.

"What you think we do, massa, now?" said Josh with a sullen and almost insolent grin.

"Put our trust in our courage and energy," replied the ex-Commonwealth man. "The storm has nearly exhausted its fury; the leak may not increase so rapidly as we fear; and if it does, why, we must get a boat into the water, and try our fortune there."

"The ship him sink, certain," continued the mulatto, who, however, spoke as if his thoughts were elsewhere.

"The ship will not certainly sink. See, the wind is already less, though the waves run mountains high. Go to the helm. We will each take it in half-hour spells."

The mulatto obeyed, and Sir Reginald approached the young girl.

"Eleanor, this is a very terrible position for you; but have faith and hope. Perhaps we may be better off than we imagine. If the storm continues to abate, we shall escape with perfect ease. We are not two hundred miles from land, and the jolly-boat will take us that distance without any difficulty. We shall never see land again," replied Eleanor in a sombre tone; "fate is against us."

"Eleanor, never despair, never de-spond. It is the sure vanguard of failure, as confidence is the almost a sure basis of success. We have still a good brig, perhaps too hastily abandoned, under our feet. To speak frankly, Miss Bowen, I have little dread of her sinking. I saw that the lead disheartened and discouraged the men, so I, in self-defence proposed a transfer to the Lone Star. But I see no sign of the depth of water increasing."

"Nay, give me not vain hope. I am now resigned to all Reginald, my father is dead; those whom I love are under the ban of fearful suspicions; what, then, is life to me?"

"What life is to all created beings—the most glorious, and brightest of things, Eleanor. Never despise life. It has far more honey than biters in it, if we but seek the sweets. Eleanor, live in hope of happy days. My dearest girl, put faith in one who never lied. You will yet be my proud and happy wife—yet be revered and loved by all around you. The picture is before me, clear and distinct. I see it, I feel it, I know it!"

The convinced and confident tone of Reginald roused Eleanor. She held out her hand to him with a faint smile, while her eyes, beaming with hope and renewed life, were fixed upon his face with an expression which even at that moment made his heart leap. He added a few more words of consolation and comfort, and then again, like a general preparing for a battle, reviewed the elements. The Lone Star was still to be seen, this time with sail up on her, beating up toward the brig, but with very little chance of making it. The Royal Charley was dead to windward of her, the gale still very violent, the sea heavy; and Sir Reginald knew well that his faithful schooner would make more leeway than she would gain ground on each tack. He gave up all hope on this side.

His first thought, then, was for provisions. The wheel was again securely lashed amidship, and both Josh and Sir Reginald proceeded to lay by all that was necessary for a cruise. Bread, meat, a little wine, a keg of water, with as many bottles as they could fill, and a few odds and ends were put in a secure and convenient place. Alongside these things, a short mast, a sail, a compass, and two pairs of oars, some boat-cloaks, a spare sail, and a small mattress. The soldier did not forget some pistols, and powder and ball. He then bade Josh look to himself; but the mulatto contented himself with a small bundle, which he placed in a locker under the seat by the stern with every mark of care and caution.

Meanwhile the storm sensibly abated. "Go below, Josh, and fetch the captain's spy-glass," suddenly exclaimed the captain of the Lone Star; "and look in his drawers; I think there are some pistols here, which you may have if you can find them."

The eyes of the mulatto flashed like fire, and he went below; while Sir Reginald advanced toward the wheel. As he passed the locker in which the negro's bundle was placed, he put his hand in and lifted it. He smiled as he laid it down; but a strange smile, such as puzzled Eleanor, who was watching his every movement. Presently the negro returned on the deck with the spy-glass in his hand, and putting on a very long face.

"Hit that matter," Take ebery single dolla away wid him. Nebber leave a quarter."

"Never mind. If we get safely on shore, you shall have your reward."

"Tankee, massa."

"Now, then, we must have out the jolly-boat, but a strong mast, a pair of pulleys, and hoist at the capstan. Everything for life."

The wind had now much decreased, and was blowing scarcely half a gale; but the Lone Star was wholly out of sight.

Josh ascended to the maintop, Sir Reginald to the fore, and there they fixed two strong pulleys. Through these cords were passed, which were then securely attached to the jolly-boat, a new and tight little craft. Its firm and well-tied lashings were then cut away, and the two men went to the capstan. They had, however, made doubly sure of their best hope, by fastening a long painter to it. They then began to hoist. They had to do the work of six or eight men; but they were working for life; and at the end of twenty minutes' arduous labor—at times the capstan would not work—they had the boat hoisted a good way above the bulwarks. But it hung some distance over the deck. This, however, was soon obviated. Several spars were laid in a slanting direction from the huge and lofty long boat, to the bulwarks, and well tied. The jolly-boat was then slowly lowered, and Sir Reginald, rushing to the wheel, brought the brig up to the wind and made her lie over. At this instant the cable flew from the hand of Josh, darted with extreme rapidity to the capstan, and sent the boat falling with a terrific splash into the water. Again securing the helm, the men both hastened with beating hearts to examine the state of affairs.

"All right, massa," said Josh with a grin.

"All right," replied Sir Reginald in a deeply thankful voice. "Go down and loosen the blocks. Let her go astern, and I will hand you down the oars, masts, and plunder."

The mulatto obeyed with alacrity, and the jolly-boat was soon well loaded with all that could be safely stowed into it. It was then determined to wait a while, for the storm was abating fast, and the sea was calming its first fury. Eleanor and her lover took the first refreshing meal which they have partaken of for some time. Both were full of hope and satisfaction, though Sir Reginald was unusually reserved and thoughtful. Their dinner concluded, Eleanor went to her cabin in search of some few little articles which might add to their comfort in the boat. When she returned on deck, the freebooter was standing with folded arms gazing at the sun, which was getting low. The wind had now fallen to a stiff breeze, and every living looked propitious for their proposed journey.

"Let us sound the wells," said he, after a while.

The negro half-caste approached the well, and assisted his officer to take the depth of the water.

"Six feet," exclaimed Sir Reginald gravely. "We have a fair warning; let us not despise it."

"I am ready, dear Reginald."

"Be ready in all things, then, Eleanor," cried the other in a loud, ringing and menacing voice; "and now be firm and quick. Catch up your cord, and tie the scoundrel's hands."

As he spoke, Sir Reginald raised a handspike, struck the mulatto across the head with it in a way to have killed a man with a thin skull, stretched him stumped upon the deck, and then began to tie his legs.

"Good God, Reginald, what mean you?"

"Ask me not but tie the villain's hands. He meant to cut our throats in our sleep, and rob us—at all events I think so; and who is forewarned is forearmed. I can explain no more just now."

Before the mulatto had recovered his senses, he was so securely tied, that resistance was in vain. Sir Reginald then drew forth a pair of pistols and a dirk concealed under Josh's dress and gave them to Eleanor.

"Keep these as evidence."

Then the ex-Commonwealth soldier, whose strength was prodigious, raised the mulatto in his arms; and lifting him on to the bulwarks, lowered him by a cord into the boat. Eleanor followed; and then the captain of the Lone Star, after casting loose the painter, and taking Josh's parcel, descended also, and they were next minute pitching and tossing in an open boat upon the wide waste of waters.

(To be Continued.)

TRAGIC FRENCH SUICIDE.

A Youth and His Sweetheart, Bound Together, Threw Themselves from a Cliff.

The Paris newspapers publish the account of a tragic double suicide at Treport, the identity of the victims of which have excited much comment in Paris, for the description of one of the bodies, that of the woman, corresponded to the Comedie Francaise.

Treport, a seaside resort, stands in part high above the sea on varying cliffs that slope into a beach and end exactly with that of Mile. M., marsh at the southward. The other morning at the foot of these cliffs, a few yards from the shore, the tide being low, some fishermen found the bodies of a youth and a young woman bound tightly together, while at their necks was tied a bar of railroad iron weighing twenty pounds.

The local police at first thought that it was a case of robbery and double murder, but the way in which the bodies were tied together, added to the fact that the young man's watch and the woman's jewels had not been removed, showed an experienced detective, who went down from Paris to investigate the matter, that the dead persons were suicides, and that the man had evidently been the actor in the affair, the woman passively consenting.

An account of the tragedy fell under the eyes of Benjamin Roucoux, a retired lawyer, of No. 109 Rue Saint Antoine, Paris, and in the description of the male body he thought he recognized his son Camille Roucoux, aged twenty, who had been missing from home for three days.

The woman was identified as Louise Rouchon. She had been very beautiful, and even in death bore a striking resemblance to the young societaire of the Comedie Francaise. And from her mother, a widow who kept a small butter and eggs store at No. 41 Boulevard Saint-Germain, were learned the details that led up to the tragic love and still more tragic death.

Young Roucoux had been accustomed to take his luncheon at the little shop and became acquainted with Louise, who was four or five years older than himself. The mother warned her daughter against Roucoux. The girl seemed to heed her advice, for Camille came to the little shop no more.

The lovers finally eloped and went to Treport, where they registered at the Bellevue as M. and Mme. Dumontier. Here their money had given out and they had not the courage to return to their homes. At the hotel a note was found in the young man's handwriting. It read: "I love Louise, but as I know I can never marry her, I shall die with her. I could not survive her disgrace."

DISTANCES OF THE STARS.

Errors Recently Corrected, Long Accepted Regarding Astronomical Estimates.

Great interest has been created in astronomical circles by some of the results reached by Prof. Simon Newcomb in his more recent investigations. One of these is that astronomers have been overestimating the distances of the stars; and the other that our universe has after all a fairly well defined limit.

The first of these conclusions Prof. Newcomb bases on an idea that the stars which are called the smaller ones, because they are less bright, may not be large stars at a very great distance, but perhaps smaller or dimmer ones nearer at hand. The old idea is familiar to all, namely, that all the stars are of the same brightness, and that the fainter ones are at a very much greater distance from us than the brighter ones. This theory, however, has been weakened by later discoveries, such as, for example, that Sirius has a companion whose light, if equal surface be considered, is but a fraction of that of its principal; and astronomers have come to recognize dim stars, or even dark ones, like the companions of Algol, about which so much has lately been written, to be quite as common, perhaps, in the universe, as the bright ones. Prof. Newcomb's proposition as to the limit of the universe is regarded as even more novel and striking, suggesting, as it does, the possibility that some day all the stars will be seen.

YEARLY FIRE LOSSES.

The average yearly loss from fires in the United States during the past twenty years has been about \$100,000,000. During the past year, according to the chronicle fire tables, there have been 38,008 fires, destroying 33,961 pieces of property. The total loss estimated has been \$142,110,233, with an actual loss of \$34,689,020. In this tall column of disasters there were 22,711 dwelling-houses, 340 churches, 302 colleges and schoolhouses, 532 theatres and public halls and 5,231 manufacturing establishments.

A NEW PLEA FOR A THIEF

HE IS A CRIMINAL ONLY WHEN HE IS SOUND ASLEEP.

Curious Case of a Chicago Man—Arrested for Burglary While He is Asleep—A Puzzle to the Doctors.

Sleeping-walking is the latest plea for the defense of crime heard in the criminal court. Dr. Sanderson Christison, the insanity expert of Chicago, says that George Wilson, who was convicted a few days ago of burglary, is subject to fits of sleep-walking and while in that condition commits crimes that he would not think of doing while awake and in his right mind. Wilson is a mechanic in every-day life, following his calling industriously, but when night comes and sleep overtakes him his nature undergoes a radical change. Wilson, the honest mechanic, becomes Wilson, the house-breaker and thief. His existence is a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde sort of life.

When Wilson was arrested by the police he had in his possession several articles of clothing which he had stolen. He was in a dazed condition, like a man in a dream, when taken into custody and could give no intelligent answer to questions put to him. After a few hours had elapsed, however, he came out of the stupor and conversed in an intelligent manner.

SOMNAMBULISM A PLEA.

"There is no doubt that he commits Wilson was drunk when arrested or shamming and gave the matter no further thought. When the man came up for trial he advanced the strange plea that he was a somnambulist, and when arrested was in that condition, and was therefore not responsible for his actions. He said that if he had committed a crime he had no knowledge of it, but he admitted that his mind ran towards burglary when he was in this peculiar condition. The police paid little or no attention to Wilson's statement, and in pronouncing sentence the judge did not consider the somnambulist feature at all.

His case came to the ears of some of the leading medical men of Chicago, and Dr. Sanderson Christison, who is an expert in criminology, made a study of the man. He says that in all his experience with the criminal class Wilson's is the strangest case. He gives the history of this peculiar case briefly as follows:

WHAT A DOCTOR SAYS.

"There is no doubt that the commits these crimes when in a condition foreign to his usual self, and the only explanation is somnambulism. Wilson is fifty-four years of age, a skilled mechanic, widower and industrious. He wandered into a stranger's office and took an overcoat which he was found wearing an hour later when arrested. He was perfectly sober, according to the officer, and at that time declared the coat was that of a friend.

When questioned a little later at the Harrison street station he told an entirely different story. I saw him a few days later by chance and found him in a tremor, but quiet and rational, though with a rather serious look as if full of apprehension. He was on the verge of delirium tremens. I saw nothing more of the case until his trial before Judge Sears, when I examined him. I found his perceptions slow or dull, recollection accurate on all matters except the place and occasion of the theft. Testing his veracity I only proved him to be naturally a straightforward, industrious man.

"After much questioning I concluded he was not normally conscious at the time of the theft. He was practically at the time a second person, moving about automatically and under the influence of suggestions which would not be effectual in his full conscious state. In other words he would be in a partial state of sleep, similar to that of sleep-walking, and when arrested would be more or less confused for a time more or less brief, and so might appear to lie in the effort of exonerating himself. Persons with low and narrow foreheads and rather small brains are more liable to nervous temperament than others to have such experiences. The suggestion inducing him to this theft was probably his personal need, as he was without an overcoat, and the weather was cold. In his natural state of mind his ideas of honor and theft would have precluded the act."

A NOTED BACTERIOLOGIST.

Dr. Giuseppe Sanarelli, who recently discovered the bacillus of yellow fever, is not yet 30 years of age, and has been at the head of the Montevideo Institute of Experimental Hygiene a little over a year. He took his degree at the University of Siena in 1889, then studied in Paris, and at the Pasteur Institute in Germany, and first came into notice by his success in isolating the vibrio of cholera in the drinking water of Paris, and his demonstration that it was comparatively harmless. He was appointed to a professorship at Siena, which he left, owing to the large salary and greater opportunities offered him by the University of Montevideo. It is expected that his discovery will be followed by that of the means of destroying or neutralizing the effects of the bacillus.

A WIDE DIFFERENCE.

Here is a lesson in the correct use of two words, that are often confounded—

A fine-art critic was looking over the pictures that had been submitted for a public exhibition.

Well, said a friend, what do you think of them?

Um—er, answered the critic; some of them ought to be hung and some of them ought to be hanged.

HIS PROPOSAL.

They say people who live together get to look alike.

Is that so? Well, just for the interest of science, let's try it.

THE FAR

TIMES SEVENTY YE

How things have changed years ago. No one can hardly tell. But few log houses now. Where people used to

All the houses then were of logs just as they are. They did not stop here. Or even try to be better.

A big stone chimney. Built up straight through. Covered with shingles. So they would never

They had to have an. And six or seven. To hang the kettles. And accommodate the

The pots and kettles. Of iron, thick and. Teakettles weighing. With great long iron

Old fashioned griddles. (But now new can. All had a swivel in. So they could turn

Bake kettles, too. To bake big loaves. They set them on. With coals upon t

Six or seven kitchen. Most always painted. And with dummies. With dashboard at

Most every house had. For spinning wool. Our mothers had t. To clothe the nu

See how they had t. And had to suit. Make all the stock. How can this al

To see the tools the. 'I would almost b. To see the swingin. And the old ill

To see the wrapping. Those old long. And see the big at. They used to sp

Some are wishing. But ah! they d. The burden that. Some seventy y

Our dear old par. To another of. If we could see. How soon we'd

FEEDING VA. The various gro. farm have a low. in their gross. thirty bushels of. parts of the co. but about three. worth of his th. equal to half of. When the "hor. and gathering. grower has no. use of his land. plorable in the. must give one. landlord.

The growing. of the Missouri. at all profitab. intention of th. farmer must. factor's prof. his own grow. nated that tw. in the waste. farm should p. This means. bushel for t. price of gro. six months.

It is true. is increased. It is also t. employment. farmer prod. and by feed. \$120 additi. per month. his pains w. more than c. estimate, no. one. The will realize. average. ducing sto. or any per. of the grai. the direct. ing it out. in moderate. der and b. Besides, several ki. a ration v. than any. further cr. anir part. It is econ. ever to s. der other. poorest e. plenty of. weather. domestic. rate rati. of one of. on the f. for fuel. body at. A con. vially en. ply head. and pro. form a. ducing. winter. vender. of graz. ble first. find co. food m. corn of. denser. The f. don't st. should. carry. a porti. probab. in the. With