

# FOR THE THIRD TIME.

## CHAPTER X.

The January day had been hopelessly bad and wintry. All the morning the low-lying clouds and complaining winds whistling shrilly through the bare trees, had foretold the coming storm. At noon the storm burst. The wind rose to a wild, piercing gale, and the snow fell faster and faster, and in wild, whirling drifts, until all around Blackwood Grange lay buried in its midwinter winding sheet.

The old house was very still—the stillness of death surely for death stood grim on their threshold. The willing servants bated their breath, and hushed their voices, and muffled their tread, for the master they had never liked lay sick unto death in one of the upper rooms. They had never liked him; but the dread majesty of the grave was around him now, and they forgot their old aversion.

In that spacious chamber, hung with satin damask, carpeted in mossy green, adorned with exquisite pictures and statues, the mystery of Blackwood Grange was a mystery no longer. Lying in the low, French bed, whiter than the snowy pillows, lay Isabel Vance, Victor Latour, that mockery of man, was gone. Isabel Vance, in the white robes of her sex, lay tossing there, raving in delirium, or sleeping the heavy, unnatural sleep produced by drugs.

Amy knew all. The unutterable wonder with which she had first heard, her will inevitably, her absolute inability to convince herself of the truth, are not to be described. It proved the truth of Dr. Sterling's assertion—what ever the secret he had sworn to keep that was not it. Slowly the truth forced itself upon her, day by day, until she could realize it at last. She clasped her hands in indescribable thanksgiving, her whole face might with joy.

"Thank Heaven!" she cried. "Oh thank Heaven! thank Heaven! Better anything than be what I thought I was—a madman's wife!"

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Sterling.

But Amy, with a frightened cry, covered her face with her hands.

"I have broken my oath—I swore not to—Oh! don't ask me questions, Mrs. Sterling—I dare not tell you!"

Mrs. Sterling smiled. She could guess pretty nearly the truth now.

They did not tell Amy that other horrible suspicion, that Isabel Vance was the murderer of George Wildair. Such ghastly horrors were not for innocent ears; they would spare her that if they could.

Mrs. Sterling, Amy, the housekeeper, and the doctor were all who were allowed to set foot inside that sick-room. The amazement of the housekeeper was something ludicrous in its intensity; but there was no help for it—they were forced to take her into their confidence. And by day and by night, for two long weeks, these three women watched by the bedside of the better for her, than had wronged one of them so deeply.

This wild January afternoon Mrs. Sterling sat by the bedside, watching her patient with a very grave face. The crisis of the fever had arrived, there was little chance of the sick woman's recovery, and they did not even hope that death should release her, then that she should live to end her days in a madhouse or a prison.

Amy sat by the window, gazing anxiously out at the fast-falling snow. An infirmity had settled upon her—a deep, fervent, a stronger, fiercer, more persistent love than any wild fancy she had ever known, was slowly dawning in her heart. Her sorrows had been heavy, her disappointments bitter, but now hope blossoms so soon in the heart of young persons of nineteen or twenty.

As the short winter day faded into early dusk the snow ceased; but the ground was heaped high, and the bitter wind shrieked wildly. Amy arose to draw the curtains and light the lamp.

"I am afraid the roads are impassable," she said. "The snow is higher than the fences, and John will persist in coming the most tempestuous nights. How is she?"

She stopped short with a thrill of terror.

For two great, dark eyes looked up at her wildly from the bed—two eyes in which the light of delirium shone no longer.

"Where am I?" said a low, faint voice. "What is it? What has happened?"

"You have been very ill," answered Mrs. Sterling—"ill of brain fever. Don't ask questions; drink this and go to sleep."

But Isabel Vance pushed away the cup with her delicate hand, and fixed her great dark eyes on the matron's face.

"What is it?" still in that faint whisper. "What has happened? What is it? Tell me—tell me!"

She looked at Amy—memory seemed struggling back in her dull brain; she looked at Mrs. Sterling; she looked around the strange room, at her own dress—and all burst upon her like a flash those who heard it might never forget.

"What!" she shrieked. "Lost! lost! lost!"

She fell back; there was a fierce convulsion that seemed rending soul and body apart, and Isabel Vance lay on the pillows like one dead.

The midnight hour had struck. Through the rain, wind, and high-gale snow, Dr. John had bravely made his way, and reached the Grange as the mystic hour had struck. Amy met him with a white, scared face.

"She is dying, John! Oh! if you could have but come sooner! Nothing can save her now."

"Nothing could have saved her at any time. My coming sooner would have

been of little use. My mother is with her. Has she spoken yet?"

Still, with that white, frightened face, Amy told of that dreadful awakening. She trembled with nervous terror from head to foot as she recalled it.

"My poor little girl!" Dr. Sterling said; "these death-bed horrors are too much for your tender heart. Go to your own room, my Amy, and lie down; you look worn out. I don't want my precious little treasure—low so long—to wear herself to a shadow. Go and try to sleep."

"But, John—"

"Miss Erle, I insist upon being obeyed. If my patient expresses a wish to see you, you shall be called. In the meantime, go to bed, and go to sleep. I am not accustomed to being disobeyed, and don't you begin, mademoiselle. Go!"

He turned her toward her own room, led her to the door, and left her there with a parting threat if she dared disobey. Amy smiled to herself as she went in. It was very sweet to see the possession of her in this way by Dr. John.

In the sick-room Isabel Vance lay fluttering between life and death. No thing could save her now. She lay, whiter than snow, still as marble, but entirely conscious, entirely calm; the great black eyes looked blankly before her at the wall.

The dark eyes turned upon the young doctor as he entered, but the old light of hate was there no more.

"Shall we send for a clergyman, Miss Vance?" he said, bending over her; "your hours on earth are numbered."

She shook her head.

"No clergyman can help me—I am long past that."

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be come white as snow. The infinite mercy of God is beyond our comprehension, Isabel."

She shook her head again.

"You don't know! You don't know! I have committed a greater crime than deceiving and making wretched the life of an innocent girl. John Sterling, I am a murderer!"

"I know it!"

She stared at him with wild, wide eyes.

"You shot your false lover, George Wildair, the night before he was to be married to Amy Erle. You deceived Dorothy Hardbrook should have left you. You see I know all."

"And yet you talk of forgiveness!"

"Because there is forgiveness for all who repent."

"But I don't repent. I would do it again, if it were to be done. George Wildair deserved his fate; and yet I was mad the night I shot him—and with my wrongs, I don't think my brain has ever been right since. What I told Amy, the day I married her was truth, after all."

"What did you tell her?"

"Do you not know? But I suppose she kept her oath. I told her I suppose she possessed of a desire to murder her. I told her the intensity of my love had begot that mad desire—that I dare not remain an instant with her alone, lest I should plunge the fatal knife into her heart. She faint, poor little girl; and that she could keep my other secret. A babe could impose on that insipid little nonentity."

"Poor Amy! You have been merciful to her, Isabel Vance!"

"Well you can console her when I am gone. I am beyond your power and help. You would like to have me tried for murder, I daresay. Death will save you that trouble."

Amy slept long and soundly until, when the sun was shining brilliantly on the snow, the housekeeper brought her the breakfast she had so used her to. Amy ate, refreshed by her deep sleep, and hurried to the sick-room. They were still closed, the shutters drawn. Mrs. Sterling moved softly about; Dr. John met her on the threshold.

"All is over," he said. "Isabel Vance died this morning, almost without a struggle."

He led her to the bed. Strangely quiet and white, in the solemn majesty of death lay Isabel Vance. More beautiful in death than she had been in life, the cold features looking like those of an exquisite statue carved in marble. It was given out that Victor Latour was dead, and, on the third day, a stately procession left the gates at Blackwood. But in some way the story leaked out, and whispered abroad, until the news, pers, warped and twisted, until John Sterling, for Amy's sake, felt compelled to come out with the truth. Far and wide people talked of the wonderful tale, and doubted, and were amazed. It was the most unheard-of occurrence that had ever transpired.

Amy Erle left Blackwood Grange and Mrs. Sterling, with her, they took up their abode in London and in the spring, living very retired, and preparing for a marriage and a long tour abroad.

Early in May, Dr. John Sterling left his patients in St. Jude's for a very prolonged holiday, and joined his mother in London. And a week after, there was a quiet wedding; and Amy, for the third time, wore the stary veil and orange wreath of a virgin bride, and became a blessed wife at last.

They went abroad. Three years they spent on the Continent; then, with a baby and a Swiss nurse, they returned home, and Blackwood Grange became the happiest home in the land.

Dr. John is a model and a paragon of married perfection; and Amy Sterling is the happiest little wife, the blindest little mother, in Merry England.

(The end.)

**HER METHOD.**

Uncle Bob—Yes, my wife alius believed in tyin' a string to her finger to remember things.

Uncle Bill—She has one on her finger most of the time, I notice.

Uncle Bob—Yes, 'ceptin' when she has somethin' very pertikler to remember. Then she leaves off the string, and when it ain't there she remembers why.

Beware of the man with one tad habit; there's safety in numbers. No man is high enough to be above sympathy, or low enough to be beyond its reach.

### HAVE HOT WATER ON TOP.

Latest Novelty in Municipal Charity now on Exhibition in the Crystal Palace, London—A Nickel-in-the-Slot Idea.

The latest novelty in municipal charity in England is now on exhibition at the Crystal Palace, in London, and is attracting considerable attention from philanthropists and social reformers. It proposes to utilize the heat generated by the ordinary gas lamps of the streets to furnish hot water for the poor, who can ill-afford fires to make tea and coffee as often as they need it, and to provide an opportunity for working men who are kept out late at night or have to turn out early in the morning, to obtain healthful and refreshing beverages at a nominal cost. At the same time, the proposed plan, if successful, will considerably reduce the expense of street lighting, which amounts to several millions of dollars a year in London.

It is estimated that at a cost of about the London street lamps, if turned to practical account, would furnish 120,000,000 gallons of boiling water a year, or about 125 gallons a lamp daily, without any additional cost except the expense of putting up the apparatus. If this water could be sold at the rate of a "halfpenny" or one cent a gallon, the saving would be \$1,200,000. It is also estimated that there would be a saving of an equal amount in the

### FUEL BILLS OF THE POOR.

The model now on exhibition in working order at the Crystal Palace was invented by a London sanitary engineer, and is being testified to by experts, not only from London, Birmingham, Sheffield and other cities, which usually take the lead in municipal reforms. The system is known by the clumsy name of "The Flute Waste Heat Economizing Company."

The hot water arrangement is an adaptation of the "nickel-in-the-slot" idea, which is placed at the top of the street lamp, which admits, rather than detracts from its appearance. This hangs about one foot above the gas jet, so that it receives all the heat, and is large enough to hold four gallons of water. Two pipes connect the reservoir with the water main and the other furnishes an escape for the overflow into the sewer. By slipping a halfpenny into the slot a valve is opened and a gallon of hot water is released, which can be drawn off by turning the key on the faucet. By an automatic arrangement the valve from the supply pipe is opened, and the reservoir is immediately filled, so that

### IT IS ALWAYS FULL.

A thermometer attached to the reservoir indicates the temperature of the water, and prevents explosions of any kind, which might occur if the safety valves are provided, which permit the steam to escape. The illuminating power of the lamp is not impaired, and the experts will tell you that every cubic foot of gas consumed will give out as many gallons of experimental heat as to erect several square feet of radiator.

Whitechapel district, and other central locations to test the public convenience of the scheme. To each lamp, which is placed on the street, a machine containing an automatic coil, coffee, sugar and bread, which may be obtained by the penny-in-the-slot process, so that a hungry or thirsty man for a few farthings can obtain a cup of some healthful hot beverage any time of night in the streets of London, and go on his way rejoicing.

### THE COST OF AUTOGRAPHS.

In looking at autographs of celebrities of the past it is interesting to note that the signature of Queen Elizabeth is now worth £15; while that of Queen Anne will only realize 30s. As a striking contrast to this, it is also a noteworthy fact that poets' signatures in the past have always been considered more valuable than those of Royal potentates.

In the year 1858 a signature of Shakespeare was purchased by the authorities of the British Museum for 300 guineas. In June, 1891, a letter of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, real of the sum of £7, while a letter written by the poet Shelley changed hands for £11 10s, and was regarded as a great bargain at such a low figure. A letter of Martin Luther's with signature attached, was recently disposed of for the respectable sum of £28. A letter written and signed by the Duchess of Teck may be secured for the nominal sum of 8s, whilst the autograph of the late Marie Antoinette is valued at 4s.

In contrast to this, a letter written by Louis XVI. of France, the husband of the unfortunate Marie is offered for the sum of 10s. Thirty shillings is the price now demanded for the characteristic signature of the ambitious Napoleon Bonaparte.

A single page written by the late Prince Consort is valued at two guineas, but half that amount will purchase a long letter by the present Prince of Wales, and recently been sold for the low sum of 7s. 6d. What a strange fact at least a dozen times a day. She can hardly believe anything, however delightful, unless it be necessarily repeated.

### IN A DEPARTMENT STORE.

Proprietor—We think of opening a hospital on the sixth floor.

Friend—A hospital?

Proprietor—Yes. Customers injured in bargain rushes will be treated free.

### WHAT IT MEANS.

The above regulations seem to leave no room for doubt. It would appear that a sealskin sacque, cap or other article, either worn or carried as baggage, will not be permitted to pass American customs officers. Of course no one can tell whether a sealskin sacque is the fur of an animal caught in the prohibited waters or not. Seals in the waters of the North Pacific and those on the Pribiloff Islands are of separate and distinct colours. Examination of the pelts would disclose no particular difference. Henceforth of course sealskins taken from the Pribiloff Islands will bear the mark of the North America Commercial Company.

### LEAVE YOUR SEALSKINS.

WHEN YOU START ON A JOURNEY FOR THE STATES.

Uncle Sam Has Made Iron Laws Which Wearers of Sealskins May Not Evade—Pribiloff Island Seal-Skins or None.

Have you mapped out for yourself a trip to the United States before winter is over? Do you intend wearing a sealskin sacque or a sealskin cap? If so, either change your mind about going, or about the garments to be worn. You may find yourself held up at the border and stripped of sacque or cap, or both.

When fickle Uncle Sam makes laws which operate against Britain he never leaves his work half done. He has not neglected to put the very nearest finishing touches on his regulations governing the importations of sealskins into the United States.

It was a sore blow to the Republic England's refusal to join in a treaty-making performance, when the United States, Russia and Japan could systematically out-vote her. But England was firm. She was no party to the decision arrived at by the other nations with interests in Alaskan waters. So the United States, Russia and Japan went ahead and made a little treaty of their own. Subsequently Britain, Canada and the Republic likewise agreed on a set of facts. That England, because of Canada's indisposition to do so, would not agree to the suspension of pelagic sealing, and the diplomats to our south. Yet because they must needs do so they swallowed

### THEIR OUTWARD ANGER.

in one large gulp and prepared to set in action forces which would do violence to the sealskin trade of Canada. That they have done well. As is well known to manufacturers of sealskins will be imported into the United States and just now it looks as if any man, woman or child having about him or her garments made or partly made of sealskin will have to divest him or herself of the same before setting foot on American soil. That is the opinion of competent authorities.

Of course it would be easy to evade the law if people were allowed to indiscriminately wear sealskin sacques, caps, etc., into the United States. The regulations are explicit. If the sealskins are from animals caught in the North Pacific ocean, anywhere off the Pribiloff Islands, they cannot be taken in any shape or form into the United States. Here are the most important of the regulations signed by Secretary Gage and President McKinley.

### AS TO PERSONAL EFFECTS.

No fur sealskins raw, dressed, dyed or otherwise manufactured shall be admitted to entry as part of a passenger's personal effects, unless accompanied by an invoice certified by the consul as herein provided.

All fur sealskins, whether raw, dressed, dyed or otherwise manufactured, the invoices of which are not accompanied by the certificate above described shall be seized by the collector of customs and destroyed, as provided for in section 4 of the Act of Dec. 29, 1897. 2. Every article manufactured in whole or in part from fur sealskins, the invoice of which is presented as aforesaid by the consul, shall have legally stamped thereon the name of the manufacturer and the place of manufacture, and shall be accompanied by a statement in writing under oath of said manufacturer, that said skin or skins used in said articles were taken from seals not killed at sea within the waters mentioned in said Act, specifying the locality in detail, and also the person from whom said skins were purchased in their raw and dressed state. The date of said purchase and the lot number.

3. When an application is made to a consul for a certificate under these regulations, the invoice and proofs of origin presented by the exporter shall be submitted to the treasury agent designated for the purpose of investigation, and the consul shall not certify any such invoice until such agent shall have made his report.

4. All articles manufactured in whole or in part from our sealskins, and imported into the United States, shall have the linings thereof so arranged that the pelt of the skin or skins underneath shall be exposed for examination.

5. All fur sealskins, whether raw, dressed, dyed or otherwise manufactured in whole or in part, whether imported as merchandise or as part of a passenger's effects, shall be sent to the public stores for careful examination and inspection to prevent evasion of the law.

All garments made in whole or in part of sealskins, and taken from this country may be re-entered on presentation of a certificate of ownership from the collector of customs of the port of departure obtained before leaving the country.

### NEW USE FOR SAWDUST.

It is said that the present generation may witness the extraordinary spectacle of dredges being employed to reclaim the enormous deposits of sawdust at the bottom of the Ottawa River. By a new process, sawdust, slabs, bark and all refuse from saw mills can be rapidly converted into carbon. This carbon is powdered and mixed in equal quantity with limestone, and the mixture is subjected for ten hours to an intense electrical current, strong enough to convert iron into a boiling mass, and lead into an explosive gas, carbide is already familiar to the public as the substance from which acetylene gas is made. The process of the manufacture of the gas is being so cheapened that even now it is said, a twenty-five candle-power acetylene light can only be re-assured to the safety of this gas for domestic use. There should be a great future for it, and Ottawa, with its unlimited water power and supply of raw material, would possess unrivaled advantages for its manufacture.

### A CONDITIONAL AGREEMENT.

Mamma—Now, you must not ask grandma for cake.

Johnny—Won't, if she hurries up and gives it to me.

# Sash and Door Factory.

Having Completed our New Factory we are now prepared to FILL ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY.

We keep in Stock a large quantity of Sash, Doors, Mouldings, Flooring and the different kinds of Dressed Lumber for outside sheeting.

Our Stock of DRY LUMBER is very Large so that all orders can be filled.

Lumber, Shingles and Lath always

In Stock,

N. G. & J. McKECHNIE

Those may pass freely into the Republic. Provision is made for this by the regulation which exacts that a portion of the pelt must be exhibited no matter what the garment.

### AN AWKWARD POSITION.

Let anyone who wants to imagine a very awkward position picture to himself a person wearing sealskin cap or sacque with no mark thereon stopped at the lines. There would be no advantage with body or head piece to prove that the fur was not from animals caught in the North Pacific. To bring such proofs forward to require a month or a year, perhaps a whole lifetime would fall short of the necessary time, and such delays as these any intelligent person knows would mean much personal loss as if Canadians who would go to the United States in winter weather must leave their sealskin belongings at home.

### RIDING OVER A COBRA.

An Incident of Bicycle Riding in India.

Bicycling in southern India is attended by peculiar dangers. A wheelman whose way led him across the Annamally Hills, was spinning along when suddenly he saw, lying directly in front of him, a large cobra. The lively encounter is thus described by the cyclist in the Madras Mail:

It was impossible to avoid the loathsome reptile by swerving to either side; the slope was too steep, and I was going too fast. I back-pedaled with my whole weight, and put on the brake with all the force that my right hand could exert; but the momentum was too great, and the bicycle went over the snake, which rose with a hiss to meet me and extended its hood.

Quick as lightning it struck at the front wheel, and as it struck I instinctively lifted both hands from the handle-bar, the thought flashing through my mind that shoes and hose gave my feet and legs a chance, but that my hands were naked.

The instant my hand was off the brake, the bicycle shot forward, for in my fright I had forgotten to continue to back-pedal. With unutterable horror I saw that the snake was half-round the front wheel, and that the wheel was drawing it through the fork with a horrid "swish."

Then there was a thud as the head of the snake was drawn through the tail end of the snake as it was drawn through and hit the road on the right. The one idea that pressed me was to accelerate this process. How the bicycle did fly down that hill! The trees on the roadside passed me like a ribbon. The level ground at the foot of the slope I sped across at racing speed, and as I had any breath left in me, I then ventured to get off. The snake's head was gone as far as the spectacles on the hood, pointed into a jelly by the hard road; on the right side of the wheel the snake tapered off into a few fleshless vertebrae.

Two herd boys in the fields came to help me to remove the carcass from my wheel. I think there can be nothing more frightful than to have a cobra in the front wheel of one's bicycle, while one is pedalling for dear life.

True friendship has a broadening influence, and takes small account of things which might serve to weaken the charms of mere acquaintance.

"Are you habitually lame, or is your limp caused by some temporary trouble?" inquired the lawyer in a case of assault and battery addressing a witness for the defendant. The man bore every indignation on his face and person of having been in some recent catastrophe which the lawyer hoped to prove was the particular affray then before the court.

"Oh, O'P'll be all right in a day or two, said the witness, cheerfully. It was just a friend of mine kicked me the other evening, and O'P'm a bit stiff in the joints that's all!"

### OF HONEST PARENTS.

My opponent, shouted the orator, has seen fit to refer to the fact that my mother took to washing. She did what is more to the point she did what she sent it all back!

After that there was nothing to do but cast a majority vote for the man whose parent showed such evidence of perfect honesty and attention to duty.

### INDIAN MULLAHS.

Something About the Men Who Rule the Indian's Affairs.

Since the beginning of the present outbreak in north-eastern India many references have been made to the Mullahs, who are at the bottom of the revolt against British rule. These Mullahs are remarkable men and exercise a great influence over their followers.

The visitors to the towns of the independent tribes will often see a venerable, white-bearded old man, followed by a crowd of young Pathans, who show every sign of respect for their leader. In his right hand the venerable figure carries a staff, and in his left a large volume of the law according to Mohammed. When the procession reaches a public place the leader seats himself; his disciples stand around or sit at his feet; and the general public assemble at a little distance to hear the gems of wisdom that fall from the holy man's lips.

Such a man is a Mullah, one of the class who exercise an influence over the inhabitants of the Afghan hills so passionate and wide that to Europeans it is beyond belief. The Mullahs are collectively known as the Ulama, or learned. They are the schoolmasters, lawyers, judges as well as the priests, many of them being men of great ability and scholarship, and as they are all devoted to their order, it cannot be said that their influence is altogether evil. They are the great peace-makers in a land where fighting is the breath of a man's nostrils.

The position of Mullah is conferred on such candidates as have undergone a special course of study in the mosque and successfully passed an examination therein. The principal part of the Mullah's present investing the novice with a wide-flowing gown of a white cotton and a peculiarly shaped turban. The Mullahs marry and live like the laity in most particular; though some of them assume the most ridiculous austerity, frowning on the simplest amusements, and even condemning all music, excepting the warlike drum and trumpet, as being effeminate.

One rich source of revenue with the priesthood is their fine collection of charms and incantations. It is no uncommon sight to see an Afridi or Mohomund repeating a charm or performing a subtle incantation to enable him to fix the affections of some fair lady who is not enamoured of him. A Mullah's most sensitive point is the dignity of their office. When that is outraged there is trouble in the land. He calls upon all the rights of public worship, denounce their enemy as a dog of an infidel, cover him and his people with his maledictions, and practically excommunicate him. If this does not convince the unhappy man to his senses, the Mullahs don their sacred robes and carrying the green standard of the prophet, go up and down throughout the land, proclaiming the Mohammedan war cry, and calling on the faithful to avenge the honor of the apostle of the Prophet. To those who flock to their side they grant eternal bliss, to those who ignore their appeals everlasting torture. The Mullahs' voice is not raised in vain. He soon has a frantic army following the green flag, willing to go anywhere and do anything their leader pleases. When a Mullah dies, the place of his death becomes a sacred shrine, at which miracles are worked.

### FRIENDLY ATTENTION.

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