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BEORN THUS LAND

Poetry.

LITTLE DUTCH GRETCHEN.

Little Dutch Gretchen came over the sea With an aunt in place of her mother, 'As like," so little Dutch Gretchen told me, "As like as one pea to another."

Little Dutch Gretchen fell sick on the way, A-sailing upon the water: The captain came down to the cabin each day,

And called her his patient Dutch daughter. Little Dutch Gretchens took pretzels and beer,

Hoping she soon would be better, And at last when the end of the journey was near. Dutch Gretchen sent homeward a letter.

'I'm better," Dutch Gretchen wrote first on the

page, "And my aunt is as kind as my mother; But never a prison bird shut in a cage, Longed more to give one for the other.

"There's a look, and a tone, and a tenderer way, A bosom more gentle to lie on, And, mother, a love that will never grow grav. And a heart that is blessed to die on.

So mother, I've said to the captain to-night. To Bremen I'll sail back most gladly, To tell you, if changing one's mother is right, It's a trade that will cheat a child sadly,'

And little Dutch Gretchen went home o'er the sea.

And gave back her aunt for her mother: For they are not all the same," said Dutch Gretchen to me, Though like as one pea to another."

Micronymos Pop and the Baby.

[From Harper's Monthly for June.]

'Now, Onymus Pop,' said the mother of that gentle boy, 'you jes take keer o' dis chile while I'm gone to de hangin'. An' dont you leave dis house on no account, not if the skies tall an' de earth opens to swaller her up.

Hieronymus grunted gloomily. He thought it a burning shame that he should not go to the hanging; but never had his mother been willing that he should have the least pleasure in life. It was either to tend the baby, or mix the cow's food, or to card wool, or to cut wood, or to pick up a chicken, or to wash up a floor, or to draw water or to sprinkle down the clothes-always something. when everything else tailed, she had a way that seemed to her son simply demoniac, of setting him at the alphabet To be sure she did not know much of the letters herself, but the teaching was none the less vigorous.

'What's dat 'Onymus?' she would say, pointing at random with her souff brush to a letter.

'Q' with a sniff.

'Is you sho'?'-in a hollow voice.

Woe be unto young Pop if he faltered, and said it might be a Z. Mother Pop kept a rod ready, and used it as if she was born for nothing else. Naturally he soon learned to stick brazenly to his first guess. But unfortunately he could not remember from one day to another what he had said; and his mother learned, after a while, to distinguish the forms of the letters and to know that a curly letter called S on Tuesday could not possibly be a squre headed E on Thursday. Her faith ouce shattered, 'Onymus had to suffer in the usual way.

The lad had been taught at spasmodic intervals by his sister Savannah-commonly called Sissy-who had went to school, put on airs, and was always clean. Therefore Hieronymus hated her. Mother Pop herself was a little in awe of her accomplised daughter, and would ask her no questions, even when most in doubt as to which was which of the letters G and C.

'A pretty thing!' she would mutter to herself, 'if I must be a learnin' things from my own chile dat was de most colicky baby I ever had, an' cos' me unheerd of miseries in the time of her teeth-

It seemed to Hieronymus that the clis max of his impositions had come, when he was forced to stay at home and mind the baby, while his mother and the rest of them trotted off. gay as larks. to see a man hanged.

It was a hot afternoon and the unwilling nurse suffered. The baby wouldn't go to sleep. He put it ou the bed-a feath er bed and it would not go to sleep, as a proper baby should. He did everything to sooth Tiddlekins. (The infant had not been named yet, and by way of affection they addressed it as Tiddlekins.) He even went so far as to wave the flies away from it with a mulberry branch for the space of ten minutes. But as it still fretted and tossed he let it severely alone and the flies settled on the little black as if it had been a licorice stick.

After a while Tiddlekins grew aggressive, and began to yell. Hieronymus who had almost found consolation in the ntemplation of a bloody picture pasted the wall, cut from the weekly paper of wicked city, was deprived even of thisolace. He picked up 'de miserbul litt acreech owl,' as he called it in his

wrath. He trotted it. He sang to it the kins appered, though still they heard spothing ditty of-

"Taint never gwine to rain no mo": Sun shines down on rich an' po'."

But all was in vain. Finally, in despair, be undressed Tiddlekins. He had heard his mother say, 'Of'n and of'en when a chile is screamin' its bret away, 'taint nothin' ails it cep'en pins.

But there were no pins. Plenty of strings and hard knots, but not a pin to account for the auties of the unhappy Tiddiekins.

How it did scream! It lay on the stiffly braced knees of Hieronoymus, and puckered up its face so tightly that it looked as if it had come fresh from the the wrinkle mould. There were no tears but sharp, regular yells, and rollings of its head, and a distracting monotony in its performances.

Dis here chile look's if its got de measles,' muttered Hi, gazing on the squirming atom with calm eyes of despair. Then running his fingers over the neck and breast of the small Tiddlekins, with the air of one who makes a discovery, 'It's got de heat! Dat's what ails Tids dlekins!"

There was really a little breaking out on the child's body that might account for all its restlessness and squalls. And it was such a hot day! Perspiration streamed down his back, while its head tree leaves, and the silver-poplars showed only the leaden side. The sunflowers were drooping their big heads; the flies that. seemed to stick to the window-panes and were too languid to crawl.

Hieronymus had in him the? materials of which philosophers are made. He said to himself, 'tain't nothin' but heat dat's de matter wid dis baby; so of cose he ought to be cooled off."

But how to cool him that was the great questien. Hi knitted his dark brows and thought intently.

It happened that the chiefest treasure that in the hottest days yielded water as refreshing as iced Champague. The neighbors all made a convenience of Pop's well. And half way down its long cool hollow, hung, pretty much all of the time, milk cans, butter pats, fresh meats, and all things that needed to be kept cool, in summer days.

He looked at the wretched, hot, squirming black baby on his lap, then he looked at the well; and, simple, straightforward lad that he was, he put this and that together. 'If I was to hang Tiddlekins down de

well,' he reflected, "twouldnt be no mo" dan three jumps of a flea before he'd be as cool as Christmas.'

With this quick witted youth to think was to act. Before many minutes, he had stuffed poor little Tiddlekins into the well bucket, though it must be mentioned to his credit that he tied him in securely with his own suspenders.

in this good riddance of such bad rubs bish as Tiddlekins, Hieronymus reposed himself on the feather bed, and dropped off into a sweet slumber. From which he was aroused by the voice of a small

'Hello Hi! I say, Hi Pop! Whar is

'Here 1 is,' cried Hi, starting up. What you want?'
Little Jim Rogers stood in the doors Yay. Towser's dog, he said in great ex-

citement, 'an daddy's bull-pup is gwine ter have a fight this eveniu'. Come on right quick if yer wants ter see the fun.
Up jumped Hi and the two boys were
off like a flash.
Not one thought of Tiddlektas in the

well bucket.

In due time the Pop family got home and mother Pop. sanning herself, was indulging in the moral reflections suit-able to the occasion, when she checked herself suddenly, exclaiming, 'But, land o' Jerusalem! whar is Onymus and the

'I witnessed Hieronymus,' said the l'elegant Savannah, 'as I wandered from school. He was with a multitude of boys who cheered, without a sign of disapper ation, two canine beasts, that tore each other in deadly feud.

'Yer don't mean ter say, Sissy, dat Onymus Pop is gone ter see a dog fight?'
'Such are my meaning,' said Sissy with

dignity. "Den whar's de baby?" For answer, a long low wail smote upon their ears, as Savannah would have

"Fan me!" cried Mother Pop. "Dat's Tiddlekin's voice.

"Never min' about fannin' mammy, cried Weekly, Savannah's twin, a youth of fifteen, who could read and was much addicted to gory tales of thunder and blood; "let's fin' de baby. P'r'aps he's been murdered by dat ruffian Hi, an' dat's his ghos' dat we hears a callin'."

A search was instituted-under the bed, in the bed, in the wash-tub and the soup-kettle; behind wood-pile, and in the pea vines; up the chimney and in the

"Shade of Ole Hickoryl" cried the father Pop, "whar, whar is dat chile?" Then, with a sudden lighting of the eye. "Unchain ke dog," said he; "he'll smell him out."

There was a superannuated bloodhond pertaining to the Pop menage that they kept tied up all day under a de-lusion that he was fierco. They unchains ed this wild animal, and with many kicks endeavored to good his nostrils to their duty.

It happened that a piece of fresh pork hung in the well, and Lord Percy-so was the dog called -was hungry. So he hurried with vivacity toward the

fresh pork.
"De well!" shrieked Mother Pop, tumbling-down all in a heap and look-ing somehew like Turner's "Slave Ship," as one stumpy leg protruded from the wreck of red flaunel and ruffled petticoats.

"What shall we do?" said Sissy with helpless squeak. "Why, git him out," said Mr. Pop, who was the practical one of the grami-

He began to draw up the well bucket aided by Weekly, who whispered, darkly, "Dar'l be anudder hangin' in town befo' long, and Hi won't miss dat hange

Soon appeared a little woolly head, was dry. There was not a quiver in the being securely wedged in the well bucket He looked like a jack-in-the-box. But was cool, Tiddlekins was, no doubt of

> Mother Pop revived at the sight? of her offspring, still living and feebly sucking his thumb.

"Ef we had a whiskey bath to pu him in!" she cried.

Into the house flew Father Pop, eized the quart cup, and was over to the white house on the hill in the wink of a cat's eye.

"He stammered forth his piteous tale," aid Savannah, telling the story the next day to her school mates; "and Judge of the Pop estate was a deep old well Bourbon, and Miss Clara came over to e us resuscitate the infant." Mother Pop had Tiddlekins wrapped

n hot flannel when he got back; with a never-to-be-sufficiently admired economy, Mr. Pop moistened a rag with the best of Bourbon," and said to his wife, "Jes rub him awhile, Cynthy, an' see if dat won't bring him roun'."

As she rubbed he absent-mindedly brough the quart cup to his lips, and

with three deep and grateful gulps the whisky bath went to refresh the inner man of Tiddlekins' papa. Then who so valorous and so affectionate as he? Dire were his .threats against Hieronymous, deep his lamenta-

ions over his child. "My po' little lammie!" he sobbed Work away, Cynthy. Dat chile mus' be saved, even if I should have ter go over ter de judge's fur anudder quart o' whisky. Nuthin' shall be spared to save that preciousest kid o' my old

not long before Tiddlekins grew warm and live, and winked-so that good old man declared—as he lay on his back, placidly sucking a pig's tail. Savannah had roasted it in the ashes, and it had been cut from the piece of pork that had shared the well with Tiddlekins. The port belonged to a neighbor, by-the-way; at such a time the Por family felt that they must dispense with the vain and

useless ceremony of asking for it. The excitement was over, the baby asleep, Miss Clara gone, and the Sun well on its way to China, when a small figure was seen hovering adiffidently about the gate. It had a limp air of dejection, and seemed to feel a delicacy

about coming further. "The miscreant is got back," remarkd Savannah.

"Hieronymous," calls Mrs. Pop, "you may thank yo' heavenly stars dat you ain't a murderer die aummer day-

"A-waitin' ter be hung nex' wild grape time," finished Weekly, pleasant-Mr. Pop said nothing. But he reached down from the mantel-shelf a long

something, shaped like a snake, and quivered it in the air. Then he walked out to Hi, and taking him by the left ear, led him to the wood

pile. And here- But I draw a veil.

Hampton told a rather funny but evidently true story about a Steubenville girl who rode on a narrow guage road up in Pennsylvania the other day. They had to put her on a nail keg on a platform car. She sat criss-cross, of course, and for over ten miles scraped the bark off the trees on both sides of the road with her feet. A tan-yard man happened along and got over forty dollars, worth of new bark that was lying along the road. He offered the girl \$300 a year and travelling expenses to travel on narrow guage roads scrape the bark off trees; but she be-longed to a wealthy family and said he ash-hopper; but all in vain. No Tiddle- was 'a mean sassy thing,' and that she would 'tell her pa on nim.'

SOME LEADING QUESTIONS.

(Detroit Free Press.)

A young man who looked as if he had a heap of things on his mind, but who struggled hard to appear on twardly calm put a five dollar bill on the desk of a leading Detroit lawyer the other day and

said, 'I want to ask you a few leading ques 'Go ahead,' was the reply, as the money was quickly thrust out of sight.

'If I am engaged to a girl and back on her what can she do?'

'Sue you for breach of promise.'
'But if she goes back on me what can I do?

'Hunt up another.' 'Um! Suppose I have presented her with a \$2 tan, a parasol, a pair of brace. lets and a ring.

'Then she's so much shead.'

'It I believe that her infatuation for

another is but a passing whim, and If flourish a revolver and talk of suicide, what then?

what then?"

'Her father will probably pick you up and drop you into a mud-puddle.'

Uml Suppose I had presented her mother with a twenty shilling umbrel-

Then she'll keep dry.'
'And her brother with an accordeon?'
Then he will worry the neighbors.'
'Suppose sir, I had for the sake of naking myself solid with the old man, resented him with sixteen dollars worth

of watch dog?'
'He'll set him upon you it you have any trouble!'
'Um! have I no redres?'

'Yes sir, go and lick the prairie ranger who has stolen away your girl's affec-I'll do it?"

'Glad to hear it, I'll defend your case for \$20. 'Um!' 'Um!'

'Come to think of it he is a bigger man than I am. 'Then let him lick you, and I'll make it costhim \$50! Um! I'll think of it.'
'Um! Office hours from 8%. m. to

And the young man troubled with in-ward agitation took himself out.

NUIBAT TEMPERANCE PLEDGE. In the blank leaf of an old Irish Bible, which has been transmitted from sire, to which has been transmitted from size. So son through many successive generations, and now appears as the property of Roberts Bolton, preacher of God's word at Broughton, Northamptonshire, is inscribed the following pledge;

"From this day forwards to the endedge of the live in preacher of the state of t

of my life, I will never pledge an health, nor drinke in a whole cause, in a glass cnp, bowle or other drinking instrument, wheresoever it may, from whomsoever it come—except the necessity doth require it. Not my own most gracious king, nor any of the greatest monarchs or tyrants mon earth; nor my dearest franch. any of the greatest monarchs or tyrants upon earth; nor my dearest friend, nor all the goulde in the world, shall ever enforse me. Not angel from Heaven (who I know will not attempt it) shall persuade; nor Satan with all his old subtleties, nor all the power of hell itself shall betray me. By this very sinne (for sinne it is, and not a little one), I do plainly find that I have more offended and dishonored my glorious Maker than by all other sinne that I am subject untoe and for that, and no other respect,

oned to his credit that he tied him in age."

age."

Miss Clara did not encourage his self have I thus vowed, and I heartily beg my good Father in heaven of his great s and infinite mercy in Christ, to assist main the same and be favorable unto me for what is past.

(Signed) R. BOLTON.
"BROUGHTON, 10 April, 1637.

Stone wall Sucheon's Wing.

(Washington Post.) an four

At the flag room of the war department, a few days since, three men called meut, a few days since, three men called and one of them asked to see the corps flag of Gen. Stonewall Jackson: It was handed to him. In silence he held it for some time, then on his knees he carefully spread it on the floor. When one of his friends asked him what he was doing, he answered tears streaming down from his eyes "Can't the father look at the son, or the son at his father? This flag my father held when he fell upon the battle field; this flag my brother held battle field; this flag my brother held— he, too, died; I also carried it!" wherepoured out a most iervent prayer. His triends had hard work to get him to give up the flag, but when rolling it up (it was so worn) a small piece fell out, the officer in charge picked up the piece and gave it to the man, and he departed. It was a small act, yet as the officer in charge was an ex-Union soldier, it showed a noble feeling, and how one soldier ed a noble feeling, and how one soldier can appreciate the reverential love for a bit of bunting, showed by another, even when fighting on opposite sides.

'The circus is coming,' remarked Mrs. Goodington, laying down her paper, with no end of trained horses and camels, hypotheuness and other dedizens of the forest and jungle. How well I remember the first time Daniel took me to the circus! As we entered the tainted enclosure I said to him, 'How terribly the wild animals growt don't they?' I was almost frightened to death, Daniel told me it was only the vendoos of peanuts and prize packages playing their rogation.' 'The circus is coming,' remarked Mrs.

Not long ago, in the court of appeals an Irish lawyer, while arguing with earnestness of his cause, stated a point which the court ruled out. Well, said the attorney, 'if it plaze the coort. if I am wrong in this, I have another point which is equally as conclusive.

Gleanings.

There is nothing so effective in bring-ing a man up to the scratch as a bealthy and high spirited flea.

and high spirited flea.

The man who never smelt powder is the fellow who never got his more close to a woman's theek.

Those who give not till they die show that they would not then could they keep it any longer.

To the anxious candidate:—'Pluck the beam from thine own eye ere thou wornest about thy brother's boom.'

In this oleomargarine contest the New York Commercial is glad to hear that the goats are not defined as belonging to any of the accepted butters.

The perception of the heautiful it gradual, and not a lightening revelation; it requires not only time, but some study.

study.

Every thought a man expresses is a seed fallingion the soil of some heart. It may take root and grow. What shall the harvest be?"

Marriages in May are said to be un-lucky; but then so are those in June. September and in fact all the other months.

A street-car motor to be run by quick-silver, is being made at Aurora, 19:3 800 pounds of quicksilver are requir-

It is said a coon can be caught by leaving whiskey in its vicinity, but the average hunter would rather drink the whiskey and take his chances on the coon. One reason why Les lville has no schools is because all the schoolma'ams who go there find husbands between the depot and the hotels, and thurt, care a celet whether school keeps or not.

'You can't bring decency out of dirt,' says a modern philosopher. Can't eh?
Then you never looked at the water in the laundry tubs after the clean white clothes were taken out of it did you?

The newspaper owes its origin to the custom which prevailed in Venice in the sixteenth century of reading aloud in the public places a manuscript of the news of the day, prepared by authority.

A young Western lady, who is partly deaf, is in the habit of answering 'yes' to everything when a young gailleman is talking to her for fear he might propose to her and she not hear it.

A West street lady tried to pat a live been the head last Tuesday. We will not tell how she ran when the whole on hive got after her, because sverybely knows how a woman strag four.

Whe sated a Clucianati bella if there was much refinement and culture in that city, and she replied. You can just bet your boots we're a suitured crowd.

You are an ojus, hijus idjit, my dear, said a playful mamma to her daughter at a dancing school the other day. 'Oh, my dear Mrs. T ____, alghed one of her neighbors, 'what wouldn't I give to have your knowledge of Latin.

A merchant of Portsmouth, England, purposely began a slip on Friday, launched her on Friday, named her the Friday, and got a commander for her named friday. She skiled from port on a Friday, and was never heard of again. Yet this proves both

A school teacher who, had just been telling the story of 'David,' sided term of 'And all this happened lover three thousand years ago. A little church,

thousing years ago. A little church does it blue eyes opening wide with wounter, and, after a himment's thought. The said, after a himment's thought. The said day, marm, what a memory you have got!

"I desire said the husband to the write, as they were walking along the abore, that when I die I may be buried in a plain, stained pine could without expensive trimminge. But my dear, said sive trimminge. Possibly, he said fashiousble would have been black walnut and siver!" Possibly, he said but I was thinking of that for you.

but I was thinking of that for you.

The earth turns upon its axis with a surface velocity of over 1,000 miles at the equator, while at the pole the rate is reduced to zero. A scientific gunner says that, under special circumstances, heavy guns with long ranges have to be corrected for the different rate of rotation of the earth at the place from which one is fired and the point where the shot fails which difference may cause as much as two yards deflection to one side or the other in firing north or south. The other in firing north or south. The earth's rotation is thus actually made

Boy-'Mother sent these cherries to you, Miss Smith.' Mrs. Smith-'Oh, thank you, darling! But is not your mother straid she will rob hersel?' Boys mother alraid she will rob hereel? Boy
—'I ruther think not, mum; she said as
how they were spille on the tree and
wouldn't be good for nothing but awill
by to-morrer. So she said bring you
some mum; you might as well have
'em as hogs.' Mrs. Smith 'Kour dear
mother is so thoughtful.' But Mrs.
Smith doesn't cat those therries. As
she confidentially told Mrs. Jones, who
afterwards confidentially told it to the
neighbors, 'I'd a died before I'd a
touched one of 'em, the stingy old thing.'

A clergy man in Pittsburg fately mar-

A clergyman in Pittsburg fately married a lady with whom he had received the substantial dowry of ten thousand dollars and a fair prospect for more. Soon afterward, while occupying the pulpit, he gave out a hymn, read the first four stanzae, and was reading the fifth.

Horever less any grateful heart his boundloss grate adore—when he besitated will omit the fifth verse," and sat down. The congregation, aftracted by his apparent continuous, read the remaining linea—
Which gives ten thousand blessings now, and loke me hope for more.

and and amount of ton or the orne to