

# THE ROANOKE NEWS.

HALL & SLEDGE, PROPRIETORS.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

TERMS—\$2.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

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WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 28, 1887.

NO. 21.

## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

### THE Premier Flour of America.

PATAPSCO FLOURING MILLS.

ESTABLISHED—1774.

The value of FLOUR depends upon the ESSENTIAL ELEMENTS OF NUTRITION CONTAINED IN THE BREAD IT MAKES. Maryland and Virginia flour, from which our PATENT ROLLER FLOURS are chiefly manufactured, has been conceded to be SUPERIOR to any other, because it has a BETTER COMBINATION OF GLUTEN AND PHOSPHATES. This fact is recognized not only in this country, but in the United Kingdom as well, where the "PATAPSCO PERLATIVE" COMMANDS DECIDEDLY MORE MONEY than any other American Flour. Ask your grocer for it. Also for

PatapSCO Superlative, Cape Henry Family, Bedford Family, PatapSCO Family, North Point Family, Orange Grove Extra, PatapSCO Extra, Chesapeake Extra, Baldwin Family, C. A. GAMBRILL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 32 Commerce St., Baltimore, Md.

Aug 12 1y.

## THE PLACE TO GET

### DRUGS & MEDICINES,

—AT THE—

## LOWEST PRICES,

IS AT

DR. A. R. ZOLLICOFFER'S,

BEST SIDE WASHINGTON AVENUE, OPPOSITE R. SHED.

WELDON, N. C.

STOCK KEPT COMPLETE BY FREQUENT ARRIVALS.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT FILLED WITH THE BEST SELECTED MATERIAL.

PRESCRIPTIONS COMPOUNDED AT ALL HOURS WITH GREAT CARE.

PERFUMERY, STATIONERY, FANCY SOAPS, BRUSHES,

FANCY ARTICLES, TOBACCO AND CIGARS.

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DRUGGISTS AND PHARMACISTS,

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PRESCRIPTIONS ACCURATELY COMPOUNDED.

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WEAK & UNDEVELOPED

THE OLD DOCTOR

ANTI-BILIOUS MEDICINE.

THIS PAPER

TUTT'S PILLS

WE HAVE MADE

M. F. HART

WELDON, N. C.

N. B. JOSEY & CO.

SCOTLAND NECK, N. C.

WE MAKE

OUR AGENTS

FOR THE SALE OF OUR LADIES

FINE SHOES

FOR THEIR RESPECTIVE SECTIONS.

We make on the N. Y. Opera, Acme,

Waukenphast and Creole lasts, the latter

just out and is very nice. We use the

McKay Machine and sew with best Bar-

bour's thread. Every pair warranted.

They are nice, neat and stylish. Give

them a look when you want a shoe and

you will be pleased.

E. P. REED & CO.

Roboester, N. Y.

Sept 16 1y

## THE PHOTOGRAPH

Behind a mysterious window a neat little tablet was laid. And a shadow fell lightly upon it some bright little being had made. It would linger for only a moment, too bright was the light to last. "He that tablet enchanted," said Reimer, "let the beautiful phantom stand fast."

I am looking tonight at that tablet, and a picture is recalled to my mind. It is a picture of a young man, a young man of the name of Reimer, was born at this time of day.

And the picture is that of a maiden, some child whom Europe has known. The artist was told of the picture that painted the clouds in the west.

Forever this picture shall linger, shall form of my being its part. Out of the town of a picture that hangs in the halls of my heart.

May the life of the beautiful maiden forever glow outward in song.

THE SHIPMENTS HEREIN IN THE HEAVEN, WHERE MUSIC AND MAIDEN BLOOM.

VICTIMS OF CHANCE.

HOW INNOCENT PEOPLE ARE SOMETIMES CONVICTED AND IMPRISONED.

Chicago Tribune.

Since the creation of the world there has hardly been a crime committed in which circumstantial evidence has not played a more or less important part in the detection of its author. That in many cases it has later been discovered innocent people have been made to suffer for the wrong doing of others is well known and occasionally persons are found who insist that they would not vote to convict a prisoner even if the circumstantial evidence was very strong. A lawyer and a doctor were discussing the subject a few days ago, and three illustrations were given in which grave mistakes were made. The first will perhaps be remembered by old residents of Chicago, owing to the wide publicity which the case obtained. Early one morning a young man crossed the Madison street bridge coming to his work in the business part of the city. At that hour comparatively few persons were astir, and there was probably no one within half a block of him in either direction. Near the bridge there was a vacant space which led back to the river. The young man saw lying there, near the sidewalk, a pocketbook and picked it up. At that instant he heard a pistol shot. While he was standing there, with the pocketbook in his hand, an officer and a number of citizens gathered around him, having heard the report. Back near the river they found a man in the throes of death, with a bullet hole in his head. On his person were found letters bearing his name and address. The young man was asked to show the pocketbook seen in his hand, and to his horror it contained cards bearing the same inscription as the letters. He endeavored to explain how the property of the dead man came into his possession, but he was not believed, and was locked up charged with murder and robbery.

In a few weeks the case came to trial and the young man told his story, but it had to weigh against the damaging testimony of half a dozen witnesses for the prosecution, who had seen the pocketbook in his possession the morning of the murder. There was not a doubt entertained by any person in the court room as to the prisoner's guilt, and all that seemed yet to be done was for the lawyers to make their arguments, the jury to convict, and the judge to impose sentence. But there was one witness yet to be heard who was not expected by either side. A stranger who had hastily entered the room announced that he had just arrived in the city and had something to say which must be heard, as it was of the greatest importance. He was shown into the witness box. He said he was a brother of the dead man and that he lived in Iowa. He feared that a great wrong was about to be done to an innocent man, and had come to prevent it. What he wished to do was to present in evidence a letter he had received from his brother, written the evening before his body was found. A breathless silence ensued, as in a clear voice he read how the whole affair had been planned by the one who was now dead, how he had decided to end his existence in such a manner that the insurance companies would raise no objection to paying the full amount of the risks on his life to his family and brother, how he was to play his pocketbook in the alley designated, where he could lie down some distance away, and when he should see it picked up that would be the signal for firing the fatal shot; how a stout cord would be tied to the revolver, attached to the other end of which would be a stone of sufficient weight to drag the weapon in to the river as soon as it had done its fatal work and been released from his grasp. Such was the manner of the death of the brother of the stranger, and he could not be silent without morally being the murderer of the young man whom they were attempting to convict. Then followed a search in the river at the spot where the tragedy was enacted, resulting in the revolver, string and stone being fished up, confirming the conspiracy shown in the letter. Of course the prisoner was released.

Senator Edmunds will not speak to William E. Chandler, but he will vote with him. He does not consider Chandler a gentleman, but a Republican.

We have a few pairs of Evans' hand made low-quarter shoes on hand which we offer at half cost to close out. P. N. Stainback & Co.

## PERSONAL NOTES.

PEOPLE WHOM THE WORLD KNOWS AND TALKS ABOUT.

James Longstreet, Jr., son of General Longstreet formerly of the confederate army, is in Springfield, Mass. He is engaged to work for the United States geological society.

Jaob Seligman, of Michigan, is a millionaire and director of nine banks and four railroads. He is less than five feet high and went to Michigan twenty-five years ago with less than \$100 in his pocket.

Miss Minnaretta Singer, daughter of the late Mr. Singer, of Singer sewing machine notoriety, is going to wed the Prince de Montillard, whose title, it is said, dates from the time of the crusades. His future mother-in-law, now the Duchess de Campesiole, was the daughter of an English confectioner.

Elam Brown, one of the early pioneers to California, who crossed the plains in an emigrant train in 1846, celebrated this month his 90th birthday at his home in Contra, Costa county, Cal. The patriarch owns the Acaules ranch, which he bought from its Spanish proprietor, and on this anniversary no less than 75 of his family and immediate kindred sat down to table.

MIDSUMMER LOVE STORIES.

A young German carpenter was married to a pretty Bohemian girl in Omaha the other day after a six months' courtship which must have been conducted entirely in pantomime, as neither can speak a word of the other's language. The services of an interpreter were needed at the altar, but the young couple seemed as happy as if they had talked sweet nothings into each other's ears all their lifetime.

Sam Peters is a good-looking young negro, who has been hauling watermelons into Quitman, Ga., from his master's farm in Brooks county. On the way he always kept a sharp lookout for a pretty yellow girl who sometimes lingers with him from the roadside. Last Monday, as he was passing her home, she cried, "Will you had one of dem are watermelons." Sam said he would give her the biggest one in the lot if she would ride into with him, and she accepted. By the time they had reached town Sam had persuaded her to marry him, a preacher was hunted up and the knot was tied.

A romantic wedding took place at Edwardsville, Illinois, the other day, when Prof. James G. Duncan, of Vandalia, a widower, was married to Mrs. Lillie Carroll, of Springfield, a widow. The marriage was the culmination of a series of coincidences in the lives of the wedded pair. The Rev. J. B. Thompson, who performed the ceremony, officiated in the same capacity at Prof. Duncan's first marriage, and also at Mrs. Carroll's first marriage, and preached the funeral sermon at the death of Prof. Duncan's wife and at the death of Mrs. Carroll's husband. It was this strange fatality of circumstances which induced the couple to seek again the services of Mr. Thompson.

A pretty Nebraska widow, who had endured the affections of many respectable farmers living near Wyman, was recently ordered to leave the country by a band of "regulators," under penalty of a coat of tar and feathers. Nothing daunted by the threat the widow bought a double-barrel shotgun and awaited developments. When the regulators approached the house to carry out their threat, the sight of a loaded gun pointed from one of the windows deterred them, and one of the number, in admiration of the woman's pluck, advanced under a flag of truce, proposed marriage, and was accepted on the spot. Then a person was called in, the marriage was celebrated, and the night wound up with a round of festivities.

Henry Wynn, a bachelor from the West who was recently visiting his brother at Owen Sound, Ont., expressed the desire one day to get married before his return. The day of his departure had already been set, and to expedite matters he offered his brother's wife a deed to fifty acres of land if she would get him a wife by the Saturday following the date of the offer. After exploring the town without success for several days, on Friday Mrs. Wynn met a Miss Malone, who was willing to accept the offer. She was introduced to her prospective husband on Saturday evening just before the boat was leaving. A consultation was held, the pair was married on the spot, Mrs. Wynn was handed over to the bride for the fifty acres of land and the deed and groom stonned away for their prairie home.

A REALISTIC SIGHT.

Sam Johnson, an Austin, Texas, colored man, was hired by the celebration committee to touch off the fireworks. The day after the Fourth Parson Whangdoole Baxter, of the Blue Light Tabernacle, happened to call at the Johnson mansion, the latter said bawlingly, "Did you see the fireworks last night, parson?" "I did, Mr. Johnson." "I reckon, parson, dat ar red fire ob de yellon ob de crowd sorter recolored yer ob dat hell yer preach so much about." "He did, Mr. Johnson, for a fac"—particularly when I seed yer in de middle ob de flames."—Texas Springs.

## WHERE IS HEAVEN.

This singular question was put to Sam Jones, the evangelist, by one of wealthy church members, in Georgia, whose cotton crop yielded him some \$20,000 last year. "Where is Heaven?" said the rich planter. "I'll tell you where heaven is," said Mr. Jones. "If you will go down to the village and buy fifty dollars worth of groceries, put them in a wagon and take them to the poor widow on the hillside, who has three of her children sick. She is poor and a member of the church. Take with you a nurse and some one to cook their meals. When you get there read Psalm xxiii, and kneel by her bedside and pray. Then you will find out where heaven is."

Next day, as the evangelist walked through the village, he met the same wealthy planter, his face beaming with joy. He spoke after this manner:

Mr. Jones, I have found out where Heaven is. I went and did as you directed. We took up the wagon load of groceries, and the widow was completely overcome with joy; she could not express her thankfulness. As I read the 23rd psalm my heart was filled with thankfulness to God, and when I prayed the angels came down, and I thought I was nearer heaven than I had ever been before in my life. I left the nurse and took in the humble dwelling, and promised that she should never suffer as long as I could help her."

HE HUGGED HER.

William Cowles took Miss Wiseman to church in High township, near Corydon, Ind., last Sunday night. During the sermon he put his arms about the young lady as a bear does on a Chicago street car, and the deacons of the church piped him off—that is, they saw him in the act. Miss Wiseman leaned back against the bench and found it back less hard. The deacons going before the honorable Court of common pleas at Corydon, the seat of Harrison county, have brought suit against William Cowles for hugging his girl in meeting. Upon a call of the docket, on Thursday, it was discovered that the farmers were in the midst of harvest, and that the State would suffer more if the shavers were not garnished than it would if William continues to hug his girl. The honorable court, therefore, postponed this momentous action at law until such time as twelve jurors could be summoned, who might give the cause a hearing without keeping one eye on the weather.

Every day the liberties of the young are more and more infringed upon. Just think of a fellow being jailed for the pleasant diversion of hugging a girl, and his own sweetheart at that. Now if it had been somebody else's sweetheart it would have been right to have jailed him, but his own, never.

AN EDITOR'S TRIBULATION.

We borrowed a buggy and mule last week and started out to stir our delinquents. We rode twenty-five miles the first day, had our new hat smashed by coming in contact with every hanging limb, wore out a buggy whip, that cost 60 cents and collected \$1.50 in cash and bushel and a half of corn. The second day we rode twenty-two miles, missed our dinner dinner seventeen of our beloved patrons and didn't collect a cent. The third day we arose at 4 o'clock a. m., missed our breakfast, lost twenty minutes trying to awake up Jim Alexander as we passed his house, rode twenty-four miles and collected \$4.50. The fourth day we traversed the whole country, lost a posse one of our friends had given us for a Christmas dinner, and collected \$3.50. We then came home, turned out the mule to die, and went to bed. If anybody wants to buy a good printing office with ample assets and small liabilities, and large attitude for fame, etc., we are prepared to offer a bargain. We have been tendered the position of night clerk in a brick hotel in Arkansas, and would be glad to accept it if we can work off our present enterprise on some unsuspecting citizen. In writing for information don't forget to enclose a stamp—that is, if a reply is expected.—McDonough (Ga.) Weekly.

LOVES HIS OLD MASTER YET.

When Lincoln's signature shook off the shackles of the slaves in the South there was among the negroes who parted with Col. Tom Hardeeman a man named George. He drifted away, but the love of the old master never died in his heart. He settled near America, and now and then as the years sped by would send Col. Hardeeman a few peaches or something of the kind in kind remembrance. Yesterday the Colonel received a prepaid telegram which read: George Hardeeman sends crate of chickens to Marshe Tom.

GED. HARDEEMAN.

As may be imagined, there was a lump in the Colonel's throat when he received that message from his old-time slave.

News comes from Georgia that a man in that State is "living pleasantly" with his eighth wife. This shows the value of trying again, "if at first you don't succeed."

Bargains offered in clothing. Must be sold regardless of cost to make room for fall stock. P. N. Stainback & Co.

## A SNAKE STORY.

A YARN TOLD TO A TENDERFOOT BY AN OLD STAGE DRIVER.

This eastern boom—I mean the boom made by eastern people with money—has started up some of the old dead industries of California. With the easy progress of civilization the good old industry of lying had almost died out. It got discouraged, and so many wonderful things had happened elsewhere that it was hard for the imagination to meet the necessities. It was easier to give up lying to strangers altogether for even the most untravelled customer could ring the bell on the California guide or stage driver. These guides are now awakening from their lethargy and beginning to make the Yosemite and other trips lively. A friend of mine from the East has just come back from the Yosemite and relates his experience.

The stage driver found out that he was seriously afraid of snakes, and immediately proceeded to make his hair stand on end.

"Vomorous reptiles? You bet. I don't know what reptiles is, but them snakes you can just bet your life is venomous. Why, one day I was a comin' down here drivin' a wagon when I catches sight of a snake in the brush, all ready for a spring. My horses starts an I whip 'em up fast to clear the snake, don't you see, afore he could spring. He makes one clear spring, the snake does, an' he misses the horse."

"That was lucky—but you—you—"

"Lucky! You bet your life it was lucky. He missed the horse, the snake did, but he stuck his fangs clean through the wagon."

"You don't say?"

"I do say, and maybe you won't believe it, a fac, he stuck his fangs clean through that wagon, an' that wagon it swelled all up so bad that we had to leave it by the wayside an' take the horse home."

HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

If salt is sprinkled around the edges of a carpet, when on the floor, it will keep away moths.

White paint that has become discolored may be nicely cleaned by using a little whiting in the water while washing.

Flannels should be washed in hot soap-suds and rinsed in hot water containing soap enough to soften it a little.

Starched shirts will iron easier if you let them dry after starching, so you will have to sprinkle before ironing.

Never wet the hair if you have any tendency to dandruff, wear an oil silk cap when bathing, refrain from diving.

A piece of pointed whole bone or pine wood is nice to clean out corners. Wash your windows with a sponge and polish with tissue paper.

Clean lamp chimneys by holding them over the spout of a tea kettle of boiling water, then wipe with a clean cloth. It will make them beautifully clean.

Perhaps the reason of Boston's cultured people growing wild over Queen Kaplioni was baked beans is about the color of her hair.—Vindicator.

It is said if feather beds and pillows be left out in a drenching rain, every spring, and afterwards exposed to the sun and air on every side until dry, they will be much freshened and lightened.

To keep out flowers fresh for several days, fill a vase with clean sand, then add a liberal supply of charcoal. Imbed the stems of the bouquet in this, water occasionally.

Chicago Inter-Ocean: The Car of all the Russias would give almost half of his Empire to be able to skip out and go fishing with his wife like the President of the United States.

Never pour milk, fat or oily substances into the car for the relief of pain, for they will soon become rancid and lead to inflammation. Simply warm water will answer the purpose better than anything else.

Silver becoming black may be avoided by keeping that which is not often used in cotton flannel bags, with small bags about the size of a thimble filled fill with bits of gum camphor packed in around the articles.

For mildew, pour a quart of boiling water on an ounce of chloride of lime. When it is dissolved add three quarts of cold water. Into this put the garment and let it soak for twelve hours. If not very hot the spots will come out in less time.

A SERMON BY A DEAD BOY.

The still form of a little boy lay in the coffin, surrounded by mourning friends. A man came into the room and asked to look at the lovely face. "You wonder that I care so much," he said, as the tears rolled down his cheeks. "One time I was coming down by a long ladder from a high roof, and found your little boy standing close beside me when I reached the ground. He looked up into my face with childish wonder, and asked frankly: 'Were you afraid of falling when you were up so high?' and, before I had time to answer, he said: 'Oh, I know why you are not afraid; you said your prayers this morning before you began work.' I had not prayed, but I never forgot to pray from that day to this."

## HOME INFLUENCE.

Home! It's a theme that could be dwelt on indefinitely; and well can the wanderer say:

"Long, be my mind with such memories filled, As the vase which roses have once been distilled; You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will, Yet the scent of the roses will cling round it still."

Few of us can withstand the influence of home. It should be the youth's idea of purity—his father just and honorable his mother angelic, and his sisters sweet and amiable. The woman that a man, brought up among ladies, chooses for his wife is sure to be a lady. She may be of lowly estate and humble origin, yet she will be refined. He has had his model always before him. His taste has been fashioned instinctively by the fact that his mother and sisters are refined and have all the necessary elements in their natures that go to make up the perfect lady. His conduct through life will be better for the influence of a refined home.

One fact that parents ought to realize is, that it is as much a part of their duty to provide cheerful, happy homes for their children as it is to educate them. If they are to learn that there are unhappy marriages in the world, that there are quarrelsome and discontented people in it also they should at least not learn it from the example of their parents. The mother should not be the one to initiate her son into the wiles of a coquette, by her extravagant dress and artificial ways. How can he be expected to choose a good wife when the conduct of his sisters teaches him that women are shallow, vain and conceited? It is because of such training as this so many men's lives are failures. The woman is greatly to be commended who selects for her husband the man who desires his home for rest. It is the man with many interests and engaging occupation, the man with a place to maintain in the world, who enjoys home the most.

MARRIAGE SUPERSTITIONS.

The bride must not keep the pins which fastened her wedding dress.

"Twice a bride should never a bride," is a proverb which needs no comment.

If two rings are celebrated simultaneously, one of the husbands will die.

Fair or foul weather upon one's wedding day causes a happy or unhappy married life.

If a girl who is engaged accidentally lets a knot fall it is a sign that her lover is coming.

The girl who steps accidentally or otherwise on a nail need not expect to be married the same year.

In order to reduce stock we offer all goods in stock at greatly reduced prices. P. N. Stainback & Co.

We keep constantly on hand collars and neckties. P. N. Stainback & Co.

Give Them a Chance!

That is to say, your lungs. Also all your breathing machinery. Very wonderful machinery it is. Not only the larger air-passages, but the thousands of tubes and cavities leading from them.

When these are clogged and choked with matter which ought not to be there your lungs cannot half do their work. And what they do, they cannot do well.

Call it cold, cough, croup, pneumonia, catarrh, consumption or any of the family of throat and nose and lung obstructions, all are bad. All ought to be got rid of. There is just one sure way to get rid of them. That is to take Boeche's German Syrup, which any druggist will sell you at 75 cents a bottle. Even if everything else has failed you, you may depend upon this for certain.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

1857 ESTABLISHED 1857

JANUARY 20 1887

RUFFE, W. DANIEL

DEALER IN

LIQUORS.

FINE WINES,

CIGARS,

TOBACCO

ac. ac.

BENJAMIN & ENGEL'S LAGER BEER ON ICE

B. W. DANIEL,

No. 16, Wash. Ave. Weldon, N. C.

June 28 1y

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

WHAT KILLS AMERICANS.

Part Living—Weakness—Heredity—Hard Drinking—Painful—Political—Violent—Passions—The Cause for Many.

The alarming disease of this country is nervous debility and prostration. It goes under many names but it is essentially the same complaint. Hospitals and private institutions for nervous patients are crowded. The average of life in the United States is decreasing every year. Sudden deaths from nervous collapse among our business, professional and public men are so frequent as scarcely to excite remark. The majority of suicides, committed without apparent reason, or under so-called "depression of spirits," are really prompted by nervous prostration, which is a fruitful source of insanity and crime with all their grief and horror.

These facts are startling. They threaten the very life of the nation. They assail the springs of its power and prosperity. They wreck manhood's strength and woman's usefulness and beauty.

Every one should know the causes. What are they? The answer is easy and terribly plain: Our vicious personal habits; our careless and lawless eating and drinking; the intense mental and physical strain arising from our mad race after money, position and influence; the fears and struggles of poverty; the use of narcotics and stimulants; our fashion of turning day into night and night into day; and, briefly, our desperate willingness to pay any price for an hour's pleasure or success. So we burn life's candles at both ends and fill the lunatic asylums and the graveyards.

The disease from which we suffer and die is, in plain English, Nervous Dyspepsia, as it is seated in the Nerves and in the organs of Digestion, Assimilation and Nutrition. Healthy digestion being impeded or destroyed, the whole body, nerves included, is literally starved; even when there is no emaciation to tell the sad story.

Nervous prostration sends out its warnings:—headache in the morning; a persistent dull heaviness or aching at the base of the brain; wakefulness; loss of appetite and disgust with food; loss of mental energy and interest in ordinary duties and business; restlessness and anxiety without any assignable reason; eructations; bad breath; foul mucous on the teeth; occasional giddiness; palpitation of the heart; salowness of the skin; coated tongue and gradual failure of strength and animation.

The remedy is a total abandonment of the habits and customs which cause the disease in each individual case and the use of Shaker Extract of Roots (Seigel's Syrup) to cure the mischief already done. This great remedy, prepared by the Shaker Community of Mt. Lebanon, N. Y., is especially adapted to eradicate Nervous Dyspepsia. To do this it acts directly and gently but powerfully upon the disordered stomach, liver and kidneys, restoring the secretion of bile, expelling waste matters from the system, and purifying the blood.

Upon the nervous system Shaker Extract (Seigel's Syrup) acts as a safe and wholesome anodyne without the slightest narcotic effect, and then leaves the nerves to regain their natural tone and strength through its wonderful influence upon the function of nutrition.