

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Fertilizer.
Dry earth, not dry sand, sprinkled plentifully under the root and about the floor preserves and increases the amount of manure made. It acts also as a deodorizer and purifier. An abundant supply should be provided for use through the winter and spring. Now is the time to store it in the henny or in some outbuildings in barrels or boxes.

An ordinance was passed by the Board of Aldermen of New York city in April last to the effect that no turkeys or chickens be offered for sale in that city unless the crops of such turkeys and chickens be free from food or other substance and shrunken close to their bodies, and that all fowls exposed for sale in violation of this ordinance be seized and condemned, such of them as be tainted, upon examination, be destroyed, and the rest which are fit for food be used in the public institutions of the city. A severe fine is likewise imposed upon all persons violating this ordinance. Our readers, therefore, who ship poultry to the New York market should be on their guard. The law went into effect October 1st.

Lord Mount Temple says that the lady at the head of the farm should have the disposal of any money raised by the produce of poultry. Such a system would increase poultry raising anywhere. This would be hen-money instead of pin-money.

Best Age to Plant Fruit Trees.
From a pretty long experience in planting fruit trees we have come to the conclusion—and this is not the first time we have printed it—that two-year old fruit trees are more certain to grow, to assume a good form, to become vigorous and long-lived, than trees twice as old. Indeed, we have seldom succeeded well with trees more than two years old.

Some years ago we sent to a nursery for some two dozens of pear and cherry trees, and in the hurry of writing the order, not being able to go after the trees personally, nothing was said about the age of the trees. We only said: "Send some good trees well branched." We never saw a more perfect lot of trees, but they were at least four years old and some of them nine feet high. They were planted carefully and cut back severely, but only moderately at first, to save them. The spring could not have been more favorable for setting plants, and when the dry weather set in they were frequently watered, which doubtless saved the majority. Five of the lot died. We do not remember losing a small tree. We repeat our conviction, therefore, that one and two-year old trees are better in the end than those older; and though we may have to wait sometimes (not always) longer to get fruit, the trees are far healthier and more productive and give more satisfaction.

We may add that several of these pear trees were trained within from six to ten inches of the main stock, resembling when done a half-closed upturned hand, and it not only saved them, but they are at this time in perfect health, growing finely. All fruit trees, to afford the best satisfaction, should be of the age here indicated, and if properly planted and cared for, will be more hardy, vigorous and long-lived than trees of older stock. The desire some people have of getting fruit as quickly as possible is not always realized by planting older trees; and by the very fact that they may bear earlier, will be at the expense of the health and growth of the whole tree.—[Germantown Telegraph.]

Fruit Evaporator.
A fruit-grower who has evaporated fruit on a large scale gives the following directions: There seems to be a great run on drying fruits, and we fear some are running into it ignorantly, having in their minds castles or fortresses, profits, etc. that may fade away when they come to the reality. Persons that are contemplating putting up expensive evaporators like the Aldens and Williams, should, to make it profitable, first have a large orchard of their own—say a thousand trees or more, and second, be in a neighborhood where there are large numbers of orchards, and fruit to be had at low rates. It is not necessary that such orchards should be near a railroad—in fact, if five or ten, or twenty miles back, the better on some accounts—as farmers will then prefer to sell their apples to drawing them so far to a market, and as after they are dried one bushel makes but five to six pounds of fruit, you would haul to a railroad in one load what it would take them eight or ten loads to haul. The second thing to be considered is help. It will take eight or ten persons to run one evaporator, and as to the profits, add ten cents per bushel for preparing and drying the apples to the cost of the fruit, and you have the profits; as for instance, the apples fifteen cents per bushel, preparation and drying ten cents, making twenty-five cents. The amount of evaporated fruit from a bushel is five to six pounds, owing to quality of apples, say five and a half pounds, which at present prices—eight cents—gives a profit of 125 cents a bushel. Of course, where one has his own apples he thus gets paying prices for them. If the skin and cores are made into jelly, vinegar or dried, it will add probably three cents per bushel to the profits.

Group Cattle.
Any variety will make catsup, and it will be nice, but the Catawba or tart grape are preferred to the Concord or Delaware. Let five pints of grapes summer till they are so soft that you can rub all but the seeds through a collar-

der with ease. After this is done add two pints of brown sugar, one pint of vinegar, two table-spoonsful each of allspice, cloves and cinnamon, one and one-half table-spoonsful of mace, one of salt and half a table-spoonful of red pepper. Put them in a porcelain kettle, let them boil slowly till they are as thick as you like catsup to be. The grapes must first be picked from the stems and washed thoroughly, or they will be gritty, and the catsup be spoiled.

He Wished Advice.
"I believe you write the theatricals," said a little gentleman in a somewhat lively suit of clothes, as he bustled into the dramatic editor's room.
"Yes," said the editor.
"Well, I'm rather anxious to obtain your advice in a little matter," said the visitor. "You see I have lately come into a little fortune, and I thought it would be a good thing to invest a few dollars in the theatrical business."
"Keep your money in your pocket," said the editor.
"Of course you have," said the editor. "You are sure you have struck something entirely new in the theatrical business. This is the old story with you amateurs. Now, of course, you wish to build a theatre."
"Yes, my idea," said the visitor.
"Exactly," said the editor. "You feel that art is not properly looked after in the dramatic world. You are willing to make little or nothing in your enterprise, providing your ideal is reached. You will go in for playing nothing but educational products—something elevating and ennobling. You will have none but the best people in your company; your costumes will all be of the best material, your stage settings as realistic as money can make them, and—"

"But you have heard of my scheme before," said the visitor. "This is just what I wish to do. I—"
"Yes, I know all about it," said the editor; "you find the stage going to the dogs, and you feel that you have been seat upon earth to lift it up and place it where it belongs among the arts. You feel that the present state of the drama is demoralizing to the country, and that it is your duty to save the people from its evil effects."
"My very words the other evening," said the visitor.
"Yes, you are full of reform," said the editor. "But take my advice and stick to theory."
"But I have plenty of capital, and you know I might double my fortune."
"I understand all that," said the editor. "You talk but you mean cash. You feel that it is as easy to be a theatrical manager as a gentleman of leisure; that all you have to do is to pass a certain time each evening in finding how much richer you have grown; and that you can hire people to do the rest of the work."
"Money will do a great deal," said the visitor.
"Then hold on to your cash," said the editor, "and don't make yourself another victim in the long list of amateurs who have attempted the reformation of the stage."
"But I have some good friends in the profession," said the visitor.
"Don't doubt it," said the editor. "And if you want to keep them just stay where you are—on the outside. In less than a month after you have gone into the business, you will be rushing down here with grievances, and swearing the entire theatrical profession are in league against you, when the fault will be all on your side for going into a business you know nothing about."
"But I have an idea in my head of what a temple of the drama—"
"Temple fiddle-oh-ee," said the editor.
"Then you advise me to keep out of theatricals?"
"Yes," said the editor. "I am a thousand times obliged," said the visitor. And then he marched straight to a theatrical agency, and negotiated for a company.—[Brooklyn Eagle.]

Punctuated Jokes.
If brevity is the soul of wit, how is this?—[Wheeling Journal].
It is without a?—[N. Y. Enterprise].
Do you expect anybody to? that?—[Philadelphia Sunday Mirror].
Those are the worst jokes of the—[Washington Critic].
My? your pointed as a? aren't you?—[Barrington Enterprise].
We? the opportunity to say that there are real? your fellows propound.—[Gold].

Well, they afford us a?ous sort of amusement at best, and—our spirits greatly.—[Elevated Railway Journal].
If you were in this? of country we would grant you?—[Meriden Recorder].
An editor is an? his reputation with such puns.—[Welcome].
Much ado about 0.

The biggest blast ever undertaken on the Pacific coast was exploded on the Oregon and California railway track. Nearly 6,000 pounds of blasting powder were used, and the shock was so tremendous that an adjacent stream was thrown out of its bed for a distance of half a mile; the highway was badly injured and effectually blocked for the same distance, and damage was inflicted in the workmen's camp 900 yards away.

Union Mollusks says that all attempts to acclimatize rats in the islands of the Pacific ocean have failed. A rat ranks in native estimation there as a canvas back duck here.

WOMEN IN EARLY AGES.

Some Remarks About the Girls of the Classic Period.
We are told that the ladies of Lesbos slept on roses whose perfume had been artificially heightened. And in those times court maidens powdered their hair with gold.

Mark Antony's daughter did not change her dress half a dozen times a day, as do the Saratoga graces, but she made the lamplights in her fish pond wear ear rings.

The dresses of Lollia Paulina, the rival of Agrippina, were valued at \$2,664,480. This did not include her jewels. She wore at one supper \$1,502,500 worth of jewelry, and it was a plain citizen's supper. The luxury of Pompeii, beloved by Nero, was equal to that of Lollia.

The women of the Roman empire indulged in all sorts of luxuries and excesses, and these were revived under Napoleon I. in France. Mme. Tawlein bathed herself in a wash of strawberries and raspberries, and had herself rubbed down with sponges dipped in milk and perfumes.

Ovid says that in his day girls were taught to smile gracefully. The beauties of ancient times were just as vain as modern belles, and spent the greater part of the day at their toilet. The use of cosmetics was universal among them. Aspasia and Cleopatra (models of female beauty, it is said) both used an abundance of paint, and each wrote a treatise on cosmetics. Cleopatra used bear's grease to keep her hair from falling out. Roman ladies were so careful of their complexions that to protect them they wore masks.

The Athenian women of antiquity were very studious of their attitudes and actions, and thought a hurried and sudden step a sign of rusticity. We have certain styles of beauty now-a-days; so had the Greeks. They went wild over the "ideal chin"—neither sharp nor blunt, but gently undulating in its outline, and losing itself gradually and almost insensibly in the fullness of the neck. The union of the two eyebrows was esteemed by the Romans as a beauty. It is said they admired the air of dignity it gives to the face.

An Attaman belle of to-day presents a rather striking appearance. She is, as a rule, gaily coiffed with seed pearls and coins, and enveloped in a black serge pelisse. She uses paint on her face profusely, and her taste runs to cherry lips and cheeks and jet black eyebrows strongly drawn. An Albanian bride discards paint for a while, and, if wealthy, wears a suit something like this: Rose-colored under-robe, with an over-robe of dark green velvet, the idea being taken from a roseleaf half hidden in its leaves. This arrayed, the girl of handsome features is said to look really bewitching.

The Tartars despise prominent nasal appendages, and the woman who has the smallest nose is considered the more charming, but to outside barbarians she is a perfect fright. The women of Spiti, in India, wear tunics and trousers in woolen stuff, with large boots, partly of leather, partly of blanket, which come up to the knee, and which they are fond of taking off at any time. In order to get greater warmth they often put a quantity of flour into these boots beside their legs. Their taste in regard to ornaments runs much to all sorts of rings, including nose-rings.

A typical woman in the interior of Africa is thus described: "Her naked negro skin was leathery, coarse and wrinkled; her figure was tottering and knock-kneed; her thin hair hung in greasy locks; on her wrists and ankles she had almost an arsenal of metal links of iron, brass and copper, strong enough to bind a prisoner in his cell. About her neck were hanging chains of iron, strips of leather, strings of wooden balls, and heaven knows what number more."

Carpets.
There is in carpets a curious and undoubted malevolence, which is never exhibited until they are brought into the family circle. There is nothing more innocuous—except to the purse—than a carpet in the carpet store. It is soft, warm and bright, and apparently tractable. One can readily imagine that it can be made to fit any room, and that it will always give entire satisfaction. No one ever buys a carpet without feeling confident that it will wear well and long, and will prove to be fully worth the price, no matter how large the latter may be. But when this plausible and apparently innocent carpet is brought home, it immediately begins to display its true character, and to destroy the peace of mind of its unfortunate proprietor.

At the outset the carpet rarely consents to fit the room for which it is intended. No matter how carefully the area of the floor may have been calculated, there always will be too much or too little carpet. If there is too little, the floor can not be decently covered without the help of a "border," and the carpet must be stretched to such an extent that its seams will persist in lying in serpentine lines, and the muscles of the unhappy carpet-layers are strained to a very painful extent. If there is too much carpet, the superfluous pieces are put away with the view of using them at some future day to replace worn and soiled parts of the carpet. They are never thus used, for two reasons: Either they are destroyed by moths long before they are wanted, or when the attempt is made to put new pieces into an old carpet, the brightness of the former emphasizes the shabbiness of the latter, and the attempt is quickly abandoned.

A carpet always persists in becoming threadbare in its most conspicuous parts. Little harm would be done were it to grow shabby underneath the sofa or in the dark corners of the room, but these are precisely the localities where it invariably remains bright, while the spaces just in front of the grate and the piano, or around the centre table, or by the door, quickly grow unendurably shabby. It is then that the conscientious housewife finds herself confronted by one of the most intricate of carpet problems. How is she to rip and change the position of the breadth, as to place all the shabby spots out of sight, and all the bright spots in conspicuous places? The feminine fingers engaged in the practical solution of this problem know their own weariness. There are few tasks more tiresome and distasteful than ripping an old carpet—except that of sewing it together again.

The malevolent carpet destroys the edge of penknives and scissors, and breaks the strongest needles. No woman ever rips a carpet without cutting her fingers or breaking her finger-nails, and few women succeed in sewing a ripped carpet together without losing pieces of broken needles, and afterwards unexpectedly finding them with the soles of their feet.

In thrifty families the devastating career of a carpet is never confined to a single room. When it becomes too shabby for the drawing-room or the dining-room, it is removed to an upstairs bedroom. Of course it is always too large for the latter, and hence a new calculation as to how to dispose of the superfluous breadth becomes necessary. The anguine housewife always maintains there is just enough of them to cover the floor of the second-story hall, but she is always mistaken, and after waiting several hours in weary efforts to make two hundred and fifty square feet of carpet cover three hundred square feet of hall, she admits her mistake. Quite a large quantity of half worn carpet is thus added to the reserve stock of pieces of new carpet in the lumber room; and as years go on a formidable pile of this useless material accumulates, which can not be thrown away without a guilty fear of extravagance, and can not be kept without juring countless moths into a house, and occupying room that could be put to much better use.

Could carpets be permitted to rest on their floors for any length of time, they would be much less exasperating than they are. A carpet, however, have a really fiendish alacrity in collecting dust, which renders it absolutely necessary to take them up at least once a year, and subject them to the severe discipline of a thorough beating. It is an error to imagine that the dust which collects underneath carpets is placed there by any human energy. A carpet may be placed on the floor of a perfectly clean room, and the doors and windows may then be closed, and the room left unvisited for a year. At the end of that time the carpet will have gathered so much dust that no one can tread upon it without filling the air with dust, and the necessity of taking it up and shaking it is obvious even to the dull-wittedest mind. This avidity with which carpets collect dust is clearly due to the malevolence of their nature, and it betrays an ingenuity which is as wonderful as it is shameful.

Unfortunately there is no substitute for carpets which is satisfactory. India matting is cold in the winter, and wears out rapidly under the attrition of chair legs, while oil-cloth in all its varieties is utterly incompatible with the domestic virtues. What is needed is a variety of carpet that retains the warmth, softness, and beauty of the present carpet, but which is also sufficiently elastic to admit of being stretched to twice its normal size, absolutely impervious to dust, and as durable as the softer grades of cast iron. Such a carpet is sometimes seen in dreams by weary and perplexed housewives, but it is almost too much to hope that such blessed and glorious dreams can ever be realized in this imperfect world.—[Harper's Bazar.]

Innovations.
Clara Belle announces that the proper thing this fall will be an outside corset, laced exactly like the other kind, of which the great bachelor world know so little. This may be all right if it stops at that, but let us consider for a moment what it is going to lead to. Will it not reverse the regular order of things, so that a man will eventually have to wear his overshoe on the inside, next his skin, and vice versa? Is the time coming when, to be en regle and an avoird, a gentleman must wear his overshoes next his feet, and his clocked socks on the outside? This is going to make trouble in the great social world, and it is painful to think of. Coming from the ladies, too, it is doubly sad, and the thinking mind turns in agony from a contemplation of what it may lead to. The mysteries of a clothes line will be nowhere.

A young lady in Dakota has lately advertised for a husband in this exceedingly practical fashion: "I mean business. If there is any young man in this county that has as much sand in him as a pound of ping tobacco, I want to hear from him. I have a tree claim and homestead, am a good cook and not afraid of work, and willing to do my part. If any man with a like amount of land, and decent face and carcass, wants a good wife, I can face the bill."

Mr. Lally, of Jefferson, Iowa, was an impatient wooer. He rushed into the presence of a woman with an engagement ring in one hand, a cocked pistol in the other, and declared that she must marry or die. She did neither, and he has gone to prison.

Unnatural Happiness.

"There is one of the happiest men in the world at the present moment," City Physician Jackson said as he entered, with the reporter, the pavilion for the insane at Bellevue Hospital, and was most heartily greeted by a new inmate of the place. The patient was a fine-looking man, inclined to stoutness, with gray hair and beard, and a glow in his pleasant face. He was fifty-six years of age, and the only peculiarity about his appearance was that he staggered slightly whenever he rose from his seat. He had been arrested for pulling valuable flowers from a clergyman's garden to make nosegays for his wife, and he repeated the offence until he was sent to the City Physician to have his mental condition examined. "The happiest man conceivable," the physician repeated, "and yet hopelessly insane."

He imagined that he possessed great wealth, and that he could not do anything better than spend it in making presents to everybody he met. He had lavishly squandered money before his arrest on worthless articles, and at the moment he spoke he offered to give the physician \$100 just for coming to see him, imagining that he was a friend on a visit. He also turned to the reporter, with whom he shook hands as though he had been acquainted with him for years. He wound up the very exuberant greeting by promising the reporter a gold watch and a gold collar button. "Come again and I will have a little reception for you here," the patient said as the physician went away.

"What is his specific trouble?" was asked.
"General paresis," the physician replied. "It has taken the form of sustained elation, and for two years that man will be the happiest of mortals. Nothing in rational existence can approach to the enjoyment he will experience. But it will all end abruptly in complete mental darkness and death. A gradual paralysis will attack his system and continue until brain and limbs are finally helpless, and he will pass away like a burnt-out candle."

"General paresis," he continued, "has greatly increased during the last decade. Formerly such cases were very rare, and physicians would travel miles to witness and investigate the mental phenomena of their condition. Now they can find them in any asylum. They live in a wild delirium of joy, and can readily be picked out of a crowd of lunatics by a lay visitor by their excessive and unnatural cheerfulness. It would be a fortunate chief if lunacy always took the form of general paresis, for an immense amount of suffering would be saved the most unfortunate class of unfortunate beings. Sufferers from the disease are never violent, simply hysterically jubilant. They think the whole world is their friend.—[New York Sun.]

The First Silk in Pennsylvania.
John Schwartz, of York county, Pa., who is now 73 years of age, claims to have manufactured the first silk in the State. He has in possession several silk handkerchiefs and pieces of silk which he manufactured thirty-four years ago having raised she worms himself, fed them, reeled the silk and wove it on a common carpet loom. He had 80,000 worms in his possession, and not having room to take care of them he entered into a partnership with a Mr. Wagner, and the two erected a large two-story factory for the purpose of raising more worms and providing better accommodations for the large number already had. Mr. Wagner owning one and one-half millions. Mr. Schwartz wove over 200 yards of silk, which was 27 inches wide, and required 1,000 silks to the yard; that is, the shuttle passed back and forth nine thousand times in every yard of silk wove. He also manufactured a web of silk with cotton chain, from which his wife and mother made undershirts.

One of the signs of the growth of a general demand for non-intoxicating beverages is the reported acquisition of a herd of cows by one of the great English railway companies, in order to supply fresh milk to travelers on their line. Buffalo saloons now keep Jersey milk on sale.

Mr. William Ladden, bedridden for years at Brandon, Vt., was taken in hand by a praying band. She soon felt a "prickling and somewhat painful sensation" along her spine, and before the meeting closed she was able to walk.

The Albany (N. Y.) Argus observes: Judge McGowan, this city, was cured of rheumatism by St. Jacobs Oil.

Black silk and satin dresses have the fronts heavily embroidered in richly shaded colors.

Cerebral Disease.
The individual may be said to court disease who exposes himself to the miasmatic influences which give rise to cholera and fever, and other malarial epidemics and epidemics, without previously fortifying his system against the miasmatic attacks by the use of a prophylactic medicinal agent. The hardest constitution is by no means proof against such miasmatic, much less one naturally weak or bilious, or the antagonistic power of which is lessened by an irregular habit of body. The inhabitants of the bottom lands of the South, of the new clearings of the West, of suburban districts whose smokes rise east, of every locality of the American continent, in fact, where malaria is epidemic or sporadic, declare that the only true antidote to the miasmatic virus that they have ever used is Hostetter's Stomach Bitter. There seems to be something peculiarly resistant in this standard prophylactic and remedy to all harmful miasmatic influences.

There is a man in England who gained over fifty pounds in one week. He bet on the winning horse.

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