

**Then Comes the Rain.**  
When the rain came down  
It drenched the streets of the dusty town,  
And the fields where the corn drooped, burnt  
And brown  
Sailed when the rain came down!  
When the rain came down  
The hills wore a green and glorious  
Crown,  
And sweet to the world was the black sky's  
frown  
When the rain came down!  
When the rain came down  
The painting hills were glad to drown,  
O, the joy of the woodlands—the joy of the  
town  
When the rain came down!  
—Atlanta Constitution.

### Romance of the Thimble.

It was in the beginning of the six-teenth century. A wonderfully fine Sunday morning in winter had dawned; the clear, cold winter sun was sparkling on the snow-covered roofs of Antwerp. The sunbeams climbed and gilded merrily along the houses, gilding the glittering stained-glass window-panes. Then they jumped gleefully over to the smooth fields of ice formed by the frozen canals which encircle the city.  
At the north end of the town, a small, well-frozen lake had been formed by the outlets of the smaller canals. Church was just over; the last sounds of the bells were still trembling on the crisp air, as they died away. A merry throng was on the lake; a delightful picture of youthful gaiety presented itself to the visitor. The slender forms of youths and maidens, with their glittering skates, seemed to skim along as if driven by the wind. Two by two, the older ones skated by, followed by boys and girls, forming long chains.  
Every now and then, a pretty girl swept by all the other skaters, who bowed to her respectfully and watched her with admiration. But, like a proud swan, she went on farther and farther. Her elegant dress betrayed the wealthy patrician. A blue velvet gown, falling in rich folds, and trimmed with fine fur, enveloped her form, and under the turban which she wore, and which was trimmed with flowing red plumes, gleamed a mass of golden hair which fell in two heavy braids to the edge of her gown. The wonderful, dreamy eyes in her beautiful aristocratic face, often looked searchingly among the young patricians, but only to turn away in disappointment and intense longing.  
Finally the form of a young man, coming from the other end of the lake, came gliding toward the pretty skater. Her eyes sparkled with joy, he bowed to her reverently—but then he confidently grasped the little hands stretched toward him. They glided on in silence for some time.  
“Why did you remain all alone, Antje?” he asked suddenly. “The young patricians will think it haughtiness on your part.”  
Antje drew up her rosy lips in scorn. “That just suits me, Cousin Adrian!” she laughed. “I wanted to wait for you undisturbed!”  
“Oh! Antje, you must not do it; as grateful as your cousin is to you for your friendship, you must never forget what a deep, immeasurable abyss separates the wealthy Anna Van Der Solst from the poor goldsmith, Adrian Van Benschotten!” The handsome man spoke earnestly and mildly, but not without a painful twitch of his finely curved lips.  
“Oh!” pouted Antje, “but suppose I do not like anyone else as well as poor Adrian!” and with a proud, loving look she scanned his noble, stalwart form in his plain brown doublet.  
“Adrian! do you know whom you resemble—in comparison with the gaudy patricians? You are like the falcon among the bullfinches!”  
“Sweet child, it is well that you can jest; I feel as if I should like to die—for I come to you today for the last time—to bid you farewell—I am going to England!”  
“Go!” she said icily. She pushed him from her, but only to draw herself up again, closer and more confidently to him. It seemed as if they were made one for the other, for they were the most distinguished-looking couple among the crowd of young people.  
“You see, Antje—I must go, hard as it is for me to do so. My father demands it. It is my duty. Shall I notice, Antje, how my little cousin's affection grows stronger day by day? To say nothing of my own heartache! And to know that we may never come together! It is better that I go while my Antje is still young, so that she may more easily forget the poor goldsmith. You will know and love a better man, but I shall remain true to my first love!”  
“Adrian! I shall never love any one else but you!”

“Poor Antje! It is in vain; the proud Mynheer Van Der Solst will never give his only child in marriage to a poor apprentice—”  
“You are an artist, Adrian,” Antje answered vivaciously. “Even today I will be the woeer for you at my father's feet!”  
Adrian shook his head. “You don't understand Mynheer's patrician pride!” He tore himself away, violently. “Farewell Antje!”  
“Soon I will send you good news!” Antje called after him.  
He smiled sally, waved one final farewell, and disappeared.  
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The finest house on the Scheldt quay belonged to Mynheer Van Der Solst.

A stately repose reigned in the reception-hall, covered with rugs and decorated with large chests, mirrors, wapons and shields, which led to a suite of furnished apartments. The last one was Antje's own, a charming and dainty room.  
Rare tropical plants adorned it. Costly silver covered the toilet-table. Heavy red silk draperies fell from the golden crown of the tester of her bed. Gobelin tapestries from Brabant showed scenes from the Bible. In the midst of this splendor, Antje sat, in the cosy, upholstered bay-window, and gazed out upon the dead winter landscape. Her eyes were red from weeping; now and then a soft sob escaped her half-opened lips. There had been a terrible scene. Mynheer—her father, who had always been so kind and lenient—now swore high and low that only a wealthy merchant should become the husband of his only daughter. “I will never give you to that poor beggar!” was his last word.  
It was not on account of the difference in rank, for the goldsmith's art was greatly honored in the sixteenth century, but Mynheer considered Adrian an idle dreamer.  
“Profession has no golden bottom with that fellow!” grumbled the excited man. “I shall never entrust my greatest blessing to a man who will never be prosperous!”  
Time crept by slowly and weighed heavily on Antje; finally she found some diversion in her embroidery-frame. The beautiful lace collar upon which she was at work had been intended for a bridal gift for Adrian.  
“Now the collar shall ornament my shroud!” thought Antje, and gave way to sombre thoughts. She did not even notice that she had repeatedly pricked her middle finger, until the drops of blood from it had already made a large red spot; the fine Brussels cambré was spoiled. Antje angrily threw the frame into a corner. Just then Greta, her maid, entered and handed Antje a small package bearing Adrian's hand-writing.  
Quickly Antje broke the seal; a small silver article, set with a blue stone, fell out and rolled down to Antje's feet. Inquisitively, Antje picked it up, and looked at the strange trinket in astonishment; then put it down indifferently, took up the parchment and read:  
“My dear, sweet Antje, I knew very well that you would not send me a good message. Now I am on my way to England; believe me, I am only from motives of pure, disinterested love. But you, my dear child, must obey your noble father, who is anxious for your welfare only.  
“Farewell, my darling! Be happy, and try to forget.  
“Ever your loving  
“Adrian  
“P.S. Perhaps I may give you just a little souvenir! The silver trinket is a little cap which I thought of for the protection of your delicate fingers, when I noisily hear often you pricked it at your embroidery.”  
Then Antje alternately pressed the letter and the little finger-cap to her lips, and held up her hand as she made the vow: “Adrian! I will wait until you return to take your Antje with you!”  
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Three years have passed: a long magnificent wedding-procession is moving to the grand Jacob's cathedral at Antwerp.  
The pretty bride, who smiles so happily under her lace veil, is Antje Van Der Solst. She has not lost any of the freshness of youth, but has blossomed out even more beautiful and pleasantly, a full-blown, fragrant rose. The bridegroom is a wealthy, stately-looking man from Sheffield. He looks his best in his costly velvet waistcoat, decorated with a wide golden necklace of honor—altogether a distinguished figure among the patricians following the bridal pair.  
Antje is following the man from Sheffield to the altar, with her father's blessing—and still she has kept her vow, for the bridegroom is Adrian Van Benschotten, the inventor of the thimble.  
The practical Englishman had soon appreciated the value of the invention,

and through it Adrian had attained riches and honors.  
The renowned goldsmith of Antwerp lived a long, happy life with his faithful Antje. At their golden wedding, however, the venerable couple still showed their great-grandchildren the origin of their fortune—the first thimble.—Romance.

### Black Eyes, Blue Eyes.

Common opinion, the fairest arbiter in a matter of such general interest, is probably agreed that in the human eye color does not control our estimate of beauty. “Black eyes or blue eyes, hazel or gray,” as the song says, are equally admired in the proper setting. But in the eyes of all other creatures color does make a marked difference in the impression which they convey to us, though the reason for this difference is obscure. Light colored eyes of any shade seem to detract strangely from the depth and significance of animal expression. The usual tint in these light colored eyes of animals is a bright golden yellow.  
Creatures of very similar form and almost identical shape of head and face appear, or fail to appeal to us by the expression of their eye largely on account of this slight difference, though the probable range of emotion and scope of intelligence in the one can hardly be believed to differ greatly from the same powers in the other. The yellow eyes of the sheep and the goat have probably never been the subject of a word of commendation, while poets and painters have never tired of celebrating the dark eyes of their cousins, the raven and the gazelle. In birds the contrast is even more marked. As a rule, the eyes of the hawks are light yellow, bright and piercing, with wonderful powers of vision.  
The true falcons, which do not surpass the hawks either in size or courage, have black eyes, which lend a nobility and dignity to the expression of the bird which the goshawk, with all its nobility of carriage, never attains. There is something infinitely rough and mischievous in the light blue eye of the jack daw, which would be pure ruin to the character of its grave cousin, “Parson” rook, if, by some unkind freak of nature, one were born with such disfigurement; indeed it may be doubtful if the colony would not pronounce sentence of execution at once upon such a discredited to the tribe.—Saturday Review.  
**The Indian As a Claimant.**  
I was in Talkequalah when the distribution of the purchase money for the Strip of the Cherokees commenced. A more interesting scene than this collection of Indians could scarcely be imagined, but the most peculiar sight to me was the action of a young brave, who declined to accept the amount offered to him on the ground that the government owed him \$100 from some previous apportionment. He speaks English well, and I was among those to whom he told his grievance. As he has a wife and children, his family apportionment offered him was over \$1000, but he declined absolutely to accept it unless the other hundred were added. He was told very kindly that it was impossible to accede to his demand, and he was advised to take the \$1000 and make a special claim for the \$100. Almost any white man would have fallen in with the suggestion, and it is an interesting illustration of Indian stolidness and obstinacy that this man positively left the town empty-handed and swore he would never come back until his rights were recognized.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.  
**Apologies.**  
A certain Monarch, of Violent and Hasty Temper, became offended at an injudicious Remark of his Court Fool, and, drawing his sword, cut off the Unhappy Fellow's Right Ear.  
The next Day, having given the matter Thought, the Monarch approached the Couch where lay the Fool in Much Pain, and apologized Sincerely for his Conduct, expressing Great Sorrow.  
“Your sorrow is Beautiful to See,” complained the Fool, “but it does not restore my Lost Ear.”  
“The loss of your Ear cuts no Ice,” replied the Monarch. “It is enough that I have Expressed my Sorrow and put myself at Peace with my own Conscience in So Doing.”  
Moral: And that is what apologies amount to, as a general thing.—Indianapolis Journal.  
**Not That Way.**  
Dickie Dimbles—You have turned my brain all topsy turvy, Miss Cold-ical. (Tenderly)—Can you read what is in my mind?  
Miss Coldical—I am afraid not, Mr. Dimbles. I never could read upside-down.—Harper's Bazar.

### CHILDREN'S COLUMN

**DAISIES AND CLOVER.**  
Daisies and clover,  
The wide land over,  
Swaying and nodding and bright with bloom.  
Daisies and clover,  
The great fields over,  
And all the winds with their sweet perfume.  
.....  
Daisies and clover,  
And each child lover,  
May gather and pluck and hold them fast,  
Over and over,  
For daisies and clover  
Haven't we washed, and they're here at last.  
—Harper's Young People.

### THE DANCING PEA.

Push a pin through a green pea, making the two ends nearly as possible the same weight, that is, let the point come a little more than half way through. Then break the stem of a common clay pipe, and the toy will be complete.  
To make the pea dance, put it on top of the pipe-stem. The point of the pin sticking down the bore. Throw your hand back so that the stem may be held vertically, and blow gently. This will make the pea rise, keep blowing harder, until the pea rises entirely from the pipe and is supported in the air. It will now begin to spin around and round and turn over and over, all the while lobbing up and down, as long as the current of air is kept up.  
The dance may be changed by pushing the pin up to its head. The pea will now rise to the top of the pipe and dance slowly and with great dignity around the edge; or, if the blower stops to laugh, it is apt to fall into the open mouth below.—Detroit Free Press.

### LEGEND OF THE PANSY.

A pretty fable about the pansy is current among French and German children. The flower has five petals and five sepals. In most pansies, especially of the earlier and less highly developed varieties, two of the petals are plain in color, and three are gay. The two plain petals have a single sepal, two of the gay petals have a sepal each, and the third, which is the largest of all, has two sepals.  
The fable is that the pansy represents a family, consisting of a husband, wife and four daughters, two of the latter being step-daughters of the wife. The plain petals are the step-children, with only one chair; the two small gay petals are the daughters, with a chair each, and the large, gay petal is the wife, with two chairs.  
To find the father one must strip away the petals until the stamens and pistils are bare. They have a fanciful resemblance to an old man with a flannel wrap about his neck, his shoulders upraised, and his feet in a bath tub. The story is probably of French origin, because the French call the pansy the stepmother.—Household Magazine.

### RIDING ON A GIRAFFE.

General Sir Evelyn Wood is likely to remember his ride on a giraffe-back as long as he lives. Many years ago, while passing through Jorah, in India, with a party of friends, he was entertained, says Little Folks, by the Nawab, who possessed a collection of the rarer animals, such as giraffes, cheetahs, etc. Brigade Major Wood, as he was then, offering to ride the giraffe, the animal was brought out barebacked, with no bridle save a rope around his neck. Wood vaulted from the balcony on to the back of the creature, which started off at a great pace; but when it settled down into a gallop the curious movement made the rider, although an old sailor, “sea-sick,” if the term may be used of a land exercise.  
Hitherto he had ridden well, the giraffe's queer movements and awkward bounds affording the out-lookers much amusement. At last Wood fell off, receiving a blow on the head from the animal's knee, and then in the face from its foot. The fun threatened to end fatally; but although he was carried away insensible, he recovered after a few hours—to ride a giraffe never more forever.

### What She Must Do.

“Maria,” he said plaintively, “are you going to join the woman's suffrage movement?”  
“I am,” was the resolute reply.  
“And make speeches and carry on?”  
“Very likely.”  
“Well, if that's the case, I've just one thing to say,” and his jaws shut hard.  
“What is that?”  
“After this you'll have to get up in the middle of the night and help chase burglars.”—Washington Star.

### THE OLDEST TOWN.

#### A Cuban Port Founded Ten Years After America's Discovery.

#### Immense Output of Bananas From its Environs.

“I have just returned from a visit to the oldest town settled by white men in the western hemisphere,” said Mr. Robert Hill of the United States geological survey to a Washington Star reporter. “It is called Baracoa, and is situated at the eastern end of the Island of Cuba. Spaniards started the settlement ten years after the discovery of America by Columbus. It has been a scene of turbulence and bloodshed for centuries. During the great revolution of twenty-five years ago a battle was fought there, in which three hundred men were killed, the high ground back of the city affording a refuge ground for the insurgents, who sallied forth from time to time upon the town.  
At present, however, Baracoa is most interesting as one of the great banana-shipping ports in the world. I should tell you preliminarily that, whereas the western part of Cuba is a vast plantation of sugar and tobacco, the east end of the island is a wilderness covered, for the most part, with virgin forests. Such portions of the eastern half as are under cultivation produce chiefly bananas and coconuts. The coast, you must understand, is very abrupt, ascending in three remarkable terraces to a general altitude of 2,000 feet. Beyond rise the mountains to a height of 6,000 feet.  
“The banana plantations are not seen from the coast. On the arrival of a fruit steamer messages are sent by telephone to central points in the interior. From these points horseback riders convey the news to the banana plantations. The bananas are then cut, after which they are transported in panniers by cows to the edge of the plateau overlooking the coast. Thence they are run down by wire trolleys to the banks of the Yumiri river, where they are loaded upon small lighters. Negroes pole the lighters out of the river and through the surf to the fruit vessel. As might be imagined, this is a dangerous performance, and the lighters are often upset.  
“The mouth of the Yumiri river is eighteen miles from Baracoa. After getting a load, the fruit steamer returns to the town for her clearance papers, and twenty-four hours after her arrival she is on her way back to Philadelphia, New York and Boston. The planter gets 50 cents a bunch for his bananas, delivered at the top of the cliff. Ten cents a bunch in addition is paid to the trolley concern for fetching the merchandise to the river's edge. The negroes pass the bananas from the lighters into the hold of the vessel, chain-fashion. The bunches are stood on end, two deep, upon a false deck.  
“The negroes are the happiest people imaginable. They sing songs while they pass the bunches into the vessel. A man stands on the deck of the ship and examines every bunch. Any bunch that shows the least sign of ripening is thrown away or given to the laborers. The craft being loaded, a free ride to Baracoa is given to the darkeys. They bring with them dogs, goats, pigs, and chickens, which are their pets. Every negro possesses one or more pet animals with two or four legs. The place of honor on board the vessel is near the door of the captain's cabin around which the black passengers squat.  
**Substitute for Coffee.**  
The different substitutes for coffee would seem to be innumerable. Dried apples and carrots, rye, malt, bran, peas, beans, barley and chicory, have all made bids for popular favor, but sides many others not enumerated.  
Among the latest candidates is the soy or soja bean. Its producer, Director Plumb, of Purdue University, says his attention was first called to the value of this bean for this purpose in 1891 by a farmer, who told him that his family had used the bean instead of coffee for several years, and had raised sixteen bushels to the acre.  
In his bulletin Director Plumb says the seed should be planted about thirty inches apart in rows, with a row every six to nine inches in the bean. The ground should be prepared as for any other bean. The seed should not be planted until the ground is well warmed, about the latter half of May, though a satisfactory crop has been gathered at this station from seed planted about the middle of June. Yet the season may be too short if the planting is delayed much beyond June 1. After the beans are ripe enough

the plants should be mowed off or pulled up and dried in the field in small piles or stacks, after which they may be taken to the barn and threshed out. Care should be taken to harvest before the pods are too ripe, or they will shell and waste in handling.  
Analysis shows that the one main essential difference between the seeds of the soja and coffee is that one contains an alkaloid—caffeine—to which is due its peculiar flavor, which the other lacks. Both contain considerable fat, fibre and albuminoids, but the amount of available nutriment in either case would be inappreciable in a cup of coffee. That there should be so close a relationship in the amount of fat in each is of special interest. It is important to note that the soja bean roasted is more nutritious than the artificial coffee or barley coffee sold in the market.—New York World.

### Mental Sufferings of the Cowboy.

“If young men who have the cowboy fever had any idea of the apprenticeship they are likely to serve before becoming full-fledged cowboys, most of them would be cured without the expense of a trip a thousand miles west,” said Elias Miller of Hutchinson, Kan. “It is nearly twenty years since I had the fever and went out to be cured. My first work was watching the line between Wyoming and Dakota. Line or fence watching is an assignment frequently given to a newcomer, and the duties consist in riding up and down the line and preventing cattle from straying over it. Several men have lost their reason in this work, and I came very near doing so myself. All the glory and adventure we read of in books is absent, and the solitude is terrible. I could cover my distance in about two days, and did nothing else but ride up and down the line watching for the stray cattle, which never strayed my way. Sheep herding is said to be the most terribly monotonous work a man can be put to, but there are few cowboys in the West who have not an acute recollection of the sufferings they endured when doing such work as I describe. There are hundreds of men doing it today, but each of them is looking forward to obtaining a new job with almost the eagerness of a convict who knows that his sentence has nearly expired.”—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### He Carries a Passport.

H. L. Benson of New York, according to a reporter of a St. Louis paper, takes pains to be always provided with a passport. He says that it costs him but a dollar and a little trouble to get it, and that it saves him a great deal of trouble whenever he is where he is not well known. Says he: “With this passport I never have to be identified at a bank, postoffice or other institutions where strangers transacting business always have to be vouchered for by somebody known to the officials. You see that the body of the paper contains a most minute and unmistakable description of me, together with my age and residence. The whole bears the good seal of the United States government, thus making deception or imposture almost impossible. My description was sworn to by notaries public who know me before the state department at Washington issued the passport. With this affidavit, and another one certifying that I was a good citizen, I enclosed \$1 with my application to the secretary of state and received the passport.”—New Orleans Picayune.

### A Political Experience.

A candidate for office was so sorely beset by undesirable visitors that after much patient suffering he gave orders to the servants to deny admittance to all callers save his personal friends. How well the order was carried out he soon had evidence. The bell rang, and the maid, upon opening the front door, was confronted by a body of “delegates” from a “willing” constituency, when the candidate overheard the following colloquy:  
“Is Mr. C. — at home?” said the leader.  
“He is not,” answered the maid.  
“When will he be in?”  
“Are ye personal friends of his?”  
“Well—no,” said the leader; “but the door he's never comin' in.” And the throng was closed with a bang.—Harper's Magazine.

### Concerning Meals.

Somebody says that “for breakfast a little is enough, for dinner enough is too little, for supper a little is too much.” This sounds rather smart, but it will not work well in practice—at least with many people. A healthy man with a good digestive outfit will rather sympathize with the boy who said that his favorite meals were breakfast, dinner, and supper.—Buffalo Commercial.

### The Ferry for Shadowtown.

Sway to and fro in the twilight gray,  
This ferry for Shadowtown.  
It always sails at the end of the day,  
Just as the darkness closes down.  
A sleepy kins in the only fare,  
D. lifting away from the world we go,  
Baby and I in the rocking chair.  
See where the fire-logs glow and spark  
Glitter the lights of the shadowland!  
The raining drops on the window, back!  
Are ripples lapping upon its strand.  
There, where the mirror is appearing dim,  
A lake-like shimmering, cool and still,  
Blossoms are waxing above its brim.  
Those over there on the window sill.  
Rock slow, more slow, in the dusky light,  
Silently lower the anchor down,  
Dear little passenger, say “Good night!”  
We've reached the harbor of Shadowtown!  
—New Orleans Times-Democrat

### HUMOROUS.

Goes without saying—A deaf mute.  
The higher up a thermometer gets the lower it falls in the public estimation.  
It is true that doctors disagree, but then they don't disagree half as much as their medicines do.  
Teacher—I've explained to you the nature of a fixed holiday; now give me an instance of a movable holiday.  
Class—May 1.  
Clara—Do you believe in the doctrine of every man for himself? May  
—No; I believe that it should be every man for some girl.  
Jones—That's funny, Smith—What's funny? Jones—The paper says that the police magistrate gave a man \$10 for being drunk.  
The fact that a woman doesn't “wear” for a man she might have had Does not, when he needs another fair, keep her from getting mad.  
Kitty—How advanced women have discovered that man is a total failure.  
Tom—I suppose that is why you are claiming an equality with him.  
“There's a friend downstairs waiting for you; says he wants you only a minute.” Mr. Catelson—Here, James; take this \$10 and keep it until I come back.  
“I am married, but I think marriage is a failure.” “I'm married, but I don't. Difference of opinion, eh?” “No; difference of wives, I fancy.”  
The owner of a carriage, who was upset the other day said that he couldn't agree with the spectators who complimented him on his handsome turn out.  
Of all men men upon this earth, The champion has been found,  
‘Tis he who puts barbed wire fences Next to the picnic ground.  
“Speaking of persistence,” remarked the bill-poster thoughtfully, “my trade is certainly one in which a man will never make a cent except by sticking at it.”  
“How was it Perkins didn't get his degree at college this year?” “You don't suppose the faculty is going to let a fine foot ball player like Perkins graduate, do you?”  
“I shall celebrate my twenty-second birthday next week,” said Miss Giddey to her dearest friend. “I suppose you forgot it when it came around eight or nine years ago,” was Miss Plymp's reply.  
“Mr. Dawson is a lovely man,” said Miss Weston. “I told him I was twenty-two years old, and the dear thing said I didn't look it.” “Well, you don't,” said Miss Parter; “you look thirty-two.”  
“Look here,” said an irate artist to a member of the hanging committee, “what made you sky my picture?”  
“My dear fellow,” replied the committee-man soothingly, “your pictures always come high you know.”  
The cost of drugs and medicines, Are having such a fall, Cut prices will bring sickness a Within the reach of all.  
Bertha—Sometimes you appear really nasty, and sometimes you are absolutely effeminate. How do you account for it? Harold—I suppose it is hereditary. Half my ancestors were males and the other half females.  
Teacher—Sammy, in the sentence, I have a book, what is the case of the pronoun I? Sammy (promptly)—Nominative case. Teacher—Next boy, tell me in what case to put the noun book. Next boy (thoughtfully)—Bookcase.  
They were discussing a man whose financial methods had been called into question. “Why,” exclaimed one man, “he wouldn't steal as much as a dollar.” The other reflected a moment and said, “I guess you mean as little as a dollar.”  
Gentleman (savagely to hairdresser)—You villain! That stuff you warranted to do away with the bald patches I had has taken every hair off my head. Hairdresser—Well it has done away with the bald patches, sir. Your head's alike all over now.