The Tarborough Southerner.

BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT; THEN GO AHEAD.—D Crockett.

VOL. 66. NO. 37. TARBORO', N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1888. PRICE FIVE CENTS

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I am now manufacturing Cart Wheel Hubs, Spokes, and Rims from Native Timbers, which I will sell at from $2.75 to $5.25 PER PAIR. A discount will be allowed if as many as ten pairs are taken by one party. All work warranted. Special terms to coachmakers. Shipments F. O. B at Coniot's Landing, Roanoke River.

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EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Having qualified as Executor upon the estate of the late Patience Thigpen; notice is hereby given to all creditors of my testatrix to present their claims on or before September 1st, 1889 or this notice will be pleaded in bar. Those owing the estate must make immediate payment.

M. B PITT, Executor.

Old Sparta. 34t6.

STATE POLITICS.

Dockery as an Alliance Man.

If Dockery is to be believed, "which he is not," there are two farmers' organs and mouth-pieces in North Carolina—himself and the Alliance, they don't agree. From his own showing he is a mighty Alliance man and a powerful farmer. The truth is, he is neither an Alliance man in principle, nor a farmer in practice, but is simply a broken-Radical politician, fraudulently parading himself as a farmer and falsely professing undying attachment to the Alliance, between whom and himself there is a wide gulf yawning and impassable.

But actions speak louder than words. Let us see how Dockery and those with whom he is associated are acting.

The Alliance in its published platform openly opposes—

1 Class legislation.
2. The tyranny and oppression of monopolies and trusts.
3. Excessive taxation.
4. Lavish expenditure of public money.
5. Protection for protection's sake, believing that the tariff ought to be reduced to a strictly revenue basis, the heaviest burdens put on luxuries and the lightest on the necessaries of life.

The above may be said to embrace the vital issues now before the country, and about the position of the Alliance in regard to them there is no doubt.

How does Colonel Dockery stand in regard to them? We will consider them in order:

1. The Alliance is opposed to class legislation, and so is the Democratic party. With Colonel Dockery and his party, as the record, shows, class legislation has been the constant practice. Look at the "protection" given to iron manufacturers, to cotton goods manufacturers, in a word, to manufacturers of all sorts of goods. Look at the favoritism to the bond-holders for twenty years past, at the favoritism to rich men generally as shown in the repeal of the income tax, a tax that the Alliance expressly demands shall be re enacted And yet Colonel Dockery pretends to be a great Alliance man—so much in love with it, its principles and its members, he says that he could not find it in his heart to oppose one of them for any office he might desire. And yet he finds it in his heart to fight the whole Order upon one of its leading principles.

2 The Alliance opposes the tyranny and oppression of monopolies and trusts, and so does the Democratic party. In the last State platform the Democratic party expressly declares itself "against the monopolist and in favor of a just distribution of capital," and demands "the enactment of laws that would bear equally upon all."

The national platform declares that "the interests of the people are betrayed when by unnecessary taxation trusts and combinations are permitted and fostered, which, while unduly enriching the few that combine, rob the body of our citizens by depriving them of the benefits of natural competition."

On the other hand, Mr. Blaine, the acknowledged leader of Colonel Dockery's party, openly declares that monopolies and trusts "are largely private affairs, with which neither Mr. Cleveland nor any private citizen has any particular right to interfere."

And yet Colonel Dockery, who voted for Mr. Blaine four years ago and would be his supporter again to-day if he was a candidate, parades himself before the people as a farmer and the special friend to farmers, and boasts of being a member of the Alliance!

Was the tyranny and oppression of monopolies and trusts ever greater than it is to-day? Remember the coffee trust. It has not been twelve months since even well to-do families felt obliged to stint themselves in coffee because the trust had raised the price till they were no longer able to pay it. Look at the sugar trust. Look at the cotton bagging trust. And yet we are told that neither the President or any private citizen has any particular right to interfere with these monopolies and trusts. Perhaps, however, it will turn out that a Democratic Congress has a very particular right to interfere in the matter! We advise our Alliance friends to look well after Colonel Dockery and such members, if, indeed, they be "bona fide" members. Dangerous members they be who publicly oppose the vital principles of the Order to which they belong; that is to say, unless a house may be divided against itself without danger of falling.

3. The Alliance opposes excessive taxation. The Democratic party does so, too, and in its platforms declares that "unnecessary taxation is unjust taxation." How is it with the Radical party on this point? Under Radical legislation the government is to-day collecting some $10,000,000 a month in the shape of taxes, more than is needed for its uses; but it must be collected, for the law is upon the statute book, placed there by a Radical Congress, and must be obeyed. If the collection of more than $120,000,000 a year over and above the needs of the government be not excessive taxation, what amount can be called excessive? And yet the Radical party justifies the legislation, and so does Colonel Dockery; indeed, the Colonel is proud of it as "wise and beneficient legislation;" that is, if he is to be believed in what he says in his letter of acceptance.

And all this time Dockery is the farmer's friend and an humble, devoted member of the Alliance; that is to say, if he is to be believed! Of course, however, no man, who boasts that the legislation which forces the collection of $10,000,000 of taxes a month more than the government needs is wise and beneficient, can be either an honest member of the Alliance or a truth-telling one.

4. The Alliance opposes a lavish expenditure of the public money. So does the Democratic party, as its record shows. The record of the Radical party, on the other hand, shows expenditures lavish beyond belief almost. Everybody knows how it was in the State when that party had control of affairs. Nor was it much better at Washington But they are not at all ashamed of their record, for in their last national platform they set forth a schedule of appropriations to be made when they in power that is truly appalling. Here is the list of appropriations: "For the early rebuilding of our navy for the construction of coast fortifications and other approved modern means of defense for the protection of our defenceless harbors and cities; for the payment of just pensions to our soldiers; for necessary works of national importance in the improvement of the harbors and channels of internal or coastwise and foreign commerce; for the encouragement of the shipping interest of the Atlantic, Gulf and Pacific States, as well as for payment of the maturing public debt."

Will that be a lavish expenditure of public money or not? We rather think it will, and yet that is what Colonel Dockery and his party are in favor of. How, then can he be a member of the Alliance in good standing? Can a man belong to an Order be a member in good standing and fight its vital principles at every turn? The Alliance says publicly it is opposed to lavish expenditures of the public money. Colonel Dockery, however, who claims to be a member, is in favor of entering upon the expenditure of untold millions, millions upon millions, the end of which no child now born will see, and yet has the assurance to claim to be a member of the Alliance! What a contempt he must have for the understandings of the men he thus seeks to deceive!

5 The Alliance "opposes protection for protection's sake", believes that the tariff ought to be reduced to a strictly revenue basis as far possible, and that when any discrimination is made it ought to be in favor of the necessaries of life and against luxuries. This is every-day talk of Democrats and is to be found in their platforms, both State and National, as familiar as household words.

Let us see how the Radicals talk about it. The State platform adopted at Raleigh the 24th of last May declares the tariff "should be so adjusted as to protect American industries and labor." The National platform adopted at Chicago the 21st of last June says "we are uncompromisingly in favor of the American system of protection, * * * The protective system must be maintained."

How any man can stand on the Radical tariff platforms, as Colonel Dockery does avowedly, and say he is an honest, true son of the Alliance passeth all understanding. Can there be a greater variance, a wider difference than there is between the Alliance and the Radical party in the matter of tariff and tariff reform? And yet if Oliver Dockery be an Alliance man he has straddled the yawning gulf between them! Is it possible for mortal man to straddle that gulf, to bridge that chasm? Is it possible for mortal men to shake hands across it, much less to straddle it?

What a contempt he must have for the understandings of men whom he seeks to cheat with such chaff! The matter is too plain for argument, and we conclude as we began, that Oliver Dockery is neither an Alliance man in principle nor a farmer in practice, but a broken-down Radical politician, attempting by his accustomed art to deceive the people.

Faith and Works.

She was eight years old, and lived in the country; she had started one day rather late to school with another little girl about her own age. On their way they caught a glympse of a clock dial through an open door: it lacked five minutes of nine.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed the pious little girl, "it's five minutes of nine, and we'll be late to school"

"I'm afraid we will."

"Jennie," said the pious little girl, impressively, "I'll tell you what we must do; we'll kneel right down here and pray that we won't be late."

"H'm!" said the other, "I guess we'd better skin right along and pray as we go."

They "skun" and got there.

A Woman's Discovery.

"Another wonderful discovery has been made and that too by a lady in this country. Disease fastened its clutches upon her and for seven years she withstood its severest tests, but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent. For three months she coughed incessantly and could not sleep. She bought of us a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and was so much relieved on taking first dose that she slept all night and with one bottle has been miraculously cured. Her name is Mrs. Lucy Lutz." Thus write W. C. Hamrick & Co., of Shelby, N. C,—Get a free trial bottle at Staton & Zoeller's drug store. [37t1

Monte-Carlo.

Here, our friends told us, one could stay in the most beautiful spot on the Riviera, and, without being obliged to see or hear anything of the gambling, could enjoy the fine concerts which were given twice a day, free of charge, in the music room of the Casino. Hither we came in search of music, scenery and climate. It is a most lovely spot, and well sustains its reputation of having the advantage over all the other health resorts of this vicinity in location and beautiful views.

Situated on the slopes of the rocky hills, which form a part of the range of the Maritime Alps, down at its feet lies the beautiful bay, and Monaco rises on a rocky prominence beyond with the pretty little village of Condamine lying between. Far out toward the horizon stretches the deep blue Mediterranean, which blends with the soft southern sky in changing shades of pale violet and azure. Back of Monte Carlo, and at each side of it, are numerous olive groves, lending a soft grayish green color to the landscape; and the many lemon trees, which are a speciality of this section, are in full blossom, so that the air is filled with sweetest perfume.

Behind the town, or rather perched up over its head, is La Turbie, 1,840 feet above the sea, a little village built on the peak of a mountain, and looking as if it would fall into the town. Far away to the east, one can see the white houses of Bordighera on a point jutting out into the sea. Truly, this lovely place has everything which either nature or art can bestow to make it attractive

The gardens surrounding the Casino are like fairyland, filled with lawns of exquisite turf and banks of roses, which bloom in such profusion here that one can number them by thousands. The patas are bordered by the exotics, gathered from all parts of the world; some from California, from China, India and Africa. It has thus been made one of the most attractive spots on the globe, and I presume if one could suggest anything to the managers of the Casino which would make it more attractive, they would be only too glad to listen.

We entered the building, turned to the left, and in a little office gave our names and residence, and received a ticket which admitted us to everything. Then we found the concert room. It is a magnificent salon, containing six hundred velvet cushioned seats; is brilliantly lighted, and the walls and ceiling are adorned with carvings and frescoes. The orchestra, of eighty members, is considered one of the finest in Europe After listening to the first part of a delightful musical programme we did what everybody does during the intermission—took our way through a side door into the rooms where they "play" (nobody ever gambles in Europe). Here we saw a sight not soon to be forgotten, There are three large rooms, the first two containing six tables with sitting acomodation for thirty at each. At these tables they play roulette, and five francs is the lowest stake, though many play for gold. At each turn of the wheel, the croupiers call out: "Messieurs, faites vos leux;" and a moment later: "Rien ne va plus." The silver and gold is showered down upon the table from all sides, and then after the ball, which is spun swiftly around, has settled, the croupiers call out the number on which it rests. The croupiers, with long rakes, first rake in the money belonging to the tables, and then the winners eagerly take in what is left for them. But these tables are not so terrible as one in the furtherest room, at which "Trente et Quarante" is played, and the lowest stake is a Napoleon, or twenty francs. There were about thirty sitting at this table, and it was a study to examine their faces. You will note a peculiar expression which seems common to all—a sort of strained look about the eyes, and I have even seen the look of hunger in the pinched lines about the mouth.

Here I saw one young man who looked as if he had not long to live, so emaciated was he by that dread disease consumption; he was losing rapidly from a pile of gold pieces which he counted carfully over and over again. Next to him sat a little old lady with bead, black eyes and wrinkled hands, with which she clutched eagerly all that came her way. By her side was a fair young girl who seemed not more than eighteen years of age, and who was losing and gaining large sums without changing countenance, and with the equanimity of an old gambler. One young man came up to the table and carelessly threw down a five hundred franc note; a moment after he took it up with another five hundred added to it. But the majority are losers, for the company takes fifty thousand dollars a day as its profits.

The Prince of Monaco receives from them a sum of five hundred thousand dollars a year for the privilege. He will probably be well paid in the next world, if not in this, for obtaining his income from such a hell on earth. The statistics show that there were fifty suicides at Monte-Carlo during the last quarter, so that one almost feels nervous in passing through the gardens at night, for fear of receiving a stray shot by mistake. The whole atmosphere of the place is permeated with gambling, and even at the best hotels one hears the guests telling at the table d'hote dinner of how much they had won during the day. There was a young American, about twenty years of age, stopping at this hotel, who had won eighty thousand francs in a few weeks, and he was staying a little longer to see if he could win just a little more. In the meantime he was losing the entire sum of his winnings in small amounts. I overheard him telling a friend that he had lost fifteen thousand francs in a day, soon it would all go, and he would have to borrow money to go home. This attractive spot, though like a garden of the gods in its loveliness and beauty, is responsible for many a squandered inheritance, many a broken heart and ruined life. —N. Y. Observer.

Revelation of the Palm.

Mrs. Cora Parkarie is the name of the slender, light-fingered, attractive lady, who goes from house to house as a palm reader and tell the destiny of her patrons at $1 a palm.

Mrs. Parkaire is a creole, and all the fire and passions of her race are expressed in her dark, clear-cut features.

"Give me your left hand," said palm-reader to one her object, and she took the hand very lightly and gave it a casual glance.

"You have had your ups and down in life," she said, with a pretty Southern accent, "better times predodinate; your luck is in streks. You are not very ambitious; do not make the most of four opportunities or divide you work evenly. Your thumb denotes will power. The life line is not broken until after eighty. You have a star on your head line which indinotes that you will preserve your faculties unbroken to the end. Your hand denotes a good, honest, straight-forward character. There is justice in your palm. Your hand has trips of travel in it near the luck time.

This occuir information was given in exchange for a silver dollar. To the charitable inclined the money was not wasted.

"Have you a chice of hand in your palm reading?"

"Yes. I prefer the hand of a good looking man. It is the easier to read, because there are no wrinkles. The hardest hand to read is that of a society woman who lives an artificial life. Let me tell you one thing about a hand. No one can tell an untruth with the hand open. The closed hand has always something to conceal.

"Have you seen some beautiful hand?"

"Very few. The most beautiful hand I ever saw was that of a washerwoman. It was fine and smooth and as air as a child's. There were no lines to indicate labor. She attributed the softness of her skin to the use of coal oil."

"Do you read children's hands?"

"Yes. I take the whole family sometimes right through. And I go to parties and social gathings to furnish amusement for an evening. I have studied in England and France. I have all I can do."—Yonkers Statesman.

Number of Words Used.

We are told on good authority by countryman (The Study of the English Language, by A. D. Dorsey. p. 15) that some of the laborers in his parish had not 300 words in their in their vocabulary. A well-educated person in England who has been at a public school and at the university, who reads his Bible, his Shakespeare, the Times and all the books of Mudie's Library, seldom uses more than 3,000 or 4,000 words in actual conversation. Accurate thinkers and close reasoners, who avoid vague and general expressions and wait till they find the word that exactly fits their meaning, employ a larger stock, and eloquent speakers may rise to a command of 10 000. The Hebrew Testament says all it has to say with 5,642 words; Milton's works are built up with 8,000, and Shakespeare who displayed a greater variety of expression than any writer, produced all his plays with abont 15,000 words —Max Muller.

Woman.

True, she can not sharpen a pencil and, outside of commercial circles, she can't tie a package to make it look like anything save a crooked cross section of chaos; but, land of miracles! see what she can do with a pin! She cannot walk so many miles around a billard table with nothing to eat, and nothing (to speak of) to drink; but she can walk the floor all night with a fretful baby. She can ride five hundred miles without going into the smoking car to rest (and get away from the children.) She can enjoy an evening visit without smoking half a dozen cigars. She can endure the distraction of a house full of children all day, while her husband sends them all to bed before he had been home an hour. A boy with a sister is fortunate, a fellow with a consin is to be envied, a young man with a sweet heart is happy, and a man with a good wife is thrice blessed more than them all.—Robt Burdette.

The Verdict Unanimous.

W. D. Sult, Druggist, Bippus, Ind., testifies: "I can recommend Electric Bitters as the very best remedy. Every bottle sold has given relief in every case. One man took six bottles, and was cured of Rheumatism of 10 years' standing." Abraham Hare, Druggist, Belville, Ohio, affirms: "The best selling medicine that I have ever handled in my 20 years' experience, is Electric Bitters." Thousands of others have added their testimony, so that the verdict is unanimous that Electric Bitters do cure all diseases of the Liver, Kidneys or blood. Only a half dollar a bottle at Staton & Zoeller's drug store. 37t1.

"Shooting Stars."

This is one season for shooting stars, and bright-eyed observers will not have to gaze long in the southwest heavens on any right clear starlight night without being gratified with the view of one or more of these celestial visitors. They are only the regular August meteors, however. It seems very singular at first sight that even such erratic bodies as shooting stars should show to the law of periodicity which rules the heavens and the earth. The older people failed to observe this regularity, but saw in the apparent convulsion of the heavens only confusion and menaces of destruction. Fanciful legends of warning and threatening gods have been twined about such strange sights by every nation to remote antiquity. Our own generation is not free from the superstition that a falling star is a sign of death, but more intelligent information has shown that they are mere physical phenomena, subject to the forces and obeying the same laws as those we are familiar with on the earth. Astronomers have by no means solved the whole problem of these certain bodies. Enough, however, is known to make it evident that they are material bodies, in no wise different from some familiar earthly matters. They are not stars at all, but only drifting masses of matter, generally minute in size, but circulating in space with much of the regularity of the great globes we call planets. The same wonderful law of gravitation urges them on in their usual course about the sun as influences the planets and the earth. The same force that suspends the massive planet Jupiter, hundreds of times the size of the earth, supports with equal certainty every little fragment of a world, and carries it in the same general course about the sun. It is only when at rare intervals it is interrupted by the close approach to the earth's atmosphere that we gain knowledge of its existence. The evidence of its existence is the little streak of fire it leaves in its wake. It glows and blazes for a few moments and disappears forever, or occasionally its fused mass falls to the earth and buries itself in the soil. The question whence these fragments come is a most interesting one, but one which has only been partly answered. In composition, judging from the few which reach the earth's surface, they do not differ from some constituents of our own globe, and the thought immediately suggests itself that they may be debris of a world destroyed by some mighty cataclysm in ages past. The evidence, however, does not favor this view. If the position and direction of periodic meteors are carefully mapped they will be seen to radiate in a general way from some central point in the heavens, and from their general course astronomers have been able to determine, approximately, the course they were pursuing when they came in contact with the earth's atmosphere. Mention was made a few days ago of the lost comet called Biela's, which, after appearing regularly for several periods broke into fragments and then disappeared. On the date at which the comet should have reappeared, and radiating from the point of the heavens which it should have occupied, a shower of meteors was observed, and since that date this has been repeated. This points strongly to the theory that the meteors are a portion of the debris of the comet, and since the August meteor shower correspond somewhat closely with the track of another comet there seems a reasonable probability that annually we plunge into the very substance of a comet's tail, which is believed to be composed of just such disconnected fragments of matter.—Philadelphia Ledger.

How a Bright Girl Enjoyed Her Vacation.

A pretty, talented girl in Springfield, Mass., who has just completed her school course with credit, and by reason of her rather special talents has received more attention and admiration than falls to the lot of most [illegible] asked the other day how [illegible] enjoyed her vacation.

"Oh, I [illegible] very much," [illegible] "I was [illegible] and letting [illegible] "Yes, [illegible] "Oh, no, she's at home; but I'm giving her a chance to rest in the the morning and to dress up and sit out on the piazza when she feels like it. I think it will do her good to have a little change."—Oil City Blizzard.

A LOG CABIN was the birth place of a number of the best presidents we have had. While without the modern conveniences they were not uncomfortable habitations. They were certainly healthy, for our ancestors were rugged and long-lived, and the remedies they used were simple preparations of roots and herbs. The best blood purifier is again brought into general use in Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box.

For sale by Staton & Zoeller. [2t1 yr

FUN IN BRIEF.

[illegible] weight less than he did before.

As a rule orchestra leaders are moral heroes. They all face the music.

It is said that no one can defeat the flight of time, but it is there also is not able to stop a minute.

"Pinafore was cut by a shilling's worth of boy." "Is it for your mother?" "Oh, no; it's for the horse."

"Philadelphia girl [illegible] Do you ever find bottles with bell of wrecks?" Native—"Yes, sum, often empty bottles.

Requested to define the word "dentist" Lizzie: "He is a man who pulls out other people's teeth to get something for himself to bite."

Papa—"Now run away, Bobby, I'm busy." Bobby—"Willing up the [illegible] Dog's chasing in the [illegible] papa, [illegible] me go."

"There are [illegible] of them all;
The [illegible] believer;
For beat it now in Florida,
It is the yellow fever.

"That's it!" exclaimed the [illegible] the concert, as the singers came out again in response to an encore. "Make 'em do it over again until they get it right."

Husband—"I think we had better give up our pew in the church for a while, my love." Wife—"Why?" Husband—"I am going into the coal business, and I hate hypocrisy."

He—"I see Miss Jones's back from Paris." She (a spirited rival)—"I noticed her dress was cut rather low, but I didn't suppose you could see her back from that distance."

A concert lately, after the ballad warbled "Would I Were a Bird," excitement was created by a stalwart miner in the audience shouting "Would I were a gun."

The song, "I am Weary To-Night Love Without You," was composed by a man whose wife had left him to take care of the children while she went to the theatre with one of the neighbors.

In Mexico young ladies give a few drops of their blood as a charm to the young men. In this country the young men prefer to "bleed" the old man and taste the girl's breath and sample her complexion.

"My son," said Judge Bridgers blandly, to the youthful witness, "do you know the nature of an oath?" "I think I do, sir," replied the little boy timidly; "my father has been betting on the Tarboro Club this season."

A distinction.

At sea, on his yacht, with a fair lady by him,
He asked for a kiss, but she chose to deny him.
"Not there!" cried the lady in tones full of mirth,
"Though I have not the slightest objection on earth.

THE ROAD TO LONGEVITY.

"Doctor what should a man do to reach a good old age?"

"What's the matter with becoming a 'Boy Preachers'. All the 'boy preachers' I ever saw were old men."

A CONVERSATION OVERHEARD.

"Don't."

"Why? Don't you like it?"

"Yes, but don't."

[illegible] SIGN.

When to young people of dissimilar sex, wit a singleness of purpose and a doubleness of affection, sit up with each other, and so on, and when the clock strikes a dozen, he says: "Is it possible?" and she says: "Why, I didn't know it was so late!" you may draw your conclusions that very soon a united couple will be buying some furniture.

HE WISHED HE HAD BEEN THERE.

Clarinda (nestling by her lover's side)—"Oh, George, I needed your protection so much to-day. A huge mastiff with distended jaws came bounding at me, and to escape the ferocious animal I hastily climbed a tree. I wish you had been there."

George (regretfully)—"Yes, I wish I had."

Welcome, Old Roman.

A grand old Roman of the breed
Of Cato and Camillus,
Whose simple and noble sturdy deed
With admiration fill us;
A faithful soldier of the State,
Beloved by e'en his foeman;
Learned, modest, manly, fearless, great—
Hail to the grand old Roman!

From Plymouth Rock the county Cork,
Scotchman and Swede and German,
All, at the Democratic New York
Did heartiest hail to Thurman.
More than the tumult of the bands
The workers' honest faces,
There's other men can talk as well,
But somehow folks don't mind them;
It's not alone the words that tell,
But it's the man behind them.
And he is every inch a man,
And well his word expresses him;
A statesman of the antique plan,
A Democrat—God bless him!

—N. Y. Times.

PILES! PILES! TORTURING PILES,

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