LADY CAR;

—OR.—

THE SEQUEL OF A LIFE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER V. 5

The flag so casually suggested became in effect a very favorite toy, both with Beaufort and his step-son. The one was a very ordinary little boy. The other a highly cultivated man. But they seemed to take equal pleasure in the flutter of the flag from the blue and white staff which Tom had painted with so much trouble, and in rushing out to pull it down when Lady Car in the little pony carriage drove from the door. They sometimes tumbled over each other in their haste and zeal to perform this office. And Beau's legs were so much the longest. It gave him a great and just advantage over Tom.

Carry was pleased, she was touched and flattered, and such vanity as she had was so delicately ministered to that for some time the little folly which took the air of homage to her made her feel happy. To see the grave and gentle philosopher with a long swift stride almost stepping over the children to get at the cord, and pull up the fluttering flag, a brilliant piece of color among the bare trees, as she appeared with the ponies in the little avenue. It was a little absurd, but so sweet. Edward did it, she allowed herself to imagine, as he had said, for a lesson to Tom—to teach him thus broadly though symbolically the honor that was due to his mother—not to Carry individually, who never claimed homage, but to the mother, whose claims the boy was not sufficiently conscious of. This was not at all the lesson which Beaufort had intended to teach Tom—but what did that matter? It had a certain effect in that way, though none in the way that Beaufort intended. It did give Tom an impression of the importance of his mother. "Mother's not just a woman like the rest," he said to Janet. "She is what you may call a great body, Jane, don't you know? There's Mrs. Howard and that sort, you don't run up flags for them. Mother's really something like the Queen—it's in earnest. Beau thinks so. I can tell he's awful fond of mother. And so am I, too."

"Oh, Tom, so am I."

"Yes, but you're just natural. You don't understand. But me and Beau know why we do it," said Tom. And when he got back to school if he did not boast so much of his place in Scotland, having acquired an uneasy sort of doubt of its magnificence, he intimated that his parentage was not like that of the others. "When my people drive from the door the flag goes down," he said. "It's such fun rushing and getting hold of the rope and up with a tug, as soon as they come into the avenue. Sometimes, when it's been raining, the rope won't run. It's such fun," cried Tom, while even Harrison Major's mouth was closed. The flag was beyond him. As for Janet, she looked on staring and observed everything, and drew many silent conclusions never perhaps to be revealed.

But when the holidays were over Carry's anxious expectations and suspense returned again. Beaufort kept to his new toy even when Tom was gone. He would interrupt his studies, springing up, whatever he was doing, to let down, to pull down or put up that flag, till poor Carry's heart grew sick of the little formula which accompanied all his movements. She began to feel that he liked to be disturbed, and that idling forth into the air to perform this ceremony was more delightful to him than to get on with that work, which so far as she could make out, was not yet begun. He had found more note-books after Tom went away, but the note-books now began to pall a little. And slowly, slowly Carry's eyes began to open. She never whispered it to herself, but she began to understand as the years went on many things that were never put into words. She became first of all very sick of the note-books and the wonderful number of them, and all those tantalising scraps which never came to anything. Her own little poem which she had begun had gone no further. The dawning of genius set, but the dawn was still going on. It had never come to be doing yet. Would it ever come? Slowly, reluctantly, this began to be revealed to her, broken by phases of better hope; by moments when she said to herself that she was the most unjust woman in the world, grudging her husband the leisure in which alone great thought can develop—grudging him the very quiet which it had been the desire of her heart to attain for him. The most unjust scorn of woman! not his wife and assistant, but his judge, and so hard a one! It was bitter-sweet to Carry to be able thus to condemn herself; but it did not change the position of affairs.

One evening they were seated together in a happy mood. It was summer, and it was some years after the incidents above described. Carry by this time knew almost everything about Beaufort, and what he could not or would not do. And yet his expectations were not quenched. For it is hard to obliterate hope in a woman; and now and then at intervals there would still spring up little impulses in him, and for a few days she would forget (yet all the same never forget) her dolorous discourses and certainties. It was after one of those elans, which had displayed every outward appearance of being at work for several days, and Lady Car's most despotic of a thousand experiences had risen again, that in the evening, in a very sweet summer twilight, they sat together and watched the stars coming out over the tops of the waving trees. Janet, now grown almost to the full height, had been wandering about, flitting among the flowers, in her white frock, not unlike (at a distance) one of the great white lilies which stood about in all the borders. It was early in July, the time when the flowers are at their sweetest. The air was full of their delicate fragrance, yet not too full, for there was a little warm breeze which blew it over the whole country, away to the heather and gorse on the Haslemere side, and brought back faint echoes of wilder scents—the breath of the earth and of the moors. Janet had been roaming about, never without a glance through the branches at the two figures on the lawn. She was like one of the lilies at a distance, tall for fourteen, though not tall for a full-grown woman; and thin, too, in the angularity of her eye, though of a square solid construction which contradicted all previous symbols. She had always an eye upon them wherever she went. Nothing had changed her spectator attitude, not even the development of many tender and loyal feelings altogether unknown to the outer world. So far as appeared outside, Janet was still the same steady champion of her brother that she had been from her baby days, and not much more. The pair who were seated on the lawn were, as always, conscious of the girl's presence, which was a certain restraint upon their freedom. There was not between them all the same ease that generally exists in a family. Though she was quite out of hearing, they did not even talk with perfect freedom. When she had gone to bed, called by the all-authoritative nurse, of whom even his mistress was a little afraid, Beaufort drew a long breath. He had a sort of habitual tenderness for Janet as a child who had grown up under his eyes, and was one of the accessories of daily life. But yet he was never at his ease when she was gone. "How dark it is getting?" he said; "the light comes from the lilies, not from the day; and Janet's white frock, now she has gone, has taken a little away."

"My poor little Janet!" said Lady Car. "I wish I could think she would be one of those who gave light."

"Like the mother. It is a pity they are so little like you, Carry. Both the same type, and that so much inferior. But children are very perverse in their resemblances, as much as in other things."

"Nobody can say Janet is perverse," said Lady Car, with that partial feeling which, though not enthusiastic itself, can bear no remarks upon the children who are its vigor; and then she went back to a more interesting subject. "Edward, in that chapter you have just begun—"

"My dearest, let us throw all the chapters to the winds. In this calm and sweetness, what do we want with those wretched little pictures? The world, as far as we can see it, seems all at peace."

"But there is trouble in it, Edward, all the same—trouble to be set right."

"Not much so far as we can see. There is nothing very wrong in our little town; every 'poor person,' as you ladies call them, has half a dozen soft philanthropists after him to set him right, and we don't see the town. Look at all those dim lines of country, Carry. What a breadth of them, and no harm anywhere, the earth almost as soft as the sky! Don't let us think of anything, but only how sweet it all is. I am glad that shrubbery was cut away. I like to see over half the world—which is what we are doing—as far as eye can carry; it comes to much the same. May I light my cigarette?"

"Edward," she cried, "it is all quite true. There is not much harm just here; but think how much there is in the world, how helpless the poor people are, how little—how little they can do. And what does it matter that we all try a little in the way of charity? Right principles are the only things that can set us all right. I have heard you say a hundred times in the old days."

"You have heard me say a great deal of nonsense in the old days."

"Was it all nonsense, then?" cried Lady Car—"all that was said and thought there? There seemed so many splendid things we could do; set up a standard of higher justice, show a better way both to the poor and the rich, and—other things. I love the landscape and the sweet evening, Edward, oh, so much! and to sit and look at them with you, and to feel all the peace around us, and the quiet, and that there is no reason why we should not be happy; but better than that I should love to see you lift up that standard and show the better way, you who can do it, you who understand all the problems. That is what I wish; that is what I have always wished—above all, above all!" she said, clasping her hands. The affections of her sensitive nature had come upon Carry. She could not contain herself any longer. "I would rather even not have been happy and seen you great and doing great work," she said.

He stretched out his hand and took hers, which he held and caressed softly. "They have been happy, little enthusiast!" he said.

"Don't say that, Edward!" she said, quietly; "that was all very well in the old days, which you say were nonsense. I was only a girl then, but now I am middle-aged and not to be put off in that way. I am not a little enthusiast, I'm an anxious woman. You should not put me off with phrases of the past."

"You are always a girl, Carry, if you should live to be a thousand," he said, with a faint laugh. "If you were middle-aged, as you say, you would be content with results as we have them. Here we are, we two together, with all the happiness we once so eagerly looked forward to, and which seemed for a time hopeless. Very well off, thanks to you. Able to surround ourselves with everything that is delightful and pleasant, besides the mere fact of being together, able to help our poor neighbors in a practical way; thanks to you again. Not so much as a crumple in our bed of roses—not a thorn. My dear, that is what you would think of if you were middle-aged, as you say."

"Then let me be a silly girl as in the old times," she said, "though it was all nonsense, nothing but nonsense, as you say."

"Softly, softly," he said, taking her hand again; "let us discriminate, Carry. Love can never be nonsense which has lasted like ours. My love, you must not blaspheme."

"Love!" she cried. Carry's whole frame was trembling; her heart beating to her feet, to her fingers, in her throat. She seemed to herself only to be a slim sheath, the nearest wooing to that convulsive heart. There was something like—could it be scorn?—in the inflection of her voice. He took her by both hands, now, throwing down the cigarette which had betokened the entire care of his mind, and drew her toward him. Something like alarm had come into his tone, and something like indignation, too.

"Carry," he said, holding her fast. "Carry, what do you mean? Not that my love was nonsense which was wooed from you, notwithstanding everything—not that you distrust me?"

The darkness is an advantage in many an interview like this. It prevented him from seeing all that was in Lady Car's face, the impetuous, terrible question, the impulse of wild skepticism and unbelief, the intolerable impatience of the idealist not to be altogether restrained. Her eyes asked what her lips could not say. Why did you leave me to be another man's wife? Why let me be stained, troubled, trodden under foot? Why expose me to all the degradations which nobody could impose on you—and why, why? But Carry said none of these things. She could not. There are some things which the religion of the heart forbids ever to be put in words. She would not say it. He might have read it in her eyes, but the darkness kept that revelation from him which would have been more startling than anything Beaufort had ever encountered in his life. Finally, Carry, who was only a woman and a sensitive and delicate one, fell into the universal feminine anti-climax—the foolishness of tears. How often do their irrestrainable tears put the deepest reasons out of court, and turn the most solemn burden of the soul into apparent foolishness!—a woman's tears, which often gain a foolish cause, but as often lose a strong one, reducing the deep grief to the level of the shallow, and placing the greatest offender in the delightfully superior position of the man who makes allowances for and pardons. Beaufort gathered her into his arms, made her have her cry out upon his shoulder, soothed and calmed and caressed her out of her passion of feeling. If anyone had whispered in his ear what was in the passionate heart that throbbed on his shoulder! But he would have smiled and would not have believed. She was a little enthusiast; still the same young ethereal poet as ever, a creature made up of lovely impulses and sympathies and nerves and feelings, his sweet Carry, his only love.

After this evening Lady Car had a little illness, nothing of any consequence, a chill taken sitting out too late on the lawn, a headache, probably neuralgia. A little ailment quite simple, such as ladies often have, keeping them in their rooms and dressing gowns for a day or two. A woman scarcely respects herself who has not these little breaks from time to time, just to show of what delicate and fragile stuff she is made. But she emerged from her room a little different, no one could quite tell how, with a different look in her face, quieter, less given to restless fits, more composed and gentle. She had always been gentle, with the softest manners in the world, so that the change was not apparent to the vulgar. Beaufort perceived it for the first day or two, and it gave him a faint shock as of something invisible, some sudden mystery between them, but the feeling passed over very quietly with a conviction of the utter absurdity of any such impression.

To be Continued.

Begin Now.

He who has no vision of eternity will never get a hold of time.—Thomas Carlyle.

SERENA.

Softly, silently, snow surrounded Shakertown.

Sabrina Sedley's sabots seeming shabby, she sent Sister Serena shopping.

Saucepans, spoons, soap, sheeting, shoes secured, Serena shyly sought some soft, silken surah.

Samuel Seaton, salesman, sensibly suggested salmon shades, sincerely solicitous silks should suit Serena, so sweet seemed she.

She saw Samuel's suggestion sound, salmon suiting seasonably Shakertown socials, so she selected several shades.

Sabrina Sedley spoke scornfully, severely, sensoriously. She said Serena's silks, sealskin sack, sleek, shining satins seemed such selfish stillness.

Sensibly, silent, Serena sought Sally Sanborn, seamstress.

Shakertown socialists sending summons soon, some scores sought Stephen Sedley's, Serena's sire's sitting room.

Sister Sabrina served supper, Sally shyly serving salads, seed cakes salted.

Seraphic sounded Serena's seraphine, soothing sad souls. Sweetly she sang sentimental songs, Samuel Seaton softly singing some sentences. So Samuel secured Serena, sincerely satisfied.—Youth's Companion.

THE STRAIN.

"What a marvelous strain that is!" said the musical genius.

"Yes," said the unappreciative; "I, too, feel it."—Yale Record.

THE SEASON'S NEW DESIGNS

New York City.—Blouses such as this one are in demand at all seasons of the year. They are charming made from all lingerie materials and are attractive made from messaline, crepe de Chine and other thin silks, while a great many women use them for light wools also. This one is adapted to

all the materials mentioned and to the gown as well as to the odd blouse. It includes prettily tucked sleeves, and it allows singularly effective use of embroidery. The embroidered daisies are exceedingly simple, yet they produce an effect of elaboration. Handkerchief lawn with banding of

lace are the materials illustrated, but any banding that may be preferred can be substituted.

The waist is made with front and backs and with tucked shoulder straps that are novel and becoming. The sleeves are cut in one piece and the stock collar finishes the neck.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is three and seven-eighth yards twenty-one or twenty-four, two and a half yards thirty-two or two yards forty-four inches wide with four and a half yards of banding.

Silver and White.

A lovely evening hat is of white beaver in a large shape, with an upturned brim at the left side. Curving over the crown is a graceful willow plume, which is large enough to cover entirely the crown at the front and sides. And here is the attractive touch: at the side on the brim are two tiny mercury wings of silver braid. So small are they in contrast with the large hat that they have flown into notice. The combination of silver and white is less flashy and decidedly more elegant than white and gilt or any of the more contrasting metallic shades.

Gowns That Bear No Date.

Many women patronize what may well be called the dateless gown for the house. The gown that bears no date, and is without the hall-mark of any particular period or style is obviously a medium for the expression of a woman's own ideas. The artistic dressmaker, whose numbers are daily increasing, has scope for her instinct for color, her appreciation of the beauties of handwork and her study of the picturesque periods of the world's dress in the fashioning of the house gown.

We Economize Space.

Shoulders are as flat as ever, and the leg-o'-mutton sleeves promised to us have not yet materialized, and, indeed, dress generally seems at present as though specially designed to cause one to occupy as little space as possible.

Coats Fuller.

Most of the new coats show added fulness.

Contrasting Material.

Coats of material contrasting with the skirt are a good deal seen, velvet being the most used with cloth skirts.

Lovely Turbans.

Two rich materials, tapestry and fur, are to be found on some lovely little turbans, and the effect is beautiful.

Elbow Puff.

The wrist or elbow puff is a familiar sleeve treatment at this hour. But the puff is not the baggy thing of old. It is moderate to the point of modesty.

Deep Colors Stylish.

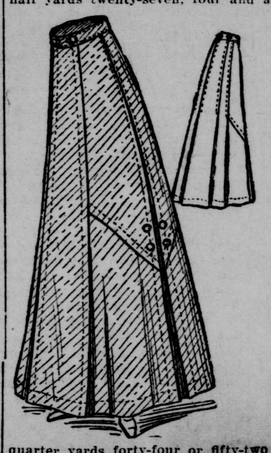
Depth of color is one of the pronounced feature of this season. One sees it in deep blue blacks which have tried to steal the tone of Hamburg grapes.

Silk Shawls.

It is probable that the beautiful old crepe shawls of white, gold or rose silk which were shiped from Canton in the days of our great-grandmothers will soon be unpacked from the paper wrappings in which they have lain so long.

Eight Gored Skirt.

Skirts that give long lines at front and back are very generally becoming. This one includes that feature, and also the panel effect at the sides that is so smart and so much liked



It will be found adapted to all seasonable materials. In the illustration it is made from serge with simple tailor stitching, but the style suits linen and materials of the sort, which many women make up in midwinter quite as well as it does woolen ones. In fact, the skirt is one of the smartest and latest to have appeared and can be made very generally useful.

The skirt is made in eight gores and those at the front and back are extended to full length and overlaid to give a box pleat effect. The side panels are made in sections and are lapped over the narrow centre gores to form pleats, which provide becoming flare while at the same time perfect slenderness over the hips is preserved.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is seven and a half yards twenty-seven, four and a quarter yards forty-four or fifty-two inches wide, when material has figure or nap; six and a half yards twenty-seven, four and a quarter yards forty-four or three and a half yards fifty-two inches wide when material has neither figure nor nap. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is three and a half yards.

Her Special Realm

Mrs. Howe's Candidate.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is said to be largely responsible for the election of George H. Fall as mayor of Malden, Mass. During the campaign one of Mr. Fall's opponents wrote a letter saying that though Mr. Fall had served in the legislature he had done nothing to attract attention. Mrs. Howe sent an immediate answer reminding the voters that it was Mr. Fall who introduced and carried through the legislature the bill making mothers equal guardians of their minor children with fathers. Mr. Fall and his wife are both lawyers and their eldest daughter recently distinguished herself in the Boston University Law School.—New York Sun.

Giving of Photos Costly.

Artistic photographs would seem costly enough in themselves, but they must be framed in a style suitable to that of the photograph. Therefore to present a copy of your picture, framed to every one of your friends means the heaping up a big bill. Miss Blanche Oelrichs has been giving to intimate friends charming photographs of herself, finished in the soft gray tones and framed with broad, flat frames of gray silver. The monogram of the giver was on one side, the monogram of the recipient on the other. A few fashionable women have their photographs farmed in platinum; but even Mrs. Newly Rich balks at the cost of such frames when she is going to give away many pictures. —New York Press.

Charming Bouquets.

The most charming bouquets of small flowers set in frills of blond lace and arranged in quaint designs have been sent from Philadelphia to some fortunate debutantes. As large as a breakfast plate in diameter, and of pyramidal shape, they have a cluster of wee rosebuds at the top, a row of white violets below, a star in pink sweet peas next, then violets again, a stiff rim of green leaves and the lace valance. A paper cone forms the holder and streamers dangle from it. These bouquets are an echo of the Japonica bouquets that graced each place at the White House formal dinners under President Pierce in 1853. These had wonderful cape ruffles of lace paper, and for that season no other flower was in favor.—New York Tribune.

Forwarder as Marriages.

Superstitious girls used to carry around tiny figures of St. Joseph to make certain of getting good husbands. The traffic in the images was great, and great, too, was the faith in the holy man's proxy power to make love affairs run smooth. But, alas! fashions in saints shift with the modern girl as do fashions in all other things. She prefers St. Nicholas now. The Baroness Elizabeth Rosen, daughter of the Russian ambassador in Washington, is the promoter of the new fad. St. Nicholas is supposed to be a wonderful worker, especially mindful of unmarried folk and those whose love affairs run far from smoothly. The Baroness Elizabeth told her chums about the superstition and presented an image to a girl who had had a misunderstanding with her true love. The result was delightful. The girl will be among the early winter brides.—New York Press.

For Debutante.

Nothing will give greater pleasure to a debutante than one of the smart new decorations for wearing in the hair with evening frock. These are costly to buy, but can easily be copied by clever fingers.

A charming one is made from a three-quarter inch silver gauze ribbon with above it an equal width of blue velvet ribbon, edged on the upper edge with silver paillettes or rhinestone or crystal beads. The band is caught to the head with tiny flowers cut from cloth of silver and a small wired bow of four loops is made from the same material.

The bow is placed slightly to the left of front, and from it rises a feathery blue aigrette. This can be bought and brithened with small peices of wired silver tissue on silvered wire.

Another headdress is made from gold net ribbon and pink messaline ribbon wound together in loose coils and run through the middle with seed pearls. To the front is a wired bow of the twisted materials, two long loops and two pointed ends.—New Haven Register.

Gaining in Strength.

Calling the modern woman an epoch maker in the progress of feminine physical development, Professor Dudley A. Sargent, physical director of Harvard university, one of Boston's most celebrated teachers of physical exercises for women, gave a warning to me to look to their physical supremacy.

"Woman are coming into their own," he said. "They have begun to read so that they know the surest way to obtain both health and good looks is through exercise. The modern woman has progressed physically, for the reason that so many new games have helped her and have taken her out into the open. In order to play golf she has to go out into the fields and put both mind and body into action. Swimming has given her another chance, as well as the game of tennis and the exercise of horseback riding.

"All these things have tended to give the girl's body a chance to develop. The men are, to be sure, stronger than the women, for they have had the advantage of centuries of training along this line, while the women were standing still. Now, however, woman is making up for lost time rapadily. Of course, the girl of the poorer classes has not the chance to develop that the girl in college has, for the working woman is apt to be kept more indoors.

"By these modern changes the women of the present are rapidly becoming a strong and well developed race. Of course, women are still unable to compete with men in strength. Still, they now have more opportunity to aid their physical well being, for they are less retarded than men by worry and business cares."

The Casement Craze.

There is an element which has come into existence during the last few years known as "new art." The way the temples consecrated to its cult are known is by their long casements. The chief article in the credo of the exponents of this new art seems to be that you are all right if you have a room with a long casement filled up with panes of diamond leaded glass and a casement curtain olive green for choice, drawn half way across the opening.

It is no matter what the size or character of your room may be, it must not have windows but casements. If you wish to be accepted as one of the elect you must also, no matter what the character of your room may be, take care that the walls are done up in rough brown paper, as though it was your intention to paste a label on them and send them off by express to their destination when you found time to search for string.

Now, one of the casement windows is in its right and natural place in a cottage the ceilings of which are necessarily low—not perhaps so low as those of the house in Ireland, where nothing but plaice could be put on the dining table, but still low enough for the windows to be a good deal broader than they are high; it is, however, absurdly out of place in a large apartment with a moderately high ceiling.—Queen.

Women Who Walk.

Walking for exercise is one of the means which New York City women have found effective in reducing weight and some of the most notable figures in society are seen every day on the avenue. Mrs. W. D. Sloane is one of the most regular pedestrians and every fair morning finds her on the avenue. It not infrequently happens that she will walk as far as the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Burden, in 91st street. In the winter Mrs. Sloane always wear a long seal coat which reaches to the hem of her skirt. From the other side of the street comes Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, who attributes her slight and youthful figure to her regular exercise in the open air. Mrs. Vanderbilt is almost always accompanied by a woman friends and usually leads one of her wire haired terriers. Mrs. Vanderbilt is of all the New York matrons of her age the slimmest.

Mrs. Reeve Merritt never misses her morning walk, and she too is accompanied by her little dog, which sometimes finds it difficult to keep up the pace which she strikes. Mrs. Merritt has a Pomeranian, which is also led on a leash. Mrs. Vanderbilt rarely appears with more of a wrap than the cloth coat of her walking suit and a fur about her neck. Mrs. Merritt usually wears a long astrachan coat below the hips except in milder weather, when she is seen in a black velvet walking suit and furs. No matron in New York society ever accomplished so much by her persistent pedestrianism as Mrs. Herman N. Oelrichs. She has grown very slim and attributes most of her loss of flesh to the persistency with which she has taken her daily walk. She also selects the morning hour when the avenue is comparatively deserted. Her exercise is somewhat more violent than that indulged in by others, since she generally keeps moving at a very rapid gait.

Mrs. I. T. Burden is seen less frequently on the lower avenue nowadays, but for years she was one of the pedestrians who were to be met daily on the stretch from Madison square, where her home used to be, up to Central Park. Miss Evelyn Burden, her older daughter, attributes her slight figure to her constant pedestrianism. The two Misses Gerry rarely miss their long walk on a fair day. —New York Sun.

Fashion Notes.

Long earrings are in style.

Tiny, wavy "bangs" are again in vogue.

The old-fashioned polonaise is coming back.

No gowns fit so tightly as they did last year.

Skirts will grow wider, but they will not flare.

Jackets will be short and will button up the side.

Sleeves are all either half-length or three-quarter.

Odd settings are a feature of much attractive jewelry.

Soft, wide meshes are found in nearly all the face veils.

Most dresses touch the floor, but none of them is long.

Pale yellow appears everywhere in wraps, gowns and hats.

Princess forms prevail for dinner dresses and evening wear.

Velvet is making up some of the handsomest walking gowns.

Light, filmsy chiffon muffs will be in style for evening affairs.

The bolero is expected to be in great favor the coming season.

The heavy crepe mourning veil is now rarely seen; instead there is a light net veil, bordered with crepe.

Since the fad runs to trimming all manner of garments it follows that excellent use is made of the opportunity to produce striking contrasts through the combination of the white material with dark trimmings.

In jackets we may talk with safety of a complete change. All sorts of styles, reaching just below the hips and barely to the hips, are being shown. These little jackets will have big revers of moire and equally big cuffs.

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