



A robust, manly son and a cooing baby-girl nestling in her bosom—what more can any woman ask? It is a boon that Heaven intended should be granted to every woman.

Thousands fail of this because they have neglected to look after their health in a womanly way. The health of a woman's babies is dependent upon her own health during the period of prospective maternity. The prospective mother cannot be too particular about her physical condition. If she suffers from local weakness, nervousness or loss of vigor and virility, her children will be weak, puny and sickly. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the only unfailing cure for all weakness and disease of the delicate and important organs that bear the brunt of maternity. It makes these organs strong, healthy, vigorous, virile and elastic. It makes the prospective mother strong and cheerful. It robs maternity of its perils. It insures a baby constitutionally strong. It is the invention of an eminent and skillful specialist, who has had thirty years' training in this particular branch, during which time he and his staff of physicians have prescribed for many thousands of women. Medicine dealers sell it and an honest dealer will not urge upon you an inferior substitute merely for the little added profit he may make thereon.

"I am the mother of a nice baby four and a half months old," writes Mrs. J. B. Clough, (Box 255, of Lisbon, Grafton Co., N. H.) "I cannot give too much praise to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. One "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic. Druggists sell them, and nothing is "just as good."

THE EGOIST.

I am the weathercock! Listen, good people,
Listen to me!
Proudly ye placed me here high on my steeple,
King of the air and prince of the sea!

I am the lord of the winds that blow
Round the compass and high and low!
When I swing to the east, it blows from the east,
I call and call
Till the storm rack drives o'er the meaning sand,
And the rain lash scourges the shivering land,
And the good mast splits in the shrieking squall,
And I did it all—I did it all!

When I swing to the north, it blows from the north,
I call and call
Till it bleeds the lake with a film of ice
And whitens your autumn paradise,
And you trudge to church to your knees in snow,
Poor little people that flock below
To worship me on my steeple tall,
For I did it all—I did it all!

When I swing to the west, it blows from the west,
Hurrah for my weeping wind!
There is health and life for the world and his wife,
When I feel in a rollicking mind,
Oh, the steer is glad as he grides the earth
With the share of the wallowing plow,
And the plowman dreams of the husking's mirth,
The shocks and the bursting mow!
Oh, the wind is true to its master's call,
For I did it all—I did it all!

When I swing to the south, it blows from the south,
And Tom stole a kiss from Prue,
And Bob kissed Kate on her red, red mouth
Because the south wind blew!
Oh, hearts grow kind in the warm south wind,
With the boys and the girls at play,
And many's the wedding that would not have been
Had the wind blown a different way!
Thus I hold the world in my gracious thrall,
For I did it all—I did it all!

—John Mowatt in New York Times.

A COURT MARTIAL.

General Gomez and several officers of his staff were taking their after dinner nap—"siesta" is the Spanish word for it—when there was a commotion in the thick chaparral between them and the narrow, rugged road which ran all the way from the mountains to the western coast of Cuba.

The thorny underbrush was pulled and tossed about until the billowy surface seemed to be swept and lashed by a storm.

Pedro, the watchful sentinel who was guarding the sleeping general and his companions, clutched his rifle with a firmer grip. He knew that a struggle was going on in those tangled bushes and vines, and the men who were headed in his direction might be either friends or foes.

"Quien sabe?" was Pedro's low voiced comment, after his keen eyes had taken in the situation.

The noise of the scuffle or skirmish in the chaparral suddenly died away, and the sentinel heard only an occasional oath, but the moving tops of the bushes warned him that the strangers were approaching him.

"They swear like the pious defenders of our holy cause," said Pedro, "but that is no sign. There are Spanish devils who can outswear the Cubans, and even the pig dog Yankees have learned the trick. Carrajo is a word which will soon belong to all languages."

Perhaps it would be well to awaken the general. Gomez was with a small scouting party, and after their hurried dash into the enemy's territory the tired troopers were enjoying their first nap in a week.

While the soldier was considering the matter his commander solved the problem for him. The rebel general has a way of sleeping with one eye open, and his little catnaps are easily disturbed.

"What is it, Pedro?"

The vigilant guard quietly told his wakeful general about the movements and suspicious noises in the chaparral.

By this time all of the officers and soldiers, some 30 or more, were wide awake and ready with their weapons to resist an attack or make a dash into the forest.

"Captain Vando and his men are to meet us here," said Gomez, "and it is about time. The only Spaniards in this vicinity are dead ones. Their friends

did not even bury them when they left last week. You may rest assured that Vando is the man who has broken our siesta."

With a rush and a swish a dozen men plunged out of the bushes into the comparatively open space occupied by the general and his followers.

Their faces and their uniforms were unmistakably Cuban, and Captain Vando and his commander lost no time in embracing each other in the most affectionate fashion.

The newcomers had with them a fettered prisoner—a tall man with a dark, stern face, who wore the uniform of a Spanish captain. Gomez looked at him curiously as he listened to a whispered report from Vando.

Then he frowned and his eyes flashed fire.

"Carrajo!" he hissed between his teeth. "A good day's work, Vando. I'll not forget it."

The Spaniard in the captain's uniform said nothing, but looked about him with a haughty stare.

"What can we do for Captain Lopez?" asked General Gomez, with a pleasant smile.

"Release me, restore my weapons and my horse," said the prisoner. "I was on a peaceful mission, visiting a sick friend, when your men ambushed me on the road. They have treated me with great indignity, but let that pass. Give me my liberty and I promise to say nothing of your movements in this district."

"It gives me great pain to refuse your request," replied Gomez courteously, "but we have given your case our careful consideration for the past six months, and the main object of our recent scouting expeditions was to capture you. You see, captain, you are not an ordinary guerrilla. You have a gang of the worst cutthroats and robbers in all Cuba. You have never met us in a fair fight. All of your work is done in the dark. You destroy the homes of peaceful farmers, murder and rob wounded prisoners, assault helpless women, and Captain Vando reports that when you were captured you had on your person the watch and the handkerchief of a Red Cross nurse, a young woman who was outraged and murdered by you and your ruffians two nights ago."

"It is a lie," shouted the Spaniard. "I found the handkerchief in the road—the watch I bought from a soldier."

"Mistakes will occur in wartimes," answered Gomez calmly, "and I may be mistaken now, but I am willing to swear to the truthfulness of Vando's report."

"I must go with you, then, and be tried by court martial, I suppose?" said Lopez.

"You will be tried by court martial," responded the general smilingly. "Your trial is in progress now. This is a court martial, and it is formal and orderly enough considering the fact that we are in the enemy's country, liable to be killed at any moment by your ambushed robbers. Yes, captain, this is a court martial, and from what I know of your record, together with Vando's report, the only thing to be done is to pronounce and execute the sentence of the court. Bind him to that tree!"

Two stalwart Cubans dragged the Spaniard to a tree and quickly bound him so that he could not move.

"This is murder," said the prisoner, "and you will suffer for it."

"War is a bad thing," remarked the general softly, with a sad look in his big black eyes, "and murder is a part of it. I lie awake nights mourning over the terrible things we find it necessary to do, but they have to be done all the same. Any messages, captain?"

"No, curse you. I would not trust a message to you!" was the excited answer.

"Hear him!" said Gomez, turning to his comrades. "This man is evidently not a gentleman. He is unparadoxically rude. Would you like to pray, captain?"

The prisoner pulled at his bonds and broke out with a torrent of profanity.

"Rope or bullet?" snapped the Cuban grimly.

"Bullet, curse you!"

"Very well, just to please you; but you deserve the rope," said the other.

"My body!" interrupted Lopez.

"Will you see that it is sent to Havana?"

"I beg your pardon," said Gomez, "but you are asking too much. We must leave this spot at once. Time's up. Adios!"

The general stepped aside with a wave of his hand. The Spanish captain held his head erect, facing his fate, scowling and defiant.

The firing squad which had been detailed for the work stepped forward, and when their rifles rang out the prisoner's head fell back. Every bullet had pierced his heart.

The Cubans brought their horses from the surrounding bushes and mounted in some haste.

"Shall we bury him?" asked Vando.

"Did he bury the murdered Red Cross nurse?" was the question asked in return by the commander.

"No, general. He left her body to the vultures."

"What a devil!" the other muttered. "Forward, men! Here we go!" and the raiders rode off through the forest, leaving the corpse of the guerrilla tied to the tree waiting for the vultures!—Wallace P. Reed in Atlanta Constitution.

Only one man in 203 is over six feet in height.

Many of the elephants of Abyssinia are without tusks.

In Portugal married women retain their maiden names.

The people of London are computed to spend \$6,000,000 daily.

The oldest iron vessel in the world is the Michigan, built in 1844.

The flower trade of London exceeds in value \$10,000,000 per annum.

England carries about 58 per cent of the sea borne merchandise of the world.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Evolution in American Cookery—A Hanging Portfolio—Georgia Waffles.

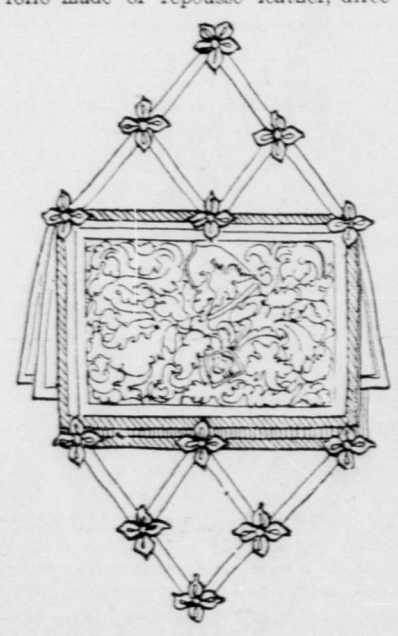
Quick as are Americans in nearly every other respect, they are slow to learn in matters of the kitchen. They have never fully grasped the fact that the food which was altogether suitable to the men who hewed down trees, plowed land and reaped grass and grain and for the women who washed and ironed, spun and wore and led lives of unremitting and active toil is not that demanded by the bodily and mental frames of the men and women who sit at desks or bend over typewriters or sewing machines all day long. In the one case a food is required that will produce physical heat and force, strengthen muscles and renew the fleshy tissues that are consumed in the daily labor. In the other is exacted nourishment for the nerves, brain sustenance, a diet that will supply the waste in those portions of the organism upon which comes most strain. Precisely because of a failure to appreciate this distinction are Americans, as a nation, sufferers from dyspepsia, indigestion and nervous diseases in their myriad forms. With all the common sense for which they are justly noted for many years they failed to perceive that prevention is better than cure and to go back of the result in search for the cause.

Even now, when the cooking teacher is abroad, there are not lacking conservatives who sneer at the modern modes and class all innovations as French fads. In a large number of cases they frankly do not like the change and prefer the dishes to which they have always been accustomed.

Nevertheless the fresh influence is beginning to make itself felt. The best is being gleaned from the culinary wisdom of other nations, and the practices they have tried and proved good are making themselves a place in the United States.

The light breakfasts in place of the heavy early meal, the luncheons and dinners served in several courses instead of in two or three, the savory entrees and made dishes as a variation upon the eternal roast and boiled, the growing taste for salads and skill in their preparation, the delicate desserts that have largely superseded heavy pies and puddings, the afternoon tea with its simple refreshments that has taken the position once accorded to the formal reception with its set supper, are all the results of the grafting of foreign modes upon the sturdy American colonial stock. The new shoots have already attained a promising growth, and the fruit thereof is pleasant to the taste and excellent to the digestion.—Christine Terhune Herrick in Harper's Bazar.

A hanging portfolio is as useful as it is ornamental in a hanging portfolio made of repousse leather, direct-



FOR PHOTOGRAPHS AND PAPERS.

tions for the stamping of which can easily be obtained from any textbook on the subject. The portfolio is fastened to the wall by a pretty arrangement of red, white or dark blue narrow girthing fastened together at each angle with a saddle's rosette. A portfolio of this kind is particularly convenient for large photographs, or for illustrated papers, or in fact anything that is not easily disposed of.

Georgia Waffles.

Whoever has once been fortunate enough to eat Georgia waffles prepared by one of the good old mammy cooks of that state will rank them "far above the rest" of the waffle fraternity. Two eggs, one pint of flour, 1½ cupsful of milk or cream, butter the size of a walnut and a saltspoonful of salt are the requisite ingredients, to which may be added a scant teaspoonful of baking powder if one wishes to make assurance of lightness doubly sure. Mix the baking powder—if used—and the salt well in the flour by sifting and rub in the butter. Beat the eggs thoroughly, add to the milk, then to the flour and beat again until about the consistency of rather thin paste. Have the waffle irons very hot and well greased and bake immediately. Serve with butter, sirup or honey.

Uses of Nasturtiums.

A bed of bright nasturtiums is a constant delight from various points of view. While always ornamental, the nasturtium leaves, blossoms and seeds are appetizingly edible as well. The leaves, sprinkled lightly with salt and spread between thin slices of bread and butter, are among the daintiest of sandwiches for the picnic basket or the afternoon tea. The blossoms are delicious in a salad with a French dressing, while the seeds gathered when small and green, before the inner kernel has become hard, are admirable substitutes for capers or a welcome addition to any mixed pickle.

Wonderful Figure.

One of the most marvelous workmen in the world is Hamanuma Masakichi of Tokyo, who has carved a figure in wood so like himself that when the two are placed side by side it is said to be almost impossible to tell which lives and breathes and which does not.

By several connoisseurs in art this wooden figure has been pronounced the most perfect and human image of man ever made. Masakichi has faithfully reproduced every scar, vein and wrinkle to be seen on his own body. The figure is composed of 2,000 pieces of wood, dovetailed and jointed with such wonderful skill that no seams can be detected.

Tiny holes were drilled for the reception of hairs, and the wooden figure has glass eyes and eyelashes in which no dissimilarity to Masakichi's own can be detected.

The Japanese artist posed between two mirrors while modeling this figure, and for some time after its completion he posed frequently beside it, to the confusion of spectators, who were often entirely at a loss as to which was the artist. The figure stands with a little mask in one hand and an instrument for carving in the other. The lifelike eyes are apparently gazing at the mask, and the face wears a look of intense absorption.

The Opium Cannot.

"Well, now, can you, from your extensive experience, give us your opinion as to the state of Chinese opinion in regard to the opium habit, looking at the state of things not only among the working classes, but also the merchants, the literati, the official classes, and also can you tell us what you saw during your sojourn in the interior which would give you an opportunity of forming an opinion as to how the Chinese regard this question?"

"As regards Chinese popular opinion in respect to the opium habit, it is decidedly against it. There is a common Cantonese saying which sums up rather appositely 'the ten cannots' with regard to the opium slot. It says, 'First, give up the habit; second, enjoy sleep; third, wait for his turn when sharing his pipe with his friends; fourth, rise early; fifth, be cured if sick; sixth, help relations in need; seventh, enjoy wealth; eighth, plan anything; ninth, get credit, even when an old customer; tenth, walk any long distance.' That, I think, sums up the popular view of the Chinese with regard to the opium habit."

—Opium Commission Report.

How Galvin Caught Ward Napping.

"There never was a pitcher in this country who could excel old Jimmy Galvin in catching base runners napping," said Jack Crooks. "I remember seeing the old fellow catch the foxiest base runners in the country asleep off the bags with the quickest kind of a motion. There was one occasion when 'Gavie' played a star trick of this kind on Johnny Ward. The Pittsburghers were playing the New Yorks, and the score was very close, in favor of the former. The New Yorks had two men on bases, and Ward at the bat, with two out. Galvin signaled to George Miller to step to one side of the plate and deliberately gave four balls to Ward. Johnny trotted to first, and the next instant Galvin caught him napping, big Beckley blocking him off. It was a put up job, and old 'Gavie' didn't do a thing to Lawyer Ward but laugh at him all the way to the bench. It was a feather in the old man's cap, for Ward at that time was the star base runner of the League."

—New York Sun.

Full of Business.

The following old time handbill issued near Lancaster, England, must have come from one who was emulating the example of the man who had five talents and made of them five talents more. Let us hope he was rewarded:

"James Williams, parish clerk, sexton, town clerk and bellman, makes and sells all sorts haberdasheries, groceries, etc.; likewise hair and wigs, dress and out on shortest notice. N. B.—I keep an evening school where I teach at humble rates reading, riting and arithmetic and singing. N. B.—I play an hooboy occasionally if wanted. N. B.—By shop next door see where I bleed, draw teeth and shoe horses with greatest skill. N. B.—Children taught to dance by me, J. Williams, who buy and sell old iron and coats; boots and shoes cleaned and mended. A ball on Wednesdays and Tuesdays."

The Paris Bill Poster.

The bill poster of Paris is a more picturesque personage than his brother of New York. He plies his trade in all winds and weather, and he is nothing daunted by the assignment of a bleak suburban district on a rainy day.

He ties his posters—incased in a waterproof cover—across his back. He fastens on his paste pot. He mounts his bicycle. Then he opens his umbrella—for he is an expert wheelman and can manage it and his wheel at once. All over the umbrella are advertisements in little form of the article or the event which he intends to advertise in large by his posters, so his entire route is placarded, and he himself is a living advertisement.—Paris Correspondent.

Cries the Hours.

In Ely place, Holborn, the old custom of "crying the hours of the night by Charles" still exists. Charles, better known nowadays as the night watchman, has to call the hours in this spot from 11 p. m. till 5 a. m. Wet or fine, he must not neglect his duty.—London Globe.

There is a curious little Holland village in Wisconsin named Little Chute, whose chief manufacture is wooden shoes. The people there are as thoroughly Dutch as their progenitors. The town stands on the ground where Pere Marquette had his winter quarters, and where the Dutch priests instructed the Indians.

Sealed Orders.

The custom of having warships sail "under sealed orders" has arisen from the desire of maritime powers to prevent their plans from becoming known to the enemy.

In the American navy such orders come from the president and are delivered to a commander of a ship or squadron by a confidential messenger, who knows nothing of their contents.

Sometimes they are in cipher, but they are always sealed with the official seal of the navy department, and the package cannot be opened until the time marked on it, which is usually several hours after the hour of leaving port.

By this precaution the newspapers are prevented from disclosing prematurely the movements which may be of the greatest importance and the spies of the enemy are rendered useless so far as their ability to discover the secret of such movements is concerned.

Sailing under sealed orders is now the common naval practice in time of war.

These instructions are found in the packet of "sealed orders" which is opened when well out to sea.

When John Law Boomed It.

A milliner happened to come to Paris about a lawsuit. She was successful and invested the proceeds in speculation, and she amassed in a few months a sum which converted into our currency represents nearly \$5,000,000. No class of the community escaped the infection. Two of the ablest scholars of France are reported to have deplored the madness of the times at one interview, only to find themselves at their next meeting bidding for shares with the greatest excitement. The scene of operations was a narrow street called Quincampoix, and the demand for accommodation may be judged from the fact that a house which before yielded about \$40 a year now brought in more than \$800 a month. A cobbler made about \$10 a day by letting out a few chairs in his stall, and a hunchback, who is celebrated in the prints of the time, acquired in a few days more than \$7,000 by letting out his hump to the street brokers as a writing desk.—Professor Nicholson's "Money and Monetary Problems."

No Longer Anxious.

Reggy—Do you ever, Miss Geraldine, think of marrying?

Geraldine—Not any more. I've joined the Don't Worry society.—Philadelphia Call.

His Umbrella.

The other evening a man was rushing through the streets of London hurrying to an appointment when a swell passed in front of him who held his umbrella at a dangerous angle. The hasty pedestrian pulled the umbrella away from the swell, and then, stepping around to him, said in suave tone: "Oh, by the way, here's your umbrella. I found it in my eye."—Pick Me Up.

Wealth on Its Travels.

Miss Ollabrod—There's a clever sculptress down this way. You ought to see what she can make out of butter.

Miss Ritchley Greest—She's a good one if she can make as much out of it as my pa makes out of oleomargarine.—Chicago Tribune.

Good Impulses.

A man should allow none but good impulses to stir his heart, and he should keep it free from any evil that may beat it down and harden it.—Rev. J. D. Hammond.

THE Keeley Cure

Produce each a disease having definite pathology. The disease yields easily to the Double Chloride of Gold Treatment as administered at the Keeley Institute in Marion, Indiana. Communications Confidential. 1903 South Adams Street.

Alcohol, Opium, Tobacco Using

MOORE'S POULTRY REMEDY

IS THE OLDEST exclusive Poultry Remedy extant. It positively cures cholera and rapies also increases the production of eggs. Price 25 cts. Sold everywhere. 5152

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Palm Tablets

Stop forever all weakening drains, feed the brain, replace wasted tissues, and send rich, flesh-building blood coursing through every part of the system, making every organ act, and causing you to glow and tingle with newly found strength. You're a man, and can feel it! The greatest NERVE TONIC ever discovered. Palm Tablets cure quickly and forever Nervous Debility, Varicose, Atrophy, Loss of Memory, Sleeplessness, Dyspepsia, Kidney Disease, 50c a box; 12 boxes with guarantee, good as gold, \$5.00. Sent anywhere.

Smith & Yager, Decatur, Ind.

HARD WOOD TIMBER LAND FOR SALE

Over One Half Million Acres of splendid hard wood timber land in Northern Wisconsin and Michigan for sale by the Chicago & Northwestern Railway.

The best land proposition ever made to settlers. The timber more than pays for the land. For prices, terms, and all details, write or apply to J. F. CLEVELAND, Land Comr. C. & N. W. Ry., Chicago.

Listen to Nature.

BACKACHES, HEADACHES AND NERVOUSNESS ARE MESSAGES FOR YOU.

They Tell You That Your Kidneys Demand Attention.—John Morrow's Great Discovery.

To most people a backache seems a very simple thing, to be got rid of by "working it off." Sometimes the pain does "work off," sometimes it does not. Whether it does or not, thoughtful people have come to understand that a backache is a warning that is not to be neglected without danger of contracting a disease that will limit life to a few months, or maybe years of suffering.

Kidney troubles have been better understood of late years, and kidney troubles in relation to rheumatism and neuritis are only beginning to be fully comprehended. The kidneys are the filter through which the blood passes, and if they get clogged the blood remains impure and every part of the body suffers. First the nerves tell the tale. A backache is the first warning that something is wrong. The nervous system is shattered and insanity is the next step.

When John Morrow, the great American chemist, discovered a way to the world's remedy known as Morrow's Kidneys—a little yellow tablet—he could not then fully understand what a benefit he was bestowing on humanity. Time has fully proven that thousands who otherwise would surely have died have been restored to health by these tablets. The manner in which this medicine acts is illustrated by the case of Mrs. Margaret Fitzgerald, a respected lady of Springfield, Ohio, who says:

"I have been a constant sufferer from lame back and diseased kidneys for many years. The pain in my back would not let me get up to give work. I tried different physicians and remedies without permanent benefit. I became discouraged and decided to try the success of Morrow's Kidneys. I was reluctantly induced to try a box. After a few days I began to experience a change. The pain became less severe, and before I knew it I was able to get up and about. I used the remainder of the one box, and to-day I feel perfectly well. Morrow's Kidneys will do just what the manufacturers claim for them."

Morrow's Kidneys are for sale at all stores. If you cannot find them, they will be sent post paid by the Herb Medicine Co., Springfield, Ohio, upon receipt of price—70 cents per box, or six boxes for \$2.50. For sale by Holthaus, Callow & Co., Druggists, Decatur, Ind.

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DEALER IN
Grain, Seed, Wool, Salt, Oil,
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Elevators on the Chicago & Erie and Cline
Leafrailroads. Office and retail store south
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Your patronage solicited.

Capital \$120,000. Established 1872

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Does a general banking business, makes collections in all parts of the country. Buys town, township and county orders. Foreign and domestic exchange bought and sold. Interest paid on time deposits.

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