

MODERN MARRIAGES.

D Love! Love! what times were those
 Long crests of the bell and peal,
 And Brussels lace and silken hose,
 When, in the green Arcadian close,
 You married, and under the rose,
 With only the grass for a beddingle!

Heart to heart, and hand to hand,
 You followed Nature's sweet demand—
 Roaming loving through the land,
 Nor sighed for a diamond wedding.

So have we read, in classic Ovid,
 How Hero watched for her beloved,
 Impassioned youth, her leader;
 She was the fairest of the rose,
 And wrapt him round with her golden hair,
 Whenever he landed golden and bare.

With nothing to eat and nothing to wear,
 And with no other than any tender;
 For Love was Love, and better than money—
 The slyer thief, the sweeter the hon' y—
 And kissing was clover, all the world over,
 Wherever Cupid might wander!

So thousands of years have come and gone,
 And still the moon is shining on,
 Still Hymen's torch is lighted,
 And hither, in this land of the West,
 Most couples in love have thought it best
 To follow the ancient way of the rest,
 And quietly get united.

But now, True Love, you're growing old—
 Bought and sold with silver and gold,
 Like a house, or a horse and carriage;
 Midnight talks,
 Moonlight walks,
 The glance of the eye and the sweetheart sigh,
 The shadowy face with no one by,
 I do not wish to disparage;
 But every kiss
 Has a price for its bliss,
 In the most in code of marriage,
 And the compact sweet is not complete
 Till the high contracting parties meet
 Before the altar and the man and maid;
 And the bride must be led to a silver bower,
 Where pearls and rubies fall in a shower,
 And the world's brighten Jupiter Ammon.
 —E. C. Steadman.

"A WITLESS THING."

"A document in madness; thoughts and re-
 membrances fitted."—Hamlet, act iv., scene 5.
 "Now remember, Lord Grayton,"
 said the Doctor, solemnly, "all I told
 you. You are very welcome to come to
 our ball, though, as a rule, we only ask
 a certain set of wise men and maidens
 who know our ways and their ways.
 Still, you are good-looking, humorous,
 and cheery, and if you are sensible you
 can enjoy yourself, and, maybe, do
 them a world of good. I believe in
 electricity as a curative agent—not the
 quack nonsense of belts and chains and
 music boxes, that only shake the
 nerve centers, but the real electricity
 of animal spirits, the tonic of good
 health."

"I shall do exactly as I am bid," said
 Lord Grayton, a handsome, florid, mus-
 cular young man, strong as a horse,
 buoyant as a balloon, just back after a
 self-imposed exile of five years in India
 of the big game; "but tell me of all
 these confounded cautions again. I did
 a lot of dancing of various kinds years
 ago, before I went after the tigers"—
 and he laughed as mingled memories of
 Mayfair and the Lotus club swam back
 to him—"and I've tried both the Corro-
 boree and the Salonga; but 'pon honor
 I never danced with a lunatic girl yet."

"Are you quite sure of that?" said
 the Doctor, grimly; "they are to be met
 with outside Copswood. I can tell you.
 However, listen; the rule is simple. Be
 civil and don't contradict. If old
 Crackton asks you to play chess, play.
 He's a good player, and will beat you
 fairly if he can; if he can't he'll make
 a false move and call 'checkmate,' and
 then you must resign. If poor Snobby
 thinks you are the Prince, and 'Sirs'
 you all over the place, and throws out
 hints about being asked to Sandring-
 ham; if you are asked to listen to the
 chiming clock in Baker's interior, or to
 avoid some one else, because he's
 glass and night break, you must do
 your best to be courteous to them all,
 and on no account laugh at their fan-
 cies."

"Sounds rather jumpy. And the la-
 dies?"
 "I'll see to that, and introduce you to
 the nicest, and tell you what to avoid
 speaking about; and men will make the
 talking for themselves, the women don't
 talk much."

"Sign of insanity, I suppose. And
 what am I to talk about?"
 "Everything save some one thing—
 the Empress of Austria, or the stage,
 or white roses, or Mr. Mullock, or black
 stockings. I'll give you the cue—never
 fear; only it may happen that one of
 them will ask you to dance, and then
 you must steer as best you can—tall
 society or art on chance. My own girls
 and their friends got on famously with
 the male patients, and you must do
 your best. Come, you are going to be
 our best tonic to-night, and you must
 be off and dress; 9 sharp, mind, as they
 all go to bed at midnight."

"Queer thing this," soliloquized
 Grayton, as he completed an elaborate
 dressing, "beginning my first season
 after five years by dancing with a lot
 of lunatics. Hope they won't wear
 straw in their hair; if they do I shall
 bolt to the Congletons' dance."

He had many strange adventures that
 evening as he strolled about the pretty
 ball room at the Copswood private
 asylum. He was duly defeated at chess
 by the venerable Crackton, who death-
 erately slid back a captured queen on
 the board, and performed prodigies of
 valor with her. He sympathized with
 the gentleman who had swallowed a
 crocodile, and he noticed the pale,
 cadaverous man who amused himself
 by counting the lights on each side of
 the room and singing softly to himself,
 "Sorry I can't admit it, sorry I can't
 admit it!" He had been an acrobatic
 editor once upon a time. He noticed
 the fussy little man with the pale blue
 shaven face, who wanted to stage-man-
 age the sixteen lancers, and who
 pitilessly entreated the dancers "to go
 that all over again, please, and try to
 get it crispier;" and the erratic journal-
 ist, who wrote paragraphs on his shirt-
 cuffs, and many other folks that passed
 by in the most pagant of unsettled
 reasons.

"These King Lear," whispered the
 Doctor, as "a very foolish, fond old
 man, four score and upward," passed
 him, muttering of "Brighton A's;"
 "you know who he was?" and he whis-
 pered a name in Grayton's ear that
 made the nobleman whistle softly.

"And are there any Ophelias, 'those
 young maid's wits should be as mortal
 as an old man's life?'" asked Grayton,
 showing that he knew his Shakespeare
 as well as the Doctor.

"Yes, but we keep their secret. Now
 go and dance," and the Doctor took
 King Lear off for a cup of coffee.

It was a sad, weird sight altogether,
 and, as Grayton watched it, it remind-
 ed him of Karlbach's "Dance of

Death," and he felt oddly morbid as he
 thought of his own lonely life. He had
 once loved and given his heart to a
 woman whom he had both idealized and
 idolized; he had youth, brains, and
 with her he felt he could conquer the
 world. It was an old story; she turned
 out to be as loveless as she was lovely,
 and so he took to the tigers. He had
 got over it all now, but he shuddered
 as he remembered the fret of it all, and
 thought how near madness he had been
 driven when he heard of her ultimate
 fate and where her life had drifted to.
 So there where Ophelias here! More
 like Audreys, he thought, as he
 watched some rather uncouth gambol-
 ing in a corner. His eyes wandered
 round the room and rested on a face.

It was an exquisite oval face, some-
 what sad and wistful in expression, of
 that rare, delicate olive color one sees
 in the South, with the skin of so fine a
 texture that the red flush springs up
 through the vein-tracery at a moment's
 excitement; the large brown eyes were
 soft and dreamy, the chiseled mouth
 was half parted, and the dark-brown
 hair, looking black as night, was worn
 Greek fashion close to the head, sweep-
 ing in undulating lines past the tiny
 rose-tipped ears. She was seated on a
 low sofa, carelessly clasping one knee
 with both hands. She wore a simple
 white frock, just mysteriously frilled
 around the little white column of a
 throat, and a great black-red rose
 nestled in her breast. One little high-
 arched foot, in peach-colored netted
 silk, kept swinging to the music. No
 one seemed to talk to her except the
 Doctor, who smiled pleasantly as she
 passed, and said something to which
 she answered with a nod.

"Ophelia at last," said Grayton to
 himself; and in melancholy vein he
 wished he were Hamlet, and could lie
 at her feet and watch the play.

"Poor Ophelia! divided from herself
 and her fair judgment!" (the quotation
 was irresistible). "I wonder what sent
 her here—some brute of a man, or a
 soldier-lover killed at Kassassin. Gra-
 cious! I hope this terrible Meg Mer-
 rilles is not going to ask me to dance!"
 and he moved away as he saw a wild-
 eyed woman bearing down upon him,
 to a seat somewhere near the pale girl
 with the black-red rose.

For a time he watched her; then he
 tried to magnetize her. At last their
 eyes met; he stared her full in the
 face. She never shrank from his look,
 only a sort of pitiful light seemed to
 glow in the sorrowful eyes. A moment
 passed, and then she arose quietly and
 with perfectly self-possessed grace
 walked over to him—to his intense as-
 tonishment sat down quietly by his
 side, and said, in a soft, musical voice:
 "You seem sad to-night; I am sorry."
 For a moment he was tongue-tied;
 then he recollected his instructions and
 pulled himself together.

"Well, I think I was sad because you
 were looking sad."

"Was I? I suppose I always do,
 then. Of course being here naturally
 makes one feel sad. But we won't talk
 of that," she added, quickly. "Do you
 care for dancing? I'll dance with you,
 if you like."

"Dance! with you?"

"Oh, yes, if you like; many of the
 others dance, you know."

"How calmly she seems to recognize
 her sad state!" thought Grayton, as he
 stood up and passed his arm around
 poor Ophelia's slender waist, wonder-
 ing how she would "jig and amble,"
 and as they swung in undulating
 rhythm to the pretty song he felt that
 few slips of sane I would come up to her.

"That's right," said the Doctor, en-
 couragingly; "set a good example."
 "Means I'm to be a tonic, I suppose,"
 thought Grayton; so he carried off
 Ophelia for an ice.

"You dance beautifully," she said.
 "No, you sit down and I'll get you the
 ice; there, now, there's a spoon and a
 wafer; now you feel comfortable, don't
 you? Isn't that a lovely value?"

"Yes, I'm fond of 'Dream Faces'; the
 people one meets in dreams are gener-
 ally vastly nicer than the real folk. I
 have many dream friends."

"Have you?" she said, looking
 amused; "tell me of them."

"Well, you know, I think I'm married
 to a dream-wife—just like Gilbert's
 Princess Toto, you know, with her
 dream husband. And she comes to
 me sometimes and scolds me if I've
 done anything wrong in the day; and
 sometimes she's very loving, and some-
 times she's cross and doesn't come near
 me for weeks."

He felt as if he were telling a fairy
 tale to a child.

"How charming! Do tell me more of
 her. Is she beautiful? What is she
 like?"

"The fanciful conceit seemed to amuse
 her so he went on drawing pretty
 pictures of an ideal woman; then grow-
 ing unconsciously eloquent, he burst
 out, 'Ah, if one could only meet her
 alive, what a wife she would make! A
 very second self, aiding, sympathizing,
 helping, loving—at once the cheeriest
 of chums and the most idolized of
 idols.'"

She had flushed a little as he spoke,
 but she went on, "What a pretty pic-
 ture! Where did you get your beauti-
 ful thoughts about marriage?"

"I suppose my dream girl taught
 me."

"Is she pretty?"

Grayton wondered if deliberate bare-
 faced compliment would be a good
 tonic for a lunatic. "Yes, beautiful.
 She has large brown eyes, wonderful
 hair, a low voice, an olive oval face,
 she dances superbly, and she wears a
 black-red rose in her dress."

Ophelia looked a little frigid. "For-
 give me, I didn't mean to be
 rude, but she is—really, you are not
 angry with me?" and he laid his hand
 gently on hers.

"Oh, no;" then there was a pause.
 "Come, and let me show you some
 pictures; I'm something of an artist
 myself," and she led him into a long
 gallery, and talked art so sensibly and
 sympathetically that here, at all events,
 he felt there was a very pleasant method
 in her madness.

"Talking art" is a recognized method
 of interchanging sympathies.

He was no bad judge of a picture;
 but he preferred to affect ignorance,

and asked the stupidest questions sim-
 ply for the pleasure of hearing her
 talk. There was a kind of innocent
 dignity about her that fascinated him.
 She was more like a vestal virgin than
 a bacchant. So the evening passed all
 too quickly, till he suddenly bethought
 himself that there was an important
 division in the Lords that night, and
 that he was bound to be a "not content"
 before the clock struck 11, and after
 that he was due at Lady Congleton's
 dance.

"Must you go away?" she said;
 "why?"

"Well, you see, I'm one of those
 much-abused people that the Radicals
 call hereditary legislators, and I am
 not abolished yet; I must be in our
 House at 11."

Of course she could not have under-
 stood a word he said, for she murmured
 to herself, "Poor fellow! so young too!"
 He rose and held his hand out. "Good
 night; thank you for a very charming
 evening."

"Good night," said Ophelia, tenderly.
 "I should like a little memory of this
 meeting; will you give me that rose?
 I've been longing for it all the even-
 ing."

"Of course I will; why didn't you ask
 for it before?" and she took it from her
 dress and fastened it in his coat. "I
 shall see you again; there will be
 another dance here soon. How is it
 that I never saw you before at one?"

"This is my first dance here," he said,
 gravely.

Why it was that Ophelia's eyes sud-
 denly filled with tears he couldn't
 understand, but she left him with a quiet
 bow and went back to the dancing-
 room.

"You've been enjoying yourself, I
 see," said the Doctor, as Grayton came
 to say good-by; "though I must say it
 was very selfish of both of you."

"Selfish! why, I did all I could for
 her, poor, dear girl."

"Poor! why, my dear Lord Grayton,
 she has six thousand a year of her
 own!"

"Dear me! and what is done with it?"
 "She does what she likes with it;
 she helps all the big charities, and she
 helps me and Copswood in particular,
 and she generally does a lot of good to
 our poor people—picks up some one
 she takes a fancy to, and cheers him up
 a bit. She's one of my best tonics, and
 this is the first time I have noticed
 that she never danced once with a pa-
 tient; that was your fault, you know."

"Good gracious! Then she isn't—a
 patient herself?"

The Doctor laughed till the tears
 rolled down his jolly face. Bless my
 heart, no! That's Lady Mary Pettigrew,
 daughter of old Lord Polonium,
 and she's just one of the cleverest and
 sweetest girls in the world. I thought
 you knew her."

"Not I! She came over and spoke to
 me, and—"

"I see it all—took you for a patient!
 O, this is too lovely!" and the Doctor, was
 positively boisterous in his merriment.
 Grayton bolted to the House, and hav-
 ing duly recorded his vote against the
 bill sent up from the Commons for
 chloroforming grouse instead of shoot-
 ing them, betook himself in a strange
 state of bewilderment to Lady Congle-
 ton's. His hostess welcomed him
 warmly, like the returned prodigal that
 he was, and insisted upon introducing
 him to some one in whom she seemed
 to have a special interest.

"Really a delightful girl, Lord Gray-
 ton, quite after your own heart—de-
 voted to art and philanthropy, you
 know."

Grayton was too full of thought to
 protest, so submitted meekly. What
 were girls to him just then? He was
 thinking over Copswood as his hostess
 took his arm and they set out on a pil-
 grimage.

"Ah! here she! Lady Mary Pettigrew,
 Lord Grayton. I'm sure you two
 will get along capitally," and her lady-
 ship was off, leaving Grayton staring
 vaguely at his fascinating lunatic.

Lady Mary could hardly suppress a
 scream as she turned her head and
 blushed as deep as the rose he still
 wore in his button-hole.

"How—how did you get out?" she
 asked, awkwardly.

"I never was in, Lady Mary; the fact
 is, I'm afraid there has been a little
 mistake on both sides. I only found
 out from the Doctor as I left that you
 weren't a—"

She put her feathery fan up with a
 warning "Hush!" then said, "What
 brought you there?"

"Curiosity, and you?"

"I often go there and try to do some
 good. I cheer them sometimes; but
 to-night! O, how wrong and stupid of
 me!"

There was a little pause as he looked
 at her with his frank, kindly eyes.

"Let us forget and forgive, Lady
 Mary; after all, you were very good to
 poor Hamlet."

"And you were very nice and kind to
 foolish Ophelia. Listen! there's the
 'Dream Faces' again; let us see if we
 can dance it in our right minds," she
 said, as she rose with a nervous smile
 quivering in the corners of her lips.

And it happened that in a month
 they both came to their right minds,
 and the Doctor was at the wedding.—
London World.

One of the Family.

"Say pard," said an Austin man to a
 stranger who was shuffling so slowly
 along the street that his shadow seemed
 to be stuck fast to the sidewalk, "don't
 you come from the West?"

"I reckon you're about right in your
 calculations," he drawled.

"What made you think I hailed from
 that region?"

"Because I hear that there has been
 a shower of snail there lately, and I
 was sure that you must be one of the
 family."—*Texas Sitings.*

Spirit.

Spirit is now a very fashionable word.
 To act with spirit, to speak with spirit,
 means only to act rashly, and to talk
 indiscreetly. An able man shows his
 spirit by gentle words and resolute
 actions; he is neither hot nor timid.—
Chesterfield.

CHILDREN of Ham—Trichina.

THE BAD BOY.

"Say, come in here while I give you
 a piece of advice," said the grocery man
 to the bad boy, as the youth entered
 the grocery one cold morning, with an
 old veteran from the Soldiers' Home,
 who went up to the coal stove and
 rubbed his hands, and turning to the
 old veteran, the grocery man added,
 "No, sir, you can't have any plug tobacco,
 unless you have got the money to
 plunk right down on the counter, and I
 would rather you wouldn't come here
 to trade any way, because you look hard,
 and smell frowsy, and my customers
 don't like to mix up with you." The
 old veteran warmed his hands and went
 out, with a tear in his eye, and the gro-
 ceryman took the bad boy to the back end
 of the store and said: "You want to let
 the old soldiers alone. Your pa was in
 here last night, and he said he and your
 ma were out riding, and he saw you
 walking up towards the Home with
 soldiers on each side of you, holding on
 your arms, and your pa thinks they
 were drunk. Now, you ought to be
 ashamed. Let those old soldiers alone.
 They are a bad lot," and the grocery-
 man acted as though he had been the
 means of saving the boy from a terrible
 fate. The boy was so mad he couldn't
 speak for a minute, and then he said:

"You and pa are a pretty crowd to go
 back on soldiers, ain't you? How long
 has it been since you were humping
 yourself around this town trying to
 hire a substitute to go to war for you?
 Then a soldier who volunteered was the
 noblest work of God, and you helped
 pass resolutions to the effect that the
 country owed a debt of gratitude to
 that could never be paid. Every dollar
 that pa has got, except what he won
 playing poker before he reformed, he
 got out of soldiers when he was sut-
 ler of a regiment. Every mouthful I
 eat now is the price of a soldier's
 wages, who spent his money with pa
 for brandy-peaches and sardines. Pa
 wasn't ashamed of soldiers then, when
 they got drunk on brandy-peaches he
 sold to them, and at that time a soldier
 would have been welcome to a plug of
 tobacco out of your store, and now you
 turn an old wounded veteran out of
 your store because he hasn't got 5 cents
 to buy tobacco."

"There, there," said the grocery man,
 becoming ashamed of himself. "You
 don't understand your pa's situation, or
 mine, you see."

"Yes, I see," said the bad boy, "I see
 it all just as plain as can be, and it is
 my turn to talk, and I am going to
 talk. The time is passed when you
 need the soldier. When you wanted him
 to stand between you and the bayonets
 of the enemy, he was a thoroughbred,
 and you smiled when he came in the
 store, and asked him to have a cigar.
 When he was wounded you hustled
 around and got together sanitary
 stores, such as sauerkraut and
 playing cards, and sent them to him by
 the fastest express, and you prayed for
 him, and when he had whipped the
 enemy you welcomed him home with
 open arms and said there was nothing
 too good for him forever after. He
 should always be remembered, his
 children should be cared for and edu-
 cated, and all that. Now he is old,
 his children have died or grown up and
 gone West, and you do not welcome
 him any more. He comes in here on
 his wooden leg, and all you think of
 is whether he has got any pension money
 left. His old eyes are so weak he can-
 not see the sneer with which you,
 drafted patriot, who sent a substitute
 to war, looks at him as he asks you for
 a plug of tobacco and agrees to pay you
 when he draws his next pension, and he
 goes out with a pain in his great big
 heart such as you will never feel unless
 you have some codfish spoil on your
 hands. Bah! You patriots make me
 tired."

"You are pretty hard on us," said
 the groceryman acted hurt. "The
 Government paid the soldiers, and
 gives them pensions, and all that, and
 they ought to know better than to get
 drunk."

"Paid them?" said the boy, indig-
 nantly. "What is \$4 a month pension to
 a man who has lost his arm, or who has
 bullet holes all over him? If a train
 runs over a man's leg, the railroad is in
 luck if it does not have to pay \$10,000.
 What does the soldier get? He gets
 left half the time. I am 'opposed to
 people getting drunk, but as long as
 pa and lots of the best people in town
 get drunk when they feel like it, why
 is it worse for an old soldier, who has
 no other way to have fun and feel rich,
 to get drunk? If you had to live at the
 Soldiers' Home, and work on the road,
 and do farm work, for your board, you
 would get full as a goose when you
 came to town. Outside of the Home
 grounds the old soldier feels free. He
 looks at the bright sunshine, inhales
 God's free air, walks upright toward
 town, and, just as his old wound begins
 to ache, he sees a beer sign, and instead
 of the words 'man that is born of
 woman is of few days and full of
 woe,' coming to his mind, he thinks of
 the words of the Constitution, 'all
 men are born free and equal, endowed
 with certain inalienable rights, among
 which are life, liberty, and the pursuit
 of happiness,' and he goes in and orders
 a schooner of beer, like a white man.
 The saloon is the only place on God's
 green earth where the old wounded vet-
 eran is free and equal, and he makes
 the most of it. When he gets full he
 is the prey of foolish boys, like fire-
 bugs, who have fun jeering him, and
 they snow-ball him, and say, 'look at
 the old drunkard.' If he lays down on
 the railroad track and is killed by the
 cars, you read in the paper of 'another
 veteran killed.' Your only anxiety is as
 to whether he is the same cuss you
 trusted for the tobacco last summer,
 and the soldier is buried without a tear.
 Now, I have had it drove into me by
 the conversation of people older than
 me, by newspapers and by resolutions
 that have been passed before I was
 born, that a soldier is one of the salt
 of the earth. You may say that the
 idea is outlawed, and that when you
 have got through having use for a sol-
 dier he becomes a thing unworthy
 to be recognized, but as long as I live
 a man who fought to save my country
 have a share of what I have got,
 and I will help him home when he is
 full of benzine, and whip any boy

that throws snow-balls at him, or
 calls him names, if you and pa and
 the whole gang goes back on me, and
 don't you forget it. The faded blue
 overcoat of the veteran looks better to
 me, if I am bad, than the swallow-tail
 coat of the dude, the d'monds of the
 millionaire, or the sneers of the darn
 fools who have no souls. You can all
 class me with barn burners, and cruel
 sons of rich people who have no hearts,
 but the smile of pleasure on the face of
 an old veteran when I speak kindly to
 him, and the tear of joy that comes
 from the broken heart and plows its
 way down the furrows of his cheek, as
 he searches in his pocket for a red ban-
 dana handkerchief, makes me feel as
 though I owned a brewery."

"Say, hold on, Hennyery," said the
 grocery man, as his eyes became dim.
 "You go out and call that soldier back
 and tell him he is a friend of mine. By
 gum, I never felt so much like a pirate
 in my life. You are right. The old
 soldiers are not to blame for taking in
 a little too much benzine once in a
 while. If we were all bunged up, and had
 no homes of our own, and were looked
 upon by a good many people as though
 they thought it was time we died and
 were got out of the way, we would get
 biling drunk, and paint the town red.
 Why, when these same soldiers enlist-
 ed, and were quartered in town, or were
 passing through on their way to the
 front, we used to think it was darned
 smart when they got on a tear and made
 things howl, and we would have lynched
 a policeman that tried to arrest the
 boys. I had forgot that these were the
 same boys, these old fellows that go
 limping around. Hennyery, you have
 learned me a lesson, and I shall be
 proud hereafter to see you kind to an
 old soldier, even if he is drunk, and if
 your pa says any more about bringing
 disgrace on the family by being seen
 with old soldiers, I will hit him in the
 ear and tuck him with being a sutler in
 the army."

"Well, that is all right," said the bad
 boy, as he started to go; "but don't
 you ever act sassy again when an old
 soldier comes in here to get warm; and
 if he wants a plug of tobacco and
 hasn't got the money, you let him have
 it, just as though he owned a block of
 buildings, and if he forgets to pay for
 it, I will bring in coal or saw wood for
 you to pay for it," and Hennyery went
 out whistling "We'll all get blind drunk
 when Johnny comes march'ng home,"
 and then he explained that the song
 was very popular a few years ago, when
 people were so glad to have the soldiers
 come home that some of the best citi-
 zens got drunk.—*Peck's Sun.*

Window Gardening.

Perhaps every one is not aware that
 the coldest place for plants at night is
 at a window, just where the plant stand
 is stationed. All dwellings are not
 new, and all new ones are not proof
 against