

A LEGEND OF LAKE GEORGE.

BY MRS. CLARA MERWIN.

The Raymonds were old settlers upon Lake George. When the trackless wilderness was known only to the Indian and the panther, and his slender canoe alone danced upon the waters, they had ventured hither to seek a precarious livelihood. What was their history, or what the motive which could have induced them to take this hazardous step, no one could tell. But some of the Indians who were in the habit of acting as guides, occasionally, to the officers at Fort Ticonderoga, gave him a reputation for deeds of sinister hue, and many were the singular reports which were circulated respecting him.

It was said that Raymond was not the only occupant of the lone hut in which he dwelt. During the night, when the stars were quenched and the wind came whistling through the pines, shrill cries rang out upon the air, and were repeated by the echoes, until it seemed as if every tree and stunted shrub had been gifted with human voices.

Even the most savage of the Indians trembled when they passed the mysterious cabin whence these sounds proceeded, and their proudest chieftains quailed before the stern eye of the dark settler. It was also said, when he first came to dwell in that solitary spot, he was accompanied by a female whose entire figure was hidden by a robe of black, even her features being closely masked—rendering vain the least attempt at recognition.

And thus the story ran from mouth to mouth until even the officers at the fort, the privates themselves, and the sutler women who furnished them with the little luxuries of a soldier's life, were as familiar with the tale as though each had been an actor in the mystery.

On a dismal night of April a party consisting of some half dozen officers were gathered about a table in a small apartment of the fort, discussing sundry glasses of brandy and cigars whose flavor proclaimed them of foreign derivation. It was yet in the early watches of the night, but the brandy had done its work with most of the group were describing, and one was dozing over his glass, another was preparing to take up his lodging under the table, while two who seemed less affected than the rest were endeavoring to keep each other awake by the relation of some merry jest or a fragment of some well-worn ballad.

"I'll tell you what it is, Frank," said one of these personages, starting suddenly from a reverie into which he had just fallen, "either this brandy that we are imbibing must be too strong for us or our heads tonight must be of weaker stuff than usual. What shall be done to keep ourselves awake? I have it."

"Well?" yawned Frank, a comely individual of the middle age, "what new idea have you got now. Some madcap prank, I'll be bound. Your brain is always getting some one into trouble."

"You've hit it, Frank; that's my thought, exactly. You've heard the tale of old Raymond, the settler?"

"Have I not?" replied Frank; "the story's common in the fort. Nay, there's not a farmer within forty miles but knows it well."

"This said that he deals in witchcraft," said Perry, musingly. "But, be that as it may, I'll lay you a wager that ere to-morrow's sun has risen I'll penetrate the mystery."

"And lose your life, perchance, for the sake of giving the night-ghood something to talk about. No, no, Perry—I'll not take you up. There are too many perils in such an adventure."

"Perils!"—and Perry laughed contemptuously as he spoke.

"Yes, Perry, perils. In the first place you have to escape the vigilance of the sentries; and should you be detected, a motive different from the true one might be attached."

"That's true. But I can bribe one of the men, or at the worst can leap the walls."

"Raymond's cabin, Perry, is far down the lake, in the midst of the wilderness—a place frequented only by hostile red men and beasts of prey."

"I wear a sword, and am not afraid to face danger," rejoined Perry.

"The night is dark—a storm is fast coming on, and your journey will be for the most part over the lake."

"I can find a canoe," said Perry, "and am expert with the paddle. Come, Frank, oppose me no longer, for I am determined. This very night I'll penetrate Raymond's mysterious secret; perhaps, in the endeavor I may confer a benefit on some suffering fellow-being, whose groans are said to awaken the forest's echoes."

"Be it as you will, then; I oppose you no longer. For my part, however," said Frank, "I believe the story's a humbug, and so I'll leave you to enjoy your agreeable adventure."

About an hour after the conversation, a canoe containing a single figure shot swiftly out from a cove in the vicinity of the fort. It was Perry. How he had managed to elude the sentries is a mystery; at any rate he had cleared the fort, and was now fairly embarked upon his dangerous voyage. The night was fearfully dark, and everything indicated an approaching tempest, yet still the young officer held on his way, fully resolved to accomplish what it must be confessed, appeared to him, now that fumes of liquor had somewhat subsided, a rash undertaking.

About half an hour passed. Perry's canoe flew over the lake with incredible swiftness. He was anxious to bring his adventure to a close. A light shines out upon the distance. It must be Raymond's cabin, thought Perry, and he redoubled his exertions. There was a single flash—vivid and innocuous—of lightning, succeeded by a low rumble like the distant reverberations of artillery. Then several big drops came pattering upon the young officer's uniform, and the little canoe was tossed about as if it had been a cork.

"This is a pleasant beginning," said Perry, half aloud; "I'm making a night of it with a vengeance!" The jest was scarcely uttered before a scream, a cry of mortal anguish—so shrill that it pierced to the core of Perry's heart, and congealed his blood almost to ice—broke forth the momentary pause which had followed the din of the elements. "Great God!" he ejaculated. "Upon what mysterious mission have I been sent? The tale was true, then."

Again that cry—wild and shrill, but melancholy in its tones.

It seemed to supplicate protection, and Perry shuddered inwardly when he found that the voice was a woman's. The storm had set in. Sonorous peals of thunder—

—as if sharp flashes of lightning—a drenching torrent of rain; such was Perry's welcome as he leaped on the strand, hardly to

be distinguished from the water in the intense darkness which followed. Perry approached the light, and discovered it to proceed from a low, rudely constructed hut, through the crevices of which he could discern what was passing within.

He looked, and the sight rooted him to the ground with horror. In the center of the apartment stood a man some fifty years of age, of large frame, stalwart and almost gigantic. His face was somber, and wore a settled expression of malice which rendered it repulsive to look upon. Before him, on her knees, with her hands raised to him in supplication, was a woman of slender figure, entirely clothed in black. The face was concealed by a mask, but her hands were white and small—unmistakable signs that she had moved in a sphere far different to that in which destiny or compulsion had seemingly placed her. On the rough plank table was a portrait of a young man of exceeding beauty, and on the floor lay—Perry looked again—great heaven! it could not be—a scourge!

Raymond uttered a laugh—a laugh of scorn. "Woman!" he exclaimed, "your penance is only begun. You implore me to kill you, but my revenge is not yet gratified. It shall be your doom to live! For fourteen years we have lived thus together, and of every week I set one night apart for the observation of this ceremony. Your sufferings are great, I confess, but what have they been compared with mine?" "Pity me—spare me!" sobbed the mask.

"You refused me when once I made this same request; it is but just that I should take my turn. Come—the portrait!"

Tremblingly she took from the table the miniature; her breast heaved, and tears fell like rain upon the hand which held it.

"Are you prepared?"

A slight quiver of the frame and a groan were the only answer returned to this singular question. The man took a cup from the table, and also a phial, from which he poured into the cup a few drops of some thick, blood-red liquid. He then handed the cup to the person whose whole frame now quivered like an aspen.

"God have mercy upon me!" she groaned.

Raymond stamped his foot impatiently.

"Come—the drink!"

"Is there no release?"

"None!" And he seized the scourge. The

cup was raised, was drained, was dashed away with a scream so wild and full of anguish it seemed to have silenced the very elements. There was a heavy fall, and before Raymond could raise the senseless body from the spot where it lay, the door had burst open with a crash, and, almost ere he could turn, he was transfixed by Perry's sword, and lay weltering and gasping by the side of his victim.

"Infamous wretch!" shouted Perry, "thou at least shalt sin no more!"

"Withhold your sword," said Raymond,

averting the blow which Perry was aiming. "I would speak with you a few words ere I die. Who you are, and what chance led you to this spot, which for fourteen years has seen not a single white face save my own, I know not. Your resemblance to that miniature—tell me, do you recognize the face?"

"Perry took the portrait from the table. 'My brother!' he exclaimed in amazement. 'How came this miniature here, and why—I see it all!' he added, and he hid his face for a moment in his hands."

Raymond made an effort to speak—his blood was flowing freely, and it was evident that he could not long survive his wound.

"You remember your brother's recklessness—his passion for women—his heedless dissipation."

"Ah! yes—too well I remember it—poor Edward!"

He was a villain!" said Raymond, fiercely. "You recollect he had a friend—a very dear friend, whose fair fame he betrayed while that friend was absent. Your brother disappeared."

"You, then, can tell me his retreat," said Perry, eagerly.

"Would you like to know?" asked Raymond, with a strange smile.

"Heaven knows it—I would!"

"Be satisfied! I slew him!"

"Oh, monster! what doom should be yours, to trifle with so sacred a thing as life, and trifle with it thus, too!"

"Well—he deserved it! My slighted honor demanded reparation, and I have enjoyed it. Behold that phial, it contains his blood."

"Wretch! and this woman—"

"Drinks it; you now know all. Leave now this wretched hovel, and let me die."

"Not yet—not yet! Oh! God—this is too horrible; I would not have believed it!"

And Perry, muttering thus to himself, stooped down and, taking from the miserable creature the mask which concealed her features, strove to restore her.

But it was in vain. The last effort had severed the frail tenure on which her life had depended—a few deep sighs, a slight quiver of the limbs, and she was dead.

The young officer's attention was now attracted by a groan from Raymond. He turned and found that in his abstraction Raymond had managed to get possession of his sword, and had hastened the event which could not have been much longer delayed.

That night the lone hut was burned to the ground—how or by whom is a mystery.

Perry returned to the fort, and although he was sore pressed, he firmly persisted in preserving the secret he had purchased at so terrible a sacrifice.

From that time forward Perry was an altered man. He eschewed dissipation, went but little with his acquaintances, and attended rigidly to the duties of his station.

At the bloody encounter which accompanied the taking of Ticonderoga, shortly after, Perry fell where the fray was thickest, and this sad but eventful story was found among his papers, in an old trunk, a few weeks after his death.

In a recent lecture Sir William Thompson concluded that in the light of recent calculation, and taking into account all possibilities of greater density in the sun's interior, and of greater and less activity of radiation in past ages, "it would be rash to assume as probable anything more than 20,000,000 years of the sun's light in the past history of the earth, or to reckon on more than five or six million years of sunlight for the future."

DURING 1886 eleven new asteroids were detected, increasing the number known to 264. Of this total, fifty-seven were discovered by Dr. J. Palisa, of Vienna, and forty-six by Dr. Peters, of Clinton, N. Y.

JUSTICE AT LAST.

BY R. A. RILEY.

Netta Roberts was an orphan, and not an heiress. A lovely face and a guileless heart, coupled with poverty and a sensitive soul, often, very often, renders the possessor miserable. Netta Roberts might have been very miserable had there been no such person as Frank Martin in existence; but there was a Frank Martin, and he and Netta had been lovers from their childhood up. So when Netta was, at one fell swoop, deprived of both parents and left a sorrowing, penniless orphan, Frank Martin came forward, like the true man that he was, and offered to shield her from the rough blasts of adversity by making her the mistress of his home and the wife of his bosom.

Netta's pride might have made her hesitate to accept this offer, notwithstanding she loved Frank dearly, had she not known so well that Frank had always loved her in return, and that the offer had only been hastened a very little by her destitute situation. They were married, and a year glided by, and all went on happily.

Frank Martin was an industrious mechanic, earning his bread, as do thousands of honest freemen in this broad land, by the sweat of his brow. Dull care was a stranger at his fireside, and blithe-hearted Netta could always charm away, with her sweet smiles, the weariness left by a hard day's toil. A little boy baby was ushered into existence, and then their joy was almost complete.

Frank was a carpenter, and had not the means to carry on the trade extensively, but was compelled to accept so much wages a week, and lose his independence as a workman by having a boss. "But," thought Frank, "it is only for a while; in a year or two, at the furthest, by being economical, I can take jobs on my own account."

Mr. Clayton, an enterprising contractor, was Frank's employer. One evening after Frank and one of his fellow-workmen, named Jiles, had completed a job, Mr. Clayton came and inspected it. After commending the work, he took Frank to one side and said:

"I have a job for you to-morrow that will require skill, which I know you possess. Jiles is a good enough workman in his way, but when I want anything in the ornamental style that requires skill and taste, I prefer you."

Frank, feeling flattered by the compliment, expressed his thanks, and desired to know the nature of the job.

"It is this," said his employer. "A certain Mr. Henry Jenkins, who is very wealthy, desires a counterpart of an antique mantel-piece in one of his rooms, to put up in the room opposite, which he usually occupies. He lives at No. 241 Murray street. Go there in the morning and take a plan of the work to be done, and return to the shop and complete it, and I will pay you extra."

Frank once more expressed his thanks to his employer, and they separated.

Next morning Frank repaired to the mansion. He rang the door-bell, and the door was opened by a servant, and he acquainted him with his business.

Mr. Jenkins is out at present, but he left directions that if you came you should be allowed to examine the mantel-piece. Follow me."

They ascended one flight of stairs, and Frank was ushered into the room containing the antique mantel-piece. The servant said to Frank, as he turned to depart:

"I have business back in the kitchen for a while, and if Mr. Jenkins should happen to ring while I am absent, would you be kind enough to step down stairs and admit him? It's my duty to attend to the door, but he won't care so it's attended to."

"Certainly," replied Frank, who was of an accommodating disposition; and the servant took his leave.

The mantel-piece was elaborately carved, and so many were the peculiarities about it that Frank saw at once that the mere outline would not be a sufficient guide, so he took out his drawing materials and began sketching it in earnest. He had been occupied probably twenty minutes when he heard a ring at the door-bell. Remembering his promise to the servant, he hastened down stairs. He opened the door, and a well-dressed young gentleman stood before him. Frank had never seen Mr. Jenkins, so he inquired:

"Is this Mr. Jenkins?"

"Yes," the gentleman replied; "but who are you?"

"I am the carpenter sent by Mr. Clayton to take a design of the mantel-piece up stairs."

"Ah! But where the mischief is George, the servant?"

"He went back to the kitchen for some purpose, and I told him I would open the door in his stead," replied Frank, respectfully.

The gentleman made no reply, but pushed by Frank and hurried up stairs.

He stopped at the door of the room opposite to the one containing the mantel-piece. He tried the door, found it locked, took out a bunch of keys, inserted one, unlocked it, and entered. Frank re-entered the room in which he had been engaged, and recommenced his labor.

In a few minutes he heard Mr. Jenkins, as he supposed the young man to be, come out of the room and hurriedly descend the stairs. Frank kept at his sketch, and in about half an hour had it completed to his satisfaction. He stepped out of the room, and as his eyes fell on the opposite door, and he saw that it was partially open, with the key in the lock, he concluded that he would step in and take a look at the place where he was to fasten the mantel-board after he had it finished. He entered and examined to see how he might arrange to fasten it firmly. While he was so engaged, he heard footsteps rapidly ascending the stairs. He blushed at the idea of being caught in a room into which he had not been invited, notwithstanding he had entered it with honest intentions. He stepped to the door hurriedly, and, walking out, found himself face to face with a middle-aged gentleman, slightly bald, with a plethoric face and a body to match.

"Halloo! Who the mischief are you, coming out of my room in this manner?"

"I—I don't—I don't understand—"

"Neither do I," interrupted the plethoric gentleman, moving hastily to the door, and withdrawing the key.

To the astonishment and alarm of Frank, it proved to be a skeleton key, such as is used by professional burglars. The plethoric gentleman uttered an exclamation, and moved hastily into the room. In a moment he returned, his face flushed with excitement, exclaiming:

"Scoundrel, you have opened my desk and robbed me of five thousand dollars!"

Just at this moment a couple of servants appeared below, and he called out to them excitedly:

"Run for a policeman, quick!"

One of them obeyed. Frank was so much bewildered for a short time that he scarce knew what to do or say. At last he stammered out his explanation, which seemed in itself improbable, and still more so from his confused manner of telling it. Two policemen soon arrived, and Frank was searched, but the money could not be found upon his person.

"How long was he left here by himself?" asked the plethoric gentleman—who proved to be the genuine Mr. Henry Jenkins—of the servant.

"Nearly an hour, sir," was the reply.

"Plenty of time to step out and hide the money, and return with this hatched-up story; but it won't work, it won't work. You might as well confess, my fine fellow, and tell us where the money is. It will go easier with you if you do."

But Frank could not confess anything but the truth—and so he told him—and was marched away to jail.

The consternation of Netta, his lovely wife, upon hearing that her darling husband was arrested upon such a charge, may be easier imagined than described.

The trial came on. Frank procured counsel who sifted the matter to the best of their ability, but could make nothing out of it favorable to poor Frank, and Frank's story was so handled by the prosecuting counsel as to appear in the highest degree improbable, and no doubt made much against him. He was convicted, and sentenced to five years' hard labor in the State Penitentiary. Upon the rendering of the verdict his wife Netta was carried out of the court-room insensible.

The last day had come, and Frank Martin was to be carried away to the distant prison, to serve out at toilsome drudgery the sentence he had received for a crime he had not committed. His wife Netta stood at the iron bars of his prison cell, with their child in her arms. She had come with it to bid him farewell. All the brightness of the past was as nothing when weighed in comparison with this dark woe, which had settled down on them so suddenly, chilling and blasting their lives almost in the spring-time of youth. Ah! worse than death, each one felt it to be. But at that dismal hour of parting Netta's love and faith in her husband were stronger than all the proof in the world; and she did not think he was innocent—she knew it. She held her boy up, and Frank reached forth through the cold iron grating of his prison cell, and encircled his child with his arms.

"Oh, what will become of you, poor darlings, when I am gone?" exclaimed he, in anguish.

"We'll trust in God, dear Frank, and we'll meet again. Let us hope. Let us pray." And Netta clasped her hand on Frank's, which was now resting on the infant's head, and thus they stood, each heart torn with emotion, yet dreading the terrible hour of separation, until the stern jailer came, and told them time was up, and then poor Netta had almost forcibly to be taken away.

Five years had passed, and Frank Martin was once more a free man. He had served out his time. He returned to the city, where he had left Netta. He found her and his child suffering in poverty and want. We will pass over the joyous reunion. Netta was still his in faith and love as when they parted. The law, by the imprisonment of her husband, gave her a divorce, but she accepted no such divorce.

A few months passed. Frank could obtain no settled employment, and barely managed to obtain a meager subsistence for himself and family. The ban that a jury of his fellow-men had placed upon him still clung to him, and he thought of going away to some distant part of the country, where his former life would be unknown; but, alas! he lacked the means.

Things were in this condition when, one morning, a well-dressed gentleman knocked at the door of the miserable tenement where they resided. Frank admitted him.

"Are you Frank Martin, a carpenter, who served five years in the State Prison?"

"I am," replied Frank, flushing to the temples, yet not denying the truth.

"Well, then," said the stranger. "I am requested to bring you immediately to the house of Mr. Henry Jenkins. His son Charles is dying, and he says he must see you or he can not rest in his grave."

"Charles Jenkins?" replied Frank; "I never knew such a person."

"He has been residing in Philadelphia for the last eight or ten years, and has lately come home to die. Come, let us go."

Frank went with him without hesitation, yet trembling with excitement. He almost felt what was coming.

They arrived at the mansion, and found that Charles Jenkins was indeed dying. A notary public had been summoned, and was taking down some statement of his as they entered, Henry Jenkins, the father, stood by, looking sad and careworn. When the dying man saw Frank, he asked:

"Are you Frank Martin?"

"I am," replied Frank.

"Then I have done you a great wrong. I let you suffer for a crime I committed. I was the individual who entered and robbed my own father. I had just arrived in the city; gambling had reduced me to penury; my father, I knew, was wealthy; I had come to try to induce him to give me money; I was afraid of failure; I determined not to fail; I had skeleton keys, and if he refused to give me what I asked I determined to rob him; I came in and found things as you know; escaped; nobody believed you; nobody knew I had been about. I returned to Philadelphia. I am now here—dying. My father, you are rich. Let me pray you give to this poor man some of your wealth—all, in fact, that you had designed for me—as some poor recompense for what your wild, misguided boy has made him suffer."

"I will, my son. It shall be done," exclaimed the old man.

"Will you forgive me, father?" he then asked.

"Indeed, you know I do. Oh, Charles! oh, Charles!" gasped the father with much emotion.

"Can you forgive me?" asked the dying man, looking to Frank.

"I do," replied Frank, solemnly, "and may God forgive you as freely."

"Amen," said the clergyman, who had summoned Frank.

The notary public had taken down the dying man's statement. He signed it, and soon after breathed his last.

Frank's name was cleared, and he was made rich; and he and Netta bid fair yet to spend many happy days upon the earth, notwithstanding there once was an hour when all seemed "Dead Sea ashes."

HUMOR.

THE man without enemies may not be much of a man, but he has a soft time of it.

THE small boy learning the alphabet is very much like the postage-stamp—he often gets stuck on a letter.

It is a question whether it is better to be foolish than wise. The fool is merely laughed at; the wise man is criticised.—*Boston Courier*.

"Why is a small boy like a woman?" said a New Hartford man to his troublesome wife. There was no response. "Because he will make a man grown," said the conundrums.

MORE than 8,000,000 umbrellas were manufactured in this country last year. We don't ask what has become of this vast number, but we would like to know where three of them went to.—*Exchange*.

THE man who was born with a silver spoon in his mouth is now looking about for something to eat with the spoon.—*Lowell Citizen*. Let him try a New England doughnut. If he swallows that first the spoon will go down more easily.

OMAHA chambermaid—"Wait, Mary, it isn't time to lock up the house yet. Miss Ethel's young man is in the parlor." Omaha kitchen-girl—"He's gone, Sarah." "Did you hear the front door shut?" "No, but the parlor gas is turned up again."—*Omaha World*.

THERE was a missionary concert at a Rockland church and among other things was a long paper on missionary work by a young lady. When she had finished, the leader of the meetings said, "We will now sing 'Hallelujah, 'tis done.'" Whereat everybody smiled.

"I CAN say one thing in favor of this good boy," remarked Mr. Bircham, proudly patting his favorite pupil on the summit of his cranium: "He never takes the last piece of bread and butter on the plate." "No, indeed, sir," cordially asserted the fool of the school. "He ain't quick enough!"

COAL-DEALER—Where's John? Driver—He staid up to Mr. Brown's. Coal-dealer—Why on earth did he do that? Doesn't he know we're short-handed? Driver—I suppose he does, sir, but he said he was weighed in with his load, and he had an idea he belonged to Mr. Brown.—*Harper's Bazar*.

FATHER (to family physician)—"Isn't George Sampson a relative of yours, Doctor?" Family physician—"Yes, he is a nephew." Father—"He wants my daughter Clara, but I gave him to understand that she wouldn't get any of my money until after my death." Family physician—"That was right. George was asking about your health to-day."—*Harp'r's Bazar*.

THERE was an old man lived up in the mountains for many years. The village people close by all knew him, as they thought, intimately. One day he came into the village looking very sad. They asked him what was the matter. "Waal," he said, "I do feel kinder sad." "What has happened?" "I've been to a funeral." "A funeral! Whose was it? Some relative?" "Waal, you might call it so. It was she that were my wife." And that was the first they knew that he had ever been married.—*San Fran's Chronicle*.

OMAHA man—"So you belong to the noted Sorosis Society?" New York miss—"Yes, I was one of the original members." "Let me see. It's twenty years now since that society was started—" "Dear me, so it is; but you must not forget that the original members were infants when it began." "Infants! Really, I have an idea it was an independent movement of some sort." "O, it was. You see, its formation was the result of a rebellion on the part of the girl babies who didn't want to be weaned."—*Omaha World*.

Australia.

Australia first became known to Europeans in the beginning of the seventeenth century. Though a vague outline of land in this portion of the Southern Ocean appears upon the map of some Portuguese navigators dated 1542, the first real discovery was probably made by the Dutch in 1646, when the captain of the yacht Luuyken, sent out from Bantam to explore a part of the coast of New Guinea, saw the northern shore of the continent at a distance. The same year Torres Strait was named from a Portuguese navigator who sailed through it. In 1616 Hartog, a Dutch captain, came upon the west coast of Australia and called it Endracht's land, from the name of his ship. From this time other parts of the west coast were discovered. In 1622 the Dutch discovered the south coast at Cape Leuwin, and shortly after Van Nuys sailed from that cape on the south coast to Spencer's Gulf. DeWitt's Land and Carpentaria, in North Australia, were also discovered by Dutch traders. Captain Cook, in 1770, discovered New South Wales and Botany Bay, which was so called by Sir Joseph Banks, the botanist of the expedition, from the wonderful floral display which its plains afforded. In 1788 the first English colony was established in New South Wales, at first as a penal settlement.

Unconsoled.

"Don't take on so, my dear," said a sympathizing friend to a young widow who had just buried her husband; "you will get over it by and by. Why, you will come to look upon your loss in time with resignation and marry again."

"Marry again!" exclaimed the beautiful bereaved, with a shower of indignant tears, "ever! never!—at least not for a year."—*Boston Courier*.

THE Magna Charta was wrested from King John of England A. D. 1215.