

THE DAILY NEWS.

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WEDNESDAY, JUNE 18, 1890.

The bee which buzzes in the bonnet of an aspirant for political honors too often leaves its sting which produces an aggravated case of "swollen head."

Mr. King intends keeping his eye on his resolution to enforce the law. The public has its eye on Mr. King, a councilman who has the courage of his convictions.

The Express grumbled because a police clerk, who happened to be a Democrat and the best police officer on the force, was retained. Not a word has been said about the fire plug matter, whereby the city can save \$4,000 yearly.

The way of the thumper is hard. Only yesterday it was considered an honor to "shake the hand that shook Sullivan's." Now the hand of the bully is refused by a self-respecting newspaper man. Sullivan was popular once. Then he wanted to run for congress and his glory departed. Political aspirations seems to have knocked him out.

The organ of the present administration has been positively ascertaining that the city would be put in excellent sanitary condition by the Board of Health. The hot weather is here and no time should be lost. The city is wretchedly dirty and offensive odors arise from refuse and debris scattered in the streets and alleys. Instead of talking about cleaning up why can it not be done quickly? The sanitary force is not large enough to investigate the condition of the entire city. Delays are dangerous to public health. What is to be done should be done as speedily as possible.

The census enumerators' work in Terre Haute has been miserably done. It has come to light that there has been gross negligence. Startling developments are coming to the surface. One of the most prominent citizens has not been called on. He was not at his residence when the enumerator called. His wife was also absent. The information was given by a colored servant. This man is worth in the hundreds of thousands and a servant answered for him. Other instances are known in which help gave information for the entire household. Dozens of men are known who have not yet been called on, and no doubt will not be. The census thus far shows about 32,000 population. Every one knows that there are more people in Terre Haute.

It is a matter of regret that Major McKinley's district was gerrymandered by the Democratic legislature of Ohio. The complexion of the district is now estimated at 2,500 majority against the Republicans. McKinley is an exponent of the high protection idea. He is looked upon as the one great representative of the doctrine, dominant in the Republican ranks. He is the father of the tariff bill, which has proven unpopular with many of his party adherents. McKinley is a man with marked ability, and has ably defended his position on the tariff question. Had not the district been made Democratic the vote this fall would have been a practical test of the popularity of the protection bill which will be passed by the present congress. As it now stands the result will not be significant. Major McKinley will be retired, but the vote will be no barometer to gauge the effect the tariff bill had on the election.

The Vandalia, it seems, has been caught napping in the matter of a new Union depot. It has maintained a rookery for years at Tenth and Chestnut streets and has called it a Union station. The city has been compelled to accept the miserable accommodations. The Vandalia has held the key to the situation but has not been active until recently in consideration of the question. Now the information comes to The News that a combination of the other roads has been formed for the purpose of erecting a Union station at Tenth and Locust streets. The Big Four, C. & E. I., and Mackey lines are into the deal, which leaves the Vandalia and T. H. & P. the only lines outside the combination. Terre Haute demands a new Union depot and the first to be built will be the best appreciated by the public. One thing seems certain, a depot will be built. The Vandalia has made promises and they must be fulfilled or the other roads will listen to the demands of the people of Terre Haute. The new combination purposes to build before snow flies.

The finance committee of the city council did not cover itself with glory when it secretly negotiated for a loan of \$100,000. The new council should be more business like. Municipal government should be conducted on the same plan as private business. A business man does not consider only one proposition if he wishes to deal advantageously to his own interests. He investigates and accepts the best terms proposed. The finance committee did not do this; it secretly, probably with

locked doors, considered a proposition and accepted it. Then it was sprung on the council. Negotiations for such an amount should be conducted openly. There is no reason for a star-chamber conference. The public should have been made aware of the fact that \$100,000 was to be borrowed and local financiers given an opportunity of submitting propositions. It is positively asserted that a lower rate could have been obtained. The committee should have investigated thoroughly before concluding negotiations.

The News called attention to the large number of useless fire plugs for which the city has been paying an annual rental of \$40 each. The number of superfluous plugs proved, upon investigation, to be greater than was at first supposed. A schoolboy could calculate the saving to the city by cutting out the unserviceable plugs. It did not require a master financial mind to perceive wherein the city could save thousands of dollars per year. The arithmetical problem was of easy solution. The needless expenditure became glaring when attention was directed to it. The fire and water committees of the council appreciated the force of The News' suggestions, and concluded at once that a large saving could be made without impairing the fire protection. One hundred fire plugs will be ordered removed. There are now over 500 plugs, the city paying over \$20,000 yearly rental. The number can be reduced one hundred, which will save the city \$4,000. The work of revising the list of plugs is in progress and will be completed in a short time. The News desires to commend the committees for the steps they are taking. They will have the approval of the public in saving the tax payers of Terre Haute \$4,000 per year. The fire committee has inaugurated an economic administration of that department and already has accomplished considerable. Let the good work be maintained.

HERE AND THERE.

A reporter was wandering along Wall street at eventide yesterday when he encountered the distinguished Dr. Marlow. "How are you, doctor? What's new?" "Oh," replied the great man, "peace and plenty, good will toward men; got a new pair of britches."

The scribe made a note of this appalling bit of information and passed on.

"Did you ever notice when a lady steps onto a street car how some gentleman will get up, smile a little bit and offer her his seat? He will do it just as though it were the one pleasure of his life to make her comfortable. I have sometimes felt myself an intruder in such cases and knew that beneath the gentleman's smiling countenance there lurked a sullen aching for revenge. I knew that he wished that I was at the bottom of the Red sea; that he had never seen me, and that I had never gotten on the car. I knew that he thought that I was ugly, and the complacency with which he smiled and remained silent when people stepped on his feet as they elbowed their way through the car only made me feel the injustice I had done him."

A young lady residing on the South Side told a good joke on herself. She has a friend living in a pretty place near the south edge of town who keeps a ferocious big dog, as ugly as sin and as mean as he can stick. He is a shaggy brute, and always makes such vicious attempts to bite one that the young lady was nearly frightened to death every time she went to call on her friend for fear the dog would sneak out on her and bite her. The last time she called there, she saw the dog in the back part of the yard and made her way cautiously to the front door in hopes that the dog would not hear her. She stepped up onto the porch and reached for the bell but had no sooner rung it than the dog came tearing around the corner of the house with a bow-wow-wow and a deep growl. The young lady drew a long breath, held onto the doorbell and closed her eyes, momentarily expecting to feel the brute teeth piercing her flesh. Soon, however, she felt some one lay their hand upon her arm and a gentle voice said: "Come in, Jack won't bite; the old fellow hasn't a tooth in his head." Instead of this being a soothing, it only made the young lady mad to think what a goose she had been.

A farmer's wagon, loaded with cord wood, broke down on the street car track at the corner of Fourth and Main streets yesterday afternoon. The two ruralists who went down with the wreck were standing at one side contemplating the unfortunate disaster when the shrill notes of a street car driver's whistle startled them almost out of their wits. They were very suddenly aroused to a realization of the fact that the car track was obstructed, yet they made no particular effort to remove the debris in a hurry. They handled the scattered wood very leisurely—evidently thinking they had all day for it. Presently Mike Burke, superintendent of the street railway, happened along in his buggy. He took in the situation at a glance.

"Don't blockade my cars here," he cried; "get that wood off the track with all possible haste."

The farmers paused. They looked up. They gazed. Mike's patience forsook him. He sprang out of his buggy and flew at the pile of wood like a wild man. The sticks were dashed right and left with a rapidity that caused the passing populace to halt in mute astonishment. In less than two minutes the wreck was entirely cleared from the track and cars were running as usual. Somebody inquired, then, "Where are the farmers?" They were standing side by side in the gutter, open-eyed and open-mouthed, apparently stupefied.

The Alden Piano Recital. A large and brilliant audience assembled in Coates' College gymnasium last night in attendance upon the piano recital given by Miss Eva Alden and her pupils, the same constituting the closing exercises of the college year. The programme consisted of the highest grade of classical music and, without exception, the numbers were rendered with an excellence which gave conclusive evidence that Miss Alden's supervision of the musical department of Coates college has been productive of the highest good to those pupils who have been under her supervision.

What's the matter with The News? It's all right. Only 10 cents a week.

THE DESERTER

By Capt. Charles King, U. S. A.

Author of "DUNRAVEN RANCH," "THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER," "MARION'S FAITH," ETC.

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CHAPTER XI—Continued.

"Oh, for the love of God, how did him, some o' ye! He'll kill him! He's mad, I say! Shure 'tis I that know him best. Oh, blessed Vargin, save us! Don't let him loose, Mister Foster!" she screamed to the officer of the guard, who at that moment appeared on the full run.

"What's the trouble?" he asked, breathlessly.

"Clancy seems to have been drinking, and wants to talk with me about something. Mr. Foster," said Hayne, quietly.

"He belongs to my company, and I will be responsible that he goes home. It is really Mrs. Clancy that is making all the trouble."

"Oh, for the love of God, hear him, now, when the man was tearing the hair o' me this minute! Oh, how did him, men! Shure 'tis Capt. Rayner wud never let him go."

"What's the matter, Mrs. Clancy?" spoke a quick, stern voice, and Rayner, with face white as a sheet, suddenly stood in their midst.

"Oh, God be praised, it's here ye are, captain! Shure 'tis Clancy, sir, drunk, sir, and shurrin' round the garrison, and batin' me, sir."

"Take him to the guard house, Mr. Foster," was the stern, sudden order. "Not a word, Clancy," as the man strove to speak. "Off with him, and if he gives you any trouble, send for me."

And as the poor fellow was led away, silence fell upon the group. Mrs. Clancy began a wail of mingled grief and misery, which the captain ordered her to cease and go home. More men came hurrying to the spot, and presently the officer of the day. "It is all right now," said Rayner to the latter. "One of my men—Clancy—was out here drunk and raising a row. I have sent him to the guard house. Go back to your quarters, men. Come, captain, will you walk over home with me?"

"Was Mr. Hayne here when the row occurred?" asked the cavalryman, looking as though he wanted to hear something from the young officer who stood a silent witness.

"I don't know," replied Rayner. "It makes no difference, captain. It is not a case of witnesses. I shan't prefer charges against the man. Come! And he drew him hastily away."

Hayne stood watching them as they disappeared beyond the glimmer of his lamp. Then a hand was placed on his arm.

"Did you notice Capt. Rayner's face—his lips?" He was asked as death.

"Come in here with me," was the reply; and, turning, Hayne led the post surgeon into the house.

CHAPTER XII.



The little forage cap was raised with courteous grace.

There was an unusual scene at the matinee the following morning. When Capt. Ray relieved Capt. Gregg as officer of the day, and the two were visiting the guard house and turning over prisoners, they came upon the last name on the list—Clancy—and Gregg turned to his regimental comrade and said:

"No charges are preferred against Clancy, at least none as yet, Capt. Ray; but his company commander requests that he be held here until he can talk over his case with the colonel."

"What's he in for?" demanded Capt. Ray.

"Getting drunk and raising a row and beating his wife," answered Gregg, whereat there was a titter among the soldiers.

"I never struck a woman in my life, sir," said poor Clancy.

"Silence, Clancy!" ordered the sergeant of the guard.

"No, I'm blessed if I believe that part of it, Clancy, drunk or no drunk," said the new officer of the day. "Take charge of him for the present, sergeant." And away they went to the office.

Capt. Rayner was in conversation with the commanding officer as they entered, and the colonel was saying:

"It is not the proper way to handle the case, captain. If he has been guilty of drunkenness and disorderly conduct he should be brought to trial at once."

"I admit that, sir; but the case is peculiar. It was Mrs. Clancy that made all the noise. I feel sure that after he is perfectly sober I can give him such a talking to as will put a stop to this trouble."

"Very well, sir. I am willing to let company commanders experiment at least once or twice on their theories, so you can try the scheme; but we of the staff have had some years of experience with the Clancys, and were not a little amused when they turned up again in our midst as accredited members of your company."

"Then, as I understand you, colonel, Clancy is not to be brought to trial for this affair," suddenly spoke the post surgeon.

"Everybody looked up in surprise. 'Pills' was the last man, ordinarily, to

take a hand in the "shop talk" at the morning meetings.

"No, doctor. His captain thinks it unnecessary to prefer charges."

"So I, sir; and, as I saw the man both before and after his confinement last night, I do not think it necessary to confine him."

"The officer of the day says there was great disorder," said the colonel, in surprise.

"Ay, sir, so there was; and the thing reminds me of the stories they used to tell on the New York police. It looked to me as though all the row was raised by Mrs. Clancy, as Capt. Rayner says; but the man was arrested. That being the case I would ask the captain for what specific offense he ordered Clancy to the guard house."

Rayner again was pale as death. He glared at the doctor in amazement and incredulity, while all the officers noted his agitation and were silent in surprise.

"It was the colonel that came to the rescue, doctor. It was after taps, though only just after, and whether causing the trouble or not, the man is the responsible party, not the woman. The captain was right in causing his arrest."

Rayner looked up gratefully.

"I submit to your decision, sir," said the surgeon, "and I apologize for anything I may have asked that was beyond my province. Now I wish to ask a question for my own guidance."

"Go on, doctor."

"In case an enlisted man of this command desire to see an officer of his company—or any other officer, for that matter—it is a violation of any military regulation for him to go to his quarters for that purpose?"

Again was Rayner fearfully white and aged looking. His lips moved as though he would interrupt; but discipline prevailed.

"No, doctor, and yet we have certain customs of service to prevent the men going at all manner of hours and on frivolous errands. A soldier asks his first sergeant's permission first, and if denied by him, and he have what he considers good reason, he can report the whole case."

"But suppose a man is not on company duty, must he hunt up his first sergeant and ask permission to go and see some officer with whom he has business?"

"Well, hardly, in that case."

"That's all, sir." And the doctor subsided.

Among all the officers, as the meeting adjourned, the question was, "What do you suppose 'Pills' was driving at?"

There were two or three who knew. Capt. Rayner went first to his quarters, where he had a few moments' hurried consultation with his wife; then they left the house together; he to have a low toned and very stern talk to rather than with the abashed Clancy, who listened, cap in hand and with hanging head; she to visit the sick child of Mrs. Flanagan, of Company K, whose quarters adjoined those to which the Clancys had recently been assigned.

When that Hibernian couple returned to his roof terrace, released from duress, he was surprised to receive a kindly and sympathetic welcome from his captain's wife, who with her own hand had mixed him some comforting drink and was planning with Mrs. Clancy for their greater comfort.

"If Clancy will only promise to quit entirely!" interjected the partner of his joys and sorrows.

Later that day, when the doctor had a little talk with Clancy, the ex-dragoon declared he was going to reform for all he was worth. He was only a distress to everybody when he drank.

"All right, Clancy. And when you are perfectly yourself, you can come and see Lieut. Hayne as soon as you like."

"Lieut. Hayne is it, sir? Shure I'd be beginnin' his pardon for the vexation I gave him last night."

"But you have something you wanted to speak with him about. You said so last night, Clancy," said the doctor, looking him squarely in the eye.

"Shure I was drunk, sir. I didn't mean it," he answered; but he shrank and covered.

The doctor turned and left him.

"If it's only when he's drunk that conscience pricks him and the truth will out, then we must have him drunk again," quoth this unprincipled practitioner.

The same afternoon Miss Travers found that a headache was the result of confinement to an atmosphere somewhat heavily charged with electricity. Mrs. Rayner seemed to bristle every time she approached her sister. Possibly it was the heart, more than the head, that ached, but in either case she needed relief from the exposed position she had occupied ever since Kate's return from the Clancys' in the morning. She had been too long under fire, and was wearied. Even the cheery visits of the garrison gallants had proved of little avail, for Mrs. Rayner was in very ill temper, and made snappish remarks to them which two of them resented and speedily took themselves off. Later Miss Travers went to her room and wrote a letter, and then the sunset gun shook the window, and twilight settled down upon the still frozen earth. She bathed her heated forehead and flushed cheeks, threw a warm cloak over her shoulders, and came slowly down the stairs. Mrs. Rayner met her at the parlor door.

"Kate, I am going for a walk and shall stop and see Mrs. Waldron."

"Quite an unnecessary piece of information. I saw him as well as you. He has just gone there."

Miss Travers flushed hot with indignation.

"I have seen no one; and if you mean that Mr. Hayne has gone to Maj. Waldron's, I shall not."

"No, I'd meet him on the walk; it would only be a trifle more public."

"You have no right to accuse me of the faintest expectation of meeting him

anywhere. I repeat, I had not thought of such a thing."

"You might just as well do it. You cannot make your antagonism to my husband much more pointed than you have already. And as for meeting Mr. Hayne, the only advice I presume to give now is that for your own sake you keep your blushes under better control than you did the last time you met—that I know of." And, with this triumphant insult as a parting shot, Mrs. Rayner wheeled and marched off through the parlor.

What was a girl to do? Nellie Travers was not of the crying kind, and was denied a vast amount of comfort in consequence. She stood a few moments quivering under the lash of injustice and insult to which she had been subjected. She longed for a breath of pure fresh air; but there would be no enjoyment even in that now. She needed sympathy and help if ever a girl did, but where was she to find it? The women who most attracted her and who would have warmly welcomed her at any time—the women whom she would eagerly have gone to in her trouble—were practically denied to her. Mrs. Rayner in her quarrel had declared war against the cavalry, and Mrs. Stannard and Mrs. Ray, who had shown a disposition to welcome Nellie warmly, were no longer callers at the house. Mrs. Waldron, who was kind and motherly to the girl and loved to have her with her, was so embarrassed by Mrs. Rayner's determined snubs that she hardly knew how to treat the matter. Mrs. Rayner, however, as had been her custom, yet she wanted the girl to come to her.

If she went, Miss Travers well knew that on her return to the house she would be received by a volley of sarcasms about her preference for the society of people who were the avowed enemies of her benefactors. If she remained in the house, it was to become in person the target for her sister's undeserved sneers and censures. The situation was becoming simply unbearable. Twice she began and twice she tore to fragments the letter for which Mr. Van Antwerp was daily imploring, and this evening she once more turned and slowly sought her room, threw off her wraps, and took up her writing desk. It was not yet dark. There was still light enough for her purpose, if she went close to the window. Every nerve was tingling with the sense of wrong and indignity; every throb of her heart beat intensified the longing for relief from the thralldom of her position. She saw only one path to lead her from such crushing dependence. There was his last letter, received only that day, urging, imploring her to leave Warren forthwith. Mrs. Rayner had declared to him her readiness to bring her east provided she would fix an early date for the wedding. Was it not a future many a girl might envy? Was he not tender, faithful, patient, devoted as man could be? Had he not social position and competence? Was he not high bred, courteous, refined, a gentleman in all his acts and words? Why could she not love him and be content?

There on the desk lay a little scrap of note paper; there lay her pen; a dozen words only were necessary. One moment she gazed longingly, wistfully, at the far away, darkening heights of the Rockies, watching the last rose tinted gleams on the snowy peaks; then with sudden impulse she seized her pen and drew the portfolio to the window seat. As she did so, a soldierly figure came briskly down the walk; a pale, clear cut face glanced up at her casement; a quick light of recognition and pleasure flashed in his eyes; the little forage cap was raised with courteous grace, though the step never slackened, and Miss Travers felt that her cheek, too, was flushing again, as Mr. Hayne strode rapidly by. She stood there another moment, and then—it had grown too dark to write.

When Mrs. Rayner, after calling twice from the bottom of the stairs, finally went up into her room and impatiently pushed open the door, all was darkness except the glimmer from the hearth:

"Nellie, where are you?"

"Here," answered Miss Travers, starting up from the sofa. "I think I must have been asleep."

"Your head is hot as fire," said her sister, laying her firm white hand upon the burning forehead. "I suppose you are going to be downright ill, by way of diversion. Just understand one thing, Nellie, that doctor does not come into my house."

"What doctor?—not that I want one," asked Miss Travers, wearily.

"Dr. Pease, the post surgeon, I mean. Of course you have heard how he is mixing himself in my husband's affairs and making trouble with various people."

"I have heard nothing, Kate."

"I don't wonder your friends are ashamed to tell you. Things have come to a pretty pass, when officers are going around holding private meetings with enlisted men!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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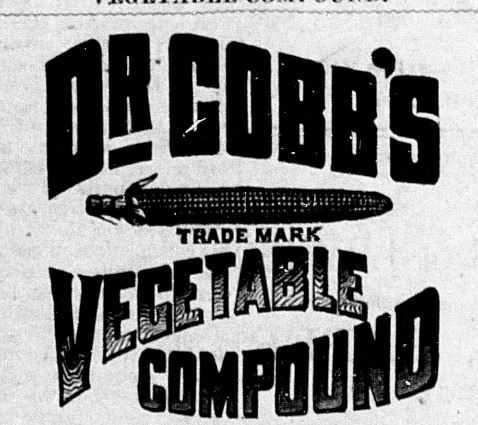
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