

# PHANTOM SHIP

—OR—  
The Flying Dutchman.

—BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

## CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

It was about a fortnight after they had left the Falkland islands that they entered the straits. At first they had a leading wind which carried them half through, but this did not last, and they then had to contend not only against the wind, but against the current, and they daily lost ground. The crews of the ships also began to sicken from fatigue and cold. Whether the admiral had before made up his mind, or whether irritated by his fruitless endeavours to continue his voyage, it is impossible to say; but after three weeks' useless struggle against the winds and currents, he gave up and ordered all the captains on board, when he proposed that the prisoner should receive his punishment, and that punishment was to be deserted—that is, to be sent on shore with a day's food, where there was no means of obtaining support, so as to die miserably of hunger. This was a punishment frequently resorted to by the Dutch of that period, as will be seen by reading an account of their voyage; but at the same time seldom, if ever, awarded to one of so high a rank as that of commander.

Phillip immediately protested against it, and so did Krantz, although they were both aware that by so doing they would make the admiral their enemy; but the other captains, who viewed both of them with a jealous eye, and considered them as interlopers and interfering with their advancement, sided with the admiral. Notwithstanding this majority, Phillip thought it his duty to expostulate. "You know well, admiral," said he, "that I joined in his condemnation for a breach of discipline; but at the same time there was much in extenuation. He committed a breach of discipline to save his ship's company, but not an error in judgment, as you yourself proved, by taking the same measure to save your own men. Do not, therefore, visit an offense of so doubtful a nature with such cruelty. Let the company decide the point when you send him home, which you can do as soon as you arrive in India. He is sufficiently punished by losing his command; to do what you propose will be ascribed to feelings of revenge more than to those of justice. What success can we deserve if we commit an act of such cruelty? and how can we expect a merciful Providence to protect us from the winds and waves, when we are thus barbarous toward each other?"

Phillip's arguments were of no avail. The admiral ordered him to return on board his ship, and had he been able to find an excuse, he would have deprived him of his command. This he could not well do; but Phillip was aware that the admiral was now his inveterate enemy. The commodore was taken out of irons and brought into the cabin, and his sentence was made known to him.

"Be it so, admiral," replied Avenhorn; "for to attempt to turn you from your purpose I know would be unavailing. I am not punished for disobedience of orders, but for having, by my disobedience, pointed out to you your duty—a duty which you were forced to perform afterward by necessity. Then be it so; let me perish on these black rocks, as I shall, and my bones be whitened by the chilly blasts which howl over their desolation. But mark me, cruel and vindictive man! I shall not be the only one whose bones will bleach there. I prophesy that many others will share my fate, and even you, admiral, may be of the number—if I mistake not, we shall lie side by side."

The admiral made no reply, but gave a sign for the prisoner to be removed. He then had a conference with the captains of the three smaller vessels, and as they had been all along retarded by the heavier sailing of his own ship, and the Dort commanded by Phillip, he decided that they should part company, and proceed on as fast as they could to the Indies—sending on board of the two larger vessels all the provisions they could spare, as they already began to run short.

Phillip had left the cabin with Krantz after the prisoner had been removed. He then wrote a few lines upon a slip of paper: "Do not leave the beach when you are put on shore, until the vessels are out of sight," and requesting Krantz to find an opportunity to deliver this to the commodore, he returned on board of his own ship. When the crew of the Dort heard of the punishment about to be inflicted upon their old commander, they were much excited. They felt that he had sacrificed himself to save them, and they murmured much at the cruelty of the admiral.

About an hour after Phillip's return to his ship, the prisoner was sent on shore and landed on the desolate and rocky coast, with a supply of provisions for two days. Not a single article of extra clothing or the means of striking a light was permitted him. When the boat a keel grazed the beach, he was ordered out. The boat shoved off, and the men were not permitted even to bid him farewell.

The fleet, as Phillip had expected, remained above to shifting the provisions, and it was not till after dark that everything was arranged. This opportunity was not lost. Phillip was aware that it would be considered a breach

of discipline, but to that he was indifferent; neither did he think it likely that it would come to the ears of the admiral, as the crew of the Dort were partial both to the commodore and to him. He had desired a seaman whom he could trust, to put into one of the boats a couple of muskets, and a quantity of ammunition, several blankets, and various other articles, besides provisions for two or three months, for one person; and as soon as it was dark the men pulled on shore with the boat, found the commodore on the beach waiting for them, and supplied him with all these necessities. They then rejoined their ship, without the admiral's having the least suspicion of what had been done, and shortly after the fleet made sail on a wind, with their heads off shore. The next morning the three smaller vessels parted company, and by sunset had gained many miles to windward, after which they were not again seen.

The admiral had sent for Phillip to give him his instructions, which were very severe, and evidently framed so as to be able to afford him hereafter some excuse for depriving him of his command. Among others, his orders were, as the Dort drew less water than the admiral's ship, to sail ahead of him during the night, that if they approached too near the land as they beat across the channel, timely notice might be given to the admiral if in too shallow water. This responsibility was the occasion of Phillip's being always on deck when they approached the land on either side of the Straits. It was the second night after the fleet had separated that Phillip had been summoned on deck as they were nearing the land of Terre del Fuego; he was watching the man in the chains heaving the lead, when the officer of the watch reported to him that the admiral's ship was ahead of them instead of astern. Phillip made inquiry as to when he passed, but could not discover; he went forward and saw the admiral's ship with her poop-light, which, when the admiral was astern, was not visible. "What can be the admiral's reason for this?" thought Phillip; "has he run ahead on purpose to make a charge against me of neglect of duty? It must be so. Well, let him do as he pleases; he must wait till we arrive in India, for I shall not allow him to desert me; and with the company I have as much, and I rather think, as a large proprietor, more interest than he has. Well, as he has thought proper to go ahead, I have nothing to do but to follow."

"You may come out of the chains there."

## CHAPTER XX.

Phillip went forward; they were now, as he imagined, very near to the land, but the night was dark and they could not distinguish it. For half an hour they continued their course, much to Phillip's surprise, for he now thought he could make out the loom of the land, dark as it was. His eyes were constantly fixed upon the ship ahead, expecting every minute that she would go about; but no, she continued her course, and Phillip followed with his own vessel.

"We are very close to the land, sir," observed Vander Hagen, the lieutenant, who was the officer of the watch.

"So it appears to me; but the admiral is closer, and draws much more water than we do," replied Phillip.

"I think I see the rocks on the beam to leeward, sir."

"I believe you are all right," replied Phillip; "I cannot understand this. Ready about, and get a gun ready—they must suppose us to be ahead of them, depend upon it."

Hardly had Phillip given the order when the vessel struck heavily on the rocks. Phillip hastened aft; he found the rudder had been unshipped, and the vessel was immovably fixed. His thoughts then reverted to the admiral. "Was he on shore?" He ran forward, and the admiral was still sailing on with his poop-light, about two cables length ahead of him.

"Fire the gun there," cried Phillip, perplexed beyond measure. The gun was fired, and immediately followed up by the flash and report of another gun close astern of them. Phillip looked with astonishment over the quarter, and perceived the admiral's ship close astern to him, and evidently on shore as well as his own.

"Merciful Heaven!" exclaimed Phillip rushing forward, "what can this be?" He beheld the other vessel, with her light ahead, still sailing on and leaving them. The day was now dawning and there was sufficient light to make out the land. The Do., was on shore not fifty yards from the beach, and surrounded by the high and barren rocks; yet the vessel ahead was apparently sailing on over the land. The seamen crowded on the forecastle, watching this strange phenomenon; at last it vanished from their sight.

"That's the Flying Dutchman, by all that's holy!" cried one of the seamen, jumping off the gun.

Hardly had the man uttered these words when the vessel disappeared.

Phillip felt convinced that it was so, and he walked away aft in a very perturbed state. It must have been his father's fatal ship which had deceived them to probable destruction. He hardly knew how to act. The admiral's wrath he did not wish, just at that moment, to encounter. He sent

for the officer of the watch, and having desired him to select a crew for the boat, out of those men who had been on deck, and could substantiate his assertions, ordered him to go on board of the admiral, and state what had happened.

As soon as the boat had shoved off, Phillip turned his attention to the state of his own vessel. The daylight had increased, and Phillip perceived that they were surrounded by rocks, and had run on shore between two reefs, which extended half a mile from the mainland. He sounded round his vessel, and discovered that she was fixed from forward to aft, and that without lightening her there was no chance of getting her off. He then turned to where the admiral's ship lay aground, and found that, to all appearance, she was in even a worse plight, as the rocks to leeward of her were above the water, and she was much more exposed should bad weather come on. Never, perhaps, was there a scene more cheerless and appalling; a dark wintry sea—a sky loaded with heavy clouds—the wind cold and piercing—the whole line of the coast one mass of barren rocks, without the slightest appearance of vegetation; the inland part of the country presented an equally somber appearance and the higher points were capped with snow, although it was not yet the winter season. Sweeping the coast with his eye, Phillip perceived, not four miles to leeward of them, so little progress had they made, the spot where they had deserted the commodore.

"Surely this has been a judgment on him for his cruelty," thought Phillip, "and the prophesy of poor Avenhorn will come true—more bones than his will bleach on those rocks." Phillip turned round again to where the admiral's ship was on shore, and started back, as he beheld a sight even more dreadful than all that he had viewed—the body of Vander Hagen, the officer sent on board of the admiral, hanging at the main yardarm. "My God! is it possible?" exclaimed Phillip, stamping with sorrow and indignation. His boat was returning on board, and Phillip awaited it with impatience. The men hastened up the side, and breathlessly informed Phillip that the admiral, as soon as he had heard the lieutenant's report, and his acknowledgment that he was officer of the watch, had ordered him to be hung, and that he had sent them back with a summons for him to repair on board immediately, and that they had seen another rope preparing at the yard-arm.

"But not for you, sir," cried the men, "that shall never be—you shall not go on board—we will defend you with our lives."

The whole ship's company joined in this resolution, and expressed their determination to resist the admiral. Phillip thanked them kindly—stated his intention of not going on board, and requested that they would remain quiet, until it was ascertained what steps the admiral might take. He then went down to his cabin to reflect upon what plan he should proceed. As he looked out of the stern windows, and perceived the body of the young man still swinging in the wind, he for then there would be an end in his wayward fate; but he thought of Amine, and felt that for her he wished to live. That the Phantom Ship should have decoyed him to destruction was also a source of much painful feeling, and Phillip meditated, with his hands pressed to his temples. "It is my destiny," thought he at last, "and the will of Heaven must be done; we could not have been so deceived if Heaven had not permitted it." And then his thoughts reverted to his present situation.

(To be continued.)

## A BALLOON UNDER FIRE.

Immediate Collapse Does Not Follow, Even When the Mark Is Hit.

With regard to the effects of gunshots upon a balloon, the following experiments were made, says the Pall Mall Magazine. A shot was fired from a Lebel rifle at a balloon at an altitude of 500 feet. It only penetrated the fabric below the equator, and no appreciable result ensued. After this many shots were fired, several penetrating the balloon and passing out near the upper valve. After a lapse of six hours the balloon descended quietly to the ground, by reason of the loss of gas through the bullet holes. But it appeared that, whatever the number of shots, the loss of gas was never sufficient to cause the balloon to fall rapidly. On another occasion a shrapnel shell was fired from a seven-pounder Armstrong gun at a balloon having an altitude of 1,500 feet, but this being above the limit of elevation of the gun, it was impossible to hit it. In any case, had it been possible to do so, the shell would have penetrated the balloon below the equator and passed out again so low down as to cause no serious loss of gas. Indeed, a balloon loses but little of its lifting power—that is, little of its gas—if the hole is made below the equator. Once a hole was split up to within a few feet of the upper valve; at first the balloon fell rapidly, then the wind filled out the flapping fabric, and it calmed quietly to earth.

## Dangerous to Hypnotists.

The late Professor Drummond, when quite a child, discovered that he could hypnotize people. At a birthday party a little girl refused to play the piano. Drummond happened to catch her eye, and said, "Play." To his surprise she rose obediently, went to the piano, and played. At another time he hypnotized a boy, gave him a poker for a gun, and said, "I'm a peasant, shoot me." The boy did so, and Drummond, to keep up the illusion, fell, whereupon the boy, seeing the "bird" move, made as if to hit it over the head with the poker. The hypnotizer had just time to stop the magnetized sportsman.

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VIII.: MAY 21, JOHN 18, 15-27.

Chief Text: "He Came unto His Own and His Own Received Him Not"—John 1:11—Jesus Before the High Priest.

15. "Peter followed Jesus." He followed afar off (Matt. xxvi, 58), and was, therefore, in far more danger of denying his Lord than he would have been if he had been more closely attached to him. He went with the crowd through the gate, for he "was known unto the high priest," and "therefore probably was acquainted with the palace and knew the servants."—"The palace." The court of the palace.

16. "Peter stood (was standing) at the door." The wicket gate having in some way been shut. "That other disciple . . . brought in Peter." He helped his intimate friend, leading him indeed into temptation—unconsciously, for he himself seems to have suffered no temptation from the servants—but also leading him near to Christ, who could save him in temptation.

17. "Art not thou also one of this man's disciples?" The R. V. leaves out the word "Peter" here. Peter may have been seen before by the maid; he was unfamiliar with the place, "and had the shyness of a plain man inside a great house." "Paley, I am not." This was both falsehood and treason to his Master and the new kingdom. "For it was cold," and here he was standing among them, "and warmed himself." "It is more than probable that the air was ringing with jest and laughter about Jesus, but Peter did not interrupt; he kept silence and tried to look as like one of the scorners as he could."

18. "The high priest." Annas. Jesus was led first to Annas, because, though deposed by Rome, he was still the legitimate high priest, according to the law of Moses, the office being for life (Num. xx, 28; xxv, 25), and may have been so regarded by the Jews.

19. "Jesus answered him, I spake openly, etc. Jesus has no such words. There was nothing in His teaching to be concealed. The high priest could find out all about Him if he wished. "They seek to wring from Christ evidence upon which to convict Him. It was contrary to the law and the spirit of justice."

20. "Why askest thou Me?" Jesus refused to be a party to this injustice. Let them find the witnesses, for there were plenty of them. This would have put an end to this unjust and illegal condemnation and brought out the truth, which the rulers did not want. "The cunning of the high priest was foiled."

21. "One of the officers . . . struck Jesus with the palm of his hand." R. V., with his hand. "It, gave Jesus a stroke or blow (Psalms, anglice, rapt); but whether a slap on the face (Paley), a box on the ear (Lampe, Meyer, Luther), or a stroke with a rod (Bengel, Godet), cannot be determined."—White-Law. In either case it was an insult and outrage.

22. "If I have spoken evil." In manner or matter, in the remark just made. Jesus here gives an interpretation of His own precept in Matt. v, 29. Jesus had simply claimed the common rights of all men. "But if well, why smitest thou me?" The primary sense of the Greek translated smite is, to skin, to flay; "In the New Testament," says Dr. Robinson, "to beat, to smite, to scourge, properly, so as to take off the skin." It is perhaps safer to infer from the Saviour's use of this word that the officer's blow was a severe one.—Dr. Hoey.

23. "Now Annas had sent Him," etc. "The R. V. is here probably correct: Annas therefore sent Him bound unto Caiaphas. Thus far the investigation had been unofficial, or private, and the result of it was scarcely favorable to the design of the accusers. Meantime, the prisoner had been relieved of His fetters. But now Annas sends Him probably across the inner court, where the charcoal fire was burning, to another room in the same edifice, where Caiaphas, with the Sanhedrim, would subject Him to a formal trial."

24. "Simon Peter stood," or was standing and warming himself, as we saw above. To understand this scene we must put all the narratives together, remembering that probably Peter was beset and worried by a crowd of menials, some saying one thing and some another, and that the accounts of Peter's answers are the condensed substance of what he said.

25. "He denied." Here again was a simple denial with more positiveness. "One of the servants." About an hour later (Luke xxii, 59). "Being his kinsman whose ear Peter cut off." This statement gives one reason why Peter now denied with so much greater vehemence. "This man had seen him attempt what might be regarded by the Romans as a crime, and Peter might lose his life, not as a martyr, but as a criminal."

26. "Peter then denied again." So John, his friend, simply records; but Mark, whose gospel is supposed to have been derived from Peter, says that he began to curse and swear. "And immediately the cock crew." Or better, as the Greek has no article, "a cock crew." This was the sign which Jesus had given to Peter (John xiii, 38), the second cock crowing called usually the cock crowing. Then it was that the Lord turned and looked on Peter (Luke xxi, 6). "It was enough. Like an arrow through his inmost soul shot the mute anguish of that reproachful glance."—Farrar. "Volumes of compassion lay in the look."—Hanna. "The glance, like lightning revealing an abyss, brought back to its nobler self the honest heart that for a time had been alarmed into superficial unfaithfulness, and threw an awful brightness into the depths of sin, on whose edge he stood."

## Deceived by a Cloud.

The instinct of animals is sometimes supposed to be more infallible than human reason, but Mr. A. H. Verrill's observations of the katydid rather contradict that opinion. The katydid, with its musical membranes, produces two distinct "songs," one peculiar to the night and familiar to everybody, the other a daytime tune, which is rather a rasp than a melody. "But," says Mr. Verrill, "it is sometimes quite comical to hear the singers suddenly change their tune when a dark cloud obscures the sun, immediately resuming their daytime song when it has passed." This recalls the hens that go to roost during a solar eclipse.

## Bass and Whitefish.

Get a good-sized bass, whitefish or flounder and stuff with a rich bread-and-butter dressing, through which pickles and a little onion are chopped and the whole moistened with a little stock or white wine. Bake in a hot oven until tender and a rich brown, basting frequently with a mixture of butter and hot water with a little lemon juice added. When done garnish with slices of lemon and sprigs of parsley and serve with Hollandaise sauce.

## 38 YEARS IN ONE ROOM

VOWED NEVER AGAIN TO SET FOOT ON THE GROUND.

Sees Only His Manager—In Spite of His Retirement He Owns a Fine Farm and Raises Stock Unsurpassed in Kentucky.

The men who are still letting their hair and whiskers grow because Henry Clay was not elected president find their counterpart in various eccentric characters scattered throughout the country. On a fine blue-grass farm 15 miles north of Harrodsburg, Ky., there lives a man, in the possession of unimpaired physical and mental attributes, who has not left the four walls of his room for 38 years on account of a foolish vow. His name is Basil Haden, and the girl to whom he was to have been married eloped with another man on the day President Lincoln took his seat in the white house. In a fit of discomfiture he entered his room in the second story of his house and declared he would never set foot on earth again as long as he lived, and so far as is known he has kept his word and has never entered even another room of his own dwelling. He is the sole owner of a fine homestead and a farm of 500 acres left him by his parents before the calamity of his life, and permits no one to see him except one man of the name of Turner, who has been manager of his farm for 25 years, and even this man is permitted to come only to his door. However, through his manager, several hands are employed on the farm and stock is raised equal to any in Kentucky. He does his own cooking, and Turner delivers such articles as he needs at his door. A character of similar determination resides in Urbana, Ohio, where his many eccentricities are well known. For nearly 20 years John John Glenn never wore a coat or overcoat, winter or summer, appearing at all times in his shirt-sleeves and an ordinary vest. This, too, was the result of a hasty vow faithfully kept. His father kept a tanyard in Urbana. He was one of the early settlers, and his sons were employed by him in various departments of his leather business. John seems early to have developed a peculiar disposition, for it is said that even in those early days he would only perform such work as was left silently at his bench, and would on no account take even the simplest orders or directions from his father or brothers. The coat incident came about through a decision of the elder Glenn to send one of his sons to West Liberty, Ohio, to learn the tinsmithing trade. In the execution of this plan he bought this son a full suit of clothes, at the same time purchasing only trousers and vest for John, who took offense at the fancied slight and declared he would never wear a coat again so long as his father lived. This oath he kept until his father's death, 20 years after, when he appeared at the funeral in a complete suit of broadcloth as good as money could buy. During all these years he was practically a recluse and spent all his time, when not engaged at work in the tannery adjoining, in his room reading, never appearing on the streets or in public places. In a short time after his father's death he again took offense at some trivial affront and retired to his room, in which he lived alone for years. His peculiarities seem never to have introduced any discord into his daily relations with the other members of his family, and until the death of his brothers they all lived together in apparent harmony. He is now the sole survivor of his immediate kin, and possessor of all their wealth, which is considerable. A cousin of his father, of the name of Edward Glenn, was the founder of Glendale, one of Cincinnati's well-known suburbs.

Poster Parties.

Do you want something new in the way of entertainment? Then give a poster party. Don't get a lot of posters to ornament your rooms, but request your friends to come representing some familiar poster character. The assembled party of poster persons will certainly have a jolly time together. Costume parties are pretty generally approved by those who enter into the spirit of the thing. And the popular posters of the last few years furnish many inviting opportunities for weird dressing and posing. Such costumes are not hard to get up, and no expensive materials need be used. If the invited friends are well acquainted and unconstrained no other entertainment need be provided than informal music and dancing and light refreshments, for each guest will bring his or her share to the amusement of all.

The Runaway Boy.

"Are there any marks by which he can be identified?" asked the chief of police, preparatory to telegraphing. "No," said the father of the boy, who had started to Minnesota to fight Indians, "but there will be when I get hold of him again."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

English Bank Notes.

Bank of England notes are made from new white linen cuttings—never from anything that has been worn. So carefully is the paper prepared that even the number of dips into the pulp made by each workman is registered on a dial by machinery.

Many houses in Berlin are numbered with luminous figures, which are easily visible at night.

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A southern man who recently returned home after a visit to Boston said to a neighbor: "You know these round, white beans?" The other admitted that he did. "We feed 'em to hosses down our way." "Yes." "Well, sir, up in Boston they take them beans, boil 'em for three or four hours, slap a little sorb billy an' some molasses and other truck in with 'em and what do you suppose they do with 'em?" "Gosh, I do no." "Well, sir," said the first speaker, sententiously, "I'm d—d if they don't eat 'em!"

A coincidence is the antiquated plea of the plagiarist.

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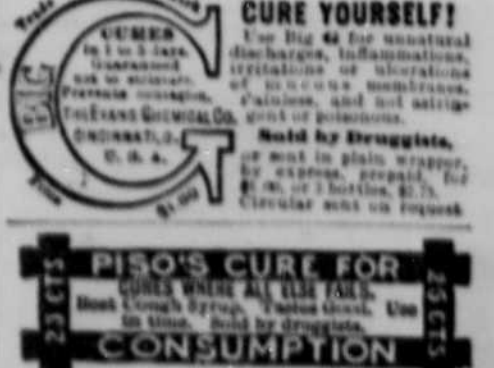
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