BY MRS. BOWSER.

"I think we'll go up to the park tonorrow," said Mr. Bowser the other Saturday evening as he finished his

"But won't it be dreadfully crowded?" I queried.

There you go! You are always ready to oppose anything I suggest." "I am not opposing you, only you know that the boats are always crowded on Sunday, and that one is apt to Exect with lawless characters. I have heard you say that the place was in possession of a mob all day Sunday."

"Never! On the contrary I have always boasted of how orderly it was. J guarantee that you can go up there alone and stay all day and you will be treated like a queen."

"Well, if you think we had best go,

why-" "Of course I do. I think a little trip on the water will do us all good, end at the island we will seek some sylvan retreat and enjoy the beauties of the surroundings.'

"And you-you won't get mad?"

"Mrs. Bowser, what do you mean?" "If things do not go right you won't scold and blame everything to me?"

"Have you gone mad? When did I ever blame you? If you suspect that you are getting softening of the brain let me know and I'll have a medical examination,"

After dinner next day we made a start. I think Mr. Bowser started with the firm determination to keep his good nature at every hazard, but something occurred almost immediately to upset him. The street car was jamb-full and running over, but it stopped and we wedged our way in. In the squeeze some one stepped on Mr. Bowser's corn, some one else knocked his plug hat off, and another person was heard to remark that if he weighed a ton he would charter a special car when he wanted to ride. This put Mr. Bowser in trim to say to the conductor:

"Does the manager of this line think we are a lot of hogs that we can be packed in an old car this way?"

"Don't know, sir." "Then you'd better find out! It's an insult on decent people, and I for one ston't propose to submit to it!"

"Thaz rize, ole fel'r!" shouted a halfdrunken man from the front of the car. "Go in, old bay window!" added a second.

"Ten to one on old Bowser," yelled a man from the rear platform.

We finally got down to the boat. was black with humanity and I didn't want to go, but Mr. Bowser elbowed right and left and I followed. After being crowded, pushed, jamb, squeezed, and knocked about for ten minutes I got a chair which a drunken man had just fallen off, and Mr. Bowser found standing room beside me.

"I told you I thought the boats would be crowded," I remarked as soon as I could get my breath.

"Well, that shows all you knew about it. There's no crowd on this boat. She could carry as many again." "But what a rough set of people!"

"No rougher than we are. You simply want to find fault and make me uncomfortable."

Just at that moment a tough came up, looked Mr. Bowser over from crown to heel, and then said:

"You look like the bloke who threw mud at me little sister last May." "Sir! You are mistaken!" replied Mr.

"What er you doin' wid all that stoile on ?" demanded the tough as he brought his arm around and gave Mr. Bowser's hat a "swat" which sent it flying to the deck.

Mr. Bowser grabbed him and there Bowser's necktie.

very unpleasant."

ant had occurred."

turned on me with:

I'll let you know. Thus far we have think the old ones gave a better idea had a real good time, and I don't want of the animals in motion. Imagine to hear any more kicking about it."

I looked around and saw cigar stubs, before Napoleon on horses that had all corks and a rusty old cork-screw lying on the grass.

He didn't say. He was going to. when a couple of young men came that and complaints, says the New York way and stopped and asked Mr. Bowser | Sun, there is no doubt that he is right for a match to light their clay-pipes. on his facts. The horse pictures in He didn't have any, and one of them the magazines nowadays nearly all

is. We are just as good as you are."

bungee up here every Sunday this racing associations.

summer, and he's always had a different woman with him! He's up to snuff and don't you forget it."

Mr. Bowser jumped up, but both of them piled on to him and I screamed and brought assistance. They split his coat up the back, tore his colliar off and tore three buttons off his vost, and as they went away they threatened to come and finish him

"Mr. Bowser." I said after the crowd had started, "hadn't we better go home?"

"No, ma'am, we hadn't! I came up here to enjoy myself and I'm bound to do so."

I coaxed and argued, but he was obstinate, and pretty soon something else happened. A gang of five or six men came along, ripe for micchief, and one of them halted before Mr. Bowser and inquired:

"Shay, ole fel, I lost a dollar here about an hour ago, and you picked it

"You are mistaken, sir."

"Course he did!" put in a second tough, "and he's got to give it up!" "I haven't seen anything of your dollar!" hotly replied Mr. Bowser, and the gang was making threats when I ran for help.

Before I got back they had rolled Mr. Bowser on the grass, taken all his change away, and cuffed him about until he presented a sad sight. Then the policeman who had come too late advised him:

"Say, old man, you'd better go home. You've had five or six rows within an hour, and I shall have to run you in if you don't leave. You are evidently a desperate character."

Mr. Bowser beconed to me and led the way to the boat. On the way down he was pointed out as Sullivan and Kilrain, and everybody had a gibe at him. At the wharf he hired a back to take us home, and not a word would he speak to me all the way up. When we finally got into the house he locked the door of the sitting-room and sat down in front of me and said:

"Mrs. Bowser, look at me!" "Yes, its awful! I was afraid it would turn out this way."

"And yet nothing would do but you must go!"

"Why, I didn't want to go one step!" "Take care! You are to blame for this whole business! I have borne and borne, but the worm has finally turned at last. Make out a list of what furniture you want to keep and let us settle on the amount of the alimony."

We did'nt settle, however. He felt better next day and I don't think he will refer to the matter again unless I bring it up. - Detroit Free Press.

How a Boston Rat Utilized His Tail.

A waiter at the Metropolitan hotel on Washington street, according to the Boston Globe, says there is a rat of unusual intelligence which haunts th hotel kitchen and when occasion offers steals food from the cook. He says this rat ought to be caught and exhibited as a marvel at the dime museums. Several stories of sagacity are told about this rodent, of which the following is one:

"A few evenings ago," said the waiter, "I had occasion to go down into the kitchen. It was dusk when I arrived, and as soon as my eyes would permit me to get used to the light I saw a large rat walk deliberately up to a dish of doughnuts and begin to take them out one by one and string them on his tail as you would string beads. When he had put on five and loaded his tail up he turned around, took the end of his tail in his teeth, and walked off as if he were going to muster."

Instantaneous Photography.

"Instantaneous photography is a would have been a fight had not a num- nuisance," said an artist, whose busiber of men interfered. When the hat ness is to draw cuts for the magazines was recovered it had a shoulder blade and news papers. "Before they began and three ribs broken, and in the brief to take those blamed photographs all clinch the tough had torn away Mr. you had to do was to draw a horse so that it looked natural and lifelike and "I'm so sorry we came," I said as I the papers and the public were satisgot a chance to speak to him. "You fied. Now, though, since that Philaknow I told you I thought it would be delphia fellow printed his book, and especially since the Sun reprinted the "Yes, of course you are sorry! You cuts from it, nothing will do but that can't bear to see me enjoying myself! we must draw running horses just as Inquirer. I wasn't aware that anything unpleas- they are, and not as they look. Of course the pictures don't look nearly In getting off the boat at the island so pretty, and the horses are as aw ksome one stepped on my dress-skirt and | ward and unnatural as donkeys, but nearly tore it off, while Mr. Bowser's they are accurate, and that is the craze hat was crushed down over his eyes just now. We have had to learn our and some one picked his cigar-case out animal drawing all over again and of his coat-tail pocket. We finally got have to puzzie our brains by the hour out of the crowd and wandered away over cuts of instantaneous photographs. then it did seem as if we might take least a bit of grace and life in it. For some comfort. I began to express my | my part I think it is ridiculous. Coma year or two ago with those Scribner's "When I want to be condoled with, had last mouth and tell me if you don't Rosa Bonheur's horses with their fore "This is the sylvan retreat you feet stuck out straight like ramrods, or spoke of, I suppose?" I remarked as think of Moissonier's troopers charging playing cards, pretzels, beer bottle four legs doubled up under them at the same time!"

Whatever may be the opinion as to the justness of the artist's criticisms show at least an effort to make the "Well, yer needn't be so crusty about positions correspond with those shown by instantaneous photographs. The "And a blamed sight better, Jim!" picture horse of the past is relegated added the other. "I've seen this old to the circus poster and the bills of the

THE WONDER OF CAJAH POND.

It is Full of Floating Islands from Fishermen Troll for Which Pickerel.

A dispatch in a New York paper from a place in Minnesota announcing as a remarkable fact the discovery of a floating island in a small lake in that out untrue, a word may be in season state inclines the residents of this as to how to prepare a melon for neighborhood, says a Honesdale (Pa.) letter to the New York Sun, to the be-Hef that if one floating island in a state so famous for natural coriosities as Minnesota is considered as a wonder they have been living all their lives with a still greater wonder close by without attaching any great importance to it. They have a lake a mile goods grocer's judgement. Have the from Honesdale which is filled with floating islands. This lake is known locally as Cajah pond. It is 200 feet above the village. It is dotted with a dozen or more islands. These are covered with trees, some of them twenty feet high, and a dense growth thus made. Pour into the hole some of thick-foliaged bushes,

The island bottoms are marshy, but the soil is stiff enough to sustain easily the weight of the fishemmen who troll for pickerel from the islands in the summer fishing season. In the summer these little islands are pleasing rest of a quart of claret. ing variations in the beauty of the scene the lake presents to the spectator as he gazes upon it from the hills that encircle it. If the wind happens to be strong and variable, as it generally is on the lake, the visitor who looks upon the lake for the first time can hardly help being startled to see these islands moving about from one point of the compass to another as the wind shifts. On one day these islands may be seen huddled together in one spot, and on another day perhaps they will be seen scattered widely apart. An island from which the fisherman casts his line at one end of the lake to-day will in all probability invite him to it

from the other extremity to-morrow. The largest of these islands was some years ago partial to the lower end of the lake, and hugged the shore there with only slight changes in position day in and day out. During a first to one side and then to the other side of the lake, moving slowly the while to the upper end until it was floated against the shore at that end. some of the hardest winds that blew off that shore. One day while three seized with a whim, induced or prompted only by a gentle wind, and before the fishermen knew it they found island floated slowly across the lake when a counter-breeze struck it and every bit of it. sent it down the lake. It finally landed near the spot where it started from a year ago, and it has remarked in that year ago, and it has remained in that many people have eaten it, and the

to or near its mooring. Although these fair islands are conin time the roots of the trees that cover them will extend down into the island in the lake, and that by the slow will be increased in size until the surland.

Curious Cause of Death.

A fortnight ago Aaron Smith left this city for Swanton, O., to superintend his father's estate. Shortly after arriving he became iff, and died a few | York Sun. days later. A post mortem examination was held. The result of the investigation was singular. A large artery had grown between the heart and lungs, and the lungs were as hard as stone, caused, it was supposed by the physicians, from inhaling fron dust at the safe works where he was employed. In the heart was an opening of about half an inch, caused by his severe efforts made to breathe. - Philadelphia

He Returned the Compliment. "One of the funniest incidents that happened under my observation during the late war," said Colonel Mosby, "occurred in a cavalry fight in the Shenandoah Valley along in 1864. In the midst of a sharp cavalry engagement with Sheridan's men, in a charge near Berryville, there came crushing until we reached a shady spot, and trying to find some position that has at like a whirlwind into our lives a Yankee soldier on a big black horse. A score of men tried to stop horse and rider, sympathy for Mr. Bowser, when he pare the magazine pictures of horses of but the old black's blood was up and he went on clean through the lines before he was under control. The rider was sent to Libby Prison and we mustered another series of thumps a large, flat the black charger into the Confederate service. A few days later we charged some of Custer's men, and I'll be - if that old horse didn't return the compliment by carrying a 'reb' into the Federal lines and never came back."-Washington Post.

> Cologue Cathedral Struck by Lightning. The big stone cross on the south tower of the Cologne cathedral was struck and smashed by lightning recently. Great pieces of it fell to the pavement with such velocity that they were crushed to powder. Two men lost their lives in placing the cross or-

riginally. The perilious job of repairing the damage just done will be undertaken within a few weeks.

DOCTORED WATERMELON.

An Infusion of Wine and Braudy Makes the Fruit Taste Good. Now that the watermelon season is on in its full glory, and the story that a stike had stopped the importation has turned eating. There are many ways of eating the splendid fruit, and the recipes generally given are long and intricate. There is one method so easy that any one may follow it. Get a good melou, and if you can't tell yourself by that intuition which is the best guide in such matters, then trust to your green melon put on ice ever night, and in the morning see that the surface is wiped dry. Then cut a slit with a long knife straight from one side into the very heart of the melon. Let the slit be an inch and a half wide. Cut three other slits so that you can lift out the plug good claret. Let it spread through the red spongy fruit, and pour some more in until you have succeded in wine getting in at least a pint of the grape Then plug up the melon and put it back into the refrigerator. After an hour or so you can put in the

The melon will drink up the wine and every part of the sponge will become saturated if from hour to hour the position of the big egg-shaped fruit be changed from side to side and from end to end. The wine should be put in from six fo eight hours before dinner time. An hour and a half before dinner take out the plug and taste the fruit. You will find it surpr.singly delicious and yet perhaps the flavor will be not quite so pronounced as you would like it. In this event pour in from half a pint to a whole pint of brandy. See that the melon is closely wrapped up and have it turned at least twice and kept on ice for the next hour. It will then be ready for serv-

Sometimes it is pleasant to surprise guests with a plugged melou. Say nothing about wine having been put in the fruit, and when it is brought on the table take care that if in the cutting any extra juice comes from the fruit that some of it shall go with each piece of melon. There is an odd little Italian stiff wind one day this island tacked restaurant in a place in this city where one night not long ago a plugged watermelon was served. cept one of the diners knew about it. When it was brought on and the party began tasting what appeared to be an It remained there for two years through ordinary watermelon, there was instantly noticed a change in the demeanor of every one. They sniffed in the air and looked at each other, and pickerel fishermen were fishing from than sniffed again. There was no susthe island's outer edge it suddenly was picion then that the watermelon was of a more than ordinary kind. But after two or three mouthfuls some one remarked the peculiarly rich taste and themselves fifty feet from shore. The secret was out. There weren't many people in the party, and the melon was until it had almost reached the shore, a fairly big one, but it was all eaten,

vicinity ever since, simply taking a you can't get it readily at the hotels short trip now and then to and fro and restaurants. Once in a while some across the lake, but always returning chef puts forth watermelon fritters or freezes the fruit, but even if these forms were not costly and difficult to obtain they would soon tire the appestantly shifting their places in the tite. With watermelon soaked in wine lake they annually add perceptibly to it is different. If you like the fruit in their area. There are six or eight of its plain state you will probably like it them and the scientific theory is that better with claret and brandy, and if you like to eat lots of it plain you will

want st ll more of it "plugged. A good wine to use instead of claret water so far that they will anchor the is the Italian sherry-colored wine, called Marsala. Perhaps with a dinbut certain processes of nature they ner where much claret has been drunk the Marsala would go better as affordface of the lake will become solid ing a contrast in taste. If you get genuine Marsala you will have something good, and you can reflect that the wine comes from that celebrated spot in Sicily which, now known as Marsala, was originally Lilyboem, the place where the Carthagenians had their chief fortress in Trinacria - New

A Handsome Surprise.

The departments of the United States government are usually decorous places carried on with solemnity and dignity. and not given to scenes; nevertheless, something occured at the pension office not long ago, which makes one wish Dickens were alive to do it full justice-nobody else could; but still it is too good to lose entirely.

The usual work was going on in one of the rooms, when suddenly a sound of bumping and thumping became audible, and then a struggling, thumping, irregular no se as if a section of stone wall were trying to walk upstairs and found it needed more jo nts than had been supposed. It grew louder and louder, and was accompanied once in a while by a faint sound of a voice remonstrating as if the stone wall took it hard and wanted to give it up. drew nearer and then stopped outside the door with a final bump and thump; and a sort of a triumphant grunt from the accompanying voice. Then the door opened and a man with sweat standing on his forehead, throwing the door wide open, engineered with white stone around in front of the estonished clerk, and said, "There!" in triumphant tones. 'There! now perhaps you'll believe me. I brought you papers and affidavits no end, and you wouldn't believe them. Perhans you'll believe this when you see his tombstone. There you read it, Sacred to the memory of J-Erected by his bereaved widow.' His tombstone is here before your eyes to prove he's dead, and now perhaps you'li believe it;" and he sat down and wiped his forehead.

The astonished clerk read the epitaph, but without the crestfallen air the advancer of tomusiones expected. A gleam of a smile appeared around his eyes and at the corners of his month, mum." He turned to a man sitting near, a man with a damaged-looking face, and wit! clothes the worse for wear, an

leg done up in a frowsy way with

coarse bandages. "Well, I wouldn't a thought it of Sarah Jane," and he smote his other leg with a fat hand, bristling with hairs. I must say it's handsome in her -all the same I'm glad I ain't under it. 'Tain't often a man reads his own epitaph;" and he turned to the other who had brought it in, with a rough grin, an appreciation of the scene com-

ing over him.
"You—you meant to leave her—you ain't dead?" stammered the other.
"I ain't half dead, 'n I mean't to leave her till I heard she was gettin' a pension on my merits, 'n I couldn't stand that. She a-rolling in luxury and me a hard workin' man. I've come back to roll, teo, or else spoil her fun."

The advancer of tombstones arose and prepared to withdraw with his strong proof.
"Of all the mean men" - and then he

paused, unable to think of any parallel, and a thought occurred to him. 'You'll be wantin' this some time; hadn't you better be taking it against the need?

But the damaged man waved it away - The date would be wrong." Washington Letter.

Reason Why Men Whistle.

Whistling was invented to give a man a chance to add a noise to other other noises in creation. The other noises in nature are all attuned to the character of the article that produces them. The breeze makes its gentle sigh, brook has its peculiar sound, the storm has its crash and its roar. Everything made a noise in the world except man when he was alone. A man can't talk to himself; it is idiotic, although it is astonishing how many people do it. A cough is not a very enjoyable sound, and it irritates the lungs to produce it, A sneeze always goes with a cold in the head True, a man can sing; that is, he can try to sing, but if it is at all agreeable it seems somehow to be wasted if somebody has not paid an admission fee to hear it. That's why women have such a terrible ruputation for talking. They can't whistle, and they have nothing to relieve the restraint when they are alone; so when they get hold of

anybody they make up for it. But whistling was invented to conceal music. You don't need to have music in your soul to whistle. It is simply the noise of a vacant mind. The loud laugh of Oliver Goldsmith that bespeaks the vacant mind applies to a crowd. The whistle shows the vacant mind in its solitary state. When you hear a man whistle who palpably does not know a tune, he is either a good fellow or a bad fellow. Did you ever notice that Jews don't whistle much? They haven't got much vacant mind. When it isn't needed in their own business they rent it to other businesses. But of all whistlers the young gentleman going home about 1 o'clock in the morning, who whistles "Il Trovatore' with all the band parts, takes the bakery .- San Francisco Chronicle.

About Noted Hunchbakes.

Hunchbacks form a tolerably numerous list, says a writer in the Gentleman's Magazine. There is that brilliant soldier, the Marechal de Lexemburg, of whom Macaulay writes in one of his most finished passages: "Highly descended and gifted as he was, he had with difficulty surmounted the obstacles which impeded him on the road to fame. If he owed much to the bounty of nature and fortune, he had suffered still more from their harsh; his stature diminutive; a huge and pointed hump rose on his back." to have delivered the king from his burden and to have shown that he was only high shouldered. Lord Lytton, in his "Last of the Barons." adopted the modern view: "Though the back was not curved," he says, "yet one shoulder was slightly higher observable from the evident pains he took to disguise it, and the gorgeous splendor, savoring of personal cox-Elizabeth, William Cecil, Lord Burleigh; the learned German theologian, Eber, our "glorious deliverer William III.;" the famous General of Spain, the Duke of Parma, these were had a protuberance on the back and in the front, and one of his sides was

Quay Was Always Shrewd.

An incident that occured when Senator Quay was a toddler six years old will serve to illustrate the innate shrewness of the man. His father, who was a Presbyterian minister, brought home a little pocket B ble and a tin sword one day and offered young Matt his choise. Matt wanted the sword and duced a bill that wasn't a particle of he wanted the Bible. But the father interest to anybody-except taxpayers. meant to give one of the two presents to the lad's sister, who was a year his junior. Young Quay reasoned to himself that if he chose the Bible and left the sword to his sister the latter would soon tire of the weapon, it not being a girl's tov. and he would then get them both. He selected the Bible, and in a few hours his sister had discarded the sword. - Philadel, hin Record.

Following Instructions.

"Remember, Bridget," said Miss Clara, "that I am out to everybody but Mr. Sampson." A little later Bridget answered a ring at the door. "Who was it Bridget?" asked Miss Chra "Young Misther Beaunecamp, "And did you say that I was out?" "Yis; I sed yez were out to verybods but Mr. Sampson." - New Protection Against Flies.

The plague of flies touches a very

tender spot-the pocketbook-for it causes animals to lose flesh, or at least to make less gain than they would otherwise. By affording protection to the animals, we save money as truly as we do by giving them comfortable shelter. The best protection for hogs is the wallow. Though cattle have tough hides, flies occasion them much discomfort, and it is humane and profitable to make a smudge. In some situations this is actually necessary at certain seasons. The animals soon learn to take advantage of the smoke. Horses suffer greatly from flies, on account of a tenderer skin and sensitive nervous organization. When we have them at work, their struggles against their tormentors are annoying to us. It is unpleasant to use animals kicking, biting, and stamping at flies. For farm teams the cheapest protection is leather nets. With reasonable care these will last for years. They should be cleaned and oiled at least once a month while they are in use, or the sweat of the animal will rapidly rot them. They increase the warmth of the animal as little as any efficient protection. Cotton nets are a good protection to the carriage horse, but are not strong enough. for farm work. Those who cannot buy leather nets should get the coarsest. gunny sacking. This, being very open does not much heat the animal. The cover should reach over the neck with pockets to cover the ears. These covers should be washed once a month while in use, and when they are put away at the end of fly time. Gnuts infest the inside of horses' ears. Pure lard is a good protection, applied once a day. The deposit by the bot fly of its eggs under the jaw makes many horses unmanageable. A cloth can be tied to the bridle in such a way as to protect the jaw. The legs of horses require protection more than their bodies. Flies choose the legs, as the skin in these parts is thinner, and the blood vessels are nearer the surface. It is strange that we do not oftener see the legs of the animals protected, as the flies are not much disturbed by stamping. Leggins from old overhalls or made from gunny sacks, are good material, and the man ashamed to drive a team so protected about his farm has more false pride than good sense. Leggins made like the leather nets for the body are, in the end, the cheapest and can be made by any harness maker. - American Agriculturist.

Not the Kind He Wanted.

"Had a narrow escape with that horse of mine this morning."

"Is that so?" "Yes; he started full speed down the carriage road with the whole family in the surrey, lines dragging and no one to hold him. Luckily the gate was

fast. He ran up against it and stop-

ped." "Well, I should sell him." "Oh, I don't know. Any horse

might do that." "May be, but I wouldn't have a horse that stopped just as he struck a fast gait."-Detroit Journal.

Cinders in the Eyes.

Few persons have traveled much on railways without having their eyes hurt by cinlers, and there is hardly a train run when the cars are not all spite. His features were frightfully closed without some passenger being thus affected, often very painfully. So a capital plan is that adopted on the The reader knows the hunchback Old Colony railroad (Massachusetts). Richard of Shakespeare's powerful The conductors are all to be instructed drama, but historical research seems by an expert occulist in the art of reby ah expert occulist in the art of removing cinders from the eyes of pasengers. The best methol in all such cases, if the flow of tears does not soon wash out the foreign substance, as it usually will unless it be a sharp cinder. is to turn back the eyelid, have the than the other, which was the more eyeball rolled, by looking downward or otherwise, to bring the cinder or dust to view, and remove it with the corner combry-from which no Plantagenet of a clean linen handkerchief. If it was ever free-that he exhibited in his clings too tightly for this it can be dress. The great minister of Queen loosened and removed with the moistened end of a wooden toothpick. The irritation caused is much molified if not entirely relieved by holding the closed eyes in cold water for a few all "crook backs." The poet Pope minutes. If it continues severe drop into the eye a solution of sugar of lead or of white vitriol (sulphate of zinc), say what will lie on a silver half-dime, in half a tumbler of pure water, preferably using very cle in rain water.

Reason Dethroned.

Judge-"Did you ever notice any signs of insanity in the deceased?" Witness (a Member of the Legislature)-"Well, once, when he was a Member of the Legislature, he intro--New York Weekly.

Correct English.

Teacher-'What gender is girl?" Bright Boy-"Sometimes feminine and sometimes neuter." "Humph! When is a girl neuter

gender?" "When she's playin' tag and is "it."" -New York Weekly.

Not the Rising Kind.

Romantic Daughter-"Mother, you must admit Mr. Dudelette is a rising

young man. 37 Old Lady-"Humph! I saw him sitting in a crowded street car the other day, when a poor old woman entered, and he didn't rise any, that I noticed." -New York Weekly.