

AT CASTLE GARDEN.

SCENES ABOUT THE GREATEST DOORWAY IN THE WORLD.

The Portal Through Which Millions Enter the United States—How the New Comers Look and Act—It Was Here That Jenny Lind Sang Years Ago.

The old Castle Garden building is not a pretty one. It is simply an old-fashioned round stone fort, from which the implements of war have been missing some forty years, and in their place are a few railings dividing the floor into large cribs or pens into which the emigrants are herded almost like cattle. But it is an amazingly interesting building. In itself it carries the mind back to the revolutionary period, when the city was in its infancy—a little village clustering around the Battery. Then one recalls that after this it was a fashionable gathering place, a sort of opera house, the one in which Jenny Lind sang when she was here. After that the interest in the old building ceased to be local, and has become almost universal rather than national, for winding through its single great apartment from the boats on the river side to the gates that face the park has passed a flood of men and women from every civilized land, numbering 8,000,000 souls, and building up our population by a method unprecedented in the world's history.

SCANDINAVIAN A SHIP'S LOAD. Two ship loads of greenhorns were filing into the old fort as I stood looking on into the first pens from boats that had brought them from ships lying out in the harbor. Down the bay the health officers had assured themselves that there were no contagious diseases aboard, but at the water gate of the Castle were other doctors who narrowly scanned every emigrant as he or she landed, and who every now and then touched one on the shoulder and bade him stand aside. It was their business to discover any such severe sufferers from illness as might seem to be unable to make their own way in this country, all cripples and whatever young girls might happen along who appeared to be on the verge of motherhood without the accompaniment of husbands. These amount to very many every year. All such were afterward closely questioned, and unless there was somebody to guarantee that they should not become a charge upon the public they were sent back to Europe by the steamer lines that brought them, at no charge to them or the authorities, because it is the duty of the steamship people to scrutinize all who apply for passage on the other side and to refuse to bring emigrants of this sort.

PROTECTED FROM SHARERS. The only money the emigrants can part with in the garden now must go for provisions or railroad tickets or to the very enterprising barber who has a shop there and seems in much demand. His signs are peculiar. They are in German, and they announce "Razoring, fifteen cents; head washing, twenty cents." The signs of the provision dealers show that loaves of rye bread fetch fifteen cents, or other bread ten cents; that cheese goes for twenty cents a pound, and that the other articles in strong demand are ham, pumpnickel, lager beer and rice, all of which are sold at prices proportionate to the prices given above.

Then, scattered through the museum, are effigies—statues of very little ones in cases, representing the dress and the implements and ceremonies of different peoples, and here and there large figures starting in their lifelike character, and on each of these the students of shoes can find an interesting study. Wooden shoes, or sabots, are worn now among the peasants in many countries in Europe. Their advantage is in their cheapness and durability. In France and Belgium are factories where they are made of maple and ash. There are some in the museum from Norway and Belgium, and some used among the Scandinavian settlers in the northwestern states and territories that seem heavy and clumsy to one accustomed to fine leather. These shoes are made all of one piece, hollowed out. They are fashioned in the form of the foot, and sometimes have a little carving outside to represent buttons and the top caps on leather shoes. The uppers are about a quarter of an inch thick and the soles twice as thick.

On one pair of wooden shoes in the museum, from Belgium, even a representation of the little knob supposed to be made by the weaver's corn appears. An attempt was made to establish the manufacture of wooden shoes in this country during the war, but the industry never reached large proportions. Some, however, are made now and sold among the foreign born people of the northwest or exported to Europe. In the tin district of Cornwall, Egypt made wooden shoes or pattens are used.

One of these in the museum is simply a flat piece of wood, with an iron ring fastened underneath. The ring is on the ground, and raises the flat shoe and its wearer above the ground. The shoe is fastened to the foot with straps. Shoes with wooden soles are very common. They are used in some countries for ordinary wear, and many are made for the special use of persons employed in bleacheries or damp places. The imperious wooden soles keep the feet dry. Some shoes with handsomely adorned uppers are provided with wooden soles.

Wanted His Father to Know. It was at Tonquin. The young Count de T—, who was serving as a private in a light infantry regiment, had his skull fractured by a bullet during an engagement with the Black Flags. He was taken up for dead, and removed to the ambulance. "He won't recover," said the surgeon-major; "one can see the brain." At this word the patient suddenly opened both his eyes. "You can see my brain?" he asked. "I beseech you, major, write at once to apprise my father of the fact; he made me join the army because he pretended I had no brains."—San Francisco Argonaut.

SHOES OF ALL NATIONS.

LARGE COLLECTION AT THE MUSEUM IN WASHINGTON.

Evolution of Footgear in Civilized Lands. Fixing the Shape by Law—Wooden Shoes with Chambers for Corns—Walking on His Upfers."

Various forms of footgear have been devised by different people under different conditions. All the shoes made have one thing in common, and that is a sole. There are shoes consisting of a sole without an upper, but none that consist of an upper without a sole. Not to have a sole on one's shoe has been taken figuratively to represent extreme destitution. So when one wants to speak of a person who is in impecunious circumstances, one, if he uses slang, is likely to say: "He is walking on his uppers."

The oldest form of a shoe or sandal seems to have been merely a flat sole secured to the foot by thongs.

FIRST EFFORTS TO PROTECT THE FEET. This form can be seen represented in Roman and Greek sculpture. The Egyptians had similar soles or sandals made ordinarily of leather, but sometimes of palm leaves or papyrus. In the Ninth and Tenth centuries the common form of shoe in Europe was the wooden shoe. Even the nobles and princes wore clumsy wooden shoes, such as now are found among the peasants. The fourteenth century produced the grotesque long pointed shoe. The points had been extended by fashion so far that in the days of Richard II they were secured to the knee by little chains. The church thundered against this absurd and useless fashion, but almost without avail, for it held sway for 200 years or more. In 1463, however, so much headway had been gained against the mode that a decree of the English parliament was obtained to oppose the decree of fashion.

An act was passed prohibiting shoemakers from making points more than two inches long for the unprivileged classes. Henceforth the long point became a badge of the criminal class. But a reaction came, the long point went out of fashion, and people went to the opposite extreme. The toes of shoes were made of grotesque width. This absurdity was carried so far that Queen Mary felt called upon to issue a proclamation restricting the width of toes to six inches. If there were any of her subjects who had a natural spread of the toes greater than six inches they had to go barefooted.

In the sixteenth century boots were generally worn in England and France and the boots of the cavaliers were made with enormously wide tops, that were rolled or folded over. After the restoration the tops of the boots were ornamented, at least by the fops of the day, with lace. The simple form of shoe, which has held its own among Europeans and Americans to the present day, made its appearance in the seventeenth century. This shoe has undergone several modifications. It was fastened with a buckle before shoe laces and buttons came into vogue.

In the National museum in the department of ethnology are gathered together specimens of foot wear from all over the world. Shoes are studied not alone from the economic standpoint. Ethnologists see in the development of shoes, the growth of the heel, the sole and the upper, the process of evolution, just as the naturalist sees it in the mechanical fitness of the prehensile tail to the conditions of life of the monkey that has it. Many drawers are filled with shoes, and in one of the alcoves of the museum are stored away another collection of shoes. If there was a procession representing all nations and even the subordinate divisions of the different countries and localities could all find in this collection the proper boots or shoes to wear.

FOOTGEAR FROM ALL NATIONS. Then, scattered through the museum, are effigies—statues of very little ones in cases, representing the dress and the implements and ceremonies of different peoples, and here and there large figures starting in their lifelike character, and on each of these the students of shoes can find an interesting study. Wooden shoes, or sabots, are worn now among the peasants in many countries in Europe. Their advantage is in their cheapness and durability. In France and Belgium are factories where they are made of maple and ash. There are some in the museum from Norway and Belgium, and some used among the Scandinavian settlers in the northwestern states and territories that seem heavy and clumsy to one accustomed to fine leather. These shoes are made all of one piece, hollowed out. They are fashioned in the form of the foot, and sometimes have a little carving outside to represent buttons and the top caps on leather shoes. The uppers are about a quarter of an inch thick and the soles twice as thick.

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NOT "SENTIMENTAL."

Robbing Life of the Beauty Which Is in the Expression of Love.

Mrs. Harden blew the horn for breakfast at 5 o'clock. Her husband came in from the barn and her son from the garden, where he had been digging since dawn. The Hardens were thrifty farmers, sober, hard working, God-fearing folk. They were healthy and prosperous; they ought to have been happy, but they gathered about the table silently, even without giving each other a recognizing smile.

It was a raw, cold morning. Mrs. Harden had been up since 3 o'clock to make certain dishes because her husband liked them. He thought, as he ate them now, that mother's biscuit were even crisper than usual and her chops done to a turn; but he did not tell her so.

Cely, the daughter, who had been at work in the dairy, came in just as the others were finishing their meal. She nodded and they nodded to her, but no one smiled or spoke. Her mother had put away her breakfast to keep it warm, and as she set it before the girl she felt as if she would like to stroke her head or kiss her, as she used to do when she was a baby; but such demonstrations were "sentimental," and sentiment to a Harden was only another word for silliness.

Tom Harden was an industrious lad, whose thought and ambition were bounded by the farm. His father, the day before, had heard some influential men of the county declare that Tom's calves were the fattest brought to market, and his apples the soundest and most carefully packed. He knew that such praise would delight the boy, and wished that he could hear it; but he could not bring himself to repeat it.

When breakfast was over the men started for a distant part of the farm, not to return until night. Cely, as she packed her father's dinner, felt a wrench of pity at her heart for the old man. He was old and weak; he had worked for his children so faithfully and long! If he could but rest now! She would have liked to put her arms around him and tell him this.

Instead of doing so she carefully packed the bread, saying: "There's the beef and the basket and the pie and the bottle of water. That's all."

All but the word of tenderness, the loving touch which would have cheered and sweetened the day's labor for the old man!

Too many Hardens are to be found upon our New England and middle state farms, as well as in our villages and towns. They are often the descendants of men who fled from persecution and wrested their living by hard labor from a savage wilderness, and thus learned to value only the rugged virtue of truth and endurance and to despise the lesser charities, the amenities and courtesies of life. The present generation has inherited their grim, unpleasant virtues.

Never be afraid to brighten the life of your friend or neighbor by praise or love, provided the praise and love are true.

God has made nothing for use without giving it an additional touch of grace and beauty. The hardest rock, seen through the microscope, has its exquisite tints and lines.

Why should we strive to rob our lives of that harmony and beauty which is the expression of the love that comes from him?—Youth's Companion.

Cigarettes. The cigarette is a miserable apology for a manly pleasure. Nothing shall ever induce us to believe that a man who really likes tobacco for tobacco's sake prefers cigarettes. And the proof of this is that the more precious the cigarette is the less pure, invariably, is the tobacco. We do not want to enter into the endless controversies as to what the "loading" really is, or into the other endless fight about "cigarette smoker's throat." But if any one with some faculty of taste and smell will enter (the only way of judging a room where some few whiffs of any fashionable brand of cigarette have been smoked, himself fasting from tobacco, he will perceive at once that the flavor and odor are of tobacco plus something. Never mind what the something is; it is there. It is not the smell or the taste of the very best Turkish tobacco (such as makers would have us believe is used) smoked in a clean pipe by itself. It is not the smell of any other kind of tobacco mingled with it. The perfume and flavor of, say, the best golden leaf smoked in a pipe, or the best Havana cigars, or the best tobacco, and cigars unadulterated of any other kind and country, are different enough, but they differ like the flavor of different wines—all distinct, but all vinous. The flavor and odor of the cigarette, at least the popular manufactured Turkish or Egyptian cigarette (we know, of course, that vast quantities of ordinary American tobacco are smoked as cigarettes), are, in great part, not those of tobacco at all, but of something quite distinct from, and added to, tobacco; and we believe that all honest persons gifted with discrimination will add that it is a deleterious something—a something provocative of "head" and "throat" and stimulative of a great desire to drink.—Saturday Review.

Russian Intolerance. Sonenthal, one of the most prominent actors of Vienna, had a very unpleasant experience. He was asked to appear at Biga and accepted the invitation, there being a large German speaking colony in that city. Shortly after his arrival there the prefect of police issued an order summarily expelling him from the city's domain. There was a flurry of excitement, as Sonenthal is held in very high estimation. Inquiries as to the cause of the order elicited the information that the sole reason was that the actor had been so contemptuous as to be born of Hebrew parentage! Improbable as it may seem it required negotiations between the Austrian ambassador at St. Petersburg and the highest Russian official before the outrageous order of the police could be revoked.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Bear Strangers.

As Hank Cusker, the famous bronco breaker, and James McNaney, cowboys in the employ of the N-N outfit, were driving a bunch of horses from the head of Big Dry to the round up they encountered four grizzly bears. They determined to make it as interesting for the quartet as possible and instantly gave chase, armed with their lariats only. After chasing them a couple of miles and getting them separated they closed in on two of the ferocious beasts and proceeded to use their skill as rope throwers in a very novel manner. They did their respective acts simultaneously and with precision, one catching his bear around the neck and the other surprised his by roping a hind leg. Then the fun commenced, in one going in one direction and the other in the opposite, with the horses plunging and snorting and trying to get away, but they were hitched to too heavy loads and soon became tractable again. Cusker having caught his bear by the neck, soon had his bearship in a straggling condition, and with his usual courage proceeded to tie him as he would have done with a steer or bronco, and he eventually succeeded in his intended purpose. In the meantime McNaney was doing his best to interest his charge, and no doubt did so.

After making sure of his victim Cusker had a great curiosity to know how McNaney was getting along with his protegee, and immediately started to hunt him up. He succeeded in finding him shortly and that his services were welcome, as the bear being caught by the hind leg, had full control of his lung power and was making dry hisons by his enraged cries. Cusker then undertook to do the tying act with this one, and becoming very bold after the experience with the other one he proceeded at his victim without fear and got a couple of good rounders from the bear to pay for his impatience. However, they were not very severe strokes, and after dodging around awhile they succeeded in getting a rope around his neck and then made short work of him. The only knife they had was a very small pen knife, but they were bound to have the knife, and after working hard for a couple of hours succeeded in securing their skins. When they had dispatched the two beasts they became quite blood-thirsty and wanted to do some more killing, but the other two bears had made a hasty retreat into the Bad Lands and could not be found, so they proceeded on to the ranch.—Glendive (M. T.) Independent.

A Boarding House Secret.

A certain lady who keeps a rather fashionable boarding house in this city is troubled with ten boarders—no less than ten—who possess enormous appetites. Everybody that knows a boarding house can realize that ten boarders with large appetites are very hard upon the profit of the concern. She tried, like a thorough business woman, all sorts of methods to check these ungodly appetites, but to no avail.

One day she happened to tell her family doctor of these ten hungry men and how they worried her, and he said immediately: "Why, I can give you an easy remedy for that."

She told him that she would be very much obliged to him for any help that he could give her on the subject, and moreover said that it would be worth a great deal of money to her.

"Well," said he, "next week bake a lot of lemon pies and see that those ten boarders get their share of pie."

"Is that all your prescription, doctor?" said the lady. "Yes ma'am," he replied, "and you will find it is quite enough." So the next week she baked a number of lemon pies, and she saw to it that the ten boarders were helped twice to pie on the first day. After that she noticed gradually that their appetites fell away, and at the end of that week there was an unmistakable diminution in the bill for provisions required for that boarding house.

The lemon pie diet was continued until the boarding house became as profitable as it had previously been unprofitable. It is not within my power to say exactly how the lemon pie acts on the average boarder, but it is certainly a fact that in this case the lemon pies produced what no other system of dieting could accomplish. This recipe may be of use to some of the down-trodden boarding house mistresses.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Puzzled Porker.

Out on a Yolo county ranch a few years ago a small band of hogs were confined in a lot fenced in with logs. In one part of the fence there was a hollow log, shaped something like a joint of steve, one opening being inside the lot and the other outside. One day an intelligent porker discovered this fact and thereafter went out and returned at his own pleasure. The owner of the ranch happened to witness the mode of egress of the hog one day and decided to put up a job on him. By slewing the log around a little he so contrived as to place both openings of the log inside the lot. In a few moments the hog ran up to his usual exit and passed through the log. Imagine his surprise when he walked out the other end of the log and found himself still inside the lot. He looked about in a puzzled way, scratched his ear and tried again. Same result. "Well, I'll be damned," grunted the hog. Again he ran into the log and ran out again with the same result. He became wild with rage and dashed through the log so often and so fast that the smoke began to issue from the cracks. Then he gave it up as a bad job, and so the owner of the hog says, never went near the fence until the day of his death.—Woodland (Cal.) Mail.

That may be sure that he that will in private tell thee of thy faults is thy friend, for he adventures thy dislike and both hazard thy hatred; for there are few men that can endure it, every man for the most part delighting in self-praise, which is one of the most universal follies that bewitcheth mankind.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

An Emperor's Student Days.

During his school career the German emperor was a model of the studious German youth. He took his place as a common pupil in the public school at Cassel, and played and studied with the other scholars. At the final examination he was, indeed, only tenth in the list; but then he was two years younger than his mates, and was rightly considered to have done so well that his tutor was immediately enlightened. There is no cramming system in Germany; he passed without aid or favor.

At the University of Bonn I have sat on the same benches with him, and seen him, with his little note book, writing down, like a hard worked reporter, nearly all the professor uttered in his lectures on the great German authors or on the genius of our own Shakespeare. The prince was anxious also to study subjects not just then in the curriculum, and for these the professors attended at his rooms.

By the professors the prince was treated with an almost servile adulation, and he won their esteem and love. He had them all in turn to dinner at his rooms in a villa which overlooking the Rhine, with the honeysuckle clematis and Virginia creepers reaching over and down the garden walls almost to the water's edge.

The queen sent him out from England a splendid boat, costing nearly £200, but he used it very little, and it generally lay moored by the bank beneath his garden, idly rocking in the ripple of the Rhine.

But he took part heartily in all the amusements common among German students, namely, beer drinking, cycling, torchlight processions, carriage driving, bathing and, in winter, sledding. I do not think he ever fought a real duel, but he mingled freely with the duellers, and in knelpen (drinking bouts) and torchlight serenades, sipping and sitting with the sippers of light German beer till late into the night.—All the Year Round.

Monster Spiders.

Far up in the mountains of Ceylon and India there is a spider that spins a web like bright, yellowish silk, the central net of which is five feet in diameter, while the supporting lines, or guys as they are called, measure sometimes ten or twelve feet long; and riding quickly in the early morning you may dash right into it, the stout threads twining round your face like a hoop veil, while as the creature who has woven it takes up his position in the middle, he generally catches you right on the nose, and though he seldom bites or stings, the contact of his large body and long legs is anything but pleasant. If you forget yourself and try to catch him, life he will, and, though not venomous, his jaws are as powerful as a bird's beak, and you are not likely to forget the encounter.

The bodies of these spiders are very handsomely decorated, being bright gold or scarlet underneath, while the upper part is covered with the most delicate slate colored fur. So strong are the webs that birds the size of larks are frequently caught therein, and even the small but powerful scaly lizard falls a victim. A writer says that he has often sat and watched the yellow and scarlet monster, measuring, when waiting for his prey with his legs stretched out, fully six inches, striding across the middle of the net, and noted the rapid manner in which he winds his stout threads around the unfortunate captive. He usually throws the coils about the head till the wretched victim is first blinded and then choked. In many unfrequented dark nooks of the jungle you can across most perfect skeletons of small birds caught in these terrible snares, the strong folds of which prevent the delicate bones from falling to the ground after the wind and weather have dispersed the flesh and feathers.—Rare Birds.

A Little Child's Presence of Mind.

Ralph Ball, a little fellow five years of age, is the hero of the day in Carbonate, Pa. Several children were playing around an unprotected well, when Eddie Widner decided to take a drink from it. As the water rises within a foot of the surface the little fellow thought he could reach it by lying on his stomach and putting his head down to the water, but in trying this feat he lost his balance and plunged head first into the spring, which is over six feet deep. In his fall he turned a complete somersault, coming up head first, but as he went down he uttered a cry that attracted the attention of a playmate, Ralph Ball, who is only five years of age. The latter hastened to the place, and, with a precocious presence of mind that would have deserted many an adult, he took in the situation at a glance, and, seizing the already half-drowned boy, he held his head above the surface of the water until the united voices of the children drew a man who was working near by to the rescue. Eddie was restored to his parents rather the worse for his dangerous bath, but was soon completely resuscitated.—Chicago Times.

Preservation of Sight.

Mr. Priestly Smith, ophthalmic surgeon to the queen's hospital, Birmingham, has prepared for the school board of that town a series of golden precepts on this important subject, which, legibly printed on a mounted scroll, are to be hung up in all the board school rooms. Seven cardinal maxims are all that are considered needful for the scholar to bear in mind. These are: "Sit upright, sit square, keep your eyes at least twelve inches from your work, write on a slope and not on a flat table, read with your book well up, do not read very small print, do not work in a bad light, and if you cannot see your work properly tell your teacher." As there is nothing like pictorial example, this is illustrated by four drawings exhibiting good and bad positions.—New York Telegram.

A student of the theatre notices that the negro is not such a popular character on the stage as formerly, while the Irishman is continually a source of pleasure. His wit and humor will never cease to enliven the stage.

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