

L. J. SIMMONS, Prop.

HARRISON, : : NEBRASKA.

Who the deuce is Doocoy?—Boston Traveler. We don't know who the Doocoy is.

The latest farce-comedy is "The Telephone Girl." We presume the most excitingly funny line in it is always busy.

Miss Estelle Ryall wants to be next Governor of Wyoming, but we advise her to accept a position as governess if she can get one.

Those cheerful imbeciles who are about to crawl from San Francisco to New York on hands and knees should be headed west before they start.

India has been discovered to be underlaid with coal beds of enormous thickness, but, to the surprise of everybody who has been there, they are not on fire.

A New Jersey court is struggling with the question whether it is libelous to call a woman a "witch." If she is 16 to 20 years of age it is not; above those figures opinion may be divided.

The philosopher of the Athenian Globe asserts dogmatically that "the woman whose stocking doesn't wrinkle is always a good housekeeper." Then the South Sea Islanders ought to be the best housewives in creation.

Brooklyn objected most strenuously to the overhead trolley wires until it was learned that the stringing of a few more wires would form a network sufficiently close to keep out the New Jersey mosquitoes.

A New Jersey court holds that "kissing another man's wife is all right if she doesn't object." If her husband is large, muscular, nervous and easily excitable, however, probably that judge would advise proper discretion as to time and place.

Li Hung Chang is a sly old statesman. To an American lady who called on him in London, to interview him for a newspaper, he said, in reply to repeated questions, that American ladies were the most beautiful he had seen on his travels. He is coming to this country next month.

Even if the widowed Duchess of Manchester has come here to buy a millionaire wife for her son, she is a good soul who had a lot of trouble with the dissolute and low down British noblemen who was her husband. We should remember of her that she never has snubbed and scorned her own fellow countrymen, as most fool American girls do when they marry English noblemen. The duchess, formerly Miss Consuelo Yznaga, is well-bred in her native land.

The death of Jose Maceo, the late dashing leader of the Cuban field forces, was characteristic of the irrepressible spirit that made the American colonies free and will just as certainly free Cuba in the end. An eyewitness, just arrived at Philadelphia, says that Maceo, being shot through the neck with a rifle ball, fell headlong to the ground, half raised himself for a moment, and shouted: "We have won the fight! I am glad to die! Cuba! Cuba!" That cry will echo round the world, striking a sympathetic chord in the heart of every true lover of liberty.

The women of England who work in factories, etc., make it a point of dignity to have a young man to "walk out" with them on holidays and Sunday. It is interesting to know that they are as much taken by a gaudy appearance as men are, for we are informed by undoubted authority that they will pay 5 shillings to have a Highlander walk beside them, 2 shillings and sixpence for a blue-jacket, and 18 pence for a marine, the latter not being picturesque. And oftentimes as they pass each other on the street the girls will remark with a toss of pride, "Such a one has only a marine."

English art suffers a notable loss in the death of Sir John Millais, president of the Royal Academy. And it is no slander upon English art to say that it can little afford to bear losses of any description. Millais stood eminent as an example of the school which he fostered and of which he was probably the last great exponent. He was thoroughly Royal Academic—a Tory in art. His conservatism showed itself in the essentially British character of his pictures of childhood, which had the broadly drawn sentiment and the aggressive prettiness which make appeal to the good, fat British matron and master. For all this, his skill both as a draughtsman and as a handler of the medium in which he worked is indisputable as his eminence in his own peculiar field. He was great in his school and thoroughly representative of its traits. His death will be seriously felt among his fellow-countrymen, who have learned to regard him, very justly, as one of their most eminent and distinguished painters. It is a pity that there seem to be no new English artists who give promise of advancing into new paths, or at least of working along Millais' lines, as skilfully and successfully as he did.

An operator, referring to accidents on telegraph lines, calls attention to the need for a telegraph service. It is a pity that there seem to be no new English artists who give promise of advancing into new paths, or at least of working along Millais' lines, as skilfully and successfully as he did.

not but result in inferior and inefficient service, the experienced men being constantly crowded out by the younger operators, who will work cheaper. This is had enough, viewed simply from the standpoint of its economic effect upon the operators as a class. But when it is remembered that the positions held by these operators have grave responsibilities attached to them the matter becomes one of importance from the standpoint of the public. The railroad companies must take every possible precaution to avoid accident, and one of the surest precautions is the payment of wages that shall secure the services of an experienced and efficient class of men in positions to which responsibility is attached.

Joseph B. Bishop, in an article in the Forum on the "Social and Economic Influence of the Bicycle," points out that the present interest in bicycling is in no sense a "craze," which will disappear in a short time, as did the roller-skating craze, for instance. On the contrary, the bicycle is a permanent factor in modern life, which is producing social and economic changes of far-reaching importance. In explanation of his faith in the permanence of the wheel Mr. Bishop says: "The simple fact is that the human race has discovered a new power for its own use. From the earliest dawn of civilization man has been experimenting with the wheel, which he invented to increase his powers of locomotion. He has pressed into this service the horse and various other animals, steam, electricity and compressed air. Finally he has hit upon a device which makes his own body the source of power. He has placed wheels upon his feet and as a result finds his powers of locomotion multiplied by five and even ten. Instead of walking five or ten miles with more or less effort and fatigue he finds himself traveling ten, twenty, fifty, and even a hundred miles, according to his physical vigor and experience, with little perceptible fatigue and with a most delightful sense of animation. The winged sandals of Mercury are his henceforward. We have become a race of Mercurys, in fact, and the joy which is felt over the new power amounts to a passion." Having once become the possessor of this power the human race is not going to abandon it. The bicycle must be looked upon, therefore, as a permanent factor.

It seems that there is danger lurking in love songs in summer as well as in strawberry ice cream. The young man who calls upon a young lady while the dog star is in the zenith and while Cupid is wearing nothing but a palm leaf fan, should beware of the pile of sheet music that lies temptingly on the corner of the piano. It looks innocent enough, but it is put there with design. It is full of the microbes of trouble. It is also full of promissory notes. A wealthy young man who resides at Davis Junction, Ill., called upon one of the winsome belles of the classic village the other evening. The classic was too hectic to permit of the ordinary caresses that are indulged in by young people, and so the young man foolishly toyed with a large sheet of warm music bearing on its richly illuminated title page the words, "Oh, Promise Me," by De Koven. Not satisfied with fondling the music he broke off several bars of it, while the young lady looked into his face with her dreamy gazelle eyes and pounded the piano. The young man now finds himself the defendant in a suit for \$5,000 brought by the young lady for alleged breach of promise to marry. Of course, it has produced a sensation in the musical circles of Davis Junction. The young men who are given to painful vocalization have already banded together to secure an official inspection of sheet music during the summer solstice, to the end that each piece may have its specific gravity, temperature and volatility duly registered on the outside cover. It is also recommended that music of the sizzling kind that will thaw out frozen water pipes be marked with large red "danger" labels. The sons of the rugged yeomanry of the bucolic solitudes that have more voice than sense must be protected from the wiles of the clever maidens who tempt them with music that is laden with midsummer proposals in B flat.

Smoking Kaffirs. The Kimberly kaffirs are extremely fond of cigars, but they smoke with the lighted end in their mouths. When this peculiarity was first mentioned to me I supposed that my informant was cracking a somewhat vacuous joke, but to my amazement I saw numerous instances of the reality in the compound. The native first lighted his cigar by the ordinary method, then turning it around deftly he arranged the hot, glowing end in the mouth, and, tucking away his tongue in his cheek, proceeded to inspire and expire the fumes, gradually consuming the whole of the cigar. The smokers assured me that the process was warm, comforting, delicious and far superior to the usual mode. On subsequent trial I found that the knack is less difficult to acquire than might be supposed.

Isle of Man Laws. Lord Henniker presided recently over the time-honored ceremony of promulgating the laws passed by the Manx legislature on Tywald hill. A vast concourse of people assembled and the laws were promulgated from the ancient mound, which was strewn with rushes in accordance with custom, the texts being in English and Manx, after which three cheers were given for the queen.

Just the time people stop telling a woman she is pretty, she begins to get two or three of them.

RECOLLECTIONS OF GREAT MEN

Justin McCarthy Tells Some Good Stories of Men He Has Met.

Of the great men he has met Justin McCarthy has some excellent stories to relate. A few of these he recently recounted in a lecture in the Tyne Theater, Newcastle.

Among his most cherished memories are recollections of William Makepeace Thackeray. Those who knew Thackeray from his books will readily conceive that he would take infinite delight in telling a story against himself. Here is an anecdote that he used to relate: Thackeray found much pleasure in taking long walks into the country. When on one of these excursions with a brother journalist, "Jacob Omnium," who, tall as Thackeray was, was even taller than the author of "The Newcomes," the two gentlemen came across a country fair. Observing a tent where "giants" were exhibiting themselves, they agreed to enter. When Thackeray was preparing to pay the usual admission fee the attendant at the door remarked: "We make no charge to the profession, sir."

An instance of very smart repartee on the part of John Bright is told by Mr. McCarthy. Mr. Bright, unfortunately, had on one occasion to leave his parliamentary and other duties on account of an affection of the brain. Recovering from the attack, Mr. Bright resumed his active interest in public affairs. But in the course of a debate a member of the House of Commons, with surprising and inexcusable indecency, replying to Mr. Bright, said that that gentleman had been suffering from a disease of the brain. With comparative self-restraint the famous repealer retorted: "That is a disease which Providence itself could not inflict upon the noble lord."

Mr. McCarthy remembers very well the only speech he ever heard the great Duke of Wellington deliver in the House of Lords. It made a decided impression upon the future Irish leader. The man of iron wore a blue frock coat and a pair of white duck trousers, the only person he knew, except his friend, Gibson Bowles, who adopted such unmentionables. A bill was under discussion and Wellington criticized it adversely. The peer in charge of the bill remarked bitterly that the noble duke did not understand the bill. Then Wellington rejoined: "I have read it three times; and if, after that, I don't understand the bill I must be a fool."

Among the anecdotes Mr. McCarthy relates is one concerning himself. At the close of a lecture in Glasgow he turned to the chairman and said he hoped he had not spoken too long. "Na, na," said the Scotchman, "aw then! ye hae had a vera patient audience!"—London News.

Changes Color at Will.

A human chameleon who changes color upon coming into contact with various hues lives in Manchester, N. H. So strange a characteristic would, of course, command for its possessor a good salary in a dime museum, but in this case the possessor is a lady who has no desire for notoriety and looks upon the phenomenon as a dreadful affliction. It is caused by disease, of course, but the physicians have never been able to determine the nature of the complaint. The color of her eyes remains brown and her hair black, but her face and hands change to suit the color of her clothes. She does not dare wear ribbons nor any of the shades of blue, red, green or yellow. In pure white her face is ghastly, and the color of her hair and eyes makes it even more so than it would be if they were lighter. Black renders her so dark a brunette that there might be a strong suspicion that she was not of the Caucasian race. She, therefore, wears none but subdued grays and browns, which render her less noticeable. The affliction, for it is a great affliction, came upon her gradually and is steadily growing more pronounced.

Materials for Burnt Wood Work.

As of old the master wood carvers and violin makers hoarded flawless, dry wood, so must the wood burner of today keep a vigilant eye upon the lumber yards, and lay in a stock of flawless, dry wood. His material cannot be too well seasoned. It must be white, free from gum and soft; white because contrasts are wanted, and free from resin that it may not turn black with age. As it is the fiber of the wood which is blackened or carbonized, not the resin, it is obvious that the freer the wood is from gummy substances the better. The most satisfactory freetching has been done on panels of French poplar, which is soft, white, close grained, and free from gum. The common white wood or yellow poplar of America yields readily to treatment with the hot iron, and can be successfully used in conjunction with harder, rarer woods, as beneath the magic touch of the burning tool it becomes rich and solid. The harder woods are more difficult to work, but, by combining the natural grain of woods like maple or oak with the rich burnt tones, beautiful results may be obtained.—Century.

His Ties. She knew not what he meant; She little guessed the dreadful ties That held him while she went; For though with love his heart was filled He moved to no extent— Because he sat where some one spilled A tube of bike cement! —The Looking-Glass.

Cooper's Foresight. Maude—I think Cooper must have foreseen this craze for bicycling among the women. Marie—Why so? "Didn't he write the 'Leather Stocking Tales'?"—Youkers Statesman.

HE HAD A SWELL NAME.

And That's Why He Made a Sale and Surprised the Lady of the House.

"There's a gentleman down in the parlor to see you, ma'am," said Mrs. Haskins' housemaid the other day as she presented the usual card on a little silver salver.

"A gentleman to see me? Who can he be?"

Mrs. Haskins took up the card and read: "Mr. Mortimer Lafollet."

"Lafollet, Lafollet," said Mrs. Haskins. "Do I know any one named Lafollet? Oh, I wonder if it's possible that he is a relation of that elegant Lafollet family I met when I was in Boston last winter. He must be. Dear me! I'm not dressed to meet him. Go down, Jane, and tell him that I'll be down in a few minutes, and then you come right up here and help me to dress."

"Get out my new covert cloth suit and my new slippers and then help me with my hair. Those Lafollets live so elegantly. It's so kind of them to remember me, too! I'll have to ask him to stop to luncheon, and you tell Mary to drop everything else and get up the choicest luncheon she can."

"Yes, ma'am."

"I'll give her 50 cents extra this week. Hurry, Jane. I can't bear to keep him waiting. Dear me, I'm in such a flutter! I'd have given \$10 if I'd known he was coming. The parlor needs dusting, too. Fasten this hook, Jane. There! How do I look?"

"Very well, ma'am."

"Well, I'll have to go down now. I am in such a flutter!"

She was in a trifle worse flutter when Mortimer Lafollet rose and said when she entered the parlor:

"Good morning, madam; I am introducing an entirely new and superior article for grating nutmegs, and I felt sure that you would be interested in it. It costs but 15 cents, which is the merest bagatelle compared to its value. Allow me to show you how it works."

She was so dazed by his colossal cheek that he had seized her a grater and departed before she could recover her wits. Then she countermanded the order for luncheon and resumed her wrapper, while she made remarks she would not like to see in print.

Waiting to Meet Johnson.

I got to know that the old man, Robinson, at whose cabin I was staying for a week had had a feud with the Johnsons for about twenty years, and one afternoon when we were over at the moonshine still and alone I brought the matter up and asked him how it began. "I can't skassly remember," he replied, "but I reckon dawgs had suthin' to do with it. Reckon our dawgs had a feud."

"And each of you stood up for his dog?"

"Of co'se."

"And did you have a fight with Johnson?"

"Reckon I did."

"Well, why can't the matter be fixed up? I'm told that four or five people have been killed, and the war still goes on. Can't you and Johnson come together and make peace?"

"How?" he asked.

"Suppose I go and talk to Johnson and tell him you are willing to let the matter drop if he is."

"Yes."

"Then you can meet, shake hands, take a drink and let the news go out that you are friends."

"That would be nice," he replied, while shaking his head in a doubtful way.

"Of course it would. If you agree to it I'll go and see Johnson to-day."

"It wouldn't do—wouldn't do, sah. We've done tried it three times over."

"Then you've been brought together?"

"Yes, sah—three times. He was willin' and I was willin', but when we came together he sez to me if them dawgs had been left alone his dawg would hev licked."

"And you denied it?"

"Of co'se. My dawg was on top and bound to lick. Yes, sah, allas denied, and dun called Johnson a liar, and then the wah broke out again."

"But couldn't the dogs be left out?"

"Yes, I reckon they might, but if they was he'd begin braggin' 'bout his ole news, and I'd hev to brag about mine, and that'd be a row to end up with. Better let the matter drop, sah. I shall likely meet Johnson at the 'leckshun next week, and one or 'tother will be popped over, and that will be the last of it."

Lectures on Plays of Shakespeare.

Lectures on Shakespeare's plays are numerous, but two famous delineators of character, Coleridge and Hazlitt, have done more than perhaps all others to give the world an insight into the spirit of these marvelous works. Their lectures are not, in the pedantic sense of the word, critical; they do not engage in the laborious search after the profitable origin and use of particular words, or the value of variations in the text, but deal almost entirely with the spirit of the plays. Coleridge was a great poet, Hazlitt a great critic, and the utterances of the former on the mental and moral tendencies of the plays, and of the latter on the aesthetic merits and beauties of the characters, form companion pictures that supplement and fully complete each other.

"You are charged," said the Judge, "with riding your bicycle through the streets at a rate exceeding ten miles an hour." "Ten miles?" said the man, whose new wheel had run away with him. "Ten miles? I'll bet I was going 300."—Indianapolis Journal.

If you want to know a genial man, hunt up one who never speaks to his wife without snarling.

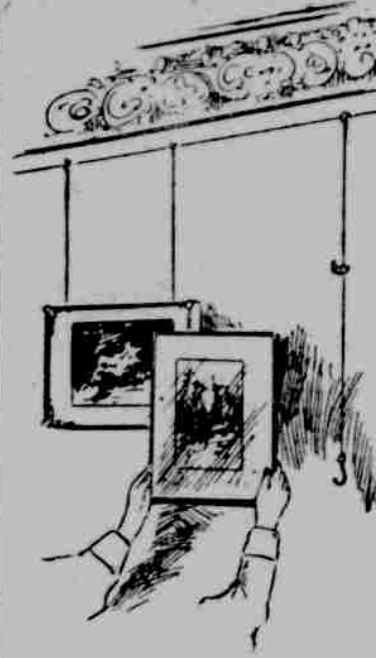
A man never begins to neglect his wife until she begins to "boss" him.



Adjustable Picture-Hanger.

Here is a distinctly new idea in picture hanging. The best wire is liable to give way in the course of time, and in doing so it may ruin or seriously damage a fine picture or its frame. The device illustrated in the accompanying cut is intended to do away with the wire altogether.

This hanger is made of brass, those



MAY SUPERSEDE CORDS.

now in the market ranging in length from six to thirty-six inches, though a longer one may be made by a union joint. Preferably, each picture should have two hangers, which will better secure neatness and durability. If desired, more than one picture may be hung upon one hanger, as shown by the adjustable hook on the right of the cut.

Apple Marmalade.

Peel and core some good apples and boil them with sufficient water to prevent them burning; beat to a pulp and to every pound of pulp allow three-quarters of a pound of lump sugar; dip the lumps into water, throw them into a pan and boil till the syrup is thick and can be well skimmed; then add it to the apple pulp, with a half teaspoonful of lemon juice and stir over a hot fire for about twenty minutes, or until the apple ceases to stick to the bottom of the pan. Then pour into small jelly molds, previously dipped in water. Stand on ice or in a cool place and when turned out stick over with blanched almonds.

Milk Lemonade.

Milk lemonade is a favorite English drink. Two dozen fresh lemons are peeled as thin as possible, first rubbing lumps of sugar over the skin to absorb the essence. Put a half dozen of the rinds into three quarts of hot but not boiling water, and let it stand until cool; then strain. Squeeze the juice from the lemons, add to the water from the rinds, together with a pound and a half of sugar. Add three quarts of boiling milk, mix well and strain through a cloth bag. Let it stand a day before using.

Soft Sauce.

To make a good soft sauce, cream together a teaspoonful of pulverized sugar and a half a cupful of fresh butter, add a well-beaten egg and the juice and grated peel of a lemon. Have ready in a double saucepan some boiling water which has been thickened with a scant teaspoonful of cornstarch; when thoroughly boiled add to this your other ingredients, and stir slowly until the sauce is very hot. Add a little grated nutmeg and it will be ready to serve.

Graham Bread (Without Sponge).

Three ounces of compressed yeast, seven quarts of luke-warm water, one and one-half pints of the darkest Porto Rico molasses, three ounces of salt, three and one-half pounds of graham flour, and sufficient wheat flour to make medium dough. Let it stand overnight; in the morning throw it on the board, cut in pieces and mold up at once. Let it raise well in the tins and bake slow.

Helpful Hints.

To remove tar from any kind of cloth saturate the spot and rub it well with turpentine.

Paint upon window glass may be easily removed by rubbing with a cloth wet in hot strong vinegar.

After the juice has been squeezed from lemons the peel may be utilized for cleaning brass. Dip it in common salt and scour with powdered brick dust.

Common baking soda is good for the warts that show on growing children's hands. Dampen the hands (or face) and pack what soda will adhere. In a few days the skin will be left smooth and free.

The best way to clean a Brussels carpet is to lay it face down on the grass, and beat as it lies there, then by the corners drag it over clean grass to brush off the loose dust.

When polishing mirrors, windows or picture glass with whitening, the best way to use it is to have it in muslin bags. Dampen the glass lightly, then rub with the bag and polish off with a crumpled newspaper.

An excellent substitute for potatoes at a dinner is rice, cooked in milk and well salted, put into a dish and browned in the oven. Make a hot lemon sauce and pour it over the rice when it is taken from the oven and just before the dish is sent to the table.

A VOLUNTARY STATEMENT.

From the Herald, Juniata, Neb.

I wish to call attention to a voluntary statement made in my presence by one who for twenty-four years suffered the most excruciating pains from inflammatory rheumatism, together with St. Vitus' dance, and now is thoroughly cured. This lady, Mrs. Matilda Vanatta, of Juniata, Neb., is well known here, and she cheerfully gave this statement regarding her long suffering and final recovery.

Mrs. Vanatta said she contracted the rheumatism when she was but 8 years of age, that she gradually grew worse as years passed by, until she was considered a hopeless invalid, her life being despaired of by her friends, and her relatives at one time were called in, supposing her time had really come. During all this time she was under the constant care of different physicians, and had tried every known remedy that was recommended for her disease, until a fortune was spent, and no relief obtained. She said it would be hard to estimate the amount of medicines she had taken.

They had almost given up hope of ever finding a cure, when she chanced to see an advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. She asked her husband what he thought of that remedy, and he said they could only try after a trial. So a box was purchased for 50 cents, and the use of this remedy begun. Before the box of pills was gone she began to feel relief. She stopped all other medicine, and took them alone from that time on, and now, as a result of these pills, she is a well woman, does all her own work, and is happy, and praises the time when that advertisement came her way. She says she will recommend Pink Pills for Pale People for any like disease, above anything else, and is willing and anxious to give a statement to any one that is troubled with the dread disease, that they too might enjoy health through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

This is to certify that the above statement of Mrs. Matilda Vanatta, of Juniata, Neb., was voluntarily made in person before me this 3d day of June, 1886. (Signed) B. F. HILL, Justice of the Peace.

Juniata, Neb. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are considered an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by retail), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Of General Interest.

Signor Crispi's organ, La Riforma has stopped publication.

It is estimated that Queen Victoria now rules over 367,000,000 people.

It has been found that the soil of Arizona is as favorable to the culture of the date palm as that of Arabia.

Hamburg has run ahead of Liverpool and is now the chief port of Europe, if German statistics can be believed.

Japan, within five months of taking possession of Formosa, has built two lines of Decauville railroads, one 35 miles, the other 50 miles long.

Matte Morality.

Because a young woman of Belvedere, Me., preferred to marry a convict rather than a reputable young man, a number of the people of the town shied bad eggs at her.

Go Abroad for Instruction.

Hundreds of Nicaraguans have attended schools in Europe and the United States, although both public and private schools are numerous in that country.

Food is served in one of the London restaurants on electrically heated plates so that the guests can eat leisurely and still have the viands continue warm until the close of the meal.

It is believed by a large portion of the residents of Bern, Switzerland, that the press notices of suicides cause an epidemic of self-murder; therefore a concerted effort has been made to suppress such announcements.

The ladies of Lawrenceville, Ky., whose delicate skins have hitherto been bleached with sun-spots, are loud in their praises of a spring recently discovered there. The water of this spring, it is said, effectually removes freckles.

A Baltimore man lived in a house infested with fleas. He covered each of his legs, from ankle to knee, with fly-paper, the sticky side out, then darkened the rooms and walked around. This plan caught the fleas in great numbers.

Just try a 10c box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made.

On a warm night a Chicago gentleman filled the garden hose with ice-water, wound it round him, and lay down to pleasant dreams. His wife came upon him suddenly, imagined he was in the coils of a serpent and fainted.

At an elevation of a few hundred yards—say from a balloon—the bottoms of clear-water lakes are distinctly visible. A German scientist, therefore, suggests that the location of sunken vessels can be discovered by the use of balloons.

An Abilene Kas, jury found a woman guilty on a charge of having driven her stepson and her husband from their home, and she was fined \$10 and costs, which the husband paid.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a constitutional cure. Price 75 cents.

Take Care of Your Veil

It is a great temptation when one enters house hot and tired to take off one's veil and fling it aside into a crowded drawer or letting it lie there crumpled up shapeless, until next called into use. Nothing is so easily spoiled, so easily made shabby as the dainty bit of gauze now universally worn. To preserve it properly it should be carefully stretched on over a bit of card board or other stiff material.