

WHEN THE REGIMENT PASSED.

There was din in the street, there was rushing of feet,
At the hum and the thrum of a far-away drum.
Every eye in the town watched a road winding down
By meadows of ripening, yellowing wheat,
Every being was filled with the beat that had thrilled
And whirled as it stirred like the wings of a bird
Through the sunny air clear, growing near and more near,
Till all other sound in creation was stilled!

Then swift came the gleam of a mountain stream,
Which quivered and grew like the stars, like the dew,
Like the sun's darting glance where little waves dance,
Like a glittering river that wound from a dream.

O it broadened and spread till a vibrating tread
In unison beat through the dust to our feet!
O it drew every hue, from the heavens' calm blue
To the poppies' red blood through the wheat field shed!

Then a plume floated white, and they broke on our sight
With a bugle note clear, they drew near, and a cheer
Burst from us; then dumb at the roll of the drum
As they reached us and touched us, and dumb with delight,
We drew nigh, we pressed nigh, our hearts throbbing high,
O the tumult of joy in the heart of a boy!

Women crowded about, and a flag floated out,
And we uttered a shout that rang up to the sky!

(AY, it rings for me yet! Can I ever forget
That thrill and that joy in the heart of a boy?)
Then, a barefooted throng, we marched proudly along,
Knowing naught of farewells or of eyes that were wet,
Hearing only the beat of the drum and the feet
Treading onward to war, growing faint, growing far,
Seeing only the track, dust enclosed, whence back
Looked never a man to that village street!

How we lingered around, listening low for a sound,
Till the thrum of the drum was a clover-leaf hum!
How we marched a retreat through the still village street
And followed the footprints which covered the ground!

And when weary at last, how we happily cast
Ourselves down in the wheat, talking not of defeat,
Heeding not the wild red where crushed poppies were shed,
Or the thunder and dread closing round, closing fast;
But shut in by the rim of our dim mountains massed,
We gave them but glory and fame unsurpassed,
While for us was the hour—when the Regiment passed!
—Youth's Companion.

HORSES IN OUR ARMY.

Perhaps few persons are on more intimate terms with the horse family in general than some old cavalry soldiers. To be the friend of his horse the soldier must be a good one; a horse was never known to favor a bad one with his confidence, for horses are infallible judges of soldiers. An old cavalry captain whom I know used to say, "I judge of the characters of my men by the way they get along with their horses."

In the old frontier days cavalry soldiers thought far more of their horses than they do now, for their lives often depended on them, and if a man neglected his horse he was sure to have to march on foot before long, which is very distasteful to a cavalryman. Indeed, it was necessary to guard the forage wagon and the water-holes to prevent men stealing more than their allowance for their horses. Even now, if you watch some old gray-haired fellows at the "stables" of a cavalry troop, you will see they have not forgotten to be greedy on behalf of their mounts.

A recruit horse is like a recruit soldier, apt to be clumsy, unevenly gaited, saucy and conceited. The old horses in the stable yard treat him exactly as old soldiers treat a recruit. They attempt to frighten him by biting at him, kicking him, chasing him from one corner of the yard to another, pulling his mane and ears; in fact, they try to make his life miserable in every way. This lasts for a few days only; then the new horse gets a chum, and they make an agreement to stand by each other. This offensive and defensive alliance prevents the rest of the herd from taking any more liberties with the recruit.

The "chum business" is one of the most remarkable features of horse life in the army. The "chums" are inseparable; as soon as the herd is turned out into the yard the chums seek out each other, as if for a morning "confab," and remain together all day. Looking into the yard at any time, one can see them rubbing noses, blinking at one another, or following each other around the yard. Take a new horse away from his chum, and he will grieve to see it. He will near the stables, he will whinny plaintively to his chum, who will answer from the corral.

All horses in our service are taught to lie down. A new horse, when first thrown in the riding-stall, with straps the use of which he little suspects, is greatly surprised. This painless throwing of horses is very effective in disciplining morally, for the horse soon realizes that he is completely mastered, and after he has been thrown a number of times a marked change takes place in his temperament.

Soldiers who abuse their horses in any way are severely punished. There is, indeed, no sight more obnoxious to a good cavalryman than to see a horse abused.

The old cavalry horse seems to have a great disinclination for a new soldier. When ridden by a recruit he appears as if a little insulted, and I am sure that some of these old horses can tell a recruit from a veteran as quickly as can the adjutant at "guard-mounting."

It is customary to turn all the horses out to graze—or "to herd," as it is called—under a guard whenever the grass is good and the weather pleasant. The horses regard "herd time" as a proper occasion for fun and frolic. They enjoy the herd as much as a lot of school-boys do their recess.

In every troop are some old horses that are full of mischief on herd, and are inveterate stampedeers. If they can only get the rest of the herd to follow them and run ahead of the herd, they are delighted. The herd guards have to watch these old rogues vigilantly, for once they obtain a start, a stampede is sure to follow. Then, if no obstacle prevents, the herd will run for hours—they have been known to run forty miles before they could be stopped. Most bold and daring riding



POOR DANDY.

on the part of the herd guards is required to head off a cavalry stampede and turn the leaders.

Horses soon learn all the trumpet calls. "Stable call" in the afternoon is the favorite one, I imagine, as it means "dinner."

A trumpeter's horse in a certain troop at a Western post was condemned for disability, and sold to a milkman. One day, when the milkman was driving near the drill-ground where the troop was drilling, his horse, at the sounding of the "charge" by the trumpet, bolted for the troop. Of course the funny sight of a milk cart charging with a troop of cavalry caused great merriment to all, except the milkman.

During the Geronimo campaign some years ago in Arizona, a remarkable illustration of how great an affection can exist between a soldier and his horse occurred in a troop in which I was serving. An old Irish sergeant had a splendid brown horse called "Dandy," to which he was so singularly attached that the care and caresses he bestowed on it would have satisfied the most exacting sweetheart. The beautiful and intelligent animal seemed to be almost human, so much did he appreciate the affection of his master.

Now it happened that during a long march the sergeant became very tipsy by drinking some fiery Mexican "mescal." Reeling in the saddle and fro, he jerked the horse's sensitive mouth with the cruel curb till it bled profusely, and every little while his sharp spurs would tear Dandy's flanks. Suffering all this pain, the horse calmly walked in ranks without showing any resentment, and apparently knowing that his master was out of his senses.

Shortly after this happened we were fired upon from ambush. The sergeant, who was in the lead, was shot dead in the saddle while riding along the brink of one of those steep canyons which abound in that part of Arizona. So he pitched head foremost out of his saddle down hundreds of feet into the canyon-bed.

During the next few days Dandy ate almost nothing, and appeared dull and listless. All the men being mounted, he was led and a pack-saddle put on him. About a week later, as we were riding along the brink of another canyon, very similar to that in which Dandy's master had found a grave, the command was halted for a rest, and the men, dismounting, let their horses graze on the few bunches of dry grass in the vicinity.

Presently we saw Dandy walk to the edge of the cliff and look down into the black canyon depths. There was something in the horse's manner that attracted attention, and we were silently watching him, when he crouched in his haunches, gave a quick spring far out into the air over the edge of the cliff, and went turning and twisting down 500 feet to be dashed to death on the boulders in the canyon-bed.

"As clear a case of suicide as I have ever seen," our captain said. Poor Dandy—his heart was broken!

Can it be that the horse is passing away from us? Let us hope not. If he is, we are losing a noble friend.—A Cavalry Soldier, in Youth's Companion.

Not up on pole—
A French confectioner, proud of his English, and wishing to let his patrons know that their wants would be attended to at once without any delay, put out the notice, "Short weights here."

There is no woman so well off as a widow who has realized on her husband's life insurance.

THE BATTLE-FIELDS.

OLD SOLDIERS TALK OVER ARMY EXPERIENCES.

The Blue and the Gray Review Incidents of the Late War, and in a Graphic and Interesting Manner Tell of Camp, March and Battle.

An Innocent Boy Spy.
"Did I ever tell you about my nephew, Albert Boynton?" asked Col. Sam Boynton, of Chicago.

"For some time after the battle of Shiloh supplies for the army were hauled by team from Pittsburg Landing. Our regiment had sent three teams for rations. My company was doing provost duty in Corinth when the teams returned. I noticed a little boy on a load of hard tack. He was covered with dust; his hat was badly torn and his clothes were ragged. When the team stopped in front of my quarters he called out: 'Hello, Uncle Sam, I guess you don't know me.'"

"I didn't," said, 'Come here.' He climbed down from the wagon and timidly came to my side. Then I recognized him. He was my brother's boy, the brother then living in Galena. I said to him: 'What on earth are you doing down here, Albert?'"

"Well, uncle, I wanted to see a fight and father wouldn't let me go to the war; he said I was not old enough to be a soldier, so I ran away."

"How did you manage to get here?"

"I crawled out of the window at night and went to the depot and laid in with the engineer, and he took me to Chicago, and then chipped in with another engineer who took me to St. Louis. There I got on board of the steamer John Warner. The captain was going to put me off at Cairo, but I hid away in a bunk and he couldn't find me. After we got started I came out and told the captain I wanted to find the Eighteenth Wisconsin; that my Uncle Sam was in that regiment, and if I could find him he would pay for my passage. The captain told me that the Eighteenth was at Corinth, twenty miles from the river. When I got off the boat at the landing I asked some men if they knew where the Eighteenth was camped, and one of them said he belonged to that regiment, so I piled onto his wagon and came with him. Uncle Sam, do you think you fellows will have a fight here soon? I want to see a fight awful bad."

"I can't tell. We may and we may not."

"After he had cleaned up a little the boys got him some supper and then he lay down and was soon fast asleep. I wrote to his father telling him that his boy was with me and would go back home as soon as he saw a fight. He remained with me until October before he had a chance to see a fight. About the 1st of October he came to me and said: 'Uncle Sam, I want to get out into the country and see what I can find out there.' I had bought him some new clothes, a regular buttoned suit, and he being a small, thin, sallow-looking boy, one would be he was a Johnny's son. He was only 13 years old and quite small for his age. I told him I did not like to have him go away alone. But he was bound to go. I saw no more of him for four days. I was greatly alarmed. On the fourth day he came back. He had three chickens and a lot of dried peaches tied up in a woman's skirt. I asked him where he had been. 'I have been to Ripley.' That was about twenty miles from Corinth. 'I saw Price and Van Dorn. Both were there. I stayed all night with one of the Arkansas regiments. The Colonel's name is Rogers. I was close to Price. He is quite an old man and fat. Van Dorn is a young man, tall and slim, with dark hair and chin whiskers, with a mustache. They are coming to fight you; soon, too, and they are coming by way of Chewalla. I heard them talking it over. They have lots of soldiers there, too, and cannon and horses.'"

"I became convinced that he was telling the truth, so I went with him to see General Rosecrans. The General had a long talk with the little fellow and was much interested in him and his story. He said to me: 'Captain, this boy is a hero, and I want you to let him stay with me. I can make good use of him.' I told him he was not my boy and I couldn't do it."

"In a few days, sure enough, Price and Van Dorn made an attack on our outpost at Chewalla. Then came the battle of Corinth. During the hottest of the fight Albert came to the front. 'Here, Uncle Sam, is some water for you and the boys.' He had four canteens. It was what the men most wanted. I scolded the little rascal and sent him to the rear. He did not go far. I saw him behind a big tree watching the fight."

"The day after the battle, and while we were walking over the field, we saw a wounded Johnny sitting under a tree in the brush. He had been shot through the leg. We took him to the hospital, where his wound was dressed. I often called to see him afterward. One day, while talking with him, he said to me: 'I saw that boy of yours over at Ripley a few days before the battle.'"

"Oh, I guess you are mistaken."

"But I know I did; he's the same boy that stayed all night with us."

"While in Missouri some eight years ago I met a Johnny who had lost an arm at Vicksburg. He said: 'Say, Captain, I think I know you. Wasn't you at the battle of Corinth?'"

"I was."

"Didn't you have a boy there?"

"My brother's boy was with me."

"I am the fellow you found in the woods shot through the leg. Cap, you know I told you I saw that boy at Ripley before the battle. And so I did, as sure as you live."

"I guess you are right, Johnny. The boy told me he was there, but I didn't want to own it at that time."

"A week after Corinth Albert came

to me and said: 'Uncle Sam, I've seen a battle, and now I'm ready to go home,' and the next day he started for Galena, as proud a boy as you ever saw. He grew to honorable manhood, but was mustered with the majority years ago."—J. A. Watrous, in Chicago Times-Herald.

Sam Cobb Fat on Hot Pork.

A. J. Coleman, a well-known politician and citizen of Platte City, was a visitor at the office of Internal Revenue Collector Withers last week. Mr. Coleman was a member of Shelby's brigade during the war and his visit put Capt. William Hickman, of the revenue department, in a reminiscent mood, and he had half a dozen good stories to tell of the incidents that took place while he and Mr. Coleman were with Shelby. The best story he had was this:

"It was during the darkest days of the Confederacy," said Captain Hickman, "Shelby's brigade was down in the southern portion of Arkansas and supplies were very short. There was food in the country, but it had to be taken in a sly manner, for the orders against foraging were very strict. The beef we were getting was about the worst a white man ever had to tackle, and it was simply impossible to keep the boys inside the lines after dark. They would get out and forage for fresh meat, and they got it. The hard work was to hide it when in camp. Out in the swamps three miles from camp there were plenty of fat hogs."

"While we were there we were joined by a number of Texas soldiers, and they were known as the Texas mess. Mr. Coleman was one. One of the others was Sam Cobb, a great, strapping fellow, full of fun and a lover of good pork. The Texas mess did not realize what strict orders there were against taking fat hogs, and so one night they slipped out a delegation and captured a porker that weighed about 200 pounds. He was properly slain and the fresh pork was buried in the Texas tent deep down in the ground under the bed. After they got it in camp they were scared and did not touch it for two days."

"We heard what was going on, and the night they cooked it we decided to have some fun. One of the boys dressed up as an old farmer, with long, white beard and I buckled on my sword, and together we walked up to the tent of the Texas boys. In the big kettle the pork was cooking. They saw us coming and took the kettle off the fire and set it on the ground near the door. We walked up and told the boys that the old farmer had lost a fine hog, and General Shelby had ordered the camp searched. They were willing, of course, to have us hunt and assured us they had taken no hog. We started into the tent, and I saw Sam Cobb spread out his long coat tails and sit down on what appeared to be a box. It was the kettle of hot pork. He was trying to hide it from us."

"Hello, Captain," he cried as he fled about. "Just hunt about and see what you can find," he added as he shifted position again.

"We pretended to hunt about the tent, but all the time we were watching Cobb and wondering how long he could sit on that hot kettle of pork. Poor Sam! the sweat streamed down his face, but he resolutely wiped it off and held to his seat. Then he began to fidget. The kettle was hot, and whenever he would move the steam would rise like the tiny exhaust of an engine all about him."

"We were nearly dying to laugh, but it was getting serious for Sam Cobb. Finally in his fidgeting he moved the iron lid of the kettle and the imprisoned steam arose all about him like a cloud. I shall never forget the expression of Cobb's face as he realized that he was exposed. He looked at me with the most appealing expression on his face I ever saw, and, while he believed firmly he would at once be arrested for stealing the hog, he could not help remarking:

"By ganny, I can't stay there any longer. Here's your hog."

"We burst out laughing and they saw it was only a joke. Everybody had a good laugh at it except poor Cobb. It was no joke for him, and he swore that from that time on he would never help hide another pound of pork while in the army."

"After the war was concluded Cobb returned to Texas and died there some years since. Mr. Coleman came north and has lived in Platte City for years. His call at the office and the stories we told made me recall the story of how Sam Cobb tried to hide the kettle of pork."—Kansas City Journal.

What Pa Wanted.

Many a ludicrous episode enlivened the lives of the soldiers during the Civil War, and one told on a Louisianaian is good enough to rank with the best. During the early months of the war a certain brigade was being drilled in Virginia. Brigadier-General—was a Louisianaian, and his son, also of this State, was his adjutant. The general's voice was not as strong as it might have been, and his son often repeated his orders for him. On the occasion in question the brigade was marching in fours, and the brigadier-general gave the order "Head of the column to the left." His son and adjutant, dressed to kill, galloped forward, and when he reached the head of the column shouted in his powerful voice, "Pa says head of the column to the left." Discipline had not been perfected then, and what "Pa" wanted very nearly broke up the ranks, hundreds of men laughing as they marched at the adjutant's infusion of domestic relations into military tactics.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The following general directions are useful in the destruction of weeds. If it be an annual, do not let it make seed—if it be a perennial, do not let it make leaves.

TALMAGE REMEDY.

IT CONSISTS OF CHEERFUL TALK AND LARGE CHECKS.

Counseling Us to Cry "Peace, Peace!" Where There Is No Peace!—One Trouble Is the Doctor Doesn't Tell Us Where to Get His Prescription Filled.

Preacher's Wrong Plan.
Rev. Dr. Talmage has made out a prescription for the cure of the business depression. The chief ingredients are cheerfulness, Christian investment and Christian generosity. As to the first he says:

Now, I will make a contract. If the people of the United States for one week will talk cheerfully, I will open all the manufacturing, I will give employment to all the unemployed men and women, I will make a lively market for your real estate that is eating you up with taxes, I will stop the long procession on the way to the poorhouse and the penitentiary and I will spread a plentiful table from Maine to California and from Oregon to Sandy Hook, and the whole land shall carol and thunder with national jubilee.

That sort of talk makes me gnash my teeth, writes Celia B. Whitehead. "If the people of the United States for one week will talk cheerfully," Why, T. De Witt! Do you not feel ashamed to say a thing like that where you know it is to be reported and printed? May be there isn't anybody in your congregation who knows how silly and shallow it is. Perhaps they swallow it all down and pay you for saying it while you are laughing in your sleeve and thinking with Puck, "What fools these mortals be!"

"If everybody in the United States will talk cheerfully for a week," you will give employment to all the unemployed men and women!

Of course you would. So would I. You are like the priest who promised to pray for rain when all his parishioners would agree as to what day they wanted the rain to come. One had his hay out and wanted to get it in before the rain, and others wanted a delay for other reasons, and so, just as he knew it would be, the rain came before they would all agree as to when their spiritual leader should pray for it. Nice little promise, wasn't it?

"If everybody in the United States will talk cheerfully for a week," you will stop the long procession on its way to the poorhouse!

When I was a very little girl I saw a beautiful bird which I tried to catch. Some smarty told me to put salt on its tail and I could catch it. So I chased the bird around with a handful of salt until convinced that I must catch it before I could put the salt on its tail, and then the salt would be unnecessary.

You just stop the long procession to the poorhouse and penitentiary, give employment to the idle men and women, open the manufacturing, etc., and I'll take a contract for supplying all necessary and reasonable cheerfulness. You have the thing turned around. Instead of cheerfulness bringing about these other good things we need these other good things to bring about cheerfulness. If you don't believe it, you just step down out of your sacred desk and out of your comfortable home and out of your good clothing into rags and start on your way to the poorhouse. Then let some sleek, well-fed, well-groomed, comfortable looking individual meet you and tell you to talk cheerfully for a week. Why, bless your soul, a person who is half starved already would starve altogether before the week would end. Go away, go away, Dr. Talmage! Building on confidence is worse than building on sand, and you know what became of the man who built his house on the sand. The rains descended, the floods, and the house fell.

Give Us More Money.
"Every dollar should be as good as every other dollar," is a demand of the "sound" money men, and is too often conceded by reformers. Every dollar should be equal before the law, but conditions may arise in which a hundred cents should not always be the price of the amount of gold in a dollar. The gold dollar is very dear now, and all other dollars are just as dear. Let us suppose that Russia, with her 125 millions of people, should discard the irredeemable paper with which the business of the vast empire is now and for forty years has been transacted, and adopt gold as its money; suppose that some of the silver-using nations should discard silver and adopt gold; what would be the effect on the value of our gold dollar? It would surely greatly increase its purchasing power. The gold dollar would become dearer, in other words prices in gold would become lower. We cannot control the legislation of foreign nations on the money question. If they legislate gold up, must the United States keep all its dollars equal to and therefore as dear as the gold dollar? To do so would be to impoverish the masses of our people, bankrupt them, and wipe out the distinction between a mortgage and a deed. If foreign nations persist in increasing the demand for gold by abolishing other kinds of money, then the United States will have to abandon the policy of making every dollar as dear as the gold dollar. The sooner the United States abandons the idea of keeping all dollars as dear as gold dollars, the better, unless our government should do as Japan did—cut the gold dollar in two, that is make two dollars of gold out of one dollar of gold. At present all our paper and silver dollars are as dear as gold, but there was a time when our paper dollars were not as dear as the gold, and during a part of that time our people experienced the best times in the life of the nation. If foreign nations continue to make gold dearer and dearer, let our government abandon the ruinous policy of making all our dollars of equal purchasing power.

er. Let us have enough money, and if gold should go to a premium, let it go to it; it would really be cheaper than it is now, for the demand for it would be lessened.—Missouri World.

A "Delirious" Depositor.

John J. Carroll, who had deposited his earnings in the Hibernian bank of this city, called on the concern last Saturday for his money, but was told he couldn't get it till Monday. He insisted that as he had called during regular banking hours and as the bank was solvent and doing business, receiving deposits and paying checks regularly, that he had the right to expect the same treatment even though his demand covered the entire amount on deposit.

He was referred to the president, who also put him off until Monday. Mr. Carroll then got mad and, planting himself in front of the teller's window, refused to move, although there was a line of customers waiting to make deposits. Business was stopped for nearly half an hour, and finally two policemen were called in and dragged the thoroughly irate depositor from the bank and took him to the central police station, where he insisted on either being placed under arrest or released.

The lieutenant refused to lock him up, so a physician was called, who declared the man was "delirious from a threatened attack of typhoid fever," and managed to drug him temporarily into a state of insensibility.

The doctor ought to be appointed to a position on the bench as a judge of the Supreme Court.

Chaps whose inventive genius can always be brought into play in favor of the banking fraternity, and whose resources are as fruitful as this would indicate, should certainly be elevated to a high position.

As it looks now, if the banks expect to keep on doing business they will have to devise some scheme to keep depositors from drawing out their money, and it might be as good a plan as any to establish police regulations so that every man who makes a demand to close his account will be carried to the hospital and declared "delirious with a threatened attack of typhoid fever."

Mr. Carroll was promptly on hand Monday, however, and there was a "threatened attack" in a very different direction, but the bank had decided not to suspend this week and paid him his money.

It is safe to say that there is one man more who swears eternal allegiance to the postal savings bank system, and until there is some plan that is safe, Mr. C. will either carry his money with him, hide it somewhere, or else invest it.

The probability is that some corporation stock certificates will be worked off on him under the pretense that he will receive big dividends, and if so he will lose it all. It was certainly lucky for him, however, that he had a friend who stayed with him Saturday night, and probably saved him from a fate that would have left the bank for all time to come in possession of an uncalled-for deposit. There are millions and millions of these deposits in the banks that are never withdrawn, and this alone is a great source of revenue to these manipulators of finance.—Chicago Express.

Blow to Liberty.

The Daily Chronicle devotes an editorial article to the dismissal of E. Benjamin Andrews from the presidency of Brown University, which action it regards as the most serious blow the capitalist oligarchy has yet struck at social, economic and intellectual liberty in America.

The Chronicle says: "There is no doubt that, like Prof. Bemis, who was dismissed from the University of Chicago, President Andrews was dismissed because he warned his countrymen against the growth of great monopolies. It seems certain that a conflict is approaching that will shake the Union as it was shaken by the great slavery question. It looks as though the splendid millionaire endowments of American universities had the unworthy motive of the promotion of the interests of the monopolists. We anticipate a great wave of opinion against the pretensions of the monopolist class as dangerous to freedom. This movement will lead to the substitution of public for private control and ownership of the big trusts and monopolies and the substitution of state for private colleges and universities."—London Cable.

A Governor in Contempt.

Gov. Russell of North Carolina is a man whom the masses should love. Judge Simonton of the Federal Court—and who is a resident of Virginia—issued an injunction against Gov. Russell, at the request of J. Pierpont Morgan, enjoining the Governor from interfering with the leasing of a railroad belonging to the State of North Carolina, and which Morgan had obtained control of. "The Governor flatly refused to recognize the injunction, and Judge Simonton has not dared to imprison him for contempt. It would be a good thing for the people if we had a few more men in power like Gov. Russell."—Tacoma Sun.

The Way to Win.

A straight, manly and persistent fight, with the view of the success of our principles, and regardless of immediate defeat of ourselves for lucrative offices, will inspire confidence of Populists in each other, impel all reformers to buckle on their armor, create respect in the minds of the fair men of the old parties, and bring to our ranks new recruits. If every true Populist would work for the People's party and against the old parties, it would not be long until our great principles were enacted into law and the nation was enjoying greater prosperity than any people ever enjoyed, in all the history of the world.—Missouri World.