

A SONG TO THE MEN WHO LOSE.

Here's to the men who lose!
What though their work be o'er so nobly
planned,
And watched with zealous care,
No glorious halo crowns their efforts
grand;
Contempt is failure's share.

Here's to the men who lose!
If triumph's easy smile our struggles
greet,
Courage is easy then;
The king is he who, after fierce defeat,
Can up and fight again.

Here's to the men who lose!
The ready plaudits of a fawning world
Ring sweet in victors' ears;
The vanquished banners never are un-
furled—
For them there sound no cheers.

Here's to the men who lose!
The touchstone of true worth is not suc-
cess.
There is a higher test—
Though fate may darkly frown, onward
to press,
And bravely do one's best.

Here's to the men who lose!
It is the vanquished's praises that I
sing,
And this is the toast I choose:
"A hard-fought failure is a noble thing;
Here's to the men who lose."
—Boston Traveler.

JAMAICA DUPPIES.

HAD finished my medical education and was spending the winter in Jamaica, with a former schoolmate, preparatory to commencing practice as a physician.

My friend, Julia Latham, had married a coffee planter, and it was during my sojourn on the plantation that I met with the adventure I am about to relate.

We were driving, one glorious afternoon, through a lane that went zigzag fashion up a high mountain.

I could not help admiring the picturesqueness of the tiny, flower decked cabins which dotted the hillside here and there, and noting that on every veranda sat, or reclined, groups of laughing negroes, I said to my friend:

"I feel inclined to envy these black people when I see how lightly the troubles of life seem to touch them, and to ask myself if, after all, they, and not we, are the favored children of nature. I think, Julia, I should like to be a negro just for one week, in order to experience what it is to revel in unlimited sunshine, and drink in the delights of mere living."

My practical friend smiled at this outburst of sentiment.

"If Providence were to grant your wish, you would return to civilization a sadder and a wiser woman. During your transformation you would become entangled in the trammels of such a horribly grotesque superstition that it is a question if you could ever afterward entirely shake it off."

"To what do you allude?"

"To the negroes' belief in duppies."

"In what?"

"Duppies."

"Pray what are they?"

"A duppy is the shadow of a dead person—the shadow, mind you, of the body, not of the soul, this having fled to bliss or woe, as the case may be. The duppy is brainless; it is transparent and animated with silly malice toward living people. For some unaccountable reason it does not appear till the third day after death. Then, at the hour when the death took place, it strives to enter its former home, and it has to be frightened off by the waving of a white sheet at the doors and windows of the cabin. A crowd assembles for this purpose, and some members of it are sure to see the duppy. "There it is!" they cry. "Keep it out! Keep it out!" and then there is a vigorous flapping of cotton cloth, and the most awful groans you ever heard. If once the thing enters the house the little hut becomes uninhabitable, hence the many vacant shanties one comes across in Jamaica. Just how long the shadow haunts the earth after the body has returned to its original dust I could never ascertain. Is it not terrible to think that in this Christian land such a belief can be so firmly rooted in the native mind?"

"It is a most ridiculous superstition," I answered. "I never heard of quite such a nonsensical one."

"It does not seem funny for me at all," answered Julia Latham with a very grave face, "but simply horrible. And there is something about it even worse than what I have told you, for negroes with unbalanced minds sometimes think they have swallowed duppies, and endure the most excruciating tortures under the excitement of this idea."

Here I laughed aloud.

"Oh, Julia," I exclaimed, "why do you so impose on the credulity of your friend as to tell me this very tall story?"

"I assure you I am speaking the truth," she rejoined. "These darkies think the duppies are not only transparent but compressible, and under the form of some small insect or reptile they glide down a person's throat. But since I perceive you are still incredulous, I will take you to see a girl who fancies she has swallowed two of these shadows. Here, Themistocles," she called to a small ebony figure that was crouching aimlessly about under a tree, "come and hold my horse while I visit your mother."

The boy came forward, grinning, and smiling, himself from the hips with the grotesque appearance of dislocation which is a pure negro walk. Half laughing, this sinuosity of motion in a negro, but a negro of pure blood walks as if the upper part of his

body were allied only in a perfunctory manner to the lower part. The little ebonyite was clothed in an exceedingly diminutive shirt; it had once been white, but was now of a nondescript hue. It was his only garment.

We advanced up the narrow garden walk to the porch of the whitewashed shanty with its bright green shutters. Seated in a rocking chair was a portly woman with a yellow turban wound round her head. She greeted us without rising, being too indolent to make the necessary effort.

"How are you, Dinah?" asked Mrs. Latham.

"Quite well, thank you, ma'am," she answered, without stopping the rocking.

"How is Berenice?"

"Very bad, ma'am; she is walking up and down inside there," indicating, with a jerk of her thumb over her shoulder, a room in the cottage, "cause Julius Caesar and George Smith is a fighting so they will allow her no peace."

We opened the door of the room indicated, and when our eyes had become accustomed to the darkness, we saw a young woman tramping slowly and majestically up and down, like a wild beast in a cage.

"Berenice!" said Mrs. Latham, and the great, tall, finely developed girl halted before her, and gazed mournfully down on her with large, troubled eyes. "Berenice, I have brought a lady doctor to see you."

To this information the girl answered with an indifferent intonation:

"I suppose, ma'am, she will be like all the others, and not believe a word I say, so what's the use of troubling her?"

"On the contrary, I believe in you fully, Berenice," I said.

The girl turned quickly toward me, and putting her two shapely hands on my shoulders, looked me in the face with her dog-like eyes. She seemed endeavoring to discover whether I was in jest or in earnest. It was quite a time before she spoke; at length she said:

"Do you believe in Julius Caesar and George Smith, missee?"

"I am sure I shall do so when I know who they are," I answered.

"They are my duppies."

"Oh!"

"Do you want to know how I came to swallow them?"

"Why, of course."

"Let us go out on the porch and hear the story," said Mrs. Latham. "This room is stifling."

We went out and watched the blazing sun go down in a tropical splendor of red and gold behind the blue hill in front of us, as we listened to Berenice's tale.

At first she was too agitated to commence it. She walked up and down in front of us, declaring that Julius Caesar and George Smith objected to her sitting. I drew out a little satchel that I carried with me a certain gray powder and placed it on her tongue. This had the effect of steadying her nerves, and she began talking in quite a rational manner.

"Julius Caesar was the baby son of Mark Antony and Cleopatra, that lived in the cabin at the foot of the hill. He died six months ago, and on the third day after his death a lot of us boys and girls went to keep the duppy out of the house. At midnight we were very tired. We had flapped the sheet for an hour without seeing anything. It was now agreed that each of us in turn should act as watcher. We drew lots, and the lot fell on me. Soon I was the only one awake in the whole crowd. The room was very warm, and I sat by the window. There was a tree close to it, and I noticed a movement in the branch nearest me. I fixed my eyes on the branch and saw a little gray owl that kept hopping nearer and nearer the window. Its eyes were fiery, and kind of glued themselves on to mine, and still it hopped nearer and nearer. Presently it got between the moon and me, and I saw right through it. The moon was shining through the little gray owl! Then I knew what it was, and opened my mouth to scream, but before I could do so it flew right in, and was down my throat in a jiffy!"

She paused in such agitation that it was impossible to laugh at her story, absurd though it was.

"George Smith died soon after, and I swallowed him in the form of a cat," she went on presently. "They fought right away, and I have dreadful times. Oh, missee—here the poor girl wiped her eyes with the corner of her apron—"I do have dreadful times! And if I don't get up and walk about directly they begin fighting, I have a fit and stay in it till they are tired out. Do you think you can cure me?"

"Yes," said I, with a confidence I did not altogether feel; whereupon the poor girl humbly kissed the hem of my dress in token of her gratitude.

Berenice, despite her hue, was very beautiful. She resembled an ebony statue of Hebe. It was dreadful to think that so perfectly formed a body should be cumbered with such a ludicrously diseased mind.

Whether rightly or not, I diagnosed the case as one of acute dyspepsia, and determined to treat it as such.

"Berenice," said I, "it will take some time to cure you, as Julius Caesar and George Smith will no doubt obstinately contest my efforts to dislodge them, but in the end I think I shall succeed."

A rapturous look of joy overspread her countenance, and she commenced to slowly revolve, in a kind of rhythmic dance, down the narrow garden path. It was a weird sight to see her graceful, statuesque figure swaying in the moonlight. Her mother began to sob hysterically, whether for joy at her daughter's prospective release, or grief at her present eccentric conduct, I could not tell. Probably she did not know herself, for these black people are so emotional that they are stirred up by every breath of feeling, as the bos-

om of the sea is ruffled by the slightest breeze.

"Come, let us go home," cried Julia, suddenly. "There is something hypnotic in Berenice's movements; my brain begins to reel; if I stay here much longer, I believe I shall be compelled to join in the dance."

It took me several months to effect the cure of Berenice, and even when she was convalescent she refused to believe in the fact until she had seen demonstration that the uncanny creatures which tormented her had been evicted. Therefore Julia and I constructed two images, in the form of an owl and a cat, out of cotton batting soaked in kerosene oil. I gave Berenice a sleeping powder, and had her carried into the kitchen of Julia's house. A bright fire was kindled in the fireplace, and I then awoke the girl. "See!" I cried, holding up the images. "Here are the mischief makers!"

She at first shrank back in terror, then wanted to handle them, but to this I objected.

"No, Berenice, it would not be safe. Maybe they are not really dead but only shamming. See, I will put an end to them once for all." And I threw them dramatically into the fire.

As they went in a blaze up the chimney, Berenice uttered a cry of joy. She was now perfectly restored to sanity and good health, and in her gratitude was ready to become my slave for life. But this I would not permit.

I left the island soon after, and never saw my patient again; but Julia assures me, however, that she has not relapsed into her former condition, and her cure seems complete.—Pennsylvania Grit.

THE STORY OF A RING.

By the Merest Chance It Was Restored to Its Owner.

This is the story of a wedding ring that was stolen during the carnival. Made in this city nineteen years ago, it was placed on the fair finger of a rustic maiden and worn there until at one point it was as tenuous as a ray of sunlight. Then it was carefully packed in cotton and laid away in a bureau drawer. It was not forgotten, but it remained untouched for many seasons.

When the week of the carnival came Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Smith, of Coffman Station, placed their children in the comfortable spring wagon and drove into town. That night the wedding ring was stolen from their house, but they did not know it.

Two days later Jack Dougherty was arrested. He was held as a suspicious character for several days. On his finger was found an old ring of fine gold. At one point it was very thin, and all in all it looked as though it might be nearly as old as Dougherty.

"Where did you get that ring?" asked Capt. Haze.

"Me mudder give it to me when she died," said Jack, in a broken voice that stimulated the deepest grief.

Next day Dougherty was set free. He came to the captain and asked that the ring be given back to him.

"If no one calls for it I'll send it to you in a week," replied the captain, and Jack was compelled to be content with these terms. When he had gone the captain examined the ring closely and discerned these words, which had grown quite faint: "From Douglas to Emeline."

Two weeks ago Douglas Smith came in his spring wagon to serve as a petit juror. At the court house some one chanced to speak of the ring and told of the inscription.

"Why, that is what is in my wife's wedding ring. This is a strange sort of thing," said Douglas.

When he returned home he asked his wife where the ring was.

"Why, in the bureau drawer, to be sure," answered she.

But when she looked in the bureau it was not there; nor was it to be found anywhere in the house. So Douglas Smith got into the spring wagon again and drove back to town. He went straight to the police station and told of his loss and how he had come to hear of the ring the police had taken from a prisoner. He described the ring quite accurately, and it was given to him.

Jack Dougherty, with his comrades, had evidently come by way of Coffman Station to see the carnival and pick pockets. Finding no one in the farm house, they had railed it and carried off the old wedding ring.—Omaha World-Herald.

Ancient Historical Document.

A New Haven man is the owner of a valuable historical document, the deed for forty acres of land in Portland, which was conveyed in 1733 to Rev. Moses Bartlett, for a consideration of £100. This paper is intact, save where it has been folded. At the conclusion are affixed twenty seals of twenty Indians. The seals are of red wax, and a coin was evidently used in stamping the seals, as slight traces of a crown can be found in several of them. Another peculiar feature of the deed was the record of the appearance of each member of the band before a notary public and all on different dates, extending from Nov. 20, 1733, to June 18, 1734.

Mines Abandoned 3,000 Years Ago.

The most ancient copper mines in the world are those of the Sinai peninsula, near the gulf of Suez. They were abandoned 3,000 years ago, after having been worked for some hundreds of years. The process used in the reduction of the ore is said to be similar in principle to that used at the present time.

Depends Upon the Length.

Brown—I am satisfied, judging from my own experience, that married life is the only happy one.

Myers—How long have you been married?

Brown—Since last Wednesday.

Myers—I thought so.

Topics of the Times

The song of the nightingale can be heard at the distance of a mile.

The Crystal Palace at Sydenham, England, will hold 100,000 people.

Little alligators are kept as drawing-room pets in some of the fashionable houses abroad.

A bicycle is supplied to every police station in the suburbs of Paris for the use of the force.

More than 1,250,000 acres of the earth's surface are devoted to the cultivation of tobacco.

If a snail's head is cut off and the animal placed in a cool, moist place another head will grow.

Some of the screws that are used in a watch are so small that, to the unaided eye, they appear like steel filings.

The largest bee-keeper in the world is a California gentleman, who has 6,000 hives, producing 200,000 pounds of honey yearly.

A shower of toads recently fell on the railway track in Topeka, Kansas, so impeding the progress of a train that it had to stop.

It is estimated that the light of a full moon is at least three hundred thousand times weaker than sunlight, when the "great orb of day" is standing at meridian.

"Familiarity breeds contempt" is a proverb found in one form or another in every European or Asiatic language having a literature. Its earliest form is believed to be in the Sanskrit.

The lowest annual salary paid any one in the consular service of this government is one dollar. This is received by the consular agents at Kalamata, Greece, and Dardanelles, Turkey.

The human hair is absolutely the most profitable crop that grows. Five tons of it are annually imported. The Parisians harvest upwards of 200,000 pounds, equal in value to \$400,000 per annum.

"Pay weddings" are not uncommon in some of the rural districts of Germany. All the guests pay a fixed sum for the entertainment, and the receipts are used to furnish a home for the bridal couple.

Barrels, casks, pails, etc., are now made by molding wood-pulp in the desired shape, subjecting it to heat in the form of hot air or water, steam or other vapor, and compressing it by hydraulic pressure.

Many railroad corporations here are following the foreign custom of planting fruit trees along the sides of their lines. There are a few districts where apple and cherry have for some years been the common road trees.

The Court Theater in Munich has a revolving stage, the part in view of the audience representing one quarter of a circle. A change of scene can be effected in eleven seconds by bringing to the front the next quarter of the circle.

According to an official estimate made in the Treasury Department, the present population of the United States slightly exceeds 77,000,000. This indicates an annual increase of more than 2,000,000 since the last Federal census taken in 1890.

An experimental race was recently made between a skillful typist and an expert penman, the test being the number of times a phrase of eight words could be reproduced in five minutes. The typist scores thirty-seven and the penman twenty-three.

If the many disputes which have recently arisen in connection with cycling keep on increasing our courts will soon be so overrun with bicycling cases that it may be necessary to establish a special court to deal with this new and enormous field of jurisprudence.

According to statistics, the number of yearly telephone conversations in the United States is 75,000,000; of telegraphic messages, 65,000,000; of arc lights, 1,000,000; of incandescent, 15,000,000, and several hundred thousand electric motors. There are 1,000 electric railways. It is estimated that to 2,500,000 persons in this country electricity contributes a means of livelihood.

In the neighborhood of the Bermudas the sea is extremely transparent, so that the fishermen can readily see the horns of lobsters protruding from their hiding places in the rocks at considerable depth. To entice these crustaceans from these crannies they tie several snails together to form a ball and dangle them in front of the lobster. When the swallows the ball they haul him up.

There is in Milan a covered street of circular shape roofed with glass and surmounted by a large dome, round the inside of which runs a row of gas burners. The lighting of these at such a height was difficult and dangerous until electricity was made to do the work. A miniature railway has been built close to the lights, on which runs a tiny electric locomotive carrying a wick steeped in spirits of wine. When the time comes for lighting, this wick is set on fire and the engine flies around, kindling the circle of lamps.

Eggs as a Daily Diet.

"Eggs, like milk, contain in proper proportion all the elements needed to support life," writes Mrs. S. T. Borer, in "The Cooking of Eggs," in the Ladies' Home Journal. "Being highly concentrated, however, they lack the bulk necessary to keep the excretory organs in perfect condition. Serve with them, then, such food as bread, rice or cereals, but do not serve eggs in any way at the same meal with beef, mutton or fowl. Pork, such as bacon, may, in winter, be served with eggs. While one pound of eggs is equal in nourish-

ment to one pound of beef, the latter would be borne for a longer time, and would in the end be a much better food. The mineral matter of the egg is small in quantity but rich in quality, and the albumen is in a form most easily digested. We must bear in mind, however, that the egg albumen coagulates at a lower temperature than that in meat, which teaches us at once that, to be easily digested, eggs must be lightly cooked. A hard-boiled egg, one in which the white is rendered hard, may be digested by a man laboring in the open air, but it is unfit for food for the man who works in an office or shop, or for the person whose digestion is weak, or for children of any age."

Was a Curio in Sweden.

After an absence of two years in Europe Rev. W. S. Brooks has returned to America to take charge of St. Peter's African Methodist Episcopal Church at Minneapolis. Mr. Brooks visited England and Finland in turn. It is a question whether he was more interested than interesting while traveling in Scandinavia and Finland. He certainly saw much that pleased and instructed him, but his feelings were probably not to be compared with those of the peasants when they gazed upon the American visitor. Mr. Brooks, it must be understood, is black and distinctly African in his features. Now, many of the natives of the interior parishes of Sweden, Norway and Finland have not been twenty miles from home in their lives, and the colored man is known to them only through books. Even the statement in the books relative to men with black skins has been accepted with grains of allowance by the most skeptical. When they heard that a black man would lecture in their neighborhood there was a great outpouring of the whole countryside to see this most extraordinary of human beings. Some walked as much as ten miles to be present.

Mr. Brooks has a slight knowledge of Swedish, which he gained through a friend in Baltimore, and though he did not lecture in this language he was able to carry on a conversation with the awe-struck peasants. He was a great curiosity, unparalleled in many a life. They were a little diffident about shaking hands, much to the amusement of Mr. Brooks, and when they did many of them cast surreptitious glances at their palms to see if any color had come off.

In his public addresses he spoke through an interpreter. He was very much pleased with the attention shown him, and commends the dwellers of Sweden and Norway for their hospitality and courtesy.

Pained \$14 to the Cuspidor.

There is a total disregard of the value of the precious metal in Dawson. Every one has so much gold dust that the sight of big sacks and cans of it has ceased to attract attention.

"For instance," said Mr. Thompson, "you will see a wooden shack covered with canvas, a bar across one end of it. This is a saloon, about as unlikely a place for riches as a man would find on earth, and yet at any time of the day and night the aggregate wealth of the men in there at any one time would reach into the millions.

"Why, one day I was in a place of this description and in front of the bar was a long box filled with sawdust. This sawdust, owing to frequent expectations from the tobacco chewing custom, gets soiled. As I say, I was in one of these places one day and some boys came along and said to the proprietor, 'If you will give up this old box we will bring you another filled with clean sawdust.' 'Take it along,' was the rejoinder. The boys immediately put a clean one in its place and took away the old one. I was so interested to see what they intended to do that I followed them, and to my surprise they commenced to pan out the sawdust, and in a little while they recovered \$14 in gold."—Alaska Miner.

Cat of the Commonwealth.

No cats are brought into the State House, but they come of their own sweet will, and stay a great deal longer than their presence is desired. When the guide gathers his tourists about him in the House lobby and lifts his umbrella to point to the honored names in the skylight above, the visitors are sure to see the form of a cat stretched at full length on the glass. The cat is not dead, however, as the whole force of the sergeant-at-arms can testify, but is simply taking a snooze in the genial sunlight. She came in through the Bulfinch front and sought the roof. She feeds on mice, and nobody can get within a hundred feet of her. If she is surrounded at the Derne street end she soon makes a break through the line of her pursuers and adjourns to the vicinity of the gilded dome. At present she spends most of her time over the skylight in the state library.—Boston Transcript.

Lynched by Swallows.

A successful lynching took place on the farm of Jerome Butler, south of Marlette, Mich., the other day. In the barn a swallow's nest was seen clinging to the side of a beam from which was suspended an English sparrow, hung by the neck with a hair from a horse's tail. While Franklin Butler and Orla Albertson were sitting in the barn they noticed a sparrow go into the swallow's nest, from which it began pitching the young birds. Three swallows, attracted by their outcry, immediately pounced upon the intruder. After confining him to the nest for a few minutes they threw him out. He dropped about a foot, there was a jerk, and Mr. Sparrow was hanged as nicely as though an expert hangman had been in charge. The hair was wound around his neck several times, and after a few ineffectual struggles he kicked his last. —Grand Rapids Herald.

He who runs may read, but if he's running for office the less he has to say the better.

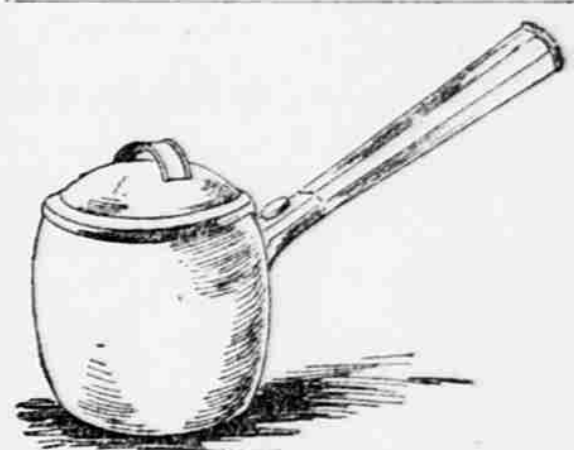


Plum Pudding.

In the best plum pudding beef marrow is used, not suet. Remove the strings from three-quarters of a pound of the nicest beef's marrow, and chop it fine, adding a teaspoonful of salt; add also a pound of Malaga raisins, a pound of sultanas and a pound of currants, with three-quarters of a pound of fine grated breadcrumbs. Mix together half a teaspoonful each of allspice, ground cloves and cinnamon, and half a grated nutmeg, and add to the pudding. Mix thoroughly all these dry ingredients, grate in the yellow peel of a lemon, and add two ounces each of candied citron, orange and lemon peel, cut in thin slices, and a quarter of a pound of granulated sugar. Add, finally, ten eggs, half a gill each of rum and brandy, and a gill of sherry. Mix the pudding, and if it is too stiff add a little hot milk; if too thin a few more bread crumbs. A quarter of a pound of sweet almonds, blanched and chopped fine, is sometimes added. When the spices are omitted a teaspoonful of bitter almonds is added for seasoning.

To Protect the Cook's Hands.

The detachable handle principle has been very conveniently applied to the kitchen boiler kettle, as is herewith shown. The pot illustrated has a detachable handle, so that when the boiling is accomplished the pot can easily



POT WITH DETACHABLE HANDLE.

be removed without burning one's hands. Another striking feature of this pot, of English invention and design, it may be added, is the strainer in the lid, the many advantages of which it is needless to point out.

Things to Know.

Mix stove blacking with vinegar; this will make it stick better and also give a better polish.

To cool a hot kettle quickly set it in cold water and salt; this will cool it far more rapidly than if it were stood in cold water only.

After washing lamp chimneys rub them with dry salt, which will give a brilliant polish to the glass.

Frosted green vegetables may be restored by steeping in cold water twelve hours before boiling.

A few grains of salt sprinkled on coffee before adding the water brings out and improves the flavor.

To keep parsley a good color for parsley sauce, tie it in a bunch, throw into boiling water and boil five minutes; chop finely, and add to the sauce in the usual manner.

Filling for Fig Cake.

For the cake any good white cake recipe will serve. For the filling the figs must be cut into pieces the size of Lima beans, covered with water and stewed slowly for two hours; then one-half of a pound of sugar for each pound of figs must be added, and the gentle simmering continued until you have a soft, well-blended, thick preserve. This should be prepared before-hand, that it may be cold and ready to spread on the cake layers when they are half cold.

Celery Salad.

Take half a head of cabbage and three bunches of celery chopped fine. Mix well one cupful of vinegar, a lump of butter the size of an egg, the yolks of three eggs, a teaspoonful of mustard, one of salt, the same of pepper and two of sugar. Heat this mixture on the stove until it thickens, stirring constantly. When cold add two tablespoonfuls of sweet cream or olive oil and pour over the celery and cabbage.

Renovating Fabrics.

Prints, if rinsed in salt and water, look brighter.

For scorches in linen spread over them the juice of an onion, and a quarter ounce of white soap.

Silk handkerchiefs and ribbons should be washed in salt and water and ironed wet to look well.

Yellow spots on the linen or cotton produced by the iron may be removed by setting them in the boiling sun.

Velvets should be held over the steam of boiling water, and kept well stretched until the moisture has evaporated.

Wash black stockings in weak soda, to which is added a tablespoonful of ox gall. Rinse until no color runs. Iron on the wrong side.

An excellent starch for dark clothes, blue calicoes, etc., is made by using cold coffee left from breakfast, instead of pure water. Make the starch as usual.

Colored muslins should be washed in a lather of cold water. If the muslin be green add a little vinegar to the water, if lilac a little ammonia, if black a little salt.

A heaped-up teaspoonful of chloride of lime mixed with one quart of water will remove mildew. Rinse the cloth in clear water as soon as all the spots have disappeared.

The fact that a politician is poor is not of itself evidence of honesty.