FOR LIGHT.

Then, that, who knowest all my transgressions
The heedless faults of my youth and of years,
The reason, the cause of those the years
The unpardoning others included blunders,
The defiling of the city where thou dwelt
Were unless accounted and the Scots that made
Thou
Thou playing tent of all the infinite spheres,
Or are worthy to be accounted, and forgiven
Show any me, that I know what path to right
Now darkness see it right more count strong,
Through with transport cause I turn to face the
right,
Or, revealing mercy, the mental fog, or fend
Dear God, will that, and that I ask I ask
strong,
Expand me to my duty, give me light,
—Mary Charles to Jane Gaskell Tomlinson
verse.

AN AVENGING SPIRIT.

Hush! There it is. Tangibly calling his midnight visit. There can be no mistake! It is the unmistakable sound, the wide and silent railway. It is the ghost!

Springing up I gave Dalrymple by the arm and gave him a raising shake. He starts up with a sleepy, half frightened look.

"Jack," said I in an awed whisper "Hush! There is the ghost's step. The house is haunted! Come, let's creeping down stairs."

Dalrymple rubbed his eyes and sprang to his feet. "Hush, but you must be in mer for him, and it was for this reason that I had asked him to spend a night with me in this house, about which were so many stories of ghosts walking of night, which were so much avoided by the villagers.

And in truth the house's sinister reputation was not without foundation. It had not been occupied for thirteen years and was now considered by natives and tourists. Its roof was all moss grown and all approaches to it were grown up in weeds and briers. No one had cared to go near it in thirteen years. Its last occupant was a rich old man who lived in it only during the summer and was all alone. For fifteen summers he lived there. The people knew but little of him save that his name was Cooper Trump and that he was very wealthy.

The last seen of him about the village was one day in August just thirteen years before the occurrence of the incident narrated at the beginning of the story. He was observed walking about the place superintending some work that he was having done. The next day the house was shut up and he was seen no more. It was thought that he had returned to the city, great wealth turn up the next summer. A few months later a younger brother of his came down and removed the furniture and closed up the house. That was the last ever seen of Cooper Trump, and the next summer the house was not opened.

The big, roomy house remained all through the year following closed up, deserted and alone. The villagers who passed by at night began to tell strange stories of the sounds that they heard inside, and declared that they had often seen a light shining through the blinds, and had heard voices moaning as if in pain. These stories gave the house a reputation of being haunted, and it was given a wide berth by all at night, just as many other houses are in nearly every village. For thirteen years the house maintained the reputation thus acquired and even increased it. It became the talk of the town, and any number of intrepid youths spoke of spending a night in the house and solving the mystery. But none ever did so. I determined to see if there was anything in the many stories that had been told, and proposed to Jack Dalrymple that we spend a night in the house and meet the ghost face to face.

And so it came to pass that we repaired to the silent house one night just after dark, and opening the creaking door entered the wide hallway. All was dark. We lighted a wax taper and set it down in the hallway to give us light. We spent the first few hours of the night speculating about the appearance of his ghostship, and finally, becoming wearied, we had fallen asleep. I had scarcely closed my eyes when I heard the footsteps as described above.

And after rousing Dalrymple we walked into the hallway.

We could hear the footsteps sounding in the hallway just over our heads. It was the ghost and it was coming toward the stairway. Nearer and nearer the footsteps came, and faster and faster my heart beat. Another step—

Great God! There it was! Hideous! Horrible!

At last I had seen a ghost! Is all my most horrible freaks of imagination I had never conjured up anything half so frightful or hideous as this. It was the figure of an old man, who might have been a thousand years old, so lean, so feeble and decrepit he seemed. He was bareheaded, and had on a coat, which with the other he steadied himself on the railing of the stairway. But more horrible than all was the awful gaping out which seemed from one of his ears to the other and which was dripping with blood. The long white hair was matted with blood, and the long white hair which fell in folds over his shoulder was soaked with gore.

This horrible, unearthly figure came down the stairway and stood before us staring at us with his wild, maniacal protruding, bloodshot eyes, while his chin eyes were twitching nervously and the ghastly wound was gaping open, showing the sinews and tendons.

"Who—who are you?" asked Dalrymple in a husky voice.

The structure replied in a squeaking voice without moving his lips, the voice coming out of the gaping wound.

"I," he said, "I am Cooper Trump. And I was murdered here in this house thirteen years ago."

"Trump—murdered!" was all I could ejaculate.

And this was a ghost!

"Yes, I am. I am a ghost," he continued in the same way as before. "But I have no time to spare with you. I am going to call on my murderer!"

"Call on your murderer! What do you mean? Explain yourself," asked Dalrymple nervously.

"I mean what I say" continued the ghost. "I was murdered in cold blood. I am a ghost and I am now going to haunt the wretch who gave me that," and he pointed to the gaping, ghastly wound across his throat.

"Where—who killed you?" asked Dalrymple.

"His name?" the ghost asked. "Ah, I don't know that. But its face! Ah! how many thousand times have I seen it! I glow contorted in the most dreadful agony, as I would appear before him suddenly. Before the night is gone he can tell me where I need see him. I know nothing about the job beyond the fact that I was killed with the other bankers. I paid no attention to him. But on that dreadful night I recognized him as he stood over me with that stunning club drawn. I called out for mercy, but he would not hear me. He struck the fatal blow. I felt the sharp edge of the knife and then I felt my life blood flowing out and my strength was gone.

"Everything appeared in a mist to me and gently sank all had faded and I was dead. But I was in another world. I could hold communion with a thousand other whipped souls who had been murdered for their gold like that good world. They told me every victim of how they at all been tempted from prison who had wronged them in the world. But to that respect I am a pecular ghost. I have my regular haunting hour. I remember to my murderer and see on the clock to as adjacent warm chimed the hour of 1 o'clock, and every night just at 1 o'clock I pay my visit—for a my victim cow—a visit. And I must be going."

He moved toward the door and we followed.

"Do you young men want to follow a ghost upon his circuitous mission?" he asked.

"By all means, if you will let us," said Dalrymple.

"I have no objection. A ghost does no harm to mortals, but you may go."

We followed him out through the darkness to the road that led past the house. He moved quickly along the road and we followed, lured with a sensation which I cannot explain. With a groan on his nightly mission! This was something strange—passing strange.

Over the hills we followed his ghostship until the village had been completely left behind. The hills, covered with their harvests of corn, were on either side.

Where was he going? Who was the murderer? These thoughts filled through my brain as I followed. Presently we topped the crest a long farmhouse.

"This is the place," said he.

Great heavens! Was it possible! I knew the place well. It was the residence of Captain James Standifird, one of the most prominent men in our whole vicinity.

"This cannot be true," said Dalrymple.

But the ghost gave us no time for words or thoughts.

"Follow me," he said, and he entered the house. Bolts and bars have no terrors for the ghost, power against a ghost, for he pushed the door lightly aside and stepped into the hallway. Evidently he knew the place well. A look of delight, I fancied, came over his face as he beckoned us to follow him up the stairway.

At the top of the room he stopped before a door.

"This is his room," he said.

He turned the knob and went in.

The room was dark, but through an open shutter a faint streak of light entered.

On a bed a sleeper was tossing restlessly. It was Standifird.

He moaned, uttered curses over and then, with a frightened start, sat up in bed.

His eyes fell upon the ghastly ghost figure standing at the foot of his bed, holding a bloody club, and more horrible than when we had first seen him.

With a loud cry of terror he sprang from the bed and ran to the further side of the room. Slowly the ghost went after him.

"Take it away! Take it away!" he shrieked. "It's his face! Take it away! Oh, God! Take it away!"

Standifird's face was so terribly drawn and contorted by his terror that one of his most intimate acquaintances would not have known him.

The ghost went slowly toward him, and with a moaned, terrified look he was allowed to down getting as far from the ghost as the room would allow, shrieking and moaning piteously all the while.

Retreating to a corner like a cornered bear, he was blinded with terror and ready to meet from unknown, Standifird held up an handle toward the ghost and cried out piteously.

"Go away now, please go away! I am sorry—so sorry, and this is enough—my God! it's enough!"

But the avenging spirit did not hear his plea for mercy. Wherever Standifird went the horrible thing followed him.

For almost an hour it went on thus, when at last Standifird becoming utterly exhausted, threw himself on the bed and covered his face with his pillow, trying to shut out the hideous spectacle of his victim.

For a moment the ghost hovered over him and was gone.

Dalrymple and myself stood rooted to the spot for a few moments, and then, sinking our positions, went back down the stairway and out of the house.

"This is a horrible experience," said Dalrymple, "and a horrible revelation."

We walked back home in silence, heavy with our own thoughts concerning the novel experience of the night.

The next day I met Standifird on the streets. He spoke to me in his usual happy manner, but I noticed dark lines under his eyes, while he wore a sleepy and dejected look.

If was a murderer, and no one but myself and Dalrymple knew and would ever know.

Would it do to proclaim him to the world as such with no proof but the ghost's testimony, and to have the ghost summoned into court? I think not.—Robert L. Adamson in Atlanta Constitution.

The versatility of woman's mind would never have been apparent only for the modern agitation about her rights. A lady writing to an agricultural paper begins her "talk" with a decent exhortation to [illegible] Bible and ends it with a recipe for [illegible] ing cabbage worms.

What fools mortals are was never more heartily illustrated than in the bloody now, unauthorized rush for town lots at the opening for settlement of the new town of Chandler, at T. Before any money, land office fees are spent for settlement the government should decide some means by which the disgraceful and dangerous scenes of Oklahoma can be avoided. From the way the fighting, clawing, shouting human animals rushed into Chandler a stranger would conclude those paltry lots were the last bits of soil on this earth, and there never was going to be any more.

"German Syrup"

Here is an incident from the South—Mississippi, written in April, 1890, just after the Grippe had visited that country. "I am a farmer, one of those who have to rise early and work hard. At the beginning of last Winter I was taken sick with the Grippe. Monitoring my cough gave worse and worse and then the Grippe came along and I caught that also very severely. My condition then considered me to be in a critical state. I saw Jos. T. Ballard, Jr., Copiaga, Issaquena Co., Miss. 9

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Probate Court, in and for the Salt Lake County, Territory of Utah.

In the matter of the Estate of Jane Preston, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT [illegible]

C. E. ALLEN, Clerk of the Probate Court.

By C. E. STANDIFORD, Deputy Clerk. 9

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Probate Court, in and for the Salt Lake County, Territory of Utah.

In the Matter of the Estate of Jacob Fairbanks, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT [illegible]

C. E. ALLEN, Clerk of the Probate Court.

By C. E. STANDIFORD, Deputy Clerk. 9

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Probate Court, in and for the Salt Lake County, Territory of Utah.

In the matter of the estate of Charles Fox, deceased.

Notice of final account and petition for the settlement of estate and for administration to distribute to wit.

PURSUANT TO AN ORDER OF SALE [illegible]

C. E. ALLEN, Clerk of the Probate Court.

By C. E. STANDIFORD, Deputy Clerk.

Geo. C. Pierce, Attorney for Petitioner. 9

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Probate Court, in and for Salt Lake County, Territory of Utah.

In the matter of the estate of William Tegan, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT [illegible]

C. E. ALLEN, Clerk of the Probate Court.

By C. E. STANDIFORD, Deputy Clerk. 9

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Lucky Bill Mining Company. Location of principal place of business Park City, Utah.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AT [illegible]

Park City, Utah.

Notice is hereby given that on the 10th day of September, 1891, the Board of Trustees of the Deseret Evening News Company, a corporation, made and levied an assessment of one cent per share upon the capital stock of said corporation, payable in the secretary's office, Deseret News Building, Salt Lake City, Utah, Salt Lake County, Utah, on or before the 10th day of October, 1891, and that any stock on which shall be delinquent on the 1st day of September, 1891, will be advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on the 10th day of October, 1891, at the office of the company, Deseret News Building, Salt Lake City, Utah, Salt Lake County, Utah, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expense of sale.

Lucky Bill Mining Company.

Residence and Post Office Address, Salt Lake City, Utah.

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Probate Court, in and for Salt Lake County, Territory of Utah.

In the matter of the Estate of Edward Collister, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT [illegible]

C. E. ALLEN, Clerk of the Probate Court.

By C. E. STANDIFORD, Deputy Clerk. 9

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Probate Court, in and for the Salt Lake County, Territory of Utah.

In the matter of the Estate of Jane Preston, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT [illegible]

C. E. ALLEN, Clerk of the Probate Court.

By C. E. STANDIFORD, Deputy Clerk. 9

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Probate Court, in and for the Salt Lake County, Territory of Utah.

In the matter of the Estate of Jacob Fairbanks, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT [illegible]

C. E. ALLEN, Clerk of the Probate Court.

By C. E. STANDIFORD, Deputy Clerk. 9

NOTICE.

In the Probate Court, in and for the Salt Lake County, Territory of Utah.

In the matter of the Estate of Jane Preston, deceased.

ELIZABETH FURNISS, NANCY E. [illegible]

C. E. ALLEN, Clerk of the Probate Court.

By C. E. STANDIFORD, Deputy Clerk. 9

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Probate Court, in and for the Salt Lake County, Territory of Utah.

In the matter of the Estate of Jane Preston, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT [illegible]

C. E. ALLEN, Clerk of the Probate Court.

By C. E. STANDIFORD, Deputy Clerk. 9

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Probate Court, in and for the Salt Lake County, Territory of Utah.

In the matter of the Estate of Jane Preston, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT [illegible]

C. E. ALLEN, Clerk of the Probate Court.

By C. E. STANDIFORD, Deputy Clerk. 9

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Probate Court, in and for the Salt Lake County, Territory of Utah.

In the matter of the Estate of Jane Preston, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT [illegible]

C. E. ALLEN, Clerk of the Probate Court.

By C. E. STANDIFORD, Deputy Clerk. 9

DELINQUENT NOTICE.

The Deseret News Company. Place of business, Salt Lake City, Salt Lake County, State of Utah, and Deseret Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.

NOTICE—THERE IS REMAINING UNPAID [illegible]

Name.	No. of Certificate.	No. of Shares.	Amount.
Chas. G. Scott.	[illegible]	4,000	$1,000.00
D. F. W. Cannon.	[illegible]	1,000	250.00
Geo. Q. Cannon.	[illegible]	1,000	250.00
John T. Dixon.	[illegible]	1,000	250.00
L. E. Hart.	[illegible]	1,000	250.00
Chas. M. Scott.	[illegible]	16,000	4,000.00
Geo. S. Eccles.	[illegible]	12,000	3,000.00
W. Mercer.	[illegible]	2,000	500.00
R. Stringham.	[illegible]	12,000	3,000.00
Brigham Young.	[illegible]	2,000	500.00
John Taylor.	[illegible]	2,000	500.00
A. M. Cannon.	[illegible]	2,000	500.00
J. T. Caine.	[illegible]	2,000	500.00
A. Saville.	[illegible]	2,000	500.00
S. A. Lawrence.	[illegible]	2,000	500.00
W. S. Burton.	[illegible]	2,000	500.00
J. E. Wilcox.	[illegible]	2,000	500.00
E. D. Woolley.	[illegible]	2,000	500.00
A. F. Woolley.	[illegible]	2,000	500.00
A. H. Cannon.	[illegible]	2,000	500.00
S. A. Lowe.	[illegible]	2,000	500.00
C. S. Burton.	[illegible]	2,000	500.00
Total.	[illegible]	3,750	1,000.00
C. Dodd.	[illegible]	200	50.00
D. C. Dodd.	[illegible]	200	50.00
J. Dodd.	[illegible]	200	50.00
J. H. Taylor.	[illegible]	200	50.00
W. F. Lewis.	[illegible]	200	50.00
L. S. Benson.	[illegible]	200	50.00
W. H. Lewis.	[illegible]	200	50.00
J. Bringhurst.	[illegible]	200	50.00

And in accordance with the act and order of the board of trustees made on the 11th day of April, 1891, so much thereof as shall be sufficient to pay the amount of said assessment on each share of said stock as may be delinquent, will be sold at the office of the company, Salt Lake City, Utah, Salt Lake County, Utah, on the 10th day of May, 1891, at 2 o'clock p. m., to pay the said assessment on said stock, together with the cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Trustees.

C. E. ALLEN, Acting Secretary.

Salt Lake City, Utah, July 13, 1891.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Bullion-Beck Mining Company, held this day, the following assessment was levied upon the capital stock of said company, payable in gold coin of the United States, to the office of the company, Room 64, Dooly Block, Salt Lake City, Utah:

[illegible]

By order of the President.

E. M. WILLIS, Acting Secretary.

Salt Lake City, Utah, July 13, 1891.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Belle of Ophir Mining Company, held this day, the following assessment was levied upon the capital stock of said company, payable in gold coin of the United States, to the office of the company, Room 64, Dooly Block, Salt Lake City, Utah:

[illegible]

By order of the President.

E. M. WILLIS, Acting Secretary.

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Probate Court, in and for the Salt Lake County, Territory of Utah.

In the matter of the Estate of Jane Preston, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT [illegible]

C. E. ALLEN, Clerk of the Probate Court.

By C. E. STANDIFORD, Deputy Clerk. 9

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Probate Court, in and for the Salt Lake County, Territory of Utah.

In the matter of the Estate of Jane Preston, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT [illegible]

C. E. ALLEN, Clerk of the Probate Court.

By C. E. STANDIFORD, Deputy Clerk. 9

SUMMONS.

In the Probate Court, in and for the Third Judicial District of Utah Territory.

Kate Bennington, Plaintiff,

vs.

Frank Bennington, Defendant.

The People of the Territory of Utah send Greeting to Frank Bennington, Defendant:

YOU ARE HEREBY ADMONISHED TO APPEAR [illegible]

Given under my hand and seal of the Probate Court, and in witness the complaint filed herein, this 10th day of October, A. D. 1891.

C. E. ALLEN, Clerk of the Probate Court.

By C. E. STANDIFORD, Deputy Clerk. 9

NOTICE.

In the Probate Court, in and for the Third Judicial District of Utah Territory.

Salt Lake.

In the matter of the Estate of Jane Preston, deceased.

[illegible]

C. E. ALLEN, Clerk of the Probate Court.

By C. E. STANDIFORD, Deputy Clerk. 9

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Mary Ann Jensen, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE [illegible]

HENRY W. MCMILLAN, [illegible]

Administrator of the Estate of Mary Ann Jensen, deceased. 9 (10 30 11)

DELINQUENT NOTICE.

LUCKY BILL MINING COMPANY. [illegible]

Name.	No. of Certificate.	No. of Shares.	Amount.
J. F. Simmons.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Wm. R. Carter.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Wm. Weston.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Wm. Jennings.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
R. S. Lowrey.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
J. A. Smith.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
J. A. Smith.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Wm. Carter.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

[illegible]

Salt Lake City, Utah.

PIONEER

PATENT ROLLER MILL CO.

MILLS: 56 North Temple St., East.
OFFICE: 21 South Temple St., West.

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HIGHEST CASH PRICE PAID FOR WHEAT.

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ELIAS MORRIS, Proprietor.

Deseret News Company

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BLANK BOOKS,

COUNTY BLANKS.

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GAVEY TAX BOARD and Roll Guards of 35 rods. Used in Salt Lake City and Ogden.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED.

F. AUERBACH & BRO

GREATEST SILK AND CLOAK SALE

EVER ANNOUNCED.

Notwithstanding our sales are far ahead of last season, overcrowded shelves and counters force us to make this sale. A glance at our Cloak Room will convince any one that lack of space compels us to make unprecedented reductions so early in the season.

SILK AND CLOAK SALE.

1,000 yards of Fancy Wash Novelty Brocade Silk, last qualities and choicest designs, at 50c., $1.00, $1.15 and $1.25, positively worth from $1.50 to $2.00 per yard.

Faille Francaise, extra quality, 20 inches wide, at 97½c, worth $1.50.

Ladies' Cloth Cloaks and Misses' Coats, at $4.95, $5.75, $6.25, $7.75, $8.95, $9.50 and $9.90. A saving of 50 per cent.

Ladies' Cloth Cloaks, in a variety of time, shapes, for large sizes or more beautiful styles, after cutting at F. Auerbach & Bro's.

Fur Trimmed Camels Hair Jackets, valued at $20.00, for $12.50.

The Latest: 27 inch Bengalines, at 97½c, worth $1.25.

$25.00 Silk Brocade Jackets for $14.50.

Black Arcadia Silk, 100 yards, at 97½c, worth $1.25.

1,000 yards of Black Sueze Silk, at 50c., reduced from 85c.

All Wool Cheviot Cloaks, in lovely evening shades, at 50c., valued at $5.00.

20 pieces 36 inch Colored Serges, former price 85c., now only 35c., all wool.

Satin Luxor, 200 yards, at 97½c., reduced from $1.25.

Satin Luxor, 250 yards, at $1.20, valued at $2.00.

Camels Hair Effect Novelties, 40 in. wide, at 50c., would be cheap at $1.00.

$10 Novelty Capes, Paris make, at $10.00. A rare bargain.

Black Gros Grain Silk, 200 yards, 19 inches, at 50c., regular price 85c.

Satin Rhadames, 300 yards, 24 inches, at 37½c., real value 90c.

Bengalines, Ottomans effect, 150 yards, at 97½c., valued at $1.25.

Faille Francaise extra quality, 25 inches wide, at 97½c., worth $1.50.

300 yards Black Brocade Silk, at 75c., reduced from $1.25.

$22.50 Genuine Plush Coats for $15.00.

$22.50 Ladies' Cloth Coats, elegantly lined, for $15.00.

$15.00 Cloth Jackets, Razor lined, $9.50.

Magnificent $50 Seal Plush Sacques, at $35.00. They'll go quick.

Over $7.00 Fur-Trimmed Hoodes are cheaper $4.00.

10 oz Charlie Tea Silk, elegantly lined, for $3.00.

R. Priestley & Co's Genuine Alex. Wing Brocaids, Melrose and Eminence Cloths, Crepes, Cassimeres, Cloth, Diagonals, etc., etc., at prices never before approached.

Our Tea Gowns, Ladies' Robes and Wrappers are getting crushed and ruined for lack of room. A remnant of something will sell them quick.

OUR LADIES' SHOE DEPARTMENT

IS OFFERING SOME REAL BARGAINS.

F. AUERBACH & BRO.

BARTON & CO

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ALL NEW SINCE THE FIRE.

BARTON & CO

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ALBANY · CHICAGO · DETROIT
ACORN
STOVES AND RANGES

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THE POSITIVE CURE.