



NEW GOODS AT LOW PRICES!

We call the attention of our friends to the fact that our Mr. Fallowfield has just returned from New York and Philadelphia with a large stock of New Goods, consisting of Men's and Youth's

READY-MADE CLOTHING, Ladies', Gents', and Children's Underwear, Notions, Dry Goods, Groceries, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Hardware, Tinware, Queensware &c.

All of which, having been carefully selected and bought for cash, we will sell at bottom prices for the cash or trade. Give us a call, and be convinced that we sell bargains.

Smith & Fallowfield, TEMPLEVILLE, MD.

BARGAINS!

I have just received from the city and now have in stock at my store at Goldsborough a large new stock of

DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS, BOOTS, SHOES, &c., and I feel justified in saying that my stock is in every particular adapted to the wants of our people. I make it a business to please my customers, merit their confidence and compensate them for their visits.

My Motto is, "SMALL PROFITS and QUICK SALES." I thank the people for their patronage, and hope fidelity to their interests will secure a continuance of the same.

THOMAS S. KINNAMON.

FULL STOCK. LOW PRICES.

GEO. F. SLOAN & BRO.,

LUMBER,

SHINGLES, SASH, DOORS,

BLINDS, etc.,

132 LIGHT STREET WHARF, BALTIMORE, MD.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

1826 ESTABLISHED 1826 WINTER.

OUR STOCK IS NOW COMPLETE FOR THE

WINTER SEASON!

We Have a Big Variety of

BOYS' SCHOOL SUITS TO WHICH, AS ALSO TO OUR

GENERAL ASSORTMENT,

We would call attention, as well as to the fact that we offer our Goods at such Prices as will Prove Satisfactory to our Customers.

ALL OF OUR GOODS ARE PROPERLY SHRUNK BEFORE BEING MADE UP.

NOAH WALKER AND CO.,

165-167 W. BALTIMORE STREET,

Baltimore, Md.

ABLE DEEDS OF THE GREAT AND BRAVE... AGENTS WANTED.

JOSEPH W. BRYANT, URBIC TOWNSEND, BRYANT & TOWNSEND, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, DENTON, MD.

PHILIP W. DOWDER, M. S. METZGER, DOWDER & MUTCHLER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, DENTON, MD.

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HENRY IRWIN & SON, AUTIONEERS, DENTON, MD.

WE ASK ALL

Interested in Hides, Furs, Wool, Roots, Feathers, Beeswax, Butter, Cheese, Eggs, Dried Fruit, Poultry, Hay and Produce general to send for our Price Currents.

R. L. WILLIAMS & CO., GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS

Office, 169 WILLIAM STREET, 10 11 12. NEW YORK.

THAWLEY & GHINGER, BUTCHERS, DENTON, MD.

KEEP constantly on hand a fresh supply of the best Beef and other meats. They also keep constantly on hand first class corned Beef. Their store opposite the Brick Hotel will be open

TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS and SATURDAYS all day, and on other days until noon. Changes in price of beef will always be notified. 1, 1, 81

COAL, COAL, COAL.

I am receiving and will keep constantly on hand at

DENTON BRIDGE, A FULL SUPPLY OF ANTHRACITE COAL

at the following prices: No. 2 Lyken's Valley \$5.50

" 5 " " 5.50 " 3 " " 6.00 Bituminous Coal 4.75

Coal delivered in town when requested at 50cts. per ton. Soliciting your orders. I am respectfully, CHAS. F. WILLIS, Denton Bridge.

BRICK HOTEL, DENTON, MD., JOHN H. VAN GESEL, Proprietor.

I keep also a good stock of horses and carriages, in fact a COMPLETE LIVERY STABLE, and am prepared to furnish single or double teams on reasonable terms. 9 18 11 JOHN H. VAN GESEL.

AYER'S PILLS.

A large proportion of the diseases which cause human suffering result from derangement of the stomach, bowels, and liver. AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS are directly upon these organs, and are especially designed to cure the diseases caused by their derangement, including Constipation, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Headache, Dizziness, and a host of other ailments, for all of which they are a safe, sure, prompt, and pleasant remedy.

These PILLS are compounded of vegetable substances only, and are absolutely free from calomel or any other injurious ingredient. A Sufferer from Headache writes: "AYER'S PILLS are invaluable to me, and are my constant companion. I have been suffering from Headache, and your PILLS are the only thing I could look for to relieve me. I have taken them, and my bowels and head are free from pain. They are the most effective and the easiest to take I have ever found. It is a pleasure to me to speak in their praise, and I always do so with conviction."

W. L. FARR, of W. L. Page & Bro., Franklin St., Richmond, Va., June 2, 1882. "I have used AYER'S PILLS in numberless instances as recommended by you, and have never been subjected to constipation of any kind. I have taken them in all seasons, and they have entirely corrected the constive habit, and have vastly improved my general health."

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS correct irregularities of the bowels, stimulate the appetite and digestion, and by their prompt and thorough action give tone and vigor to the whole physical economy. PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists.

Dear Little Hands, Dear little hands, I loved them so! And now they are lying under the snow— Under the snow, so cold and white, I cannot see them or touch them to-night. They are quiet and still at last, ah me! How many and restless they used to be! But now they can never reach up through the snow, Dear little hands, I loved them so!

Dear little hands I miss them so! All through the day, wherever I go— All through the night, how lonely it seems, For no little hands wake me out of my dreams. I miss them all through the weary hours, I miss them as others miss sunshine and flowers. Day time, or night time, wherever I go, Dear little hands, I miss them so!

Dear little hands, they have gone from me now. Never again will they rest on my brow— Never again smooth my sorrowful face, Never clasp me in a childish embrace, And now my forehead grows wrinkled with care. Thinking of little hands once resting there, But I know in a happier, heavenlier clime, Dear little hands, I will clasp you sometime.

Dear little hands, when the Master shall call, I'll welcome the summons that comes to us all— When my feet touch the waters sodark and cold. And I catch my first glimpse of the City above, If I keep my eyes fixed on the heavenly gate, Over the tide where the white-rob'd ones wait, Shall I know you, I wonder, among the bright hands? Will you beckon me over, oh! dear little hands? MAMMA.

JENNIE. When John Claghorn and Annie Sylvester were married, the hundred and one friends who attended the magnificent wedding, and showered upon the young couple their congratulations and presents, did so in just appreciation of their fitness each for other. That they were suited in every way to life companions there could be no doubt. Both were rich and neither had eccentric tastes that would clash with the matter-of-fact, conventional habits of the other.

They had never distinguished themselves in any way worthy of mention, and were, on the whole, two average people, well-educated and with a sufficient stock of ordinary accomplishments to enable them to comport themselves with credit in any society.

No one who was present at the wedding ever dreamed that the young couple would, in forty-eight hours after the ceremony was performed, be on the point of separation. After the wedding-breakfast, they proceeded to Guildford, and were comfortably domiciled in the groom's snug cottage.

They were too well-bred to show their affection, each for the other, in public; but when alone their near and tender relation was the inspiration for endearing caresses, that would not interest the reader if described, and the bestowal of loving epithets would be the veriest nonsense in print.

Dinner was served at six o'clock; and when the groom entered the library, while his wife retired to dress for the meal, a servant handed him a letter which was forwarded from his town address.

"From Gerald?" he cried, breaking the seal; and stepping to the window, where the light was better, he read as follows: "SCARBORO', June 5. DEAR OLD JOHN—The invitation cards reached me by this morning's post. I was not surprised, for I was confident you would like each other, and the outcome would be a wedding. My business is such that I shall have to forego the pleasure of attending the nuptial festivities, but my congratulations are yours and hers. My best wishes are for your happiness and for the happiness to Mr. and Mrs. Claghorn!

Jubilantly yours, GERALD AINSWORTH. P. S.—I saw Miss Montgomery yesterday. You know her father is interested in some big contract and he is here attending to his interests. Edna and her two sisters accompany him. She hopes to meet you and Mrs. Claghorn in town next season. While visiting her I talked a few minutes to Jennie. She is certainly benefited by the long trip, but she misses you sadly. Edna says that for days after the parting her grief was violent, and she did nothing but cry. "Dear John, why did you leave me?" There is no doubt that a sight of your dear old face would brighten her up wonderfully, and I hope that for her sake Mrs. Claghorn will so overcome her dislike as to receive her. G. A.

He had barely finished reading this letter when the door opened and his wife entered. He thrust the missive into his inner pocket with a guilty start. Dinner was announced, and they were soon seated tete-a-tete. It was John Claghorn's intention to read the letter and make explanation to his wife during the meal, but a trifling circumstance occurred to prevent it.

They were chatting in that tender, confidential way which young couples so much indulge in during the honeymoon, when Mrs. Claghorn, as though suddenly recollecting something of importance, turned to the water and said, "Any letters, James?"

"Only one, madam—for Mr. Claghorn." "Confound the fellow's stupidity!" growled John, inwardly. And then, as his wife glanced at him inquiringly, he said, aloud: "It is from Gerald Ainsworth. You know he is at Scarborough, and could not be present at the wedding. He sends his congratulations, and has forwarded his present, which I fancy will be something unique, by express."

"May I read his letter?" "Presently. I'll read it to you," was the answer. "But he abruptly changed the subject, and not referring to the letter again, she had forgotten it when they were to be present. A friend of theirs rode up, and Mrs. Claghorn ran out to greet her. John retired to his dressing-room to change his coat; but somehow, when he shifted the contents of his pockets, Gerald Ainsworth's letter fluttered to a floor, and escaped his observation.

There was a concert that night, and they were to be present. While dressing, Mrs. Claghorn had occasion to enter her husband's room, and spying the letter, picked it up. "Gerald's letter," she said, glancing at the postmark. "I like him because he is so fond of John. I wonder what sort of people those Montgomerys are? John often speaks of them, and Gerald is engaged to be married to the eldest daughter, Edna. I hope she's a good woman, for he deserves the best of wives." She indulged in this little soliloquy, holding the letter in her hand. "I wonder what he says?" she ventured at last. "There is certainly no harm in my reading the letter, for John said I should."

This fortifying herself, she drew out the note-sheet and read. As she eyes followed the lines of the postscript, her face grew pale, and her lip trembled. "Merciful heaven!" she managed to gasp at last. And she repeated over the mysterious postscript aloud. Then tears of grief, shame and jealousy gushed from her eyes, and she stamped her foot upon the mantel ornaments rattled.

"How could he deceive me so cruelly?" she cried. "Oh, John, I loved and trusted you, but I little dreamed you were such a heartless, unprincipled scoundrel! Oh!" And she wrung her hands and would have beaten her hair had not her husband suddenly entered the room. She concealed the letter and faced him.

"What's the matter, dear?" he demanded, halting on the threshold. "Oh, you villain!" she hissed. "Annie—Mrs. Claghorn!" he gasped, and took a step towards her. "Don't touch me!" she cried, starting back with a gesture of scorn. "I thought you an honest man when I married you. A thousand times you have protested to me that I was the only woman you ever loved. But you lied to me; and now, when I have proof of your base perfidy, I despise and scorn you!"

"Why, gracious me! What have I done?" he cried, much astonished. "Base perfidy? Lies! What do you mean?" "Ask yourself, Mr. Claghorn," she retorted, with cutting irony. "I am glad I learned the truth in time. Henceforth, sir, we are two! I shall telegraph to mamma instantly, and you will be at liberty to return to your first love!"

She swept from the room, although he sprang forward to detain her. He could not imagine the cause of her changed demeanor, but the ridiculousness of her tragic utterances amused him, and he could not repress a smile. "I wonder what can be the matter?" he mused. "The woman is crazy, or has listened and believed the stories of some false friend. I'll demand an instant explanation."

He was thoroughly in earnest now, and proceeded to the door of the boudoir. It was locked, and he could hear stifled sobbing inside. "Annie!" he said, knocking on the panel. No answer; but the sobbing ceased, and all was quiet. "Little wife?" he continued. Still silence.

"Mrs. Claghorn!" This in a stern, determined tone. "Sir!" was the defiant response. "Open the door!" "I shall do nothing of the kind." "I will break it down!" "If you dare to, sir, I will scream for assistance, and denounce you to the world!"

"Don't be a fool, Annie, and explain this masquerading. What is the matter? What have I done? I demand to know, that I may justify myself."

"Your tone of injured innocence does not deceive me, sir, for I have the proof of your infamy."

"Proof?" he repeated. "I fail to understand you!" "Indeed! Perhaps you will when I remind you that a letter which you carelessly dropped, and which I read—for you promised me I should do so—opened my eyes to your true character."

"A letter—of mine?" cried the husband. And he pulled out the contents of his pocket, and ran over the papers which it contained. Gerald's letter was missing. "It was Gerald Ainsworth's letter," he said. "It contained no secret. There is not a line in it that I cannot explain."

"How about Jennie?" she retorted. "Who misses you so sadly, and who would brighten up wonderfully at sight of your dear old face? Incon-

solable maiden! It is a great pity that her dear John ever left her to deceive me and wreck my life!" At this John Claghorn laughed loud and long; and so boisterous was his mirth that his wife, irritated beyond endurance, threw open the door and confronted him. An angry retort was trembling on her lips, but he caught her in his arms, and despite her struggles kissed her repeatedly.

"You dear, foolish, little wife!" he cried. "You have no cause to be jealous of Jennie, and I know the poor bird misses me sadly, for she is very much attached to me."

"After all, it is not comfortable for a poor man, who has always been accustomed to walk alone and swing his arms, to find them hampered by a girl clutching at them, and have her crinoline always beating about his legs. Then, if she be short, he must not walk upright, he must go crooked, as if drawn down by the interesting weight hanging on him; if she be tall, her bonnet trimmings tickle him, and he can never keep step with his fair companion. It requires a great deal of affection to smile under these circumstances. Until a girl is engaged she never takes any man's arm."

I wonder the young ladies do not learn how to do it in their dancing lessons; it would be a great blessing to their lovers. Their mothers cannot teach them; for as soon as the honeymoon is over, man and wife go their separate ways. The wonder is how these attachments are formed, the sexes have so little intercourse, except in the ball-room. Fathers and brothers spend their evenings in their respective beer-houses with their own sets, the mothers and sisters flock in troops to their coffee-houses. They have their separate amusements and pleasures, until suddenly a couple fall in love somehow, and then they are never seen apart; they become inseparable, like shovel and tongs, knife and fork, or any other implement which is useless without its fellow. As long as the gentleman remains in town, his charmer dresses much better than usual; but if he must leave, she renounces all society, or if she cannot help "breaking resolutions," it is essential that she should make a "guy" of herself. A peculiar toilet—covered neck and sleeves, in a ball-room, are as much a sign of betrothal as our widows' cap is of bereavement.

What They Received Christmas. William Henry Harrison Jones got a boy's tool chest, and by this time has spoiled three legs of the piano. Albert James Smith got a sled with an eagle on it, and is in for some sport. James K. Polk Graham was presented with a toy gun, and the doctor is now busy picking darts out of his mother's back.

Baby got a candy cane two feet long and up to the present hour has mused three aprons and had two tussles with the colic. Grandpa got a two-shilling jack-knife, and a tin tobacco box. "Bless you, my children, bless you!" Father got a dressing gown which will go to the garret after today, a pair of slippers one size too small, a necktie which hangs to starboard, a seal ring which can be used in place of brass knuckles. He ought to be thankful, as he furnished the money to buy 'em.

Grandma got a celico dress with blue dots in it, a new pair of spectacles, and a snuff-box which cost 30 cents. "La me! but my children haven't forgotten me yet!" Mother got a breast-pin, a bottle of cologne, a work-box, and a bracelet. Her heart melted. She didn't expect anything better than a scaldskin saccue and a set of diamonds, and she is contentedly joyrived—in a horn!

Fa! not out with a friend for a trifle. A flow of words is no proof of wisdom. Attend to duties promptly and faithfully. Never speak or deceive, nor listen to betray. Yield always to reason, but never to passion.

The sublime miracle in the universe is Man. Friendship is the bud of the flower of love. A friend to everybody is a friend to nobody. Form plans with care, to execute with vigor. The old man's staff is the rapper at death's door. The agitation of thought is the beginning of truth. Children have wide ears and very long tongues. Be forgetful of self, and live not to yourself alone. Many without punishment, none without sin. Mediocrity is the dry rot that paralyzes Progress. Pleasure in work is the mere delirium of rhapsodists. Little things console us because little things afflict us. Whatever is worth adopting, is worth sticking to. Remember that a good example is a very convincing teacher.

German Betrothals. An engagement is naturally a great phase in every woman's life, but it seems to be the epoch of German existence. There is no mystery, no concealment about it. As soon as the betrothal takes place it is announced to the world—to the private acquaintances by cards, sometimes by an advertisement in the papers; to society in general by the happy pair appearing in public arm-in-arm. The young lady is bound to look as if she was in the seventh heaven, and generally clasps both hands tightly round her lover's arm, as if to prevent all possibility of escape. She must also loudly proclaim his perfections and her happiness, and have no hesitation in speaking about him, nor in kissing before folks; reserve in these cases is not understood. The gentleman seems to take it as easily as he can, but as usual, is far more awkward in his new situation than his fair one—After all, it is not comfortable for a poor man, who has always been accustomed to walk alone and swing his arms, to find them hampered by a girl clutching at them, and have her crinoline always beating about his legs. Then, if she be short, he must not walk upright, he must go crooked, as if drawn down by the interesting weight hanging on him; if she be tall, her bonnet trimmings tickle him, and he can never keep step with his fair companion. It requires a great deal of affection to smile under these circumstances. Until a girl is engaged she never takes any man's arm."

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'Possum Cooked Wid Yam. I love the turkey bird an fine, De lobster an' de clam; But gimme wot I growed up on, Some 'possum cooked wid yam— Some 'possum cooked wid yam.

I lubbed my Lucy long, An' Lucy lubbed her Sam, I won her to me when I guv Her 'possum cooked wid yam— 'Possum cooked wid yam.

My heart goes back to dem old days I libbed in Yallaham; When Sunday come on Saturday night, Wid 'possum served wid yam. Wid 'possum served wid yam.

I low date white folks in dem days, De proudest in de lan', Would sometimes to de cabins come Fo' 'possum an' de yam. Fo' 'possum an' de yam.

I tink I loah my nissus now, A callin' to her Sam— Dat voice wot died out in de wash— "Some 'possum cooked yam. Some 'possum cooked yam.

Dey say dot now de Dem'krats In 'wid 'possum an' de yam— To celebrate de turkey day, Wid 'possum an' de yam— Yams, 'possum cooked wid yam.

Lovd, let dis black man go in peace, Lemme embrace de Lamb. De sun do move when white folks take To 'possum cooked wid yam— Sho! 'possum cooked yam.

The Fun of Helping a Pretty Girl. Maybe a man feels happy and flattered and proud and envious and blessed among men when he sees a pretty girl trying to raise a window of a railway car and jumps up and gets ahead of the other boys, and says: "Allow me?" oh, so courteously, and she says: "Oh, if you please; I would be so glad," and the other male passengers turn green with envy, and he leans over the back of the seat and tucks the window in a knowing way with one hand, if peradventure he may toss it airily with a simple turn of the wrist, but it kind of holds on, and he takes hold with both hands, but it sort of doesn't go any alarming extent, and he pounds it with his fist, but it only seems to settle "a little closer into place," and then he comes around and she gets out of the seat to give him a fair chance and he grasps that window and bows up his back and tugs and pulls and sweats and grunts and strains, and his new suspender buttons fetch loose and his waistcoat buckle parts and his face gets red, and his feet slip, and people laugh, and an irreverent young man in a remote seat grunts and groans every time he lifts, and cries, "Now then, altogether," as if in mockery, and he bursts his collar button; and the pretty young lady, vexed at being made so conspicuous, says in the in the feeblest manner: "Oh, never mind, thank you; it doesn't make any difference," and calmly goes and sits down in another seat, and that wearied man gathers himself together and reads a book upside down—oh, doesn't he feel just good. Maybe; but don't be fool enough to extend any of your sympathy. He doesn't need it.

The Amer' ties of War. Gens. Pierce Young and Custer were messmates and classmates and devoted friends at West Point. In the war they were Major-Generals of cavalry on opposing sides. One day General Young was invited to breakfast at the Hunter mansion in Virginia. The beautiful young ladies had prepared a smoking breakfast, to which the General was addressing himself with ardor, when a shell burst through the house, glancing through a window, he saw Custer charging toward the house at the head of his staff. Out the window Young went, calling to the young ladies: "Tell Custer I leave this good breakfast for him." Custer enjoyed it heartily, and looked forward with pleasure to the dinner in the distance. In the meantime Young, smiting over the loss of his breakfast and his hasty retreat, drove the Federal line back and by dinner time was in sight of the Hunter mansion again. Custer, who was just sitting down to dinner, laughed and said: "That's Pierce Young coming back. I knew he wouldn't leave me here in peace. There's my picture; give it to him, and tell him his old classmate leaves his love with this excellent dinner." And out of the window we went and away like a flash, while the Georgia General walked in and sat down to dinner.—Atlanta Constitution.

Facts for the Curious. Since 1823 cholera has visited European Russia three times, attacked four million and killed 1,600,000. The entire length of the capital building at Washington is 751 feet and four inches, and the greatest depth is 324 feet. Up to the present war the Chinese troops have never had any uniform other than a small badge worn on the soldier's breast. A colony of 3,000 Jews live near Jerusalem who have dwelt there ever since the year one. They speak Hebrew and Arabic. There were five Algonquin nations, namely: Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagos, Cayugas and Senecas, which originally formed the Iroquois Confederacy. The five nations were joined by the Iutacaroras from North Carolina in 1713, and then the confederacy was called the Six Nations.