

## Lee Hall, Fighting Man.

There is one fighting man who has gone with Uncle Sam's army to the Philippines of whom the great American public knows little or nothing, but whose name through cut the State of Texas stands as a synonym for desperate courage and fighting qualities of the highest order. He is Jesse Lee Hall, now a Lieutenant in the Thirty-third United States Infantry, but he earned the rank of Captain in the Texas Rangers by years of the hardest kind of service on the border.

Lee Hall succeeded Captain L. H. McNelly, in 1878, to the command of the Texas Ranger company that had more to do with ridding Texas of her notorious 'bad men,' and with putting a stop to the wholesale cattle-raiding on the lower Rio Grande frontier, than any other agency. With these 'angers Hall did some magnificent work and became renowned for his fearlessness in a country where brave men are the rule. With but seventeen of his men, one stormy night in December, 1876, he arrested over seventy armed desperadoes in DeWitt county, Texas, members of the Sutton faction in the Taylor-Sutton feud which had raged in that county for nearly twenty years and had caused the killing of hundreds of men on both sides. On the night in question all the Sutton following had gathered at the wedding of one of their number, a man who with six others had been indicted for a cold-blooded murder. Hall took his men to the place, surrounded the house, and then boldly entered and stated he had come to arrest the murderers. The desperadoes drew their six-shooters and said they would die before giving up.

'Very well,' answered Hall. 'Move out your women and children and we'll give you all the fight you want. My men expected a fight when they came here and I don't want to disappoint them. I'll give you five minutes to get the women and children out—then we'll turn loose.'

The outlaws knew their man and that he meant every word he said, and they began to parley. Hall saw his opportunity and called two of the Rangers to his side. Then he told the Suttonites to give up their arms quickly if they would avoid being killed. In a few minutes the desperadoes were disarmed, and the next morning the accused murderers were landed safely in jail. Nothing but supreme courage and coolness could have accomplished such a remarkable feat, but that is just what Lee Hall had.

Hall personally arrested Sam White, the most dreaded and successful 'road agent' Texas ever knew, a man who invariably 'worked alone,' and who, single handed, robbed many a stage coach. Hall trailed White from the scene of one of his exploits caught him in a lively stable in a town fifty miles away, and arrested him. White was armed with two six-shooters and showed fight, but Hall sprang at him, knocked him down, and overpowered him after a desperate struggle.

Hall was in at the killing of the notorious Sam Bass and his gang of bank robbers and cut-throats, and in dozens of other noted encounters with the outlaws who gave to Texas such a terrible reputation in the years gone by.

But it was before he became a Ranger that Hall won his spurs as his fighting man in Texas. He was born in Lexington, North Carolina, in October, 1840, and came of old Revolutionary stock by both his parents. Among his ancestors were the famous General Giles Melane and Governor Stanford, of North Carolina. Lee went to Texas in search of adventure when he was twenty years old, and found it when he became a Deputy Sheriff in Grayson County, just south of the line of the Indian Territory.

In a little less than two years the young Deputy Sheriff made one thousand and sixty arrests, killed seven men, and was wounded five times. His fame as an officer of the law spread far and wide; it was a forgone conclusion that any man Hall undertook to arrest would be made a subject for the coroner.

There was one desperado, however, a man named Wilkinson, who had managed to elude Hall for months and who had sworn he would never be taken alive. He was wanted for cattle stealing and murder. Many a long, weary day and night had the young Deputy Sheriff hunted for this man, and Wilkinson at last grew tired of being sought so persistently. He sent a message to Hall, who was in Dennison, in which he said that the Deputy Sheriff wanted him so badly he could come and get him on a certain day. Wilkinson said that he would be on a little prairie about eighteen miles from Dennison at four o'clock on the afternoon of that day, and would meet Hall there, provided the latter came after him alone. The outlaw pledged his word that he, also, would be alone. It Hall could arrest him under those circumstances, he said, he was well come to do it.

And Lee Hall accepted the invitation and the terms.

Early on the morning of the appointed day he mounted his horse, and with a breech-loading shot gun and a six shooter for arms rode out from Dennison to keep the appointment. The Sheriff tried in vain to dissuade his deputy from the undertaking and begged him at least to take a posse with him to surround Wilkinson and surprise him into giving up, but Hall would not listen to him.

'No,' he said; 'Wilkinson has made a fair, square offer, and I believe he'll keep his word and be there alone. If a desperado can keep a promise, I think I ought to be man enough to do the same, and I'll meet him on his own terms. And,' he added, 'if I come back he'll be with me.'

Too place of meeting was a clear space a few miles square, surrounded on all sides by mesquit, chaparral, and live oak

woods. At precisely four o'clock Hall rode out from the southern edge of the chaparral on to the prairie, and a minute later Wilkinson rode into view from the north end. He, too, was armed with shot gun and revolver. The men were within plain sight of each other, but too far away to exchange shots. At the same instant they urged their ponies into a gallop and made straight for each other, both holding their shot guns ready for action.

No more evenly matched men, perhaps, had ever met in a duel to the death, for such they knew their meeting must be. Each was a perfect horseman and a fine marksman. Neither knew the meaning of fear.

They approached each other rapidly and were soon within hailing distance, but not a sound escape their lips; they were there for action, not words. Just before they got close enough to each other to use their shot-guns effectively both men dropped their bodies Indian fashion to the sides of their horses, so as to present so small a target as possible, their guns being pointed over their horses' necks.

They fired at the same instant. Hall wore an overcoat with a cape attached to it, and the blackshot from the single discharge of Wilkinson's gun almost cut this cape from its fastenings, but not a shot hit the deputy. Hall also fired one barrel of his shot-gun, and the charge entered the neck of Wilkinson's horse, knocking him down. Wilkinson sprang off and landed on his knees as his horse went crashing to the ground. His shot-gun fell from his hands and the horse fell on the weapon.

'I've got you!' yelled Hall, wheeling his horse about, straightening up in the saddle and pointing his gun straight at the outlaw's head. 'Give up now or I'll kill you!' 'You've got the drop on me, all right,' answered Wilkinson as he looked coolly into the muzzle of the shot gun, 'but if you're such a brave man as you'd have folks think you are, get down off your horse and fight it out with me with six-shooters.'

No sane man would have accepted such an absurd proposition, but Lee Hall was not sane at that moment. He was fighting a duel, and his sense of fair play was uppermost in his mind. His adversary was a brave man and he should have a show for his life.

'All right,' said Hall, 'I'll do that, but you must promise not to pull your six-shooter until I'm down.'

'That's fair,' said Wilkinson; 'I'll wait till you're ready.'

Hall deliberately showed his shot gun back into its scabbard under his right hand stirrup leather. Then he sprang from his horse, jerking his six-shooter from its holster at his belt.

The revolvers cracked with the report, and a bullet went through Hall's left shoulder, while another bored a hole through Wilkinson's breast. Neither man fell, and again the revolvers cracked. This time Hall was wounded in the left side, and Wilkinson was shot through the heart. The desperado pitched forward and fell on his face and Hall sank to the ground.

A few minutes later two cowboys, who had been attracted by the shooting, rode on to the scene. They found Hall unconscious and his horse standing with drooping head over him. The cowboys managed to get the officer to a ranch not far distant, where his wounds received attention. In a month he was on duty again and arresting men as vigorously as before.

The only time Lee Hall ever ran from a man was when he went after John Wesley Hardin, the most noted 'man-killer' ever known in Texas. Hardin had murdered over a score of men, and there was a reward on his head of four thousand dollars. Hall wanted the reward and determined to get it. He learned of Hardin's whereabouts and started for the place. Before arriving there he was told that Hardin had five or six men with him and that they were all encamped at the edge of a lake. Their camp could be approached from only one direction, and that was over an open space several hundred feet wide.

Hall summoned a posse of six men and started for the camp. When he arrived at the edge of the open space he and his men dismounted and tied their horses in the brush.

'Now,' said Hall, 'we'll run right in on them. We don't want any long distance shooting. The only way to get those men is to rush them. Follow right after me and we'll have them before they know it.'

The posse agreed to this, and Hall started on a run across the open space straight for the desperadoes' camp, carbine in hand. Suddenly the desperadoes opened fire on his advancing figure. Hall stopped and blazed away with his carbine. Then he glanced behind him and discovered to his consternation that he was alone. The firing in front grew hotter, and he turned and ran for his life. The desperadoes yelled and laughed and shot at him. They cried to him to come back, and called him a coward and many other unpleasant things, but he was too wise to attempt to fight half a dozen of the worst men in Texas single-handed, and he made straight for his horse. It was where he had tied it, but the other horses were gone. He had a bullet hole in his hat and three through his clothing. Hall spent the rest of that day hunting down his posse and cursing them out, a process they submitted to with becoming meekness, for the deputy sheriff was in a dangerous mood.

Long afterward John B. Armstrong, at that time second in command of Lee Hall's company of Rangers, captured John Wesley Hardin in Florida and brought him to Texas, where he served a long term in jail. Hall visited Hardin in the prison and congratulated him upon being the only man who had ever made him run. Hardin was killed a few months after he was pardoned out of jail. He was shot in a barroom in El Paso by a man whom he had sworn to kill on sight.

It was my privilege to serve in the Texas Rangers under Hall in the late seventies, and I know he can win the love and admiration of those under him as well

as he can fight. If he has the luck to get on the firing-line in the Philippines, Jesse Lee Hall will make another Fustion record, or all Texas will be mightily surprised.

### EFFECTIVE DIPLOMACY.

Some Instances in Sir George Grey's Dealings With the New Zealanders.

No man is born a statesman, nor can a man become one simply by education. Statesmanship is really the rare gift of common sense, strengthened by observation and careful training. The career of an admirable British Colonial Governor, Sir George Grey, exemplifies this. As the ruler of New Zealand, problems in regard to recalcitrant natives continually arose before him, problems which could be settled by no customs of diplomacy. Sir George solved them by good sense.

One improvement of prime importance was the development of roads. This was bitterly opposed by some of the savage tribes.

Rangihaea, a Maori chieftain, suked in his fastnesses. There was a rumble of discontent and vengeance. Sir George did not wish him to remain in a condition holding so little happiness. Moreover, the all-important high roads must invade even Rangihaea's territory. Diplomatic overtures were not wasted; they budded quietly, and then blossomed into an inspiration.

'When the old fellow had begun to get frail and ill,' said Sir George, 'I sent him a pretty pony and trap. The seashore, at his part of New Zealand, offered a splendid stretch of firm sand, one of the finest drives in the world. Delighted with his carriage, he would use it; only a breadth of rough land intervened between his dwelling and the beach. He could not drive across it so what does he do but turn out his men to make a roadway.'

'There was merriment in Maori land at the idea that Rangihaea, hitherto sternly opposed to our roads, should himself be constructing one. That was as I hoped, and he made no more difficulties for us. How could he? There he was, almost every afternoon, driving on the sands in all the pride of peacock feathers.'

Sir George's tact was always in evidence. As a young man he had noticed the respect which savages pay to strength and agility. 'I was somewhere on the coast with several of my officers and a number of Maori chiefs,' he said afterward, 'and there was a debate as to running. I ventured the statement that I could, perhaps, beat the Maoris at a distance contest. They selected their best man, a young chief, and I fancy it took me more than half a mile to get away from him.'

Sir George Grey learned to feel a true affection for this wild race. Just before he died he sent a message to the Prime Minister of New Zealand. 'Give the people of New Zealand my love,' it ran, and may God have you in his keeping.' And last of all, just as the night of this world was closing about him, he exclaimed in Maori, the language of the island people: 'It's all light.' As he spoke, none of those who watched about his bed understood the strange-sounding words, but they remembered them and afterward they learned their great significance.

### Reasoning.

Monsieur Calino, the simple-hearted and ingenious Frenchman, happened to be riding in a train in the same compartment with a lady who was in constant fear of a smash up.

At every sudden stop, every jar, every sound of the bell or whistle, she cried out: 'Oh! oh! Have we run off the track? Is it a collision? Are we going to be killed?'

Calino paid no attention, but remained wrapped in soliloquy. Presently the lady said to him:

'And you, sir, aren't you afraid of rail road accidents?'

'Not I, madame,' answered Calino, reassured.

## ERYSIPELAS.

This dangerous Blood Disease  
always cured by Burdock  
Blood Bitters,

Most people are aware how serious a disease Erysipelas is. Can't rout it out of the system with ordinary remedies.

Like other dangerous blood diseases, though, B.B.B. can cure it every time.

Read what Rachel Patton, Cape Chin, Bruce Co., Ont., says:

'I wish to state that I used Burdock Blood Bitters for Erysipelas in my face and general run down state of my health. I tried many remedies but all failed to cure. I then tried B.B.B. Two bottles nearly cured me and four bottles completely cured me.'

suringly. 'It has been foretold that I am to die on the guillotine!'

The nervous woman went into hysterics, and had to be removed from the train at the next station.

She—Is he a dog of pedigree?  
He—Pedigree? What's that?  
She—Are there many fine dogs represented in him?

He—Is day? Well, I guess yes! I get his meat of de sausage maker round de corner.

'Charley, dear,' said young Mrs. Torkins, 'please don't try to deceive me.' 'I haven't tried to deceive you. I told you that I had four cocktles last night.'

'Charley, dear, I know that a few chicken-fathers would not make you act like that.'

### BORN.

St. John, Jan. 2, to the wife of L. A. Curry, a son.  
Turro, Dec. 28, to Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Vail, a son.  
Parrsboro, Dec. 27, to the wife of T. J. Sullivan, a son.

Wolville, Dec. 6, to the wife of H. W. Davison, a son.  
Yarmouth, Dec. 27, to the wife of Joseph LeBlanc, a son.

Falmouth, Dec. 30, to the wife of Willard Stoddard, a son.  
Wolville, Dec. 17, to the wife of Dr. Trotter, a daughter.

Turro, Dec. 21, to the wife of Wm. McKinlay, a daughter.  
Sussex, Jan. 4, to the wife of Fred Radcliffe, a daughter.

Parrsboro, Dec. 21, to the wife of Walter Gould, a daughter.  
Yarmouth, Nov. 30, to the wife of Wm. Waite, a daughter.

Clifton, Dec. 23, to the wife of E. R. Stuart, a daughter.  
Campobello, Dec. 25, to the wife of John W. Thurber, a son.

Ward's Creek, Jan. 3, to the wife of Heber Friars, twin boys.  
Melvern Square, Dec. 26, to the wife of R. E. Lantz, a son.

New Richmond, to the wife of Rev. Jas. F. McCurly, a son.  
Dillston, Dec. 5, to the wife of Jonathan Vicker, a son.

Upper Rawdon, Nov. 18, to the wife of Berry Wheeler, a son.  
Partridge Island, Dec. 26, to the wife of Jas. Gilbert, a daughter.

Valparaiso, Chili, Nov. 24, to the wife of Capt. Frederick Collins, a daughter.

### MARRIED.

East Chetzecook, Dec. 26, Wm. Misener to Jessie M. Coarod.

Mobile, Ala., Dec. 14, Capt. N. V. Munro to Della M. R. to Mather.

Pon: Wolf N. R., Dec. 25, J. Harry Wilbur to Jessie E. Hickey.

Falmouth, Dec. 25, by Rev. H. S. Baker, Melbourne Ward to Janet Royd.

Turro, Dec. 27, by R. V. A. B. McLeod, Scott Clifford to Lillie Layor.

Oxford, Dec. 27, by Rev. C. Munro, Nelson Bailey to Sarah J. Matheson.

Quebec, Dec. 29, by Rev. D. Grant, Osbert M. Sanford to Nellie J. Glass.

Digby, Dec. 26, by Rev. W. L. Parker, Henry V. White to Elia E. Marr.

Millford, Dec. 26, by Rev. A. B. Dickie, Frank A. Leonard to Annie E. Dickie.

Amherst, Dec. 27, by Rev. J. L. Batty, John W. Mason to Bertha Smith.

Springhill, Dec. 28, by Rev. J. Gee, Robert N. McAloney to Lucinda Teed.

Turro, Dec. 27, by Rev. H. F. Adams, James W. Brown to Jennie Adams.

Joggins Mines, Dec. 25, by Rev. Mr. Lynds, Burton H. F. to Julia E. Brown.

Pictou, Dec. 27, by Rev. J. A. McKenzie, William Reeves to Jennie Brown.

Amherst, Dec. 27, by Rev. D. A. Steele, Clement Jones to Clara B. Murray.

Macdon, Dec. 29, by Rev. Mr. Lynds, Burton H. F. to Julia E. Brown.

Calais, Dec. 13, by Rev. S. A. Bender, Charles W. Blake to Elsie McCormick.

Torbrook, Dec. 25, by Rev. J. W. Brown, Robert O. York to Lizzie Wheelock.

Turro, Dec. 27, by Rev. Ralph G. Strathie, John A. Dunbar to Janie K. McKee.

New Brunswick, Dec. 29, by Rev. H. A. Giffin, Thos. Abbott to Margaret McLean.

New Glasgow, Dec. 25, by Rev. A. Rodgers, John F. Nash to Bernia A. Morris.

Gore, N. S., Dec. 20, by Rev. W. R. McKay, John W. Gustafson to Helen Grant.

Boston, Dec. 23, by Rev. A. D. McKinnon, Richard L. McKee to Helen Clark.

Sydney, Dec. 20, by Rev. J. F. Forbes, Murdoch D. Morrison to Katie McDonald.

Joggins Mines, Dec. 25, by Rev. Mr. Lynds, John W. Wiles to Nellie Hoeg.

Newport, Dec. 26, by Rev. A. L. Fraser, Robt. L. Harvey to Priscilla J. Sanford.

North Brookfield, Dec. 26, by Rev. J. H. Balcom, R. Reed William to Ida Hunt.

New Tuxedo, Dec. 21, by Rev. H. A. Giffin, Herman Mullen to Zilpha Mullen.

Digby, Dec. 20, by Rev. J. W. Brown, Arthur R. Keirstead to Matilda A. Banks.

Springhill, Dec. 21, by Rev. J. W. Bancroft, James M. McKee to Maggie B. Slack.

Halifax, Dec. 27, by Rev. G. W. Henderson, Sterling Mitchell to Anne Gregory.

Turro, Dec. 27, by Rev. A. D. Morton, George R. Gourley to Annie O. McKenzie.

Guyboro, Dec. 26, by Rev. W. L. Croft, James B. McCurdy to Blanche G. Hadley.

Calais, Dec. 15, by Rev. S. A. Bender, Gain W. Metcalf to Edith W. Freeman.

Diligent River, Dec. 25, by Rev. D. H. McQuarrie, Wilbert Parsons to Helen Yorke.

Yarmouth, Dec. 25, by Rev. Joseph Murray, Geo. T. McDonald to Josie E. Murray.

Douglas town, Jan. 1, by Rev. W. Aitken, John E. Allingham to Mrs. Annie Harvey.

Apogee, Dec. 27, by Rev. C. W. Hamilton, John W. Hunter to Maggie E. Burgess.

St. Stephen, Jan. 1, by Rev. Thomas Marshall, Charles E. Martin to H. S. Burton.

Milltown, N. B., Dec. 26, by Rev. T. D. McLain, Leonard Clark to Agnes Thompson.

North River, Dec. 28, by Rev. R. G. Strathie, Clarence H. Churchill to Loretta B. Smith.

Milltown, N. B., Dec. 26, by Rev. T. D. McLain, Wentworth Fox to Nancy McDowell.

Port William, N. S., Dec. 21, by Rev. J. M. Wade, William L. Conrad to Charlotte Young.

Beaver River, Dec. 25, by Rev. J. W. Aitken, Clayton H. Churchill to Loretta B. Smith.

Great Village, Dec. 27, by Rev. James Maclean, Frank M. Read to Margaret MacCulloch.

### DIED.

Chatham, Dec. 29, John Kane, 89.

Milltown, Dec. 21, James Bell, 65.

St. John, Dec. 26, Wm. D. McVey.

Amherst, Dec. 31, William Cove, 83.

Wawke, Dec. 31, Miss Clara N. Cox.

St. George, Dec. 22, Wm. Baxter, 84.

Kentville, Dec. 30, William Young, 83.

Liverpool, Dec. 23, Edward Carter, 25.

Dufferin, Dec. 29, Lawrence Barter, 70.

Flume Ridge, Jan. 2, Rachel Breen, 74.

Philadelphia, Dec. 27, Temple W. Fiers.

Salt Springs, Dec. 20, Hugh McKay, 73.

Digby, Dec. 24, Capt. James Cowan, 62.

St. John, Dec. 28, Robert Armstrong, 78.  
Halifax, Dec. 31, Mrs. Mary O'Hearn, 77.  
North Sydney, Dec. 24, Henry Lew S. 25.  
St. John, Dec. 27, Frances M. H. M. 10.  
St. Stephen, Dec. 23, Chas. O. Barker, 66.  
Springhill, Dec. 26, Frederick Payne, 61.  
Amherst, Dec. 31, Mrs. Archie White, 34.  
Elmsville, Dec. 22, Margaret McInch, 66.  
Eureka, Cal. Dec. 14, Jackson F. Labor, 24.  
Amherst, Dec. 30, Mrs. Wm. Adams, 72.  
Polet River, Jan. 3, Frederick Simpson, 49.  
Port Monton, Dec. 21, James Millard Vyne.  
East Rawdon, Dec. 21, Jacob W. Fenton, 72.  
Truemanville, Dec. 20, Robert J. Baxter, 60.  
Dorchester, Mass., Dec. 22, David Mahon, 56.  
North Kingston, Dec. 10, Mrs. A. D. Foster, 51.  
St. John, Jan. 2, M. Y. C. wife of Rev. W. Keith, 29.  
Liverpool, Dec. 27, Eliza, wife of J. M. Ellis, 60.  
Milltown, Jan. 2, Triessa, wife of Thomas Parcell, 32.  
Mount Hope Asylum, Dec. 8, Frederick C. Sanford, 63.  
Zorville, York, Co., Dec. 31, Mrs. Henry Reeves, 66.  
Salem, Dec. 22, James Henry, son of John Willis, 5 years.

Milltown, Me., Dec. 18, Nellie E., wife of Nelson Weeks, 33.  
Moncton, Dec. 23, Elizabeth, widow of Anthony Woods, 76.  
Leitch's Creek, C. B., Dec. 22, Angus R. McDonald, 71.  
Pictou, Dec. 13, Mary Grace Pagan, widow of Peter Carrol.  
New River, Charlotte Co., Dec. 23, Ellen, wife of James McKay, 45.  
Yarmouth, Dec. 28, William F. son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bridge, 2 years.  
Milltown, Me., Dec. 19, Har 18, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Fleming, 8 weeks.  
Halifax, Dec. 31, Gilbert James, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert E. Ring, 8 months.

### RAILROADS.

**CANADIAN PACIFIC**

Travel in Comfort

—ON THE—

**Pacific Express.**

Lv. Halifax -- 7:00 a. m. Mo To W Th Fr Sat  
Lv. St. J. n -- 4:10 p. m. Mo To W Th Fr Sat  
Ar. Montreal -- 8:35 a. m. Tu W Th Fr Sa Su  
Lv. Montreal -- 9:45 a. m. Tu W Th Fr Sa Su  
Ar. Vancouver 12:30 p. m. Su Mo Tu W Th Sat

### A TOURIST SLEEPER

On about train every Thursday from MONTREAL and runs to E. A. T. L. E., without change. Double berth rates from Montreal to Winnipeg, \$4.00; to Medicine Hat, \$5.50; Calgary, \$6.50; Vancouver and Seattle \$8.00. For passage rates to all points in Canada, Western United States and to Japan, China, India, Hawaiian Islands, Australia and Manila, and also for descriptive advertising matter and maps, write to

A. J. HEATH,  
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St. John, N. B.

**Dominion Atlantic R'y.**

On and after Monday, Jan. 1st, 1900, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows:

**Royal Mail S. S. Prince Rupert.**

ST. JOHN AND DIGBY.

Lve. St. John at 7:00 a. m., Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday; ar. Digby 10:00 a. m.  
Returning leaves Digby same days at 12:50 p. m., ar. at St. John, 3:35 p. m.

**Steamship "Prince Arthur"**

**St. John and Boston Direct Service.**  
Leave St. John every Thursday, 4:30 p. m.  
Leave Boston every Wednesday 10 a. m.

**EXPRESS TRAINS**

Daily (Sunday excepted).

Lve. Halifax 6:30 a. m., ar. in Digby 12:30 p. m.  
Lve. Digby 12:45 p. m., ar. Yarmouth 3:20 p. m.  
Lve. Yarmouth 3:50 a. m., ar. Digby 11:45 a. m.  
Lve. Digby 11:55 a. m., ar. Halifax 6:50 p. m.  
L