

to demand aittance. They immediately proceeded to open upon the heavy door.

It was some minutes before a sleepy voice from within demanded: "Who's there, and what do you mean by so disturbing the sleep of a peaceful man?"

"Come, come," they replied impatiently. "We want to see the woman who has just gone in."

"Woman, what woman?" said the sleepy voice. "There is no woman in here."

"Do you expect us to believe that when we saw her enter? Come open the door, or here we stay until you do."

After some further parley the old man opened the door defiantly and said:

"Well, fools are fools. Look for yourselves, there is no one here."

Within they found a large room that might be termed a hall, for five doors leading out of it entered five other rooms. These rooms in turn were connected by doors, all heavy and nail-studded as was the outside door, while the partition walls seemed equally thick and massive as the main walls of the house itself.

This fact struck them as singular but they expected something odd about a house of so strange outside appearance. Leaving one to guard at the hall room, the other two began a search of the other rooms. There was very little furniture and nothing that would conceal a person except in one room where an extra door of much lighter construction was set into the partition wall. The door was locked.

"Nothing but my pantry," said the old man, "where I keep my dishes and such articles of food and drink as I must have without the dust of living apartments."

"Well open it," was the brief command.

Grumblingly the old man fitted a key to the lock and swung the door open.

At that moment the light he carried fell from his trembling hand and all was instantly black night. With a cry the three started back, for within the pantry a huge fire eye winked out horribly at them and a sickening stench filled their nostrils.

Precipitately they retreated to the hall room where with blanched faces they stood looking at each other, and it was with difficulty the guard got out of them what had happened.

"I have seen it before," the old man said, solemnly. "It was for that I feared to open the door."

The scare was enough and they were glad to get out into the open air, to hasten away home and give exaggerated accounts next day to their friends.

A party was made up to examine the house by daylight and question the old man.

He could not or would not tell them more than that he had several times seen it before—the great fire eye and awful smell, as though his pantry was the open mouth of the sulphur pit when it was being savagely stirred by the gentleman with horns and a spiked tail.

They examined this pantry thoroughly, which was innocent enough, though odd to look at, in the light of day.

The whole interior was of stone. The shelves set upon huge benches of solid rock rough squared to three feet by five in length. These were placed to leave a space between them of about two feet to the back wall some four feet from the door. The floor and all about gave off the solid sound of massive rock when struck with the hammer one of them used. Nothing showed hollowness beyond and nowhere was found any place for the escape or concealment of the woman the watchers declared entered the door and the old man as positively denied, protesting that she could not have done so without his knowledge.

A complete search of the house revealed nothing further except that stone steps, built with the wall perpendicular, like a ladder, reached to the second story of this queer house. These steps could be readily taken for shelves, and to make them more deceptive, several articles such as vases and a book or two was put upon them in a careless manner, evidently. Nevertheless, the quick eye of one of the searchers discovered a trap-door over them, or he made a close guess as to what purpose they were really meant to serve.

It was something of a job to climb up and raise the heavy door from beneath, but one of them did it and found nothing to pay for his pains. The slant of the outside walls made only three rooms above desirable and there was nothing in them but a few chairs and two hammocks strung up from ropes attached to the ceiling or roof.

There was no place to hide and no way out except by the trap-door, through which they had entered, so the searchers went away with divided opinions, about the truthfulness of the story told by the night watchers. However the night guard was to be placed again and this time it consisted of one of the previous watchers and four of the most skeptical of those who went to investigate by daylight.

Whether the night adventure and her near capture had frightened the woman, or whether she knew of and feared the stronger effort to be made, is not known, but the guard kept their weary vigils for a week without catching a glimpse of even the vessel said to bring her on her mysterious visits.

Meantime the strange story of a sailor picked up exhausted and nearly dead from several bad knife wounds, together with exposure for several hours to the salt water of the lower bay was being circulated. He was found clinging for life to a plank that barely sufficed to float him until rescued and brought to the city by one of the incoming fishing smacks that had been becalmed all night and was thus returning early in the gray of morning.

He said he was second mate of a Bristol schooner carrying a rich general cargo that was slowly feeling its way along in the fog and darkness and anxious to reach port after a long and trying voyage. There was not the slightest thought of impending danger so that only the ordinary watch was on deck. Suddenly a smaller sailing sloop bore down upon them out of the darkness and carrying no light. He sent a warning hail but it was unheeded and then the newcomer was grating along side, and before he knew or could realize such intention a swarm of armed men came clambering over the side of his vessel, with a very demon of a woman at their head cheering her men and slashing his poor fellows down with no mercy whatever. For himself, he was forced fighting desperately to defend himself to the after end of his vessel, receiving the wounds he carried in his retreat. In the wild confusion and darkness he fell or was thrown overboard, where by lucky chance his hand in coming to the surface touched something, which proved to be a plank, and he was saved from a watery grave.

Now this story created a tremendous excitement and search was at once made to learn something more of the fate of his ship and crew, but not a vestige seemed to remain. They were swallowed up completely, and probably literally, by the secret loving waters of the bay.

One rumor breeds a score, and other mysterious disappearances of recent date were talked over and laid to this same evil source. Plans for capturing the suspicious sloop carrying its night visitor to Bowlder House must be formed and executed at once. It must surely be this sloop, before now looked upon as mysterious but not especially dangerous, that was the author of these foul acts of piracy.

Two schooners were secretly prepared with concealed cannon and fully armed crews and anchored, one up the river above Bowlder House, the other down below, and the shore guard was increased to a fully armed and fearless band of some twenty-five men. The signal for attack was to be the first discharged firearm, and this was likely to come from the lower anchored schooner, if her signal to halt was not obeyed by the strange visitor when sighted. All were to then close in and fight if they had to but under no circumstances to allow either the sloop or one of her crew to escape. The plan worked nearly as expected. The suspicious vessel was seen rapidly advancing in the gray light of a moonless night some two weeks after these preparations were completed to give her a warm reception. The crew of the watching schooner noiselessly pulled up anchor and prepared to run out and signal a halt. Then the speed shown by the advancing sloop convinced them of their weakness in a possible race, and a nearer view showed great sweeping oars silently plied to assist the sails in the weak cross wind then blowing. These facts decided the commander of the capturing party to hold his schooner back to give the sloop time to reach its accustomed place off Bowlder House and anchor. Then he gave orders to follow as quietly as possible, and they were bearing down upon the sloop when the unexpected happened. They themselves were hailed and warned to keep off, but paying no attention the sloop's guns opened fire and a round ball went whistling over their deck, killing two men in its flight.

This was of course the signal for the other schooner to come up, when a very pretty but short fight commenced. The sloop's crew was taken by surprise at this unexpected attack from two well-armed vessels, and the easy movement of their own craft was hampered by the anchor they were hastily working to draw in. Several shots struck the sloop doing severe damage, and while they in turn succeeded in disabling one adversary, the other steadily advanced keeping up a hot fire with such telling effect that it was soon certain the crew must act quickly or go down with their doomed vessel. She swung clear of her anchor by this time and some oars were run out as though flight was intended, but she was settling in the water so fast it was evident she could not keep afloat many minutes, but still the roar of her guns kept up and rapid orders could be heard given in a high, shrill voice. Then the oars were applied vigorously and she was pointed head-on for shore and grounded just beyond leaping distance of land. Still her guns boomed while boats were hastily lowered and filled, and now appeared a new enemy from the men placed on the land.

Thus hemmed in the pirate crew fought with the most desperate valor charging up the rough bank and lead on by a furious screaming woman, in mad endeavor to reach Bowlder House. From that quarter, too, came charging the frenzied form of the old man intent upon diverting the attention of the shore-guard, or of fendering such aid as he could to the sorely pressed female and her band. The odds were too great however, and although the desperate woman and two of her men succeeded in breaking through the guard and in making a brave run for the house, they were never to reach that haven of safety. They were captured all sorely wounded, and just as their captors were settling to quiet and preparing to return to the river bank to meet their friends from the two schooners, a shot rang out sharp and clear on the night air, and the woman fell over with a single groan dead. Then followed a second report and hastening in the direction from which had come the two sounds, the dying body of the old man was found.

And so perished the builders and occupants of Bowlder House. And for many years thereafter it stood mute and lonely, the abode of bats and whatever else might wish to creep beyond its swinging door, for there was no latch upon the outside and its only fastening was a heavy bar to be applied from within, and as no one ever cared to test its reputation of being haunted it continued to remain unoccupied.

PART II.

History's record of revolutions and rebellions is one long story of divided families. Arrangements of brother against brother and father against son cling to the turmoil of civil strife whatever its classified name.

So the gray of our own revolutionary days was flaked with divided opinions within many family circles, and loyalty to King George on one side was offset by patriotic adherence to the divine cause of human liberty on the other.

New York throbbed with a great unrest long before the little patriotic army tried in vain to guard its doors against the legions of the king, and no fireside was exempt from its influence.

Even the clerical home of the Rev. Charles Ingles, first assistant of Old Trinity Church under the then rector, Dr. Auchmuty, was invaded by what the good-clergyman, he himself a royal and active supporter of his King, called the wicked and rebellious spirit of the devil, embodied within the frail but beautiful frame of his daughter, Pauline.

As true as he was to the vows of his sacred office, which he construed as literal submission in all things to the superior will of the ruler of the mother country, just as staunch was she in patriotic love for the land of her birth.

A self-willed little rebel, she proved to be, and one who, although submissive in everything else, demanded of filial affection, was incorrigible in her persistent avowals of Yankee principles.

This was a sore grief to the royal clergyman and his wounded pride construed it into a crime of far greater magnitude than mere disobedience.

A crime surely amounting to treason in his royal eyes, treason must be routed out at whatever the cost. His reasoning and arguments availed nothing, for her ready wit proved more than a match for his, and her fiery eloquence in quoting the immortal lines from a speech of the patriotic Patrick Henry, "If this be treason, make the most of it," almost took his breath away.

He realized fully that severe measures must be adopted at once, and his first effort took the form of refusing to admit callers to his home whose sympathies while his house soon became the rendezvous of royalty in his hope to thereby influence and change his daughter's distasteful opinions.

This course was, however, the best possible for defeating the purpose at which it was aimed. She would neither admit the rights of King George nor denounce a traitor, and she sang Yankee Doodle and other patriotic airs until the good clergyman felt disgraced and many of his royal friends scandalized.

His parish work at this time too was most trying for his sensitive nerves and very far from satisfactory. Sentiments of rebellion were deplorably manifest among his congregation. His prayers for the health of the King and the success of his army, although a part of his church ritual, could but act as fuel to feed the flame of hate in many a patriotic breast, and remonstrances were freely made by old white-haired communicants who had been boys in the Sunday School of old Trinity. The better headed and more reckless youth, half in fun and frolic and perhaps half serious in trying the effect of intimidation, marched a company of militia, with bayonets affixed to their glistening guns, into the sacred edifice and took seats at service.

If the clergyman felt any fear at the unusual and rather threatening sight he never showed it, and he carried his service through and offered his prayer for the King with more than his accustomed fervor. Nothing could shake his determination to do that and even a direct request from General Washington that he omit such prayers from one service at which he desired to be in attendance as a member of the church, was ignored.

Old Trinity in colonial days, was as famous at it is now, and many who were attendants upon its services, were not really members of the Episcopal denomination. Such a one was good Mrs. Murray, a Quaker lady who, together with her five beautiful daughters, lived several miles out in the country in a fine house located on a hill, near a cross-road, then as now running from river to river. The hill covered with fine blocks of modern masonry still retains the name of its former owner, and the road, widened out and paved is alive with busy traffic of the Greater New York of our day, and we call it Forty-second street.

This peaceful home of the Murray's often contained another inmate. A fiery, impetuous nephew from Connecticut frequently made long visits, being always welcomed with the greatest joy by his five cousins, to whom he seemed a dear, mischievous, loving brother who made the house—and in fact the whole country side—ring during his visits. His father was a man of influence and means in the Nutmeg state and so young Harold was always privileged to bring his favorite horse with him, a big fiery black who could run with the speed of the wind and clear any seemingly impossible barrier to his mad flight.

The steady going farmers on the island and beyond the Harlem, knew full well when vacation days were come by seeing young Harold Murray and his cousin Janice, who rode a good bay mare for his black, and with as much reckless daring as himself, taking fences and ditches in a cross-country run, with the greatest apparent ease and pleasure. Sometimes Harold rode alone, when he took rougher ways and far more dangerous leaps than he felt his fair cousin should, and on one of these lonely ex-

ursions he followed the crazy turn of the river front closer than usual, and so discovered the long vacant and curious abode of the old pirate, Bowlder House.

His curiosity excited, he dismounted and pushed open the heavy, unfastened door. Within, he made a circuit of the rooms, and climbed the shelf-like ladder to the floor above but found nothing but bare rooms and the dust of years. The door of the pantry opened hard, but he pulled it back on its rusty hinges after some effort, and was rewarded only by the musty, foul smell of long disuse and tight closed door which prevents free air circulation. He tapped the stone walls and doors with his metal whip butt and pushed the door shut again.

That night in relating his discovery he heard for the first time of the old tenant and tragedy of Bowlder House.

About this time he first met Pauline. Between his cousin Janice and Pauline a warm friendship had sprung up the winter before, and the two girls frequently visited back and forth. Pauline had learned to ride well and she made a very agreeable third party to their trips about country.

One day when the three were out the suddenly lowering clouds and thunder murmurings betokened a violent storm near at hand, and with shelter a long distance off.

In the emergency he suggested Bowlder House, and his two companions jumped at it eagerly. There was something delightfully fascinating about the thought of being in an old haunted house during a thunderstorm to the two healthy minded and unsuperstitious girls, and the small element of danger made it all the more enticing, so following his lead at a brisk canter they drew up at the door and dismounted, just as the first few great splashing drops began to fall.

"It's too bad the poor horses can't be brought in too," he said, viewing the narrow doorway regretfully. "But if they must get wet of necessity that is no reason for our refusing shelter, so in with you while I make the poor beasts fast to yonder tree."

The two girls stood crowded within the narrow doorway and watched until he had secured all three horses and rejoined them. Then the three made a circuit of the rooms on the ground floor, talking and laughing over the story they had heard and showing mock fear of supposed ghosts liable to spring out at them from dark corners as they passed.

Pausing before the closed door of the pantry its gruesome part in the story recurred to each, and each laughed merrily to be caught searching the faces of the others for some sign of weakening nerves.

"Well, let's look in," said Pauline. "It's not dark yet, and I believe the fire eye was never seen in the broad light of day."

Harold pulled the door open and the two girls stood behind him peering within curiously. Then a spirit of mischief seizing Pauline, she gave Harold a sudden push which landed the unsuspecting young man inside the pantry or closet, when she hastily slammed the door, intending to playfully demand ransom for his release. A startled, half-smothered cry from within frightened her and changed her mind quickly, and almost instantly she pulled the door wide open again and stood staring with horror-stricken eyes at nothing. The pantry was unoccupied. Harold had disappeared completely.

Tottering backward with a low wall she fell into the arms of Janice, who had not taken in the full meaning of what had occurred so suddenly. The door, released from her grasp, swung too and closed again with a rusty heaving sound. And then she heard Harold's voice, sounding hollow and far off, demanding to be let out. Drawing her swooning friend nearer the door she reached out one hand and raised the latch, at the same time pulling the door wide. Harold stepped out, dust covered and smiling until he saw that Pauline had swooned in fright, when he hastened to revive her with some water he had no difficulty in catching from the torrents pouring down outside.

"Oh," she said, on regaining consciousness, and finding him bending over her tenderly. "What a horrid fright you gave me. Where did you hide?"

"I have discovered something," he replied, laughing, "and now that you are all right again, listen and I will tell you both the secret of the fire eye." "When you pushed me in and closed the door I didn't think or act before I felt the floor roll out from under my feet, and down I went sliding on the broad of my back until I landed, and, curiously enough, on my feet. It didn't take me long to strike a light, by the dim glow of which I could see that I was in an underground passage of some kind, and that a stone ladder, or rather a series of stone shelves set into the wall like those leading to the story above, must be the means of reaching the pantry or closet I had dropped from."

The only question was, How? Because the ceiling above my head seemed to be perfectly solid stone. While I stood looking up at it I saw it begin to move, and it slid back until I could see the full width of the pantry door, which was closed. I climbed up the stone ladder and had just succeeded in bringing my feet up to the small ledge above the place where the floor ought to be, when you opened the door, and the missing floor or stone rather, slid back into place and here I am."

"What a wonderful adventure," said Pauline, now quick to show enthusiastic interest when no real harm had befallen him.

"Do you know," he said, "I believe that door, by some ingenious mechanism, works the secret of that passage or vault. When the door closes the stone rolls back and leaves the opening down which I slid as a part of the

elms, because it was a slide and not a straight drop that I took."

"Surely this explains away the mystery of the pirate queen's disappearance when she gained entrance to the house," said Pauline.

"Yes, but how about the fire eye that winked at pursuers of that lady, and the horrid smell that assailed their noses, according to the old tale?" queried Janice.

"Both easy," laughed Harold. "Phosphorus and an artist could quickly produce the one, and any number of different drugs will make stench enough to stampede an army of Billy goats."

"But come, the sky is lifting sunshine now," he continued, "and it behooves us to mount. Suppose we keep silent about our discovery until after we explore the vault another day. We don't know what we may find there hidden away under the crust and mold of buried years."

"Fabulous wealth in jewels and treasure perhaps," laughed both girls, as they agreed to keep the secret.

Arriving at Ingleberg, as the Murray mansion was called, Harold found a courier waiting for him with a hasty summons to the bedside of his father, who was suddenly stricken seriously ill, so he left immediately for home.

Thus the subterranean passage of Bowlder House remained unexplored and became partially forgotten by the two girls, who felt that their promise of secrecy to Harold should be kept, and then, too, the fevered excitement of inevitable war turned their thoughts to other things, and the small but spirited Continental army quartered in New York, under General Putnam, not only gave plenty of food for gossip, but it proved the means of separating the two girls for a considerable period, because the Rev. Mr. Ingles, like many another royalist, fearing for the safety of his family, removed them to a place of supposed greater security up among the Highlands of the Hudson, and the next meeting of Janice and Harold was under the trying realities of war.

The battle of Long Island had been fought and the beaten Continentals sought flying and defeated. The raw Connecticut militia, under Col. Douglas, had been stationed at Kip's Bay in the vain endeavor to check the victorious redcoats of Lord Howe. Brave but undisciplined as they were they could not withstand for long the steady assaults of the trained and victory-flushed warriors of the King, so they were soon making anything but an orderly retreat along the dusty road across the island on that sweltering hot September day.

Mrs. Murray and her daughters were watching, with infinite sorrow, their routed and discouraged countrymen, being vainly rallied by officers little better disciplined than themselves. All worn and weary and dust-covered, as they hurried with what haste they could past the house, and all ungodly rest for a place where they could rest their leaden feet and weary, throbbing, aching heads in quiet and safety for a little while.

Finally a young officer who had shown more energy than the others in trying to bring an orderly retreat out of chaos, vaulted the fence in an easy, familiar way, and hurried up to them. Despite the dust and sweat that made grotesque smears and streaks upon his youthful face, Janice recognized him at once and rushed toward him, with the glad cry:

"Why, it's Harold!" The other crowded around, too, in eager, excited welcome, for his visit was a complete surprise, and made under circumstances further removed from their expectation. In fact they had not known he was a soldier in Liberty's cause until that moment.

"How is Pauline," he asked hurriedly, after explaining that his visit must be brief unless they wished to witness his capture by the redcoats. "Sent up among the Highlands for safety," said Janice.

He laughed and remarked that "the good clergyman probably thought the Continentals cannibals or something worse."

And then his manner sobered down and he continued very earnestly: "My dear aunt and cousins, as you love Liberty, try and do something to make Lord Howe tarry, if only for a little while. Each moment of delay is valuable beyond words to our meagre force, too raw and inexperienced to be made to stand in open opposition this day to the trained soldiery of the King. Even as I stand idle here the safety of our noble and fearless Washington may be endangered. He is only a short half mile beyond trying by his example to encourage a final stand, but our poor men are too disheartened and beat-stricken by forced flight to rally."

"Tarry then no longer, Harold," said the good woman. "We will try to make thee tarry."

And hardly was his form hid from view as he hurried away before the crimson coats of his pursuers came into sight, advancing rapidly, and with the confident air and easy swagger born of anticipated easy capture.

Good Mrs. Murray had to think and act promptly. She and Janice went forward to the gate, there meeting the admiring glances of the King's officers with such a smile of welcome that they paused willingly and were readily persuaded to take rest and refreshment with such charming hostesses, before proceeding to the easy capture they believed certain. This respite from pursuit of an hour or more was undoubtedly the means of saving the little force of Continentals from capture. It is recorded how Washington, thoroughly disheartened and losing for once that splendid control he had over his temper, had to be dragged away to join General Putnam's small force hurriedly leaving New York to form a new line of defense above Manhattanville, and that night, September 15, 1776, was passed in the most hopeless misery by the unprotected little army who had to endure drenching rain and unrelenting appetite.

With the sun of the 12th of October the called body, however, of some of the army, Colonel Mowbray's regiment, was sent to the river, and Lord Howe's Light Infantry, the sharp-shooters, were sent entirely favorable to the American cause who pushed the superior British back in this style and with considerable loss. The glory of the day was clouded, however, for the brave Colonel Knowlton fell mortally wounded as the price of victory won.

With the many other stirring incidents of this neighborhood our narrative has little to do. Washington's small army kept to the up country while the British held New York. Scouting and foraging parties of both sides played in between the lines and the territory became known as the Neutral Ground.

In this work the command of young Harold Murray, now advanced to the rank of Captain, took no mean part. His thorough acquaintance with the country made his services valuable and he several times crossed arms with the enemy bent, like himself, on scouting duty.

Once he daringly entered the enemy's lines and paid a visit to his startled aunt and cousins. Kind Providence seemed especially good to him and rewarded his rashness by giving him an unexpected welcome from Pauline.

Now that the King's troops held New York the good clergyman had brought his family back, and apprehending no harm had allowed Pauline to visit her friends, the Murray's, which he knew to be safe within the royal lines. How little he guessed the important results to grow out of that visit, for young blood is warm in war as in peace, and enforced separation had taught these two how dear each was to the other, so that when Harold crept away just before the dawn to return to his command, he carried with him a vision of the smiling, tearful face of his affianced wife.

He was not to get safely through, however, without an adventure, and very narrow escape from capture. Everything went well with him until he had gone far enough up the river to feel comparatively free from danger, and he was walking bravely and boldly along just as the dawn was breaking in the East, and he caught himself comparing the bright new day to his own new-found happiness, when his pleasant fancies were rudely dispelled by the ringing clatter of iron hoofs, and he turned to see a troop of redcoats bearing down upon him.

In times of peril the mind goes quickly and like a flash Bowlder House presented itself. He saw what he had not before noticed, that he was really near that haven of safety if he could but reach it.

Like a deer he was bounding over the rough ground and the troops clattering at his heels with ever-loudening hoarseness.

Evidently they could see no avenue for escape and they did not rest upon him. He dodged around what to them seemed only a huge bowlder and they separated to each side, but when they saw the door and drew rein the fugitive was safely inside.

To them this only made their game the more certain and the Captain dismounted and demanded instant admittance in the name of his gracious Majesty. This brought a tantalizing laugh from within, and the exasperated captain threatened to smash the door forthwith.

"Why don't you do it?" came the taunting voice from within.

This was too much for the irate captain and he ordered his men to batter it down. They tried faithfully to execute the orders, but the heavy door resisted every effort.

After spending an hour in this availing way, the determined captain dispatched a messenger with a new explanation of the situation and a request for a cannon to batter the house down about the ears of the Yankee spy.

All of this took time and the action was not in place to begin operations until late in the afternoon. Meantime Harold had paid a visit to the subterranean passage and discovered that there was nothing there of value. If it ever held treasure, some one who knew of it had returned to remove it. What he did had, however, was of greater service just then, that the passage had another outlet on the river bank which was hidden in a tangle of blackberry bushes and stunted trees.

He did not dare to try escape by it while it was light, so he hid there and heard the muffled boom of the cannon as it demolished forever the curious structure called Bowlder House. Years after when the walls of the old house had yielded his wings, and he had sheathed his sword as General Murray, with an honorable name of service which had helped to make New Nation, with his wife and two children, still unmarried, he returned to the spot to find that the British had found and blown up the secret passage and so was destroyed forever the vestige of Bowlder House and its mystery.

THE END.

A parrot in a certain house was usually kept in the dining room and the family, but during the winter removed to the kitchen and remained there until the spring when it was sent back to the dining room. On the morning of the 12th of October the parrot was found dead in the kitchen and was found to have been killed by a bullet.

Strictly speaking, the parrot was not a bird, but a monkey, and the bullet was fired by a man who was in the kitchen at the time. The man was a soldier in the Continental army and was on duty at the time. The parrot was a pet of the family and was very much loved by all of them.