

## "A Silent Shy Divinity."

The eyes of Lena Scharff were of the color of purple violet, but they looked out upon the world in such bewilderment for the reason that their observations were supplemented by no audible message. In other words, the little child had no voice with which to speak her thoughts and no hearing by which the thoughts of others could reach her. She was one of a big family, and all of the rest were without physical or mental defect. They were, indeed, a robust family, intelligent, frugal and industrious. The neighbors thought well of them. Mrs. Scharff had the reputation of being the best housekeeper on the block. Josepa Scharff, a contractor for ornamental stone work, was accounted a successful and fine workman. The boys and girls were bright at school; they were sent to the turners for physical development at the earliest possible age, and they were conspicuous among the pupils of a dancing school popular among the well-to-do Germans in their community. Moreover, every one of them could make music of one sort or another, and the front room looked more like the musicians' practice room at a theater than the parlor of a family.

But while the Scharffs appeared to have a number of homely virtues and to be citizens of which any city might well be proud, the fact remained that there was a certain hardness about them. They found it impossible to forgive incapability, which they seemed to confound with laziness. The boys invariably spoke with contempt of a schoolmate of theirs who was lame. The girls openly commiserated any of their friends who were plain. Joseph Scharff never had much use for any man who was out of work, and his wife was more apt to be irritated than sympathetic if one of the girls was found to be ill in the morning and not able to perform her share of the household duties.

So Lena, with the purple eyes, and the ears which would not hear, and the sensitive mouth which uttered no articulate word, came as an unspeakable mortification to the Scharffs. She had been such a pretty baby that at first she had been made much of, but when the discovery of her misfortune was made nothing more was said about her. She was kept in the background.

When callers came she was hustled into an upper room, and as she was a singularly patient child, more and more she was left by herself in a room at the end of the upstairs hall, which had been set apart for her. The place was warm in winter and cool in summer; bars were put across the window that the child might be in no danger from falling out, the room was thoroughly cleaned once a week, and Lena was looked upon by the family as being well enough treated. A few toys were got for her, but she seemed not much interested in them, and after a time her relatives ceased to make additions to this stock. She was dressed in sack-like frocks of dark blue calico, and her hair was kept shaved close to her head in order that there might not be trouble in combing it. In short, no caresses were ever given the little one, no one held or comforted or played with her. She became, as time went on, almost as solitary as a hermit. Much earlier than any of the rest she learned to care for herself, and she instinctively hastened to her bare, sunny little room the minute a meal was over. In time work began to be required of her. She was set to wiping dishes, to dusting rooms and to sewing. She did whatever she was taught, patiently, without tears. But the droop of the sensitive mouth grew greater, and there was a look of hopelessness in the purple eyes which nothing ever banished.

What thoughts were struggling in that inarticulate being no one cared to think. There was no curiosity felt upon the subject. The family went its prosperous and well satisfied way and let the soul, silent amid sociability, starve for lack of the food of human love.

There was, not far from the house of the Scharffs, a certain college settlement, enthusiastically sustained by a number of disinterested young men and women. And one of these women heard, by the merest chance, of the existence of Lena Scharff. But to reach her was a task as difficult as that of the Prince Charming when he went to find the Sleeping Beauty. The Scharffs might easily have thought themselves as fit persons to augment the working force of a settlement, but they would never have admitted that they could be its beneficiaries.

Miss Allport, the young lady of the settlement, had need of much diplomacy before she could as much as catch a glimpse of the morbidly shy, pale creature, only half human in her comprehension, who clung to the safe solitude of her room. And when, after much adroit persuasion, she gained the consent of Lena's mother to visit her, she found a yet more serious obstacle in the sullen suspicion of this timid, wild creature, who hugged her prison and feared all humanity. Miss Allport brought flowers and put them in Lena's room and went away with a smile. She left sweetets in the same way, and toys of a constructive nature—blocks and pieces of bright cloth, or pictures, or the paper Japanese flowers that open in water. Finally she came to the room and sat there, sewing on some piece of gay embroidery, or painting, or stringing beads. And at last, confidence won, she persuaded the child to go with her, and placed her

where she could have instruction, such as is given to the deaf.

The Scharffs were glad to be rid of this mortifying incumbence. They said now it would be possible to invite guests to the house without constant fear that they would discover that dreadful little creature.

The family was given permission to visit her once in three months, but they did not avail themselves of the opportunity. And Lena, when the brief vacations came, seemed unwilling to go home. Neat clothes were sent her by her mother and plenty of pocket money, and with that it appeared that she felt her full duty done. At the end of two years, however, Mrs. Scharff, moved by some belated maternal tenderness, or by curiosity, made a journey of 200 miles to see her daughter, and she returned with a somewhat puzzled look upon her face. Lena was growing rapidly, she said, and could read and write and do carving in wood, besides sewing and dancing and housework. The Scharffs opened their eyes, but were more or less incredulous. Besides, it didn't matter. The child was disagreeable to them. They disliked even to think of her.

Five years went by, and one day, in company with an attendant from the school, Lena made her appearance at her home. It was in the early evening, when the family had just finished dinner, and were sitting in the parlor among their musical instruments.

"She was so anxious to give you a surprise," said the attendant, "that I could not deny her."

The Scharffs were feeling distinctly bewildered. There stood before them a tall, graceful girl, with a face of indescribable refinement and appealing pathos. Her purple blue eyes shone with a tender light; her abundant golden brown hair was coiled upon her head in smooth braids. Her complexion had an exquisite delicacy. She was perfectly at ease. Indeed, though it seemed impossible, it was actually a fact that she seemed to be surveying her family with a critical eye, and her manner as she greeted them was anything but cringing. And while they would not have used that word, yet in reality a cringing attitude was what the Scharffs would have expected of this unfortunate.

Joseph Scharff was moved to something like shame for his long neglect. "I hope you have come to stay, Lena," he wrote on a sheet of paper. She thanked him with a kiss on his cheek, so charmingly given that the Scharffs stared in amazement. None of them could have done anything so spontaneous.

"I would like to have my old room, if you please," she wrote. "That little old room! You shall have a larger one," her father replied. But she insisted on the old one, and made herself at home there. The family went to bed that night with mingled feelings, chief among which was that of the difficulty of the situation. This beautiful girl could not be hidden as the seemingly half-witted child had been. But as a fortnight passed this feeling changed. So far from intruding upon the family, she kept rather exclusively to her own room, which she had fitted up with a divan, which she made into a bed at night, and with the bench and tools of her wood-cutting craft. On the wall, with its fresh tint of cool green, were hung the patterns she used, and many specimens of her clever handicraft. There had been cabinet-makers in the Scharff family, one of whom was famous, and artists were not unknown, either. Moreover, in his way, Joseph Scharff was an artist, too. So there was ability to give a true appreciation of this work, and the Scharffs began to wonder if they had not a genius in their midst.

Later, when news had gone abroad that this original young wood carver had come to town, those who had taken note of her work at certain exhibitions began to call. She was asked to join a society of the arts and crafts. Stories of her beauty and spirituality and talent went out. Artists of many sorts came to make her acquaintance and to compliment her upon the beauty of her work. A Bohemian circle was open to her, and she began to delight in the friendship of distinguished men and women. The little hall room was often crowded to overflowing.

The Scharffs began to talk much of their sister and to make capital even of the difficulties under which she worked. They entered into a plan suggested by her father, to build a studio on the back of the house, which could be entered from the street, and where she could entertain in the evening when she pleased. And they offered to add to the pleasure of these evenings by furnishing music on the piano, or violin, or flute.

In brief, the Scharffs found the greatest cause for pride which they had ever known in the girl whom they had once despised and treated with cruel neglect. But it sometimes puzzled them and caused them honest chagrin to discover that however courteous and kind this silent sister of theirs might be, it was not to them but to others that she gave glances of undisguised affection. She remained, so far as the Scharffs were concerned, remote, alien—no satellite, but a beautiful star moving proudly in its own orbit—Chicago Tribune.

The incubator.—It is necessary for most people to do some experimenting in order to use an incubator successfully. We read of people that have wonderful results with incubators the first time trying, but we believe this is not the rule. Like all good things the incubator must be learned as to what it will do.

## A Just Sentence.

The great desolate moor stretched in all directions. On a dull autumn afternoon there is scarcely a more desolate spot to be found in all England than the moor that lies to the north of Harton Fords Prison. Standing two miles north, the eye wanders over an apparently limitless waste of flat lands overgrown with coarse, reed-like grass and sedges. They are only relieved here and there by gray pools of water where the sedges and reeds grow higher, and many of them lie broken and bruised, trailing in darker threads over the dark, still water. There are always these broken reeds in the gloomy pools, though there seems nothing to break them. There are rough and narrow roads crossing Harton Fords in two or three directions; but few stray beyond them for the bleak desolation of the moors is not attractive, and the vegetation is too poor and coarse to give healthy nourishment to even the least fastidious of cattle.

At one of the farthest points from these roads stand some of those mysterious ruins which seem to have sprung up of themselves in the most barren spots, so shrouded in mystery is their origin and date. Great rocks and boulders lie scattered and tossed above and around each other, as though flung by Titan hands; some of them prostrate, some leaning against others in rough squares and circles that form rooms of a sort. These ruins, whatever they may be, stretch for some distance; only at one extremity of them is their use known, or at least the use to which men of later time have turned them. At the southern end the ground is known to be undermined by large caves communicated with through a rough trap door in one of the crudely formed rock-chambers. These caves in the heyday of smuggling were found very convenient storage places for property which had failed to pay the legal duty; but, now that smuggling is an almost extinct industry, the sandstone caves are declared unsafe, and the authorities have long ago closed the chamber that leads to them with a wooden door barred with iron, so that visitors are allowed no chance of breaking their necks or their limbs.

One bright day in June a man and a girl were walking across Harton Fords towards the ruins, and it was easy to see from the interest she showed in the desolate scene that the girl at least was a stranger to the neighborhood. As they reached a turn in the winding path she paused and glanced back. "How gloomy that place looks!" she said, with a little gesture towards the frowning pile of the great prison that loomed in the far distance. "I don't wonder Harton Fords is so horribly dismal; nothing could be cheerfully overlooked by that."

Her companion, a man of about six-and-thirty, stared back at it thoughtfully. "I feel pretty much the same," he said with a short laugh; "but with a good deal more reason. I helped some of the unlucky beggars that inhabit it to their fate, you know." Helen Carden put her hand inside her husband's arm and turned away with a shiver. "Let's forget it, dear. Do you know, I'm as proud as I can be that you're one of the most skillful counsel at the bar, and yet—" She hesitated, and Carden looked at her with a smile in his dark eyes.

"And yet—" "Well, since I've seen the gangs of convicts from Harton Fords, I almost wish sometimes—not quite, dear, but almost—that you were anything else. They do look so miserable."

"Most of them deserve to be miserable," replied Carden practically. "They're precious scoundrels. Don't trouble your pretty head about them, Nell, and don't stop being proud of me. I'm a conceited fellow, and I like you to share in my self-conceit."

He laughed lightly, his eyes on the girl's face. The cloud vanished, and she looked up with an answering laugh and a great deal of loving admiration very openly and innocently expressed. She was a wife of four weeks' standing, and had not yet recovered from her astonishment that the man who, at the legally infantile age of six-and-thirty, stood among the highest of his profession, loved her with all his heart.

"I never shall," she replied "never. There are the ruins, Lewis. I wonder who the workmen were who first built them."

The two stood looking at the great gray stones a minute, and then entered them and explored their fantastic groves with many speculations such as every tourist makes on visiting such a place. Helen Carden had heard of the underground caves and their closed entrance.

"I wish we could see them," she said immediately. "I always love caves. One can conjure up rather eerie fancies there that don't come elsewhere."

"And you like such fancies? It's the attraction of opposites."

Carden laughed as he spoke, and looked across at a door some little distance from them. "That's the entrance to them; barred across—do you see?"

"Is that it? Ah, but the trap-door lies behind. I wonder—" She went across and began to examine the fastenings with small inquisitive hands. Carden leant his back against the ruins and watched her. He was a man who, brilliantly intellectual, had in him the strain of hardness that often goes with the steel-like intellect that is keenly incisive and polished, but not broad. Partly from this temperament, partly from the necessity of his profession, he had

hardened his heart against that portion of the human race which is given to marked wrongdoing, and had certainly never, until his marriage, felt anything approaching pity for the men whom he pleaded for or against. With the entrance of Helen into his life had come a change; and, because his love had taught him gentleness with her, he had almost unconsciously taken a kinder outlook on mankind in general.

After a few minutes, his wife looked back at him. "I wish you'd try to open it," she said eagerly. "It gives even as I push it. These old bolts are quite worn out."

"Are they?" Carden pulled himself up and tested the fastening with his hand. "I'll write to the authorities; that's dangerous. Open it for you? Certainly not. I've no wish for you to come to grief, Nell."

"Should you care much?" She spoke laughingly, and looked back at him with dancing eyes.

Carden, with a quick contraction of the brows, caught her hand in his and kissed her. "No one to see," he said, with a half-shamefaced laugh. "Don't talk of such things, Nell. I'm a fool where you are concerned, and talking seems to make them possible."

He turned away, her hand still in his, and led her round to the other end of the ruins to the one point where a view could be obtained of something besides the bleak moor and prison. Here the silver stream of the Harton could be seen winding across distant meadows, and Carden arranged a couple of flat stones so as to form a comfortable seat for his wife, and threw himself down at her feet.

"I certainly am a fool, Nell. Till I knew you, I should have felt no particular sorrow if half my acquaintances had smashed through trap-doors, but with you—"

"You can't even bear a hint that I might smash, too, you foolish fellow."

"No, I can't."

He turned quickly and looked up at his wife. Words of endearment were rare with him; but Nell Carden met his look and was satisfied.

"Do you know you have dropped your stick somewhere, dear?" she asked presently. "You brought it with you, I know."

Carden pulled himself into a sitting posture and looked around. "So I have. I put it down when I was trying those bolts by the underground entrance. I'll just go back; it won't take me ten minutes."

"Well, don't try exploring on your own account, dear. You're not so careful as I could wish, Lewis, when I'm not by to look after you."

She nodded gaily, and sat watching the tall figure as Carden went rather heavily towards the other end of the ruins. He was too large physically, and of too strong a nature, to move lightly even when he had been a boy. He glanced back as he reached an angle which would hide his wife from his view, and gave a minute's keen scrutiny to her surroundings. He had heard a piece of news the day before, which, as it recurred to his mind, made him half-sorry he had left her alone. However, he was close to the subterranean entrance now, and he need not lose sight of her for more than three minutes; it would indeed hardly take the time to reach the barred door near which his lost property was probably lying and return to his present position.

He walked on with long strides. He was not mistaken; the cane he had been carrying lay on a rough rock pedestal close to the door. He picked it up and turned to go, when his eye was caught by a bar near the top of the door. He had tested the fastenings at his wife's remark half an hour before, but he was certain they had all been in their place. He had felt them yield somewhat to his fingers, but he had not exerted sufficient strength to force them. Of that he felt absolutely sure. Yet now the two bars at the top were displaced, and only the two lower ones prevented entrance.

Carden's keen eyes examined them curiously a moment, then he laid down his stick. He was a little excited in his calm fashion. He felt certain that in the half-hour since he had left the spot no visitor could have arrived without his having seen his approach over the moor; on the other hand, bars do not quit their place without hands. He drew back a couple of paces, and then sent the full impact of his strong shoulder against the door. It shook violently, then the rusted hinges gave way, and Carden, recovering himself from the impetus of his spring, walked in. Three steps he took, then there was a rush behind him, the door was flung into its place again by strong hands, and Carden turned sharply. A man was standing in an angle of the broken masonry; a man as tall and strong as himself, but with his great shoulders bowed as if by heavy labor, and his head stooping forward between them. He was looking at Carden with furious anger in his eyes, and his breath came in sharp pants.

"You've hunted me down again," he cried; "but I swear you shan't send me in a second time, Mr. Carden." He took a firmer grip of a thick club he held, his face despairing despite its fury.

The barrister put one hand into his pocket, and surveyed the man stolidly. "I heard you had escaped," he said coolly. "As to hunting you down, I did not do that; but now I have come across you I shall certainly lose no time in trying to send you in a second time, as you express it. Let me pass." The barrister made a slight, imperious gesture with his hand.

The other moved half aside as if by a blind instinct of obedience; then, recollecting himself, he sprang forward and flung himself in Carden's

path, his club threateningly raised. "I am desperate," he cried. "Do you think you are going to stop my way now. I am free at last. It's to you I owe such years of death in life as no happiness would ever blot from my mind; and now, when they lie behind, before heaven, I'll kill you rather than re-enter them." As he spoke it was easy to see that he was, as he said, desperate, and in the mood when men will take human life in sheer reckless despair with as little realism of what they are doing as the veriest madman.

Carden's even tones fell like ice on fire. "I believe you would," he said. "When a gentleman, such as you once were, Dr. Boyd, takes to crime, he is a far greater danger to society than the ordinary criminal. However, you are talking nonsense now. Knowing you had escaped, I made preparations for a possible interview." The barrister drew his hand quickly from his pocket; there was a flash of sunlight glinting on steel, and the muzzle of a revolver pointed straight at the escaped convict.

The man gazed at it motionless a minute; then the light died from his eyes, and he sank down into an abject heap, with an inarticulate cry. But the next minute he leaped to his feet, shaking clenched hands.

"Is there no pit, in heaven or earth?" he cried. "My God, I can't bear it again! I can't!" He turned to Carden. "If you've any mercy, shoot me outright. I've had three years of torture—hopeless torture, with every bit of trust I ever had in God or man dying out, every lingering faith in justice human or divine killed by facts. At first I used to think that the world was looked after by Somebody, but afterwards I learned how absurd such a creed is; and if the idea came back, and my escape seemed a mercy straight from heaven, I see now it's all a part of the huge joke that has been played with me. Shoot me, Mr. Carden, and put the revolver by me. They'll bring it in suicide, and you'll know that at last you showed mercy."

The barrister listened quietly. He had heard such appeals too many times to be easily moved, and he recollected very clearly the circumstances under which he had procured this man's condemnation. "What about the poor young fellow you murdered?" he asked sternly. "It's a flagrant absurdity for you to talk of want of justice, when you yourself confessed your crime."

The man hesitated. The passionate yearning for freedom was so strong in him. He looked at the stern eyes of the barrister, whose eloquence had turned a wavering jury against him, and felt himself helpless in his hands. He looked round at the wide moor and the blue sky with hopeless, hunted longing in his eyes, and back to the unyielding face opposite, and the steady hand that held the revolver.

"I saw you an hour ago, sir," he said abruptly. "Was that your wife you?"

Carden took a step forward. "Kindly refrain from mentioning her," he said sharply. "Now, walk out in front of me."

"One moment," Boyd's eyes sought his eagerly. "Whoever she was, I saw you loved her. I know the look in a man's face—and a woman's too. It's strange—isn't it, Mr. Carden?—but murderer as I am, I've loved a woman in the days when I was a man with a man's rights." He laughed bitterly. "What would you do, Mr. Carden, if some scoundrel were to take her from you? What would you not do?" He looked at Carden's impassive face, and saw it suddenly flash into fire.

The barrister answered roughly. "Hold your tongue," he said, "or I shall know how to stop it."

But Boyd had seen and had noted the involuntary clench of the broad hand. "Just so," he said grimly. "Well, I loved her like that, and Lane, the man I murdered—I confess it again, you see—took her from me. I'd have forgiven him that—maybe; but he dragged her down to the mire. I needn't say more."

The convict's gaunt frame was shaking all over as he went on. "I thought she loved me till I found this out; and then when I taxed him, he laughed and exulted in it; and I had seen her face white with despair only an hour before—the face I loved—and I struck him, not knowing or caring what I did, so that I could kill the laugh on his lips—the laugh at her despair. I did not mean to kill him, though I'm not sorry I did. She was the sweetest and purest woman God ever made till he touched her."

His voice broke into a sob and he brushed his hand across his eyes. He had for a moment forgotten his enemy, and started violently as a hand dropped on his shoulder.

"Why didn't you tell me this at the trial?" asked Carden huskily.

"Don't you understand, man? I loved her—and I thought when I got free, three days ago, that I could still find her—she went back to her old home—and marry her if she would, and make things better for her. I meant to. I thought, like a fool, that Whoever rules the world meant that I and she should both have another chance." Boyd paused, looking straight before him, his hands dropping idly at his sides, blank misery in his face. Then he turned abruptly and looked up at the other. "Do you understand a little now?" he said roughly. "You would not have understood once; but you love now—I saw it. Wouldn't you have done the same?" Carden drew his hand over his eyes as if to clear their vision. "I don't know. I might have, I believe—if Nell—I believe I should."

Boyd nodded and sat silent. Presently Carden touched him.

"Dr. Boyd," he said gravely, "I am not your judge. I shall not hinder you. As far as I am concerned you are free."

The convict stared at him a moment, then he stretched out a doubtful hand. "Do you mean it? Do you really mean it? I thought it was all up this time."

"I did not know. I did not understand. You did wrong; but I'll have no hand in sending you back there. I think you are to have that other chance—you and she."

The convict and the man to whom he owed his conviction gripped hands, each of them moved out of the usual self-command. Then Carden effected a "loan" of all the cash he had about him.

After that the famous Queen's counsel went back to his wife. He had compounded a felony, and did not regret it. When, some time later, he received a short note which contained information of a wedding, he put it in the fire with a queer feeling of satisfaction that he had successfully aided and evaded of the law, of which he was one of the most brilliant supporters.—Chambers' Journal.

## To Treat Equine Distemper.

Bulletin 89, Virginia Experiment Station: The typical attack of distemper requires very little treatment outside of easily digested food, good ventilation, absence of drafts, rest and quiet. Rectal injections of cold water tend to lower the temperature and at the same time to regulate the bowels. But good nursing is the principal treatment. It is when complications present themselves that treatment becomes necessary. When pyogenic distemper complicates the attack, the enlarged submaxillary glands should be poulticed with a hot, clean poultice, so as to favor supuration. When this swelling becomes soft it should be lanced and allowed to drain. When respiration becomes difficult, allowing the animal to inhale the steam of boiling water, into which a little tar or turpentine has been poured, will generally relieve the troublesome breathing to a great extent.

When pneumonia complicates the disease, blankets should be wrung out in hot water and applied to the chest. If, however, the inflammatory process continues to extend, stimulating blisters are of service; among these, mustard is about the best. The heart should be carefully watched, and if seen to grow weak stimulants should be administered, as alcohol one to two ounces, with tincture of nuxvomica one to two drachms, given by the mouth, three times a day in two or three times as much water, either as a drench or by means of a syringe. When the extremities are swollen very much, or when founder is present, hot applications are very beneficial. The feet should be placed in a tub of hot water and allowed to remain during the day, and hot poultices applied during the night. Oil makes the best poultice, but when this can not be obtained, bran answers the purpose very nicely. The object is to maintain an even heat over the inflamed parts.

When the eyes become much inflamed, they should be bathed every few hours with a solution containing one drachm of boric acid to the pint of water. When the deeper structures of the eye appear inflamed, a few drops of belladonna should be dropped into the eye night and morning for three or four days. When the nervous symptoms are very severe, cold applications to the head and spine are of benefit. The bowels should be kept open with laxative diet or linseed oil. Iodide of potassium two drachms, with powdered nuxvomica one-half drachm three times a day as a tonic, stimulant and alterative, often gives very happy results. If the animal is very plethoric, bleeding is often advantageous. When excitement is marked, bromide of potassium two drachms, with cannabis indica (tincture) one-half ounce, given every three hours until animal becomes more quiet should be tried. In all cases, the object should be to maintain the strength of the patient, relieve the severe symptoms and combat complications. With these objects in view and strict attention to details of nursing, most often happy results are gotten, and but few cases prove fatal. It should always be borne in mind that distemper is a contagious and infectious disease, and that animals not affected should not be exposed to affected animals or left in stables which have been occupied by distemper horses.—Charles McCulloch, Assistant Veterinarian.

National Crop Report. The April report of the statistician of the department of agriculture shows the average condition of winter wheat on April 1 to have been 82.1, against 77.9 on April 1, 1899, and a ten-year average of 82.8. While the ravages of the Hessian fly in Ohio, Michigan, and Indiana will probably result in not one of these three states producing more than half a crop, an exceptionally high condition is reported from the winter wheat states west of the Mississippi river and from the Pacific coast. The principal averages in the middle west are as follows: Ohio, 47; Michigan, 57; Indiana, 51; Illinois, 58; Missouri, 51; Kansas, 59, and Washington, 106.

The average condition of winter rye is 84.8, against 84.9 on April 1, 1899. The percentage of mortality among the animals during the year ending March 31, 1900, was not only below that of last year, but was also below the ten and fifteen year averages—of horses, 1.8 per cent; of cattle, 3.1; of sheep, 3.8; of hogs, no estimate. As regards the condition on April 1, horses are reported at 97; cattle at 97.2 and sheep at 99.9.