

THE PORTENT.

A Story of the Inner Vision of the Highlanders, Commonly Called the Second Sight.

By GEORGE MACDONALD.

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

"What right had you to be there?"
"I heard a cry and could not help going."
"This impossible, I see. Some wretch told you, and you watched for me."
"I did not, Lady Alice."
She burst into tears and fell back on the couch, with her face turned away. Then, anger reviving, she went on through her sobs:

"Why did you not leave me where I fell? You had done enough to hurt me without bringing me here."
And again she fell weeping.
Now I found words.
"Lady Alice," I said, "how could I leave you lying in the moonlight? Before the sun rose the terrible moon might have distorted your beautiful face."
"Be silent, sir. What have you to do with my face?"

"And the wind, Lady Alice, was blowing through the corridor windows, keen and cold as the moonlight. How could I leave you?"
"You could have called for help."
"Forgive me, Lady Alice, if I erred in thinking you would rather command the silence of a gentleman to whom an accident had revealed your secret, than to have been exposed to the domestic who would have gathered round us."
Again she half raised herself, and again her eyes flashed.

"A secret with you, sir?"
"But, besides, Lady Alice," I cried, springing to my feet in distress at her hardness, "I heard the horse with the clanking shoe, and in terror, I caught you up, and fled with you, almost before I knew what I did. And I hear it now—hear it now," I cried, as once more the ominous sound rang through my brain.

The angry glow faded from her face, and its paleness grew almost ghastly with dismay.
"Do you hear it?" she said, throwing back her covering, and rising from the couch. "I do not."
She stood listening with distended eyes, as if they were the gates by which such sounds entered.

"I did not hear it," she said again, after a pause, "It must be gone now." Then, turning to me, she laid her hand on my arm, and looked at me. Her black hair, disordered and entangled, wandered all over her white dress to her knees. Her face was paler than ever; and her eyes were so wide open that I could see the white all around the dark iris.

"Did you hear it?" she said, "No one ever heard it before but me. I must forgive you—you could not help it. I will trust you, too. Take me to my room."
Without a word of reply I wrapped my plaid about her. Then, bethinking me of my chamber candle, I lit it, and opening the two doors, led her out of the room.

"How is this?" she asked. "Why do you take me this way? I do not know the place."
"This is the way I brought you in, Lady Alice," I answered. "I know no other way to the spot where I found you. And I can guide you no further than there—hardly even so far, for I groped my way there for the first time this night or morning—whichever it may be."
"It is past midnight, but not morning yet," she replied. "I always know. But there must be another way from your room."
"Yes, of course, but we would have to pass the housekeeper's door—she is always late."
"Are we near her room? I should know my way from there. I fear it would not surprise any of the household to see me. They would say—'It is only Lady Alice.' Yet I cannot tell you how I shrink from being seen. No—I will try the way you brought me—If you do not mind going back with me."

"This conversation passed in low tone and hurried words. It was scarcely over before we found ourselves at the foot of the staircase. Lady Alice shivered, and drew the plaid close round her. We ascended, and soon found the corridor; but when we got through it, she was rather bewildered. At length, after looking into several of the rooms, empty all, except for stray articles of furniture, she exclaimed, as she entered one, and, taking the candle from my hand, held it above her head:

"Ah, yes! I am right at last. This is the haunted room. I know my way now."
I caught a darkling glimpse of a large room, apparently quite furnished; but, except from the general feeling of antiquity and mustiness, I could not tell.

At the door of this room she said: "I must leave you here. I will put down the light a little further on, and you can come for it. I owe you many thanks. You will not be afraid of being left so near the haunted room?"
I assured her that at present I felt strong enough to meet all the ghosts in or out of Hades. Turning, she smiled a sad, sweet smile, and then went on a few paces, and disappeared. The light, however, remained; and I found the candle, with my plaid, deposited at the foot of a short flight of steps, at right angles to the passage she left me in.

CHAPTER VII.
LOVE AND POWER.
When the morning came I began to doubt whether my wakefulness had not been part of my dream, and I had not dreamed the whole of my supposed adventures. There was no sign of a lady's presence left in the room. How could there have been? But throwing the plaid which covered me aside, my hand was caught by a single thread of something so fine that I could not see it till the light grew strong. I wound it round and round my finger and doubted no longer.

At breakfast there was no Lady Alice—nor at dinner. I grew uneasy,

but what could I do? I soon learned that she was ill; and a weary fortnight passed before I saw her again. Mrs. Wilson told me that she had caught cold, and was confined to her room. So I was ill at ease, not from love alone, but from anxiety as well.

I continued my work in the library, although it did not advance with the same steadiness as before. One day, in listless mood, I took up a volume, without knowing what it was, or what I sought. It opened at the "Amoretta" of Edmund Spenser. I was on the point of closing it again, when a line caught my eye. I read the sonnet; read another; found I could understand them perfectly; and that hour the poetry of the sixteenth century, hitherto a sealed fountain, became an open well of refreshment, and the strength that comes from sympathy.

That same day, I remember well, Mrs. Wilson told me that Lady Alice was much better. But as days passed, and still she did not make her appearance, my anxiety only changed its object, and I feared that it was from aversion to me that she did not join the family. But her name was never mentioned in my hearing by any of the other members of it; and her absence appeared to be to them a matter of no moment or interest.

One night, as I sat in my room, I found, as usual, that it was impossible to read; and throwing the book aside, relapsed into that sphere of thought which now filled my soul, and had for its center the Lady Alice. I recalled her form as she lay on the couch, and brooded over the remembrance till a longing to see her, almost unbearable, arose within me.

"Would to heaven," I said to myself, "that will were power!"
In this occurrence of idleness, distraction and vehement desire, I found all at once, without any foregone conclusion, that I was concentrating and intensifying within me, until it rose almost to a command, the operative volition that Lady Alice should come to me. In a moment more I trembled at the sense of a new power which sprang into conscious being within me. I had no prevision of its existence, when I gave way to such extravagant and apparently helpless wishes. I now actually awaited the fulfillment of my desire; but in a condition ill-fitted to receive it, for the effort had already exhausted me to such a degree that every nerve was in a convulsive tremor. Nor had I long to wait.

I heard no sound of approach; the closet-door folded back, and in glided, open-eyed, but sightless, pale and saint-like, the Lady Alice. I shuddered from head to foot at what I had done. She was more terrible to me in that moment than any pale-eyed ghost could have been. For had I not exercised a kind of necromantic art, and roused without awaking the slumbering dead? She passed me, walking round the table at which I was seated, went to the couch, laid herself down with a maidenly care, turned a little to one side, with her face toward me and gradually closed her eyes. In something deeper than sleep she lay, and yet not in death. I rose, and once more knelt beside her, but dared not touch her. In what far realms of life might the lovely soul be straying! What mysterious modes of being might now be the homely surroundings of her second life! Thoughts unutterable rose in me, culminated and sunk, like the stars of heaven, as an absent life—a life that I loved by means of the symbol; a symbol that I loved because of the life. How long she lay thus, how long I gazed upon her thus, I do not know.

I knew that she was awake, some moments before she opened her eyes. When at last those depths of darkness disclosed themselves, slowly uplifting their white cloudy portals, the same consternation she had formerly manifested, accompanied by yet greater anger, followed.

"Yet again! Am I your slave because I am weak?" she rose in the majesty of wrath and moved toward the door.
"Lady Alice, I have not touched you. I am to blame but not as you think. Could I help longing to see you? And if the longing passed, ere I was aware, into a will that you should come, and you obeyed it, forgive me."
I hid my face in my hands, overcome by conflicting emotions. A kind of stupor came over me. When I lifted my head she was standing by the closet door.

"I have waited," she said, "to make a request of you."
"Do not utter it, Lady Alice. I know what it is. I give you my word—my solemn promise, if you like—that I will never do it again." She thanked me with a smile, and vanished.

Much to my surprise she appeared at dinner next day. No notice was taken of her, except by the younger of my pupils, who called out:
"Hallo! Alice! Are you down?"
She smiled and nodded, but did not speak. Everything went on as usual. There was no change in her behavior, except in one point. I ventured the experiment of paying her some ordinary enough attention. She thanked me without a trace of the scornful expression I all but expected to see upon her beautiful face. But when I addressed her about the weather, or something equally interesting, she made no reply; and Lady Hilton gave me a stare, as much as to say, "Don't you know it is of no use to talk to her?" Alice saw the look, and left the room. When she had gone Lady Hilton said to me:

"Don't speak to her, Mr. Campbell, it distresses her. She is very peculiar, you know."

CHAPTER VIII.
A NEW PUPIL.
One day, exactly three weeks after her last visit to my room, as I was sitting with my three pupils in the school room, Lady Alice entered, and began to look on the book shelves as if she wanted some volume. After a few moments, she turned, and approaching the table, said to me, in an abrupt, yet hesitating manner:

"Mr. Campbell, I cannot spell. How am I to learn?"
I thought for a moment, and replied: "Copy a passage every day, Lady Alice, from some favorite book. Then if you will allow me I shall be most happy to point out any mistakes you may have made."
"Thank you, Mr. Campbell, I will; but I am afraid you will despise me, when you find how badly I spell."
"There is no fear of that," I rejoined,

"It is a mere peculiarity. So long as one can think well, spelling is altogether secondary."
"Thank you, I will try," she said, and left the room.

Next day she brought me an old ballad, written tolerably, but in a school girl's hand. She had copied the antique spelling letter for letter.

"This is quite correct," I said; "but to copy such as this will not teach you properly; for it is very old, and consequently old-fashioned."
"Is it old? Don't we spell like that now? You see I do not know any thing about it. You must set me a task then."

This I undertook with more pleasure than I dared to show. Every day she brought me the appointed exercise, written with a steadily improving hand. To my surprise I never found a single error in the spelling. Of course, when advancing a step in the process, she did make blunders, but not so many as I had expected; and she seldom repeated one after correction.

Long before Lady Alice had made this progress, my nightly struggles began to diminish in violence. They had now entirely ceased. The temptation had left me. I felt certain that for week she had never walked in her sleep. She was beyond my power, and I was glad of it.

I was, of course, most careful of my behavior during all this period, and strove to pay Lady Alice no more attention than I paid to the rest of my pupils; and I cannot help thinking that I succeeded. But now and then in the midst of some instruction I was giving Lady Alice, I caught the eye of Lady Lucy, a sharp, common-sensed girl, fixed upon one or the other of us, with an inquisitive vulgar expression, which I did not like. This made me more careful still.

Whether it was from Lady Lucy's evil report, or that the change in Lady Alice's habits and appearance had attracted the attention of Lady Hilton, I cannot tell; but one morning she appeared at the door of my study, and called her. Lady Alice rose and went, with a slight gesture of impatience. In a few minutes she returned, looking angry and determined, and resumed her seat. But whatever it was that had passed between them, it had destroyed that quiet flow of feelings which was necessary to the working of her thoughts. In vain she tried; she could do nothing correctly. At last she burst into tears and left the room. I was almost beside myself with distress and apprehension. She did not return that day.

Next morning she entered at the usual hour, looking composed, but paler than of late, and showing signs of recent weeping. When we were all seated, and had just commenced our work, I happened to look up, and caught her eyes intently fixed on me. They dropped instantly, but without any appearance of confusion. She went on with her arithmetic, and succeeded tolerably. But this respite was to be of short duration. Lady Hilton again entered and called her. She rose angrily, and my quick ear caught the half-uttered words, "That woman will make an idiot of me again!" She did not return, and never from that hour resumed her place in the school-room.

I was lying on the floor of my room one midnight, with my face to the ground, when suddenly I heard a low, sweet, strange voice singing somewhere. The moment I became aware that I heard it, I felt as if I had been listening to it unconsciously for some minutes past. I lay still, either charmed to stillness, or fearful of breaking the spell. As I lay, I was lapped in sighs, and the waves fell with a threatening tone upon the beach, muttering many maledictions as they rushed up, and whispering cruel portents as they drew back, hissing and gurgling, through the million narrow ways of the pebbly ramparts; and I knew that a maiden in white was standing in the cold wind, by the angry sea singing. I had a kind of dreamy belief in my dream; but, overpowered by the spell of the music, I still lay and listened. Keener and stronger, under the impulses of my will, grew the power of my hearing. At last I could distinguish the words. The ballad was "Annie of Lochroyan," and Lady Alice was singing it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SHE WAS A HEROINE.
A Tale of the Death of Lincoln in Which a Lewiston Lady Figured.

"There," said a Lewiston official, "is a woman passing up Pine street, who I personally know is a heroine. I was in the city of Sherbrook, province of Quebec, Canada, the day that Abraham Lincoln was shot and this woman was the wife of a dealer in ship timbers," quotes the Lewiston Journal. "They lived in Gordon street in that city and on the top of their house was a flag-staff. When she heard that Lincoln was dead her husband being away, she put up the United States flag at half-mast. After breakfast a soldier came up the street and seeing the flag, went up to the door and requested it taken down. She explained why it was up and refused politely but decidedly to take it down. He smiled warningly and went away, saying: 'Well, I have done my duty.'"
"A short time after a lieutenant with six soldiers came up the street and opening the gate, entered the yard."
"What do you want?" inquired the woman.
"I want you to take down that flag," responded the officer.
"Again she explained that Lincoln was dead and she was an American."
"I can't help that. I have orders to take down that flag and I shall do it," the officer responded.
"He started to go around the house to enter it, when he was encountered by a man named Charles Goodrich from Chanton, Me., who said: 'If you take another step toward that flag I'll dye the ground here the color of your coats.' The officer stepped back to the line and ordered his men to advance. But they looked at the upraised ax and stood still. Seeing his advantage Charles Goodrich ordered them out of the yard and they went. The next day when the horrible murder of Lincoln was more fully realized the mayor sent an apology to the lady and at the indignation meeting which was shortly held, she was applauded for her action. She lives in Lewiston now and one of her daughters married a Lisbon street merchant."

DAIRY AND POULTRY.

INTERESTING CHAPTERS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

How Successful Farmers Operate This Department of the Homestead—Hints as to the Care of Live Stock and Poultry.

Selling Butter.
(Continued from Farmers' Review Stenographic Report of Iowa Dairy Convention.)

Mr. John Goldsworthy of Burnside spoke on the question of selling butter by co-operation. The pith of his address was that co-operative selling lessened the cost of disposing of it. Discussion took place as follows:

Q.—Have you gone far enough into the subject to develop a plan of selling by which it will be a permanent success, that is, as to selling butter?

A.—I have not. I would say that the plan should be something like this: A company would be organized with 200 shares at a par value each of \$50 per share. This would make a capital of \$10,000. A part of this, say 20 per cent, should be paid up at once. A board of directors would have the management of the business. Of course we would have a secretary, treasurer and general manager. The latter officer should reside in Chicago and have the principal management of the business.

Mr. Wilson—Does it not resolve itself into an ordinary commission business? Now, I think that the general experience of co-operative selling has not been a success. In other words, it has been found that co-operative companies do not co-operate. Whether they can be made to co-operate is another question. We have tried co-operation in a hundred different ways but have not yet arrived at a successful way of doing it. They have made a great success of co-operation in England, but not in this country. Now, it would be a good plan to have a central place in Chicago where the butter of a hundred creameries could be brought to it and given its proper grade and placed on the market.

Mr. Frost—This is a question that is worthy the consideration of both buyers and sellers of butter. It is a question of such magnitude that were we to follow it to its limits we would consume a week of time. It would have a tendency to bring up the quality of common dairy butter to creamery make. If the creameries would all make extra butter this would be the best plan that we could adopt, and I believe that if we had such a central station the commission men would all be glad to go there, where they could get what they wanted. But my experience has been that our creamery butter is not all extra or even first, as to the bulk. For this reason I do not believe the plan would work very well. In the state of Dakota they started a co-operative selling association a short time ago and are already quarreling about it. I believe the commission men are working in the interests of the creameries. To keep on good terms with their patrons they try to get as high prices for the butter as possible, for they know that if the farmer finds he is not getting as much as he might, he will send his goods to some other man.

To Prevent Contagion.
The Feathered World of London, England, says that when a contagious disease appears, say canker, or diphtheritic roup, to give it its proper title whether it be among fowls or pigeons, the first thing to be done is to isolate immediately any bird or birds afflicted with it. Next we have to consider that many of the others may have contracted it and we must watch for symptoms and isolate them also promptly. In case of doubt it is always best to be on the safe side and remove any bird that appears to be ailing, however slightly, until it is made clear that there is nothing the matter. Another important point is that a diseased bird may cause others to be diseased by drinking at the same fountain. The addition of a little acidified steel tincture to the drinking water is a means of making it antiseptic and at the same time acts as a useful tonic to the birds. When once a contagious disease has been present in a fowl house or pigeonary it is folly to attempt further breeding until the place has been thoroughly disinfected. The birds should all be removed for a week or two to other quarters. To disinfect the place, first close it up and burn sulphur in it, allowing the fumes to remain in possession for several hours. (Best to do this at night, and then it can remain until the following morning.) Then scrape the walls, sweep out the floor, and have it thoroughly syringed with water containing carbolic acid. Afterwards whitewash the walls and resand the floor, and after a few days' interval the birds in quarantine may be returned.

An exchange says that from many examinations made it is found that the gizzard of a perfectly healthy fowl contains at all times a generous quantity of gravel or grit, when this article is freely supplied—oftentimes more grit than food. On the contrary, when not in vigorous health, a small quantity of grit, sometimes not any, is to be found, while both crop and gizzard will be overloaded with a mass of stale, offensive food, which the latter organ fails to grind and properly prepare for nature's work. Indigestion, bowel trouble, congested and diseased liver, one or all, and finally death follows. We would not have the reader infer that the use of grit or gravel will prevent in all cases, the diseases mentioned and many others might be named, but we are thoroughly convinced that by its free use it will so aid in keeping the fowl in such a vigorous state of health that disease will find no place to trench itself.

DAIRY SCHOOLS.—At the present time special courses in dairying are provided in the agricultural colleges of Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Vermont, New York, Maine and Michigan. Of these states, Wisconsin devotes entirely to dairying a \$40,000 building and equipments. New York a \$50,000 building, Minnesota one costing about \$25,000, Iowa \$4,000 and Indiana \$1,500. These dairy schools contain the most economical and modern equipment for conducting the work of a home dairy, creamery or butter factory. The idea is to familiarize the student with the theory and principles in the lecture room, and practically apply these in the dairy work room or laboratory. The course of instruction in the dairy school is not narrow. The work extends much beyond a direct consideration of milk, butter and cheese. The number of instructors is not limited to one, but to each subject even, in some cases, is a special instructor devoted. These teachers, be it understood, are not mere theorists, but men who have given much attention to their special branches, such as justifies one in terming them experts.

EGG AND FAT PRODUCING FOOD.—No thrifty farmer's wife will allow pullets to be killed for the table. Are you raising pullets for egg producers? And are you raising all as thoroughbred stock for breeding purposes? Then bear this in mind: Feed to secure rapid growth in bone and muscle, avoid fat. The corn and fat rations should be only to secure a juicy condition, with only small lines of fat along under the skin. Muscle forming feed is the egg producing feed—wheat, oats, barley, with other occasional feeds of buckwheat with say 20 per cent of corn in winter and 10 to 12 per cent of corn in spring and summer, until you wish to fatten, when corn and raw beef—all they will eat—will make them excessively fat, and the quickest way of any ration to be named. But this muscle growing feed builds up the structure for egg producing work. To do all this for your fowls is treating them honestly and giving them a chance to pay you well for the work and feed you furnish them, and also enables you to sell stock which will not disappoint the purchaser.—Ohio Poultry Journal.

THE INCUBATOR IN WINTER.—From this time on is the proper period for using an incubator, as one can learn before the broiler season comes on. The hen is an excellent medium for hatching in the spring and summer, but as the hens do not sit in winter, except rarely, the early broiler must be hatched with incubators, which bring out several hundred chicks at a time, and as it costs but little more to care for a large number of chicks than to attend to a hen or two when the snow is on the ground the incubator is much cheaper. Broilers often bring 50 cents per pound in the height of the season, and the cost of a pound of chicken does not exceed 6 cents. We must not omit the fact, however, that there are other expenses, as well as losses to meet, and we will also grant that the hen can raise her chicks better than it can be done for her, but not in the winter season. An incubator provides work in winter, and gives an opportunity to avoid loss of time by raising early broilers for market.—Farm and Fireside.

Heegman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine. The original and only genuine. Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Cold Sores, &c. U. S. Clark Co., N. Haven, Conn.

What It Was.
The Empress Catharine had a warm heart for the ladies of her court. Waliszewski relates in the new volume of his history that Catharine, noticing that the beautiful Mile. Potocka, who had lately come to the court, had no pearls, immediately commanded a fancy dress ball, to which the girl was bidden to come as a milkmaid. Then, while Mile. Potocka was dancing, the empress slipped a superb necklace of pearls into the pail she carried, and at her exclamation of wonder said, "It is only the milk which has curdled."

Scrofulous Taints
Lark in the blood of almost every one. In many cases they are inherited. Scrofula appears in running sores, buncles, pimples and cancerous growths. Scrofula can be cured by purifying the blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Cures
Hood's Sarsaparilla has had wonderful success in curing this disease. It thoroughly eradicates the humor from the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures the sores and eruptions by removing their cause—Impurities in the blood.
Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills. &c.

Ely's Cream Balm
QUICKLY CURES
COLD IN HEAD
Price 50 Cents.
Apply Balm into each nostril.
ELY BROS., 67 Warren St., N.Y.

"COLCHESTER" SPADING BOOT.
BEST IN MARKET.
BEST FIT.
BEST IN WEARING QUALITY.
The outer or top sole tends the whole length down to the heel, protecting the boot in digging and in other hard work.
ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THEM and don't be put off with inferior goods.
COLCHESTER RUBBER CO.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE IS THE BEST. FIT FOR A KING.
C. DOROVAN, FRENCH EXCHANGE BLDG., NEW YORK.
\$4.35 FINE CALF & KIDNEY
\$3.95 POLICE, 3 SOLES.
\$2.50 2. WORKING MEN'S
EXTRA FINE
\$2.15 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES
LADIES'
\$3.25 2.15 BEST DONGOLA
SEND FOR CATALOGUE
W. L. DOUGLAS, BOSTON, MASS.
Over One Million People wear the W. L. Douglas \$3 & \$4 Shoes
All our shoes are equally satisfactory. They give the best value for the money. They equal custom shoes in style and fit. Their wearing qualities are unsurpassed. The prices are uniform.—stamped on sole. From \$1 to \$5 saved over other makes. If your dealer cannot supply you we can.

OMAHA Business Houses.
Health Book FREE to mothers and daughters. Their needs, diseases, and how to treat them. Address VIAVI CO., 346 Bee Bldg., Omaha.

WE EXCHANGE Farms for Merchandise and Merchandise for Farms. List your property for sale or trade. FRENCH & CO., Schlitz Bldg., Omaha, Neb.
MERCHANDISE & FARMS EXCHANGED If you have farms for sale or trade, or Real Estate, from \$1,000 to \$100,000 give full description. I will get you a deal or if you want to buy or exchange farms, city property, stocks, &c., write for catalogue. E. F. HAYDEN, Omaha, Neb.

HAYDEN BROS. OMAHA.
Farmers Supply Store will fill this space with a new line of Bargains every week. It will contain valuable information to every farmer these hard time.
Hayden Bros. furnish Catalogue and Order Blanks free. Send your name on postal card. You can make no mistake in ordering Goods from Hayden Bros.
Satisfaction is fully guaranteed in every particular. Many People cannot believe that this is the Largest Store of the kind in America, and all goods are sold on a basis of wholesale cost or under. Write for Catalogue.

HAYDEN BROS., OMAHA, NEB.
WE WILL TAKE YOU TO CALIFORNIA
Cheaply, Quickly and Comfortably on the Phillips-Rock Island Tourist Excursions. Car is CHEAP, because the rate in Sleeping Car is but \$6.00. QUICK, because you are on the fastest train that runs. COMFORT, because you have a through sleeper.
Fourteen years' record. Over 100,000 already carried, and all like the service. Car leaves Des Moines and Omaha every Friday via the famous Scenic Route. A special manager goes each trip to care for the many wants of patrons en route. We can't tell you all the benefits in this ad., but for your California trip you should stop yourself.
Address, J. O. SEBASTIAN, G. P. A., C. R. I. & P. R. Y., Chicago.

Don't say that reports of 300 to 400 pounds of butter per cow all came from "dudes and liars," because your cows have never made over 175 pounds each.