

## SHEEP-HERDING.

A gray, slow-moving, dust-bowdered wave,  
That on the edges breaks to scattering spray,  
Round which my faithful collies wheel  
and bark  
To scurry-in the laggard feet that stray;  
A babel of complaining tongues that make  
The still air weary with their ceaseless fret;  
Brown hills akin to those of Galilee,  
On which the shepherds tend their  
charges yet.

The long, hot days, the stark, wind-beaten  
nights;  
No human presence, human sight or  
sound;  
Grim, silent land of wasted hopes, where  
they  
Who came for gold old-times have mad-  
ness found;  
A beating horror that foregoeth speech,  
Freezing the word that from the lip  
would pass,  
And sends the herdsman groveling with  
his sheep,  
Face down and beast-like on the tram-  
pled grass.

The collies halt, the slow herd sways and  
reels,  
Huddled in fright above the low ravine,  
Where wild with thirst a herd unshep-  
herded  
Beat up and down—with something dark  
betwixt;  
A narrow circle that they will not cross,  
A thing that stops the maddest in their  
run,  
A guarding dog too weak to lift his head,  
Who licks a still hand shriveled in the  
sun.  
—Shariot M. Hall, in Land of Sunshine.

## BORN TO SERVE

By Charles M. Sheldon,

Author of "IN HIS STEPS," "JOHN KING'S QUESTION CLASS," "EDWARD BLAKE," Etc.

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## CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

Hilda, who had given signs of being in a hurry, rose and walked toward the door. Barbara also got up, and, somewhat to Mrs. Vane's surprise said: "I think I'll go, too. I'll walk along down town with you, Hilda, if you don't mind."

Hilda nodded and Barbara was not quite sure that she was pleased to have her company; but Barbara had been thinking of a plan, and she needed to be with Hilda a little while in order to carry it out. So the two went away together.

They had walked down the street half a block, when, in answer to a question, Hilda said she was planning to do some shopping.

"Let me go, too; are you willing?" "I don't mind," said Hilda, but with a note of hesitation that Barbara could not help remarking.

They went into several of the smaller stores, where both of them purchased one or two small articles, and finally entered the great store of Bondmans.

Hilda knew one of the girls in this store, and as they stood by the counter she introduced Barbara. The girl behind the counter stared hard at Barbara, but returned her greeting civilly enough, and then began to giggle and whisper with Hilda. Hilda seemed nervous, and repeatedly looked at Barbara as if she were in the way; and Barbara, thinking the others might have some secrets, walked over to the opposite counter.

She had been there only a minute when a young man sauntered up to Hilda and the friend behind the counter, and all three began to talk together. He was not a bad-looking fellow, but Barbara quickly put him down as of that class of weak-headed youths who might be seen almost any Sunday evening walking down the main street of Crawford in company with one or more factory girls.

This time Barbara did not attempt to avoid watching Hilda. A floor-walker in the store, going by at the same time, glanced sharply at the young man; but he was apparently buying something. The floor-walker turned at the end of the counter, and came back; and this time he looked longer at the two girls, and finally beckoned to the one behind the counter. She turned very red, and came over to where he stood. He whispered something to her that made her turn pale and instantly she went back and completed the sale of some little articles that Hilda had bought, giving the floor-walker, as she did so, several hateful looks. Hilda and the young man continued to talk together while waiting for the change. When it came, he seemed to hesitate and finally looked over at Barbara. Hilda said something, and he answered and walked slowly out of the store.

Barbara came over, and Hilda picked up her purchases.

"Are you ready?"

"Yes," Hilda said shortly, and after a word from the girl behind the counter they went out.

They walked along for some distance and then Barbara ventured to say: "Why didn't you introduce me to your young gentleman friend?"

Hilda colored deeply as she answered slowly: "I didn't suppose you would care to know him."

"Why not?"

"Well, you're not really one of us," said Hilda, looking sideways at Barbara.

Barbara could not help smiling. "How not one of you?"

"Mrs. Vane told me you're not really working out."

"What am I doing?"

"I don't know," replied Hilda, hopelessly, and then was silent. Barbara made her decision rapidly.

"But I'm working out just as much as I are, Hilda. What is the dif-

ference?"

"Educated," said Hilda

has nothing to do with my being a servant in a house. I want to be a girl, Hilda. Aren't you

Hilda answered. Barbara did not think

very encouraging. They walked on a distance without speaking. Then Barbara became conscious that across the street, nearly opposite, the young man who had come into the store was walking, and Hilda knew it as well.

Barbara looked at the girl again and the look determined her next question, even at the risk of losing what little hold she might have on Hilda.

"I am going to turn down here to Mrs. Ward's," she said as they reached a corner and stopped. As they stopped, Barbara saw the young man linger and finally stop in his course. "I hope you won't misunderstand me," Barbara continued, looking into Hilda's face with great frankness. "But does your young gentleman friend visit you frequently at Mrs. Vane's?"

Hilda turned red, and at first Barbara thought she was about to give an angry reply. Instead of that she began to laugh a little.

"Yes, he calls sometimes. He's in the packing-house on night force."

Barbara looked at Hilda earnestly a moment, then abruptly turned, saying "Good-bye," as she left. She did not look back, but was as certain as if she had that the young man had instantly crossed the street and joined Hilda.

"And what business is it of mine if he has?" Barbara vexed herself with the question as she walked along. "I am glad she said he called. Mrs. Vane must know it. What business is it of mine if the girl meets him this way? He probably has very little other time. Shall a girl out at service have no society, no company? O, the whole thing is of a miserable piece with the entire miserable condition of service. What is to prevent girls like Hilda throwing themselves away on young men like this one? And who is either to blame her or care one way or the other if she does? And what possible prospect is there for me or any one to change the present condition of things?"

Barbara walked slowly back to her work, depressed by the events of the afternoon. What, indeed, could she do, if, as Mrs. Vane said, the very people that needed to be helped into better ways of living did not care to be helped; if, like Hilda, they saw no farther and cared no more for better things than the little episode of the store and the young man suggested.

She felt so helpless in view of future progress that when she went up to her room that evening she was in great need of comfort, and in her search for the passages having servants in mind she came upon that one in Titus, second chapter, ninth verse:

"Exhort servants to be in subjection to their own masters and to be well pleasing to them in all things; not gairnsaying; not purloining; but showing all good fidelity; that they may adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things."

"I don't think there is any danger of my purloining," Barbara said, smiling a little. "Although I have sometimes been tempted to do a little gairnsaying, especially when Mrs. Ward has one of her severe headaches. I really believe I have tried to be 'well

pleasing' and also establish a reputation for 'good fidelity.' But that is a wonderful end to the exhortation: 'That they may adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things.' If a servant, a slave in Paul's time, could go on serving with that end in view, what shall I say of myself? Is my service of such a character that it adorns like a jewel that which in itself is a jewel to begin with, the doctrine of God our Saviour? This is a high standard for a hired girl, Barbara. If you live up to it, it will keep you busy."

She offered her prayer with great earnestness that she might have the leading of the Spirit of Light, and in her prayer she remembered Hilda, fearing she knew not what for the girl, realizing as she never before had realized the many dangers that face working girls in large cities, and realizing, too, that if she accomplished any great things as she sometimes dreamed she might, it must be done by the aid of a power greater than her own, for never before had she felt her own human weakness so strongly.

For the next three weeks the days went by in an ordinary way for Barbara; but when she had time to reflect on them, she acknowledged that they had contained important events for her. It is because we are not able to see the bearing of what occurs day by day upon the entire programme of life that very often we do not count each day's sum as a part of the sum total.

Barbara had been unusually confined to the housework. Mrs. Ward had been again subject to an attack of nervous headache, and the whole of

the care had been thrown upon Barbara. Mrs. Ward had now learned to trust her implicitly. This did not mean that the sharpness of her manner under stress of her headaches had entirely disappeared; but Barbara had learned almost perfectly how to anticipate her wishes, and the girl's great love for Carl and his complete trust in her, together with Barbara's cheerful, competent handling of the entire kitchen, had all united to capture Mrs. Ward's affections. She was content, even in her enforced idleness, to lie still with her pain and indulge in a great feeling of thankfulness for such a treasure in the house.

She was talking of it one evening with her husband.

"Do you realize, Richard, what a prize we have in Barbara?"

"She is certainly a most remarkable girl. The most competent servant we ever had in the house, isn't she?"

"Without any comparison. And I want you to build that room as soon as you can."

Mrs. Ward had mentioned the matter of the room over the kitchen, and he had agreed that it was not suitable for a girl like Barbara.

"Or any other girl, Richard," Mrs. Ward had said.

"Yes, I'll have a carpenter come right up and look over the house. We shall have to raise the roof over the kitchen."

"Why can't we at the same time enlarge the kitchen so that Barbara can have a corner of that carpeted off for her own when she does not want to run upstairs? I saw Mrs. Rice's kitchen the other day. It is unusually large. One end of it is neatly fitted up with a table for books or sewing material, several comfortable chairs, and pictures on the walls—a very cozy, comfortable corner, where her girl can receive her company or sit down to read or rest."

"But Barbara never has any company, does she?" Mr. Ward asked, with a little amusement at the look his wife gave him. "She hasn't any beaux, as all our other girls have had."

"No," Mrs. Ward answered, thoughtfully. "But—"

"Well, what?"

"If she had, we would ask her to invite them into the parlor. Of course, we can't expect a girl as attractive as Barbara is to go through life without attracting some one."

"Unless her place as a servant—"

"But why should that make any difference?" Mrs. Ward asked, irritated by the suggestion. "O dear, don't suggest my losing Barbara. Whoever gets her for his wife will get a perfect housekeeper and a rare, sweet girl in every way; but we shall lose the best servant we ever had, and then our troubles begin again, Mr. Richard Ward."

Mr. Ward was silent awhile, and then he asked about Barbara's plans for solving the servant question.

"I don't think she's done anything lately. I know she hasn't. Mrs. Vane sent over the other day to inquire when she was coming to see her again. My illness has kept Barbara very close to the house lately."

If Barbara had heard this talk, it might have encouraged her to confide in Mrs. Ward about a matter which had begun to trouble her somewhat, and that matter was no less than the action of her own son Alfred Ward.

It was now nearing the end of the college vacation, and the young man would soon be starting back to college to enter on his senior year. During the weeks he had been at home he had spent a great deal of the time about the house. He was behind in two of his studies, and was working a little to make up.

One day Barbara while at work in the dining-room heard him wrestling with a German sentence in Faust. He seemed to be unable to render it into good English, and Barbara naturally began to translate it for him without looking at the book.

"Isn't this the meaning?" she said, and then gave a very good interpretation, Alfred listening as he lounged on the sofa, book in hand.

"Of course 'tis. That's just it! What a numskull I must be! Wish you'd translate the whole thing for me," the college youth ventured to hint.

"Thank you, no, sir! I have other work to do," Barbara had laughed.

But from that little incident she began to note little irritating attentions paid to her, at first insignificant, but the last few days before the young man departed for college they were unmistakable, and Barbara was annoyed and even angered. She was really much relieved when he had gone.

But that experience was not at all to be compared with a discovery she made as to Alfred's habits, and it was a matter of regret to her afterward that she did not inform Mrs. Ward of it. It was the fact that several times she felt certain the young man had been drinking. She had never known him to be intoxicated; but she was sure he had more than once been dangerously near it, and it was a matter of surprise to her that Mr. and Mrs. Ward seemed so indifferent to it.

"Oh dear!" Barbara sighed, as she went the rounds of her daily task, carrying this added burden of knowledge. "Is there no family without its skeleton? Ought I to drag it out for their inspection, if they don't know of its existence? It hardly seems to be my business. And they must be blind not to have noticed as much as has been apparent even to a servant."

It was a week after Alfred's departure that Mr. Ward announced the news of Mr. Morton's acceptance of his call to Marble Square church. It was in the evening; after the supper work was all done; and Barbara, as her custom had been for several days during the remodeling of her room, was seated with the family in the dining-room, which was also the

favorite living-room, helping Mrs. Ward on some sewing. Lewis and George were reading, and Carl was playing on the floor near Barbara.

"I have Morton's letter of acceptance, Martha. As chairman of the supply committee it came to me today. It is a good thing for Marble Square church. The people had sense enough to call him without going through a long course of candidature."

"When is he coming?" Mrs. Ward asked.

"Two weeks from next Sunday. The church at Carlton released him under special conditions, because they could get a man at once to fill his place. We're fortunate to get a man like Morton. He has a future."

"Barbara made me a gingerbread man once; and we called it Mr. Morton, didn't we, Barbara?" Carl spoke up suddenly, after a absorbed silence during which he was apparently not listening to a syllable that was being said.

"Where is Mr. Morton going to stay?" Mrs. Ward asked.

"I don't know yet. I wrote him that we would be delighted to take him in here, but we didn't have the room."

"And I told Barbara," Carl broke in as if nothing had been said since he spoke last, "that I thought the gingerbread man looked just like Mr. Morton, and she said she thought it didn't. I wish Mr. Morton would come here to live, don't you, Barbara? Wouldn't that be fine?"

Barbara did not answer, and Carl got up off the floor, and went over to her and pulled her work out of her hands.

"Carl! Carl! You mustn't do that!" his mother exclaimed.

"Say, Barbara, don't you?" Carl persisted.

"Don't ask so many questions," replied Barbara, almost sharply.

"I haven't asked many," Carl pouted; but he went back to his game on the floor, wondering in his childhood mind what made the usually gentle Barbara so cross.

"I think the Brays can take him in. I hope they can. It's so near by that we can have him with us often. We'll be right on his way to church and back," Mr. Ward remarked as he settled himself to the reading of the evening paper.

[To Be Continued.]

**SOME GOOD IN EVERYBODY.**

**Amusing Story of a High English Ecclesiastical Dignitary in the Slums.**

It is generally known that the selection of Rt. Rev. A. F. Winington Ingram to be bishop of London was due to King Edward's admiration of his work among the poorer classes. The new bishop, although a high churchman, has a reputation for toleration almost as great as for his labors in the slums. Many stories of his democratic conduct have been told, says Youth's Companion.

One day he was seen to leave a high ecclesiastic on the street corner and walk over to speak to a roughly-dressed man, with whom he had a laughing conversation. When he returned to his companion he remarked casually, in reply to the question: "That is one of my Victoria Park acquaintances and opponents. We always have a chat when we meet."

The mere mention of Victoria Park shocked the church dignitary, for it gave him a suspicion as to the man's lack of religious inclinations.

"Do you mean to tell me," he said, "that the man is an atheist?"

"Well, yes," replied Dr. Ingram, "he is, or at least he thinks he is; but he is a pleasant fellow, and there's a lot of good in him. And goodness, you know, can have only one source."

This sentinel's challenge has passed into a proverb, and is often used in this country almost as a substantive, "on the alert" or "ready for action if necessary." But what is its origin? The Standard Dictionary explains it to mean "Who lives? who goes there?" as if one of these expressions was equivalent to the other; but few seem to have noticed that, if so, vive should be in the indicative instead of the subjunctive mood. Vive la republic! means "May the republic live!" (i. e., continue), and qui vive? should mean not "Who lives?" but "Who may live?"

The difficulty was queried in your contemporary, L'Intermédiaire, and an answer by J. L. seems to explain it. He says that the old French challenge was Qui va la? but when many phrases—particularly military—were introduced from Italy, this was supplanted by Chi vi va? ("Who goes there?") which was transformed into French as Qui vive?—Notes and Queries.

**The Way of Safety.**

Unless a cyclist is a "scorcher" there is no need, generally speaking, to make any effort to avoid him. He will look out for the collisions. A lady was crossing the street when she saw a bicycle rider coming toward her. She stopped, then dodged backward and as he had swerved in order to pass behind her there was a collision, and both took a fall, but neither was much damaged. "If you hadn't wobbled, sir," she said, angrily, as he assisted her to rise, "this wouldn't have happened!" "Neither would it have happened, madam," he replied, "if you hadn't wobbled, or if you had wobbled in a contrary direction from my wobble. It was our concurrent and synchronous wobbling, so to speak, that caused it." Then the cyclist, a college professor, doffed his cap, mounted his wheel, and rode on.—Youth's Companion.

**Those Loving Girls.**

Clara (angrily)—Deception is plain written on your face.

Maudie (calmly)—Oh, that's not it's painted on yours.—Chicago News.

## CZOLGOSZ IS MUTE.

**McKinley's Assassin Refuses to Plead When Arranged in Court—His Trial Will Begin September 23.**

Buffalo, Sept. 18.—Leon F. Czolgosz, the assassin of President McKinley, was arraigned before Judge Emery in the county court Tuesday afternoon on the indictment for murder in the first degree in fatally shooting President McKinley.

As soon as Czolgosz was before the bar and the handcuffs were removed, District Attorney Penney began the formal arraignment. He read the principal charges of the indictment in a voice of severity and asked: "How do you plead, guilty or not guilty?"

Not a sound was uttered by the prisoner. He stood mute before the bar of justice, apparently continuing his feat of insanity, which was noticed for the first time when he was taken into court on Monday. His curly hair was disheveled, and although his linen was white and clean, his disordered clothes and the growth of his beard gave him an unkempt appearance. Spectators in the court room commented on the fact that if he were shaved, which he has not been since the day of the shooting, he would be a fairly good looking young man.

In passing from the basement of the city hall to the court room on the second floor Czolgosz was compelled to pass close to the black and white hunting with which the pillars, ceiling, windows and stairways of the city hall were draped when the body of the president was lying in state on Sunday. Those evidences of the city's grief apparently made not the slightest impression on the prisoner, and he gave no more heed to them nor the large portraits of the president tastily draped with American flags, than he did to the questions of the court or the district attorney.

Although his demeanor was still one of stubbornness he gave a little more evidence of concern than on his first presence in court. When questions were being asked of him rapidly he moistened his lips with his tongue and seemed to be endeavoring to maintain the appearance of stolid indifference. Aside from the slight evidences of uneasiness, his appearance was that of a man shamming insanity.

Judge Lewis then addressed the court, saying that he had called upon the defendant, but had been unable to ascertain of any wish on the defendant's part as to the employment of counsel. He said that his associate, Judge Titus, was in Milwaukee, but that he had appeared informally to enter a plea of not guilty on behalf of the defendant, as the law required such a plea under the circumstances.

District Attorney Penney gave notice that he would move to have the indictment transferred to the supreme court for trial and would ask that the trial begin next Monday.

"I know of no reason why the defendant should not be ready next Monday," replied Judge Lewis. At his request, however, the order will not be entered until Judge Titus returns, which will probably be within a day or two.

Judge Lewis said that he might also like an order of the court for aliens to examine the prisoner, as the district attorney had informed him that eminent alienists had examined the prisoner on behalf of the people.

**W. J. BRYAN'S TRIBUTE.**

**Democratic Leader Says the Tragedy at Buffalo Exalts Its Victim's Place in History.**

Lincoln, Neb., Sept. 18.—A tribute from William J. Bryan to the dead president was given to the press yesterday.

Quoting the words of Maj. McKinley, "God's will, not ours, be done," Mr. Bryan recalled the pathetic scenes at the death bed and continued:

"The terrible deed at Buffalo, rudely breaking the ties of family and friendship and horrifying every patriotic citizen, crowns a most extraordinary life with a halo that exalts its victim's place in history, while his bravery during the trying ordeal, his forgiving spirit and his fortitude in the final hours give glimpses of his inner life which nothing less tragic could have revealed. Sad as is the death of McKinley, the illustrious citizen, it is the damnable murder of McKinley, the president, that melts 75,000,000 hearts into one and brings a hush to the farm, the factory and the forum."

**THE WHALING FLEET.**

**Ships that Wintered in the Arctic Regions Did Not Catch Many Big Fish.**

San Francisco, Sept. 18.—In a letter that was carried by native couriers across the wilderness of the north, from the mouth of the Mackenzie river to Edmonton and thence by rail to this city, the first news received this year from the whalers who wintered in the Arctic region is at hand. The letter was written by Capt. Hoffman, of the schooner Penelope. The whaling vessels that wintered in the Arctic were the steamers Narwhal, Beluga and Bowhead and the schooner Penelope. The last previous information from any of these vessels was received last fall, the vessels having been spoken in August of last year.

The letter just received reports that on April 1 last, the Narwhal's total catch was five whales, the Bowhead five, the Beluga seven and the Penelope none. It is probable that the Beluga and Narwhal will come out this year.

**The Doctors' Statement.**

Buffalo, Sept. 18.—The following statement was given out last night by the physicians who attended President McKinley during his last illness: "The surgeons and physicians who were in attendance on the late President McKinley have had their attention called to sensational statements published indicating dissensions and mutual recrimination among them. We desire to say to the press and public, once for all, that every such publication and all alleged interviews with any of us containing criticism of one another, or any part of our associates, are false."

## THE SCHLEY COURT

It Resumes Its Sessions in Washington.

## OPINIONS NOT WANTED.

Witnesses Must Confine Themselves to the Facts.

## BARS HEARSAY EVIDENCE.

The Court Admonishes the Givers of Evidence to Relate Only the Events that Came Under Their Own Observation—Dewey Is Methodical.

Washington, Sept. 21.—The Schley court of inquiry reconvened yesterday and before adjournment examined four witnesses. The most important incident of the day was the decision of the court withdrawing a question, put by the court itself, asking a witness to give his opinion concerning a point in controversy. The witness was Rear Admiral Higginson, who participated in the Santiago campaign as captain of the battleship Massachusetts. This vessel at one time was a part of the flying squadron commanded by Commodore Schley, and the court asked him to state whether all possible measures were taken to capture or destroy the Spanish vessel Cristobal Colon as it lay in Santiago harbor from May 27 to June 1, 1898.

Counsel for Admiral Schley objected to the question on the ground that a reply would involve an opinion and not a statement of facts. Judge Advocate Lemley admitted that the precedents were against questions of this character and the court withdrew his interrogatory.

"Way did you not go in and destroy the Colon in the engagement on May 31?" Judge Advocate Lemley asked Higginson.

"Because we were not ordered to do so," replied the witness. Later on the witness volunteered the statement: "I think the Colon could have been destroyed where it lay at anchor that day."

It is generally admitted that this decision of the court will have the effect of materially shortening the term of the court, as will also the court's manifest intention to cut out irrelevant questions and all hearsay testimony.

In several cases the witnesses were admonished to relate only events coming within their own observation. Admiral Dewey showed himself a prompt and methodical presiding officer. He called the court to order exactly at the designated hour and adjourned it just as promptly at 4 o'clock.

The witnesses were Rear Admiral Higginson, Capt. C. M. Chester, who commanded the cruiser Cincinnati; Maj. Thomas N. Wood, of the marine corps, who commanded the marines on the Massachusetts, and Commander Giles B. Harber, who was executive officer of the Texas, the latter being on the stand when the court adjourned. The attendance of the public was small.

**Mrs. McKinley Visits the Cemetery.**

Canton, Sept. 21.—On Friday Mrs. McKinley expressed a desire to be taken to the cemetery. This request was acceded to by Dr. Roxey, who escorted her to a carriage. At the cemetery a throng, which gathered about the carriage, was dispersed by the soldiers on guard. When she saw the beautiful array of floral pieces, Mrs. McKinley expressed gratification, but was apprehensive lest injury be done her husband's body. She was assured that the military guard would be maintained 90 days, at the expiration of which time the body would be placed in the vault and locked.

**Have Full Faith in Roosevelt.**

Washington, Sept. 21.—The cabinet was in session about an hour and a half Friday, all of the time being spent in general review of the more important questions which will require the attention of the new president. Each member explained to the president the policy which had been followed in dealing with the matters under consideration, and their present status. Members subsequently addressed themselves as having full confidence in Mr. Roosevelt's ability to give the country a strong, able and conservative administration, and he will have their loyal support.

**Slugged by Boers.**

London, Sept. 21.—Lord Kitchener reports that the Boers have captured a company of mounted infantry and two guns at Vlakfontein. One officer was killed. The Boers, in superior force, surrounded the British. Kitchener has sent troops in pursuit of the Boers.

**Hanged in Effigy.**

Milwaukee, Wis., Sept. 21.—Emma Goldman, the anarchist, was hanged in effigy here last night. A crowd of about 100 persons took part in the affair. The dummy was pelted with stones and left hanging to a telephone wire 40 feet from the ground.

**A Tragedy at Fort Meade.**

Fort Meade, S. D., Sept. 21.—Private Charles Lynch, while crazed with drink, entered the barracks yesterday, drew his revolver and began firing at his comrades. One bullet struck Private Caldwell in the thigh and another Charles H. Amich in the stomach. A guard shot Lynch in the leg and he was overpowered. Amich died last night.

**Two Inches of Snow.**

Mt. Washington, N. H., Sept. 21.—Two inches of snow fell last night on the mountain. The temperature was 23 degrees.