

The Weekly Chronicle.

THE DALLES - OREGON

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- COUNTY OFFICIALS. County Judge: Geo. C. Blackley. Sheriff: T. J. Driver. Clerk: A. M. Kelley. Treasurer: Wm. Mitchell. Commissioners: Frank Kincaid, J. S. Blowers, F. H. Wagoner. Assessor: E. P. Sherry. Superintendent of Public Schools: Troy Shelley. Coroner: W. H. Butts.

EXPLOSION OF A MOUNTAIN.

Previous to July 14, 1888, Mount Bandai, a fine-cleft peak, 4890 feet in height, was the most conspicuous object in the mountain range lying from 100 to 150 miles north of Tokio, the chief city of Japan. On the day mentioned, it was literally "rent in twain" and "blown off the face of the earth" by the expansive power of steam which had generated within it. From the earliest times of which there is any record, streams of cold water had been plunging under the peak on one side, and escaping in the shape of steam and boiling hot water on the other. That the "escape valve" was not sufficient to let off all the steam generated in the passage of the water through the red hot interior of the peak is evident because of the fact that when the pressure became too great the sides of the mountain yielded, just as a boiler would have done under like circumstances, and an immense explosion was the result.

The explosion is said to have been heard a distance of over 1000 miles, and to have caused absolute darkness in the vicinity of the exploded peak upwards of three hours, during which time perfect torrents of hot water and mud were poured down from the immense heights to which they had been hurled by the force of the "pent-up furies" which caused the disaster. The debris which fell after the explosion covered an area of 44,000 acres to a depth varying from 10 to 100 feet on an average, and in one place, where a beautiful valley had existed but a few hours before, rock and mud were piled up to the height of 900 feet. Three villages were engulfed in the ruins, and at least 500 inhabitants killed by falling debris, or drowned and cooked in the torrents of boiling mud, which flowed down a valley to a distance of nine miles.

These facts were gleaned from a report made by a visiting committee appointed by the University of Tokio.

AN IMPORTANT SUBJECT.

The American Farmer and Farm News, published at Springfield, Ohio, has the following to say concerning feeding wheat to hogs:

"As we go to press wheat in the local market is worth 43 cents and oats 26 cents per bushel. A farmer friend, who dropped into our office for a few minutes, told us that at these prices he should sell his oats and feed his wheat, and in our opinion this is a wise decision. Last fall we knew of some experiments in feeding wheat to hogs when they were worth five cents a pound, and the result indicated that a little over a dollar a bushel was got out of the wheat. The wheat in this case was coarsely ground and fed in the shape of a thick slop with a small ration of corn. There is no doubt that pork grown on this kind of feed will be sweeter, firmer and in every way better than that made on corn as the principal food, and for home use it would be better to make it on this sort of feed even if it cost a little more. It is probable that corn may be sold and wheat kept for feed this year. In feeding wheat to horses care must be taken not to over-feed. We have some new feed problems brought to our notice by the coming together of prices of our staple crops in the manner that now obtains, and we need all the light that we can get to determine what it is best to do."

A WORLD BEATER.

Since Flora Temple set the horsemen wild with what was then considered a phenomenal record, the trotting horse has steadily improved, the record being reduced almost every year, except when such wonders as Rarus Goldsmith, Maid or Nancy Hanks has set the mark for two or three years. Yesterday all previous harness records were broken by Robert J., a pacer, belonging to J. C. Hamlin, at Fort Wayne, Indiana. Alix, the queen of the trotters, had just set the record of 6000 people wild by trotting without a skip a mile in 2.05 1/4, when Robert J. was brought on the track, making the mile in 2.03 1/4, the fastest every made. It is quite probable that before the year 1900 the record will be 2.

The growth of Portland is the growth of Oregon, and we congratulate ourselves as well as the city on the splendid showing. With a revival of business her growth will be rapid, and in another ten years she will begin to crowd up into the 200,000 mark. So note it be.

GO TO THE FARM.

There comes a time in the life of almost everyone who dwells in a crowded city when he is seized with a longing to go back to country life. This may be instinctive, because we came from the earth, and we never lose our love for the dear old mother. But somehow a season of hard times always brings a revival of partiality for country life. As the conditions in the city grow harder, the longing to get out on the farm intensifies. Possibly we can find an explanation for this in an interview recently published in the St. Paul Pioneer Press. That paper has been interviewing some of the prosperous farmers of Minnesota on the subject of national and home affairs, and from them we extract the following:

"A prosperous and intelligent farmer was discussing the events of the last year; the financial panic, the unexampled business depression, the industrial unrest and the progress of a rebellion against the government, which, if not arrested, would have ended in civil war. 'Well,' he said, as he rose to go, 'I am going back to my farm and let the old world go its own gait. I am happy there. Nothing disturbs me. In the worst years that can come I will have plenty to support my family. I will have my books and papers and know what is going on outside, but I am safe. Panics and trade reversions do not affect me at all, and even a revolution would hardly disturb me in my quiet nook.'"

There is our dream of Utopia. The land of promise is where the corn tassels wave and the golden wheat fields sing a song of plenty. It is the independence of farm life that makes it peculiarly attractive in times when bankers, merchants, manufacturers, professional men and all those who dwell in the overcrowded cities are barely holding on by the skin of their teeth, and know not what the next day may bring forth. As a rule the farmer never becomes a millionaire, and he is deprived of many of the so-called luxuries of city life. But, after all, he has the best of it. He has within his own domain all the resources of material happiness. His is a toil-some life, but life without struggle would be worthless. His compensation is the independence he enjoys, and, with industry and frugality, absolute assurance against want. One cause of our present industrial trouble has been the tendency of our young men within recent years to desert the farm, and flock to the cities. They must go back to the farm. They are needed there, and they are not needed in the cities. There is employment awaiting all the idle men of this continent on our Western farming lands. Here in Oregon there are opportunities for millions.—Telegram.

There is much that is true in the above article; much that is pleasant to think of and to dream about; much more pleasant indeed to treat in that manner than to experience. The farmer's life is in some respects independent, but it is not all the poetic dream that writers paint it. It is the hardest worked and most poorly paid pursuit, taking it in all its branches, that is followed by mankind. Dreamers and theorists paint the life of the farmer as one of happy independence, from care, annoyance and want. They farm in Utopia; but in that unattainable world where the farmer wrestles with climate and soil and weeds to pluck from the earth his daily bread, the poetry is not conspicuous.

Farming is the noblest of all occupations; the most necessary, and in many respects the least satisfactory. That it is so is so much the more to the credit of those who realizing its hardships, still pursue it. The pensive editor drawing a picture of peaceful homelife on the farm, would hesitate a long while before he would consent to even try to earn his living that way. The case is like that of a slave who escaped into Ohio. A gentleman out of curiosity asked him if he was not treated well, and got an affirmative answer. 'Plenty to eat, didn't you?' said he. 'Yes, sah.' 'Comfortable clothing?' 'Yes, sah.' 'Cared for when you were sick?' 'Yes, sah.' 'So then you had good clothes, plenty of food, light work and in fact a very good place, then why did you leave?' 'Well, sah,' said the recent slave, 'the job ain't still open and you can hab it.' It is so with farming, the pretty side of it gets into print for the reader, the every day working side stays at home with the farmer. He has his bills to meet, his troubles and annoyances, and perhaps in as great or greater degree than the merchant or professional man.

THE EVILS OF QUACKERY

Another serious obstacle to legitimate income is the quack medicine trade. Quackery is medical practice commercialized, and therefore prostituted. It thrives because the victims are in the majority and are easily reached by lying advertisements. 'What is the proportion of sensible people in this crowd?' asked a patent medicine man of a physician. 'About one in ten,' was the answer. 'I take the nine and leave the one to you,' said the quack. This represents the majority which help to make the quack rich. The nostrums cost almost nothing; but the capital is used in advertising; in making pictures of the idiots and feeble-minded who imagine themselves cured; in placarding fences; in defacing cemeteries; in publishing manufactured certificates; in ridiculing scientific medicine; in alarming the credulous; in claiming false discoveries; and in vaunting impossible results. But these are the men who make the money. Medicine to them is the nickel-in-the-slot machine. The diagnosis is ready-made to suit every need, and even otherwise sensible people are being educated into quackery, and into the belief that every man can be his own doctor and not have a fool for a patient.—Dr. Geo. F. Sherry, in the September Forum.

A correspondent of the Princeton Review takes us to task for an editorial squib concerning the dispatches giving much space to the announcement of the engagement of Miss Florence Pallman to the Prince of Isenburg-Birstein, etc. Said correspondent asserts that we are an anarchist because we deprecate both the idea of an American girl marrying a title, and the American news gatherers for devoting so much telegraphic space to mentioning the fact. We will wager a small sum that said correspondent comes from Prince Isenburg-Birstein's country, and has not yet become weaned from his love and admiration for titles, princes and potentates.

The outcry of persons who not unlikely are so new to our country that they speak but imperfectly its language and cannot read a clause of its constitution," remarks the Hon. Thos. M. Cooley in the September Forum, "may be enough to raise in the mind of one who counts their favor, doubts, real or pretended, whether the freedom we are supposed to enjoy is more than nominal."

We acknowledge the receipt this afternoon of the first number of the Klackitak County Agriculturist, published at Goldendale. It contains whole lots of local news but we have not had time to peruse it.

Do not wear impermeable and tight-fitting hats that constrict the blood-vessels of the scalp. Use Hall's Hair Renewer occasionally, and you will not be bald.

A BRAND NEW EXCUSE.

A Pittsburgher Who Thinks Women Are Benefited by Standing in Street Cars.

Did you ever observe that a good system of calisthenics is afforded by lunging on a strap in a street car? said a patron of the cable road to a writer for the Pittsburgh Dispatch. If you haven't, I advise you to look into the matter, for it will be a comfort to you. Just watch how the muscles of the body are brought into play. Even the head is forced backward and forward. I don't know of anything I have discovered recently that has given me such real downright comfort and peace of mind as this. You ask why? Well, I'll tell you. It seems that the instinct of gallantry was born in me. I could never remain seated in a car when a lady was standing. Oftentimes I have been so tired that I could scarcely keep on my legs, yet I could never bring myself to keep a seat while a woman was without one. I have often tried to get over this exaggerated sentimentality, but my nature would invariably get the best of me and smite my conscience until I would be compelled to offer my seat. But things have changed now. Besides, being a gallant man, I believe in exercise. It had always been a hobby with me that American women never took enough exercise, and, as a result, were a weak, sickly, nervous lot, in comparison with their English cousins. When this idea of the benefit to be obtained from hanging on a street-car strap came to me I saw at once a way to get the women of the country to take the much-needed exercise. I now permit them to stand—purely from hygienic reasons. I think the women should have the exercise that they require, and no gentleman should allow his sense of politeness to interfere with his sense of duty.

STRENGTH OF INSECTS.

Shadow Not in It with a Beetle, and Gynaests Shamed by the Flea.

Insects are for their size the strongest members of animal creation, and among them beetles bear away the palm. Many beetles have enormous strength. The Hercules beetle can support and even lift a weight equal to more than five hundred times the weight of its own body. It is as if a man were able to raise from the ground on his back a weight of more than one hundred and twenty tons. Or perhaps a better idea would be conveyed by saying that to equal this a man would have to lift five hundred other men. The flea is also possessed of marvelous strength and activity. It can leap more than two hundred times its own height and drag along more than eighty times its own weight. This, says the Brooklyn Eagle, is as though a man could, from a standing position, leap over the Eiffel tower, or walk around bearing on his shoulder, as an ordinary burden, the carcass of an elephant. M. Plateau found that a cockchafer can draw fourteen times its own weight, and that a bee can draw twenty times its own weight. From which he argues that a cockchafer is, weight for weight, twenty times stronger than a horse, and a bee thirty times stronger than one. At the same time insects which expend much power in rapid flight are not capable of bearing much additional weight to that of their own bodies. Some can carry a weight equal to their own, but as a rule not one can fly with anything heavier than itself.

For Rent.

The Union street lodging house. For terms apply to Geo. Williams, administrator of the estate of John Michelbach.

INCOMES IN ENGLAND.

Wealthy Men Not So Numerous as in America.

Notwithstanding Which the Wealth of This Country is More Evenly Distributed—More Gained from Figures.

If the evidence of the British government returns showing the number of persons assessed for the income tax is trustworthy the number of very rich people in the United Kingdom is small. Only 230,000 subjects of the queen confess to an annual income of over \$1,000 a year derived from trades or professions. The whole number of them who live on the scale represented by a family income above the \$1,000 mark, derived from any source, is set down at about 2,000,000, or one in nineteen of the population. In other words, says the Baltimore Sun, not more than 5 per cent. of the inhabitants of England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland are living in the moderately well-to-do state, implied by a family income of \$20 per week. Going up in the scale of incomes we learn from these official returns that 223,000 British families, aggregating 615,000 persons, are all who are in receipt of incomes of \$1,200 a year and over. Commenting on these figures the Westminster Gazette says of the limits of wealth and income in the realm of Victoria: "The possession of what is ordinarily termed a modest income, of anything, in fact above \$150 (or \$750) is a rare stroke of fortune, which comes to very few in this world, while the chance of becoming a Croesus is so wildly remote that it will hardly enter into the calculations of a reasonable man." It appears that about 2,000 persons in the whole United Kingdom have incomes of over \$25,000 a year. Gen. Booth some time since took a servant girl census of London and found that only 91,000 houses in that city hired any servants at all, and that in one-half of that number there was only one maid-of-all-work employed. And this in the richest city of the country, containing one-ninth of its entire population.

Making due allowance for the fact that Britishers, like mankind generally, can be trusted not to overstate their incomes for purposes of taxation, it is still evident that the wealth of this country is not only greater than that of Great Britain, but that it is better distributed. Far more American families than British have incomes exceeding any given figure above \$1,000 a year. As against the 2,000 British families with incomes of \$25,000 a year or larger, the famous tabulation made by Thomas G. Shearman shows that there are more than twice as many American families possessing that degree of wealth. These Shearman figures have not been disputed by anybody, and, if true, they show that at least 400,000 American families, or 2,000,000 persons, live on a level of comfort represented by an income of \$2,000 a year or more, as against the same number living on the \$1,000 a year plan in England. It is estimated that 85,000 persons will be called upon in this country to pay the new income tax on incomes exceeding \$4,000 a year. The British parliamentary returns indicate that this is three times as many persons as are assessed over that figure by the queen's tax collectors. On the whole it seems safe to conclude that the average incomes of families in the United States are still higher than in the most favored, or at any rate the best governed, country in Europe. Wealth is still distributed more evenly here than anywhere else in the world.

ALL HAD SEEN HARD LUCK.

The Actor and the Man Who Reats Outdoor by the Dry Goods Clerk.

"I think," said the actor, "that the toughest luck I ever ran against was when I was playing Lorenzo in a comic opera company which I prefer shall be nameless for reasons of my own. We had an engagement at a pavilion in a summer garden. It was a good engagement, too, and we went out there with our hearts as full of hope as our pockets were empty of money. It happened, though, that we struck one of those nasty cold-summer months. This was the coldest that I ever saw. It was positively Arctic. But the place was popular and a lot of people came on the first night. Show was a dead frost, though, and we had to walk back."

"Didn't the people like it?" asked the Buffalo Expressman.

"Couldn't tell. You see, there was a big crowd, but it was so blamed cold that they all wore ear-muffs and couldn't hear the gags."

"Huh," said the man who rents, "that ain't a marker to the luck I had to-day. Here I am a man with a sick wife and a lot of other things on my hands, and when I got home to-day I found that it would be absolutely impossible for me to stay there any longer. All there is to it, I've got to move. When you think that my wife is flat on her back, you will realize what an affliction that is. I've got to move; think of it."

"Well," inquired the reporter, "what have you got to do that for? Shy on the rent?"

"No; I'm not shy on the rent, but a lot of my old creditors found the place the other day, and there's nothing to do but get out of their way."

"You fellows make me laugh," said the dry goods clerk. "You actually, make me laugh. You talk as if you knew what hard luck really is. Why, you ain't in it with me! I had a job as floor-walker that paid me thirty dollars a week. Part of my duties were to paint the signs used so extensively in the store. I always was handy with a brush, you know. I had a big sign to paint for the candy counter last Wednesday. It was to read 'Fresh To-day,' meaning some particular kinds of candies. I painted it, but an infernal imp of a boy who worked in the store painted another just like it that read 'Fresh Today' and hung it in place of mine. The highly moral head of the firm had a fit when he saw it and fired me without giving a chance for an explanation."

AFFECTED BY WEATHER.

The Mental Faculties Regulated to Some Extent by Atmospheric Changes.

A writer in the American Journal of Psychology for this year discusses the influence of the view of common experience, and presents some facts that are interesting as well as leading to their directness. He says: "The head of a factory employing three thousand workmen said: 'We reckon that a disagreeable day yields about ten per cent. less work than a delightful day, and we thus have to count this as a factor in our profit and loss account.' Accidents are more numerous in factories on bad days. A railroad man never proposes changes to his superior if the weather is not propitious. Fair days make men accessible and generous, and open to consider new problems favorably. Some say that opinions reached in best weather states are safest to invest on." Other facts are mentioned in the psychological and physiological relation, as "weather often affects logic, and many men's most syllogistic conclusions are varied by heat and cold." * * * The knee-jerk seems proved to have another factor. It is not strange if the eye, e. g., which wants the normal stimulus in long, dark weather, causes other changes."

Temperament is a fundamental factor in sensitiveness to atmospheric changes, that type of it called the mental being the more intensely affected, while the bilious type may exhibit by comparison the more capricious or morbid impressions, says the Psychological Journal. The mental manifestations, as a rule, however, depend upon the organism primarily. If the culture is good, i. e.; the faculties have been trained to coordinate, harmonious action, and the elements that contribute to serenity and self-control have been well developed, weather conditions will but operate like other parts of the environment, and self-training will show adaptation and self-repression. The "nervous," excitable, irascible person is he who has not learned to control feeling and expression and it is he who finds fault with his surroundings and imputes unbecoming conduct to them. That there are functional states of the body that predispose to mental depression or exhilaration we are ready to admit. A torpid liver, a chronic catarrh, a rheumatic joint, and even an old corn may render one susceptible to weather changes, the physical ailment producing a nerve reaction that is keenly felt at the spinal centers and may test the spirit. Mind, however, is superior to matter, or rather constituted for superiority. Fairly organized, carefully developed and trained, it will exhibit that superiority by its poise and calmness in circumstances that are disagreeable or painful to the physical sense.

DANGER IN A LOBSTER'S CLAW.

Twenty-Five Pound Monsters Can Easily Snap a Man's Finger Off.

A mature lobster is not so small or harmless looking by any means, says the New York Evening Post. Without the claws an old fellow should measure from one to two feet in length, and will weigh altogether from five to fifteen pounds. Smaller ones are caught more frequently than larger ones, especially since the competition has become so fierce as to reduce the number and size all along the New England coast. Occasionally an old-timer is caught—one that weighs as high as twenty-five pounds. Such a monster is a veritable fighter, and a fierce struggle is sometimes experienced before the creature is landed safely. The claws of a large lobster are powerful enough to crack the shell of a clam, or to snap off a man's finger. Instances are on record where several fingers have been thus nipped off and where severe injuries have been inflicted on the hands and arms. The fishermen are consequently very cautious when they land a big lobster, and take particular pains to see that he is well secured before taking him out of the trap. According to the fishermen of Newburyport, Mass., the lobster sheds his shell for the first time when he is about five years old, but no one seems able to tell how often after that the shedding occurs. The young lobsters a few inches in length have very little power to protect themselves, and they generally seek refuge under their mother's shell when danger approaches. If startled by enemies when away from their mother they will run into conch-shells or other places of refuge. The parent lobster shows the same maternal instinct noticeable in all living creatures. If her young are pursued by enemies she is pretty sure to enter into the race also. Her powers of locomotion are pretty good at such times and her fighting abilities of no mean order. Very few fish or shell creatures can withstand her onslaughts or give effective battle with her. One stroke of her powerful claws will suffice to destroy most enemies. The food of the lobsters consists for the most part of clams, mussels, flounders, sculpin and other fish that get within their reach. They seize these creatures with their strong anterior claws and hold them up to the mouth while the substance is slowly sucked in.

A Gold Miner's Plan.

An Australian mining journal is responsible for the following story: A miner in that country who was obtaining fine gold by sluicing, was asked how he saved it. He replied that he employed the common amalgamation process, but used a novel and ingenious retort for the purpose. "After amalgamating with quicksilver, I get a potato," said the miner, "cut off one end and scoop out a cavity in it large enough to take my ball of amalgam. I next take a spade or piece of flat iron and place that over the fire; and then upon that I place the potato with the cut side down. As the amalgam gets hot the 'silver' evaporates and goes all through the potato, but it can't get through the skin. When it is cool I have my gold button on the spade and my 'silver' all in fine globules in the potato. I break that potato up under water and I have all my 'silver.'"

The Alabama Way.—The Judge of Election in the remote Alabama district—No, I dunno just what majority we've piled up in this district.

The Citizen—Why not? You've only a handful of votes to count.

The Judge of Election—Well, we haven't heard from the other counties what majority is best to have we?—(Chicago Record.)



A STRANGE CASE.

How an Enemy was Foiled.

The following graphic statement will be read with interest: "I cannot describe the numb, creepy sensation that existed in my arms, hands and legs. I had to rub and beat those parts until they were sore, to overcome in a measure the dead feeling that had taken possession of them. In addition, I had a strange weakness in my back and around my waist, together with an indescribable 'come feeling' in my stomach. Physicians said it was creeping paralysis, from which, according to their universal conviction, there is no relief. Once it fastens upon a person, they say, it continues its insidious progress until it reaches a vital point and the sufferer dies. Such was my present case. I had been doctoring a year and a half steadily, but with no particular benefit, when I saw an advertisement of Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine, procured a bottle and began taking it. My condition as it may seem, but a few days had passed before every bit of that creepy feeling had left me, and there has not been even a moment's relapse since I returned. I now feel as well as I ever did, and have gained ten pounds in weight, though I had run down to a skeleton. Four bottles of Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine on my recommendation, and it has been as satisfactory in their cases as in mine."—James Kane, La Roche, Ind., on receipt of price, \$1 per bottle, six bottles for \$5, express prepaid. It is free from opiates or dangerous drugs.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Notice is hereby given, that under and by virtue of a writ of execution issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Wasco County, on the 10th day of July, 1894, upon a judgment given and returned in said Court and docketed on the 23rd day of March, 1894, and enrolled and docketed thereon on the 5th day of March, 1894, in a cause wherein Joseph A. Johnson was plaintiff and U. D. Taylor and William Meridian were defendants, and commanding me to levy upon and sell the property of the said defendant, U. D. Taylor, on the 20th day of July, 1894, levy upon the property hereinafter described as the property of said defendant, U. D. Taylor, and sell the same.

The 13th day of September, 1894, at the hour of ten o'clock A. M., at the court house door in Dalles City, in said Wasco County, Oregon, sell at public auction to the highest bidder given and returned in said Court and docketed on the 23rd day of March, 1894, and enrolled and docketed thereon on the 5th day of March, 1894, in a cause wherein Joseph A. Johnson was plaintiff and U. D. Taylor and William Meridian were defendants, and commanding me to levy upon and sell the property of the said defendant, U. D. Taylor, on the 20th day of July, 1894, levy upon the property hereinafter described as the property of said defendant, U. D. Taylor, and sell the same.

U. S. LAND OFFICE, The Dalles, Or., August 15, 1894.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the register and receiver of the U. S. Land office at The Dalles, Or., on Sept. 28, 1894, viz:

ALVIN E. LAKE.

H. E. No. 432, for the NW 1/4, NE 1/4, Sec. 15, SW 1/4, SW 1/4, and SW 1/4, Sec. 25, T. 4 S., R. 11 E., H. M. No. 10, for the following described lands, to-wit: continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: J. R. Woodcock, L. D. Driver, S. G. Ledford, of Wamie; T. J. Driver, of The Dalles.

PRINZ & NITSCHKE Furniture and Carpets. We have added to our business a complete Undertaking Establishment, and as we are in no way connected with the Undertakers' Trust, our prices will be low accordingly.