IN THE SPIDER'S WEB

BY J. L. HORNIBROOK.

Black and White.

I always looked upon Colethorpe as one of those oddities who exist in a separate little world of their own, on altogether a different plane to that of the ordinary mortal. He was a pedant, before all things. Science was his goddess, and she had in him a whole-hearted devotee. He carried about with him the atmosphere of the laboratory, through the blur of which he looked with indifferent eye upon the everyday affairs of life.

Nevertheless, when the even, uneventful routine of Ivy Lodge—it belonged, by the way to his aunt, who was profoundly impressed by her nephew's attainments—was invaded by the winsome presence of Miss Mabel Elstree, a distant cousin of his, I noticed a slight stir in friend Colethrop. He came down out of the clouds a little. The abstracted, detached air which usually clung to him was laid aside for the time, and he looked about him with the newly awakened interest of one who was exploring a region hitherto unknown. He claimed Mabel's attention while he expounded ponderous theories in science, quite crushing her under the weight of his knowledge. Though she listened with wrinkled brow and a pretty pretense of taking it all in, one could see that she was hopelessly at sea from first to last.

This flash of interest in something outside himself and his own atmosphere was destined to early extinction. Mrs. Colethorpe, has aunt, a most amiable and kindly soul, was of opinion that scientific expositions, however excellent in themselves, were hardly a suitable form of recreation for a fresh, healthy-minded young girl. The good lady considered that outdoor amusements, tennis, cycling and such-like, might probably be a trifle more acceptable; and I, being a friend of the family, was called in council upon this point. I emphatically indorsed Mrs. Colethorpe's views, begged for the privilege of acting as Miss Mabel's cavalier, and marched her off forthwith for a spin along the country roads. The nephew, James, fell back upon science again, and gave himself up to it more assiduously than ever.

Ivy Lodge, I am bound to say, soon became a sort of Mecca to me, to which I made pilgrimages at all times and seasons. Mabel was the attraction, I admit. There must have been a natural affinity between us, I suppose, for we felt drawn to each other, and never tired of being alone together So far as I was concerned, it was quite a task to tear myself away every evening; so much so, indeed, that it involved a prolonged leave-taking at the door, from which Mabel was generally recalled by an admonitory hint from Mrs. Colethorpe as to the flight of time.

That good lady saw plainly enough how the land lay, and lent us her countenance—or rather, more strictly speaking, discreetly averted it and took no notice of the soft cooings which went on behind her back. With James, of course, it was entirely different. The fellow was as blind as a bat in an affair of this kind, and if he happened to be present, which was not often the case I am glad to say, blunderingly thrust in his oar between us. I, for one, did not bless him.

As a general rule, however, he slouched away early in the evening to the little tin-topped shanty out in the garden, which he designated his laboratory, and where, if the fit was upon him, he sometimes passed the entire night.

It so happened that on one particular evening, just as I was leaving the house, it came upon me suddenly that I had a message for him from an old crony of his, whom I had run across that afternoon. Knowing that I would find him in his laboratory, I stepped round by the side of the house and entered the garden at the back.

The little corrugated iron structure in which he conducted his experiments was set far back from the house, and its position was always clearly marked at night time by the two bright shafts of light that shot out into the darkness from the tiny windows. Electricity was one of his hobbies, and he had all sorts of curious installations in this den of his.

As it was getting rather late I made a bee-line across the garden, dodging the flower-beds as well as I could in the darkness. Just as I stepped off the grass and my footsteps crunched upon the gravel walk that led to the door of the hut, I fancied I heard a stifled exclamation inside, followed by a slight crash of glass. I paid little heed to the circumstance, however, for my thoughts still clung to that tender parting with Mabel a minute or two ago, and I was more or less in dreamland at the moment.

As I turned the handle, and door yawned open a sharp surprise drove the film of thought from my eyes, and in an instant my whole attention was fixed upon Colethorpe.

He was standing with his back partly turned towards me, but his chin had come round on to his shoulder, and he was staring across in my direction, with the oddest kind of look imaginable. It was almost as if he was wonder-struck by my presence. In his hands he still unconsciously held the ends of a splintered test tube, which he must have broken in a moment of agitation.

Very much puzzled, I proceeded to deliver my message, but I might just as well have addressed myself to the empty air. I don't believe he took in a single word of it. All the time I was speaking he continued to regard me in the same odd, arrested manner, which was a trifle disconcerting, to say the least of it. It was only when I turned upon my heel and was about to leave the place, that he seemed to wake up.

"Don't go yet," he called after me, getting the words out quickly, as if afraid I would slip away. "Come in, come in. There was something I wanted to speak to you about. Let me see—what was it?"

He laid the broken test tube aside and put his hand to his forehead.

Something he wanted to speak to me about? Well, that was strange! He was not given to being communicative at the best of times; but when he was shut in here he was generally as glum and unsociable as a hermit in his cell. I closed the door and sat down, wondering what would come next.

Colethorpe, however, appeared in no particular hurry to approach the subject, whatever it might be. He moved about the room, laying his hand—aimlessly, as it seemed to me—upon one thing after another, but keeping his eyes steadily averted from my face the whole time.

I watched him with growing wonder. In his long gray dressing gown and list slippers he looked a somewhat grotesque figure—almost as if one of those old-time alchemists had come back to life again.

"I suppose you have no objection to smoke," I said, pulling out my cigarette case, for he seemed a precious long time in coming to the point.

"O! not the least," he assured me, over his shoulder. (Which, by the way, I very much doubted, for I knew he was not partial to the practice himself.)

As I lit the cigarette he turned and shot a swift glance at me from under his drooping eyelids. Then he shuffled across to a small door at the other end of the room and threw it open.

"You haven't seen my little den in here, have you?" he asked, facing me now for the first time.

"No," I said. "What's it like?"

"Come along in, and you'll see."

I got up, went in after him, and found myself in a little box of a place not much bigger than a good-sized bathroom, which was partitioned off from the laboratory. The only thing in the shape of a window that I could see was a small glass panel, in the partition, through which one could look into the outer room.

This inner retreat of his contained a camp bedstead and a few other articles of furniture. But the most noticeable thing in the place, and one which caught the eye the moment I entered, was a curious-looking, high-backed armchair, with a foot-rest underneath, not unlike that one is accustomed to find at a dentit's. It was placed against the wall in the off corner, and had a sort of canopy overhead, which gave it an almost regal appearance. I wondered if this was Colethorpe's chair of state, in which he was in the habit of receiving his cronies.

He resigned it now, however, in my favor, motioning me to it with a wave of his white hand, and throwing himself upon the little camp-bedstead a few feet away. His face was turned in my direction, and as I disposed myself in the chair I noticed his long arm stealing out, as if he was seeking some particular spot in the pitch-pine boarding which lined the wall. I lay back, spouted a jet of smoke idly into the air, and * * * great heavens!

There was a sharp click. Something in the shape of a cowl or hood dropped down over my head, and at the same moment the hooked arms of the chair closed in upon me with a vicious snap, pinning me as tightly as if I was held in a vice. The foot-rest also gave way, and I felt my ankles caught in a trap of some kind.

I was so completely taken by surprise, so utterly astounded at finding myself snared in this extraordinary manner, that for a moment or two I could only gasp helplessly behind the heavy cloth affair which had fallen over my head. In that brief interval, however, Colethorpe had each of my wrists securely strapped to the sides of the chair, so that I was literally bound hand and foot.

When I had regained my mental balance a little, the first coherent thought which flashed through my brain was, that this was some grim joke on the part of my eccentric companion. It was absurd to think it could be otherwise. The chair was simply some mechanical toy of his, with which he was amusing himself at my expense. That was all.

But his very next step, and the deliberate manner in which he set about it, showed me that I had altogether misjudged his intentions; and for the first time a thrill of apprehension went through me.

Removing the cloth from my head he deftly slipped a scarf over my mouth, and in a second or two had me effectually gagged. Then he fell back, and stood before me with folded arms, contemplating his handiwork with a sort of sardonic complacency, that had something more terrifying, more appalling in it than any outburst of insane exultations.

No, this was not the action of a mere madman. That was the worst part of it. It was the outcome of studied malevolence, of vindictive hate. I read that in the deadly look which he directed upon me. He had this diabolical contrivance in readiness for me; and I understood now the meaning of his strange look when I first entered. He saw his opportunity coming; I was walking blindly into the web which he had prepared for me.

For some seconds he continued to regard me in the same cold, envenomed manner, but I saw with dismay that his eyes were gradually gathering fire. And then he spoke.

"There is a powerful electric current connected with that chair," he said, watching the effect of every word. "If I turned it on in full force, you can guess what would happen. In America they call it an electrocution. This is how it works."

He stepped aside, stretched out his hand towards a metal disc in the wall, and set the current gently in motion. O, heavens, the horror of it! A spasm went through me; I pringled all over from head to foot. My hair seemed to bristle; my heart to contract. It was ghastly!

Colethorpe's hand dropped to his side again, and he placed himself before me once more. But there was an evil glitter in his eye, and a mocking smile curled his lip as he still saw me writhing under the shock.

"Now you know what to expect," he went on. "If the worst should happen, it might easily be ascribed to an accident. I could remove you from that chair, say that you had inadvertently come into contact with a high-tension wire—there are several about the place here—and had received a fatal shock. You grasp the situation, do you not?"

I did. And though I was unable to make direct answer, I suppose that the horror in my eyes told him as much.

"Do you know why I have laid this trap for you?" he continued, raising his voice. "Do you realize my object in holding you there at my mercy? The explanation can be summed up in one word—Mabel!"

Ah! I saw it all now. He had conceived an insane passion for the girl. And no doubt, with the egregious conceit which sometimes forms a marked trait in such curious natures as his, he thought he would have had no difficulty in winning her but for me. I had stepped in and taken her away from him. I was the obstacle, the barrier between him and Mabel.

"Listen!" he cried, advancing a step or two, and jerking the words out at me. "I offer you one chance. Give her up! Leave this place tonight and never set foot in it again. Swear not to come near Mabel again. If you do this, I will set you free at once. If not—"

He paused; and a chilling, sickly sensation came over me as I realized the awful alternative.

"Well?" he asked. "Which is it to be? Do you agree to my terms? You have only to nod your head?"

My eyes sought his face, but I read no mercy there. I glanced despairingly around; there was no help at hand, no means of escape from this ghastly position. Then my gaze came back to him again; and, bracing myself like a man about to take a fatal plunge, I shook my head.

An angry gleam shot from his eyes.

"We will see," he said, stepping back again. "Perhaps a little pressure will induce you to alter your mind."

In a quiver of apprehension, shrinking, shuddering, I watched him approach the metal disc. A moment's pause, and then came the pringling shock. The current was stronger this time. I gasped, writhed in agony, and collapsed.

I must have lost consciousness, for the room and all it contained was blotted out for some seconds. But the first faint glimmering of sense showed me the wretch standing before me again, the whirl and throb of my brain making his figure vague and blurred.

"Once more, and for the last time, will you give her up?" I heard him say, as he thrust his hateful face within an inch or two of mine.

He waited a second, but no sign came from me; I was beyond it. I seemed to be in the clutch of some ghastly nightmare, which deprived me of all power of volition. The next moment, with a fierce "Be it so!" he turned to switch on the current again.

But at that critical juncture, when my fate hung upon the slenderest thread, he pulled himself up suddenly, and I heard a smothered cry break from him. He stood there as if rooted to the spot, his gaze fixed upon the little glass panel in the partition. My haggard eyes went round in that direction, and there, as through a haze, I beheld a face—a girl's face. A moment later and Mabel herself was in the room.

"Wretch!" she cried, confronting Colethorpe with flashing eyes and fiery indignation. "What is the meaning of this?"

He was cowed—utterly cowed. He shrunk away from her as if she had a deadly weapon in her hand, until he was brought up against the wall. And Mabel—she was superb!

"Release him instantly!" she commanded, pointing to me.

He pulled himself together, lurched across the room, and fumbled with the mechanism of the chair. In another minute I was free.

Mabel herself assisted me to my feet, and led me tottering out into the cool night air. As we passed through the door I saw Colethorpe drop on to the camp bedstead and bury his face in his hands.

A few turns in the garden, still supported by Mabel's friendly arm, did me a world of good, and I was soon able to relieve her anxiety on my behalf.

She then explained that she had seen me turn back after I had left the house, and make my way round towards the garden. Wondering what object I had in view, she hurried to a window at the back, from which she watched me as I crossed the laboratory and disappeared through the door. She stood there, watching and waiting, but as I did not come out again a vague, unaccountable uneasiness took possession of her. It was this that led her to slip out quietly and steal in upon us, arriving on the scene—luckily for me—in the nick of time.

We kept the affair secret from Mrs. Colethorpe, for we had no wish to distress the good soul by destroying her faith in her nephew, and exposing his rascality. But a day or two later Mabel pleaded some urgent excuse for getting away, and within a few weeks we were quietly married. I thought it just as well, you see, to put temptation out of the way of our friend James, lest he should possibly revert to any of his tricks again.

Moowis---An Indian Legend.

Nepawhamis was the belle of the village. There could be no doubt about that. The tribe of Indians to which she belonged had but lately returned from the summer fishing grounds, had built their lodges and spread their rude floors with skins and had prepared the great logs which were to be burnt in the winter to keep out the cold, one side of the lodge being left open to admit the log which was slowly drawn in as it was consumed.

Her father's lodge was the largest of them all, and here Nepawhamis presently set up a little court of her own, for during that summer she had first donned the red cap to betoken that she might now be wooed, though it soon became very evident that she did not intend to be lightly won. For Nepawhamis was a coquette, and her lightsome fancy showed itself in many ways. Her red cap, contrary to custom, was ornamented with beads wrought into various conceits of birds and animals, and in it she wore a red feather, and she perched it jauntily upon her glossy black tresses with an air of defiance as though daring any brave to remove it. And she wore her mantle of deerskins as none other could wear one. The skins, sewed together to make great length, were ornamented with the tails of many deer, which bobbed and danced as she walked trailing the great length of her mantle behind her as though she were queen-sachem of her tribe.

And many lovers came to woo, but with none would she wed. Before the door of her lodge were laid many offerings, until the little lodge was hung with mats of many and various weavings, decorated with bowls and plates of curious design; jars of earthenware, with pictures burned in their sides; basins of beaten copper and belts of wampum. No hunt was undertaken that some brave did not lay his offerings at her door, and her faher waxed fat and lazy, as all things were provided without his exertion.

Now and again some brave, emboldened by a show of greater favor than was given to the others, would lay his first and second finger by the side of his nose, thus indicating his lifelong devotion to her and his desire to marry her according to the custom of the tribe; but to all such, with a merry laugh, Nepawhamis would extend her hand, with the tips of her fingers pressed close together, and then, in the brave's face, would slowly and derisively open them.

Then that brave would go away, to be seen no more by her, and if she regretted any of them she showed it not, for their places were quickly filled and the same story was repeated, until the gossips began to declare that Nepawhamis would never wed, and to shake their heads dismally when they saw a new brave wooing, as they knew, in vain.

At last there were no braves who had not tried their fortune, and Nepawhamis' father began to be disturbed, for their offerings ceased, the winter began to press, and the old man was obliged to hunt for himself. "Thou willful girl," he said; "is there none in the village worthy of thee?" But Nepawhamis only laughed and bade him wait. And in the meantime the fame of Nepawhamis and her beauty, as well as her coquetry, had spread to neighboring villages. In one was a young brave named Sakatehoc, the son of a great chief. But though a brave, he was gentle and loved the arts of peace more than those of war. He was tall and straight as an arrow, but his dark eyes were soft with a lustrous light rather than with the fire of passion.

Finally he, too, came a-wooing the fair Nepawhamis, and he sat for long hours without the door of her lodge, waiting for her to appear. And he sang to her the love songs of the forest. He told her the stories of the camp and of the hunt, but those she loved best were the folk tales of the tribes. He told her how Nanabahzo made the earth, and of te great flood which nearly engulfed him. He told her of the origin of the animals, the birth of the east wind and of the west, and he told her of the mighty magician Masswaweinin of the Mentouhne island, and the wondrous feats he performed. And Nepawhamis almost forgot her coquetry in the charm of his presence until the gossips began to look wise and say: "Nepawhamis has found her master at last."

But it was not to be. No sooner did Nepawhamis begin to remember who she was than her old ways began to reassert themselves, until, when Sakatehoc finally crossed his fingers and laid them gravely beside his nose, she opened her fingers in his face and laughed, and Sakatehoc went back to his village.

Then no others came to woo, and Sakatehoc went a-wooing no more. He threw himself face down upon a great bear-skin in his lodge and so remained, and the days and the weeks went by and the winter passed and the sap began to run in the trees and the birds to sing, but all of tais passed unheeded by Sakatehoc. His relatives came to him and urged him to bestir himself, but he waved them away and moved not. And his brothers and sisters urged him, but still he would not speak. Until at last, when the spring was almost come, the village broke up and the tribe moved on, leaving Sakatehoc, who was sick with love.

Then he bestirred himself, for a plan had formed in his head as he lay. Over the site of the deserted village he roamed, picking up all that had been discarded—clothing, ornaments and trinkets—and of these rags and tatters he fashioned an image like a man. He patched together his pieces and ornamented them with bits of beading and feathers and wampum, and he stuffed the whole with bones of men and of animals and with sticks and stones, and he found some snow with which he moulded the whole together. Then he called upon his guardian, Manitou, to breathe the breath of life into the figure, and so it was a wondrous sight. No such being ever lived before as this creature of rags and stones, and Sakatehoc named him Moowis, which means the man of rags and tatters.

And then Sakatehoc took Moowis to the neighboring village where Nepawhamis dwelt, for it had not broken up as yet, and he took Moowis into her presence. And something spoke to Nepawhamis and she loved Moowis from the moment she first beheld him. And the wooing went on merrily. Nepawhamis was in haste, for she never knew before what love was, and at last the wedding took place and all the vilage came to see Nepawhamis married at last.

The next morning Moowis mae ready to depart and Nepawhamis followed him out of the village at a respectful distance as was the custom. And as they entered the woods the sun shone down hot through the trees and began to melt the snow with which Moowis was kept together. And little by little he began to fall apart. Here a trinket dropped in the train and there a few rags were caught up by sharp thorns. And here was the bone of a deer's hind leg and there a bit of glass which was once an eye. And little by little Moowis dropped away and was scattered along the trail, but Nepawhamis knew not what had befallen her lord. And she called 'Moowis, Moowis," many times, and still he answered not. And on and on Nepawhamis wandered, searching for her lost love, and still she wanders. And now of nights in the forest you may hear a sound which you may think is the call of a loon to its mate, but it is the voice of Nepawhamis still wandering through the forest and ever calling as her punishment, "Moowis, Moowis."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Willie—Would you like to play with me, little boy?
Billie—Ah, gwan! D'ye tink I'm a tree-year-old goil baby?

"My brother says he can't sit down and he can't stand up."
"Well, if he tells the truth, he lies."

Pleasant Anticipation.

Philadelphia Record.

Overheard at Atlantic City—

"My vacation ends tomorrow."

"What a relief it must be to be able to go back to the office and take a rest."

Different Rackets.

Baltimore American.

Tennisplaire—My last racket only cost me $2.48.

Lushstone—That so? Why, my last one cost me about fifty.

BLUFF THAT WORKED

YOUNG NEW YORK DOCTOR'S PROSPERITY RESULT OF AN ACCIDENT

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"All this lovely prosperity which has been throwing itself at me in bunches," said the once struggling young physician to the New York Tribune, "is really a matter of such a very short while that I am going around on tiptoe lest I shoo the luck bird off the nest before she's laid all the eggs that my omelet's entitled to. I don't mind it, not a bit. Of course, it's my first experience with sculpured marble front, brass grill, hot water and janitor service, uniformed hall porter at all hours, but I'm making a gallant struggle to live up to the bunch. And it's all been done since New Year.

"Last year this time I was working twenty-four hours a day, holding sponges at clinics for the sake of the experience and looking after a private practice that didn't net my carfare. To be sure I knew I had a brilliant future before me, but for all practical purposes I was having about as hard lines as fall to the share of most physicians when they try to break into New York practice. The change has come to pass through one new drug—not so much through the drug as through having the necessary amount of gall to make it do the trick.

"The drug is a very recent one. It is not absolutely new, rather a new and much more satisfactory form of a thing that has been in use for the last five or ten years. In fact, ever since I took up as my specialty in surgery the passages of the head I have been using this agent in its older form. Naturally I sent for some of the new stuff as soon as I heard of it in order to give it a trial. But when I learned the price I was immediately impressed with the idea that my practice would have to worry along without it, for it costs a dollar a grain, and I can assure you that as much as a whole grain looks mighty cold and lonely in the smallest size vials they make. Still, as I had blown in my good dollar it was incumbent on me to get some return.

"While I was just regretting my dollar a patient happened, and that is the only word to describe it. He blew in right off the street, and between his gasps he managed to make the servant at the door understand he must see the doctor right away, and that he'd be willing to pay double fee if he could get to the doctor without any delay in the waiting room. That girl rose to the occasion like a bird, while he was worrying his overcoat off in the hall she walked over to the parlor and in a quiet and most matter-of-fact tone told the parlor that they would be subjected to some delay because of an urgent case that could not be neglected a moment. Then she closed the parlor doors. It's just as well she did, for there was nothing in the parlor besides the furniture.

"When I got the case in my office after this little byplay in the hall he told me that there was something the matter with his throat and he could hardly breathe and was afraid he would die, but would I give him some temporary relief until he could get to a throat man to have the thing properly repaired. It wasn't exactly flattering, but I hadn't then begun to dream of a practice where it would be in the least essential to adopt a flattering tone with me. But he had come to me, and I was a nose and throat man, even though he didn't know it, and there was no reason why I shouldn't have the job as well as any one else. So I hunted through my table until I found a sample package of those sterilized wooden things to hold the tongue down with. I could see him watching me hard when I ripped open its hermetically sealed paraffine envelope with a pair of foreceps, taken dripping from the bichloride bowl, and picked up the wooden affair with other forceps and passed it several times through a spirit flame. Then I used it to depress the tongue; the patient said 'Ah-h-h!' and then it was easy to see what was the matter with him. The top of his throat was in bad shape, but there would be no further difficulty if he would consent to have his tonsils taken out.

"While I was selecting my instruments for the operation, I told him that I was going to use in his case a drug that would render the work practically painless and entirely bloodless, but that it was much too expensive to use on all patients, for the lowest price it could be bought for was $7,000 a pound. That is rather a staggerer on the face of it, and the impression was fully engraved upon his thought surfaces when I exhibited my dollar's worth at the bottom of its little bottle. The operation was a complete success, the patient had no pain and not a drop of his blood was shed. He asked me how much it was, and I replied that owing to the chaacter of the operation and the expense of the material employed I must charge $100. You could have knocked me down with a feather when he picked out one of the green and yellow century ones and handed it over. The only thing he wanted to know was whether I was of the opinion that it would be safe to make a little speech at a dinner that night, and he seemed delighted when I told him it would be all right if he would promise to stop at the first sign of straining the throat. As a further precaution I gave him about a teaspoonful of the solution of the expensive stuff and showed him how to apply a few drops on cotton.

"This casual patient, it turned out, was the president of a big trust company in New England, and the dinner at which he was to make his speech was attended by about all the big men in banking and insurance. He prefaced his remarks by telling how his throat had choked up on him in the morning and he expected to die before he could get relief. Then he mentioned my skill and came out strong on the fact that he had been treated with stuff that cost $7,000 a pound, while gold cost no more than $240 a pound. There was nothing contagious in his throat trouble, but I can assure you that within the next month I must have operated on at least a third of those who were at that dinner when he gave me my reading notice.

"At bottom it was all bluff. The stuff is perfectly good and probably better than anything in its line so far. The price is as I have stated. But you can see how small the real cost is when I tell you that a piece of it no larger than the head of a pin dissolved in a glassful of water would last over a hundred patients. The rest was imagination, and imagination is only grudgingly recognized by the regular profession of medicine."

New Hutchinson Train
Via "The Milwaukee"

On and after June 17th an additional passenger train will be put on via C., M. & St. P. Railway between the Twin Cities and Hutchinson (daily except Sunday).

New train leaves Hutchinson 7:30 a. m., Glecoe 8 a. m., Plato 8:09 a. m., Norwood 8:18 a. m., Cologne 8:30 a. m., and arrives Minneapolis 9:45 a. m., St. Paul 10:20 a. m.

Returning, leaves St. Paul 4 p. m., Minneapolis, 4:40 p. m., and arrives Glencoe 6:30 p. m. and Hutchinson 7 p. m.

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Medical Notes.

In my next "talk" I am going to speak of the new cow, and I want to make a few introductory remarks concerning the dangers inherent in the old cow, unintentional on her part and due to no fault of her own, but saddled upon her by careless owners.

No one would think of employing a nurse for a child or a servant for the family without a recommendation for good moral character and a clean bill of health. As far as morals are concerned, a cow is the type of innocence; that settles that part of the recommendation; but as for the cow's health and as for the healthfulness of her milk that is quite another question. She is far, far away and cannot speak for herself. She can't even protect herself. Unscrupulous farmers—they are few let us hope—don't spend much money doctoring the poor cow, but they do save money by doctoring the milk; in fact, they may be said, in a way, to make money by making milk.

It may be truthfully said that milk is the universal food, for there is scarcely a nation upon the face of the earth, even in the remotest corner, where milk is not used in some form, though it is not always cow's milk—it may be goat's milk or mare's milk. With camel's milk, with mares milk and with asses' milk we have but little to do, but with cow's milk we have much to do from the bringing up of the infant in arms to sustaining the invalid, and feeding the working man and woman and nourishing the aged.

It is therefore of the utmost importance that milk should be pure and free from all germs of disease or injurious chemical ingredients. The examination of cows for tuberculosis has done much good, and even the people who have opposed it, as some people do every innovation, as an interference with personal rights, have acknowledged the value of this precaution against the dissemination of disease.

Even a casual observer, however, in a tour through the country can but observe the unkempt, often filthy and dangerous condition of the cow pasture, the barnyard and the tieup where cows spend most of their time.

Every year there is a record in nearly every city of an epidemic of typhoid fever traced in its inception and its dissemination to some milkman.

Prof Sedgwick in an article in the Lancet some years ago, after desribing such a case in which sixty-one cases of typhoid fever were traced directly to a farm where the first case occurred, emphasizes the possibility of the spread of infectious diseases, such as scarlet fever, diphtheria, cholera, etc., through milk handled by even one careless farmhand or milkman, and concludes that "wherever a creamery exists there a sanitary policeman should secure the proper management of the dairy."

The danger from tuberculous cows has been shown and recognized for many years, but it has taken at least half a century to formulate, enact and enforce the proper measures to eradicate the cause of these dangers.

The danger from milk handled by persons affected with disease and capable of infecting it with disease germs has not been so long recognized, but that disease is conveyed in this way has been proven beyond dispute. In spite of this fact, the old-fashioned method of shutting the barn door after the horse has been stolen is yet in vogue. In other words, when an epidemic of typhoid fever, for example, has been established, the board of health trace is backward from the victims to the milk farm.

Speaking of such epidemics, in the annual report of the state board of health of Massachusetts for 1895, Dr. Abbott says: "These epidemics show conclusively the need of legislation which shall provide for the sanitary care and inspection of dairies with the same degree of efficiency as now exists in those statutes which were enacted to prevent the adulteration of milk." This would necessitate a sanitary police force, qualified veterinarians, and physicians expert in hygienic construction and environment, both of the farmer's house and the farmer's barn.

It would necessitate the existence of an executive sanitary board with full powers to order such construction of buildings and such environment as might be necessary to insure animal health; to restrict the feeding place of such animals and to effectually quarantine all persons or animals in any farm house or farm building that might be afflicted with any contagious or infectious disease.

Statisticians claim that a large percentage of infant mortality is due to the milk used in artificial feeding. Some of this fatality may be due to adulteration; but the skimming of milk, the addition of water or chalk or other material is but a minor crime compared to the sale of milk laden with disease germs; this is, indeed, a capital offense; in fact, manslaughter, or infanticide, possibly due to unintentional but none the less criminal negligence.

People who know nothing, according to the old proverb, fear nothing. These people will doubtless say that there is but little if any danger of disease from milk. It may interest such people to know how small a thing and how prolific a thing the bacillus of typhoid fever is. Sharpen a leadpencil to a needle point, press the point against the ball of the finger tip and twirl it around (taking care not to pierce the skin, for there may be some germs of disease gamboling around on the point. This will leave a small black dot on the finger tip. This would make a pasture ground for about 2,500 typhoid fever germs and if they should get into a can of milk they would increase to 40,000 in about two hours. Every drop of this milk would be capable of infecting a person who might drink it and would infect all other milk with which it might be mixed (as is done by milk contractors) even if it were an ocean.

Much more might be said to show that there is danger in milk and that stringent measures are necessary to prevent such dangers.

Milk is a remarkably good culture fluid for the growth of microbes. In a commercial sample, taken at random, as many as 2,500,000 germs have been found in a cubic centimeter. With the present methods of collection and distribution all milk contains a greater or lesser number of germs, which while they may not be disease germs, must necessarily hasten the turning of milk. For this reason it would be advantageous if milk could be sterilized at the farm or collecting depot. Tyndall's method consists in heating the milk intermittently to 158 degrees Fahrenheit. Pasteur's method consists in heating the milk to 140 degrees Fahrenheit. In both processes the milk containers are hermetically sealed and cooled on ice.

The souring and coagulation of milk is a sign of the development of bacteria. Lactic fermentation is due to the bacillus lacticus. This is followed by more extensive alterations or butyric fermentation, due to the production of butyric acid. A peculiar rancid odor is developed and putrefaction ensues, due to the influence of colorless, thread-like organisms, called tyrothirx, some of which are acrobic, that is, existing at the surface and oxidizing organic matter; others being anacrobic, that is sinking in the mass and causing putrid fermentation (rotting), with the disengagement of gas of a strong and disagreeable odor.

All of these organisms exist in air and water, and when the containers used for transporting milk are not properly cleansed the milk quickly turns owing to the presence in the containers of these organisms.

Several chemical processes for preserving milk have been advocated, but none is without objections and some are actually injurious. The addition of one part of bicarbonate of soda or several drops of ammonia in from 500 to 1,000 parts of milk may be tolerated. This acts by neutralizing the lactic acid, and thus delays fermentation. In proportions of more than one part to 500 bicarbonate of soda gives milk a characteristic odor and a disagreeable, soapy taste. Salicylic acid and borax, which have been used, are proscribed since they are injurious, but this prohibition does not prevent some mercenary milkmen from still using them and running the chances of detection and fine. Since the introduction of formaldehyde as a disinfectant this drug has also been used to add to the keeping qualities of milk.

The food of a cow is a most important factor in pure and healthful milk-production. Potatoes, peapods, turnips, cabbage leaves, cornstalks, and ensilage render the milk thin and insipid and decrease the nutritive qualities. They may increase the quantity of milk given and in this way a shrewd farmer may make his cows adulterate their own milk, but the quality is even poorer than rich milk artificially thinned.

In the pasture, members of the alliacea and crucifera families give milk a disagreeable acrid savor. Artichoke and sunflower leaves, thistles, elder shoots and leaves and potato leaves render milk bitter. Arethusas, euphorbias, and wormwood give it an acrid taste and often render it actually poisonous, sometimes causing convulsions in children. Grapevine leaves, sorrel, and other plants with acid or acrid juice make milk strongly purgative. Brewer's grains make milk which is irritating and causes diarrhoea, especially in children.

Food may also affect the color of milk. Goose grass and "bed straws" give milk a pale red color; mercury (poison ivy) gives a blue tint, and carrots give it a yellow hue.

These facts prove that the farmer who wants good milk must be careful even as to what his cows eat, to say nothing as to their housing in healthful quarters and due attention to their surroundings; and as all consumers want good milk, whether the farmer wants to give it to them or not, it behooves them to pay considerable attention to the new cow.

—Leon Noel.

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Refused to Wait.

New York Times.

He had just explained to her that he could not possibly defer the marriage for longer than three months, and that if she would not consent it were better to break off things at once than later. She had listened sadly, wondering. She did not see why he refused to wait longer for her—she had asked but a year—and then she consented to the limit.

"Do you know, darling, what I would have done if you had not consented?" he asked.

She looked quietly into his eyes. He could see she had been hurt. Her lips parted, but she said not a word.

"Why, I would have waited," he said.

Then all was well.

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