## What Gold Cannot Buy 2 By MRS. ALEXANDER Author of "A Crooked Path," "Maid, Wife or Widow," "By Women's Wit," "Boston's Bardain," "A Life Interest." "Mone's Choice," "A Woman's Heart."

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.) than a week at inklefield, when, returning home from the neighboring vicarage, whence she had been dis patched with a message respecting the vicarage. I want movement. Did some of the local charities to which Mrs. Saville contributed, she entered the drawing-room through one of the French windows which opened on a veranda and thence on to the grounds

The lady of the house was not there laughing eves that looked as if boylow but well-shaped forehead. He was over to induce me to pardon the cruelcarefully, admirably dressed, and inde- lest injury that could be inflicted. scribably fresh and cool, though it was told him my opinion fully; but to be a burning August day.

here," he said, in a pleasant, youthful humming-bird. Come, Miss Desmond voice. "I have taken the exceedingly let us go out into the open air. What uninteresting journey from London to o'clock is it? Nearly five? I shall this place, and I now await its amia | walk round the grounds until it is bie mistress's pleasure as to whether | time to find the vicar." she will see me or not."

"Has she been told you are here?" asked Miss Desmond, taking off a large garden-hat, which she continued to hold in her hand, wondering who this could be. Mrs. Saville's visitors had hitherto been few and far between, her acquaintances at that season being scattered in remote regions.

"Yes, I believe her major domo has conveyed my pasteboard to the angust presence." And the stranger, with the air of being very much at home, drew forward a chair, which Miss Desmond did not accept

"Pray, has Mrs. Saville been long here?"

"About a fortnight." "And you-have you been here al

that time ?" "Not quite."

"Ah' what wonderful resisting pow er! I should have imagined you would both by this time be extinct from mental inauition." Miss Desmond laughed

-a sweet, well-amused laugh. "And you can laugh like that!" he continued. "Then your vitality has of course kept my revered sister-in-law alive. It must, however, exhaust your own vital powers to give out ognneno, what do they call it?-electricityto such a degree. There is nothing to me so soul-destroying, so deadening, as suburban rustleity. Won't you sit down? I can't stand any longer my

"Then pray do not. I do not si down because I am not going to stay I thought Mrs. Saville would come in immediately," said Miss Desmond, who began to perceive in some way that this pleasant, talkative personage was a good deal older than he seemed.

"Since you permit it, then," And I sank into his chair with a sigh of re-"You see," he went on, "this nort of place is just far enough from London to cut you off from all the conveniences of town life, and too near for any of the legitimate amusements and occupations of the country "

Here the butler appeared, and said "Mrs. Saville will see you, my lord, i you will come this way." The gentle man rose, and made another elegant bow as he passed Miss Desmond.

"What an amusing person! I won

der who he is. Some relation, I suppose, or he would not speak so freely, thought Miss Desmond. "I must not go to Mrs. Saville at present." too left the room by a different exit and ascended to her own pleasant apartment, which looked out to the front; a dressing-closet opened from ft, and, except for the hed, it was fur nished like a sitting-room. After leaning from the window for some min utes, apparently in deep thought, she went to her writing table, and, unlocking a desk with a key which hung to her chain, she began to add some lines to a closely-written letter which lay therein.

She had written for a considerable time when the sound of wheels and horses' feet drew her to the window. from whence she saw the gentleman with whom she had spoken in- the drawing-room descend the hall door steps to enter a very rusty fly or station cab. He had a comically rueful expression of countenance, and, looking round over the front of the house. his quick eye caught sight of Miss Desmond. To her annoyance, he lifted his hat and gave a slight expressive shrug before stepping into his cab, which drove off immediately.

"I wish I had not looked out," she thought: then, smiling at the idea, if struck her very like an "expulsion," "No doubt Mrs. Saville could be very severe-even cruel; but she is good to me. I had better give her the vicar's message; yet I feel half afraid. This will not do. My best, my only chance is fearlessness.

She paused a moment, then locked away her writing again, and proceeded down a long passage and a short stair to the wing in which was Mrs. Sa-

ville's boudoir. She knocked at the door, and was imperatively told to come in. Mrs. Saville was walking up and down, evidently much disturbed.

"I beg your pardon," hesitatingly. "Oh, come in, come in! I have been worried by an importunate fool; but I to anything else. Did you see the vicar?"

"I did; and he is very sorry, but he Miss Desmond had been little more has already returned the plans of the

struggle?" "No," cried Hope, her dark eyes cottages to the builder." "Then he must get them back," very

sharply. "I will walk over myself to you happen to see Lord Everton?" "The gentleman who has just left? Yes; he was in the drawing-room when I came in."

"He is one of the most contemptible

men in England," continued Mrs. Sabut lounging comfortably in her espe- ville-"a mere butterfly at sixty-three. cial chair sat a gentleman, who, di He has only existed for pleasure his rectly Miss Desmond entered, rose and | whole life, and even now pleasure still made her a bow-a bow which proved pleases. His sense of enjoyment has that bowing was not yet quite a lost been his ruin. A trifler of the most art. He was a tall, elderly man of un | trifling description, without an ambicertain age, slight and elegant, with ition or an aim; worst of all, reckless ane aquiline features and light-blue of how he may throw others into temp tation or difficulty. He has injured hood still lingered there in spite of the | me past forgiveness, and yet he comes wavy hair that curled round a rather | meandering here to try and talk me seriously angry with such a creature "Allow me to explain my appearance is like taking a howitzer to shoot a

> They paced somewhat slowly across the grounds to a wooded rising ground on the left of the house, from which ; view of it and its surroundings could be obtained, and when they had ac complished the ascent Mrs. Saville sat down, as if tired, on a seat placed at the best point of outlook. Her com panion had observed that the keen active woman was stronger in spirit than in flesh, and felt a sort of pity for this rich, prosperous, resolute lady

"What a sweet, beautiful place this is!" she exclaimed, after gazing at the scene before her for a few min utes. 'I think it is the most charming I have ever seen."

"Then you have not seen much," returned Mrs. Saville, testily,

That is true. I have not seen any fine maces in England, and the palacer and chateaux abroad are so melancholy; but who could desire anything beyond the exquisite, graceful, home

line beauty of Inglefield?" it was, in truth, a delightful abode, sheltered on the east by the upland from which they now looked down; opposite side, giving a wide view over house, gardens and grounds occupied the situation. the level space between. Fine trees stood about, for Inglefield was an old country-house dating tolerably far back, built in the half-timbered style, the first story of fine bricks, the upper part beams and plaster, with high chimneys and many gabled roofs. The large additions made by Mrs. Saville's father had been carried out in strict accordance with the original plan, and house from a wide avenue which open ed exactly opposite the entrance, over-

the garden designed to suit it also. A circular lawn, surrounded with flowering shrubs and dotted with several large spreading trees, separated the arched by a double row of great old elms at either side. Beyond, on the left, from a wooded hollow, through which a trout-stream had been widened and dammed into a miniature lake, glimpses of which could be caught when the sunlight fell upon it, rose the smoke from some unseen chimney.

"Home-like," repeated Mrs. Saville There is an immense amount of non sense talked about home. I wish you could see Kingswood, Lord Everton's place; it is one of the finest seats in England-full of family treasures and historic relics and he would not make the faintest effort to retain it. He might have entered diplomacy-or taken a foreign appointment and saved money. But he is quite content to de rive his income from the rent a Man chester millionaire pays him for his ancestral halls, when he might have married the millionaire's daughter and kept it for himself.

"Well, if the daughter was not the sort of woman he could love, he was right," said Miss Desmond, thoughtfully. "Suppose she was not companionable, that he could not love her; the finest place in the world could not make up for that"

"You are a foolish child! The thing called love soon evaporates. Rank, importance, high position, last; and duties due to one's station fill up life satisfactorfly. It is a low, mean conception of existence to spend it in personal pleasure."

"Yes, certainly. You are right," eazerly. "To live for one's self alone in any way, is miserable. But one has a right to try and be happy if it does not interfere with the happiness of others."

"You have been tolerably poor, from what you pay," said Mrs. Saville, not unkindly. "Have you been happy?"

Her interlocutor paused before she replied, "Yes, on the whole I have been happy. Sometimes it has been trying to feel shabby and to be unable to get a new dress, to know that lovely nictures and delightful music were within your reach, yet inaccessible. The worst is to want nice delicate things for some one you love and not to be able to get them; that is bitter. Still. nothing can be so poverty-stricken as to have no one to trouble about, no one to love or live for, no one to love

"It is, then, very unfortunate for a am not so overset that I cannot attend | person of your disposition to have lost your home," remarked Mrs. Saville,

"It is sad enough; but I have been fortunate in finding friends like Mr. Rawson and his daughter. It is better, too, to believe that there is some pleasant sheltered nook round the next turn of the road than always to look for sandy deserts. Loneliness is the worst evil of all: it is what I fear

Mrs. Saville did not answer immedfately; then she said, abruptly, What is your name-your Christian name?"

"My name? Hope Desmond."

"I thought so. It is very appro priate. You have given me a curious mental picture. I suppose it is true. though it is incomprehensible to me, but you give me the idea of being sensible and accurate. Do you not feel that your life has been lost, fruitless, passed as it has been in this constant

lighting, and lifting her head with an unconscious but dignified movement. "It has had much sweetness, and I have been of some use. Though I am not clever. I have done what I could: and that will always comfort me. I do not fear the future. Work will come to me. I would not change with any one. I prefer to remain the 'me' that I am."

"You are an unusual specimen, Miss Desmond, and really a profound philosopher; yet you have refinement and taste, aye, and culture enough, to enable you to enjoy beauty and elegance, literature and art. I congratulate you; only, if every one was as easily pleased the world would stand still."

"Perhaps so," said Hope Desmond, with a sigh. "I can only see life according to my lights."

curled up from among the trees down

Lord Castleto has arrived. Inglefield Court belongs to him. It is an older and muck damper place than this, must call to-morrow." She heaved deep sigh as she spoke. "Miss Dacre I is one of the fortunate ones according to my estimate. She is her father's sole heiress, and takes the title, too. when she succeeds him. She is pretty, rather accomplished, and decidedly popular. I used to see a good deal of her at one time; now --- " She paus ed and frowned, then, rising, she said, percaptorily, "Come, I feel rheumatic; I have sat here too long."

Few words passed between the com panions till almost at the gate which opened from Mrs. Saville's grounds on a foot-path which crossed the vicarage seph fields, when that lady said, suddenly: "I expect my son to-morrow."

"Your eldest son?" "I have but one son," returned Mrs.

Saville, helly.

(To be continued.)

DIAMOND MAKER'S SECRET.

Lemotne's Latest Account of His

Process titten to tower. Henri Lemoine, the pretended diamond maker, told what he said was his secret in court yesterday at his trial on a charge of swindling, cays a the ground sloped steeply from the Paris letter to the New York Son. An unfeeling court smiled at him, but he a richly wooded country; while the acted as if he fully felt the gravity of

> "I am sounding the death knell of the diamond, and I appeal not to justice but to science," be said.

Then he took a pencil and drew plans of his electric furnace and his crucible, so that the court might follow his explanations.

The furnace is composed of three concentric cylinders fitting into one another, the exterior cylinder of wrought fron, the second of compressed fireproof porcelain. The electrodes are introduced into the evlinder by two openings at the ends so that the are is exactly in the center of the

The crucible is the real triumph of Lemoine, he declares. He carefully drew for the judge and described it as a cylinder made of Iron with a double cover of lead affixed in a melted state. Into it he puts chemically pure iron filings, carbon of sugar and mereney. It is to the use of mercury that Lemoine attributes his success as compared with Prof. Moissan in making diamonds.

When the crucible is placed in the furnace the electric current must be turned on progressively in such a way as to melt the lead covers. Then as the arc forms the current should be increased until the limit of internal pressure is reached, owing to the holf ing of the mercury. This point at tained, the current must be maintained for several hours. The carbon is thereby dissolved at a very high pressure and under the necessary temperature.

"I believe," added Lemoine, in his most impressive tones, "that the sign of the crystals formed is in propor tion to the length of the firing. To cool the materials, merely cut the current off and let them cool by them-

Lemoine explained that he had studied the experiments of Laetchling and of Moissan with great care and had discovered that the reason why Moissan had only succeeded in obtaining extremely minute crystals was that he had not been able to keep his materials at a very high temperature and a pressure of 2,000 atmospheres for a sufficiently long time. By the use of mercury Lemoine said he produced an internal pressure analogous to that

produced by nature in the mines. will be likened to Columbus' egg," he concluded. "Everybody will be ready to say he could have found it out himself; many will say I have copied my reveal it to-day."

Lemoine, who is a consummate ac tor, sat down with the air of a man deeply wronged by a hard world.

The court adjourned the care til June 14 at the request of Maitre La bori, Lemoine's advocate. Presumably Lemoine wishes to give science plenty of time to test his secret.

We have no business whatever with the ends of things, but only with their Ruskin.



Little Moon. Little moon, little moon, Out across the sea, Where will you be going, dear, Far away from me?

On, if I were one small star. I would follow you, Way, away, behind the world All sunset through.

Little moon, little moon, Sharp and silvery. Where were you the whole da

Fairy fields and palaces? Queens with golden hair? Purple fruit on silver trees?

Damsels dancing there

Dear, what did you see?

Little moon, little moon, Out across the sea. You have seen such lovely things You almost frighten me! -Fannie S. Davis, in "Good Housekeeping."

AMERICA.

Joseph E-went with his moth er last fall to spend the winter at Los Angeles. His mother felt so Then, after some minutes' silence, much better there than she did in the she observed how prettily the smoke East that papa said they would stay a year. Joseph was very well pleased, partly because he was glad to "Yes," said Mrs. Saville, "I suppose | see his dear mamma so well and happy and partly because there were so many new and queer things in California, that he wanted to stay and learn all he could about them. One day he was standing by the gate when a couple of children passed on their way from school. One was the boy who lived next door and the other was a bigger boy.

> "What are those things on your coat?" asked Joseph. The boy next door looked down at the front of his coat, which had a great many little brown sticks bristling out of it-at least, they looked

like sticks. "That fillaree," said he. "What's it there for?" asked Jo

"Put there to see it wind up," an swered the boy Then the bigger boy stopped.

'Do you see that weed with the fittle pink blossoms?" he asked Well, those bunches of pods belong to it, and when the pods get dry you just pull them apart, like this, and stick them into your coat, and the end begins to go around and around like a clock hand. Some of the boys call them clocks."

As he spoke, he pulled off one the little brown seeds, with its long, sharp end, or wing, and atuck it into his alcove, and, sure enough, the free end commenced to turn around slowly until it had wound itself into a counting little corkscrew. Joseph gazed at it in astonishment.

"What makes it do that?" he asked but the boy could not tell, and so Joseph took a handful in to Aunt Mary, who had lived several years in California, and who know a great deal about the atrange plants that

grow there. "Aunt Mary, what makes the fillaree twist itself up so?" asked Jo-

Aunt Mary looked at the bunch "Oh," said she, "that is alflieria, though the children sometimes call ft fillaree for short. People who have studied these little seeds think that they twist up so as to help themselves into a good place for growing

'I don't see how turning around and around like that would do any good," said Joseph.

"Well, you know, the minute the seeds fall to the ground one end begine to twist around, and that pushes the other end-the seed endinto the dust. It goes in a little farther with every turn. And then, do you see these little hairs, all turned backward? Can you guess what they are for?"

"No. I can't. There aren't enough of them to keep the seed warm." "No not enough for that. They just keep it in the place that all this twisting and turning has found ft. They are stiff and will not let it go backward. You know here in Callfornia we do not have grass as ron do in the Bast. This aiffleria is our grass. And these long, slender seeds would get blown away and lost in the dry months if there were not some way of keeping them they belong. They belong out on the hills and fields just where they fall. so that they can grow there another year, and the cows and sheep can have

pleaty of alfileria to eat." "And do you mean that the seeds twist themselves right

"Yes, they twist themselves into the ground, very much the way a Hold your hands straight in front of corkscrew twists into a cork. And the funny part of it is that they keep | the midd'e fingers of each hand just at work almost all summer. For, touching each other. Then ask some when the wing of the seed is wet, it one to pull your hands apart. will straighten out all nice and flat will be surprised to find that a much again. Of course, we do not have bigger, stronger person than you will any rafn here in the summer, but "To-morrow probably my invention there is often enough fog to get the hands awa" from each other .- Philalittle seeds pretty wet, and then the delphia Record. long wing straightens out nice and smooth: and when the sun begins : shine, and it gets warm and dry, process from theirs. However that why it just twists up again and may be, I am sure of its value, and I pushes fixelf farther in every time. visiting a sick person. (Feet-fee.) regret that I have been compelled to And so it keeps on until winter | Curtail a piece of a tree and get comes and the rains fail. It is ready an animal which, when in the wild to grow then, and by that time it has gotten itself as nicely planted as though some farmer had put it care-

fully under the ground with his hands.

It is not wonderful how the heavenly

est things that He has made "-- O.

E. Hamilton, in Advocate and Guar-

Father has planned for even the small-

THE DWARFS. id been a naughty girl all

day long. It was 6 o'clock; so she thought she would take a rest after running around all day. She lay on a sofa which was situry

ed in the parlor, and looked at the

pictures hanging on the walls Suddenly a dwarf came up to her and said: "The king of the dwarfs wishes to see you. Step into my carriage and I will take you there. "I don't want to go," said Jean. The fairles are the only ones whom I care to see today, perhaps I will go with you to-morrow," "No." said the dwarf, "you must come with me today, and to-morrow you may have a chance to see the fairles."

Jean was afraid to go, as she had read in books many bad things they did to children. She looked about her, but the dwarf was gone and m the distance she saw a lot of them coming toward her. Soon they ap proached and said: "Are you going to come with us?" "No," said Jean turning away. "Bring me the rope," said one of the dwarfs to Blarney who had some rope under his arm "Here it is," he replied. In an instant they began to tie her hands and feet together. Then they pulled her or the floor with such a thump that she woke up and found herself lying of the floor.

"I'm not going to be naughty any more," she said, "and I think those dwarfs were mean."-Mildred E. Hannewald, in the Brooklyn Eagle.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN VELOPE.

One summer morning I was lying in the street as a dirty piece of rag. and a man came along with a bag on his back, and before I knew anything I was in the bag with some

self lying on the floor of a large around me. We were all so frightened from the excitement that we were trembling. Later on we were all taken up and put into this machine, and when I came out the other end was all flattened out, and as clean as could be. After entering another machine I was a piece of pure linen paper. I was then taken upstairs and folded into an envelope. When was shipped out I was sent to a large stationery house. Next I was sold to a customer, and I was taken home, and was written upon an! had stamp pastel on my oids. I was then given to a little boy who was told to mail me; and when I heard such a hig word, I didn't know where I was going, but 4 was dropped into a pitch-dark box, right down on top of my friend's head. After an introduction, I thought that I was going to stay there for good, but in about five minutes after, a little side door was opened, and the sun shone in

This time we were taken out of that dark hox and put into a large roomy bag, and we took a ride to the post office, and this is the place where I was disfigured for life, be cause they stamped on me and pounded me as if I had no feelings. then took another little journey is another leather hag to a lady's house, to whom the carrier gave me. She then tore my side off, and took out the letter within and began to read it; after reading it, she thew me into the waste banket, and later on I was burnish up as rubbish,-Everett stead, in the Brooklyn Engle.

A SCHOOL OF PATTENCE.

The curator at the Metropolitan Museum is threatened with insanity, the cause being a small misnamed exhfbit in the gallery outside his office door, so the New York Times declares. "Twenty times a day," declared the baracsed man, "people discover that china statuette out in the Franklin collection is named George Washington instead of Behismin Franklin. Then they burst in here and announce their discovery and wonder that no one ever noticed it before. Half my time is spent in explaining that we know it well; that it was simply a mistake of the potter who labeled it in France over a entury ago, and that we cannot change it, nor wouldn't if we could Of course, I tell them'this courteous ly and patiently, and you know what a strain that is when you are going over the same thing for the thou sandth time. I'd latch the door, only there are too many employee seeking me all day long; so here I must sit and listen to the names of George Washington and Benjamin Franklin repeated a million times, till I wish that neither of those glorious patriots had ever lived. And it's driving me insane. I tell you, it's driving me bsane!"

Just then the door opened and

lady peeped in with-There's a statue out here named General Washington, but I'm sure-' And the weary curator, being a South erner, rose smilingly to his task --Home Herald.

> April Total Contract A TEST OF STRENGTH.

Perhaps you do not know how strong ron are in some ways. Here the is a trick which will show you that you have more strength in your arms than you may have supposed. you, with the palms toward you, probably not be able to pull your

> CURTAHANG. Curtail a part of your anatomy and get that which a doctor asks for on state, is to be greatly feared. (Board

Curtail a piece of head-gear worn by kings and get a bird that loves to visit the ripe cornfields. (Crown- to see that pure food and pure water crow.)-Home (Herald.

Sincerity is transparent, defines the Christian Register. Pretence is turbid and opaque. (We often know the difference between the two without being able to define it.

**PASTEURIZED** MILK AN EVIL, STERILIZED A PAD, HE SAYS

ADr. Louis Fisher, Authority in High Standing, Conderns What He Terms the Medical Crase for Changing Batural Condition of the Food.

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"I was delighted to see in the Herald this morning the editorial on "The Sterilization Fad." It was timely, eminently sensible and full of meat," said Dr. Louis Fisher. "The Herald has properly characterized this medical craze for sterilization and pasteurization as precisely what it is—a fad, and it is one concern ing which there is much misunder standing and no little misrepresen:a

of high standing on the subject. He incre was no means to preserve is a fellow of the New York Academy | them. In the Northwest, Canada, of Medicine, a visiting physician to Vermont and other localities where the Willard Parker and Riverside the winters are extreme there were hospitals, a former instructor in the diseases of children in the New York | the natural temperature. Eggs were Post-Graduate Medical School and Hospital and the author of a standard treatise on the diseases of infancy | been built where food products can

"men who have made careful study crease not only of the demand bu of the subject are coming to recog- of the possfbility of supply. The enornize more fully the fact that sterili- mous growth of the trade dates back zation and pasteurization of milk, in to the first of these cold storage stead of being a cure all, as many plants. Refrigerator cars have been physicians and others would have us the essential auxiliary. This method think, is really an additional evil. In of transportation has been perfected my hospital practice I uniformly use from time to time until now the serthe raw milk, merely medifying or vice and the equipment compare favdiluting it to such a degree as to orably with the progress in any other adapt it to the assimilative capacity branch of the trade.

of the child under treatment. "On the question of sterilized milk the weight of evidence seems to show that the process, while preventng undue fermentation, so changes a few hencoops now have the most certain of the natural ferments and some of the fats that the milk is less easily digested and less nutritious The sterilization of milk is advocated chiefly to destroy pathogenic bac- Farmers realizing that the ben is the teria. The profession has been edurated to the bellef that we must kill all living micro-organisms in food. Sentiment Has Changed.

"When the method was first advoeated the profession adopted it in all parts of the world, so that thousands of bables have been brought up on sterilized milk. Within the last few years sentiment has changed. Bierilization accomplishes the destruction of pathogenic bacteria, but it also possesses certain disadvantages, and It must be constantly borne in min4 that the spores of pathogenic bacterla cannot be destroyed by the ordinary process of sterilization.

"We know now that a great many children fed on sterilized milk velop scurvy. The same is true evident that children require phosphatic and ferric proteids in a living form, which are only contained second place. Boston held second place to New York for a long time. in raw milk. In my own practice I have so frequently been disappointed but she has undoubtedly been supin the use of sterilized milk that planted by the Windy City in recent within the last few years I have on years. tirely discontinued its use

"What I have said of sterilized milk applies in lesser degree to pas-

sterlized milk feeding. fant feeding the first thing to do to to imitate nature. That means to give dained for it to receive-raw milk. Since clinical experience has demonstrated that the prolonged use of sterilized milk and boiled milk will produce scurvy, and that improvement is immediately noted when raw milk is given or raw beef juice, does it not seem more plausible to conmerce feeding at once with raw mile. rather than after scurry or rickets is developed?

"It is unfortunate that the general public has been so frightened by the stories of the ravages of bacteria that it does not seem to understand that all forms of micro-organisms are not necessarily a menace to health. but that, on the other hand, many of these minute organisms are distinctly useful and have their own appointed functions to perform in the human body.

Nutrition Destroyed. "As I have said before, sterlilz tion or pasteurization does not remove the toxic dangers resulting from the spores of pathogenic bacteria. On the contrary, these processes add to the already existing evil by destroying the autritive qualities the milk and producing scurvy where it did not exist before. It is a great mistake to attempt to obtain clean milk by sterilizing or pasteurizing it after it has been mixed with dirt. One of our most eminent bacteriologists, Professor Vaughn, of Ann Arbor. Mich., maintains that, no matter how high the temperature may which the milk is subjected, even ! though it be carried beyond three by the village authorities this week. hundred degrees Fahrenhelt, it is im- is made available. They can't drink possible to destroy the toxines gen- the polluted waters of the An Sable. erated in milk by the micro-organ- which formerly furnished them with

"To accomplish anything practical the sterflization process, as the Her noisome odor and the slimy deposits ald intimated, must begin at the of pulp mill sludge with which R is farm and the dairy, and must not be burdened. applied solely to the milk itself. The views I have expressed for years have favored the careful sterilization of the hands, the pails, the utensils, the udder of the cow, the stable itself, and, first of all, it is essential are supplied to the cows and that they are kept clean. Have everything in putting coming in contact with the milking process free from contamination. The vital point, after obtaining clean milk, is to keep it in clean vessels

York Horald.

BIG POULTRY AND EGG BALES

About \$60,000,000 Worth the Reserve

of Disposal For 1908.

The growth of the poultry and game business has been phonomena and it is but in its infancy. Forty years ago the dressed poultry that came to New York other than for the holiday season was largely supplied by women of New Jersey and Staten Island, who brought ft to Washington Market in baskets, Poultry then was a luxury and used only on rare occasions or during holidays, especially at Thanksgiving, when turkeys were more or less in demand. It was only twenty-five years ago that the first dressed poultry was shipped from as far as Indiana and then in limited quantities. Today poultry is shipped by the hundreds of cars from Texas, Missouri, Kausas and kindred States.

The poultry receipts here have increased threefold in the last ten years. Poultry and eggs valued at \$60,000,000 were sold in the New York market in 1908. They cease to be the luxuries and now are a part Dr. Fisher is a recognized authority of daily necessities. In former years shippers who froze their poultry in preserved by lime or in salt.

Modern cold storage plants have be kept in perfect condition. This "The fact is," Dr. Fisher continued, has been the cause of the great lu-

Nor have these improvements been confined to a particular phase of the industry. Shippers who formerly had as their establishment a shed and improved houses and everything is canitary. Feeding stations where poultry is futtened provide a much better article of food than formerly. most profitable product of the farm have bought the finest breeds for eab ing quality as well as the most favorably known high class egg produc-

Added to the improvements the producers have united for a fight along the lines of Government inspection of the goods.-New York Sun.

NEW YORK LEADS IN PIANOS:

Chicago, Outstripped in Production, te Becond in the Race. New York is not only the chief plano market in the country but also the chief manufacturing centre, Chicago is also an important centre of trade and manufacture and naturally aspires to vie with the metropolis but the facts are against her and the best she can consistently do on the face of the evidence is to claim

The year 1906 was the heat ever known in the plane trade. It was cotimated—it is impossible to get the teurized milk. I have frequently found | actual figures-that the output for cases of infants fed on pasteurized the United Sates in that year was milk that showed the same aymp. 300,000 instruments. As a matter of tome, though in a milder degree fact 275,000 may be taken as nearer the actual figures. Of that total New York probably produced about 60,000. "In applying the principle of in. The trade fell in 1907 somewhat below the volume of 1966 and in 1969 there was a farther drop of about 40 to the baby just what nature has or. per cent, lower than the total of

> 1906.-New York Sun. TABLE D'HOTE ECONOMY.

Chicagoan Escapes Part of the Tax on Those Who Care Not for Wine. The man from Chicago, convoying a party of five women relatives about New York, dropped into a restauran; for dinner. They wanted the table d'hote dinner, which was advertised at \$1 with wine and \$1.25 without

please the man from Chicago. He himself was on the water wagon and he knew that none of the women folk wanted wine. Naturally he objected to paying any \$1.50 extra for a negative quantity. Then a plan came to him to save at least part of that \$1.50. He called

This variation in price

for the wine card and ordered the cheapest bottle of wine on it-a claret at \$1. The waiter brought the wine, opened it and was told he

The Chicago man saved 50 cents on the dinner and the waiter was in a bottle of wine. There was some talk of taking the wine away with them but the waiter's longing look at it pravailed .- New York Sun.

Polluted River Water. The pulp mills have driven the people of Keeseville, N. Y., to drink artesian well water. That is they will drink it as soon as the new source of water supply, for the installation of which bids will be received as pure a beverage as could be found in the Adirondacks, because of its

ing health laws, which the li lature refused to amond, to the mills from dumpf products into the An B northern New York