WILY WAYS OF THE MILKMAN.

What Inspectors Encounter in Their Daily Rounds.

Subterfuges Retorted to by Dishonest Pedlers in Adulterating the Contents of Their Cans—Convictions the Rule When Prosecutions Are Instituted.

(Boston Herald)

There are three ways in which the dishonest milkmen of Boston adulterate their milk. They dilute it with water, they color it with annatto or caramel, and they preserve it by the addition of borax or boracic acid.

There is a fourth fraudulent practice that may be added to the list, and that is the selling of skim milk as whole milk.

It is the duty of the milk inspector to put a stop to these practices and to compel the milkmen to furnish their customers with a pure, wholesome article of food. To do this he must get up early in the morning, literally as well as figuratively, as there are, beside innumerable storekeepers, over 600 actual pedlers of milk who enter the city each day from many different directions, and who start upon their routes long before daylight.

The statute says that the standard of purity shall be 13 per cent. of solids, and it prohibits any adulteration or the sale of skim milk except as such. For the violation of this law Milk Inspector Harrington has, since Jan. 1, prosecuted 184 cases, and in less than half a dozen of these cases has the defendant been pronounced not guilty. This would seem to indicate a large proportion of dishonest milkmen, but many of these cases are different prosecutions of the same man. The persistent violators are sent to court time and time again, until they are forced to do a square business or go out of the trade altogether.

As it is understood by the general public the work of the inspector is simple enough. He sends out his collectors, gathers samples of milk, tests these samples, and files complaints against the pedlers of the poor milk. The inspection, however, goes much further in order to overcome the difficulties of the work and the

SUBTERFUGES OF THE WILY DEALERS.

One of the tricks which the inspector has exposed is the box for storing adulterated milk, under the driver's seat. One milkman was suspected of having such a receptacle, but the collector could not, for some time, find any way to get into it, until a secret spring was pressed. The collector then secured a sample of the milk, that proved to be adulterated.

Other milkmen will pile cans containing good milk all around those holding the watered article. They are aware that the collector, not knowing that they are crooked, will not be likely to take samples of all the cans in the waggon, and therefore they risk the chances of detection. By moving the cans about the collector sometimes gets good and bad samples from the same waggon, and the owner is caught just as badly as though he had watered it all.

A clever swindler was recently discovered through the milkman's own carelessness. He was accustomed to carry in his waggon one can of milk very deeply colored. Before selling milk from the other cans he would pour off the cream and fill up the cans with the heavily colored mixture. One day, by mistake, he left the can of colored milk at a customer's This was too evidently doctored to deceive anybody, and an investigation was made, in the course of which the real use of the mixture was discovered.

The law requires that the vessel in which or from which skimmed milk is sold must be plainly marked "Skimmed milk," but some milkmen have a way of violating this law. When met by the collector the cans of skimmed milk are labelled as required. The collector sees that they are so marked, and that is all he can do, but the pedler, when he starts to deliver the milk, takes off the label and sells the milk as square. The only way the collector can catch such a man is to intercept him between his waggon and his customer.

Inspector Harrington has as his assistants three collectors, a chemist and a clerk. A horse and waggon have been added to his equipment within the past few months. Early in the morning, perhaps as early as 1 or 2 o'clock, the inspectors start for the districts to which they have been assigned the night before, their visits to different localities being purposely made irregular that they may be the less suspected. They formerly went on foot, with a satchel containing their sample cans, but guilty milkmen became

SUSPICIOUS OF EARLY PEDESTRIANS

with handbags, and drove rapidly away from them. The collector now drives a waggon, the same as hundreds of others abroad at that early hour. He stops the hurrying milk waggons and gathers his samples. Each little can is firmly corked, and to it is wired a tag, giving the driver's name, the license number of the waggon, the date and such other facts as would be useful in court in case the milk should prove to be impure. Honest milkmen have nothing to fear from the inspector's tests, so that when a man makes any opposition to the work of the collector he is closely followed up.

One of the city collectors who was out in a herdic some time ago met a milkman from South Boston. As soon as the pedler understood what the collector's business was, he put whip to his horse and started for home. The inspector in the herdic followed the driver, putting his horse to his best speed. The milkman got home first, however, drove into his stable and was just slamming the door when the collector slipped inside. The pedler immediately blew out his light, and the collector thought for a moment that he was about to become the victim of a tragedy. He put on a bold front, however, made the driver relight his lantern, and secured a sample of the milk, which proved to be largely watered.

After the morning's work, which is rarely without some excitement, the collectors return with their samples, and usually make a second trip, later in the day, among the storekeepers and bakers who retail milk, or oleomargarine and vinegar, whose inspection is also included in the duties of the department. The samples are turned over to the chemist, whose laboratory adjoins the office of the inspector, who makes a preliminary examination of each sample by means of the lactometer and lactoscope. The samples which do not pass this test are subjected to a chemical analysis to determine with what they have been adulterated and to what extent.

During the last ten months samples of milk were

COLLECTED AND TESTED.

and since Jan. 1st a total of 10,458 samples of milk, oleomargarine and vinegar have been subjected to the different processes of the laboratory.

Mr. James O. Jordan, the chemist, has been connected with the milk inspector's office for seven years. He says that, owing to the fact that no statistics are kept of the good milk which is sampled or sold, it is impossible to give in figures the improvement in the city's milk, but claims that it is generally purer and of a better quality, the improved means for detecting fraud having put a stop to the wholesale adulteration.

The contractors are doing something to improve the average quality, the milk producers' union is doing something, and all the agitation of the question tends to educate the farmers and dairymen to take better care of the cows and their yield. The great temptation comes to the milkman of moderate honesty, when, for some reason, the supply is poor or insufficient. When his demand is 50 cans, and his supply is only 25, the dealer, unless he is strictly honest, is inclined to "make" 25 cans, and the result is a rather "wet" article. But the addition of 40 or 50 per cent. of water is more rarely attempted than formerly. The coloring matter is used mostly when feed is poor and straight milk has a poor appearance. So, when the weather is hot, and milk is difficult to keep, men who are ordinarily honest will sometimes be found using a preservative.

Some men are dishonest under any circumstances, and when such a one is discovered he is prosecuted and fined until he gives up the business in disgust. Mr. Jordan says that, from what he knows of the system of inspection in use in other cities, he believes that the purity of Boston's milk is exceptionally well protected.

Coronets of Nobility.

French counts have nine equal pearls in their coronets.

The British baron is entitled to a coronet of four big pearls.

The English viscount has a coronet of seven pearls of equal size.

The earl's coronet shows five small pearls and four strawberry leaves.

The English marquis is entitled to three strawberry leaves and two pearls.

French marquises bear three strawberry leaves and two clusters of three small pearls.

French viscounts are entitled to a coronet containing three large pearls and two smaller ones.

French barons are not entitled to a coronet, but to what is called a tortil, a circle of gold having a necklace of tiny pearls turned three times around it.

The German prince's coronet is very peculiar with its graceful curves of pearls, its ermine circlet and the globe and cross, indicative of an imperial grant.

WINNING ENGLISH JOCKEYS.

Tom Loates still continues at the top of the list of winning jockeys on the flat in England. Here is the list up to Oct. 31st

Jockey.	First	Second	Third	Unpl.	T'l
1—T. Loates	134	110	85	268	597
2—G. Barrett	100	95	92	217	504
3—J. Watts	80	54	51	120	305
4—S Loates	71	59	53	161	344
5—F. Rickaby	71	48	49	180	348
6—J. Fagan	68	38	38	95	237
7—T. Cannon	62	56	32	99	249
8—T. Calder	62	56	39	157	256
9—S. Woodburn	48	49	50	198	345
10—T. Welton	42	60	42	66	210
11—A. White	39	39	44	120	240
12—F. Barrett	38	35	26	112	211
13—J. Osborne	37	30	31	121	219
14—G. Chaloner	36	35	28	157	256
15—S. Chandley	36	35	24	109	204
16—M. Cannon	36	30	45	158	269
17—J. Liddiard	36	20	22	80	158
18—F. Allsopp	35	40	46	200	321
19—T. Bruckshaw	29	34	11	67	1[illegible]2
20— —Finlay	21	20	18	68	127

Miss Slattern.

The girl who goes round the house in a soiled skirt and slouch waist, slip-shod and hair tumbled, need not expect to be the darling of a man's heart for any length of time. A corset is a necessity to a pillow-figured woman and a blessing to the one who loses plumb without a reed. Cottons and wash fabrics may be bought for a few cents a yard, half a dollar will pay for a dress pattern, and the woman who cannot fashion a pilgrim skirt and sailor blouse in a couple of days ought to attend an industrial school for a week. Two or three dimes invested in ribbons and colored cambric will brighten the collar, cuffs and belt, and the wife, sister or niece who cannot look fresh, sweet and pretty in it deserves the neglect she will get. Men love white gowns, blue ribbons and fluttering lace. With muslin a dime a yard and pink, blue, cream and crimson ribbon a dollar a bolt, why can't the fancy be humored? Brace up, Miss Slattern! Take a reef in at the belt line, keep your hair dressed, your shoes laced, your skirts pulled back, and let the rose be your model of sweetness and simplicity.

There Was Heavy Hitting.

Tuffer—How was the boxing exhibition, a good show?

Slugger—First rate.

Tuffer—Any marked features in the entertainment?

Slugger—You'd say so if you saw some of the fellows that got hit.

Why he Secured Her.

Brooklyn *Life*: Briggs—Have you heard the latest? Robinson has eloped with a chambermaid.

Griggs—Heavens! What made him do that.

Briggs—I understand she brought him an extra towel when he asked for it.

—Buffalo Bill is on his way home, having sailed from Havre on Saturday. He has made half a million dollars in Europe.

A WORD OF WARNING]

Young man, if you've two sweethearts, one of whom you mean to wed,
Oh! change your mind, we pray, and take the other one instead.
We tell you this in kindness, for your own contentment, brother,
For mind, if you wed one of them, you'll wish you'd wed the other.

—He—Why did your pastor object to your going to the ball game? She—He said the umpire wasn't a Christian.

FLUTE-PLAYING FOR WOMEN.

Uses of the Art as a Means of Health and Bodily Development.

Writing to the New York *Herald*, May Lyle Smith says: So much attention is being given by the male sex to athletics and to those amusements that tend to a better development of the body, and, as a consequence, to better health, that I take the liberty of addressing you on a subject—little thought of at present—that offers to woman a means, not only of enjoyment and education, but for physical improvement—I refer to flute-playing. It goes without saying that the usual out-of-door sports—as tennis, horseback riding, walking and driving—each and all possess advantages, and are the means, when rightly used, of building up the ideal of life. But there are those who, for various reasons, are unable to indulge in these, I may say, violent exercises, and yet for whom some stimulant is needed. This may be found in flute playing. Let me briefly state a few reasons why it serves this end: The act of "filling a flute" blowing into it—necessitates lung expansion. The continued daily practice begets deeper and deeper inspirations, old adhesions to the chest walls are broken up and absorbed, shoulders stooping forward become thrown back, a chest contracted by the habit of too tight lacing becomes expanded and broadened, the blood, from the more frequent and increased supply of oxygen, courses in the vessels with more of force. Renewed activities in construction result everywhere, nutrition is improved, and bodily health invigorated. This is also true of all wind instruments, when used with discretion, but the ease with which the flute is made to speak, it size, and beauty of form, adapt it more than any other to the use of women. Either alone or with other instruments its voice is one of sweetness, fitted alike for the parlor or concert-room. Upon it a fair degree of proficiency may be obtained in a comparatively short time, with the expenditure of but little labor, enough at least to make it a source of pleasure and enjoyment to the player and the hearer. The music that has been written for it includes the compositions of the masters of the art—sonatas, concertos, songs and dances. A varied list; enough, in fact, to suit the taste and capacities of all. None need fear, as did Minerva, the distortion of the classic lines of face or mouth, if the instrument is properly used, while the grace of pose, in form and feature, is quite as artistic as that of violin playing, and far beyond that at the piano. Let those of my sex who have never given a thought to one of the sweetest of all instruments—the queen, as the violin is the king—consider it more carefully, not only for itself, but as a means of promoting health and development of the body, and with the added enjoyment it is capable of giving, much may be secured toward making life brighter and happier.

Happiness Not Dependent Upon Wealth.

There are rich women whose whole lives would have been happier in all probability had they been poor; they have energy, capacity, industry, and could have supported themselves honestly and usefully; but now those faculties are all absorbed in the effort to be just stewards of what is given them. They spend sparingly on themselves and munificently on others; but the lavishness costs harder work than the economy. They consume days in the care of institutions or the guidance of individuals; they never take a holiday; they lie awake at night wondering if they have done rightly in paying the fine and costs of John Jones, and giving him his tenth opportunity to keep out of jail and beat his children; or whether the world is to be benefited, on the whole, by the Combined Institution for Supplying Pennies to the Penniless. While they seem to be only "in the swim" of society, and are possibly regarded as types of fashion's butterflies, they are in reality working harder than any business man, and are unable to lay aside their cares, as he often does, on closing the doors of the counting-room. The poor think of all the beautiful tastes which they cannot gratify, but which they could freely carry out were they only rich. But the rich meanwhile are sometimes envying the poor, who have none of the cares of stewardship, and can spend their spare hours, when earned, as they please. I once went with a young girl who had been economically enjoying a summer's outing on the sea-shore to call upon a woman more generally envied, perhaps, than any one in her own familiar circle. She had wealth, beauty, immense personal popularity, conscientious activity in a hundred ways, and a touch of genius in art. "What have you been doing this vacation?" she said to her young visitor. "Sketching," was the answer. "Happy girl!" said her hostess. "I have been only able to get one morning's sketching this whole season."—*T. W. Higginson, in Harper's Bazar.*

How Women Expose Themselves.

Thousands of women were out on the streets yesterday with nothing between the cold air and their arms except the thickness of a very thin dress. They were stout ladies, of course, who feared to wear flannels or other underwear lest such covering would make them look stouter than they really were. From the waist down all women are reasonably warmly dressed in New York; but around the neck and arms, unless they wear the little capes of the moment, they carry so little clothing that it makes a man's teeth chatter to think of it.—*New York Sun.*

A Growing Evil.

Mr. Bings (to his daughter)—Clara, is it possible that I saw you reading that realistic novel, "At Last," yesterday?

Clara (meekly)—I am afraid you did, father.

Mr. Bings—Has it come to this, that the venomous serpent of corrupt literature, the insidious poison of overcharged and fetid imaginations, is even now tracking its crimson course through my very household? How was it; good?

Little Johnny—Mr. Smith, will you please cool this soup for me? Sister Sue, horrified—Why, Johnny, what a request? Little Johnny—Well, I heard you say the other day that Mr. Smith was a great blower.

—She—"Why do poor men always keep lots of dogs?" He—"To keep the wolf rom the door."

THE CATHEDRAL CAR.

Bishop Walker's Church on Wheels on Exhibition at the Baltimore & Ohio Depot.

A cathedral on wheels was the novelty on exhibition to-day at the Baltimore & Ohio depot. It was built by the Pullman company for Bishop William D. Walker, of the episcopal diocese of North Dakota, who will travel in it from one little town to another along the different railway lines up there and give the settlers the advantage of church services. Bishop Walker was kept busy all day to-day entertaining the visitors who called to see his new car.

"When I began my labors in the diocese of North Dakota six years ago," said he, "I saw what a useful thing a car like this would be, and so determined to have one. It is the only thing of the kind in the world, I suppose. There are very many little towns along the railroads in which it would be a waste of capital just now to build churches. I shall travel through those towns, stopping a day or two at each one, and give the people—not only Episcopalians, but of all denominations—a chance to go to church."

The exterior of the car looks like that of the ordinary Pullman sleeper, except that it has a gothic projection on each side to make it look something like a church. The car is sixty feet in length and of the ordinary width. At one end is an apartment about ten feet in depth, used by the bishop as a robing-room, and immediately adjoining it is the raised platform serving as a chancel, at the right of which is the passage-way.

In the centre of the platform stands a richly-carved altar, bearing on its face the words "Agnus Dei." At the left is the bishop's chair, surmounted by a mitre, and ornamented on the back with a sunken cross. At the right is a lectern of rich design, bearing a large and richly-bound bible.

The altar is the gift of the Episcopal Church at Summit, N. J., and nearly everything else in the car was contributed by church or individuals in different parts of the country. The organ was the gift of the young ladies of the Church of Heavenly Rest in New York. The communion service was given by Mrs James H. Walker, of Chicago, who is the bishop's sister-in-law.

Bishop Walker will leave for the northwest with his rolling cathedral to-morrow or the next day. He will go direct to Fargo, whence he will start on a tour of the small towns.—*Chicago News.*

Facts About Royalty.

The Czar of Russia is getting so fat that he is at present engaged in chopping down trees to reduce the surplus.

When Prince Albert Victor of Italy, was at school his money ran short and he sold a letter from his grandmother to an autograph-hunter for 30 shillings.

The negus of Abyssinia has just ordered a new crown of pure gold, weighing three pounds and containing 300 precious stones. Why should not the negus of Abyssinia be happy?

Victor Emanuel, the Italian heir apparent, assumed, while travelling in Russia and Germany last summer, a fictitious title that happens to belong by heredity to an impecunious Italian, who sues the Prince for the use of it. He wants to know, not what's in a name, but how much.

King Humbert of Italy is a man of unusual will power. After having for years smoked to excess, he suddenly and completely renounced the habit. When his physicians advised him to abandon the use of the weed, it is related that he pondered a moment and said: "On my kingly honor, I'll never smoke again," and he has kept his word.

Ex-King Milan is one of the few persons who find it profitable to make a nuisance of themselves. The business of his recent trip into Servia was to make himself so disagreeable that the Government would offer him a handsome sum to stay away. He was offered 200,000 francs a year, but his figure was 360,000 francs. Milan is now studying up some new combinations of deviltry, and the chances are that the Government will come to his terms.

Life and Law in Kentucky.

New York *Graphic*: The other day a Kentucky editor fired at a lawyer who had criticised an editorial, missed his aim and killed the local parson instead. The doctor, who happened to be passing, injected an overdose of morphia into the editor to allay his excitement. The widows of the parson and editor are now suing the lawyer for damages sustained through his incompetent literary criticism; he is suing the doctor for compensation for the loss of the editor, a valuable client of his, and the lawyer is judge of the court.

Something for the Landlord.

Montreal *Herald*: Mrs. Bingo—I noticed there was a rent in your trousers this morning.

Mr. Bingo—Thank heaven! Give it to the landlord when he comes.

The "Napoleon of tract distributors," Charles Watson, of Halifax, Eng., has just died. He worked for temperance only, and for more than forty years scattered tracts gratuitously. He once said that in twelve months he distributed nearly 3,000,000 tracts.

Mrs. Mary A. Lease, a lawyer of Wichita, is said to be the greatest political power and the best organizer within the ranks of the Farmers' Alliance in Kansas, which numbers 130,000 members.

CHINA'S GREAT FLOODS.

A Belief Growing That Human Agencies Have Added to Their Horrors.

Not the least terrible feature of this catastrope is the belief, which has gained wide currency on seemingly excellent ground, that these periodical floods are not altogether the work of nature. It has been thought that they were caused by vast quantities of sediment brought down by the Yellow river, and deposited in its channel, thus raising the bed of the river above the surrounding country. It is now openly charged, says a Canton correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, and widely believed that the flood of 1887 and that which has just occurred were caused by artifical means: that, in brief, the embankments were secretly broken by men. It is shown that the people who live along the first and second lines of embankments in Shantung and elsewhere have a very strong selfish interest in keeping the level of the river low by spreading its waters over a large area. That they have been thus tempted to cut the embankments and cause the floods would seem incredible to any one not acquainted with the Chinese character. There is, however, in the Chinese character a very remarkable indifference to pain and suffering. The Chinaman is a thorough stoic. He will endure in his own person the most terrible sufferings with scarcely a sign of emotion, and with equal coldness will look upon the misery of others. It is, therefore, entirely within the province of belief that these floods were caused by the depravity of men rather than by the natural forces of the elements. The Government is accordingly being urged by the press in the strongest manner possible to remove all inhabitants from the banks of the river, both to insure their own safety and to remove them from the temptation of bringing ruin upon their fellows.

In the meantime the most extraordinary efforts are being made to propitiate the deity who is supposed to rule over the rivers and the rain. During the month of June an intense drought prevailed throughout all the northeastern provinces, and for several weeks the officers of the Government at Pekin and elsewhere resorted daily to the temples and offered up prayers for rain. In Pekin the Emperor him self took the lead in these acts of worship, and at Tsinanfu, the capital at Shantung, the Governor, Chang Yao, spent many days and nights in the temple in earnest supplication. For a time the prayers seemed to be unanswered. Then there suddenly came a tremendous rainstorm which lasted for many days, and produced the highest summer freshet ever known in the Yellow River. Then the banks broke and the flood came. There is not the slightest doubt in any pious Chinese mind that these rains were sent in direct answer to prayer. Consequently as soon as the flood occurred there was a tremendous rush of the faithful to the temples to pray for the rain to stop. The Emperor again set the example. The image of Tama, the river dragon, was carried in imperial state through the streets of Tientsin and enthroned in the great temple of Tama Miao. Then all the high officers of government worshipped it and implored its aid in stopping the floods and the rain. Chief among them was the greatest statesman of China, Li Hung Chang, who burned many joss-sticks and spent many hours in a prostrate attitude before the idol. It must be recorded, however, that all these earnest supplications had little or no effect, for the rain continued to fall and the floods to rise.

"I have a beautiful wife." "You have, indeed." "What! Have you seen her?" "No; but I never saw an ugly man married yet who did't get the pick of the flock."—*New York Sun.*

Natives of Africa refer to whiskey as "shame water," but it appears they are not ashamed to drink it.

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