

A RECEIPT IN FULL.

The tins had all been scoured until she could see her face, or grotesque caricature of her face, in each and every one of them the window panes polished until they sparkled, or had sparkled—for it was now twilight—in the bright June sunshine: the silver burnished until neither spot nor speck marred its mild lustre; the leaves of bread baked until each crisp crust took on the right shade of tempting brown; and Molly was scrubbing the only unscrubbed corner of the kitchen—when Miss Cameron's deep, hoarse, precise voice came to her from the dining room:

"Mary, are you not through yet?" "Almost, ma'am," answered Molly. "I think it is high time that you were quite," declared the voice. "You must make haste. We are going to the lecture this evening, Miss Georgette and I; and as Mr. Malcolm also wishes to go out we will be obliged to lock up the house. Therefore it is necessary that you should leave soon as possible."

"Yes, ma'am," said Molly, meekly, and finished her scrubbing with her tears falling fast and thick. Poor little girl! she had tried so hard to please her mistresses, or rather her mistress—for Miss Georgette was but a reflection of her elder sister—and her efforts had been met with a grim smile that betokened a begrudging satisfaction, until the last two weeks that is, in fact, until Mr. Malcolm came there. Mr. Malcolm was a sort of step-brother to the Misses Cameron (his father, a widower, with two boys, had married their mother, a widow, with two girls,) and they inheriting nothing in the way of property for their own father, he generously made them an allowance from the moderate fortune left him by his. Generously and forgivingly—for they had not rendered a tithe of the respect, to say nothing of affection, which was his due, to their indignant and kind-hearted step-father, choosing to look upon their mother's second marriage as an insult to the memory of the parent whose not-at-all-alike characteristic had been his only legacy to them.

The cottage in which they lived, situated in the prettiest part of Meadowville, the furniture within being their own, the bequest of a maternal grandmother) belonged to Mr. George; and here he had come in search of solitude and quiet, for the first time in twelve years or more, to spend a month or two in thinking out and arranging plans for starting a large business in a neighboring city. And, as I have already intimated, things had changed much to the worse with Molly, the servant-maid, since his arrival. The grim silence had given place to the most open fault-finding, when Mr. Malcolm was not within hearing. The coffee was too strong, the tea too weak, the chicken undone, the steaks burned, the eggs boiled too hard, the rooms badly swept, the shirts poorly ironed; and all these complaints, with many more, the elder spinster, confirmed by the younger, gave her to understand had originated with the guest.

"What a hard man to please he must be!" Molly said to herself many times. "And yet he has one of the handsomest and kindest faces I ever saw; and he spoke right pleasantly to me the first day he came, and offered me his hand (how Miss Cameron did frown); but I pretended not to see it, for I knew it was not my place to shake hands with him. It is strange he should have become so fractious. He was so good and merry and kind when I was a little girl. I've heard father say often he'd rather shoe a horse for him than any one else in the village." And then she would fall to thinking how grand he used to look to her childish eyes when he came riding up on his bay mare to the smithy where she spent half her time watching her father at the forge. And he always brought her a gay picture book, or a pretty ribbon, or a box of candies, or a bright new silver piece—one Christmas it was a gold one—and claimed a kiss (good graces!) how her cheeks flushed at the remembrance! for payment when he rode away again. How happy, how very happy she had been then, with that dear father and dear old Aunt Nanny—so happy that she had scarcely ever felt the loss of her mother who died in giving her birth. But when Molly was fifteen, the blacksmith, so strong and ruddy that it seemed impossible pain or sickness could ever come near him, fell sick, and after lingering, sorely crippled, for nearly two years, died, leaving nothing to his darling but hard work. Yes, there was one alternative: to be come Mrs. Jake Willow, and mistress of the forge again; but Jake was a rough, vulgar fellow, and Molly, inheriting the delicate tastes and gentle ways of her mother (who had been a shy pretty young governess before she married the handsome blacksmith), shrank from the loud voice and rude laughter of her would-be husband. And so, in preference to accepting Jake's offer she became—and Heaven knows this was a hard enough thing to do—maid of all work in the cottage of the Misses Cameron. Poor little Molly! prettier than many a princess with lovely, black-fringed gray eyes, and hair of the very darkest brown—hair that would curl in spite of her, to Miss Cameron's great displeasure.

"I've been in much poorer places, Molly," said he, and picking up her bundle, he walked by her side to the old woman's cottage. Two weeks passed by. A poor drudge from the workhouse, whose chief (in fact whose sole) recommendation was "no wages," had taken Molly's place in the Misses Cameron's kitchen. Mr. Malcolm had gone away on business directly after her coming, and on the evening appointed for his return the two sisters, unscrubbed in dresses of dull gray, unretired in a single touch of color, sat huddled in the house being in heart-chilling, dreadful stony order.) one at each parlor window, awaiting his arrival. "He must be coming; I think I hear wheels," said the elder, in her usual precise tones. "Wheels," repeated her sister. And "wheels" they were, but not the wheels of a carriage, but those of a truck, and this truck, on which lay a long wooden box, stopped before the cottage door.

"A mirror for Miss Cameron," the driver called out as he jumped down. "A mirror!" repeated the spinster, unable to restrain a gesture of surprise. And "A mirror!" said Miss Georgette, with another gesture of surprise.

"Yes, ma'am; from Willard's, New York. Where is it to be taken?" "First unpack it out here," commanded the lady, recovering her self-possession. "I can't have the house littered up with splinters and shavings." "No, indeed," chimed in Miss Georgette, also recovering her self-possession. "Splinters and shavings!" So the box was unpacked at the roadside, and the mirror taken from it proved to be better and handsomer in every respect than that it had been sent to replace.

"I've brought wire to bang it with," said the man, as he carried it into the house; "so there'll be no danger from motts this time." "Motts!" said Miss Cameron, glaring at him. And "Motts!" echoed her sister, also glaring. And they both continued to glare, as though called upon to superintend a piece of work highly repugnant to their feelings, until the mirror was hung, and the driver again in his place on the truck.

"Of course, George sent it," said Miss Cameron, when the man had driven away. "But Mary Brown must pay for the other all the same. Our having this makes no difference in regard to the agreement with her." "No difference in regard to the agreement with her," assented Miss Georgette—when who should walk in in a gray silk walking dress, a bunch of crimson flowers at her throat, and another at her belt, and the most coquettish gray hat, adorned with more crimson flowers but Molly herself!

"Good-evening," said she smilingly. "I have called for a receipt in full." "A receipt in full! And for what, pray? Have you brought the money?" asked her whilom mistress. "And have you brought the money?" echoed her other whilom mistress. "No, I have not brought the money," answered Molly; "but I have sent you a mirror that more than answers all your requirements."

"You!" from both sisters at once. And again, for the second time, in one short hour, and they were guilty of being surprised, and letting their surprise to be seen. "Yes, I. I have the bill with me. A receipt in full, if you please." Miss Cameron arose, walked in a stately manner, with Molly following her, to her desk in the dining room, seated herself, took pen, ink and paper, and began:

"Received from Mary B.—" when—"Stop a moment," said Molly; "my name is no longer Mary Brown."

"And what may it be?" inquired Miss Cameron, regarding her with lofty contempt. "I'll answer that question," answered Mr. Malcolm, suddenly appearing, and passing his arm around the slender gray silk waist, thereby crushing the bunch of roses in the lady's belt—"Mrs. George Malcolm."

The pen fell from Miss Cameron's hand, and for the first time in her life that estimable woman went into hysterics, whether her equally estimable sister immediately followed her.

And Molly, taking her leave at that moment, never received any receipt in full, or otherwise, after all.—Harpers' Weekly.

Teaching the Indians.

A visit to the Indian school, says the Albuquerque (N. M.) Review, made recently by a reporter, was found to be one of no slight interest. Prof. J. S. Shearer, the principal, is working zealously and interestedly in the cause of Indian education, and the very encouraging results of his efforts are evident upon examination of the institution and its pupils. Beginning with the very necessary conviction that Indian children are to be far differently trained from white pupils the professor and his able faculty have not bound themselves by educational examples, but have worked out a system of tuition for their own use, which has been highly successful.

The number of the pupils of the school was, until recently, limited by the government, so far as its contribution to their maintenance was concerned, to 50. To each of these an appropriation of \$120 a year is made by the Indian Bureau. This sum, of course, is found to be insufficient for the needs of each of these wards and the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions here aids in the work by making up the quarterly deficit. Besides this, occasional contributions, more especially of clothes for the girls, are received from friends of the school in the East, after whom many of the children are named, after discarding the Spanish non-enclosure possessed on entering.

The plan of the school combines for its scholars mental and physical work, rest and recreation in proportions which appears to have led to the best results as respects both the health and the education of the pupils. The day and night are divided into five hours of school work, ten and a half for labor, and five and a half for recreation, sedentary or recreative, as the tastes of the children may lead them to choose.

In the school-room object teaching is found to be most successful, and the progress made by the little Pueblos in the studies to which they have so far been introduced is really very gratifying. In working hours the garden attached to the school, containing 10 acres of land, receives their attention—Robert Helbig, the gardener and baker of the school, overseeing and directing the labor. Cultivated solely by this gardener and the boys of the school, the garden is now in condition to supply the table of the institution with a more abundant and greater variety of vegetables than is seen on the table of any private family in the city. A detachment of the boys is now also building an adobe stable in the yard, which a few days will be complete.

Very lately, through the efforts of the friends of the school, an additional appropriation was granted, allowing 25 more scholars. These it has been decided to take from the Apaches and Moquis, and the two parties are expected to arrive very shortly.

HE CURED HIM.—The Troy Times tells how a clergyman cured a balky horse. He took along a book and a bunch basket, and when the horse, as usual, made a dead stop, fell to standing, and when the animal, tired of standing, started up, cried "Whoa!" compelled him to wait his pleasure for a good share of the day. It cured the balking.

Public School Teachers.

Our attention has been called, by a gentleman who seeks all ways of doing good, and doing it wisely, to the work and ways of the lady teachers in the public schools. His insistence is that they are worked over hours, or, as we would state it, they are compelled to give more time to reports and statistics than they do to the teaching of their classes. There is certainly some excess of red tape in the condition in the several lessons, and there is overwork in the not easy task of stating the average crop of development in each juvenile mind. School reports are like those from the agricultural department, where there is one guess at acreage and another guess as to what the harvest will be. The most conscientious of teachers blunders in every report she makes to her principal, and he in his turn blunders again in the report to the superintendent.

Still this supervision of the work, this holding of every teacher to full report of duty done, is a matter of necessary discipline, but when it becomes so involved and intricate, so loaded with checks and balances that there is really never any near approach to absolute truth, it becomes a work of supererogation, giving the teacher the more work and the pupil the less attention. The teacher who has stayed long after school to balance her accounts, who finds as all of us do find who strive, that there is a lack in our own comprehension of the next day's lesson, or worse than that, knowing the lesson and not knowing how to make it easy for the new comprehension, there is a mental toil which occupies hours after the school hours doors are locked and breaks the honest nap. We see these "school mams" on the street cars every morning, sometimes meditative, and sometimes erring from a textbook.

We never accuse them of having too much leisure, and would be glad if their working hours could be reduced. The school hours taken alone, are not too long, but the school day only applies to the children and not to faithful teachers. It is apt to be forgotten that the aptitude to teach is a very separate thing from the aptitude to learn, and that many teachers toil in the late evening and in the morning watch for ways and methods of telling what they know and what, if they cannot plainly tell, makes the day a failure. Out of all this comes the conclusion that teachers should not be compelled to keep an accurate bank account of the intellect and progress of their pupils, and the checking off of right and wrong answers never added to teaching efficiency. Book keeping is not teaching and there ought to be some leisure left for study and refreshment of the teacher's mind.

But it is not well to be too sentimental about this. So far as vacations are concerned, the teachers in the public schools have ample rest. The long vacation of the summer covers from eight to nine weeks. The Christmas holidays give another week. The secular holidays, if they fall on a Thursday, last over till the next Monday. Every Saturday is a holiday. To no other profession—salaried profession—is the same liberty of vacation conceded. It happens to no other business man, working on a salary, that he can lock up his desk and be out of his office one-third of the year, but as an offset to that the business man has more momentary liberty of action, and many of them decline the offer of long vacation. But as a rule they do not suffer the atmosphere of a school-room which has its only parallel in the stench of a police court. It has a very depressing effect upon the nervous system. The children are not nice in their habits, as perhaps may be delicately illustrated by the story of a reverend Doctor of Divinity who was accused of burning incense in his school-room. He pleaded guilty, but placed his defense on the ground that some smells were better than other smells. His smoking apple tree bark had no ecclesiastical significance.

Our conclusion is that the kind of work public school teachers are compelled to do, and the circumstances under which they render it, should make us consider the drag of their toil and lessen the yards of red tape in which they are now wound up. There is a life of hard work, but not harder than that of the household which is faithfully attended. But it is a responsible work, and one above the rules of ordinary servitude.—[Newark Advertiser.

fashionable Girl.

Dressed in the deepest and blackest of crapes, in the richest of silks, and the most coquettish of widow's caps, the betrothed one finds that her lost husband has made but little difference in the routine of her daily life. Probably the principal change she feels in her loss is in her income, and men have ere now been known designedly to curtail the finances in such instances in order to insure that they should at least be missed in some degree.

But if the fashionable widow is easy in purse she is rarely sad at heart. She knows that she is for the time at least, a prominent point and an object of attention in her own circle. She is aware that her cap becomes her, and that she looks younger in her weeds than she had looked for several years before. She is not long before she looks around her for some diversion from the strict retirement that her world is supposed to enforce upon widows. It is in reality far from strict. She can go abroad with a few chosen spirits, and who that sees her laugh and chatter, dirt and amuse herself as she does, could imagine that she is a widow of but a few weeks' standing?

Even if she remains in England, she is at no loss to find ways and means of entertainment. Her "chivalieric servant" have by no means all disappeared, though some few have taken fright, who were very nervous as to matrimony. They are afraid she might marry them. Her suit is thus reduced, but those left are of the choicest spirits, and there is invariably a friend who, being married, has her own set of admirers, and between them the two ladies can usually muster a very pleasant party. There are visits to the play, paid incognito in this instance consisting of leaving the widow's cap and heavy crape at home. There is a musical hall or two, much frequented in a quiet way by fashionable ladies of London. Our widow makes her party and goes to these, accompanied by her frisky friend.

"Poor Harry would never hear of my going," she says, "but this will be an excellent opportunity."

There are trips to Brighton and pleasant little evenings there, unsuspected by the world. Places further afield than Brighton are visited, and a little quiet gambling helps to make the months fly around. The year of deepest weeds and strict seclusion is soon over, and few who have seen the quiet face in public, under that most proper if most coquettish of caps, could have guessed how merrily, for the most part, the days have gone.

The second year is that in which the widow is really happy. The somber depths of her mourning cast aside, she enters the world again and reopens her jewel case. Even with a very becoming widow's cap on, life is more or less a blank to a woman if she can not wear her jewels. Now, however, the diamonds, pearls and opals may reappear, and with what renewed delight are they not worn? Visions of dresses in delicate half tints, pearl grays, soft lavenders, mixtures of white and gray, or black and white, float before her mind, soon to be realized.

Her years' absence from balls and parties and crowded rooms has renewed her beauty, and the same retirement has brightened her eyes and tinged her cheeks with the freshness of enjoyment with which she prepares to re-enter the world. Now indeed is the fashionable widow a dangerous and seductive creature. She knows that she is prettier than ever, and the consciousness makes her more certain of coming victories, gives a gentle softness to her manner. Beware of widows in their second year! Always dangerous, they are then more so than ever.

There are, of course, widows, indeed, whose grief does not wholly consist in yards of crape, jet jewelry, and a white crimped cap. These are apart from those of whom I have been writing, and with them the fashionable widow has nothing to do. While they brood over their loneliness, she revels in her freedom. They look out into the coming years with a blank sense of dreary loss, while she looks forward to the future with as much happy anticipation as she ever could have done to her marriage.

Light-hearted as a girl, she feels younger every day, and from her own point of view there is no more enviable being to be found in this world than a young, handsome, rich and lively widow whose heart is not inconveniently soft, nor her feelings too acute to prevent her going through life, "well pleased and care-free," and extracting from it as much of the pleasure and as little of the pain as may fall to the share of any mortal creature.—[London Journal.

The Jewel Sale.

The Jewel sale has created unusual excitement among real estate dealers, who are improving an opportunity which never will occur again. It is the most important sale ever held in this city, or, indeed, on the entire continent. Aside from the storied mansion, there are 1350 lots, representing 80 acres. The largest previous land auction was that of Henry Eckford farm, which was hardly one-quarter in point of size. The present sale also included the Broadway property, at the corner of Liberty street, which brought \$360,000, being more than 10 times its cost. The advance in the landed estate, however, is still greater. It was bought by Jumel in 1810 for \$19,000—a sum, which had it been put at compound interest, would amount to \$2,000,000. The property, however, will bring double that sum. High prices, indeed, are necessary, since the expeditious of fifteen years' litigation is now to be met, and were I addicted to riddles, I would ask the reader to guess its amount. Without any such delay, however, I will add that during a recent call at the Jumel house, Mrs. Cary, one of the heirs, informed me that it is \$700,000. This is the heaviest bill of costs ever made against any estate in America. O'Connor's fee alone is \$100,000, and the payment of this immense debt has been postponed until a sale shall be made. Charles O'Connor, who is now four scores, will thus receive his pay for services begun seventeen years ago. This is the longest delay in the payment of law fees in the record of our courts.—[N. Y. Cor-Troy Times.

Kitchen Knowledge.

"Never too old to learn," and here are a few things we have learned at our house.

That ripe cucumbers make good sweet pickles.

That elaborated milk is better than water for freshening salt fish.

That a piece of cork is better than a cloth for applying brick to knives.

That apples which take a long time to bake should have a little water in the pan.

That if we wish to prolong our lives, we should put one day between washing and ironing.

That salt pork will be nice, nearly as fresh, if soaked in sweet milk and water, in equal parts.

That liver should be thrown into boiling water after being sliced thin, and then fried in lard or drippings.

That pie crust will not be soggy if it is brushed over with the white of an egg before the fruit is put in.

Wash pantry shelves with hot alum water to rid them of ants, water-bugs and other troublesome insects.

Stoves blackened when entirely cold will keep the clean look a great deal longer when they are polished when the stove is warm.

That half a cup of vinegar in the water will make an old fowl cook nearly as quickly as a young one, and does not injure the flavor in the least.

Emerson's Hierarchy.

The devil is an ass.

No great men are original.

Beauty is its own excuse for being.

To be great is to be misunderstood.

What belongs to you gravitates to you.

Great believers are always reckoned infidels.

Consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds.

Talent makes counterfeit ties; genius finds the real ones.

Character is a reserved force which acts directly by presence and without means.

Every man is a quotation from his ancestors.

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SHORT BITS.

Spring pants are so attenuated in style that when a young man of the period sits down in them he will wish he had stood up and saved rent.—[Elinora Telegram.

Oswego's new jail will cost about \$18,000; but this does not include the cost of the silver bath-tubs, the fresco of the banquet hall and the dados of the billiard room and green-house.—[Puck.

The boy who said that pins had saved a great many people's lives by their not swallowing them, might now say that the water has saved a great many boys' lives this season by its being too cold to bathe in.—[Som. Jour.

Agony! No; the man who has got tangled in a mowing machine doesn't know what agony is. The person who does, is the woman who has got a secret she is dying to tell somebody, and does not know anybody she can trust it with.

The Rev. John Jasper, the distinguished upholder of the theory that "do sun do move," thinks that his scientific critics would better remove the "mokes" from their own eyes before trying to "blow the beans out of his'n."

A Montville couple were married on Sunday in a buggy, the clergyman standing under an umbrella beside the road. The clergyman had his umbrella in anticipation of a storm, probably, though why he should have expected a storm so early in the young people's married life is not explained.—[Boston Transcript.

"Sometimes," remarked Fogg, removing his cigar, "I wish that I had never been born, or that I had died in my childhood." He puffed away for a moment or two, and then added, with something like his customary cheerfulness: "Well, I have not altogether lived in vain. I have made a fairly good husband for Mrs. F., a woman who could never have got anybody else to marry her."

What Girls Should Learn.

By all means let the girls learn how to cook. What right has a girl to marry and go into a house of her own unless she knows how to superintend every branch of housekeeping, and she cannot properly superintend unless she has some practical knowledge herself. Most men marry without thinking whether the woman of his choice is capable of cooking him a meal, and it is a pity he is so short-sighted, as his health, his cheerfulness, and indeed his success in life depend in a very great degree upon the food he eats; in fact, the whole household is influenced by their diet. Feed them on fried cakes, fried meats, hot bread and other indigestible viands, day after day, and they will need medicine to make them well. A man will take alcohol to counteract the evil effects of such food, and the wife and children must be physicked. Let all the girls have a share in the housekeeping at home before they depart by turns. It need not occupy half the time to see that the house is properly swept, dusted and put in order, or to prepare puddings and make dishes, that many young ladies spend in reading novels that enervate both mind and body and unfit them for every day life. Women do not, as a general rule, get pale faces by doing housework. Their sedentary habits, in over-heated rooms, combined with ill-chosen food, are to blame for bad health. Our mothers used to pride themselves on their housekeeping and fine needlework. Why should not we?—[Baltimore Sun.

Put Yourself in His Place.

In an admirable address on Sunday-school teaching, Dr. Eggleston gave this forcible illustration of the value of personal sympathy with children in every effort to gain a hold on and lead them: "A half-witted fellow—or a 'natral' as the Scotch would call him—found a missing horse, when all search for him had failed, and a liberal reward had been offered for his recovery. On his bringing back the horse to its owner, the question was asked of the simple-minded fellow: "Why, Sam, how came you to find the horse, when no one else could?" "Wall, I just quired where the horse was last seen, and then I went thar, and sat on a rock, and just axed myself, if I was a horse, what I would go, and what would I do? And then I went and found him."

"Sam putting himself in the horse's place, in the simplicity of his feeble mind, is enabled to go to the horse and lead him back to the right place. It would be well if every Sunday-school teacher, before sitting down to a class of children, would ask himself after Sam's sort: 'If I was a boy, how would I feel, and what would I want?' He would thus be far more likely to get a hold on these boys, and bring them along with him wherever he pleases to go."—[Kind Words.

Milk Affected by the Condition of the Cow.

On this subject the Live Stock Journal says: The comfort of the cow has much to do with the quality of the milk. In hot weather the annoyance produced by flies, and excitement produced by fighting them, makes the night's milk poorer than it would otherwise be. Chemical analysis has shown great falling off of fat of the milk in the same cow when chased by a dog. Any unusual excitement of the cow affects the fat in her milk. In a case where cows went into a stream in the water above the knee, there was a falling off of the butter product from the same quantity of milk. This is accounted for by the extra food required to keep up the animal heat in consequence of the animal heat carried off by the water. When we consider the fact that milk is secreted from the blood, we can readily see the effect that must be produced by excitement on the nervous system of the cow. In a case occurring in Albany, N. Y., where a nervous cow was milked by a passionate man who whipped and otherwise ill-treated her at milking, the milk was given to a child who had been healthy, but, after using this milk, became ill, and suffered from intestinal irritation, followed by a fever which seemed to effect the brain and nervous system. This illness was traced directly to the milk of this ill-treated cow.