



CHAPTER XIII.—(CONTINUED.)
"I'll have the law for this," he growled. "I ain't paid to be beaten by a madman."

"You're paid to do my work, not another's," said Carriston. "Go to the man who has overbilled you and send you to tell me your lies. Go to him, tell him that once more he has failed. Out of my sight!"

As Carriston showed signs of recommending hostile operations, the man fled as far as the doorway. There, being in comparative safety, he turned with a malignant look.

"You'll smart for this," he said; "when they lock you up as a raving lunatic I'll try and get a post as keeper."

I was glad to see that Carriston paid no attention to this parting shaft. He turned his back scornfully, and the fellow left the room and the house.

"Now are you convinced?" asked Carriston, turning to me.
"Convinced of what? That his tale is untrue, or that he has been misled, I am quite certain."

"Tush! That is not worth consideration. Don't you see that Ralph has done all this? I set that man to watch him; he found out the espionage; suborned my agent, or your agent I should say; sent him here with a trumped-up tale. Oh, yes; I was to believe that Madeline had deserted me—that was to drive me out of my senses. My cousin is a fool after all!"

"Without further proof I cannot believe that your suspicions are correct," I said; but I must own I spoke with some hesitation.

"Proof! A clever man like you ought to see ample proof in the fact of that wretch having twice called me a madman. I have seen him but once before—you know if I then gave him any grounds for making such an assertion. Tell me, from whom could he have learned the word except from Ralph Carriston?"

I was bound, if only to save my own reputation for sagacity, to confess that the point noted by Carriston had raised certain doubts in my mind. But if Ralph Carriston really was trying by some finely-wrought scheme to bring about what he desired, there was all the more reason for great caution to be exercised.

"I am sorry you beat the fellow," I said. "He will now swear right and left that you were not in your senses."

"Of course he will? What do I care?"
"Only remember this. It is easier to get put into an asylum than to get out of it."

"It is not so very easy for a sane man like me to be put in, especially when he is on his guard. I have looked up the law. There must be a certificate signed by two doctors, surgeons—or, I believe, apothecaries will do—who have seen the supposed lunatic alone and together. I'll take pretty good care I speak to no doctor save yourself, and keep out of the way of surgeons and apothecaries."

It quite cheered me to hear him speaking so sensibly and collectedly about himself, but I again impressed upon him the need for great caution. Although I could not believe that his cousin had taken Madeline away, I was inclined to think, after the affair with the spy, that, as Carriston averred, he aimed at getting him, sane or insane, into a mad-house.

But after all these days we were not a step nearer to the discovery of Madeline's whereabouts. Carriston made no sign of doing anything to facilitate that discovery. Again I urged him to instruct the whole affair to the police. Again he refused to do so, adding that he was not quite ready. Ready for what, I wondered!

XIV.

MUST confess, in spite of my affection for Carriston, I felt inclined to rebel against the course which matters were taking. I was a prosaic, matter-of-fact medical man, doing my work to the best of my ability, and anxious when that work was done that my hours of leisure would be as free from worry and care as possible. With Carriston's advent several disturbing elements entered into my quiet life.

Let Ralph Carriston be guilty or innocent of the extraordinary crime which his cousin laid at his door, I felt certain that he was anxious to obtain possession of the supposed lunatic's person. It would suit his purposes for his cousin to be proved mad. I did not believe that, even if the capture was legally effected, Carriston's liberation would be a matter of great difficulty so long as he remained in his present state of mind; so long as I, a doctor of some standing, could go into the witness box and swear to his sanity. But my old dread was always with me—the dread that any further shock would overturn the balance of his sensitive mind.

So it was that every hour that Carriston was out of my sight was fraught with anxiety. If Ralph Carriston was really as unscrupulous as my friend supposed, if he had real, as some almost probable, suborned my agent, he might by some crafty trick obtain the needed certificate, and some day I should come home and find Carriston had been removed. In such a case I foresee great trouble and distress.

Besides, after all that had occurred, it was as much as I could do to believe that Carriston was not mad. Any doctor who knew what I knew would have given the verdict against him.

After dismissing his visions and hallucinations with the contempt which they deserved, the fact of a man who was madly, passionately in love with a woman, and who believed that she had been entrapped and was still kept in restraint, sitting down quietly, and letting day after day pass without making an effort toward finding her, was in itself prima facie evidence of insanity. A sane man would at once have set all the engines of detection at work.

I felt that if once Ralph Carriston obtained possession of him he could make out a strong case in his own favor. First of all, the proposed marriage out of the defendant's own sphere of life; the passing under a false name; the ridiculous, or apparently ridiculous, accusation made against his kinsman; the murderous threats; the chastisement of his own paid agent who brought him a report which might not seem at all untrue to anyone who knew not Madeline Rowan. Leaving out of the question what might be wrung from me in cross-examination, Ralph Carriston had a strong case, and I knew that, once in his power, my friend might possibly be doomed to pass years, if not his whole life, under restraint. So I was anxious, very anxious.

And I felt an anxiety, scarcely second to that which prevailed on Carriston's account, as to the fate of Madeline. Granting for sake of argument that Carriston's absurd conviction that no bodily harm had as yet been done her, was true, I felt sure that she with her scarcely less sensitive nature must feel the separation from her lover as much as he himself felt the separation from her. Once or twice I tried to comfort myself with cynicism—tried to persuade myself that a young woman could not in our days be spirited away—that she had gone by her own free will—that there was a man who had at the eleventh hour alienated her affections from Carriston. But I could not bring myself to believe this. So I was placed between the horns of a dilemma.

If Madeline had not fled of her own free will, someone must have taken her away, and if so our agent's report was a coined one, and, if a coined one, issued at Ralph's instance; therefore Ralph must be the prime actor in the mystery.

But in sober moments such a deduction seemed an utter absurdity.

Although I have said that Carriston was doing nothing towards clearing up the mystery, I wronged him in so saying. After his own erratic way he was at work. At such work too! I really lost all patience with him.

He shut himself up in his room, out of which he scarcely stirred for three days. By that time he had completed a large and beautiful drawing of his imaginary man. This he took to a well-known photographer's, and ordered several hundred small photographs of it to be prepared as soon as possible. The minute description which he had given me of his fanciful creation was printed at the foot of each copy. As on as the first batch of these precarious photographs was sent home, to my great joy he did what he should have done days ago: yielded to my wishes, and put the matter into the hands of the police.

I was glad to find that in giving details of what had happened he said nothing about the advisability of keeping a watch on Ralph Carriston's proceedings. He did indeed offer an absurdly large reward for the discovery of the missing girl, and, moreover, gave the officer in charge of the case a packet of photographs of his phantom man, telling him in the gravest manner that he knew the original of that likeness had something to do with the disappearance of Miss Rowan. The officer, who thought the portrait was that of a natural being, took his instructions in good faith, although he seemed greatly surprised when he heard that Carriston knew neither the name nor the occupation, in fact knew nothing concerning the man who was to be sought for. However, as Carriston assured him that finding this man would insure the reward as much as if he found Madeline, the officer readily promised to combine the two tasks, little knowing what waste of time any attempt to perform the latter must be.

Two days after this Carriston came to me. "I shall save you to-morrow," he said.

"Where are you going?" I asked.

"I am going to travel abroad. I have no intention of letting Ralph get hold of me. So I mean to go from place to place until I find Madeline."

"Be careful," I urged.

"I shall be careful enough. I'll take care that no doctors, surgeons, or even apothecaries get on my track. I shall go just as the fit times me. I can't say one day where I shall be the next. It will be impossible for that villain to know."

This was not a bad argument. In fact, if he carried out his resolve of passing quickly from place to place, I did not see how he could plan anything more likely to defeat the intentions with which we credited his cousin. As to his finding Madeline by so doing, that was another matter.

His idea seemed to be that chance would sooner or later bring him in con-

tact with the man of his dream. However, now that the search had been entrusted to the proper persons, his own action in the matter was not worth troubling about. I gave him many cautions. He was to be quiet and guarded in words and manner. He was not to converse with strangers. If he found himself dogged or watched by anyone, he was to communicate at once with me. But, above all, I begged him not to yield again to his mental infirmity. The folly of a man who could avoid it throwing himself into such a state ought to be apparent to him.

"Not oftener than I can help," was all the promise I could get from him. "But see her I must sometimes, or I shall die."

I had now given up as hopeless the combat with his peculiar idiosyncrasy. So, with many expressions of gratitude on his part, we bade each other farewell.

During his absence he wrote to me nearly every day, so that I might know his whereabouts in case I had any news to communicate. But I had none. The police failed to find the slightest clue. I had been called upon by them once or twice in order that they might have every grain of information I could give. I took the liberty of advising them not to waste their time in looking for the man, as his very existence was problematical. It was but a fancy of my friend's, and not worth thinking seriously about. I am not sure but what after hearing this they did not think the whole affair was an imagined one, and so relaxed their efforts.

Once or twice, Carriston, happening to be in the neighborhood of London, came to see me, and slept the night at my house. He also had no news to report. Still, he seemed hopeful as ever.

The weeks went by until Christmas was over and the New Year had begun; but no sign, word, or trace of Madeline Rowan. "I have seen her," wrote Carriston, "several times. She is in the same place—unhappy, but not ill-treated."

Evidently his hallucinations were still in full force.

At first I intended that the whole of this tale should be told by myself; but upon getting so far it struck me that the evidence of another actor who played an important part in the drama would give certain occurrences to the reader at first instead of a second hand, so I wrote to my friend Dick Fenton, of Frenchay, Gloucestershire, and begged him, if he felt himself capable of so doing, to put in simple narrative form his impressions of certain events, which happened in January, 1866; events in which we two were concerned.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Floating Metals.

If a small rod of iron—a straight piece of wire, for instance—be greased, it can be made to float on water. The grease apparently prevents the breaking of the surface of the water and the iron lies cradled in a slight depression or trough. Recently Dr. A. M. Mayer, experimenting with rods and rings of iron, tin, copper, brass, platinum, aluminum, German silver, etc., found that all metals, even the densest, will float on water when their surfaces are chemically clean. A perfectly clean piece of copper or platinum wire, for instance, forms a trough for itself on the surface of water just as if it were greased. The same is true of a small rod of glass. Doctor Mayer believes the floating is due to a film of air condensed on the surface of the glass or metal, because if the rod be heated to redness, and as soon as it cools be placed on water, it will sink, but if it be exposed to the air for a short time it will float.

Little but Strong.

A young lady who is well known in society circles is now being given the "grand laugh" on account of a remark she made some time ago. She was present at a small gathering of friends and after the discussion of several topics the conversation turned upon the size of the average person's hand. After a time some one said: "Don't you think Mr. A. has a very small hand?" Mr. A. is a gentleman who has been paying considerable attention to the young lady under consideration. Without stopping to think, the young lady replied: "Yes, but he can squeeze so hard; why, he squeezed my hand until—" But here she realized what she was saying and stopped, crimson with confusion, to be overwhelmed in a gale of laughter which threatened to take the roof off the house.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

His Request.

The old southern planter was dying. For fifty years he had ridden over his plantation and directed the men at their work, and in all that time not a sprig of cotton had been known to grow upon his land. Corn alone the old man had raised. Corn and mint. Now, through the dusk settling down over the great place his nose beamed softly through the shadows and cast a pale, reddish light upon the remainder of his countenance. "Put," said he weakly, as he realized his time had come, "put upon my tombstone the words—"

"Oh, that I could find the key to your obscure heart!" sighed the Living Skeleton, gazing fondly at the Pat Lady. "I'll tell you right now that it ain't no skeleton key," said the fat lady in scorn, and the two-headed girl performed a laughing duet in minor.

FARM AND GARDEN.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO AGRICULTURISTS.

Some Up-to-date Hints About Cultivation of the Soil and Yields Thereof.—Horticulture, Viticulture and Floriculture.



NUMEROUS attempts to establish beet sugar factories in America have failed, and the principal cause of failure has been stated to be the inability to secure a sufficient supply of beets. The culture of the sugar beet involves different methods from those pursued with ordinary farm crops, and in order that a factory may be successfully started in any neighborhood the farmers of that vicinity should have had some previous experience in the culture of this crop. Since the sugar beet is a very valuable stock food and is cultivated by many farmers for this purpose alone, the experience necessary to its successful culture may be obtained without loss, though no sugar factory should ever be located in the neighborhood; and in view of the probable development of the beet sugar industry in northern Ohio the Experiment station recommends to the farmers of that region that they begin immediately to get the practical experience necessary to the successful management of this crop. Sugar beets and mangolds have been grown for a number of years by the Ohio Experiment station for stock food and the experience thus gained is summarized below. This crop may be successfully grown on any soil well adapted to potatoes or corn, the ideal soil being a rich loam, somewhat sandy and well drained. The two extremes of heavy clays and light muck lands should be avoided, and drainage, natural or artificial, is essential. The ideal site for a beet crop is a clean clover sod. It should be plowed not less than eight inches deep, as early in the spring as possible and most thoroughly pulverized. If a garden seed drill is at hand the seed may be sown with that, setting the drill so as to drop the seeds two or three inches apart. If no drill is to be had, mark out the ground with a sled marker, making the furrows one inch to an inch and a half deep, and two feet to thirty inches apart and drop the seeds by hand, covering about one inch and packing the earth over the seeds. The planting may be done at any time from the middle of April to the first of June, preferably not later than the middle of May. When the plants reach a height of about four inches they should be thinned so as to stand about six inches apart. Large beets are not desirable for sugar making, as they contain a smaller percentage of sugar than the medium-sized ones, and for the same reason medium beets are more valuable for stock food. After thinning, the weeds must be kept down and the surface kept loose. To accomplish this at least cost, some harrow or weeder should be used at least once a week from the date of planting until the tops shade the ground, going over the crop at least once before the plants appear above the surface. If this is neglected the hoeing required may easily double the cost of the crop.

Moisture of the Soil.

Harrowing to save moisture is thus treated in bulletin No. 120 of the New York experiment station. "The harrow, besides pulverizing and fining the soil for the seed-bed, is most efficient in furnishing a soil mulch. The spring-tooth harrow is in reality a cultivator and its action is similar to that of the cultivator. When used as an instrument to conserve moisture, the teeth should penetrate to the depth of about three inches, and to produce the best effect the ridges left by it should be leveled off by a smoother which can now be purchased as an attachment to the harrow. The tillage of orchards by the harrow is now practiced extensively and nothing short of irrigation will so nearly meet the demands of trees for moisture, particularly upon the heavier soils. A harrow having a plow-like action of its blades serves to pulverize the surface soil, to spread the loose mulch evenly, and it leaves a most excellent seed-bed. The cut-away or disc harrow may be beneficial or of absolute injury. If the discs are so set that they cover but a portion of the surface with the mulch, they leave a ridge exposed to the action of the wind and sun and the rate of evaporation is greatly increased. The discs should be set at such an angle that the whole surface shall be stirred or covered. Their chief value lies in their cutting and pulverizing action on clay soils, but as conservers of moisture they are inferior to the harrow with plow-like action or the spring tooth. Soils which need the disc harrow should generally be gone over again with some shallower tool. The mellowing the soil the lighter should be the work done by the harrow. On most heavy orchard soils it will be found necessary to use the heavy tools like the spring-tooth and disc harrows in the spring, but if the land is properly handled it should be in such condition as to allow the use of a spike-tooth or smoothing harrow during summer. This light summer harrowing should be sufficient to keep down the weeds and it preserves the soil mulch in most excellent condition. With such a tool and on land in good till a man can harrow ten or more acres a day.

Mushrooms in Caves.

A correspondent of the Chicago Record, writing from Grand Rapids, Michigan, says:

A. H. Apter has a mushroom "plantation," the only one in this city and so far as heard from the only one in Michigan. Florists and market gardeners raise mushrooms in the dark corners of their hothouses, but with them it is merely a side issue, while Apter makes a business of it. The "plantation" is not remarkable for the number of its spreading acres, but it could easily be developed into a farm of good size. It is located in the old plaster quarry, and while some "farms" are available for crops only at certain seasons of the year, Apter can pluck his mushrooms all the year around and can regulate the quantity produced by figuring three or four months ahead; and this, too, without the slightest difference in the expense. The plaster quarry is just outside of the southwest corner of the city limits, on the west side. It was the first quarry opened here and runs into a side hill, cropping out at the highway. It has been worked for forty years and the excavations spread under twenty acres. The quarry is being worked as steadily now as at any time in its history, with crews of miners pounding away and blasting out the gypsum to be manufactured into stucco or wall-finish. Apter's father is superintendent of the works and his plantation is located in some of the deserted galleries. One must be familiar with the route to find the beds, and the intricacy of the way is a safeguard against marauders as good as are police or dogs. The mine is always open, day and night, but there has never been any trouble from trespassers. The temperature does not vary 5 degrees from one year's end to the other, ranging from 60 to 62 degrees and not going below this even in the coldest winter weather. Mushrooms would stand to advantage a slightly higher temperature, but this does very well. The most serious objection to the mine lies in the fact that it dries up in winter and the room is so large that it is impossible to increase the moisture by artificial methods, as could be done in a cellar or greenhouse. When too dry the mushrooms are likely to be attacked by a fungus which impairs their quality and even destroys them. Mushroom farming is simple when the secrets of the business are learned, and as conducted by Mr. Apter it is highly

profitable. Fresh horse manure and loam is carted into the cave and laid in beds fifteen inches deep and 10 by 20 feet in area. The mixture heats to 120 or 130 degrees at first and when this subsides the bed is sown with spawn. The mushroom spawn is produced in England and France chiefly and is imported into this country in the form of bricks or as flakes and the fungus is propagated by growth and division. The mushrooms give off spores which act as seed for the growth of the plant, but all efforts to gather the seed have failed. The spawn-grower prepares a bed of manure and loam and when its condition is just right it is cut into bricks and into each piece is placed a small piece of spawn. The growth is rapid and in a few weeks each brick is impregnated with the fungus. The growth is stopped at just the right time by drying the brick and these bricks will keep indefinitely under proper conditions. When the spawn is to be used to sow a bed of mushrooms it is divided into small bits and these bits are planted about two inches deep ten to fifteen inches apart in the beds prepared for it in the cave, cellar or mine. About three months are required for a bed to develop. Then the mushrooms come up thick and fast. The mushroom is not the plant itself but the fruit of the plant. The plant, as it fills the soil, resembles a thick net of little white threads or fibers. When the mushroom has been given to the world the plant dies and a new bed must be prepared and replanted. The Grand Rapids plaster quarry where the mushrooms are grown is dark to absolute blackness and the cultivation and harvesting are all done by torchlight. To a stranger the sight is weird, indeed, to come suddenly upon one of the mushroom beds. The mushrooms, growing singly and in bunches, in the torchlight have a brilliant whiteness and seem to reflect the light. Around the mushrooms, if closely examined, will be found hosts of little flies, which seem to thrive in the darkness.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XI.—MARCH 14.—CONVERSION OF SAUL.

Golden Text: "This is a Faithful Saying and Worthy of All Acceptation, That Jesus Christ Came into the World to Save Sinners."—Tim. 1-15.



O-DAY'S lesson includes Acts 9: 1-19; 17-22. Tim. verses 1-15. Probably misnumbered. A. D. 31. Place.—Near Damascus, 160 miles northeast of Jerusalem. Parallel accounts.—Paul's own accounts of his conversion. Acts 9: 1-19; 22: 6-11; Gal. 1: 12-24. The fiery young zealot who led in the martyrdom of Stephen and the persecution of the Jerusalem church. He was a native of Tarsus, in Asia Minor, descended from pure Jewish stock, of the tribe of Benjamin; of a family possessing the privilege of Roman citizenship. He had been trained in the law under Gamaliel, the greatest rabbi of that age, and was evidently a leading spirit among the young men of Judaism. Damascus is one of the oldest cities of the world. It has been famous in all ages for the beauty of its surroundings, the excellence of its manufactures, its wealth of trade and commerce. It has been repeatedly the seat of invasions. Its population is estimated at between one hundred and fifty thousand and two hundred thousand. It was much larger and more populous in Paul's time. The following is the text of the lesson: 1. And Saul, yet breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord, went unto the high priest, 2. and desired of him letters to Damascus, to the synagogues; that if he found any of this way, whether they were men or women, he might bring them bound unto Jerusalem. 3. And as he journeyed, he came near to a city, and suddenly there shined round about him a light from heaven: 4. and he fell to the earth, and heard a voice saying unto him, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? 5. And he said, Who art thou, Lord? And the Lord said, I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest. It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks. 6. And he trembling and astonished said, Lord, what wilt thou have me do? And the Lord said unto him, Arise, and go into the city, and it shall be told thee what thou must do. 7. And the men which journeyed with him stood speechless, hearing a voice, but seeing no man. 8. And Saul arose from the earth; and when his eyes were opened, he saw no man; but they led him by the hand, and brought him into Damascus. 9. And he was three days without sight, and neither did eat nor drink. 10. And there was a certain disciple at Damascus, named Ananias; and he said to the Lord, Behold, I am here, Lord. 11. And the Lord said unto him, Arise, and go into the street which is called Straight, and inquire in the house of Judas for one called Saul, of Tarsus; for behold, he prayeth, and he hath seen a vision, a man named Ananias coming in, and putting his hand on him, that he might receive his sight. 12. And Saul arose, and went, and entered into the house, and putting his hands on him said, Brother Saul, the Lord, even Jesus, that appeared unto thee in the way, hath sent me, that thou mightest receive thy sight, and be filled with the Holy Ghost. 13. And immediately there fell from his eyes as it had been scales: and he received sight forthwith, and arose, and was baptized. 14. And when he had received meat, he was strengthened. Then was Saul certain days with the disciples, which were at Damascus. 15. And straightway he preached Christ in the synagogues, that he is the Son of God.

LESSON FROM THIS LESSON.—Lessons from this Lesson.—1. Glorious, indeed, is the change in the new birth, in which the Holy Spirit sheds abroad in the heart the love of God, makes us his children, and gives us power to overcome sin and serve Christ in holiness. 2. A wonderful transition in Saul's case, but it is equally real in every case. It is the beginning of a new life, a new order of prayer of holy living, that finds its blessed fullness in heaven. How different Saul's life was from that day. 3. Saul's case shows us that holiness, or sincerity, or morality, or attempts at obedience, can save the soul or serve as substitutes for Christ as a Savior and new birth by His Spirit. This man of splendid and vast learning found it necessary to fall at Jesus' feet, and say, "We! And what a joy he found, just as also may we.

HINTS TO THE TEACHER.

1. Look briefly at Saul the sinner, as he calls himself, "the chief of sinners." See in him.—1. A pronounced, open enemy of Christ. Verse 1. He could not be like his teacher Gamaliel, for he must be decided and uncompromising in his convictions. 2. An active enemy. Verse 1. He fought the Gospel and its followers with all the power of his intellect. 3. A cruel enemy. Verse 2. He bound, he scourged, he imprisoned the followers of Christ. See 22: 4, 5. He was a most determined enemy (verse 5), resisting the conviction of the Spirit and the strivings of his own conscience. "Kicking against the pricks." Notice also the steps of Saul as a seeker. This conversion, sudden on the surface, was in reality gradual. He had been long and hard striving with him, and he had resisted stubbornly. 4. A sudden surrender. Verses 3, 6. The struggle against his better nature had been long, but the last his will broke down, and Saul became a seeker after Christ. "An absolute submission." Verse 6. "Whom thou have me to do?" He gives up his own will to the will of Christ, and makes Jesus his absolute master. He confesses that he is a servant of Christ. 5. A deep contrition. Verse 8. So sharp is his agony of soul that he cannot eat, drink, or see. The body feels the anguish of the mind. This was not strange, when we consider his temperment and his former conduct. 6. An earnest prayer. Verse 10. "Behold, he prayeth." He had prayed, but as a Pharisee, now he prays as a penitent.

An American Woman's Wit.

At a luncheon given the other day in London several well-known poets were telling good stories, and one of them related about the poet Wordsworth a tale for which good authority was given. Wordsworth, it seems, was in the habit of writing at night, and in the early morning and would frequently rouse his wife about 4 o'clock and exclaim: "Maria, get up! I have thought of a good word!" Whereupon his obedient helpmate would arise and record it upon paper. About an hour later a new inspiration might seize the poet, and he would call out: "Maria, get up! I've thought of a better word!" A witty American woman who was of the party listened to the little history with attention and remarked, gently waving the red rose in her hand: "Well, if he'd been my husband I should have said: 'Wordsworth, get up! I've thought of a bad word!'"

Sale of Milk in Bricks.

Frozen milk is very popular just now in Europe. It is sold in bricks of different sizes and warranted to be pure and sweet. Belgium's government is to subsidize the industry to the tune of \$10,000 a year, while in Copenhagen a company has been formed and arrangements have been completed for the regular export of frozen milk. The necessary plant has been erected and contracts have been made already for the delivery of 100,000 pounds a week, which will be sent to all parts of the world in bricks or blocks like a...