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at Roxana's lack of consideration. At any rate I made up my mind then and there that I would attend to the matter of the milk before I went to bed that night.

Our milk came from the dairy farm of one Jones, not far away. I walked over to the place immediately after dinner, while Roxana was putting the baby to sleep. The dairyman was just coming out of his cow-stable, with a pail of milk in each hand. I introduced myself and said I had come to ask a question about the milk.

"Why, it's all right, ain't it?" inquired Jones. "I guess it's clean, ain't it? I'm very pertickler about my milk," he added, as he wiped a grimy finger on his overalls and skimmed off a potato bug which was beginning to fear it would not be rescued. "I guess there's no cleaner milk than mine anywhere," he declared with evident pride.

I didn't dispute it. That was not what I had come for. The science of pediatrics is not to be taught to any dairyman in one lesson. "Mr. Jones," I began, "we have a baby who has given us some trouble, and the doctor wishes to keep him on an even diet. No ups and downs, you know. The same richness every day. Do you see?"

"Uh huh," replied Jones, genially; "ye want to take a pint or so more cream, and if she runs thin put in some to bring her up, hey?"

"Well, no," I replied. "The doctor seems to think it can't be done that way. You see the protieds in the milk—but you probably do not know about the protieds."

"No," said Jones firmly. "But I know there ain't nothin' like that in my milk. Cleanest milk in the county, if I do say it myself." And he fully fished out a straw the potato-bug had clung to.

"Well, never mind about that," I said soothingly. "But see here; the idea is to give the child milk from one cow right along, instead of feeding him the regular mixed supply from the herd. How about it? Can it be managed?"

Jones looked me over a moment, then burst out laughing. "Milk from one cow," he hah-hawed. "Well, that beats the Dutch. What ye goin' to do if she runs dry? Now ain't that the limit?" His coarse derision nettled me. "Perhaps we may safely leave that to the doctor," I said, coldly. "His business is treating sick children. Perhaps he knows as much about it as we do. Just now my business is buying milk, and yours is selling it. You know what I want, Mr. Jones; can you supply it?"

"Oh, yes, I guess so," he said. "No offence meant, and none took, I hope. It'll be some extry trouble. I'll have to keep a special can for you, and all."

"I'm paying you eight cents a quart now. Will you serve me from one cow for ten?" He wanted twelve, but we finally agreed at eleven cents; and then he showed me the cow. He told me her stock and the story of her life, which did not interest me. I interrupted him with, "Is her milk rich?"

"Rich?" said Jones. "Why, you don't need to skim that there cow's milk. It's all cream, that's what it is."

"Then I don't want that cow," I remarked. "We don't want rich milk." Jones looked hurt. Finally I picked out a healthy looking young animal. She was red, with white feet. I do not know what stock she came from; but Jones assured me that every drop of my milk would be from that cow—that it would be put into a special can for me immediately after milking. "And you can bet it'll be clean," he called after me as I left. "None of them things you mentioned in it, you tell the doctor."

When I got home Roxana had gone to bed, and a gentle rhythm proceeded from her room; so I did not speak to her until the next morning. She was mixing the baby's food at the time. I told her I had seen the milkman. "My dear," I said, "I want you to dismiss from your mind all worry about the milk. I am going to make it my business

to look after it myself. You will get the milk just the way you want it. It will cost a little more, eleven cents, in fact; but if it helps the baby it's worth it. I did not mention the potato-bug. If Roxana was to stop worrying about the milk the sooner she began the better. Besides, I knew that milk was all strained, anyway.

Roxana vouchsafed me a gentle smile over the graduated measuring beaker she held in her hand. "H'm, h'm," she murmured. "Let me see, two ounces of barley water, and three—no, three and a half of the milk; yes, that's so good of you, dear; and two teaspoonfuls of cream there. Special cans, did you say?—and fill up to eight ounces with clear water. Oh, would you mind putting a little salt in those bottles, Sylvester, while I am doing this; yes, just a pinch to each; and cork them with cotton. Can you wait this morning until I take his temperature? I want to tell the doctor. The rash is gone entirely. I'm sure it's a bad sign, going so suddenly that way, don't you think so?" She might have been a little more gracious about it, I thought, after all the trouble I had taken. It wasn't like her to be ungrateful. It seemed almost as though Roxana had not heard or had not understood what I had done. But I wouldn't make too much of it myself.

Whatever the cause, the fact is that the baby began to get better. His color came back, and there was once more some fun in weighing him. I was willing to admit that there might be something in the one cow theory, after all. For several reasons I did not say so to Roxana. I thought it was better to quietly and steadily watch the milk supply than to raise the question for discussion. Everything went well for two weeks. Then one day the baby had a set-back, and I came home to find Roxana utterly collapsed and wishing she was dead. I inspected the milk carefully and went over to see Jones.

"Mr. Jones," I began, "I suppose the milk is all right; but my wife is very anxious about the baby again. I hope we are still getting the milk from the same cow as before."

"Sure," said Jones. "Ain't no doubt of it. Special fine that milk is, too. Nothing better on the farm. What's the matter with it?"

"Well, I said, "it looks different to me. Perhaps not richer, but yellower."

"Well, that's the way with them Jersey cows," responded Jones, "always gives that there yellor milk. Most folks likes it, though."

"Jersey?" I interrupted. "Why my cow wasn't a Jersey?"

"See here, don't you s'pose I know a Jersey when I see one?" It struck me there was a suspicious defiance in his tone. "Mr. Jones," I said, suavely, "I haven't a doubt of it. But I see your man going into the stable there; may I ask him to show me the cow he is getting my milk from?" Jones looked rather taken aback, but led the way to the stable. "Jim," he said, "show Mr. Cadmus that there cow he gets all his milk outen."

Unfortunately for Jones the man did not catch the wink that went with the words. "Why," he replied, "for a while there he was gettin' it from that there red cow. But since yer sold her to Dallenbeck we been takin' it mostly from these here Jerseys. You said the gen'lman was pertickler, and these is good cows."

I cast one withering look at Jones, and turned to the man again. "Where does this Dallenbeck live?" I inquired.

"Why right up here on the State road; near the Eagle Hotel."

"Does he sell milk?"

"Sure."

I told Jones what I thought of him, not stinting myself in the use of some satisfactory adjectives forbidden in polite society. Then I sought Dallenbeck.

I had no trouble in coming to an agreement with Dallenbeck. He had heard about me from Jones. It appeared that Dallenbeck was my man.