

How to Feed Baby.

To the delicate young mothers who are physically unadapted to nursing children, and who are unable, if they so desired, to obtain a wet-nurse, I send the following directions for feeding a child with cow's milk through the medium of the much-abused patent nursing bottle.

For their encouragement allow me to say that I believe a careful, intelligent mother may bring up her children in perfect health by so-called artificial feeding, sanitary and other conditions being good. I have cared for two children, and I am familiar with the catalogue of evils attendant upon the use of the nursing bottle only through the columns of various periodicals.

And so, dear little mothers, if there are good reasons why you should not nurse your baby with mother's milk, do not become discouraged if your mother-in-law or nurse speaks disparagingly of every other way of bringing up a family; but direct the nurse to give the little one warmed cow's milk diluted one-half with boiled water. If the weather is warm she should also add a small quantity of lime-water, not enough to affect the taste of the milk unpleasantly.

When possible fresh milk should be procured night and morning. It should be diluted at once with boiled water, and set away in a cool place ready for use. After the child is a few months old, the proportion of milk may be increased until it is able to digest undiluted milk. If, when it is ten or eleven months old, it seems to demand more nourishment than milk supplies, it may be given night and morning a portion of some prepared food, prepared according to directions on the package.

A child should not be given solid food until it is two years old. Any wise physician will advise liquid food during the period of dentition.

About caring for the bottle—for upon its cleanliness depends its successful use—it and its patent attachment may be kept as clean as a cup. In order to save the trouble of cleaning a bottle at an inconvenient hour, and that a fresh bottle may be ready for use during the night and another for the morning, one should always be supplied with three well filled bottles. These may all be cleaned in the morning at one's leisure, with hot water and soda. After that one bottle will usually serve during the day by carefully rinsing the tube and bottle each period of nursing. A bottle should not remain in the cradle after the child's hunger is satisfied, as the milk will become stale, and perhaps turn sour.

In cleaning the bottle and tube one need not fear to use the brushes sold by the druggist for the purpose. If one of its bristles should chance to get loose, the thorough rinsing under a faucet which should always be given each part, will surely remove any obstruction.

The tube brush should be used by drawing the wire handle through the tube. I have seen some people stupidly try to work the brush end through the tube, thereby bending and injuring the bristles. When gas is not available a small oil stove is a necessity for speedily warming the milk. The mother should bear in mind that a baby is a creature of habit, and that one cannot begin too early to lather, feed and otherwise care for it at regular periods.

If the milk should cause constipation, cathartics should not be given a child, but instead a small glycerine suppository. This should be given at a certain hour every morning, if necessary. It will tend to regulate the bowels without deranging the system.

The Kangaroo

The kangaroo bid fair soon to be as scarce in Australia, where only a few years ago there were millions of them, as the bison now are on the American plains. They formerly not infrequently outnumbered the sheep on the ranches, or "stations" as they are called in the island continent, but the sheep raisers discovered that they were voracious feeders and devoured as much grass as four times their number of sheep. As a consequence they were hunted and butchered to the point of extermination and now a ranch that formerly supported 1,000 sheep is sufficient for 5,000. But it has come to pass, such is the irony of fate, that a kangaroo skin, prized for book binding, etc., is now worth as much in the Australian market as five sheep.

There are fully 30 varieties of kangaroo or rather were, varying from the gigantic red kangaroo of Queensland, averaging eight feet in height, to the little kangaroo rat of Victoria averaging only that many inches in stature. The animal more generally accepted as the true kangaroo is the mouse-colored one, ranging about six feet in height.



FIG. 32.—No. 4995.—LADIES' COAT AND VEST. PRICE 35 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (54 inches wide) for 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 inches, 2½ yards; 40 inches, 2½ yards; 42 inches, 2½ yards.

For the medium size, ¾ of a yard of silk for facing for the coat, 2½ yards of 24-inch lining silk, and ¾ of a yard of silesia for back of vest will be required.

No. 1946.—LADIES' WALKING SKIRT. PRICE 30 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (21 inches wide) for 28 inches, 8 yards; 24 inches, 8½ yards; 26 inches, 8½ yards; 28 inches, 8½ yards; 30, 32 inches, 9 yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 22 inches, 4 yards; 24 inches, 4½ yards; 26 inches, 4½ yards; 28 inches, 4½ yards; 30, 32 inches, 4½ yards.

FIG. 32.—This very stylish and handsome costume shows two patterns. The lady's coat and vest, made from Pattern 4995, price 25 cents, are among the most highly successful and best approved of the season's modes. The vest is cut very low, and displays a shirt waist with a collar, of which the points are turned down, above a small tie. The fronts of the vest are pointed. The coat has broad revers lined with silk or satin. The fronts are cut squarely off, and at the back long tails of the same style as those of a gentleman's coat are seen. The sleeves, high on the shoulder, are not very close on the forearm. The style of this coat when worn is undeniably good, nor does it offer any difficulty in the making, if cut in an exact

following of the pattern given. Fabric, silk, satin, and cloth. The lady's walking skirt shown in the same picture is of a clinging shape, and is made from Pattern 1946, price 30 cents. It gives the close effect at the sides and on the front, which is so fashionable at present, and to which the new fabrics in woolsens, as well as silk, are so well adapted.

Never Forgotten Letters.

The Boston correspondent of the *Book-Buyer* quotes an amusing letter sent by Mr. Aldrich to Professor E. S. Morse, the accomplished ex-president of the American Academy for the Advancement of Science. Professor Morse, it should be said, had a handwriting quite indistinguishable in illegibility.

My dear Mr. Morse: It was very pleasant to me to get a letter from you the other day. Perhaps I should have found it pleasanter if I had been able to decipher it. I don't think that I mastered anything beyond the date (which I knew), and the signature (which I guessed at). There's a singular and perpetual charm in a letter of yours. It never grows old, it never loses its novelty. One can say to one's self every morning, "There's that letter of Morse's. I haven't read it yet. I think I'll take another shy at it to-day, and maybe I shall be able in the course of a few years to make out what he means by those t's that look like w's and those i's that haven't any eyebrows." Other letters are read, and thrown away and forgotten; but yours are kept forever—unread. One of them will last a reasonable man a lifetime. Admiringly yours, T. B. ALDRICH.

Strange Burial Scenes.

A traveller draws near a station homestead. His feeble horse pulls itself together for another effort, and whinnies as from the homestead he sees a solitary brombie in a paddock just ahead. At the right hand is a water-tank—a great hole dug in the ground—filled eighteen months ago by rain. Hundreds of sheep lie dead and dying round it, and thousands stench the plains. The sheep have either died in reaching the tank, or, getting to it, have plunged in, and have then perished, too weak to get up the bank again. Phalanxes of starved crows stand in line upon the bank, a black and menacing barricade, and kite and magpies hover overhead.

The traveller has passed empty wells, and has shuddered at the tales told him in some shepherd's hut where he sought shelter. He nears the homestead; he dismounts and enters the garden, kept alive by a woman's hand till water ran low; then she forsook it sadly, this one touch of her past now withered and dead. Is there no one here? Is it, too, a scene of tragedy, with human victims? No; and yet tragedy too. To a sharp "Coo-c-o-e," there comes an answering call, and the manager appears at the door, a bearded, gruff, but kindly soul, and over his shoulder peers the face of a woman, sad and drawn. The great exhaust pipes of nature in that burning land soon take the bloom from the cheek and the light from the eye. A shake of the hand, a "my word" of apostrophic welcome, and the traveller says, "How goes the unlucky game?"

With a swift sigh of relief and a sudden uplifting of the arms, comes the reply: "The last lamb is dead. Thank God, that's off my mind!" And then he said, "Come out and see how things look." Outside he added: "We were just going to plant a Sundowner when you coo-c-o-ed. Didn't want to say anything about it before the missus." Then he told the oft-repeated record of a wanderer creeping to the very threshold and safety, and then dying, his hand upon the gate of that little withered garden.

By the grave they stand, the manager with a Bible in his hand, a Book rarely used by him, perhaps, but revered after his fashion, and necessary now. He wishes the traveller to "do it over the cold 'un," but the traveller declines. With coarse fingers blundering through the leaves in an uncertain kind of way, the manager began to read at random from Ecclesiastes. A half-dozen verses gruffly fall, and then words come:

"For what man of all his labor, and of the vexation of his heart, wherein he hath labored under the sun.

"For all his days are sorrows, and his travail grief; yea, his heart taketh not rest in the night. This is also vanity."

Then he closed the Book, and said: "Well, he was a goner afore he was a coper, and I don't know as there's need to pitch a long yarn. He hadn't much for his labor under the sun, and a hot sun it is up here at 110° in the shade. He came a long way over the country rock. He hadn't a drop in his water bottle, nor a bit of damper in his swag. He'd got his fingers on the slip rails, and was within coo-c-o-e of drink and tucker, when he went out sudden to the Never-never Land, and went it alone. He couldn't have had much vanity, not with them features; but, my word! the Lord knows allabout that. I hope if he gets as near to the homestead gate up there as he did down here last night, though he isn't very fit, one of the hands will see him and open it, and let him in, even if it has to be on the sly. It was at night he got here, and in the morning we found him; it's at night we cover him, and rest or no rest, he'll not have to work in the morning. There isn't a place that's hotter than here, and this one ain't sent to that quod for punishment. Let him down easy and slow.

Drop in his shiralee and water bag by him. . . . That's right. Scatter some sandal leaves over his face. . . . Now scrape in the country sand. . . . The dingoes can't touch him there. . . . What's that you've put on the board, Jim? 'A Sundowner: Gone.' And God forgive him wherever he's gone. . . . 'In the midst of life we are in death.' Amen." And another of several such tragedies that the traveller saw was hidden away, a nameless refugee of misfortune in a nameless grave.—[Harper's Weekly.

Clothes do not make the man, but the gay youth frequently owes a good deal to his tailor.

"Dear me!" said old Mr. Hogg, hesitatingly; "I know I've forgotten something, but, for the life of me, I can't remember what it is."