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THE
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Every Saturday,
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In the Interests of the Colored People
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The landed property of England covers some 73,000,000 acres. It is worth \$10,000,000,000 and yields an annual rent, independent of mines, of \$330,000,000. One-fourth of this territory, exclusive of that held by the owners of less than an acre, is in the hands of 1,200 proprietors, and a second fourth is owned by 6,200 others; so that half of the entire country is owned by 7,400 individuals. The population is 35,000,000. The peers, not 600 in number, own more than one-fifth of the kingdom; they possess over 14,000,000 acres, worth over \$2,000,000,000, with an annual rental of \$66,000,000.

A medical authority says, that at about the age of thirty-six the lean man usually becomes fatter, and the fat man becomes leaner. Again, between the years of forty-three and fifty his appetite fails, his complexion fades, and his tongue is apt to become furred upon the least exertion of body or mind. At this period his muscles become flabby, his joints weak, his spirits droop and his sleep is imperfect and unrefreshing. After suffering under these complaints a year, or perhaps two, he starts afresh with renewed vigor, and goes on to sixty-one or sixty two, when a similar change takes place, but with aggravated symptoms. When these grand periods have been successfully passed, the gravity of incumbent years is more strongly marked.

Bathers' cramp is made the subject of an article in the *Popular Science News*. The conclusion is reached that although the intimate nature of muscular cramps and the precise mode in which they are established are still unknown, sufficient data on the subject enables us to recognize the chief conditions of their causation, which are as follows: A peculiar individual susceptibility; the shock of cold applied to the general surface of the body; prolonged muscular exertion, and forcible and sudden muscular exertion, especially in the direction of the extremities. The disorder is very apt to rise in persons of irritable temperament, attacks persons of middle age oftener than the young, men oftener than women and the robust oftener than the weakly, and occurs oftener in hot climates than in cold. Its most powerful and avoidable cause is the immersion of the body while heated in water of a relatively low temperature.

King Otto of Bavaria, successor to the late King Ludwig, resides, or is kept rather, in the Chateau of Fustenberg, about one hour's ride from Munich. The castle is wholly isolated and situated in the heart of the forest. It was a convent in the thirteenth century, and was purchased by King Louis I. The garden and park are traversed by a grand avenue shaded by elms and surrounded by a high wall. The guards and servants are stationed in little houses. Patrols of honor are posted at the entrance to the castle since Otto's elevation to the throne. The King has lucid moments, and then he devotes himself mainly to reading the newspapers. But these moments are of brief duration. He smokes cigarettes incessantly, and often takes a promenade. The mad monarch sometimes takes a notion to visit the imperial family of Austria, to which, in his sane moments, he appears very devoted. He spends whole hours in picking berries and making them into little pyramids in the park. An alienist physician in black coat and white cravat always walks a certain distance behind him, and he is followed in turn by three gendarmes.

A HARVEST SONG.

Ho! ye reapers, merry reapers!
Through the fields a-singing go,
And the summer wind, in whispers,
Bends the wild flowers to and fro.
List! The song of scythes and sickle,
Mingled with the reapers' plaint,
While the magpie, wise and fickle,
Scolds and scolds in language quaint.
Now the bearded grain is falling,
Golden grain with beaded head;
Hark! Yon meadow-lark is calling—
Spare my babes their trundle-bed.
Ho! ye reapers! Harvest grand!
Sing and toil this summer day;
There is plenty in our land,
Peace and plenty holdeth sway,
—Gay Davidson.

A FAIR EXCHANGE.

BY ANTHONY E. ANDERSON.

Jack Enderby sighed dully, stretched his long arms, as the train for New York, with a succession of reluctant shivers, came to a halt before the little wayside station of Waterman's Hollow. The car had but two other occupants—one very fat lady and her very thin spouse. It was a dreary spring day, filled with thick fogs and spiteful dashes of rain.

There were two figures standing in the rain before the station of Waterman's Hollow, both attired in disfiguring waterproofs and thick veils. One of the ladies suddenly thrust aside her veil, and flung her arms impetuously around the other's neck. Enderby had a momentary glimpse of a tear-stained, lovely face, with blue eyes. The locomotive shrieked impatiently; there was a last embrace, a sudden flurry and swish of wet drapery, and then the sweet-faced vision was seated directly opposite Enderby, softly dabbing her tearful face with a snowy, violet-scented handkerchief.

Enderby had been trying for the last hour to keep awake over Thoreau's "Excursions." He took a blank card, which he had been using as a book-mark in his frequent lapses from attention, and idly began to sketch, in preposterous exaggeration, the scene he had just witnessed at the railroad station. His pencil was a blunt one, and the car did not move very smoothly, so that the sketch proved to be somewhat more of a caricature than he had intended. He smiled amusedly as he wrote the title under it—"Tears, idle tears"—and then glanced about guiltily, fearful that the girl had seen it. But no. Gretchen Fisher was too busily engaged in disposing of her wraps, and patting her damp, silken Langry bangs just then, to pay the slightest attention to art or any other trivial subject.

She certainly was distractingly pretty, and Enderby, who was an artist of some pretensions, drew his breath in silent enjoyment as he looked at her. Gretchen took Howells' "Indian Summer" from her valise, and was soon immersed in its pages. She was not so interested as she pretended to be, however, for every now and then her eyes would raise themselves restlessly from the untorn leaf, and at last the book slipped from her listless fingers and fell with a resentful thud in the aisle.

Enderby stooped to pick it up, and, with a bow and a smile, handed it to Gretchen.

"May I ask if it is Colville or Mrs. Bowen who displeases you?" he said, in his courteous, pleasant way.

Gretchen thanked him, and smiled brightly back at Enderby. She felt instinctively that he was a gentleman, and she saw no reason why she should not accept his advances in the spirit in which they were made.

"Both," she declared, "and Imogene more than either." Enderby smiled again, and Gretchen went on with animation: "But I love little Effie, she is a very sweet and winning child. Have you read it? How does it end?"

Enderby told her, and the conversation soon drifted into other channels. Enderby was conscious that he talked unusually well, because he was unusually interested in the pretty woman beside him. And Gretchen mentally decided that his profile was almost as fine as his dark eyes.

How fast the time flew! The sun had come out gloriously, too, and had begun to tickle the fat woman's and the lean man's noses, so that both woke simultaneously to discover themselves very hungry. As they lunched—and this undertaking was by no means a small one—Gretchen and Enderby watched them in silent amusement.

"Jack Spratt could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean?"

Enderby whispered, with eyes which were filled with laughter; but Gretchen would give no encouragement to such unseemly levity.

"I have a lunch-basket," she announced, "I shall be glad to divide with you, if you like."

The thin sandwiches and delicate cakes, arranged with appetizing effect on a snowy napkin, made a delicious lunch, and they were as merry over it as two school-children on a picnic. Enderby was conscious that he said many things that were boyishly nonsensical, but he did not care one whit for that. Gretchen, too, wondered what her grandmother would say if she could see her now. Why, even Enderby's name was unknown to her!

putting out his hand to her as she went out. Gretchen hesitated for a moment—but only for a moment; then the warm blood surged to both their faces, as they bowed to meet no more.

Enderby seated himself again, and stared moodily out of the car window. There was a carriage waiting for Gretchen at the platform; it was driven by a handsome young man with a blonde beard. He lifted Gretchen into the carriage, and then deliberately stooped and kissed her on her smiling, uplifted lips.

"The deuce!" Enderby muttered; then he smiled grimly at his own folly. Behold him! A man thirty years old, generally conceded to have the average intelligence, who had fallen heels over head in love at first sight with an utter stranger! And she had already a lover, too! "This was the unkindest cut of all!" It was too absurd, and Enderby tried his level best to make himself feel foolish. But his thoughts always returned to those wonderful eyes and those red lips. How he envied that blonde-whiskered young man! He watched the carriage disappear behind a bend in the road, and straightway began to feel as dismal as if he had lost his last friend in the world. Never had time passed so slowly; but at last our disconsolate traveler found himself in his pleasant room at the Hotel Brunswick, New York. He opened his valise for his comb and hair-brush, and started up with a whistle of astonishment. Before his eyes lay half a dozen dainty handkerchiefs, a jeweled card case, a pair of long terracotta gloves, a box of bonbons, Aldrich's poems in vellum covers, and a dozen other charming feminine trifles. Enderby's fingers trembled as he opened the book; but there was no name in it. The card-case, too, was empty. The handkerchiefs had "G. F. F." exquisitely worked out in white silk, but the clue was too slender a one to give him much hope. Here was a quandary, indeed! "I wonder what her name is," Enderby mused, tenderly caressing the smooth covers of the volume of poetry. "Georgiana, perhaps, or Griselda, or Gertrude, or Grace—yes, it must be Grace. Grace! what a sweet name it is! and it just suits her, too."

"So, Grace, you have my brush and comb in your possession, and I must go unkept on your account. Well, I would willingly do much more for your sake; you have stolen my heart already, so the weight might as well go with it."

The next morning Enderby started for Rugby, with the fixed intention of hunting up G. F. F. Rugby was but a village, so the idea was not such an absurd one as it might seem at first sight. He registered at the principal hotel, and entered into a gossipy conversation with the garrulous clerk. After a good deal of talk he learned that there was a gentleman who had just come there with his handsome young wife, and had built the most elegant house there. His name was Fisher—"Theodore Fisher, sir."

G. F. F.—G. F. F.!

These letters flashed in a wild dance before Enderby's eyes. So Ted Fisher, his old college chum, had forestalled him, and married the only woman he—Jack Enderby—could ever love. Could fate be more cruel than this? There was no doubt of it; it was Ted Fisher, and no one else. He remembered well the handsome bright face, though he had not seen it for eight years, and it was heavily bearded now.

Enderby felt that he could not stay to see his friend's happiness. He would go away on the next train, and try to forget all about the wretched, ridiculous affair. Luckily, no one else knew anything about it. He strolled idly down the broad avenue, wondering in which house Ted Fisher and his beautiful wife lived. He felt a sudden grip on his right shoulder, and then someone whirled him round, and began to shake both his hands.

"Jack Enderby, by all that's wonderful!" a cheery voice exclaimed, and two blue eyes were gazing eagerly into his own. "Where in the world did you drop from?"

"I came down from New York this morning," Enderby explained, "looking for some of my property. If I am not mistaken, you can help me recover it," his eyes twinkling.

"I?" Ted Fisher started. "No, thanks! I've had enough of that sort of thing. I'm no private detective, though you and my sister seem to think so. Why, man, she demanded the same service from me yesterday. Somebody stole her valise and left his own in its place—a miserable affair, containing half a dozen color tubes and worn-out paint-brushes. The fellow had some literary taste, it seems, for we found a book by Thoreau in the valise."

"Ted Fisher!" shouted Enderby, grasping Fisher's hand as if he would wrench it off, "is G. F. F. your sister?"

"By Jove!" gasped Fisher, "if this isn't too good! Ha, ha, ha! Were you that fellow, Enderby? Let go my hand, I say! I'm not made of cast iron."

"Who would have dreamed of your living here, Ted?" Enderby exclaimed, joyously. "Take me to your house at once, old fellow, I want to meet your wife, and—and your sister!"

"And—and my sister?" mimicked Ted. "It is kind of you to remember her at all, Jack."

But Enderby only laughed, and gently pushed Fisher before him. Imagine Gretchen's bewilderment when they came up the garden walk arm in arm.

"I have caught your thief, Gretchen!" Ted announced, triumphantly. "Deal with him gently, my dear, for he is as yet young in the paths of wrong-doing. His name is Enderby, and by profession he is an artist, as a certain sketch of two young ladies in your possession amply testifies. Your valise is safe at the hotel."

"Oh, the valise!" said Gretchen, smiling and blushing prettily. "It was a fair exchange and no robbery at all. But I do want my bonbons and my Ald-

rich. Is my nose really so long as that sketch makes it out, Mr. Enderby. The thought has worried me so much, I'm actually growing thin."

Here Mrs. Ted Fisher, a pretty brunette appeared on the scene; with the help of Ted, she convinced Jack that he could not possibly go back to New York for two weeks, at the very least.

He stayed a great while longer, and finally went away with Gretchen, who had exchanged her initials G. F. F. to G. F. E., well satisfied that it was a Fair Exchange.—*Tid-Bits.*

The Banana and Pineapple.

The large steamers and sailing vessels from the West Indies and Central America that carry bananas come into New York all the year round, for in the happy countries where the fruit grows there is no season, nor vegetation coming up all the time. The banana requires a deep rich earth and much moisture to grow to perfection. The plant comes up like a palm with tightly folded green leaves, which are followed by others until the stems of the leaves have formed a trunk eight or ten inches thick. Nine months from the plant's first appearance a deep purple bud appears in the centre of the leaves, which grows large and hangs down like a huge heart. The purple bud falls off, disclosing rows of other buds. Each miniature fruit has a waxen yellow blossom.

In three or four months the fruit ripens and the plant begins to die. The bunch of fruit is generally cut while yet green, and ripened in New York, as shown in our sketch of a banana cellar. When the bunch is cut the plant dries up and from its base spring up other plants.

Although most banana bunches hang down in maturity, a variety is found on the Society Islands whose very large bunches of orange-colored fruit stand up erect. The Brazilian banana tree rises to a height of fifteen or twenty feet, but the Chinese variety seldom exceeds five feet. Along the coast of Arica a banana grows full of seeds.

Bananas in the tropics are eaten raw or with sugar and cream, or wine or orange juice. Cooked when green or ripe they are fried alone or in butter, baked with the skins on, or made into puddings or pies. They are made into a paste which is the staple food of many Mexican tribes. Bananas contain much nourishment, for Humboldt states that a surface of ground bearing wheat enough to feed one man will when planted with bananas feed twenty-five. In the tropics the young shoots are cooked as asparagus and the fibres of the leaves make a textile fabric of great beauty. A banana plantation will yield all the year round.

The pineapple grows much farther north, is cultivated extensively in Florida, and found even in the Dismal Swamp of Virginia. It takes its name from its resemblance to the cones of some species of pine. It is nearly related to the canna, ginger and banana families. The American origin of the pineapple has been disputed since it has become naturalized in parts of Asia and Africa. The best authorities believe that it is a native of Brazil, and perhaps of some of the Antilles.

The pineapple is a biennial with the habit of an aloe. It grows in the centre of a cluster of leaves which curve gracefully out from the centre. From this foliage arises a stem two or three feet high, on the upper portion of which the flowers are crowded in the form of a conical spike. The fruit appears after the flowers drop off.

The first pineapples known in England were sent as a present to Cromwell, and the first cultivated in that country were raised about 1715. Pineapples are taken from the West Indies to England in considerable quantities, but the fruit is so inferior to that raised under glass that its cultivation for the London market is successfully prosecuted. The fruit sold in New York is greatly inferior to that sold in London. Thirty per cent. of the pineapples sent here usually perish on the voyage. Of the pineapples imported into the United States about one-third come from Eleuthera and San Salvador. The business of canning the fruit is largely pursued at Nassau, N. P.—*New York Graphic.*

Churches as Hospitals.

After the battles of June, 1862, a large number of Washington churches were taken for hospitals. A flooring was built over the pews, and small rooms were partitioned off for the surgeons and nurses. Large temporary structures were also erected, one story in height, but admirably planned and ventilated. There were at one time over 10,000 wounded men who had been brought from the Virginia battlefields and swamps and placed in these improvised hospitals, where they had comfortable beds, good fare, careful attention, and the best surgical and medical advice. The hospital "diet" embraced the best coffee and tea, bread and butter, soups and meats, ale, porter and brandy, with farina, arrow-root, and other delicacies.—*Ben. Parley Poore.*

Baseball in the Parlor.

The hands on the clock were reaching around toward twelve. She had yawned repeatedly, but to no avail. He was immovable. At length she said: "I understand you are quite a baseball player!" "Y-a-as," he replied, "I play a great deal. Do you admire the sport?" "Yes, indeed." "What do you like the best about it?" "I think I like to see a home run occasionally, as well as anything." "Y-a-as," he returned, "I vewarily score one." "But you must be a capital short stop" was the rejoinder accompanied by a suppressed yawn. He studied for a few minutes and then reached for his hat.—*Merchant Traveler.*

STRONG TREASURE HOUSES

WHERE MONEYED MEN OF NEW YORK DEPOSIT THEIR CASH.

The Great Safe Deposit Vaults—How Treasures are Handled and Where They are Kept.

Necessarily the great money deposits of the continent are in New York city, writes Irving Bacheller, in the *St. Louis Republican*. There are about seventy-five banks represented every day at the Clearing House, and there are nearly as many others which conduct their business independent of it. Then there are the safe deposit vaults, comparatively recent but interesting institutions, which abound in all parts of the city. The large uptown vaults are magnificently appointed. Here the millionaires unload their stocks, bonds, securities and often their cash for safe-keeping. The floors are tesselated. Plate glass, marble, polished brass and steel are the material which make up their interiors. The vaults are approached through a network of steel and iron. They are low, square apartments, the walls of which hold lockers of all sizes, ranging from four inches wide by two inches deep to two feet square. The rental of each slide varies from \$5 a year to \$600—the price paid by W. H. Vanderbilt for his slide in the vault of the Lincoln National Bank. The slides are of tin, about three feet in length, which fit into the compartments of the wall and are inclosed by heavy iron doors.

"But is there not danger that patrons may open each others' boxes?" the Superintendent of a large vault was asked.

"Not the slightest danger," he replied. "You see," he continued while he stirred up a huge pile of keys which lay upon the table before him. "No two of these keys are alike. When any person hires a slide he comes to this pile and picks out a key at random. We then fit the lock to the key. But no customer can open his slide even then unassisted. There is a second lock to every door which cannot be turned except with a key which I carry, so that no slide is accessible without the assistance of both the lessee and the authorities of the vault. This protects customers from each other and relieves us of any temptation to load up and start for Montreal."

Each of the large vaults has a coupon room containing a number of stalls supplied with writing facilities into which customers may retire to attend to their coupons and all correspondence relating thereto. They are free to all customers. It is said that many business men who have little or nothing to deposit hire a small box for the sake of getting the privilege of the coupon rooms and saving the expense of office rent.

For some years all the checks of the Vanderbilt family had been drawn against the Lincoln National Bank, which was founded by William H. Vanderbilt to save himself the commissions which formerly went to other banks. In a corner of the great deposit vault of this bank, inclosed by heavy iron bars, are the slides used by the Vanderbilts. The inclosure is perhaps six feet square and contains an ordinary table and chair. During the latter years of his life Mr. Vanderbilt was frequently seen at this table poring over his private papers. Here he enjoyed absolute seclusion with a large share of the fortune which he controlled at his elbow. In the large box dedicated to his private use he once kept \$55,000,000 in government bonds. Two men were kept busy night and day clipping off the coupons. The slide will be reserved for the use of Mrs. Vanderbilt.

In another part of the vault is the slide leased by General Grant. It is about six inches square, and lies next to the floor. It is now held by one of his sons.

On the west side of Broadway, opposite the City Hall Park, stands a low antique structure of brownstone, which looks like a remnant of old New York. Surrounded by magnificent warehouses, its quaintness and simplicity challenges attention. It is the Chemical National Bank—one of the greatest banking houses in the world. Although it has never paid a cent of interest, it carries upwards of \$23,000,000 net on deposit. With a capital stock of \$300,000, it has accumulated a surplus of \$4,500,000. Three thousand two hundred dollars were recently bid for a single share of its stock, which originally brought \$100. The Chemical Manufacturing Company was organized in 1824, and its charter conveyed the privilege of banking. In 1844 the bank proper was organized by Peter Golet, who then lived on the corner of Broadway and Nineteenth street. Its directors were money lenders instead of money borrowers, and it started with a clientele of those fortunate old New Yorkers who owned most of the land on which what is now called uptown was built. Inevitably, these men grew solid until it had a clientele of extraordinary wealth and influence. Since its organization it has paid over \$6,500,000 in dividends, the percentage ranging from 12 to 100. Perhaps one of the most important reasons for its success is the fact that it has always maintained specie payments even when gold was quoted at 280.

Its interior is exceedingly plain. From the bare boards of the floor to the unvarnished ceiling there is no appointment which does not serve some purpose in the processes of banking. There are no rugs, no polished metal, no gorgeous hangings. Its plain appointments have become old and worn under the attrition of hard work. A bank cashier from the far West while in the city recently went to take a look at the bank and exchange compliments with its officers. He had expected to find a place resplendent with brass and marble and porphyry. Astonished to find it so plain, he remarked: "I see you do not go in for frescoes."

"No," replied the cashier, "we fresco the vault." Probably either the Park bank or the Importers and Traders' handle as much money as the Chemical, but when we consider that they have more

than ten times the capital stock of the latter our minds cannot institute a comparison between them.

But the largest depository of money in America is the Sub-treasury Building, that stands on the corner of Wall and Nassau streets. Every one who ever visited New York has seen it and the heroic statue of Washington which stands at its doric portals and the stone on which his mortal feet once stood. Eighty-five per cent. of Uncle Sam's debts are paid here. From fifteen to twenty thousand checks are paid here daily. The receipts of postmasters, customs and internal revenue collectors are turned into its vaults. It carries on deposit an average of \$180,000,000 in cash. Half of this amount is in gold, which is stored away in bags containing \$5,000 each. Its daily disbursements to the banks of New York average \$600,000. It is substantially built of white granite. Its ceiling is a dome of white and gold supported by Corinthian pillars. It is an architectural strong box and its walls are thick enough to shut off the most penetrating cupidism from the treasury within.

Talk With a Snake Charmer.

"Ain't she a beauty?" asked Prof. D'Angelo, the snake charmer, as he introduced the *Tribune* reporter to a huge, writhing python. If snakes are ever beautiful this one certainly was, and what was more it seemed really to express an affection for the Professor, as it twined itself around his body and neck and laid its small, shining head, with diamond-like eyes, close beside his cheek and often extended its small forked tongue over the Professor's face caressingly.

"What is such a snake worth?" asked the reporter, at a safe distance.

"This one I would not sell for \$800. She is such a beauty and I am fond of her. Good snakes can be purchased for about \$50, and they go all the way up to \$500.

"What causes such a fluctuation in value?"

"When a snake is small and green or uneducated, it's not worth much. It takes some time to educate them, and this process is attended with much danger. An educated snake that you can put on for an act is worth \$500 of any man's money. Then, of course, size has a great deal to do with it. A big snake is a paying card, if not trained. Then the way a snake is marked, or ringed, as we say, is liable to make a big difference in price, and the deadlier the snake the more valuable it is."

"Where do you get your snakes?"

"Of the regular agencies in New York, Berlin and other places where snakes are kept on sale."

"How are they captured?"

"Most of the large snakes are decoyed into pits and then bagged. Rattlesnakes are decoyed out of their holes; by means of a string of rattles attached to a stick. They hear the rattles and come out of their holes. A forked stick is put over their head and then they are easily picked up."

"How do you commence to educate snakes?"

"Those which have a poisonous bite, and most of them have that, must have their fangs removed, then they become harmless. The snakes of the boa constrictor species are gorged with food before they are handled, and a strong man with proper assistance can soon subdue them."

"It takes a great deal of nerve, does it not?"

"Well, some, to pick up a strange snake. The secret of snake-training is to get the reptiles acquainted and accustomed to you. This is no easy matter, but it has to be done. After they learn to like you they are the most affectionate things in the world."—*Detroit Tribune.*

The Care of Babies.

The following directions for the care of babies in summer, issued by the New York Board of Health, are applicable to any locality:

NURSING OF INFANTS.—Over-feeding does more harm than anything else; nurse an infant a month or two old every two or three hours.

Nurse an infant of six months and over five times in twenty-four hours, and no more.

If an infant is thirsty give it pure water, or barley water; no sugar.

FEEDING OF INFANTS.—Boil a teaspoonful of powdered barley (ground in a coffee-grinder) and one-half pint of water, with a little salt, for fifteen minutes, strain, and mix it with half as much boiled milk; add a lump of white sugar, size of a walnut, and give it luke-warm from a nursing bottle. Keep bottle and mouth-piece in a bowl of water when not in use, to which a little soda may be added.

For infants five or six months old, give half barley water and half boiled milk, with salt and a lump of sugar.

For older infants, give more milk than barley water.

For infants very costive, give oatmeal instead of barley. Cook and strain as before.

When your breast milk is only half enough, change off between breast milk and this prepared food.

In hot weather if blue litmus paper applied to the food turns red, the food is too acid, and you must make a fresh mess or add a small pinch of baking soda.

Infants of six months may have beef tea or beef soup once a day, by itself or mixed with other food; and when ten or twelve months old, a crust of bread and a piece of rare beef to suck.

No child under two years old ought to eat at your table.

Give no candies, in fact, nothing that is not contained in these rules, without a doctor's orders.

SUMMER COMPLAINT.—It comes from over-feeding and hot and foul air. Keep doors and windows open.

Wash your well children with cool water twice a day, or oftener in the hot season.

Never neglect looseness in the bowels in an infant; consult the family or dispensary physician at once, and he will give you rules about what it should take and how it should be nursed. Keep your rooms as cool as possible, have them well ventilated, and do not allow any bad smell to come from sinks, garbage-boxes or gutters about the house, where you live. Where an infant is cross and irritable in the hot weather, a trip to the water will do it a great deal of good, and may prevent cholera-infantum.