

## The Inglenook.

### Ruby's Old Red Dress.

BY JULIET OLDER CARLTON.

"Come, Ruby," said Mrs. Ward to her little daughter, "the rain last night ripened the blackberries on Lone Pine hill, and I want you and Roy to gather as many of them as you can."

"Oh, goody, goody!" cried Ruby, dancing round; "where's my sunbonnet and a basket?"

"You'll have to take more than one basket," said her mother from the pantry. "It's going to be a pretty good day's work to fill all the things I shall give you. Now, you run and change your dress,—put on that old red one."

"Why do I have to change my dress?" asked Ruby, "That old red thing is ragged, and, besides, it's too short."

"Well, what if it is?" answered her mother. "It's good enough to pick berries in. Run along now, and do as mother tells you. You won't be ready by the time Roy is, and I want you to hurry, so as to cross the track before the eight o'clock passenger comes along."

"All aboard!" shouted Roy, as he rattled up with his little express-wagon. His mother gave him the baskets and pails, and went to look after Ruby, who stood, pouting, by the bedroom window.

"Why, Ruby Ward!" said her mother, "do you want your brother to go alone to pick berries?"

"No, mama," wailed Ruby, tugging at her buttons. Mama pinned the curly brown hair into a "knob" on top of her little girl's head, gave her a waterproof cape in case it should rain, and some old stocking-legs to keep the fat little arms from sunburn and scratches.

At last they were ready, and so eager were they that they ran nearly all the way up a hill, and then, after a short rest, Roy proposed that they coast down.

Baskets and pails were tied fast to the wagon, and, with Roy as steersman, they fairly flew down the slope and across the track at the base of old Lone Pine, where the huge tree that had given the hill its name lay prostrate, shattered by lightning.

A large boulder, dislodged by the fallen tree, had plowed its way down the hillside, and with the broken tree-top lay across the track, just beyond a sharp curve.

"I believe that loud clap of thunder we heard last night busted the old pin," said Roy. "Hark!" he exclaimed, listening. "There's the whistle for Burnham's Station. In ten minutes she'll be down here and go smash!"

The boy knelt beside the boulder, and squinted over it at the track beyond.

"No, sir, Ruby!" he exclaimed, "the engineer can't ever see this in time to stop 'er."

"O Ruby, your dress!" he cried. And seizing the garment in both hands he fairly tore it from his astonished sister, and was off with it, leaving her standing with bare neck and arms.

Ruby drew the wagon into the shade of some roadside bushes, put on the cape, and scrambled up to a point from which she could see her brother and the advancing train.

Now she could see the black smoke, now the engine, and now it was on the down

grade; and there was Roy, bravely waving his tattered signal.

Ruby's heart beat wildly as the great black thing drew near, and came to a halt just as it reached Lone Pine curve. How the engineer thanked Roy again and again! And how the passengers cheered when they saw the boy!

The track was soon cleared, and the train, after cautiously feeling its way over the damaged places, sped on and away.

It was not so easy, after this excitement, for the two children to settle down to steady work; but they did work, and so well that they returned in time for supper with every dish full.

The story of their adventure had gone before them, so that they missed the joy of its first telling, but their proud family gave them a warm greeting. Mother had some special nice tea-cakes for supper, while father beamed down upon his little son, and asked him if he was not afraid when the engine came down at him.

"Fraid! No, sir," said Roy. "Did the engineer think I acted 'fraid?"

"No," answered his father, smiling; "he said you seemed quite cool."

"Anyway," remarked Ruby between mouthfuls, "I'm glad I minded mama, and wore my old red dress."

### For Whimsical Appetites.

The appetite of sick persons is capricious and whimsical. No question as to preferences should ever be asked. Their tastes should be studied without their knowledge, and their preferences should furnish the working basis. Everything about the sick diet should be dainty and attractive. The napkins used for the tray cannot be too crisp and fresh. The most delicate china and silver are not too good. No warmed over food should appear; everything should be fresh. Hot things should be hot and cold things cold. This is very important. Always have too little food, rather than too much. Better to have the patient say, "See I've eaten it all!" than "I couldn't eat it all; my appetite is so poor." The moment the meal is finished all food should be taken from the room.

Gruels that are properly made, delicately flavored and well served are valuable for the sick, especially where the appetite is nil or solid foods prescribed. But such gruels are too seldom seen. In their place one finds too often sloppy, tepid and even lumpy concoctions miscalled "gruel." In the first place, milk or milk mixtures for the sick—and for any one else, for that matter—should never be heated in any dish or basin which has been used to cook vegetables or meats. A double boiler is the best utensil for the purpose. It should be absolutely clean and odorless. Gruels are made of flour—arrowroot, farina and other flours. Since these materials are composed chiefly of starch, they must be cooked thoroughly in order to be digestible. Milk, on the other hand, is rendered indigestible by boiling. Consequently, the cooking of the flours should be done in water, and the milk should be added the last thing, and only brought to a scalding point.

To make flour gruel mix into a paste with cold water one tablespoonful of flour, one saltspoonful of salt and one teapoonful

of sugar. Add a half square of cinnamon and a cupful of boiling water. Boil the mixture slowly for twenty minutes. Then stir in a cupful of milk and let it come to the scalding point. Strain and serve very hot.

In place of cinnamon, nutmeg, almond or vanilla flavors may be used. For a fever patient a little lemon juice will be liked best. Arrowroot and farina gruels are made in the same way.

Sweetbreads, broiled filets of chicken and squabs all furnish variety to the sickroom's bill of fare. All are easy of digestion and more or less nutritious.

Raw beef sandwiches have been eaten with relish by many a sick person, who, if he or she had understood their composition would have refused them. If beef is desirable scrape it in the manner described above, salt it delicately and spread it on thin slices of buttered brown or white bread or toast. Delicious sandwiches may be made of bacon cut very thin and toasted very crisp. With brown bread these furnish valuable food agents.

Toast made of stale bread is more easy of digestion than if made of the fresh kind. If it is wanted soft, dip it quickly into boiling salted water before it is buttered.

Uncooked beef juice is never delicious but in many wasting diseases it is of great value. Of consumption this is especially true. A flavor of cooking may be gained by heating the beef before the juice is extracted from it, either on a broiler or in a hot frying pan. Only the outer surface should be scorched. The inside should be warmed only enough to start the juices."—New York Tribune.

### Making Up.

Yes, Bessie an' I really quarreled;  
She wanted to play with the dolls,  
And I wanted to ride on the "teeter,"  
Or play with our new croquet balls.

We argued and quarreled and argued,  
An' then Bessie gave up to me;  
Then, of course, I gave up to Bessie,  
'Cause she's the fittest, you see.

Well, somehow, our quarrel was over;  
We kissed the bad feelin's away;  
We played what we both of us wanted,  
And then we were happy all day.

—Little Folks.

### Monkey Discipline.

One of the monkey cages in the New York Zoo contains a mother monkey and her baby. Some visitors one day gave the mother a chocolate peppermint. She tasted it, smacked her lips, winked, and put it all into her mouth—only to remove it at once, and smack and wink much harder. After a second she repeated her experiment, and again hastily removed the peppermint. Once more she put the dainty in her mouth, but once more took it out. Then, with watery eyes, she laid the candy carefully on the ledge of her cage, turned her back, walked over to the opposite side, seized the rails with both hands, and gazed out as if she had never seen a peppermint.

Meanwhile the baby, who had been engaged with visitors in a corner, had returned to the front. Seeing the peppermint, he picked it up and tasted it; but his mother's three experiments had left only a nibble for him. That disposed of, he, too, walked to the opposite side, seized the rails, and stood gazing out with the same air of utter absorption as his mother's.