

### A Chatty Letter from a "Domestic Science" Graduate.

Would you like to hear about what lessons we have in our domestic science room? So far we have been restricted to cooking. Of this I shall not be able to tell you nearly all, but possibly a partial outline might be interesting to you; for, though you tell me you know nothing of domestic science, yet I have often proven that you practice it by the appetizing dinners you serve. A glance at our lessons may make more useful to you what you practice by making apparent the reasonableness of it.

Our teacher, Miss L., first gave to us a number of rules for caring for our utensils, tables, etc. To those who had not been accustomed to kitchen work these were useful, no doubt, but the only things I remember worth mentioning to you were that all towels are rinsed at once after each dish-washing and are boiled once a week (this makes impossible any contagion from this source at ordinary times). Second, never pour greasy water into a sink, but first change it to soap by the addition of either sal soda or ammonia. These rules, being new to me, were carefully noted: the first to save doctors' bills; the second, plumbers'.

Miss L. then remarked that cookery is the art of preparing food for the nourishment of our bodies, and gave us the following reasons for cooking:

1. To make food more easily digestible.
2. To make food more palatable (or to improve its flavor).
3. To improve its appearance.
4. To preserve or sterilize it.

There are two methods of cooking: 1. Roasting (primitive method); broiling and frying are forms of this. 2. Boiling, of which steaming and stewing are modifications.

All foods were classified then so that we would be better able to understand them and how to cook them; for each kind of food is acted upon by heat in its own way.

#### Organic:

##### Nitrogenous—

- (a) Albumen.
- (b) Casein.
- (c) Myosin.
- (d) Gluten.
- (e) Legumen.

These are called collectively proteids, and their use is to build up tissues of the body.

##### Non-nitrogenous—

- (a) Fats and oils.
- (b) Starches and sugars.

The use of these foods is to store up fat in the body and to produce heat and energy.

#### Inorganic:

##### Mineral matter—

- Salt (found in green vegetables, etc.).
- Phosphorus, iron, sulphur and chlorine.

The use of these constituents of food are:

1. To build bone, teeth, etc.; hair, nails, etc.
2. To preserve the blood from invasions of noxious microbes.

Water: both clear and as we get it in foods—

##### Use:

1. To flush the system.
2. To cool the body.
3. To float other food through the body.

Next time, if you wish, I shall write you about some of our experiments.

S. Z. R.

### For Every-day Use.

Honesty! why that's jes' simply doin' th' squar' thing ev'ry single time, whether th' other feller sees you or not.—George Crouse.

'Tis pluck and work, nine times in ten, That bring the rise, my fellow men, So when upon success you muse, Don't overlook the P's and Q's. —E. L. Sablin.

I b'lieve in havin' a good time when you start out to have it. If you git knocked out of one plan, you want to git yourself another right quick, before your sperrits has a chance to fall.—Mrs. Wagon.

Knowledge without wisdom is a good tool in the unskilled hand.—Christian Herald.



### A Dinner-Party.

Five little puppy dogs all in a row,  
So fluffy and dumpy and sweet,  
It's almost a pity they have to grow;  
Oh, how they're enjoying the treat!  
Each pup has his plate, and sticks to it too—

They certainly know how to dine—  
Which one do you think will be first to get through?  
They all have appetites fine.

No wonder the mother looks pleased and proud,  
Though hungry she well may be,  
A mother fares badly in such a crowd,  
Because she's unselfish, you see.

And yet she is happier far to-day  
Than any one of the row,  
For you can enjoy by proxy that way,  
As every mother doth know.  
COUSIN DOROTHY.

### Lost and Found.

"I don't care! you can go home as soon as you like—so there!"  
Slam went the door.

I confess I was surprised and grieved to hear the angry voice of the princess. "Poor child!" I thought, "how unhappy she must be!" If she had not been a princess, you know, it would not have been so hard. Princesses suffer dreadfully when they are angry.

While I was thinking, I wrote a little note and pinned it to my study door. Here it is:

"Lost.—An article of great value to the owner, at about four o'clock on the afternoon of January 25th, 18—. The finder will receive a liberal reward on returning the same to

"THE LITTLE PRINCESS."

Pretty soon she came in with a bright pink spot on each cheek. She was going to tell me all about it, when the notice caught her eye. She read it through; then glanced at the clock, and looked puzzled.

"I know you want me to advertise it, dear," I observed, as if it was all quite a matter of course.

"What do you mean, please?"  
"Why, of course you are hunting for it now."

"Hunting for what?"

"Princess," said I, glad to notice that her eyes were brighter and her cheeks of a quieter color than when she came in, "oblige me by looking up a word in the dictionary: T-E—have you found it so

I know a frown, and where it dwells:  
'Tis just above your eyes so blue;  
And when that frown comes out to stay,  
Your merry dimples hide away;  
Your lips curve down, your eyes turn gray;  
Your voice sounds cross, you will not play;

Mamma is sad, and nurse gets mad;  
You even call your dollies "bad!"  
Oh, when that frown comes out to stay,  
I fear no angels pass our way.

I know a smile, and where it hides:  
'Tis just upon your lips' soft clasp;  
And when that smile comes out to stay,  
Your laughing dimples peep and play;  
Your lips curve up, your eyes look gay;  
Your voice is sweet, you love to play;  
Mamma you cheer, and nurse is dear,  
And toys from everywhere appear.  
Oh, when that smile comes out to stay,  
I know the angels pass our way.

### If we Knew What we Wanted.

#### A FAIRY TALE.

Once upon a time there was a little girl who wished so ardently that a good fairy would appear to her that at length a good fairy came.

"My child," said the visitor, "I am prepared to give you whatever you wish—"

"How nice!" exclaimed the little girl. "—provided your choice meets with my approval."

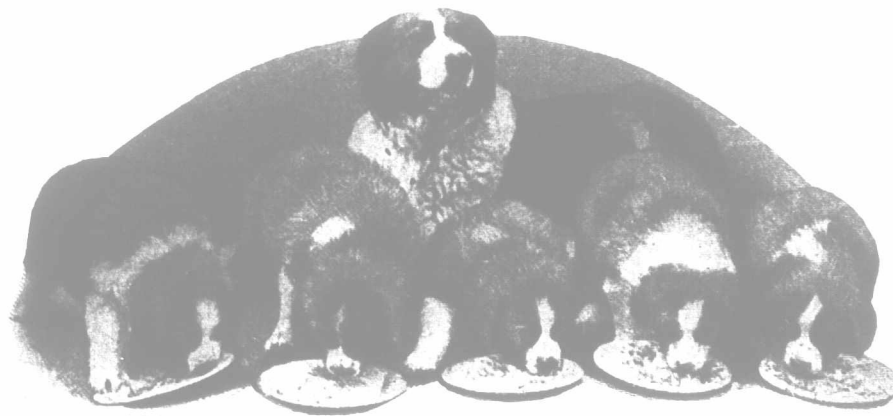
"I—I think I'd like to have a lot of candy," said the little girl—"as much candy as I could eat, without getting sick." She spoke the last three words doubtfully, judging from the fairy's expression that some objection was to be expected.

"But that would never do," said the fairy. "I once knew a little boy who had so much candy that he could not eat any dinner—and there was huckleberry pie for dessert—just think of it, he couldn't eat any huckleberry pie! He didn't mind it, at the time, but he was awfully sorry after the pie was all gone.

And then, my dear, I find that even our fairyland confectioners can't make any candy that is really good for the teeth. It is the sweet tooth, you know, that goes to the dentist. Try again."

"Well, then," said the little girl, who had troubles of her own, "I wish I could always know my lessons without studying them, and spell all the big words right, and do all the hard sums."

"I'm afraid that wouldn't do," said the fairy; "you'd become indolent and



### A Dinner-Party.

far?—M. P. E. R. What is the definition, please?"

"Calmness, or soundness of mind," read the princess, slowly.

"Now, if you please, read this verse, Prov. xvi. : 32."

That she read to herself.

"Once more, dear: Ps. xlv. : 13; the first half of the verse. You see, your Highness, it's a pretty serious thing for a king's daughter to lose her temper, so I thought you'd like to have me help you find it."

The brown cat's dropped upon my coat sleeve for a moment, and I am not sure that her eyelashes were not wet when they were lifted again.

you'd have too high an opinion of yourself. You'd be so smart that you'd forget that you were not entitled to any credit for being smart just like many smart people I know."

"Well, I'd like to have the nicest clothes of anybody in this neighborhood."

"But what would the other little girls think of me? Why, they'd never forgive me."

"Well, if I can't have the nicest clothes for myself, I'd like to have a lot of dolls with the nicest clothes that dolls ever had."

"Same objection, my dear. Consider the feelings of the other little girls."

"Oh, well, then, I'd just like to be

grown-up. I wish I were old enough to be a debutante."

"Ah, my dear, I could not allow you to miss all the good times you'll have between now and then. If I should make you a debutante, I have no doubt you would enjoy it just now, but what would you think of me ten or fifteen years from now, when you consider that, but for me, you would be so much younger? Really, I should be afraid to look you in the face again."

"Well, then, I don't know what to wish."

"I was afraid you wouldn't, my dear. That's the trouble with children and grown folks as well—they don't know what to wish. If they did, the good fairies and other folks who want to help them would have a very easy time." The fairy then vanished.

### Modest Susan.

Sweet Susan, modest lass was she as any in the land,  
And Timothy was brave and bold, though but a farmer's hand;  
Together worked they in the field, for she was stout of limb,  
Together weeded, lived and dug, sweet Susan and brave Tim.

When from the ground the Murphys brown they reaped with a will,  
Tim's passion grew to utterance, and he knelt there on a hill;

"Dear Susan, won't you—" Susan turned with wonder and surprise:  
"Hush, Timothy; how dare you—right before so many eyes!"

Through cornstalks bent with fruitage, cool the crisp breeze did blow;  
They reaped the golden harvest now, together, row by row.

From early morn till eve, when bright and full the moon appears,  
"Dear Susan—" "Hush!" said she, "Don't speak before these listening ears!"

To meeting Sunday evening oft together they did ride,

Yet she sat very straight indeed, and kept the farther side.

"Dear Susan, please be—" Upward then in flight sweet Susan sprung:

"Hush! Not another word to-night—this buggy has a tongue!"

Then Tim grew weary waiting, and no more "Dear Susan" said;

He wooed another maiden, 'twas "Dear Emeline" instead.

She made no word of protest when he murmured: "Be mine own?"

And now they hoe together—and poor Susan hoes alone.

—New York Tribune.

### A Bright Shetland Pony.

The following has been sent us by the Corresponding Secretary of the American Shetland Pony Club, Naperville, Ill.:

To the Editor,—On December 23rd I had a cotillion at my home, of forty couples. Wishing to have something unique, and to have my pet Shetland pony enjoy my party too, I determined to have him bring in the favors. "Him" is a white stallion, four years old, and forty inches high. His name is Billie. I made a "harness" for him of red ribbon, and had a lead rein of the same ribbon. I arranged red roses and red carnations for the first round of favors.

Fixing the "harness" so that the flowers were easily put in and just as easily removed, I arranged it all in the kitchen, and then had Billie led in by a little girl. She brought him to the dining room, then to the music room, and then to the hall, where we turned him around, standing on the hearth of a large fireplace, to face the people. I omitted to say that he had red flannel shoes on.

He stood very still while his load of flowers was removed, enjoying it apparently as much as the young people did, getting candy and sugar in large quantities. He had as many kisses as if he had stood under the mistletoe.

He is a very intelligent pony, and we have lots of fun together, playing tag. He may run almost out of hearing, but a call of "Billie" brings him to me; coming up just as close as he can, and facing me ready for a lump of sugar and a petting. I have another Shetland, a chestnut, just as well trained, but I like Billie best.

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