



**A Cooking Time Table.**  
 Many housekeepers, young and old, are in doubt as to the right time to cook vegetables and meats, so that the following table is given, with the hope that it may prove of value:

**Baking meats:** Beef, sirloin, rare—Eight minutes for each pound. Well done—Ten to fifteen minutes for each pound.  
 Beef, rib or rump—Ten to fifteen minutes for each pound.  
 Beef, well done—Fifteen minutes for each pound.  
 Mutton, rare—Ten to twelve minutes for each pound.  
 Mutton, well done—Fifteen to eighteen minutes for each pound.  
 Pork, well done—Twenty-five to thirty minutes for each pound.  
 Veal, well done—Eighteen to twenty minutes for each pound.  
 Chickens weighing from three to five pounds—One to one and a half hours.  
 Turkeys weighing from nine to twelve pounds—Three to three and a half hours.  
 Fish of average thickness, weighing from six to eight pounds—One hour.  
 Vegetables: String beans—One and a half to two hours.  
 Cauldron—Thirty to forty minutes.  
 Corn, young—Five to ten minutes.  
 Cabbage, new—Thirty to forty-five minutes.  
 Carrots—Fifty to sixty minutes.  
 Onions—Thirty-five to forty-five minutes.  
 Peas—Fifteen to twenty minutes.  
 Potatoes, boiled—Twenty to thirty minutes.  
 Potatoes, steamed—Thirty to forty minutes.  
 Turnips—Thirty-five to fifty minutes.  
 Parsnips—Thirty-five to forty-five minutes.

**Boiled Turkey.**  
 Singe, draw and wash a turkey weighing about nine or ten pounds, and stuff with a dressing made by chopping a quart of small oysters, rather coarse, and adding to them a quart of grated breadcrumbs, two level tablespoonfuls of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper, a grain of cayenne, a quarter of a cupful of butter and two eggs beaten slightly. Fill the breast of the bird with some of this dressing, and put the remainder into the body. Sew up and truss. Dip a large piece of cotton cloth into cold water, and after wringing it well dredge it thickly with flour. Pin the turkey in this cloth and plunge it into boiling water. Boil rapidly for fifteen minutes, and then set back where it will just simmer for three hours. Serve with oyster sauce.

**Peppermints.**  
 Boil hard for five minutes four cupfuls of white sugar, one cupful of hot water, twelve drops of oil of peppermint, fifteen drops of wintergreen. Pour into a bowl and stir briskly until the mixture begins to thicken. Then drop on a cold tin dish as fast as possible. A small teaspoonful of the candy dropped on the dish will make a lozenge as large as a half dollar. Do not place the lozenges so close together that they will run into each other, or they will not be a good shape.

**Pumpkin Pie.**  
 Into two cupfuls of stewed pumpkin that has been rubbed through the colander beat the whipped yolks of four eggs, a cupful of granulated sugar, a quart of milk, a teaspoonful of cinnamon, nutmeg and mace mixed, and lastly, fold in the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Line a deep pie-plate with a good paste, cut several gashes in it, beat the pumpkin well, and pour into the open crust. Bake immediately in a steady oven.

**Rice Griddle Cakes.**  
 For rice griddle cakes and honey boil a cupful of rice. When it is cold, mix thoroughly with one pint of sweet milk, the yolks of four eggs and enough flour to make a stiff batter. Add one tablespoonful of melted butter, one teaspoonful of soda, two of cream of tartar and a little salt. Fold in the beaten whites of the eggs and bake on a hot griddle. As fast as baked, butter, spread with honey, roll up and serve hot.

**Pickled or Spiced Grapes.**  
 Pulp the grapes and put the pulp in the preserving kettle. Stew until it can be rubbed through a coarse strainer to rid the mass of seeds. Weigh the pulp and to five pounds of this add a pint of vinegar, four pounds of brown sugar, three tablespoonfuls of ground cinnamon and two of ground cloves. Stew all together until very thick. Pour into jolly glasses and cover as you would jelly.

**Vanilla Wafers.**  
 Cream together a cup of butter and two cups of sugar, add a cupful of sour cream, two beaten eggs and three cupfuls of flour that has been twice sifted with a scant teaspoonful of soda. Flavor with vanilla. Add enough flour to make the dough of the right consistency to roll out. Roll very thin, cut into rounds and bake in a floured pan.

**Very Fine Gingerbread.**  
 Half a cupful of the best butter, one cupful of New Orleans molasses, one cupful of cream, three cupfuls of the best flour, three teaspoonfuls each of finely ground ginger, cloves and cinnamon.

**TOPICS OF THE TIMES.**

**A CHOICE SELECTION OF INTERESTING ITEMS.**

**Comments and Criticisms Based Upon the Happenings of the Day—Historical and News Notes.**

Stated vanity is what most people mistake for success.

It is only natural that trolley sleepers should be provided for our restless population.

The Russian bear has swallowed his pig and there is now no knowing where he is bound for.

Nine million letters went to the dead letter office last year. Perhaps the one out expected was in the bunch.

Charley Ross has just been found in Texas, but he is likely to turn up in Maine or Montana by to-morrow.

The child is father to the man; the orner builds a house of blocks and the latter builds a block of houses.

Let the man who thinks that he has troubles pick up the newspapers and read the account of the man who has three wives.

The reason we do not hear directly from Mars may be that the people on that planet have not got as far along a wireless telegraphy yet.

The late B. F. Jones, of Pittsburgh, left a fortune of over \$17,000,000. If there are any unmarried daughters England is ready to do the rest.

Before traveling on that high-speed allway in Berlin the passengers take out big life insurance policies. And yet we are called a swift and overstrung people!

According to Mr. Rockefeller, the secret of success in life is to work hard and hold on. But it is not every man who can work other people as hard as Mr. Rockefeller does.

Bishop Potter, of New York, in addition to having recently married a lady with a large fortune, has been arrested with an assistant. It is a pleasure to see luck strike a good man like that.

When the Czar and Emperor Francis met at Vienna they kissed each other twice, indicating that even royalty is not above the osculatory hypothesis that in America is confined to 5 clock teas.

A judge in Dallas, Texas, in sentencing a "masher" to a term in the penitentiary, said: "When you come out you will be prepared to take your hat off to women and will keep your hands in your pockets." It should be worth a term in jail just to be able to perform such a remarkable feat.

It was a kind-hearted farmer in the Michigan fruit belt who turned the nozzle of the insect spraying hose away from a plum tree in which a robin with an appealing eye had its nest. The husbandman used the hose on all his other plum trees, but when he came to pick his crop, lo, the robin yielded fourfold that of the others. The kindly farmer saw a great light, and now says it would be well if every bird tree bore a robin's nest.

Until the millennium comes and there is no more war and armies are abolished and warships permitted to sit at the docks Turkey under its present system must be regarded as very useful to the nations of the earth. Here is some advantage in concentration of the worst forms of meanness and badness. The rest of the peoples now where to go "stunning," and if they do not want to have their fronts cut or their pockets picked they know where to keep away from.

When you go to a circus and see that strength and suppleness and see the human body is capable of doesn't it make you ashamed of your weakness and your slow and heavy awkwardness? The mistake that has been made ever since the renaissance has been in regarding the mind as the only important part of man and looking upon the body as a mere incumbrance, or, at the best, as a senseless machine to be used without either knowledge of its wondrous mechanism or without mercy for its limitations. It is a good thing a circus comes around occasionally to remind us that a well-trained body is something of an may be as proud of as a well-aimed mind.

Dr. Erasmus Darwin a century ago undertook to embody the Linnæan system of botany in an elaborate poem in the manner of Pope. "The Botanic Garden," he called it; but its purpose was so much better than its poetry that it inspired at least one notable sequel—"The Loves of the Triangles." This early attempt to gild science with rhetoric is recalled by the very successful effort of a newspaper editor who takes as his subject, "Thoughts on Radium." A production of this kind is bound to be up to date, nothing more. Yet why should not the wonders of science inspire strong and enduring verse? The conception of wireless telegraphy, for instance, is of the very essence of poetry. If such modern developments call forth no masterpieces, it is the poet that is lacking, not the theme.

It is difficult to see how any legislation can be framed which will serve to lessen the number of "cranks" who

alone. The contents, to her surprise, ran as follows:

"Very strange will it seem, my daughter, to receive this, your first letter from an entirely unknown parent. Not from any lack of paternal feeling but I denied myself the pleasure of seeing my only child, until she reaches her twenty-first birthday, but from a train of circumstances which made this course the wisest. I, however, am now counting the days when I shall at last clasp her in my arms, and give to her a father's kisses and blessing. I presume you have in your possession a package to be opened on that eventful day. I have seen Mr. Rogers, and he has told me of the death of your foster mother, and that you are residing at Castle Cairn. My child, I shall leave Liverpool on the morning train, reaching the castle at noon. Until my appearance on the scene, I prefer that you do not open the package. Together we will break the seal. Until then I will only sign myself your affectionate

**FATHER.**"  
 Noon of the long expected day at length arrived, and her grace, the Duchess of Westmoreland, who condescended to feel considerable interest in the young governess of her granddaughter, together with Lady Claire, were seated in the drawing room, striving to calm the unusual agitation of anxious and excited Ethel, who restlessly paced up and down the elegant apartment, or flitted from window to window, in order to watch the drive, to catch the first glimpse of her coming sire.

At length her weary watch was rewarded by seeing a hansom dash up to the entrance, and an elegant looking gentleman descend. One moment passed, then the door opened, and the stranger entered.

Tall, and exquisitely proportioned, with an air at once distingue and easy; handsome features and large, dark eyes; hair and full beard a rich brown, in which blended a few gray threads. This was the picture of the one who paused a moment near the threshold to survey the little group of ladies. Then, as Ethel advanced a few steps to meet him, he exclaimed:

"My darling daughter, I am rejoiced to see you!" at the same time folding her to his bosom in a joyful embrace.  
 (To be continued.)

**GEESSE CATCH FISH FOR HIM.**

**Canny Way in Which a Scotchman Gets His Dinner.**

"An old Scotchman and neighbor of mine," says an enthusiastic angler from Rockland county, "has a method of taking fresh water fish which, to my way of thinking, excels all others for the ease, repose and success with which it is conducted. The fisherman living on the border of Rockland Lake desires, we will say, a mess of pike, perch or pickerel, with which the waters are amply stocked. Well, he simply goes out to his barn-yard and selects a big goose or a half dozen geese as the case may be, and ties a baited line about five feet long to their feet.

"On reaching the edge of the lake with a basket containing one or more geese the fisherman turns the birds in the water. The geese swim out and the old Scotchman lights his pipe and sits down. In a few minutes a fish seizes the bait and seizes it, giving the goose a good pull. The bird starts for the shore at full speed, frightened half to death, dragging the fish upon the bank where it is unhooked."

**Taking Life Too Seriously.**

Taking life too seriously is said to be an especially American failing. This may be true; but, judging from appearances, it would seem to be world-wide, for, go where you may, you will find the proportion of serious, not to say anxious, faces ten to one as compared with the merry or happy ones. If "the outer is always the form and shadow of the inner" and if "the present is the fullness of the past and the herald of the future" (and how can we doubt it?), how many sad histories can be read in the faces of those we meet every day! The pity of it is, too, that the sadness is a self-woven garment, even as is the joy with which it might be replaced. Ruskin says: "Girls should be sunbeams not only to members of their own circle, but to everybody with whom they come in contact. Every room they enter should be brighter for their presence." Why shouldn't all of be sunbeams, boys as well as girls, all along the way from twenty-five years and under to eighty-five years and over?

**The Origin of Pyrography.**

About a century ago an artist named Cranch was standing one day in front of a fire in his home at Axminster. Over the fireplace was an oak mantelpiece, and it occurred to Cranch that this expanse of wood might be improved by a little ornamentation. He picked up the poker, heated it red-hot and began to sketch in a bold design. The result pleased him so much that he elaborated his work and began to attempt other fire pictures on panels of wood. These met with a ready sale, and Cranch soon gave all his time to his new art. This was the beginning of what is now known as pyrography. The poker artist of to-day uses many different shaped tools and has a special furnace in which they are kept heated. The art has been elaborated greatly. The knots, curls and fibers of the wood are often worked into the design and delicate tinting produced by scorching the panel.

**Papa's Blessing and a Check.**

Willful Daughter—Now, papa, we're married and you might as well give us your blessing.  
 Papa (resignedly, reaching for his checkbook)—Well, if I must, I must. How much do you want?—Baltimore American.

**Not Particular.**

"What kind of tobacco does he smoke?"  
 "Well, he never objects to mine."—Detroit Free Press.

**A DOCTOR'S MISSION**  
 BY EMILY THORNTON  
 Author of "ROY RUSSELL'S ROLE,"  
 "GLENROV," "THE FASHIONABLE MOTHER," ETC.

**CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)**

"My peerless darling, would I need not leave you. But a very few weeks will reunite us, never again to be parted. As soon as I return I shall want my wife. Shall I have her?"

"Yes; Earle, my Earle, will you surely be back by October fifth?"  
 "Yes; positively. This is but the last of August; I shall have plenty of time to reach here then. But what is to happen on that date?"

"It will be my twenty-first birthday, and then, as I told you once, a package I held is to be opened, and I shall learn my true name, and receive a small sum, enough for my support. Had you forgotten this? Will the uncertainty of my relationships cause any change in your feelings? My dear aunt assured me there was nothing to be ashamed of in my family record."

Ethel asked this question with a sudden timidity of feeling, a dread she could scarcely account for. This dread, however, was instantly dispersed by his answer.

"Change in my feelings? Nothing but my death can change my love for you! I only hope the news you will learn on that date will increase your happiness. Whatever it may be, it shall not delay our union one hour; I promise you that; will you promise me the same?"

"I will," she murmured, "since ours will be a marriage founded on the purest love, no worldly expectations or disappointments shall sever us."

Happy in their reciprocal love, they fondly embraced and parted. Little they thought as they each passed from sight what important changes would take place in the fortunes of at least one of them before they met again.

**CHAPTER XXIII.**

After Dr. Eifenstein had left the castle he leaped into his gig with a light step and lighter heart, and, touching his horse with a whip, started off at a rapid pace for a village about fifteen miles distant. On the way he passed the post-office, and running in asked for his letters and papers.

Among the letters was one from New York, and the black envelope filled him with dismay, as he felt sure it was the forerunner of sorrowful news. Opening it with a trembling hand, he found his worst fears fulfilled. It contained the dreadful news of his mother's death, just two weeks before.

Poor Eifenstein the shock was to him a terrible one. He had loved his mother tenderly, and was anticipating the greatest pleasure in soon seeing her again, and perhaps inducing her to accompany him back to his English home. Now all was vain.

Controlling his feelings as best he could, the mourning son resumed his seat and drove onward, resolved, although dazed by the suddenness of this blow, to attend to his duties to the living, even though his own heart bled.

We will not follow him upon that ride, which proved successful—a physician of well-known capability being secured to attend to his patients during his absence—nor will we paint the incidents of his voyage, which proved to be short and propitious, but will present him next to our readers when just entering Mr. Rappelye's house at Yonkers. His appearance was expected, as he had telegraphed of his arrival in New York, and intention of leaving for his residence on the early train.

A bright smile greeted him, and the firm pressure of his hand told that he was truly welcome. The sick man certainly had gained some strength since he had left, for now he sat beside a window, in a large easy chair, and it was evident that he could carry on a conversation without the presence and aid of Mr. Gray, his lawyer.

After a few polite and friendly remarks, Dr. Eifenstein drew a chair close to his side, and laying a finger upon his pulse, smilingly said, as he did so:

"I am going to see now, my dear sir, how much news you can bear to be told. Do you feel strong enough to bear a good large amount?"

Grasping his hand in one of his thin ones, the poor man answered, eagerly: "Yes, indeed I do! If you have news that I yearn to hear, it will be better than all the medicines I have swallowed in a lifetime. Doctor, tell me at once, has the mystery been solved? Is my innocence established?"

"Perfectly established. Your brother was not murdered, only terribly abused. He has been found, and died a natural death in my own house."

Clasping his hands together, while large tears rolled over his pallid cheeks, the innocent brother raised his eyes to heaven, and murmured, reverently:

"For this, Thy great mercy, I thank Thee, O God!"

A long pause ensued, Eifenstein purposely refraining from saying more, until his first agitation had passed away. Then, as discreetly as possible, pausing every once in a while to note the effect on his feeble form, and to watch his varying pulse, he slowly told him the whole story, leaving the reading of the affecting journal until another day.

"Oh, my brother, my poor, dear brother! how terrible must have been his feelings all those years of solitude and despair! Doctor, thus you see my own troubles have been but a speck upon the ocean compared with his."

"Most true; and now, dear sir, you must also be aware that, since both brothers are dead, you have become possessor of title and estate. Allow me to be the first to congratulate Sir Fitzroy Glendenning."

The old man received the kind pressure of his hand and tender words with deep emotion, then suddenly exclaimed: "And to you I owe this speedy discovery and this great joy."

he broke the spell with these strange words:

"Since God in his great goodness has thus established my innocence, I am no longer afraid to own, and claim my son, and he need never be ashamed to call me father!"

"Have you, indeed, a son, my dear friend? This, then, will be to him also a joy. I did not understand that you had been married."

"I had been secretly married, and my wife, Clara Mowbray, who was the orphan daughter of the late Presbyterian minister in a small village, came with me to America, unknown to any one, for she had no near relatives. She embarked, I say, with me, bringing our little boy, aged two years. A fever broke out on the ship, during our long passage, and my darling wife died, just two days before we arrived in port. It was after she had been lain away to rest in Greenwood, that my sickness came upon me, caused by great grief and trouble, and Mr. Eifenstein came to my relief. It was to him I solemnly gave my only child, my little Earle. I then assumed the name of Rappelye, not even his wife knowing of the change."

"Sir, what can you mean? Did I hear aright?" exclaimed Eifenstein, starting forward, pale with surprise, as this singular assertion fell upon his ears.

"You did! My dear son, you did! You are my own child and heir, Earle Eifenstein Glendenning, and to you will fall at my death my title and my estates. Come to my arms, my dear boy, for it is twenty-five years since I have held you there!"

Clasped then in a close, fond embrace, father and son shed tears together—tears of thankfulness and joy.

Thus, while Earle Glendenning still mourned for the only mother he had ever known, his mother by adoption, the wound, so suddenly inflicted, was partially healed by the gift of a fond father, over whose feeble health and declining days he now had a perfect and tender right to watch and guard.

By the time they reached Glendenning Hall Sir Fitzroy was able to walk around with a cane, and really seemed to have taken a new lease upon health and life.

With joy Earle marked this change, and when he saw how intensely happy he was thus to be restored to his own home and rightful place, and how proud to boast an honorable name and righteous life, he thanked heaven and prayed that he might be spared long to its enjoyment, for his lengthened days he knew would add to his own pleasure, as it was so sweet to own a father's love, a father's blessing.

But in his heart he felt that no hope of permanent change for the better could be possible, as his maladies were incurable; therefore, he redoubled his watchfulness over his beloved form, standing ready to aid by skill and advice, as far as Providence would permit, to check the great weakness he felt sure would ensue as soon as a reaction, after all this excitement, should take place.

I need not describe the intense delight of the lovers when they were again united, or the surprise Ethel felt on being told that Earle had found a father since he left her, and a new, but rightful, name and inheritance. This news he had not written, preferring to tell it in person.

Sir Fitzroy was delighted with his future daughter-in-law, for Earle could not rest until he had taken Ethel to the hall, in order to make them acquainted.

His feeble health made this visit perfectly proper, and certainly gave great pleasure to the old gentleman. From that time he, as well as Earle, looked forward to the wedding day, which was finally decided to take place by the twentieth of October, with profound pleasure.

A few days after their arrival at the hall, Sir Fitzroy told his son that he felt sufficiently recruited from his fatigue, to visit the ruins, and see the room so long the prison of his unfortunate brother, and, leaning on Earle's arm, he proceeded to the mournful place.

It was well a skilled physician attended him on this sad visit, as he was greatly overcome by all he saw, that so vividly told of the cruel sufferings one he had loved had endured for twenty-five long years.

The tears he shed over each symbol of that long captivity were almost unnumbered, and Earle led him away from the spot, resolving that all these harrowing remembrances should, if possible, be removed from the place. If not in his father's lifetime, at least as soon as he had passed away. But to his great surprise, after he had rested and become calm, Sir Fitzroy said voluntarily:

"I never, never wish to go there again! I have seen it all once, let that suffice. Now I wish the old ruined part with the concealed room torn down as soon as it can be done."

Earle waited for no further orders, but that very day engaged workmen to at once demolish all evidences of that sin-dyed spot, and soon an elegant gallery, for pictures and statuary, stood where had been hitherto but neglect and decay.

**CHAPTER XXIV.**

The time for opening the package left in Ethel's charge by Mrs. Neverall was now fast approaching, it being the first of October, and consequently she began to feel exceedingly anxious in regard to the unknown parent, who was to present himself upon the fifth.

What sort of a person should she find in him, and would he be satisfied with her attainments and appearance? These questions were continually presenting themselves to the mind of the poor girl.

On the morning of the second, a letter was placed in her hand by one of the servants, and as "private" was written on the outside, she at once repaired to her own room in order to read it while