

**THE WINDS' STORY.**  
The North Wind blew at night off the sea,  
Saying, "Sorrowful, sorrowful, all of me!  
I sing of the numbing Winter's breath,  
I sing of snow, and death.  
I bring in the wave with the broken spar,  
And the gray sea curling over the bar.  
Drifting at night from a cold bright star—  
Sorrowful, sorrowful, all of me!"

The South Wind blew at noon off the sea,  
Singing, "Sorrowful, sorrowful, come to me!  
I sing of the golden butternut breast,  
I sing the peace of death.  
I bring in the shells with the laughing tide,  
And follow the brown sails home, and slide  
In the drowsy heat down the meadow side—  
Sorrowful, sorrowful, come to me!"

The East Wind blew at noon off the sea,  
Crying, "Sorrowful, sorrowful, all of me!  
I sing of the piercing iceberg's breath,  
I sing of the horror of death,  
And the tempest's shriek in the rigging  
black,  
And the spindrift wreath and the rolling  
wreck,  
And the boat that never again comes back—  
Sorrowful, sorrowful, all of me!"

The West Wind blew at dawn off the sea,  
Calling, "Sorrowful, sorrowful, come to me!  
I sing of the joyous salt sea breath,  
I sing, there is no death!  
I murmur of sea caves rosy and deep,  
And the glittering wharves where the shoal fish  
leap,  
And the lapse of the tide as it sinks to  
sleep—  
Sorrowful, sorrowful, come to me!"  
—A. E. Gillington.

### THE FALSE SUMMONS.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

HE red curtains were drawn, the fire blazed cheerily on the hearth, and the click of the sleepy rain against the window-panes only seemed to heighten the enjoyment within, where a shaded lamp gave out its serene glow, and the pictured folds of an ancient Chinese screen shut all possible and impossible draughts away from the ruddy fireside.

Doctor Fengrove sat on one side, with the newspaper in his lap; Mrs. Fengrove sat on the other, tranquilly occupied in darning stockings, while a chubby year-old lay asleep in its crib, just where the freight touched its curls with fleeting glimpses of gold.

"Well," said the doctor, letting the newspaper slip down to the floor, "this is comfortable. I don't often get an evening at home since—Hello! What's that! Some one knocking at the kitchen door."

Mrs. Fengrove rose and answered the summons. Presently, she came back. "It's Milo York, doctor," said she. "Milo York, eh?" Doctor Fengrove's countenance darkened as he spoke. "Didn't I tell Milo York never to darken my door again?"

"But he's hungry, my dear," pleaded the gentle-hearted woman, "and homeless. Mr. Ervaton has turned him away, and—"

"Don't blame Mr. Ervaton!" tartly interrupted her husband. "A miserable, drunken loafer, who—"

"Don't think he has been drinking to-night, doctor," said Mrs. Fengrove. "He looks pale and tired. He says he has had nothing to eat since noon and has no place to sleep."

"That's no affair of mine!" retorted Doctor Fengrove, who, though free-hearted and hospitably inclined in general, had hardened his heart like a flint against this particular instance of humanity.

Mrs. Fengrove still hesitated. "What shall I tell him?" asked she. "Tell him to go about his business," returned the doctor, energetically stirring the fire until a red stream of sparks flew up the chimney.

Mrs. Fengrove closed the door, and went back to the kitchen porch. "Milo," said she, "my husband will have nothing to say to you."

"I don't blame him much," dejectedly responded Milo York, who was, indeed, an unpromising-looking subject enough, with his unkempt hair hanging over his brow, his garments in rags, and the end of his nose chilled and purpled with the bitter night air.

"But it's a dreadful night," softly added Mrs. Fengrove. "Wait over here—the porch will shelter you from the rain. The coffee-pot is on the stove yet, and I'll bring you a plate of bread and cold meat and a bowl of coffee."

lay-loft, but she lacked courage to confess the whole thing to her husband. "It will be all right, I dare say," she told herself. "But Milo York mustn't come hanging around here any more."

In the dead of the tempestuous night, there came a ring at the doctor's night-bell. Old Mr. Castleton was very ill—dying, perhaps! The doctor was wanted at once!

With a yawn, our good Eccelestus rose out of his warm bed, dressed himself and, saddling old Roan, set out for his midnight ride of six long miles. But when he reached Castleton Court, all was still and dark. He rang two or three times before a night-capped head popped out of the window—that of the old squire himself.

"Dear, dear!" said Squire Castleton. "What's the matter? Nobody ill, I hope?"

"Why, you are, aren't you?" testily demanded Doctor Fengrove. "Not a bit of it!" said the squire, in surprise. "Didn't you send for me?"

"No, I didn't," said the squire. "And if you've got anything more to say, you'd better come in out of the sleet storm and say it."

"No," said Doctor Fengrove, setting his teeth together, "I'll not come in, thank you."

"It ain't a joke, is it?" questioned Squire Castleton. "I'm afraid it's something more serious than a joke," said Doctor Fengrove. "Good-night."

And, turning old Roan's head, he set spurs to him and trotted rapidly away. Evidently, the night call was a concerted plan—a plan to leave his home unprotected—and his mind turned, with keen distrust, to Milo York and his tale of distress.

"God keep Dolly and the little one safe until I get home again!" he muttered, between his closed lips. "Faster, Roan, faster!" with a touch of the whip, which was scarcely needed, so thoroughly did the good horse enter into the spirit of his rider. "You know not how much may depend upon your speed to-night!"

Meanwhile, Mrs. Fengrove, who had just fallen into a restless slumber, after locking the door behind her husband, was unaccountably startled once again by a low, steadily continuous sound like the rasping of some hard instrument. She sat up in bed and listened a minute. Under her window the sound of muffled and subdued voices was audible, even above the rattle and roar of this wintry storm.

"Burglars!" she gasped to herself. "And my husband is gone—and—Oh, Milo York is at the bottom of this! How wrong it was of me to give him shelter in the barn!"

Springing to her feet, she threw on a blue flannel dressing gown, and hurried to the cupboard, where her few simple treasures were kept, besides the square, morocco case containing Aunt Dorothy's service of solid, old-fashioned china. She turned the key and was just dropping it into her pocket, when a rude grasp fell on her arm.

"No you don't!" muttered a gruff voice. "Give that here!"

Mrs. Fengrove's heart turned chill as death as she found herself face to face with a tall, ruffianly man, whose face was half hidden by a sort of visor or mask of black leather, while another man was busily engaged in ransacking the bureau drawers opposite.

"Give it here!" he uttered savagely. "Or," grasping the throat of the sleeping baby, who had awakened with a cry of infant terror, "I'll wring the brat's neck as if it were a chicken's."

Mrs. Fengrove gave a shriek of affright, but at the same second a stunning blow from a spade handle felled the man opposite, like a log, to the floor, and a strong hand, twisting itself, vice-like, in the neckerchief of the nearest villain, compelled him to loose his hold of the child.

"You will, will you?" thundered Milo York. "Not if I know it, I guess!"

When I was 'most ready to drop. God bless her! And I heard their footsteps just after you had gone out, and I suspected as all wasn't right. So I just got up and crept after 'em, and here they is," with a nod toward the two captives on the floor. "And if you'll just lend a hand, doctor, we'll hit 'em out into the hall, where they won't interfere with folks, and then I'll go over to the village for the constable and the hand-cuffs."

"How can I ever reward you for this, Milo?" said Doctor Fengrove, in tones stifled by emotion. "I don't want no reward," said Milo, stoutly. "I'd a done more nor that for her," with a twitch of his head toward Mrs. Fengrove. "Ah, sir, you don't know the sort o' feelin' a man has for the only person is all the world as holds out a helping hand when he's ready to drop with hunger and faintness! And now," more briskly, "I'll go."

"Dolly," said the doctor, as the honest fellow vanished, "what would have become of us all this night if you had not been more merciful and tender-hearted than I. God be praised that your sweet woman-nature gained the victory!"

That was the last midnight alarm that our doctor's family ever sustained. The two burglars, discovered to be old and experienced hands at the business, were safely lodged in State prison for the longest practicable term; the gang was effectually broken up, and the neighborhood was at peace again.

And Milo York is an objectless, despised tramp no longer. He is Dr. Fengrove's "hired man" now, as much a friend as a servant, and you may see him, any sunny day, at work in the garden, with the baby playing around him. "All I wanted was a chance," Milo York says.—The Ledger.

**In a Thief's Eye.**  
The eye always indicates the character of the man. This is particularly true of thieves, for the expert detective can tell in almost every case whether or not a man is a thief by simply looking him squarely in the eye. A well-known Allegheny detective, in speaking of this matter to a Pittsburg Press reporter the other day, said:

"Yes, I can pick a thief out every time. I can't tell you what it is that gives the man away except that it is the expression of the eye. In the first place there are few thieves that will look you squarely in the eye unless they are obliged to do so. They will avoid your glance as long as they can, and even when they do face you and gaze steadily at you it is always with the same expression. Although their eyes may be wide open and the gaze apparently steady, you will see, if you look closely, that there is something awry back through the corner trying to avoid you. I have picked out numbers of thieves by this little dodging movement. I never saw a thief who was free from it."

"Everybody has met that man who resolutely refuses to meet a steady gaze for more than three or four seconds at a time. It is not fair to say that all such persons are dishonest. In many cases the peculiarity is a direct result of bashfulness."

"A little close observation will enable the observer to put persons in the class to which they belong. The man whose eye is almond-shaped is almost always dishonest at heart, if not in overt act. The eyes of some of the most notorious thieves in the country are of this pattern, and the expression given the face by this sort of eye is very striking."

Another characteristic thief's eye is one whose lower lid is straight while the upper one is more or less arched. The straight lower lid is always noticeable, however, the effect being a very cunning and foxlike expression. Detectives usually have very noticeable eyes, keen and clear, although one of the best thief takers that the writer has ever known has big brown eyes, as innocent in expression as those of a frank and honest schoolboy. This is his natural expression, but when he becomes interested in anything his lids close and his gaze is as penetrating as that of an eagle.

**The Home of the Doll.**  
The finest dolls now come from Germany, which has overtaken France in this industry. Nuremberg, as everybody knows, is the most important center of the manufacture. It has been the home of doll making for many centuries. A generation ago the finest dolls had wax heads, but this material had the disadvantage of being very perishable, and it has gone altogether out of fashion. The best heads nowadays are of "bisque," which is a kind of porcelain with a rough finish. Papier mache is molded into shape for the bodies, legs and arms, the wrists and ankles having ball and socket joints, so that the hands and feet can be put in any position. The fact seems remarkable that one can buy to-day a doll of the fine description, with hair that looks like human hair, dressed even to shoes, stockings and cap, for so small a price as \$1. Half a dozen years ago the same article would cost \$3.—Washington Star.

**Rude Middle Age Manners.**  
During the earlier portions of the Middle Ages meat and barley formed the principal articles of diet, and the highest culinary attainment was that of roasting a pig and disguising the taste, so that the meat was taken for chicken. Everything was rude. For several centuries the lord and his lady dispensed with forks, and sometimes knives, at their meals, and not infrequently ate together from the same plate. "In those times," says a writer, about the year 1300, speaking of the age of Frederick II., "the manners of the Italians were rude. A man and his wife ate off the same plate. There were no wooden handled knives, nor more than one or two drinking cups in the house. Candles of wax or tallow were not known; the servant held a torch during supper. The common people ate flesh but three times a week and kept their cold meat for supper. A small stock of wheat sounded riches."—New York Observer.



**ORNAMENTS 'IN THE ROUGH.'**  
Two of the most beautiful articles of feminine adornment are singularly ugly and unattractive in their crude state. Tortoise shell, as it comes to market from the West Indies, is coarse, dirty and lustreless, and only the most skillful and patient manipulation makes it the rich and beautiful material it eventually becomes. Ostrich plumes, as they arrive in this market, look like bedraggled turkey feathers, and they pass through a score of hands before they become the fluffy and graceful adjunct to feminine attire.—New York Sun.

**PREFERS SINGLE WOMEN TEACHERS.**  
Superintendent Lane, of the Board of Education, approves of Daniel R. Cameron's proposal to discontinue the employment of married women as teachers in the public schools. The Superintendent said the other day: "As a rule married women are not satisfactory teachers. They are unable to devote all their time to the work of teaching. They fill two positions, either of which demands undivided attention. For some years the number of married women in our schools has been increasing. The result has been injurious, on the whole. I believe the practice should be checked."—Chicago News Record.

**A PRICELESS FAN.**  
Amongst the treasures belonging to Adeline Patti is one that she values above all others—namely, a fan which bears words written by almost all European sovereigns. The Queen of England has written: "If King Lear spoke the truth when he said that a sweet voice was the most precious gift that a woman could possess, you, my dear Adeline, must be the richest woman in the world." The Emperor and Empress of Austria have simply written their signatures. Kaiser William I. wrote: "Der Nachtigall aller Zeiten." The Czar: "Rien comme votre chant." The Queen Regent of Spain's words are: "A L'Espagnole, une reine, que est fere de la compteur au nombre de ses sujets," and the Queen of the Belgians has written the first bar of the "Russwaiser."—Chicago Herald.

**PICTURE HATS.**  
The large "picture" hats were much used at English weddings during the season, and are finding more and more favor over here. October will see a number of fashionable weddings, and at several of them the English fashion, a number of bridesmaids in "picture" hats and gowns to carry the bride's train, will be seen. The train of an English bride's wedding gown is something to be borne, indeed. Like their gigantic wedding cakes, it has never been imported in its full length. Some striking bridesmaids' hats of the "picture" sort were those at a recent wedding. They were of black lace, stiffened, and were trimmed with white roses and tied with green velvet strings. Less striking but prettier were some others at another ceremony, of white lace beautifully trimmed with heliotrope velvet and feathers, and tied with strings of the same hue.—New York Times.

**EXIT PLUSH.**  
Exit the fashion of plush! We wore mantles and cloaks of plush, we garnished our bonnets and gowns with plush, and our drawing rooms broke out in curtains and cushions of the same rich fabric. And then there came a day—that day which always comes, alas!—when plush had come down. Then our souls revolted. Homely serge replaced our handsome draperies, and as for our persons, they were clad in velvet or velveteen; in fact, in anything but plush. Witness the result. Yet, as far as intrinsic beauty goes, could there be a more beautiful fabric than good plush? Its durability also is far in advance of its sisters, velvet and velveteen, but unless skillfully managed it is apt to have a clumsy effect when worn. We had begun to realize this when Mary Jane appeared in her Sunday best profusely trimmed with the same said plush. That decided us, and for the last two or three years plush has been placed on the Index Expurgatorius, and there, until the wheel of fashion turns round once more, it seems likely to remain.—New York Press.

**THE NEW COIFFURES.**  
The new coiffure for young ladies is copied from the classic simplicity of the Clysie busts, and is formed by waving the front hair in long regular waves on each side of the parting leaving a few short hairs to break out carelessly from the rest and fall on the forehead. The hair is then coiled softly and smoothly at the back, with a few wavy loose locks in the neck.

Another pretty fancy is that of dressing the hair in a long, loose coil from the crown of the head nearly to the neck, the heavier part of the mass being twisted in the centre and lighter curled strands being massed at the top. A fringe of curls falls in the neck. Not for many years have so many and such elaborate decorations been used as part of the coiffure. Flowers, ribbons, and manner of fillets, pins, diamond and pearl charms, amber and gold ornaments. The girl with the cameo face wears a single rose, drooping just back of her left ear; the girl with the round and piquant face wears a ribbon of gold with pert little upstanding bows, or a jeweled eagle's feather adorns her tresses in a fashion borrowed like most of our ornaments, from our savage sisters.—Detroit Free Press.

**WHY WOMEN FIB ABOUT THEIR AGE.**  
"A woman will always tell a story about her age," is an adage that has driven many women to do so who would never have thought of fibbing if they had had any reasons to think their truthful statement would be believed. It isn't so much a clinging to vanished youth that impels them to this sort of thing, for if one looks young what matters it whether thirty or forty birthdays have been put down to their account; but one does not like to be made out older than the actual age that can be proved by the record in the old family Bible. Therefore, as everyone mentally adds three or four years to the uttermost sentiment of a woman regarding her age it behooves her, if she wishes them to know really how old she is, to just subtract this number from the genuine one and let them add it on, making her out just exactly what she is. Another very trying thing in connection with this subject is that men, false, fickle and fair, will not admire a woman so much who confesses to forty even though she looks but twenty. The Philadelphia Times thinks men are superficial critics and unless they know for a certainty the years that have passed over some golden-brown head they will be taken by the owner so long as she manages to look and act young and does not acknowledge the age that she does not show. No matter how beautiful she appeared before, once she confesses to over thirty she becomes "a well preserved woman" in his eyes, not the adorable bit of feminine loveliness he has been wont to praise. Therefore, not innate untruthfulness, but the force of circumstances compels a woman to tell a story on this one topic at least.

**FASHION NOTES.**  
Glycerinated water renders the skin soft, white and supple.  
A favorite combination for evening wear will be pale green and white.  
Poplins are very popular, and make up charmingly in the Russian styles.  
Persian lamb is advancing in price because it is a fur that is fashionably worshipped.  
Ribbons on the hair, on the gowns, and on the wraps will be fashionable this winter.  
Use rain water for washing the face whenever possible. It is excellent for the complexion.  
Poufde coiffures with jet ornaments, are introduced in London and Paris, and meet with favor.  
White beaver, pale fawn, cinnamon and dark plum cloth are chosen for coats, with collar, cuffs and pockets of velvet.  
High jet collars are worn and jetted lace on tablier, disposed across the bodices or front of skirt for black satin or silk gowns.  
One of the latest French fashions is to have the corsets and silk petticoats match exactly; this has a very pretty and finished effect.  
A new use of an old idea is the adaptation of the rosette to lines of hat trimming other than silk, velvet and ribbon. The feather rosette is seen in great variety.  
Cloth crowns and large squares of cloth for folding upon turban frames have rosettes thrown up in silk moss. Rhinestone pins are in rosette form, as also jet ornaments.  
Magenta is notable in the feather colors because it is old enough to be new. Pale straw color is effective with black. Wood color is used repeatedly, and is combined with every shade.  
A fall trimming of a novel kind is a drapery of velvet worked with silk on the edge in a floral pattern and laid around the crown of felt hats of the new shape, shortly curved up all round, and which, looked at in front, appear very narrow.  
Worth has introduced for carriage, opera and reception wear white or light cloth short cloaks, lined with blue, rose or velvet silk, which is turned up, to finish the lower edge of cloak, for a quarter of a yard, and embroidered in gold, silver or white floss.  
The prettiest new feather is a white egrette, curled up in a crisp tangle of feather threads, so fine and delicate that the egrette looks as though made of spun glass. These spun-glass egrettes make the tail to some of the queer birds. One such has brown wings made of two fluffy brown chicken feathers, and a head as green as grass.  
Violet and green, green with dark purple and light lavender, and the latter alone, are frequent. A spray egrette that is very beautiful is green, with a glint of gold. It is made of ostrich tips stripped close to the rib all the way up, and gracefully curled. Green in rich shades is, next to brown, the most universal color.  
Beautiful hats are of snow white open work lace, black velvet, white tips and egrettes, and rhinestone jet buckles. The number of tips and egrettes on one hat is remarkable. The broad brim of lace, with low, full Tam crown of velvet, the feathers fastened at one side by the big buckle, and turning backward, are the special features of these hats; no strings are used.

**BLACKING THE STOVE.**  
Coffee is used for mixing blacking for the stove, in order to make it stick closer and last longer. Most housekeepers prefer the old-fashioned blacking to any of the cements, because of its lasting qualities. The cement is easier to apply, as it requires no labor in polishing. No stove should be blacked more than once a month, but it should be kept clean by instantly wiping off any clots of grease which may be spilled upon it. The flues of a stove should certainly be cleaned as often as once a month.—Boston Cultivator.

**DELICIOUS LEFT-OVER DISHES.**  
A delicious dish is made by cooking together a tablespoonful of butter and one of flour, stirring these until they bubble, and pouring on them a half-pint of milk, still stirring constantly. Into the white sauce thus made stir the picked upremains of cold boiled, baked or broiled fish. About two cupfuls will be the right proportion to the amount of sauce. Season it well and toss it with a fork until it is heated through. Add the juice of half a lemon just before serving.  
A dish that will commend itself to vegetarians is prepared by heating a pint of stewed tomatoes and adding to this a cup of cold lima beans and one of cold corn out from the cob. Cook together five minutes and serve.  
Cold lamb, veal or chicken is excellent warmed in a sauce made by melting together a tablespoonful of butter and one of currant jelly, and adding to it a saltspoonful of dry mustard. When the mixture simmers lay in the meat, cut in thin slices and let it cook to three minutes. Pepper and salt to taste.—New York World.

**WHY MEAT IS DONE.**  
The orthodox rule for the cooking of meat, fish and fowl is to allow a quarter of an hour to every pound; yet this recipe needs to be mixed with brains. Some families like rare, others well-done meats; again, a joint may be unusually thick or remarkably thin; again, full grown and mature meats, such as beef and mutton, are best with red gravy oozing from them; while immature or white meats, such as lamb, veal, pork, etc., are absolutely dangerous unless done through to be bone. A good rule is to allow twelve to fifteen minutes according to the taste of the family and the thickness of the joint, for the cooking of every pound of beef and mutton; fifteen to eighteen minutes for the cooking of every pound of pork, veal, lamb, ham, bacon, fish and every kind of fowl.  
Accidents happen, however; the oven may be too hot or too cool, the fire too low, and—what not! So a cook should learn to know, by the appearance of the meat itself, when it is sufficiently cooked. How can this be done? By carefully observing the appearance of the meat around the centre bone or bones. If the learner be in doubt, the blade of a knife can be run in about an inch into the bone, and the meat, slightly raised and examined for a moment or two. After one or two trials, this will be found to be an infallible method. It is quite right that next to the bone beef and mutton should be red and juicy, but if the beef be blue or the mutton has that strange, raw look peculiar to mutton that has just felt the heat of the fire, the joints need a little more cooking; while white meats should be white, even to the bone, with the exception, perhaps, of lamb, which many people prefer with a little pinky juice oozing through.

**MUSHROOMS.**  
Mushroom Stew—Peel a gallon of fresh mushrooms, sprinkle with salt and pepper, put in a saucapan with a tea-cup of boiling water and two tablespoons of butter. Let simmer ten minutes, pour in a pint of cream, thicken with flour, let boil up once, and serve.  
Fried Mushrooms—Take large mushrooms, peel and remove the stems, roll in grated cracker, dip in beaten eggs, then in the cracker meal again, sprinkle with pepper and salt and fry in butter, garnish with sliced lemon.  
Mushrooms and Eggs—Peel and cut large mushrooms in halves, stew ten minutes in a little water, to which add an ounce of butter, season with salt and pepper. Drain, put the mushrooms in a baking dish, break enough fresh eggs to cover the top, dust with salt and pepper, spread with stale bread crumbs and bits of butter, set in the oven until the eggs set.  
Baked Mushrooms—Select large firm mushrooms, peel, cut off the stalks close to the top, place them upside down in a pie dish, sprinkle with salt and pepper and lay a bit of butter on each mushroom. Set in a quick oven twenty minutes, baste two or three times with a little melted butter. Serve hot.  
Shells of Mushrooms—Chop one onion, fry in butter, when brown add a pound of finely chopped mushrooms and simmer until half cooked, soak two anchovies, pound them in a mortar with a teaspoonful of French mustard and three tablespoons of brown gravy, mix with and pour in with the mushrooms, boil three minutes and fill the shells.  
Scalloped Mushrooms—Cover the bottom of a buttered dish with a layer of dried bread crumbs, sprinkle over with pepper and salt and bits of butter, moisten with cream, place a layer of mushrooms alternately with bread until the dish is full. Cover the top with bits of butter, pour over a pint of cream and bake for one hour.  
Macaroni with Mushrooms—Parboil half a pound of macaroni, drain and set to keep warm. Put a pint of water, one small onion, a sprig of parsley and a tablespoonful of vinegar in a saucapan with a little salt and pepper. Set over fire, let come to a boil and add a quart of peeled mushrooms, let cook ten minutes, stir in two beaten eggs. Put a layer of macaroni in the bottom of a dish, then a layer of the mushrooms, continue until the dish is full, have the mushrooms on top. Set in the stove and brown.—Courier-Journal.

**HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.**  
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Shells of Mushrooms—Chop one onion, fry in butter, when brown add a pound of finely chopped mushrooms and simmer until half cooked, soak two anchovies, pound them in a mortar with a teaspoonful of French mustard and three tablespoons of brown gravy, mix with and pour in with the mushrooms, boil three minutes and fill the shells.  
Scalloped Mushrooms—Cover the bottom of a buttered dish with a layer of dried bread crumbs, sprinkle over with pepper and salt and bits of butter, moisten with cream, place a layer of mushrooms alternately with bread until the dish is full. Cover the top with bits of butter, pour over a pint of cream and bake for one hour.  
Macaroni with Mushrooms—Parboil half a pound of macaroni, drain and set to keep warm. Put a pint of water, one small onion, a sprig of parsley and a tablespoonful of vinegar in a saucapan with a little salt and pepper. Set over fire, let come to a boil and add a quart of peeled mushrooms, let cook ten minutes, stir in two beaten eggs. Put a layer of macaroni in the bottom of a dish, then a layer of the mushrooms, continue until the dish is full, have the mushrooms on top. Set in the stove and brown.—Courier-Journal.

**WHY MEAT IS DONE.**  
The orthodox rule for the cooking of meat, fish and fowl is to allow a quarter of an hour to every pound; yet this recipe needs to be mixed with brains. Some families like rare, others well-done meats; again, a joint may be unusually thick or remarkably thin; again, full grown and mature meats, such as beef and mutton, are best with red gravy oozing from them; while immature or white meats, such as lamb, veal, pork, etc., are absolutely dangerous unless done through to be bone. A good rule is to allow twelve to fifteen minutes according to the taste of the family and the thickness of the joint, for the cooking of every pound of beef and mutton; fifteen to eighteen minutes for the cooking of every pound of pork, veal, lamb, ham, bacon, fish and every kind of fowl.  
Accidents happen, however; the oven may be too hot or too cool, the fire too low, and—what not! So a cook should learn to know, by the appearance of the meat itself, when it is sufficiently cooked. How can this be done? By carefully observing the appearance of the meat around the centre bone or bones. If the learner be in doubt, the blade of a knife can be run in about an inch into the bone, and the meat, slightly raised and examined for a moment or two. After one or two trials, this will be found to be an infallible method. It is quite right that next to the bone beef and mutton should be red and juicy, but if the beef be blue or the mutton has that strange, raw look peculiar to mutton that has just felt the heat of the fire, the joints need a little more cooking; while white meats should be white, even to the bone, with the exception, perhaps, of lamb, which many people prefer with a little pinky juice oozing through.

**MUSHROOMS.**  
Mushroom Stew—Peel a gallon of fresh mushrooms, sprinkle with salt and pepper, put in a saucapan with a tea-cup of boiling water and two tablespoons of butter. Let simmer ten minutes, pour in a pint of cream, thicken with flour, let boil up once, and serve.  
Fried Mushrooms—Take large mushrooms, peel and remove the stems, roll in grated cracker, dip in beaten eggs, then in the cracker meal again, sprinkle with pepper and salt and fry in butter, garnish with sliced lemon.  
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