Sunny Bank Farm

BY

FLOYD LIVINGSTON

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

There was a silence for some minutes, and when he spoke again it was of faces, which, without regularity of features or brilliancy of complexion, still had an expression exceedingly pleasing and attractive. "I do not say yours is such a face," said he, "for I never flatter; but I do say, and I mean it, too, that I like your looks far better than I do Miss Thompson's."

I found Doctor Clayton a most agreeable companion, and ere the close of that ride, he was "all the world" to me. In short, I suppose I was as much in love as a child of thirteen can well be; and when we at last reached home and I introduced him to my mother and sisters, I blushed like a guilty thing, stealing out of the room as soon as possible, and staying out for a long time, although I wanted so much to be back there with him.

"Catched a beau, hain't you? and a handsome one, too!" said Sally, applying her eye to the keyhole and thus obtaining a view of his face.

Tommy Trimmer, a little boy, five years of age, who lived near by, and who chanced to be there, overheard her, and when Doctor Clayton, who was very fond of children, coaxed him into his lap, he asked, pointing to me, "Be you Rosa's beau? Sally said you was!"

The doctor laughed aloud, referring Tommy to me for an answer, and telling him "it was just as I said."

"Rosa is altogether too young to be riding round with beaux. It will give her a bad name," said grandma, when at last the doctor was gone.

No one made any answer until Lizzie, who was more of my way of thinking, said, "You must have had beaux early, grandma, for you weren't quite fifteen when you were married; I saw it so in the Bible."

Of course, grandma had nothing to offer in her own defense, save the very correct remark that "girls nowadays were not what they were when she was young," and here the conversation ceased.

CHAPTER VII.

One day, about three weeks after the commencement of my school, I was surprised by a call from Dell Thompson, who, after conversing awhile very familiarly, astonished me with an invitation to visit her the next afternoon. "She was going to have a few of her friends from the village," she said, "Doctor Clayton with the rest."

She departed, leaving me in a perfect state of bewilderment. I invited to Captain Thompson's, with Dell's fashionable friends! What could it mean, and what should I wear? This last was by far the more important question, for I knew that the people of the village were noted for their fine dress. I mentally enumerated the articles of my scanty wardrobe, finding therein nothing which I deemed fit for the occasion, save a white dotted muslin, which was now lying soiled and wrinkled at the bottom of my trunk. And so, when Mrs. Ross, with whom I was that week boarding, offered to wash and iron it, I accepted the proffered kindness.

The next morning, when I passed Captain Thompson's, I observed a great commotion in and around the house. The blinds were thrown back, and through the parlor windows I caught sight of brooms and dusters, while at intervals during the day the scholars brought me tidings of cake, jellies and ice cream, said to be in progress. At precisely four o'clock I dismissed school, and taking a short cut across the fields, soon reached my boarding place, where I found Mrs. Ross bending over the ironing table with a face flushed and indicative of sore anxiety.

"I never see nothin' beat it," she began, holding down her hot iron and thereby making a slightly yellow spot in the dress. "I never see nothin' beat it, how this gown pesters me. It must be poor stuff, or somethin'; mebby it'll look better on you," she continued, as she gave it a finishing touch, and then held it up to view.

And, indeed, it was sorry-looking enough; some places being wholly destitute of starch, while others were rough and stiff as a piece of buckram. I had heard Doctor Clayton say that nothing became a young girl so well as white, and so I determined to wear it. It would look better on me, I thought, and with all the eagerness of a child I commenced my toilet, discovering to my great dismay that I had neither shoes nor stockings fit to wear with a muslin dress. The week previous I had taken my best ones home, where I had purposely left them, not thinking it possible for me to need them. Here then was a dilemma, out of which Mrs. Ross at last helped me by offering to lend me the articles which I lacked—an offer which I gladly accepted. Her stockings were rather coarse, having been knit by herself, but they possessed the virtue of being white and clean, and would have answered my purpose very well had it not been for the slippers, which were far too long for me, and showed almost the whole of my foot. Besides that, I found it rather difficult to keep them on, until Mrs. Ross suggested the propriety of stuffing the toes with cotton. This done, I donned the muslin dress, which seemed to me much shorter than when I had last worn it, inasmuch as I had the painful consciousness of being all feet, whenever I glanced in that direction.

But Mrs. Ross said "I looked mighty crank," at the same time fastening on my low-necked waist her glass breastpin, which she pronounced "just the checker." "You orto have some gloves to wear when you get there," said she, as she saw me drawing on my brown ones, "and I b'lieve I've got the very thing," she continued, bringing from the depths of the bureau drawer a pair of white cotton mitts fancifully embroidered on the back with yellow and blue. These she bid me "tuck in my bosom until I got there, and on no account to lose 'em, as she had 'em before she was married."

Thus equipped, I started for Captain Thompson's, reaching there just as the clock was striking five, and finding, to my surprise, that I was not only the first arrival, but that neither Mrs. Thompson nor Dell had commenced dressing. Fearing I had mistaken the day, I questioned the servant girl who answered my ring, and who assured me that I was right, while at the same time she conducted me to the chamber above, where in the long mirror I obtained a full-length view of myself, feet and all. My first impulse was to laugh, my second to cry and to the latter I finally yielded. No one came near me; I heard no one, saw no one, until in light flowing muslin, white silk hose, and the tiniest of all tiny French slippers, Dell Thompson sailed into the room, starting with well-feigned surprise when she saw me, asking how long I had been there, and what was the matter.

Without considering what I was doing, I told her unreservedly about the shoes and stockings, pointing to my peacock feet as proof of what I said. With all her faults, there was enough of the woman about Dell to inspire her with a feeling of pity for me, and after forcing back a laugh she could not well help, she said, kindly, "Your shoes are rather large; but I think, perhaps, I can remedy the difficulty."

At the same time she started to leave the room. What new impulse came over her, I never knew; but sure am I that something changed her mind, for, when nearly at the door, she suddenly paused, saying, "I know, though, you can't wear my slippers, so it's of no use trying the experiment;" adding, as she saw how my countenance fell, "I wouldn't mind it if I were you. Nobody'll notice it, unless it is Doctor Clayton, who, I believe, admires small ankles and little feet; but you don't care for him; he's old enough to be your father, and, besides that, he thinks you perfect anyway."

Her words and manner annoyed me, and for a moment I debated in my own mind the propriety of leaving at once; but I had not seen Doctor Clayton since he carried me home, and so I finally concluded to remain, thinking that I would keep my seat, and on no account stir when he was looking at me. After coming to this conclusion, I ventured to ask Dell where the rest of the company were, and was told that they were not invited until evening.

"Until evening," I repeated; "then I guess I'll go before they come, for I shall be afraid to walk home alone."

"There's a good moon," said she; adding, "You must not leave on any account, for that will spoil all the—pleasure," she said—fun I now think she means; but I could not fathom her then, and I never dreamed that she had invited me there merely to show me up before her fashionable friends, and make light of me in the estimation of Doctor Clayton.

"Come down to the parlor," she said at last, after arranging for the third time the heavy braids of her black, beautiful hair; and following her, I soon stood in the presence of Mrs. Thompson, a tall, dark, haughty looking woman, who, half arising from the sofa, bowed stiffly, muttering a few words of welcome as Dell introduced me.

Dropping into the first seat—a large willow chair near the door—I tried to act natural, but I could not; for turn which way I would, I felt that a pair of large black eyes were upon me, scanning me from my head to my feet; and when her linen cambric handkerchief went up to her mouth, apparently to stifle a cough, I was certain that it also smothered a laugh. Right glad was I when both the ladies found an excuse for leaving the parlor, though I did find it rather tiresome sitting there alone until the shades of evening began to fall.

At last, when it was nearly dark, I ventured out upon the long piazza, where I had not been long, when a gentleman on horseback galloped into the yard, and in a moment I recognized Doctor Clayton's voice. Hastily retreating to the parlor, I had just time to seat myself in a corner where I thought I should attract the least attention, when he entered the room with Dell, whose hand I am sure he held until he saw me; then quickly dropping it, he advanced to my side, greeting me kindly.

Just then we heard the sound of fast-coming wheels, and in a moment there came round the corner a long open omnibus, drawn by four horses, and densely crowded with young people of both sexes. I was not much used to the ways of the world then, and having been taught that it was not ladylike to be either rude or boisterous, I wondered greatly that well-bred people should conduct themselves so badly. Bounding out, and adjusting their light, flowing robes, the young ladies went tripping up the stairs, still talking, laughing and screaming so loudly that once I started up, exclaiming, "Why, what is the matter?"

With a peculiar smile, Doctor Clayton laid his hand on my head in a very fatherly way, saying, "My little girl hasn't yet learned that in order to be refined she must be rough and boisterous, and I hope she never will, for it is refreshing to find occasionally something feminine and natural."

By this time the guests were assembled in the parlor, and when I saw how tastefully they were dressed, I began to wish myself anywhere but there. One by one they were presented to me, I at first keeping my seat; but when Doctor Clayton whispered to me to stand up, I did so, bending my knees a little, so as to make my dress longer, and thus partially hide my feet. But this could not be done, and like two backgammon boards they set out at right angles, with the wads of cotton lying up, round and hard. The young ladies had undoubtedly received a description of me, for they inspected me closely, glancing the while mischievously at Dell, who seemed to be in her element; asking me if I were not tired; telling me I looked so, and adding, aside, but loud enough for Doctor Clayton and myself to hear; "I should think she would be, for she's been here ever since five o'clock."

"Is it possible?" said one; while another exclaimed, "How green! But I suppose it's her first introduction into society, and she knows no better."

This conversation was probably not intended for me, but I heard it all, and with much bitterness at my heart I turned away to hide my tears, involuntarily drawing nearer to Doctor Clayton, as if for protection. But for some reason or other, he did not appear now as he did when we were alone; then he was all kindness and attention, while he now evidently avoided me; seeming slightly annoyed when any of his acquaintances teased him about me, as I more than once heard them doing. At last, as if his good genius had conquered, he suddenly broke away from a group of girls, and crossing over to where I was standing, offered me his arm, telling me, "I must stir round and be more sociable."

I looked down at my feet; so did he, and for an instant there was a flush on his face; but it passed off, and with a word of encouragement, he led me toward the music room, where Dell Thompson was unmercifully pounding a five-hundred-dollar piano, which groaned and shrieked under the infliction, while the bystanders, who had insisted upon her playing, were all talking together, seemingly intent upon seeing which could make the most noise, they or the instrument.

"Do you play, Miss Lee?" was asked me by half a dozen or more.

I had taken lessons two quarters, and I could play a few dancing tunes, marches, etc., and so I said, whereupon they insisted upon my favoring them with "Money Musk," as they wanted to dance, and none of them could perform anything as old-fashioned as that. I looked at Doctor Clayton, who, in a low tone, asked, "Are you sure you can get through with it?"

Something, I am sure, must have inspired me, for never before did I play so well; keeping perfect time, and striking every note distinctly. My audience were evidently both surprised and pleased, for they called for piece after piece, until my list was exhausted, when one of the gentlemen, more thoughtful than the ladies, suggested the possibility of my being tired.

"Perhaps she dances, too. Ask her, Bob," said a young lady, while Dell eggerly rejoined, "Oh, yes, do;" but Bob was forestalled by Doctor Clayton, who for several minutes had stood by my side, complimenting my playing, and who now asked me to be his partner in the next cotillon, his cousin having volunteered to take my place at the piano.

In my excitement I forgot my shoes, forgot everything, save that Doctor Clayton was looking down upon me, that my hand was resting in his, and ere I was aware of it I found myself upon the floor. I was perfectly familiar with the changes of the cotillon; but at my right was John Thompson, who, when it came his turn to swing with me, refused to take my hand, treating me with such marked insolence that I became confused and made several mistakes, at which he laughed contemptuously. Besides this, my big shoes incommoded me; and at last, in the midst of the promenade, one of them dropped off, the cotton ball rolled out, I tripped, lost my balance, and after two or three headlong plunges, fell flat at the feet of Doctor Clayton, who stood aghast with surprise and mortification. I gathered myself up, and fled from the room; but not until I heard Dell Thompson say, as she picked up the shoe and passed it to Doctor Clayton, "It is Mrs. Ross'; she hadn't any of her own which she thought suitable, and so she borrowed."

Rushing up the stairs, I found my shawl and bonnet; and then, without a word to any one, started for home, minus my shoe, which I entirely forgot in my excitement. I had scarcely got outside the gate when the sound of a footstep caused me to look around, and I saw Doctor Clayton, his hat in one hand and Mrs. Ross' slipper in the other. This last he passed to me, and then without a word drew my arm within his, and for a time we walked on in silence, while I cried as if my heart would break. Coming at last to an old oak tree, under which a rude bench had been constructed, he bid me sit down, and placing himself by my side, asked me, "What was the matter?"

"You know well enough what's the matter," I said, angrily, struggling to rise; but his arm was strong, and he held me fast, while he tried to quiet me, and in this he soon succeeded, for he possessed over me a power which I could not resist.

Gradually, as I grew calm, I told him all; how I believed that Dell Thompson had invited me only to ridicule me, how she had asked me to come in the afternoon, and then made fun of me for doing so; while her companions called me green; and that in the absence of my own slippers I had worn those of Mrs. Ross, thereby meeting with the worst catastrophe of all, to wit, the falling flat in the dance.

For a time the doctor said nothing; but the arm, which all the time had encircled my waist, drew me still closer to his side, while he at last replied, "She is jealous of you—jealous because she thinks I like the little Rosa better than I do her."

"And it's very foolish in her to think so!" I exclaimed.

Then followed a long conversation in which much was said, which had far better been left unsaid; for I was a warm-hearted, impulsive child, believing that I to him was what he was to me. And still he did not once commit himself, nor in what he said was there aught which could possibly have been construed into an avowal of anything save friendship, which was the theme upon which he rang many a change. Alas, for such friendships! They are dangerous for one's peace of mind, particularly if told beneath an old oak tree, with the silvery moonlight shining down upon you, and the soft summer air gently moving the green leaves above your head. How long we sat there I do not know; but I was the first to propose going, telling him they would miss him at the party, and wonder at his absence.

"Let them wonder then," said he. "I have no intention of returning to the house. It would be intolerable after this pleasant chat with you, so I shall just get my horse and go quietly home."

We found Mrs. Ross sitting up for me, sleeping in her chair, while the tallow candle at her side had burned and spluttered away, until the black, crisped wick was longer than the candle itself.

"Why! doctor, is that you?" she exclaimed, rubbing open her eyes. "I thought, mebby, you'd beau Rosa home. Come in and stay a spell? I'd as lief you'd spark it awhile in t'other room as not."

But th doctor had no idea of doing anything so marked as that; and with a whispered good-night to me, and an audible one to Mrs. Ross, he departed; just as the good lady asked me, loud enough for him to hear, "if I'd dirtied her stockings, lost her mitts or broken her breast pin?"

(To be continued.)

LET US ALL LAUGH.

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that Are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that You Will Enjoy.

"Yes; it's very sad."

"How is that?"

"Why, he always held that, to train a wife properly, you should catch her while she's young. So he did."

"Well?"

"Well, it seems that she had the same idea about a husband, and now there's a crisscross of training ideas that is simply home-wrecking."

Her Reason for Going.

"So you are going to Europe?"

"Yes. I don't care much about seeing it, you know, but I've found it dreadfully hard not to be able to talk about it."

What a Difference.

Derby—I'm all broke up, old man. Dotty Dimple refused me last night.

Plug—I'll bet you a fiver you don't feel half so blue as I. She accepted me.

As to Coeducation.

"Do you believe in coeducation?"

"That depends upon the nature of the education sought. In science, for instance, I think coeducation a drawback, but in love it is a real necessity."

Queer Briton.

Towne—Talking about "putting the cart before the horse," that fellow Perkins talks in the most peculiar way for an Englishman.

Browne—Why, does he put the cart before the horse?

Towne—No; he always puts the "h" before it.—Philadelphia Press.

As He Grabbed His Hat.

"I wish you wouldn't say 'dear me!' so much," protested Mr. Upjohn.

"Why not?" demanded Mrs. Upjohn. "It sounds so egotistical."

His Time.

Mrs. Jollyman—John, you don't seem to be in a hurry to get to the office this morning.

Mr. Jollyman—No, and I'm not obliged to be, either. My time is my own, madam.

Mrs. Jollyman—I guess that's so, John; I know it's your own time you give me when you come home from the club, for it never agrees with the clock by several hours.—Boston Courier.

In South America.

Tourist—You certainly do have a great many insurrections.

Native—Yes; our insurrections are as frequent as your strikes, but, fortunately, not as serious.—Puck.

Outdone.

"He doted on Alice, and would have married her but for her mother."

"Ah! Her mother—"

"Yes, her mother was still more attractive."

Between Scylla and Charybdis.

Mr. Clumpsole—I say, you know, this is my dance, you know; shall we—er—take a turn, or shall I er—"talk" to you—er?"

Deserved Honor.

Brown—Has Smith named his new country seat?

Jones—Yes; he calls it "Snizzled Slivers"—after that breakfast food he made his fortune on.

Earns His Salary.

"There's one teacher that draws a good salary."

"Who's that?"

"Experience."—The Wrinkle.

Advantage of Position.

"Hold on!" exclaimed the boy who was under. "Let's arbitrate this thing!"

"There ain't nothin' to arbitrate!" panted the boy on top, pommeling him vigorously.

Not a Good Adapter.

"You have changed your tailor, have you, Rivers? Couldn't he make your clothes fit you?"

"That wasn't the trouble. He couldn't make me fit my clothes."

SOME STORIES OF RUSKIN

He Still Feared His Parents When He Was Forty Years Old.

One gets the impression from reading of Ruskin's early years that he missed many of the privileges of healthy boyhood. When he was a man, he and a companion were out one day upon the mountainside. They passed a group of men, says a writer in the Strand Magazine, who were engaged in rough work with pickaxes.

"How I wish," said Ruskin, "I could do what those men are doing! I was never allowed to do any work which would have strengthened my back. I wasn't allowed to ride, for fear of being thrown off; nor to row, for fear of being drowned; nor to box, because it was vulgar. I was allowed to fence, because that was genteel."

Sometimes, when he was living with his parents at Denmark Hill, he would enjoy a surreptitious row on the river. "I used to be told," says the same companion, "not to let his father and mother know where he had gone." Ruskin was then in the forties.

It is easy to read here a woman's fears and prejudice and domination. Ruskin was always, quite properly, under his mother's control; but it is possible that if he had had the outlet of reasonable athletics his destructive moods would have been less marked. It was during his residence at Denmark Hill that he was anathematizing something or somebody most unreasonably.

"John," said his mother, "you talk too much and you talk nonsense."

"Yes, mother," Ruskin replied, as humble as a little boy, and changed the subject.

Ruskin was not afraid to admit to others besides his mother that he was wrong. In a lecture at Oxford when he was a Slade professor, Sir William Richmond defended the fame which the world had accorded to Michelangelo and Rafael. Formely Ruskin had denounced Michelangelo and was not very well pleased with Sir William for presenting the other side. When Ruskin recovered from the illness which had cause him to give up the Slade professorship, Sir William retired, that he might fill it again. Touched by this, Ruskin sent, asking if he might come down and dine with his former pupil, who was delighted to have him. At the close of a pleasant evening, Ruskin said:

"Willy, why did you make that violent attack upon me about Michelangelo?"

"Mr. Ruskin, because you talked nonsense," replied Sir William.

Meanwhile Mr. Ruskin rose to go. "You are quite right, Willy," he said, in his candid way. "It was nonsense."

Ice-Making to Order.

A stout framework is built, upon which loose poles are laid and a three-quarter inch or inch pipe is erected in the center of the framework. This pipe should project about a foot above the top of the frame, and should be coupled with a lawn sprinkler which revolves when the water is turned on. The water is thus distributed all over the area of the frame, and dripping from the poles soon forms long icicles. When these are large enough, the water is turned off, the icicles knocked down and the ice shoveled into the icehouse.

This frame work may be built directly over the ice house, or situated on an elevation near it, so that the ice may be shoveled on to an inclined trough placed between the bottom of the frame and the ice house.

This is a common plan in Switzerland when pure ice is not to be had near by. One of the large Canadian creameries has tried the method and finds it satisfactory and that not much labor is required.

One of Nature's Jokes.

A species of Australian fern which grows in the shape of the horn and antlers of deer and stag has been aptly described as "one of nature's jokes." The cause of this extraordinary reproduction of a feature of animal life has not been accounted for. It is altogether baffling to behold the thin green horns curving out of the tree trunk as realistically as if they were growing from the head of a stag, or to see the branching and magnificent antlers of a moose imitated even to the finest detail. This striking eccentricity is not by any means the only remarkable feature of fern growth. The wonderful manner in which these plants are propagated has challenged the admiration and awe of students. Under a magnifying glass hundreds of the minute spores which perform the function of seeds look like only the smallest atom, and so imperceptibly are they scattered from fern to fern that Shakespeare could think of no better synonym for love than "the secret of the fern seed," which "walks invisible."

The Mind and the Body.

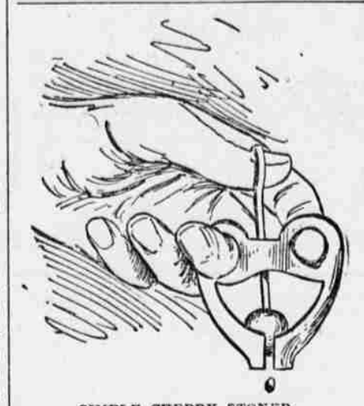
Speaking on the influence of the mind on the body, a noted medical writer thinks there is nothing improbable in Herodotus' story of the dumb son of Croesus, who suddenly found his speech when he saw a soldier raising his sword, and exclaimed, "Do not kill Croesus." Medical records, he says, contain well attested cases of dumbness cured by sudden fright. Hysteria and epilepsy also have been thus benefited. A physician in a lunatic asylum not long ago cured a hypochondriac by sending him a number of violently abusive post cards. The anger at them and the eagerness to find out who wrote them diverted the patient's mind, and he improved rapidly.

A woman who crochets on Sunday has the ideal coward's conscience, and is afraid to let a palmist examine her hand for fear he will see her sin in the lines.

THE HOUSEHOLD

Convenience for the Cook.

While the little implement shown in the drawing will be of special use in cherry-canning time, it will have work to perform nearly every week in some households in removing seeds from raisins, for which it is adapted also. The one special feature which recommends this device is its simplicity, there being only the frame and plunger, with no springs or other mechanism to require extra care in washing. The frame itself is nearly triangular in shape, with a small concave pocket formed just above the opening through which the seed or stone falls when driven from the fruit. The plunger is a small rod, sliding through an opening in the frame, and the lower end is arched and double-pointed to give it a firm grip on the stone. To put this stoner in operation the fingers and thumb are inserted in the proper openings and a cherry is dropped into the pocket by the other hand, when the depression of the plunger will push the stone through the



SIMPLE CHERRY STONER.

bottom. Then hold the implement at an angle over another receptacle, withdraw the plunger and the stoned cherry will fall from it into the dish.

Angel Cakes.

Sift a half cup of flour half a dozen times with a teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Beat the whites of six eggs until they stand alone and beat into them gradually a half cup of sifted powdered sugar; add the flour in the same way, beat steadily, then a teaspoonful of vanilla, and turn the mixture into a clean, ungreased pan with a funnel in the middle. Bake carefully in a steady oven. At the end of twenty minutes test the loaf with a broomstraw. When baked remove the cake from the oven and let it stand in the tin for ten minutes before loosening it gently from the sides and turning it out upon a clean cloth. Cover with a white icing.

Tomatoes Canned in Cold Water.

Wipe each tomato carefully and pack in perfectly clean jars. When the jars are full stand each under the cold water faucet and run the water in until the jar is full and overflows. Let the water run until every particle of air has been forced out, then, while the jars are still overflowing, screw on the covers and stand upside down. See that the covers are as tight as they can be made. Pack the jars away, head down, in a box of sand in a cool, dark place.

I do not vouch for this recipe, but it has been sent to me several times by persons who have tried it and found it satisfactory.

Beaten Biscuit.

Two quarts of sifted flour, a teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of sweet lard, one egg. Mix with half a pint of milk, or if milk is not to be had with cold water. Beat well until the dough blisters and cracks. Pull off a two-inch square of the dough, roll it into a ball with the hand, flatten, prick with a fork and bake in a quick oven. It is not the hard beating that makes the biscuit good, but the regularity of the motion.

Brief Suggestions.

At least four roller towels are necessary for the kitchen, and half a dozen or more hand towels for bathing purposes should be provided for the servant.

It may be well to remember the assertion that grass stains can be removed by rubbing the place with molasses and afterward thoroughly washing it.

When using sardines for savories the first thing one has to do generally is to skin them. This is easily done with a knife if the fish is first dipped for a moment in boiling water.

The most durable floor covering is linoleum and the best wall decoration for kitchen, pantries and bathrooms is tile. Where tiles cannot be had painted walls or varnished paper can be employed.

The care of gold decorations on china has been a source of debate with housekeepers. Many believe that it should not be put into hot water. A dealer says that it will stand unlimited washings in hot water if soap is omitted.

A delicious preserve may be made by this recipe, furnished by an old sailor to many foreign ports. Take one cup of large, plump raisins, seed and put into a saucepan containing a quart of cold water. Let this boil slowly until the mixture is reduced to a pint, then add four cups of cranberries and two and one-half cups of sugar. Let this mixture boil until it becomes as thick as jam. Put into tumblers and seal.