-- PROLOGUE.

It was in the woods that the girl of the Limberlost found her education, her love, her happiness and other good things, so, rightly, the air of the trees is in this story of her life. Here is a tale for lovers of the woods and for others who like a simple story well told by one who knows the forest, can tell about "home folks" and can find the interest in everyday lives. Through these pages flutter the brilliant butterfly of tangled romance, the more sober butterfly, no less beautiful, of noble, quiet lives, well lived, and the gray moth of sorrow borne needlessly for many years. And if you listen closely you may hear the buzz of the little, busy existence of Billy, a youngster worth your knowing.

CHAPTER I.

Wherein Elnora Goes to High School.

"ELNORA COMSTOCK, have you lost your senses?" demanded the angry voice of Katharine Comstock as she glared at her daughter.

"Why, mother?" faltered the girl.

"Don't you 'why mother' me!" cried Mrs. Comstock. "You know very well what I mean. You've given me no peace until you've had your way about this going to school business. I've fixed you good enough, and you're ready to start. But no child of mine walks the streets of Onabasha looking like a play actress woman. You wet your hair and comb it down modest and decent and then be off or you'll have no time to find where you belong."

Elnora gave one despairing glance at the white face framed in a most becoming riot of reddish brown hair, which she saw in the little kitchen mirror. Then she untied the narrow black ribbon, wet the comb and plastered the waving curls close to her head, bound them fast, pinned on the skimpy black hat and started for the back door.

Mrs. Comstock watched the girl down the long walk to the gate and out of sight on the road in the bright sunshine of the first Monday of September.

"I bet a dollar she gets enough of it by night!" Mrs. Comstock said positively.

Elnora walked by instinct, for her eyes were blinded with tears. She left the road where it turned south at the corner of the Limberlost, climbed a snake fence and entered a path worn by her own feet. Dodging under willow and scrub oak branches, she at last came to the faint outline of an old trail made in the days when the precious timber of the swamp was guarded by armed men. This path she followed until she reached a thick clump of bushes. From the debris in the end of a hollow log she took a key that unlocked the padlock of a large weather beaten old box, inside of which lay several books, a butterfly apparatus and an old cracked mirror. The walls were lined thickly with gaudy butterflies, dragon flies and moths. She set up the mirror, and, once more pulling the ribbon from her hair, she shook the bright mass over her shoulders, tossing it dry in the sunshine. Then she straightened it, bound it loosely and replaced her hat. She tugged vainly at the low brown calico collar and gazed despairingly at the generous length of the narrow skirt. She lifted it as she would have liked it to be cut if possible. That disclosed the heavy leather high shoes, at sight of which she looked positively ill and hastily dropped the skirt. Locking the case again, she hid the key and hurried down the trail.

She followed it around the north end of the swamp and then struck into a footpath crossing a farm in the direction of the spires of the city to the northeast. Again she climbed a fence and was on the open road. For an instant she leaned against the fence, starting before her, then turned and looked back. Behind her lay the land on which she had been born to drudgery and a mother who made no pretense of loving her. Before her lay the city, through whose schools she hoped to find means of escape and the way to reach the things for which she cared. When she thought of how she looked she leaned more heavily against the fence and groaned. When she thought of turning back and wearing such clothing in ignorance all the days of her life she set her teeth firmly and went hastily toward Onabasha.

She approached the great stone high school building, entered bravely and inquired her way to the office of the superintendent. There she learned that she should have come the week before and arranged for her classes.

"I finished last spring at Brushwood school, district No. 9," said Elnora. "I have been studying all summer. I am quite sure I can do the first year work if I have a few days to get started."

"Of course, of course," assented the superintendent. "Almost invariably country pupils do good work. You may enter first year, and if you don't fit we will find it out speedily. Your teachers will tell you the list of books you must have, and if you will come with me I will show you the way to the auditorium. It is now time for opening exercises. Take any seat you find vacant." He was gone.

Elnora stood before the entrance and stared into the largest room she ever had seen. The floor sloped down to a yawning stage, on which a band of musicians, grouped around a grand piano, were tuning their instruments. Every one else was seated, but no one paid any attention to the white faced girl stumbling half blindly down the aisle next the farthest wall. So she went on to the very end facing the stage. No one moved, and she could not summon courage to crowd past others to several empty seats she saw. At the end of the aisle she paused in desperation as she stared back at the whole forest of faces, most of which were now turned upon her.

In one burning flash came the full realization of her scanty dress, her pitiful little hat and ribbon, her big, heavy shoes, her ignorance of where to go or what to do, and from a sickening wave which crept over her she felt she was going to become very ill. Then out of the mass she saw a pair of big brown boy eyes three seats from her, and there was a message in them. Without moving his body he reached forward and with a pencil touched the back of the seat before him. Instantly Elnora took another step, which brought her to a row of vacant front seats.

She heard the giggle behind her. The knowledge that she wore the only hat in the room burned her. Every matter of moment and some of none at all cut and stung. She had no books. Where should she go when this was over? What would she give to be on the trail going home!

Before she realized what was coming every one had risen and the room was emptying rapidly. Elnora hurried after the nearest girl and in the press at the door touched her sleeve timidly.

"Will you please tell me where the freshmen go?" she asked huskily.

The girl gave her one surprised glance and drew away.

"Same place as the fresh women," she answered, and those nearest her laughed.

Elnora stopped praying suddenly, and the color swept into her face. "I'll wager you are the first person I meet when I find it," she said and stopped short. "Not that! Oh, I must not do that!" she thought in dismay. "Make an enemy the first thing I do—oh, not that!"

She followed with her eyes as the young people separated in the hall, some climbing stairs, some disappearing down side halls, some entering doors near by. She saw the girl overtake the brown eyed boy and speak to him, and he glanced back at Elnora, and now there was a scowl on his face. Then she stood alone in the hall.

Presently a door opened and a young woman came out and entered another room. Elnora waited until she returned and hurried to her. "Would you tell me where the freshmen are?" she panted.

"Straight down the hall, three doors to your left," was the answer as the girl passed.

"One minute, please—oh, please!" begged Elnora. "Do I knock or just open the door?"

"Go in and take a seat," replied the teacher.

"What if there aren't any seats?" gasped Elnora.

"Classrooms are never half filled. There will be plenty," was the answer.

Elnora removed her hat. There was no place to put it, so she carried it in her hand. She looked infinitely better without it. After several efforts she at last opened the door and, stepping inside, faced a smaller and more concentrated battery of eyes.

"Be seated," said the professor in charge of the class, and then, because he saw Elnora was desperately embarrassed, he proceeded to lend her a book and to ask her if she had studied algebra. She said she had a little, but not the same book they were using. He asked her if she felt that she could do the work they were beginning, and she said she did.

That was how it happened that three minutes after entering the room she was compelled to take her place at the blackboard beside the girl of the hall, whose flushed face and angry eyes avoided meeting Elnora's. Being compelled to concentrate on her proposition, she forgot herself. When the professor asked that all pupils sign their work she firmly wrote "Elnora Comstock" under her demonstration. Then she took her seat and waited with white lips and trembling limbs as one after another the professor called the names on the board, while their owners arose and explained their propositions or flunked if they had not found a correct solution. She was so eager to catch their forms of expression and prepare herself for her recitation that she never took her eyes from the work on the board until clearly and distinctly "Elnora Cornstock" called the professor.

The dazed girl stared at the board. One tiny curl added to the top of the first curve of the "m" in her name had transformed it from a good old English patronymic that any girl might bear proudly to Cornstock. Elnora stared speechless. When and how did it happen? She could feel the wave of smothered laughter in the air around her. A rush of anger turned her face scarlet and her soul sick. A hot answer was on her lips. The voice of the professor addressed her straightly.

"This proposition seems to be beautifully demonstrated, Miss Cornstalk," he said. "Surely you can tell us how you did it."

That word of praise saved her. She was tall, straight and handsome as she arose.

"Of course I can explain my work," she said in natural tones. "What I can't explain is how I happened to be so stupid as to make a mistake in

"Did you really let that gawky piece of calico get ahead of you?"

writing my own name. I must have been a little nervous. Please excuse me."

She went to the board, swept off the signature with one stroke, then, without a tremor, rewrote it clearly. "My name is Comstock," she said distinctly. She turned to her seat and, following the formula used by the others, made her first high school recitation.

The face of Professor Henley was a study. As Elnora took her seat he looked at her steadily. "It puzzles me," he said deliberately, "how you can write as beautiful a demonstration and explain it as clearly as ever has been done in any of my classes and still be so disturbed as to make a mistake in your own name. Are you very sure you did that yourself, Miss Comstock?"

"It is impossible that any one else should have done it," answered Elnora steadily.

"I am very glad you think so," said the professor. "Being freshmen, all of you are strangers to me. I should hate to begin the year with you feeling there was one among you smart enough to do a trick like that. The next proposition, please."

When the hour was gone the class filed back to the study room, and Elnora followed in desperation because she did not know where else to go. She could not study as she had no books, and when the class again left the room to go to another professor for the next recitation she went also. At least they could put her out if she did not belong there. Noon came at last, and she kept with the others until they dispersed on the sidewalk. She was so abnormally self conscious she fancied all the hundreds of that laughing throng saw and jested at her. When she passed the brown eyed boy walking with the girl of her encounter she knew, for she heard him say, "Did you really let that gawky piece of calico get ahead of you?" The answer was indistinct.

After noon she returned to the high school, followed some other pupils to the coatroom, hung her hat and found her way to the study where she had been in the morning. Twice that afternoon with aching head she faced strange professors in different branches. Once she escaped notice, the second time the worst happened. She was asked a question she could not answer.

"Have you not decided on your course and secured your books?" inquired the professor.

"I have decided on my course," replied Elnora; "I do not know who to ask for my books."

"Ask?" the professor was bewildered. "I understood the books were furnished," faltered Elnora.

"Only to those bringing an order from the township trustee," replied the professor.

"No! Oh, no!" cried Elnora. "I will get them tomorrow," and gripped her desk for support, for she knew that was not true. Four books, ranging perhaps at a dollar and a half apiece! Would her mother get them? Of course she would not, could not.

Did not Elnora know the story by heart? There was enough land, but no one to do clearing and farm. Tax on all those acres, recently the new gravel road tax added, the expense of living and only the work of two women to meet all of it. She was insane to think she could come to the city to school. Her mother had been right. The girl decided that if only she lived to get home she would stay there and lead any sort of life to avoid more of this torture. Bad as what she wished to escape had been, it was nothing like this. She never could live down the movement that went through the class when she inadvertently revealed the fact that she had expected her books to be furnished. Her mother would not get them. That settled the question.

But the end of misery is never in a hurry to come, for before the day was over the superintendent entered the room and explained that pupils from the country were charged a tuition of $20 a year. That really was the end. Previously Elnora had canvassed a dozen wild plans for securing the money for books ranging all the way from offering to wash the superintendent's dishes to breaking into the bank. This additional expense made the thing so wildly impossible there was nothing to do but hold up her head until she was out of sight.

(To be continued).

ON THE DEATH OF ONE DEAR.

(Anthony R. McKernan in the New York Times.)

When care and worry grim the mind escapes,
And quiet rest succeeds the close of day;
When night with starry studded garments drapes
The faint, far distance of the milky way—

Up from the meadow, deep with clover blooms,
Along the margin of the wooded stream,
Where cedar willows flaunt their tasseled plumes
And golden daisies through the grasses gleam,

A wave of fragrance on the air is sent,
Like wafted incense through the cloister dim
Of vast cathedral, when each head is bent
In solemn adoration unto Him.

No song bird carols from the still green woods
Whose leaves and blossoms are with dews impearled;
Night's calm and mystic fascination broods,
Intense and solemn, o'er the startlit world.

'Tis then, my sweetheart, every thought returns
To thee, who, first, within my lonely soul
Awoke the passion fire of love, that burns
With quenchless ardor and defies control.

'Twas thou who first my artless muse inspired
To breathe her fondness o'er the lyric strings;
It was thy charms and innocence that fired
My soul to soar on sweet poetic wings.

The spirit breathes in every wayside flower
To which the sunshine warm hath given birth;
I hear thy voice in every summer shower
That falls refreshingly to the grateful earth.

Like summer sunlight, streaming bright and warm
Into the fastness of some wooded glen,
Thy gracious presence gave my life a charm
Unthought, undreamt of, and unknown till then.

But Death's cold frame on thy bosom pressed
And settled forever was that heart of love
And, as a weary dove that seeks its nest,
Thy soul departed for its home above.

And now that thou art gone, above the clay
That closes fond mine image to thy mother earth,
This simple chaplet of white blooms I lay—
Emblem of the purity of thy charm and worth.

SCALLOPED TOMATOES AND CAULIFLOWER.

Boil the cauliflower, separate it into parts and put a layer into a buttered baking dish, cover with a layer of tomatoes skinned and cut in rather small pieces, sprinkle with salt and pepper and a little minced parsley, then add another layer of cauliflower and cover with the tomatoes and seasonings and so on until the dish is full.

Make a half pint of white sauce and add the yolks of two eggs beaten up with three tablespoonfuls of grated cheese. Pour over the cauliflower, cover with bread crumbs and dot with bits of butter. Bake half an hour.

PEANUT CANDY.

Shell one quart of peanuts, rub off the brown skin and roll fine or they may be chopped or ground fine. There should be about one and a quarter cupfuls. Put one and one-half cups of sugar into a saucepan and melt, stirring rapidly all the time. Heat the peanuts in the oven and have the pans buttered and heated. With everything ready at the same time as soon as the sugar is all melted stir in the hot peanuts and pour into the pans which were heated. The candy when cool should be crisp, tough and shiny, and it will be, if the directions are followed closely.

SCALLOPED SALMON.

Cook three level tablespoons of flour in three tablespoons of bubbling hot butter, season with one-half teaspoon of salt and one-quarter teaspoon of pepper, stir in slowly one and one-half cup of milk and cook until thickened. Have ready two cups of cold cooked salmon separated into fine flakes. Butter a baking dish, put in a little of the sauce, then a layer of fish and cover with sauce. Repeat until the dish is nearly full. Cover with

Leading woolen mills have changed their plans and will not open spring 1913 season for several weeks. It had been planned to open on Monday next, but steady rise in price of wool and yarns has obliged manufacturers to change their original plan.

CALL ISSUED FOR THE THIRD PARTY

Delegates Summoned to a National Convention to Be Held in Chicago August 5.

FOLLOWERS IN 40 STATES

Eight Have Not Taken Part and Territories Are Not Wanted—Representation Cut in Half.

New York, July 5.—A call to the people of the United States, who are in sympathy with the "national progressive movement," to send delegates to a national convention to open in Chicago August 5 was given out this afternoon by United States Senator Joseph M. Dixon of Montana, Theodore Roosevelt's campaign manager. The call is signed by members of the committee chosen at the meeting held at the close of the republican convention in Chicago, and also includes signatures of Roosevelt followers in 40 States.

"The territories have no place in a national convention and will not be considered," declared Senator Dixon in commenting upon the signatures. "As for the missing eight States, the most of them will probably send delegates although they have not taken part in the call.

"The call lays down no rules as to methods of choosing delegates, since each State will be expected to select its delegates by its own paraphernalia. The representation will be cut down to just one-half that of the previous conventions. In all probability the convention will adopt the name 'National Progressive' for the new party but I cannot say definitely what will be done."

TEXT OF THE CALL.

The text of the call in full is as follows:

"To the people of the United States, without regard to past political differences, who through repeated betrayals realize that to-day the power of the crooked political bosses and of the privileged classes behind them is so strong in the two old party organizations that no helpful movement in the real interests of our country can come out of either:

"Who believe that the time has come for a national progressive movement, a nation-wide movement, on non-sectional lines so that the people may be served in sincerity and truth by an organization unfettered by obligation to conflicting interests;

"Who believe in the right and capacity of the people to rule themselves, and effectively to control all the agencies of their government, and who hold that only through social and industrial justice, thus secured, can honest property find permanent protection;

"Who believe that government by the few tends to become, and has in fact become, government by the sordid influences that control the few;

"Who believe that only through the movement proposed can we obtain in the nation and the several States the legislation demanded by the modern industrial evolution; legislation which shall favor honest business and yet control the great agencies of modern business so as to endure their being used in the interest of the whole people; legislation which shall promote prosperity and at the same time secure the better and more equitable diffusion of prosperity; legislation which shall promote the economic well being of the honest farmer, wage worker, professional man and business man alike, but which shall at the same time strike in efficient fashion, and not merely pretend to strike, at the roots of privilege in the world of industry n. less than in the world of politics;

"Who believe that only this type of wise industrial evolution will avert industrial revolution;

"Who believe that wholesome party government can come only if there is wholesome party management in a spirit of service to the whole country and who hold that the commandment delivered at Sinai 'Thou shalt not steal' applies to politics as well as to business;

"To all in accord with these views a call is hereby issued by the provisional committee under the resolution of the mass meeting held in Chicago June 22, last, to send from each State a number of delegates whose votes in the convention shall count for as many votes as the State shall have senators and representatives in Congress to meet in convention at Chicago on the 5th day of August, 1912, for the purpose of nominating candidates to be supported for the positions of president and vice-president of the United States."

SIGNERS OF THE CALL.

The following names are appended to the call:

Alabama—Oscar R. Handley.
Arizona—Dwight B. Heard.
California—Hiram W. Johnson, Chester H. Rowell, Chas. S. Wheeler.
Colorado—Rind B. Lindsey.
Connecticut—Jos. W. Alsop, Flavel S. Luther.
Florida—J. H. Gregory, Jr., H. L. Anderson.
Georgia—Julian Harris.
Indiana—Edwin D. Lee, Horace C. Stilwell.
Illinois—Medill McCormick, Chauncey Dewey, Laverne W. Noyes.
Iowa—John L. Stephens.
Kansas—Henry J. Allen.
Kentucky—Leslie Coombs.
Louisiana—John M. Parker, Pearl Wight.
Maryland—Charles J. Bonaparte, E. C. Carrington, Jr.
Massachusetts—C. S. Bird, Matthew Hale.
Michigan—Theodore M. Joslyn.
Minnesota—Milton D. Purdy.
Missouri—W. R. Nelson.
Montana—Joseph M. Dixon.
Nebraska—Arthur G. Ray.
New Hampshire—W. J. Beattie.
New Jersey—Everett Colby, George L. Record, J. Franklin Fort.
New Mexico—George Curry, Miguel A. Otero.
New York—W. A. Prendergast, Oscar S. Straus, Woods Hutchinson, Timothy L. Woodruff, [illegible] J. Hamlin Henry L. Stoddard.
North Dakota—A. Y. More.
Oregon—Henry W. Coe, L. H. McMahn.
Ohio—James R. Garfield.
Oklahoma—George L. Priestly.
Pennsylvania—E. A. Van Valkenburg, Wm. Flynn, Gifford Pinchot, William Draper Lewis.
Rhode Island—Henry J. Doughty.
South Dakota—R. T. Vessey.
Tennessee—George L. Taylor.
Texas—Cecil A. Lyon.
Utah—C. E. Loose.
Vermont—Charles H. Thompson, E. W. Gibson.
Virginia—Thomas Lee Moore.
Washington—Miles Poindexter.
West Virginia—W. M. O. Dawson.
Wisconsin—H. F. Cochems.
Wyoming—Joseph Carey.

INCLUDES THREE DEMOCRATS.

Included in the list of signers are three democrats: Judge Ben. B. Lindsey of Denver, Julian Harris of Atlanta, son of Joel Chandler Harris, and John M. Parker of New Orleans. Among the well-known newspaper owners and editors are E. A. Van Valkenburg of the Philadelphia North American, Henry L. Stoddard, editor of the New York Mail, and W. R. Nelson, owner of the Kansas City Star.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE

Cooking and Serving Conducted by Lillian Mason—Cherries in Various Dishes—Serving Cherries.

LOIN VEAL WITH CREAM.

Remove the kidney or take off the kidney fat from the loin and roll it lengthwise; tie it well with twine and place in a pan with one onion, one carrot sliced and one cupful of water; sprinkle with salt and bake for two hours, basting frequently. While the roast is cooking prepare the cream sauce as follows: Melt in a shallow stewpan two tablespoons of butter and mix with the same amount of flour, add salt and pepper to season to taste, one pint of rich milk and boil for five or six minutes, stirring constantly so it will not scorch. Carve the loin in slices two-thirds of an inch thick, then reconstruct the whole loin by placing sauce between each slice. Pour the remainder of the sauce over the roast, sprinkle with grated cheese and bake an hour longer.—Alice E. Whitaker.

CALVES' LIVER.

Wash a calf's liver, drain and wipe dry. Take a deep kettle, or iron pan with cover, and put in one cup each of sliced onions and diced carrots, one-quarter cup of white turnip dice, and a stalk of celery cut in bits. Put in also a bay leaf and lay on the liver. Sprinkle lightly with salt and a little pepper, then lay on three or four slices of salt pork. Add half a cup of boiling water and the same of strained stewed tomato. Cover the kettle or pan closely and cook two hours or more. Take up the vegetables on a hot dish and surround with points of roast; lay the liver in the centre and pour over a sauce made from the liquid in the pan thickened with flour in proportion of one level tablespoon to one-half cup of liquid. There should be but a small quantity of the sauce or gravy and it will be rich and highly flavored. Add a little water if more is needed.

MILK SHERBET.

One quart milk, one and one-half cups sugar, juice of a lemon. Dissolve sugar in lemon juice, add milk and freeze.

ORANGE CREAM.

Six large oranges, one-half pound of loaf sugar, one-quarter pint of water, half-pint of cream. Boil the sugar and water until brittle. Peel oranges, remove all the white pith and divide the fruit into sections, being careful not to break the thin skin. Dip the pieces into the sugar and arrange them in layers round a plain mold which is well oiled. Only line the sides. When firm place in glass dish. Fill with whipped cream.—M. G. K.

EGGS ESTRAGON.

Make a pint of clear bouillon, either by coloring stock or by using beef extract. Season with salt and pepper and add a large tablespoonful of the bottled tarragon vinegar. Poach eggs so that the yolks will be just set, and cut the edges off smoothly, put them in individual dishes, and then adding a level tablespoonful of gelatine, dissolve in cold water to the warm bouillon, strain it over the eggs and set on ice. When firm set in the dishes, very cold, with water cress.

SCALLOPED POTATOES.

Slice as many potatoes as needed, butter a baking dish, place in a layer of potatoes, sprinkle with salt, pepper and a scant tablespoonful of flour; then another layer of potatoes, and so on until the potatoes are used. Cover with milk. Then cover the top with cracker crumbs and small lumps of butter and bake in a moderate oven one hour.

CHOCOLATE DESSERT.

Dissolve one-quarter cup of cornstarch in one-half cup of cold milk, then pour on slowly one and one-half cups of hot milk and cook in a double boiler eight minutes. Add four squares of chocolate, melted, and one-half cup of sugar. And one-teaspoon of vanilla and stir in the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs. Pour at once into small cups of earthen muffin cups, rinsed in cold water, and set away to become firm. Make a soft custard of the yolks of two eggs, one and one-half cups of milk, three level tablespoons of sugar and one-half teaspoon of vanilla.

DUTCH LOAF.

Take one pint of bread sponge or make the sponge with one and three-quarters cups of milk, one-half level teaspoon of salt, one-half yeast cake, dissolved in one-quarter cup of lukewarm water, and enough flour to make a thick butter. When light add one-half cup of butter and one cup of sugar creamed together, as this is much easier than adding each separately, two teaspoons of cinnamon, one cup or more if liked of currants and flour enough to form a stiff dough that can be handled. Knead smooth and put into a buttered bread pan; let rise very light and bake in a moderate even.

AN EXCELLENT SPONGE CAKE.

Beat six fresh eggs and a cup of sugar together with a wire, not a patent beater. Whip in long strokes until the mixture is perfectly creamy, light and white. This takes time. Add a teaspoonful vanilla or lemon and two tablespoonfuls of cold water, and beat again. Lastly, fold in—do not beat—one cup sifted flour. Bake in a rather slow oven.

CHOCOLATE SANDWICHES.

Grate the unsweetened chocolate, then sweeten to taste with sugar. Melt a little butter in a small saucepan, add the chocolate to it, then take from the fire and cool. Moisten with a very little cream, plain or whipped, and spread between thin slices of white bread.

CHERRIES ARE RIPE.

Mrs. Whitaker says: Cherries are less successfully packed and transported than most other fruits and the season is at its best short lived. Yet as one of the best known pomologists has written, "few fruits are worthier of a greater rivalry for possession."

FOR TABLE DECORATION.

While they last there is no more beautiful centerpiece for the dining table than a bowl or small basket of bunches of cherries with plenty of their own leaves. Cherries bought by the box, each cherry separate, are of little use for garnish or decoration, but they are the foundation for most excellent pies, steamed and baked puddings and for preserving.

CHERRIES FOR PIES.

The old nursery jingle-quoting, "Can she make a cherry pie?" and this accomplishment is not to be despised even in this day of marvelous dessert making. The best cooks agree that the pits or stones should not be removed for pie making. For like peaches, cherries are improved in flavor by cooking with the pits or stones. This renders the eating a little awkward to the very fastidious. The sweetest cherries are not as good for a pie as those slightly acid. When the pits are to be taken out there is good reason for thinking that it is better done by hand than by machine.

PRESERVING CHERRIES.

For cherry preserve allow three-quarters to one pound of sugar to one pound of pitted cherries. Make a syrup of the sugar with just enough water to dissolve, and when boiling, drop in the cherries and simmer slowly until the syrup is a rich combination of the juice and sugar and the fruit is cooked clear. Seal in small glasses, or, at least, in jars not larger than one pint.

CHERRY PICKLE.

A few pints of cherry pickle are not to be despised. Put the whole cherries into a bowl and cover with a sweetened and spiced vinegar, made from two cups of sugar to the same amount of vinegar, and a level tablespoon each of cloves and cinnamon. Cover the bowl and let stand two days, then pour off the vinegar and heat to the boiling point. Pour over the cherries packed in small jars and seal at once. Put the preserves and pickle away in a dark place or make care for the jars of thick manila paper which will exclude the light.—Alice E. Whitaker.

BAKED CHERRY PUDDING.

Sift one cup of flour with two level teaspoons of baking powder, add one rounding tablespoon of butter and the same of sugar. Mix with one cup of milk and the yolks of two eggs beaten and a saltspoon of salt. Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth, add to the batter and pour over a quart of cherries that have been stoned. Bake and serve with a hard sauce.

STEAMED CHERRY PUDDING.

Sift two cups of flour with four level teaspoons of baking powder. Rub one-quarter cup of butter into the flour and mix with seven-eighths cup of milk. Butter some cups and drop a spoonful of the batter into each, then a tablespoon of stoned cherries, then another tablespoon stoned cherries, then another tablespoon of batter to cover. Steam half an hour. Serve with a hot liquid sauce.

CANNED CHERRIES.

Select firm, ripe cherries. Wash, leaving stems on, and fill jars full. Make a syrup, allowing two and a half pints water and one and a quarter pounds sugar to three quarts cherries. Fill jars with syrup, put covers on loosely, and place jars in kettle of cold water, with a tin plate on the bottom to prevent jars breaking. Let the water cover the jars three-quarters. Boil five minutes, screw covers tighter, and remove from kettle. While cooling constantly tighten covers.—Ellen R. Morse.

CALIFORNIA CHERRY TART.

Use the large red cherries, wash and stem them, and remove the stones without breaking them; make a cupful of sugar-and-water syrup, using three-quarters of a cup of sugar, boiling until it almost threads. Make a delicate pie crust, arrange the cherries in it, and pour over the hot syrup; let it stand till cold, serve with or without cream.

CHERRY PIE.

Line a pie plate with good paste and brush over with the white of an egg broken; set in the oven just long enough to glaze the egg. Fill the plate with cherries that have not been stoned, and sprinkle half a cup of sugar over. Pile the cherries higher in the centre of the plate. Wet the edge of the paste and cover with puff paste. Make several gashes in the top crust. Bake in a quick oven.

MAPLE MOUSSE.

Lillian Mason.

Dear Madam:

I enclose a recipe which is delicious for a summer dish.

1 pint cream.
1 cup maple syrup.
4 eggs.

Beat all separately. Put syrup into cream and beat, add yolks well beaten, then whites beaten dry. Beat again thoroughly and freeze without stirring.—V. B. P.

BANBERRIES.

One lemon, juice and grated rind, one cupful raisins chopped fine, two dessertspoons water, one teaspoon flour, one-half cup sugar. Mix and heat until sugar is dissolved. Have puff paste, roll thin, cut in rounds a little larger than a tumbler. Put a little of the filling on each, and make like small turnovers.—Mrs. Leon Grant.

WALNUT WAFERS.

One cup brown sugar, two eggs, three even tablespoons flour, one-fourth teaspoon baking powder, one cup one-half pound walnut meats broken, not chopped, little salt. Drop on buttered tins in small spoonfuls and bake about five minutes.—Miss Charlotte Dewick.

SWEDISH BAKED POTATOES.

Bake large potatoes, cut a slice from the top of each and scoop out the inside. Mix the potato with minced, cooked fish, well seasoned with butter and cream. Put the mixture into the skins. Put on the caps and reheat in the oven.

BAKED CUCUMBERS.

Pare two cucumbers, split lengthwise and take out the seeds. Make a stuffing of soft bread-crumbs mixed with melted butter and salt, cayenne and grated onion to season. Fill cucumbers and bake brown, basting with hot water or stock and melted butter.

Describe it in a forty-word "For Sale" ad—and find a cash buyer for that idle machinery.