

# MICHIGAN FARMER AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

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## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

For the Household.

### A WOMAN'S HAND.

["In removing the debris from the wreck a woman's hand was found in a good state of preservation."]

Only a hand, a woman's hand, that was all  
That was left of one who perished that night by  
the fall;  
Or the fire-fiend tortured her life away, who  
knows?  
No record is left of the fearful work that shows,  
Of those who were searching the ruin there o'er  
and o'er  
No one could claim this hand as one they had  
clasped oft before.  
Were little ones moaning and calling for her in  
vain?  
Or a mother left from whose eyes tears fell like  
rain?  
Or a lover whose aching heart must hold, through  
life  
Only the image of what should have been his  
wife?  
Was a husband searching with bated breath,  
poor heart!  
Whether for years she had struggled along al-  
most done  
Or whether the journey of life was for her just  
begun:  
Whether her sky was cloudy and dark as night;  
Or whether the sun had made her life all bright;  
Whether her heart was true and pure none can  
tell  
Save He who knoweth all things and still doeth  
well.  
Only a woman's hand, a hand, nothing more,  
Reaching back, as it were, to the loved ones here  
from the shore  
On the other side of the river of Death. At last  
The trials and cares of this earthly life all past.  
ROMEO. EL SEE.

### FALSE GUIDES.

Years ago every thing printed was to me "as true as true could be." Then doubts obtruded, then certainty, and now I put sometimes a handful of salt instead of a grain, as is the customary allowance. Take the home columns in all the papers, and you are pretty sure to find a pitfall, and tumble into it, besides. One day I read that three broom handles and the top of a barrel would make the loveliest and most convenient table that ever was seen. So of course I found the handles, and began work. Result, the nails wouldn't go firmly into the wood, a breath of wind would blow my stand over, and after bearing the laughing jeers of my family for a week, my failure was consigned to the wood pile. One of my friends on reading what another woman did, tried to make a rocking chair out of a flour barrel. The thing tipped over the first time she sat down in it, she sprained her ankle trying to save

herself, and was obliged to lie in bed for a week. But the cooking recipes! That's where the pain and anguish came in. Didn't I read directions how to prepare a delicious dish by frying bananas in oil, and pouring over them a glass of wine? Didn't I work over them two hours? And didn't the family howl when they came to sample them, and moan over the lovely fruit, worse than wasted! Then came lots of heavy cake made without eggs, according to recipes in the HOUSEHOLD. The family grumbled, but kept pretty good natured. But they all "riz" to a man when I attempted to keep a family of eight on fifty cent dinners, as a certain smart woman did in the "Home Circle." The head man said he would either go home to his mother or stop every newspaper that came into the house. It was no use, so I took a back seat, looked up my old tried recipes, and we were happy.

My neighbor cuddled and cooed to her first baby and enjoyed rocking him to sleep in her arms. But she read a communication from a Spartan mother that this was all wrong—bitterly and entirely wrong. So to save her little one from a life of shame and woe, she undressed and put him into bed, and with tears rolling down her cheeks, heard his screams for an hour. When she took him up she found he was ruptured, and it took months of care and many doctor's bills to cure him. You see he wasn't that kind of a baby to stand being put into a bed alone, being a highly nervous child, and now she looks upon all mothers' talks in newspapers with scorn. Another of my neighbors read a long article about greeting the husband with a smile, and she thought she would try it. So when her husband came to dinner she smiled, and smiled, and beamed and beamed. He looked at her suspiciously for a while, and then took out his purse with a "Now look here, Em, tell me how much you want, and don't stand grinning there any longer." Painful, wasn't it? after following the newspaper directions so carefully.

Alas! I mourn a lovely fuchsia, slaughtered by reading an article in the social columns. The directions were to put a small pinch of arsenic in the soil. We had no arsenic, but a box of "Rough on Rats." I argued it was

the same thing and mixed a large pinch with the earth. The next morning every leaf was dead on the plant, the next day the stem was dead, and the whole thing was thrown on the dung hill. So much for a newspaper article on flowers. So by bitter experience I learned that I was not "up" to doing everything written in the papers. I enjoy all the articles, but let other women make bedsteads out of dry goods boxes, and rocking chairs out of flour barrels, and to read about the smart women that paper the whole house and shingle the kitchen roof is really amusing, as long as I don't goad myself up to trying it.

DETROIT.

SISTER GRACIOUS.

### THE GRACE OF GRACIOUSNESS.

I once took part in a conversation which impressed me deeply at the time, and which has often been recalled. I was spending the afternoon with a dear old lady who was an intimate family friend. We were speaking of one of my schoolmates, a girl whom I admired. In regular school-girl style I delivered an eulogy upon her, claiming that she was wonderfully talented, energetic, earnest and a thoroughly good girl. I wound up by saying, "And she is always so willing to help the other girls with things they don't see through. She helps me with my Latin almost every day."

Mrs. Arnold smiled at my enthusiasm, and then said quietly: "I think she has all the qualifications you name, but there is one in which she is sadly lacking—she has not the 'grace of graciousness.'"

"The grace of graciousness! I don't know what you mean."

"Perhaps I can make my meaning a little plainer. You say she daily helps some of the girls with their studies. At the same time she is helping them, doesn't she manage to impress them with the idea that the lessons are very easy to her? She doesn't say it in words, but don't they feel within themselves that they were very stupid not to understand it all without any help?"

I couldn't dispute this, for it described my own feelings too well. Still, I was not pleased to hear anything against the "oracle," as some of the girls had laughingly dubbed May. As

I made no answer, Mrs. Arnold continued:

"I often visit her mother, and I have had a chance to know something of May's home life. If she wants one of her younger brothers or sisters to do anything for her, she never asks them, but always expresses her wish in the form of a command. Her mother thinks her very 'clever,' and therefore never corrects her. She is so much in the habit of correcting her mother, however, especially in the matter of pronunciation, that my friend never talks at ease when May is in the room. She is certainly a talented girl, and I think she means to do right, but if she were a little more gracious in her manners she would lose nothing by it."

Dear girls, I have repeated this conversation in the hope that it may impress you as it did me. I was much hurt at first, to find that Mrs. Arnold did not consider May as near perfection as I had thought her. But the more I pondered on what she said, the more I realized the truth of her words.

I know it is easy to be careless in small things. At the same time it is easy to cultivate and show a kindly interest in all, when once we make up our minds that we will do so. If you have been blessed with quick intuition, help those not so gifted, and assist them in such a way as shall not lead them to consider themselves inferior beings. Be sure that in some way or other these same girls are your superiors, though they may be a little slower-witted than yourself. Not all the gifts are bestowed upon one mortal.

Cultivate, I beseech you, "the grace of graciousness." Look at the girls about you and you will find that the greatest favorite, with old and young is she who is the most gracious in her manners.

As George Eliot has truthfully said: "It is always good to know, if only in passing, a charming human being; it refreshes one like flowers and woods and clear brooks." And our own Oliver Wendell Holmes says:

"The very flowers that bend and meet,  
In sweetening others, grow more sweet."

MARTHA E. DIMON.

FORT WAYNE, IND.

#### A DOUBLE SURPRISE.

As our kind Editor "longs to be buried beneath an avalanche of letters," I propose that we girls write so many that we will have a whole page devoted to ourselves each week.

As it is leap year I hope the girls are all having their share of parties and sleigh rides; but girls, I warn you, don't plan a surprise party without informing or asking permission of some member of the family where you intend going. Several of us young people here intended giving Minnie a "regular surprise." We knew she would be delighted, and the girls would each take a lovely cake, and our escorts take

plenty of oysters, and we would have Minnie's mother cook them for us, which we imagined she would enjoy immensely, and we would take the whole family by storm, as it were. After a two hours' ride on a bitter cold, stormy night we arrived at our destination. With much giggling and chattering of teeth we opened the front door and all rushed in exclaiming, "Minnie, aren't you surprised?" We soon judged by her looks that she truly was surprised, as well as the other members of the family. Minnie emerged from the bedroom holding both sides of her face at once, which was tied up in a small red blanket. After staring at her a moment we all gasped as with one voice: "Mumps?" "Yes," said a despairing voice from under the covers of the couch behind the stove, "and I am coming down with the measles, I think, and father and mother and aunt Olivia are all sick abed with the gripe. Will some of you put some wood in the stove?" Minnie's mother came feebly forward to relieve us of our wraps, but we declined with thanks, saying we only came over for a little sleigh ride, despite her glance of inquiry at the numerous packages of cake, the oysters and the bulky cracker sacks displayed on the table. Before we were fairly warmed the family doctor entered, and we took the opportunity of making our exit, wishing them all a speedy recovery, and resolving never, never again to surprise any one without first being assured of our welcome. MILLIE.

#### WORK FOR THE CHARITABLE.

Writing material has been kept at hand for weeks and weeks, waiting and expecting an "inspiration," but it does not come, so here I go without it. I am unable longer to resist seeing my name in the HOUSEHOLD, knowing that my production will be read with breathless interest by its readers.

What a curious medley it would make were we each to frankly tell how we have been doing this cold weather. Somebody is laid up with the rheumatism and thinks the days are forty-four hours long, and that there is no sympathy in this world for the afflicted. The water pipes are frozen and every man turns plumber with a twisted newspaper as a torch to thaw them. The street cars are discovered to be death-traps and the conductors fiends. The horses get out and run away; the cows kick up a muss, and the chickens deliberately allow their feet and top-knots to be frozen off; the children can't go to school and the bread won't rise. A person can't even be buried in good shape. It is "awful." The air is full of fellow feeling. I mean fellows feeling for other fellows' pocketbooks.

Those who have never encountered poverty except as it exists in small towns or occasionally in a farming com-

munity, cannot conceive the real meaning of the word. On Christmas day the Sunday School Superintendents' Union of this city successfully carried out a plan of giving, through the contributions of the benevolent, shoes, stockings and candy to four thousand poor children, whose cases had been investigated and found worthy. I was one of a committee of men and women who fitted these shoes on the poor little dirty feet.

Think, ye well fed and comfortably housed, of four thousand children under twelve years of age without a whole shoe or stocking! Think of four thousand boys and girls, ragged and dirty and lame and sore-eyed and blind, some of them minus an arm or a leg! Sickly babes carried by miserable mothers—little tots not a year old scared to death and barefooted. They were marched through the departments in squads, but it was impossible to prevent some of them from being separated from their friends. They kicked and screamed and sobbed and had nervous fits and were held down in the waiting room by the police until called for. A very few looked glad. Some sturdy boys lost their hats and enjoyed it. When it was all over we breathed the fresh air outside and viewed the square covered with old shoes with a feeling of mingled mirth and sadness. We were sorry we could do no more, we were glad we could do what we had. We were going home to comfortable firesides, clean beds and good food. The children were returning to attics and basements, stables and coal bins, rags and straw to sleep in; many of them nothing to eat but the oranges and candy we heeded out. Drunken parents doubtless pawned the shoes for liquor in some cases before the next morning.

I wish everybody were interested in the Deaconess' work. This is conducted by a body of Christian women living together in a Home. They go out every day searching for the sick and needy, and so far as they can relieve their wants and nurse them. They are supported by the Protestant churches. The number of the Home in Detroit is 194 Clifford St.; Miss L. A. Gaddis is Superintendent. Money, food, clothing, anything and everything that can be used in housekeeping, caring for the sick and clothing the naked, will be honestly used and intelligently applied if sent to these deaconesses. Our cities are so crowded with suffering children. Little can be hoped for from the older people, but the children can be saved and these women are working chiefly to that end. This is a good work for Epworth Leagues in the country. DAFFODILLY.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

BUTTER that has once been frozen quickly turns rancid on exposure to air. Don't let the butter or cream freeze. A few days will develop a decided degree of rancidity.

## WHAT WE ARE READING.

Timothy's Quest, by Mrs. Kate Douglass Wiggin, is one of the sweetest, purest books I have ever read. Brave little Timothy! His love and devotion to Baby Gay led him to steal her away from the city slums in search of friends and a home for her in the country, where he was sure there must be many a home open to receive her. Of himself he felt not so confident; but he was willing to put up with any discomfort to himself for the sake of having Gay loved and cared for. Rags, the dog, accompanied the children in their flight, where they came upon Miss Vilda Cummins who lived upon a farm with Samantha, the large-hearted "help," and Jabe, the good natured but lazy farmhand. Timothy's pure life, and his touching appeal in Gabrielle's behalf are enough to bring tears to the eyes of the most hardened reader.

If you want a good pure book, full of interest from beginning to end, you will surely be pleased with Timothy's Quest.

Seven Dreamers, by Annie Trumbull Slosson, is another new book which is filled with good, pure thoughts from the first introductory story to the last, "A Speakin' Ghost." The book is a series of seven short stories all about dreamers, or in other words, persons whom we would naturally call "a little weak in the upper story." So cleverly are they told and so sweetly solemn is the earnestness which pervades the characters that the reader enters into hearty sympathy with the deluded ones, happy even in their delusion.

Those who have read "Butter-an'-Eggs" and "Deacon Pheby's Selfish Natur'" will be pleased to know that these are included in the collection. I will speak of only a few particularly. In "Deacon Pheby's Selfish Natur'," the dreamer is a man who to please a sick mother who has become blind, passes himself off as his sister who died during the mother's severe illness. The mother was so attached to the little Phebe that her brother feared to acquaint his mother with the fact of her death, so he dressed in his sister's clothes, disguised his voice to represent his sister's as nearly as possible and when his mother asked for the son she was told that he had died during her illness. After her first burst of grief the mother expresses herself as glad that her little girl is spared to her, as in her now helpless state, Pheby will be so much more comfort to her than Phebus would have been. After his mother's death, which takes place while she still thinks it is her son who has died, Phebus continues to dress and work as a woman, even to the hateful knitting work which his sister used to do, and which naturally enough does not suit a boy. He is now grown to man's estate and tells this story to a listener, constantly referring to his

selfish nature, in that these things, dressing and acting the part of his dead sister to pacify his mother, were hard for him to bear. He wanders back to the old home where he tends with great care the two mounds in an old Indian burying ground, fancying them to be the graves of his mother and sister. (They were really buried in Canada where the family had gone to live—the mother and her two children.) The closing is as follows, when he comes back to the old house where they lived so long, where he and his sister were born: "The door was gone, but the doorway was there, an' part of the steps, an' 's I was lookin' I see—right there 's plain 's I see you now—I see mother. She was standin' right in the doorway. She had on a kinder indiger blue dress she used to wear with white spriggles on it, an' a little hankchief round her neck, an' she looked just as nat'ral. \* \* \* \* She didn't speak but just 's I see her right out from under the bank close by me a little bird sang out, loud an' clear 'Pheby! Pheby!' I tell ye I couldn't scarcely stan' it, an' when I think on it now it kinder upsets me. I can see mother's face jest 's plain. She's lookin' out of a kinder doorway an' her eyes is jest the same old mother color; so soft an' lovin', an' she's got a sorter anxious, waitin', watchin', wantin' look in 'em. An' I says to myself: 'Why what's mother wantin' now? Pheby's to hum, I wonder if she's expectin' anybody else?' Every story of the seven is a perfect gem. I would advise all to read the book.

FLINT.

ELLA R. WOOD.

## OUT OF THE OLD HOME INTO THE NEW.

At last the verdict went forth we should leave the farm where we had wrestled with the sunshine and shadows of farm life for nearly thirty-two years. After some little time spent in searching, a house, barn, chicken-house and park, with over an acre of land, were bought in Plainwell, and in November, amid rain, snow, slush and mud, the fun of moving, house-cleaning and repairing began. Unlike A. L. L.'s moving, carpets were not put down and stoves set up by proxy. The street on which we live is a direct road to Otsego, so there is almost constant travel.

In the spring of 1869 the village of Plainwell was duly incorporated, and has grown up entirely within my recollection. It is now a thriving village of over 1,400 inhabitants, pleasantly situated on both banks of the Kalamazoo river. It is a station of importance on the lines of the Grand Rapids & Indiana and Chicago & West Michigan railroads, which roads here cross each other, being distant by rail twelve miles from Kalamazoo, thirty-six from Grand Rapids, and thirteen from Allegan, the county seat.

In this village there are three

churches, a high school of good repute, two live newspapers, a Ladies' Library Association in its 23d year that owns a good substantial building containing over 1,500 books (which cost no doubt as many dollars, and goes for proof positive that such an institution can be successfully carried on by ladies), one bank, one merchant tailor, one harness shop, four dry goods stores, five groceries, two drug stores, two shoe stores, two furniture stores, two paper mills, three flouring mills, besides many other smaller industries. We also have the Holly water-works, and a full quota of doctors, lawyers, dress-makers and milliners, to say nothing of cats and dogs too numerous to mention.

I find the neighbors very pleasant and kind, but there is one thing lacking, none of them take the HOUSEHOLD. I am glad to see El. See has not forsaken us, as have E. L. Nye and Daffodilly.

Some one may ask if I find more leisure time in which to do nothing? So far I have really been afraid I would never find time to write another HOUSEHOLD letter until the sentence, "You who profess your pleasure in the HOUSEHOLD, etc." from the pen of our Editor brought me to a realizing sense of my duty.

Expel Grandpa from the HOUSEHOLD! Not so! I hope he will continue to peep from his corner for many years to come.

Now I have told you where we live. I hope if any of the HOUSEHOLD correspondents chance this way they will not fail to call on BESS.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Emma," of Bannister, wants to know what is the matter of her house-plants. The leaves turn yellow and drop off. She also wishes to commend Beatrix's recipe for fried cakes, and to invite Brue to come again. The trouble with the houseplants may be due to too much water, or to tiny white worms in the soil. If you have been giving water pretty liberally the soil has probably "soured." The best course will be to re-pot; or if this is not practicable, water more sparingly. For white worms, set the pots into a dish of hot water, this will send the worms to the surface, or near it, when a spoonful of lime water will kill them. This is a formula we saw the other day in a horticultural exchange.

Fidus Achates wants to know what to do with her plush cloak, which is worn off along the edges of the fronts. If you want to fix it up "real stylish" have a rolling revers collar of Persian lamb or astrachan, which will be continued in a narrow edge or border down the fronts. This will freshen it up a good deal. The astrachan must have the heavy, wide wave which characterizes the very best quality. We do not know a long curly fur in black, such as our correspondent refers to.

## THE CHINESE LILY.

It has been a long time since I last wrote to the HOUSEHOLD, but I have enjoyed every one of its weekly visits very much, and now I want to ask some questions. I had a present of some very fine large bulbs of the Chinese Sacred Lily, and beyond putting them in a dish of water with sand, pebbles, etc., to hold them upright, I do not know how to care for them, and all the catalogues that I have examined give no directions for their care after they have ceased blooming. How shall I keep them for next winter's use? and will the same bulbs blossom again like other lilies, or do they throw out little bulbs for future use, the old ones dying after once blooming, like the tuberose? Do they need the direct sunshine while growing now, or is partial shade better? Will some one who has had experience with them please answer. I think they are beautiful and would like to have mine do the very best and increase and multiply also, as I am so fond of flowers, especially those that grow and bloom so freely in the winter when all is so bare out of doors.

PAW PAW.

E. W.

## TAKING CARE OF MEAT

I would like to say a word in favor of that much despised pork barrel. A nicely browned slice of sweet fat pork, or a piece nicely baked, is relished by most people; even those from the city will enjoy it with plenty of good vegetables. I will give our method for keeping it sweet and nice. In the first place, have your barrel clean and free from taint. Procure the best of rock salt. Cover the bottom of the barrel with salt, then cut your meat in strips as wide as you want the slices to be, or about four inches. Stand the strips on edge, as many as you can get in; crowd them together, so that they will fit as close as possible. The last piece will require some pounding to get it in place; then cover with salt and another layer of meat until all is packed, and last put in a good supply of salt. Then we scald the old brine and thoroughly skim it; let it get perfectly cold and pour over the meat. Use a board and stone to keep the meat under the brine. If there is not old brine enough to cover your meat pour on cold water until it is all covered. Be sure that the weight is always in place. Meat packed in this way will keep until used up. We usually let the meat lie until the second day before salting, so that the animal heat is all out, but don't let it hang in the wind and sun for a week or two, nor let it freeze. We have kept meat in this way for thirty-seven years and never lost a pound.

Now I will give the way that we keep our souse, as we are all very fond of it, and relish a nice dish warmed in good sharp vinegar. When you have boiled

your souse tender pick the bones out, put into glass fruit jars while hot, have boiling hot vinegar to pour over, and seal same as you would fruit. It will keep as long as you want it. It relishes much better than when we first cook it, for usually we have so much that we tire of it.

DELILAH JANE.

## A CURE FOR CHILBLAINS.

We have just celebrated our fifth anniversary, and as Beatrix calls for "more copy" I decided I would tell the HOUSEHOLD about it. I thought it would be quite an undertaking to get ready for it, but found it an easy matter, with a mother near by to come and "boss the job." There were about thirty guests present. The presents were very nice and useful, and I think it pleasant, as Beatrix says, "not to forget our anniversaries," and to celebrate them as often as we can.

Has any member of the HOUSEHOLD been suffering from chilblains? If so, I will tell you what cured mine. Just before going to bed bind on cloths well saturated with kerosene oil; keep the cloths on about two days and nights, wetting them twice a day with kerosene.

I have some good cake recipes I will send if needed.

ROCHESTER.

EMMARETTA.

[The recipes will be acceptable; and the cure for chilblains seems heroic.—ED.]

## THE COOK'S CORNER.

Some one asked for a recipe for plain mince-pie. We call the enclosed just as plain as one that has to be coaxed up the right standard of goodness by tasting and adding to until one hardly knows what it is. This we master and never burn our tongues over, for we make it exactly like the rule, except the brandy. It will keep in an open jar, but we always put it in our empty cans—then it has no chance to dry away. To always fill the crusts with the hot mince is something new to us. Cook the meat in as little water as possible without browning. I will also enclose a simple apple dessert. We pass sponge cake or plain cake of any kind with it. Nice after a rich dinner. Crullers made by this rule never fail to be good. We cut them in fancy shapes, love-knots, braids etc. Cut all before we commence to fry. This rule makes a pan-full and they are better the longer kept. Powdered with sugar they are nice to mix with other cake.

Few know how much easier it is to sweep a large room in small spaces or they would try it. Remove all small pieces of furniture and fancy things if you like; then sweep little heaps of dirt and take up with a brush broom as you go, orderly and thoroughly. There is no wonder at the last how one will ever get up all the dust and dirt.

We do appreciate our little HOUSE-

HOLD so much! And it looks to me as though we prefer "Beatrix." It may seem a little selfish to her—so I am bound to help "snow her under."

HOME.

JOHN.

[The recipes will be found on the fourth page. Thanks for them and for the promise of "more snow."—ED.]

## MINCE-PIE WITHOUT APPLES.

We were having a real old-fashioned visit, and mince-pie bobbed up for discussion. "I can tell you something rather funny," she said, settling back in the easy chair and twisting her yarn tighter over her finger. "Last winter when I was living near Huldah Perkins—so near that I had a hope of greeting her in the body some day, just as I had so long done in spirit—we began to want mince-pies. We had all the necessary ingredients except apples, but they were away up, out of sight, and every one said that of course we couldn't have mince-pie without them. Then a neighbor of mine arose in the night of her "I will," and a few days afterward brought over a sample of mince-pie. It was good and apparently quite orthodox. After some praise and quizzing she revealed her secret. She sliced and steamed some ruta-bagas until tender, left them in strong vinegar until sour, then chopped fine and used in the place of apple. Really, that woman must be a domestic Columbus.

A. H. J.

THOMAS.

## Contributed Recipes.

MINCE-PIE.—Three pounds of chopped beef; one-half pound of suet; five pounds of chopped apple; two pounds of currants; four pounds of raisins (put in whole); one-half pound of citron (shredded fine); three pounds of brown sugar; two quarts of molasses; two wine glasses of brandy (if you like); two pounds of apple jelly (any jelly will do); six tablespoonfuls of cinnamon; one ounce of ginger; two ounces of cloves; one ounce each of mace and allspice; two ounces of salt; one nutmeg; three lemons, grate the outside and use the juice; one pint of water; one can of fruit (you can omit the fruit if you wish). Use cold coffee for extra wetting. This makes about three gallons and is delicious. Cook until the apples are thoroughly done.

CRULLERS.—Three eggs, beaten; nine tablespoonfuls of milk; nine tablespoonfuls of sugar; nine tablespoonfuls of lard (melted); scant teaspoonful of salt; one-half teaspoonful of soda. Beat until thoroughly mixed. Mix a little harder than doughnuts, roll much thinner, about like sugar cookies.

DO-GOOD PUDDING.—Sweeten and flavor one quart of apple sauce; add four tablespoonfuls of corn-starch, a pinch of salt and cook ten minutes. Turn into a mold. When cold eat with cream and sugar. We cook the apples slowly and a longer time, this season of the year.

JOHN.

HOME.