

# MICHIGAN FARMER

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## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### THE GIRLS OF NINETY-ONE.

They tell me 'twas the fashion,  
Oh, long and long ago  
For girls to look like lillies white,  
And sit at home and sew.  
Forth strode their worthy brothers,  
On many a gallant quest;  
But the maids behind the lattice  
Their weary souls possessed.

To-day the times have altered,  
And pretty Kate and Nell  
Are playing merry tennis—  
In sooth they do it well.  
They ride across the country,  
They climb the mountain side,  
And with oars that feather lightly,  
Along the rivers glide.

If they've not yet been to college,  
They are going by and by,  
To shake the tree of knowledge,  
Though its branches touch the sky;  
For all their Greek and Latin,  
And pouring over books,  
With faces smooth as satin,  
They'll keep their dainty looks.

Do you want a happy comrade,  
In study or in fun?  
Be sure you'll find her quickly  
'Mid the girls of ninety-one.  
She'll keep that bright head steady,  
Unharm'd in any whirl,  
And not a lad will love her less  
Because she is a girl.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

### CHRISTMAS FANCY WORK.

A pretty sofa pillow is always an acceptable gift. A novelty in this line is of the usual size, its India silk cover made considerably larger, and fullness arranged chiefly around the corners. Sew two bands of ribbon crosswise around the cushion rather tightly, finishing with a full bow, and afterward pull the fullness into each corner. This is lovely with a cover of pale pink silk with white flowers, tied with either pink or white ribbons.

A handsome necktie case can be made of chamois skin. Take a strip 18 inches long by 12 inches wide, and line with Nile green China silk, with an interlining of sheet wadding well sprinkled with sachet powder. Make a cord of Belding's Nile green rope silk and silver tinsel cord. The case is folded through the centre, crosswise, and the upper side decorated with a cluster of field daisies, crossing diagonally and painted in their natural colors. One corner is turned over just enough to show the contrast between the lining and chamois skin. A band of inch-wide

ribbon crosses the centre lengthwise, and is caught down at the ends, in the centre, and in the centre of each side; this makes four loops, under which the neckties may be slipped. The end of the ribbon on the upper side is formed into a large bow, and conceals a hook, which fastens into a loop made on the other end of the ribbon. One lined with pale blue or pink and decorated with forget-me nots would be pretty.

A crotched cover for a ball of twine is a gift little fingers can manage. Make a chain of five stitches and join in a circle, and gradually widen to fit the ball. When half done, stop widening and finish the cover at that width. Run a drawing-string into the top, put in the ball, and draw it up. The end from the centre of the ball must be put through the hole made by the union of the five stitches at the start. Add a loop of ribbon to hang it up by, and a long end with a pair of small scissors attached.

A cover for a small book may be made of chamois. Allow enough to cover the book and turn in two and a half inches. Cut out the corners to fit the corners of the book, and sew the bias seams. Pink the edges, or cut them in scallops, then letter with gilt, or paint a small design on one cover.

A beautiful knitting bag is of blue plush, lined with quilted silk. It consists of a straight strip nearly a yard long, lined the whole length, with pockets of the lining silk which extend half way from each end to the centre. A design is outlined in gold thread on one end, and a ribbon bow with long loops and ends is set where the bag is folded in the middle; a strap of ribbon across its width serves to hang it up by.

A shoe-bag is made of heavy brown linen. Cut two pieces, one 18 inches long, the other 13 inches. Round both ends of the long piece and one end of the short. Lay them together and bind them neatly with braid, which should then be feather-stitched. Turn the longer piece over the shorter like a pocket flap and fasten with a button and loop. Embroider the words "Goody Two-Shoes" on the back.

A violin cover, to lay over the violin in its case, follows the outlines of the case, and is made of some delicate shade of silk, a soft green or blue, lined with

quilted silk and edged with cord of the color of the outside. The outline of a violin is embroidered in the widest portion, with a tracery of leafy sprays tied with bow knots and ends embroidered in colored silks.

White china silk handkerchiefs are sometimes used for pillow-shams. Or one can buy the silk and hemstitch them to suit.

Big pincushions are out of style. The very largest of the new fashion is not over six inches square. A beautiful one was of very fine linen embroidered with a wreath of forget-me-nots; as a finish, a ruffle of white ribbon, two inches wide, under one of lace the same width is gathered very full and curved round it.

### THE COMING WINTER.

Once upon a time, when I was very busy and my days were full of people from morning till night, I thought it would be happiness to spend a winter in the country, and the more backwoods the country the better. To have in pantry, cellar, granery, barn and woodhouse the winter's supplies with no further care; to have by your own fireside peace and quiet, with plenty of leisure for whatever you wished to do, reading, writing, fancy work, or even the little economies of making over and fixing up which you enjoy doing, but don't like to flourish in the faces of your friends; to have your fireside comfort enhanced by the storms that beat against your window and to be secure from interruption, and the trouble of entertaining people who cannot entertain you—I once thought all that would be bliss.

Well, I have been cursed with a granted prayer. I have just that kind of a winter before me, with even more of backwoods in it than I could have hoped for, and I find I am not exactly reveling in anticipation. I have found by experience that there is one immense want in human nature that physical comfort or even intellectual pleasures cannot satisfy. It is the great social need. More than "old wood to burn, old books to read," would be "old friends to talk." That is the great drawback of farm life—its isolation and loneliness.

I have a neighbor, an elderly lady whose home though not differing from



others around seems an especially pleasant place to call, as one always comes away in cheerful spirits after a half hour's chat there. I have wondered why, for both house and hostess are not out of the common order. Once I asked her why and this is her reply: "If a woman is contented and happy in her home her cheerfulness really seems reflected from the walls around her on others. If you are blue in spirit, though you may try not to show it, your home will never seem pleasant to others."

I suppose we women hardly realize how pleasant the house seems to husbands and sons coming in from their outdoor work. A bright fire, supper table set, cheerful lamplight and an orderly house relieves half the tiredness of the outdoor workers. To contribute towards the cheer and well being of others is a high and holy work—none above it.

PIONEER.

HULDAH PERKINS.

#### COLOR IN OIL PAINTING.

I have lately been notified by "She," that a friend—an embryo artist—would like some information on color-mixing in oil painting. Though but a beginner myself, if any knowledge acquired through books or teachers can be of use to one less favored than myself that one is very welcome to the same.

Ruskin says: "The business of a painter is to paint. If he can color he is a painter, though he can do nothing else. If he cannot color he cannot paint though he do everything else; but if he can color he can do more, for a faithful study of color will give power over form, but the most intense study of form will give no power over color."

Again he says: "It is noteworthy, the way in which God has employed color in His creation, as the unvarying accompaniment of all that is purest, most innocent and most precious, while for things precious only in material uses or dangerous, common colors are reserved. Look at a dove's neck and compare it with the gray back of a viper. All the serpents I have ever seen were gray, brown or black and brick-red variously mottled; so again the alligator and crocodile are gray, but the harmless lizard green and beautiful. I do not mean this rule is invariable, otherwise it would be more convincing than the lessons of the universe were intended ever to be, but take a wider view of nature and compare generally, rainbows, sunrise, roses, birds, goldfish, butterflies, rubies, emeralds and opals, with alligators, hippopotami, sharks, bears, swine, bones, slugs, fogs, and corrupting, stinging, destroying things in general and you will see."

But I started out to mix paints. Perhaps it would be as well to begin. For landscape work the sky colors are first in order. The principal blues used

are French ultramarine, cobalt and Prussian blue. A good German authority says: "Never use Prussian blue, as it has nothing in common with sky tints, and its effect is very disagreeable," while one of our best Detroit artists said to me, "Oh, that's all a notion; I use it in my work, and like it too." (Just take your choice.) If you copy from a print be sure you get a good one, and then follow it. White with a portion of either of these blues, adding a bit of yellow ochre and madder lake, forms a good sky color. Cobalt, light red, and yellow ochre make a pretty gray tint for light clouds, while indigo, light red or Indian red, and ochre, can be used for rain clouds; for clouds on moonlight nights, ivory black, ultramarine, sepia, and brown madder can be used; for a very cold gray tone black and cobalt; for purple tones, indigo, Indian red and black. For morning and evening skies, yellow ochre and madder lake, Indian yellow and light red or aurolin and madder lake; for any sky tints add white or not as your judgment dictates. As you probably know, the sky tints should be used somewhat modified for the distance; in fact the colors used in these tints should be employed throughout the picture wherever possible.

For trees and vegetation the strongest green is obtained from indigo and Indian yellow and Prussian blue. Burnt sienna added to either of these gives a fine olive. From yellow ochre and cobalt you get a cold green; this mixed with brown pink in varying proportions gives a useful color. Shades of black and raw and burnt sienna give warm olives. A good set of tints is made of blue, raw sienna, and a little white, blue, and burnt sienna; for the light touches Naples yellow.

Raw umber and cobalt; also burnt sienna, vandyke brown, indigo and yellow ochre, are good colors for middle distance.

For foliage in the foreground these combinations with perhaps the addition sometimes of ivory black or French ultramarine, will answer very well. Brown pink, madder brown and Indian yellow are good glazing colors if needed.

Now as to water tints; for a yellowish tone use raw sienna with either vandyke or madder brown; for greenish water brown pink, indigo and vandyke brown, or cobalt and yellow ochre; for a gray toned water, ivory black, cobalt and brown ochre, or black-ultramarine, light red and cobalt.

For lakes and still water in clear weather, use cobalt, madder lake and yellow ochre, or cobalt and light red or Indian red.

For shores and roads, yellow ochre, burnt sienna and cobalt, or ochre and vandyke brown singly or mixed; ultramarine and brown madder for shadows with Indian yellow and burnt umber will be found useful.

AUNT YORKE.

#### COMPARISON.

In the early summer I read an editorial in the HOUSEHOLD describing a visit to the home for deserted or cast away children in Detroit. About the same time I was attending some lectures on Mormonism by our minister, who had visited Salt Lake and gave us a description of the country, its people and their manner of living, saying that some men felt very proud because they were the fathers of a great many children, Brigham Young with the rest, who had built splendid temples and a palace for each of his wives (with other people's money) showing how one man gratified his worldly desires.

There is quite a large institution in New York for these homeless or bastard children. There is one in London, England, which is called The Foundling's Hospital. There are five or six hundred boys and girls in the institution, who are dressed alike. They are clothed, educated, and fitted for the duties of life. Their playgrounds are quite large, with long covered sheds for bad weather. The Hospital is supported by many noblemen and rich people. I was at its church service twice, and it is quite beautiful to hear the children sing and chant the service. Some of these children when babes are left at the lodge gate in little boxes or baskets, with a note pinned to their clothing; and some are found by the police, on door steps and other places. Undoubtedly many of them are the offspring of personages in high life, but they are destined never to know who their parents are.

Now when I heard these lectures on Mormonism it set me to thinking, which is the greatest evil or sin? the open and acknowledged ways of the Mormons, or the sly and secret way these children come into the world?

When Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips felt the great evil of slavery, their eyes and ears were open, but they did not "shut their mouths." It is a matter of policy for our advisers to warn us to keep our mouths shut, because, like us, they have some faults they do not wish exposed. We are all very apt to look over the fence at our neighbor's failings, but are blind to see something we are cultivating ourselves. There is an old saying that "those who live in glass houses should not cast stones," but I think that person is my best friend who will some time tell me of my faults, giving a true chance for the end to justify the means.

PLAINWELL.

ANTI-OVER.

A CORRESPONDENT asks a remedy for the worms which trouble young children. The most effectual remedy is santonine, a homeopathic medicine to be obtained of any physician of that school. Sage is also good.



## DISTURBING ELEMENTS.

Dr. Talmage showed most conclusively in a recent discourse that all the passions implanted in the human breast by an all-wise Creator are as necessary to our well being as the tempest, the tornado, the earthquake, the whirlwind and the cyclone to the physical world. The latter, though often causing great destruction both of life and property, are nevertheless necessary in stirring up the briny ocean, thus preventing its stagnation; in purifying the air of its miasma and relieving the earth of its superabundance of electricity; all having a place in Nature's economy. So all of our passions, if directed into proper channels, and properly controlled, will inure to our benefit.

All this is preliminary to saying that if your humble scribe has committed the unpardonable offense—in the sight of N. Durance, of being a disturbing element in the HOUSEHOLD, deserving the expulsion threatened, he claims some slight credit for starting a few subjects that seem to have stirred up a little commotion in the placid HOUSEHOLD, and suggesting subjects of thought. The doctrines of the "end justifying the means," and "Whatever is, is right," were proclaimed by wiser heads than any of us of the HOUSEHOLD will presume to claim, and long before any of us were born.

It was with no small degree of trepidation that I ventured to enter the portals of the HOUSEHOLD, but the cordial greeting extended to me by the Editor and the promptness with which all my articles, save the last, have appeared, encouraged me to think I was not an unwelcome guest.

The impression seems to have obtained in the minds of some that I advocate the doctrine that everything that happens, or is, is best; whereas in every instance, the qualification "Whatever is of Divine origin, beyond the control of man," has been used; and to dispute this proposition would be to charge the Almighty with doing wrong.

I claim no credit for having my head "silvered o'er with age," and covered with the heavy locks of seventy winters; nor do I claim that "long experience has made me sage;" but I do claim some interest in the Golden Rule, and hope I shall never be found so ungrateful as to withhold the same kind treatment and charity to others I would like myself. How the impression that I advocate a tyrannical government in the training of children has gained credence, passes my comprehension, for in an experience of over thirty years in teaching, I never inflicted as many severe corporal punishments, finding keeping pupils busy about their studies and a watchful eye constantly upon them, a better way of preventing mischief.

N. Durance's "inward chuckle of de-

light" was "wasted on the desert air," so far as the incident of the scorched boots related to me, for I never taught in a house where there was a fireplace, and my boots were always thawed and put away, room swept, twenty to forty copies written, and as many pens mended before any pupil got to the school-house.

GRANDPA.

## PIE CRUST.

Evangeline has told us how mince pies came into being, but evidently the dried-apple article antedated the monkey's recipe and the origin of pie is as much a mystery as ever. Who made the first pie, anyhow? We know the times and the seasons of most great events, but this is shrouded in impenetrable gloom. Eve couldn't have made pies in Paradise, but judging from the hereditary instinct in man which demands pie as his birthright, she must have made apple turnovers for Cain and Abel in those early days when the Adam family were the oldest settlers.

At least Shakespeare knew all about "hot venison pastry;" and we have an account of some wonderfully elaborate pies baked at Munich in the year 1509, out of one of which came live birds when it was cut—"the four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie." Queen Elizabeth had a weakness for a pie made of fattened geese as well as for fine dresses and the earl of Leicester; and pies were found in Pompeian ovens.

The basis of pie is the crust. It is a popular mistake to believe all the virtue lurks in the "fillin'," and that therein lies the difference between pie and pie. All pies are divided into two great classes, pies with good crust and pies without good crust; after that, those differentiations begin which the restaurant waiter classified as "kiver top, open face and cross bar," next, those specific divisions into apple, custard, mince, etc., with which we are more or less agreeably familiar.

I care not what combination of "sugar and spice and everything nice," what luscious layers of golden Belleflowers, smothered in sugar and seethed their own juices; what judicious mingling of eggs and sugar and milk with a dash of nutmeg to flavor its yellow foam, you may make and bake and set before the king, if your pie crust is not crisp and flaky, brown and tender as a "lover's thought" of his absent sweetheart, your pie is a dismal failure. And you will know it, and your king will know it too, for if you feed him on tough, leathery, soggy crust, he will surely get bilious in complexion and temper, and dyspeptic as to stomach and religious views.

The average man wants pie for desert. He has a great capacity for it. His appetite is not satisfied with a little dab of pudding in a saucer. No dainty desserts of whipped cream and syllabub for him. He asks loudly for pie. The

bald-headed man at the dinner table had been spending two weeks with a family who don't believe in pie. His first meal on his return was dinner. The table maid stood at his elbow and repeated her little story: "Apple and cranberry pie and cottage pudding?" "Pie, Mary," was the terse reply. Such a smile of satisfaction stole all over him, even to the little fringe of hair on the back of his neck, when two quarter sections were placed before him! "I haven't seen a piece of pie since I went away," he said as he poised his fork for the attack, "and how I've wanted some! At the Vans' we had nothing but 'puddin'!" said oh so contemptuously!

Pie has become an American institution. Nowhere does it flourish so luxuriantly as under the Stars and Stripes. What foreigners don't know about pie would fill a book. Even our English cousins, who claim to know about all that's worth knowing, are not acquainted with our toothsome pumpkin pie. An American lady spending the winter in London decided to have an American Thanksgiving dinner, although she had to substitute pork and beans for turkey because she could not get the latter. But she proposed to have a pumpkin pie, which was to be the great American feature of the repast. It was brought to her and she didn't recognize it! The maid was told to bring "the American pie." "There it is, mum," was the reply. It had an upper crust! No wonder she wasn't acquainted with it. When she lifted the crust and investigated the department of the interior, she found the pumpkin, cut in slices, sugared and cinnamon, blanketed and steam smothered between two crusts. Artemas Ward made one of the party. He reversed the American flag which decorated the table, putting it Union down—the signal of distress—then they all went out and had an English dinner.

Most cooks recommend what is called pastry flour for pie crust. This is made of Minnesota spring wheat, without much gluten in it. A flaky, crisp crust, the only kind which is fit to be eaten, is only to be had by the liberal use of shortening. And the shortening and the flour and the water used for mixing should be very cold. This is essential. Observe correct proportions, handle as little as possible, and you cannot fail of good pie-crust. One-third of a cup of shortening, one cup of flour and just water enough to stir into a mass, are sufficient for one pie with two crusts. Two-thirds lard and one-third butter makes a good crust. Beef drippings, melted and strained, are often used by economical cooks and give good results.

Remember every bit of flour you add above the required proportion and all you use in rolling makes the crust harder and hence tougher.

A good rule for pies requiring but



one crust is this: Three cups of flour; one-half teaspoonful of baking powder and a pinch of salt sifted through the flour; wet this with one cup thin sweet cream. Roll it out thin, spread half a cup of butter over it, fold over three times and roll thin; repeat the folding and rolling.

There is a good deal in baking pies, to make the crust good. The oven should be hot at first, and the temperature lessened after the quick heating has expanded the air in the crust.

A cooking-school recipe for puff paste, which is chiefly used for upper crusts, is as follows: One pound of flour, in a bowl, put with this the yolk of an egg, a teaspoonful of salt and a teaspoonful of lemon juice; mix with ice water to a stiff dough; take out on a floured board and knead smooth. Wash one pound of butter; divide it in four parts; roll out the dough, lay on one portion of the butter, which must be very cold, fold the dough over, roll out, repeat seven times, then add another portion of butter and so on. It takes a long time, fully an hour, to make a puff paste, and it is hard work too. The board is floured every time the paste is rolled, and when the butter is laid on it is also floured. Half the quantity named in the recipe is more easily manipulated. If you have no scales, remember that one pint of butter is equivalent to one pound, and one quart of flour the same.

BEATRIX.

#### WESTWARD HO!

Our stay in San Francisco was limited, as we had found very cold weather and snow in crossing the mountains, and feared we might be too late to explore the Yosemite valley, which was one of our most desired sights. Of course we went out to the Cliff House and Sutro Heights. The rocky islands, covered with the sea lions, playing, plunging, crawling and barking, while whole schools of them are making the salt water boil, are a curious and interesting sight. "Golden Gate" park, a tract of 1,300 acres, partially improved, gives promise of wonderful beauty; and a walk through "Chinatown" transports the tourist to a foreign and not pleasant land. The almond-eyed strangers seem to look you through, and covetous inquisitiveness and repulsiveness seem to glare in every lineament of each face.

Leaving Frisco, we left the main line for the Yosemite at Berenda. As my impressions of that place and the "Big Trees" have already appeared, I will continue my narrative from the return point, viz., Berenda.

Fresno is a thriving city noted as the center of a great raisin grape growing district. Thousands of acres are planted, and in one year there were 5,000,000 pounds exported. When ripe the grapes are picked, placed in shallow boxes between the rows, and in from 15 to 20 days are cured by the sun; they are then stacked up ready for shipment.

Vines are not trellised as with us; the fruit lies on the ground. There are large quantities of other products raised also. Irrigation is necessary for all farming. The route is through a pleasing country, cultivated, and with pretty towns along the line. From Caliente to Stockton the irrigation is largely from artesian wells, which are from 200 to 700 feet in depth. An average well will irrigate 150 acres of land. With storage reservoirs, the capacity is increased. Great windmills are a feature of this tract of country. At Caliente we enter a deep and narrow canyon where the hoarse puffing of the engine shows the sharp ascent. Tehachapi Pass is reached by a loop where the track doubles back, crosses itself, climbs, curves and squirms until it successfully reaches the summit. We pass through a tunnel, follow a plain for some distance, then descend to the Mojave desert. Here we find the giant cacti or Yucca Palm, with its club-like branches. It grows from 20 to 50 feet high, and sometimes two feet through. Forests of them are seen, of all sizes from pigmies to giants.

Scattered about the desert are conical mounts or hills called "Buttes," often 500 feet high. Another low mountain range called the Solidad is crossed through a pass of that name, and further on the San Fernando range is crossed through a tunnel 6,967 feet long. Entering this tunnel, we left bright cold sunshine; emerging into a thick fog, but a tropical clime—orange groves and olives, with all the luxuriance of tropical growth in place of an arid waste.

From here to Los Angeles is like villages and gardens; itself a mingling of the two. It has a population of 60,000, and is growing healthfully and rapidly. We went out to Redondo beach, 18 miles distant, to spend a day on the ocean sands. It was a lovely day, the surf was in playful mood, challenging to a race occasionally, and giving us a sprinkle in warning. We went to Pasadena, the city of the wealthy; a paradise of beauty in nature and art.

A. L. L.

(To be continued.)

#### MORE TESTIMONY FOR OUR SEWING MACHINES.

Mrs. A. J. Morgan, of Pine Lake, writes us:

"I bought a 'Michigan' in April, and being a dressmaker, I presume I have used my machine during the six or eight months more than most women in as many years. I have used a great many different machines, and like the 'Michigan' as well or better than any other. Were I to buy another to-morrow it would be a 'Michigan.'"

Mrs. C. S. Young, of Harris, says:

"I have the Jewel, bought Dec. 21, '87, and think the name very appropriate. It does nice work and I have not even broken a needle yet. Would

not exchange it for any new machine of the same price."

Mrs. E. W. Lawton, Judds' Corners, testifies as follows:

"The 'Michigan' sewing machine you sent me one year ago is A No. 1. It gives the best of satisfaction. Have done all kinds of sewing and have not broken a needle yet. We like it very much."

Mrs. T. Seamark writes us from Waterford:

"I purchased a machine with the FARMER about nine years ago. Have never had a particle of trouble with it. It does just as good work as ever. A cousin who is a sewing machine agent admitted that it was a good machine. Do not think the FARMER would send out a poor machine knowingly. I would very much like one of their new high arm machines, and could I dispose of my low arm would have it too."

[The machine referred to above is the same as that of Mrs. Mitchell, who complained her machine did not wear, but has declined to accept our offer to put the machine in order for her.]

Mrs. A. Stacy, of Bridgeport, says:

"I bought a new 'Michigan' machine eight months ago, and after using it for all kinds of sewing, can see no poor material about it. I have broken no needles; have had no other trouble. I think it is a first class machine in every respect. My sister bought one and would not take double for it if she could not get another."

MRS. J. T. CARPENTER, of South Lyon, would like a good, tested recipe for chicken salad.

A. MADISON, of Dupont, Wis., wants some mother to give hints from her own experience on the management of young children.

#### Contributed Recipes.

MEAT RECHAUFFE.—Cut slices of underdone mutton, veal, lamb or beef, put them in a fryingpan, with sufficient gravy or broth for the family, a lump of butter, pepper and salt. When it boils add currant jelly and a little thickening if necessary. Send to table hot; the meat in center of platter, and gravy turned about it. Serve with baked potato and sliced beets.

HOMINY CROQUETTES.—One cup of cold boiled hominy—small grained; one tablespoonful of melted butter; one cup of sweet milk; one cup of white sugar; two well beaten eggs, yolks and whites separated. After it is well mixed roll it into oval balls; dip in beaten egg, then in cracker crumbs, and fry in hot lard.

POTATO CROQUETTES.—Season cold mashed potato with butter, pepper, salt and nutmeg, beat to a cream with one tablespoonful of butter to each cup of mashed potato; bind with two or three eggs, whites and yolks separated, and a bit of minced parsley. Roll into balls, dip in egg, roll in cracker crumbs, fry in hot lard or meat drippings. Pile in a pyramid on a flat dish and serve. Excellent. EVANGELINE.