

# MICHIGAN FARMER

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## THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

### FOUR-LEAFED CLOVER.

Fortune will not come with seeking;  
I have sought it and I know;  
I have looked for four-leaved clover  
All the hill-side on and over;  
By the brook and in the meadow,  
In the sun-shine, in the shadow,  
But my clover does not grow.

Fortune will not come with seeking.  
Here beside my open door  
I will rest, my search is over,  
I can find no four-leaved clover.  
On, through the deceitful meadow,  
In the sunshine, in the shadow—  
I shall never seek it more!

"Fortune will not come with seeking,"  
So I muse with downcast eyes;  
Eyes that gaze the hill-top over,  
Fall, and rest on four-leaved clover,  
Close beside my doorstep growing,  
Close at home my fortune growing;  
In my home I win my prize.

### A HAPPY THOUGH UNEVENTFUL LIFE.

As Shiftless proposed changing her *nom de plume* to the one under which I have written, I thought I would write again, and often enough so that it might be known that the name of "Busy Bee" is already claimed.

My thoughts this pleasant Sunday have been about the past; of my life since my wedding day, particularly. I was just past sixteen at that time. My husband had worked for my father for some time, and my parents knew him to be steady, industrious, saving, and with no bad habits. This was perhaps the reason they did not oppose our marriage, although they would have preferred us to wait a few years, as I was so young, but my mother was only fifteen when she was married, and of course I brought that up as an argument. We were married in June, the "month of roses," lived at home the first summer, and in December moved on 200 acres of wild land, and into a small frame house, set right in the middle of our new possessions; they had to clear a place to set the house. It was woods for a half mile each way around us, and it was nearly three-quarters of a mile to the nearest neighbor (we have none nearer yet), nor could we see a house. Strange as it may seem, I never was homesick, nor very lonely, and I had always lived in a thickly settled neighborhood, and on a road that was much traveled. Even yet there is no regularly laid out road past

our house; although we go out in every direction we have to open gates or let down fences. As we are never bothered with tramps, book agents or peddlers I don't know but we enjoy life as well without a road past our house. I have always had workmen to do for, often having two by the month the year around, and, at times, as many as six or eight when they were getting out ties, hauling logs to the sawmill, harvesting, getting out staves; sometimes I have boarded mill hands. I never kept any help in the house until the summer our oldest child came to bless our home, over nine years after we were married; I kept a girl all that summer and the next two summers, as in one of them we built a large barn, and had two men by the month to work on the farm, and with carpenters and masons and the barn raising, and a year old baby, I thought it best not to try to do the work alone. My husband would not say a word against my keeping a girl the year around, although he would not think it his place to hire her, or say I ought to keep one; he thinks I know when I need help as well as he does, and he is willing to pay her and no grumbling. As he always pays men good wages he does not think two dollars large wages to pay a girl. I have kept a girl since the last week in June this year; she is a good trusty girl, the daughter of our nearest neighbor.

I guess I have been wandering away from my subject, but to "resoom and continue on" as Josiah Allen's wife says, our farm is nearly cleared up now, and we raise large crops. As I write I glance out at the well filled barn, and at stacks of grain more than could be stored in the barn, and out on the hillside pasture and see the cows, young cattle, horses and colts, and a large flock of sheep and porkers; and I can hardly realize that all this belongs to us, nearly free from debt—free except for some small debts contracted this season. We commenced with just a small payment on the farm, a yoke of oxen, one cow, and less than one hundred dollars in cash to start us in house-keeping and to keep us until we could get something out of our wild land. I do not write this to boast, but I am truly thankful that we have done so well and wish each and every farmer

might say the same. I always love to have them sing "The Dear Old Farm" at our Grange; the first lines are

"I love my home among the hills,  
Where meads and brooklets charm,  
How rich and pure the bliss that gilds  
A life upon the farm."

I always go home thinking how much I love our farm, and can truly say I would not change it for the best house and lot and all the privileges of any city, for I know I am satisfied and contented now, and do not know as I should be with city life.

Our two little boys were welcome additions to our home, and so would two little girls be welcome; more boys would be loved, but girls would please me better. I sometimes think I cannot grow old and enjoy life without one or more daughters, but if it is my lot I will have to bear it with grace.

I am doing well with my bees, poultry and dairy—or did until we sold part of our cows—and I have also made a rag carpet and have it on the floor. I will stop right now or I know that basket will receive a lot of manuscript.

BUSY BEE.

### A GOOD LESSON.

Explain it if you can, but it is a fact that deaf people hear on board the street cars better than anywhere else. I have long been debarred from hearing general conversation, so I am often much amused by picking up bits of talk by those in the same seat with me, or in the one behind. The other day an exceedingly spoony couple were too much absorbed in each other to mind me, and I laughed at hearing the "pop." We passed a small cottage with "To Let," in one of the windows. "See that pretty place!" said she, "I wish I lived there." "So you shall," was the answer, "if you'll have a feller," and I looked over the horses' ears while they squeezed hands under her shawl. Not so pleasant were some personal remarks that another time were made by two well grown boys, but as they contained a good sized pinch of truth, I took the lesson to heart. "That woman over there," said one of the boys, after we were well on our way, and my ears were set to catch what they could pick up, "has a nice garden, but she aint careful one bit. She leaves out her hoe and shovel and



lots of things, and has a stock of nice plants growing in pots." "She'll hear you," said the other, "No she won't; she's as deaf as a post." "Let's go round" said No. 2, "and see what we can pick up." "All right!" was the answer, "we'll clean out her yard." If those youngsters could have seen through the back of my bonnet and head, they would probably have been aware that a "hoppin' mad" woman was around. When I came home I surveyed my back yard, found there was a good deal of truth in the boy's rude remarks, and fixed up accordingly, and shall keep fixed up to the end of the chapter. So if they came into my yard they must have been a good deal disappointed, as they deserved to be. An old man sat in the car one day, with two young men behind. Above the jingle of the bell and rumble of the wheels he heard, "That's a rich old hunk over there, with a pretty daughter. Let's toss up and see who'll catch on; he ought to give a son-in-law a chance to spend his money." When the old man came to his block he got down, and looked the young men over, and you may be sure they never got a chance to win his daughter or spend his money.

Half enough sympathy is not given to deaf people. They generally shun society, and they must be made of sterling stuff to keep good natured under their affliction. Happy it is if they like to read. Why cannot a magazine be started for their especial benefit? About every disease and fad is represented; a cheerful periodical would fill a long felt want. A deaf person is sensitive about using an ear trumpet, and no wonder. Who wants to poke a ram's horn into your face? Spectacles are so common we hardly notice them. Something that would help the ears and that would not attract attention ought to be put on the market, and the vast army of deaf folks would rise up and call the inventor blessed.

DETROIT.

SISTER GRACIOUS.

#### A DAY'S IMPRESSIONS.

I wish I could give some return to the world for the grace and joy of days and scenes I have known here. One of these golden days was in the middle of February last, when a friend who has come from Michigan to live "among the angels" took me for a drive of about twenty-five miles around through Pasadena and the surrounding country. Passing out of the city we drive along by pleasant ranches among the foot hills, pretty homes all of them are, amid gentle scenes. The day is fine for sight-seeing, cloudy so we are not sun-blinded, changeable, showing gloom and storm in the distant mountains whose mist falls now and then on us, then at sunset the sky is light and full of beauty. There are

long drives along the fertile valleys, but often a turn, an elevation, and an entirely new scene is before us, another vista of valley, other mountains vanishing in the gray distance. In one of these little valleys we were entirely surrounded by mountains, while winding roads climbed out of it in all directions. Behind us and just beyond were nice homes, but there we found a spot as still and lonely as though man had never disturbed its solitude. After climbing steadily up around the ascending road toward the mountain's top, we paused to take a view from the heights. Stillness so profound one's own breath and pulse of life throbbing to and fro seemed to break like waves upon a soundless shore. Our voices fell faint and vanishing. Human sounds seem here to fade from out God's skies. I do not feel as though the mountains hear or keep our thoughts. Silence fits their mood. One may fashion great thoughts in this element, but may not speak them. Who could laugh there! The eternal hills mock alike at laughter and tears.

The earth girds us with kindness. In the mountains there is mystery, sternness, and awful solitude which to me brooks no interruption. Any trace of man left there but reminds me that his life is but as that of a drifting leaf buried by a careless wind. Everything fades and pales and dwindles among the vast heights and depths. Sometime I think I may feel other phases of their calm and silence, but they are very stern to me now. Near by their form is definite, they have reality. But look on and on over ranges far, till they blend with the clouds; look into the very heart of night and chaos. Fasten the eye on that impenetrable gloom and void, and thought itself is stayed. There seems no beyond!

How should we be wiser in our fancies and beliefs than the dusky race which moved among these mountains and lived in their valleys, did we not know the story of human life? We are wrought from the palpitating fabric of an age enriched by accumulated growth and knowledge, else we too should picture faces in the rocks and hear supernatural voices in the solemn silence. We, too, should endeavor to placate the god of the mountains by vows and offerings, the guardian being whose thunders spoke his wrath and whose smile was the sunlight.

We descend the mountain by a horse-shoe curve and steep winding ways, on one side a sheer descent of one hundred feet or more. Pasadena is near, with its pretty drives and orange groves. This is a city of mushroom growth, dull in business, but a choice residence place for wealthy people. The Hotel Raymond a mile out is the chief feature of interest. Of recent date, it is already well known and occupies, one may say, one of the com-

manding sites of the world. From the grounds one can see for miles in every direction over a beautiful landscape. The view is too large for any words I have, though I see the new Century dictionary defines two hundred and fifteen thousand. I wish I could paint for you the lovely valleys, green and smiling with beautiful homes; I wish I could show you the far glimmering plain, the ever present mountains in all their gloom and glory. Nothing can paint the lovely light over the west that day, and the tender tones it lent to the vanishing mountain outline. I turned from it, spirit-filled and awed, till I could only feel the widening circles of earth's shining beauty round me. And as my eyes rested among the soft shadows lying over the palms and touching the purple heliotrope and snowy marguerite bordering all the paths, I felt as though I were waking from a dream! Oh, life is sad, else why should we say when beauty beams along its waves till we grow hushed in joy, "Do I dream?"

The sky was rivalling the earth that day at sunset. The heavenly plains flamed with crimson, and over a thousand heights and into the valleys below were scattered the hues of the rose. One must kneel before the throne of that heaven! Call it nature, law, God! The soul bows low and is transfused with light and hallowed influence. Like a lingering, sweet Amen the soft glory faded from the aisles of earth. The twilight grew and the sky purpled and darkened in the silence. Night came, calm as the Angel of Death, and like Death it might also say to the earth-children amid its shadows:

"I am the brooding hush that follows strife."

HATTIE L. HALL.

LOS ANGELES, Cal.

#### OUR RIGHTS.

Wouldn't it be a grand idea if the laws of this country gave women a certain portion, however small, of the contents of their lord and master's pocketbook? To my mind it is the most humiliating condition of married life that compels a woman to ask her husband for spending money. Some men are manly enough not to place their wives in such a situation, but their number is few and far between. Hasn't a woman a right to part of the earnings, even if she doesn't go in the field and plow, drag, and drill? Her work in the house is as laborious for her as man's work out of doors is for him. They say a farmer's wife has a "shadow" (but I deem it a very dim shadow) of a chance to get now and then a few cents; she can "slip away" a few pounds of butter, a dozen of eggs or something of that kind. But there is a time when we do not make much butter, and the husband sells the eggs at the door and pockets the money himself, even when his better half helps gather the eggs. If your husband is one who thinks his



wife needs nothing but her daily bread, it is no use reasoning with him. The selfishness and small-mindedness of such a man is beneath comment. The property is as much hers as his, that is, in a reasonable sense. But on a farm or in a city, what is a woman to do whose lawful provider refuses to furnish her needed funds, either from indifference or else from ugliness? A woman knows what is needed to keep the household machinery running in good order, and ought to have the means in her power for replenishing the supplies when out. The more I see of men the more selfish I find them to be. I do not say women are perfect, far from it, but a great many of their weaknesses can be laid directly to their husbands.

Men trust their wives with everything but money, and why is it? Do I overdraw the truth when I say there are few women who can count the contents of their pocket books at over twenty-five to fifty cents on an average, unless it's their own special property or they earn it independent of their husbands? I say it is not the extravagance of women, it is the selfishness of the men that makes the most mischief in domestic affairs. It is natural to us to like pretty things, bright colors, etc.; they were all made for humanity to use and admire, and it is not wrong for them to be indulged in in moderation. It is a great pity Ebenezer's precious pocketbook ever has to be opened, but as he spends what he likes, then let Maria have the same privilege, on not so costly a scale, perhaps, and he can furnish her a V, or an X, and will not impoverish his finances so very much.

I wish every man who reads the HOUSEHOLD would strike this as the first piece he reads and air his opinion on it if he wants to. I've not said all I think now, but perhaps I've said enough if it isn't very palatable.

LIMA.

GREENIE.

## A SERMON ON CHARITY.

I am rather amused and somewhat astonished to learn that we have a "Dead Man" correspondent; still more astonished to be told that he sits "upon the edge of a billowy cloud," watching women whose ways do not seem to please him. He says he is not annoyed by earthly things, but still takes cognizance of them, I suppose by way of command. One would suppose that the charity he so strongly recommends to others would forbid his censuring women. He describes one as hysterical or feigning sickness; another as foolish and vain of her stylish house and furnishings; another has taken letters from the postoffice that did not belong to her, opened and read them, then returned them to the office and made the contents known. Only one of the four women he describes is right,

and she lives among her books and flowers and genial friends. Poor "Dead Man," don't you see you practically ignore the charity you recommend to others? You had better come down from your sublime eminence and learn some good practical common sense. Perhaps the woman you call hysterical is really sick; possibly she whom you call jealous and vain has some good in her heart. But that woman who took letters from the office that did not belong to her and made the contents known, then carefully resealed and re-mailed them! Well, that was bad. Perhaps there were two men whose names were exactly alike whose mail came to the same office. It would be an easy matter to make such a mistake under such circumstances, and if the wrong person got the letter, found out his mistake, sealed it again and wrote on the envelope "Opened by mistake," that would answer the requirements of the law. Ah! "Dead Man," be sure you get the right story before you censure. "Charity suffereth long and is kind; Charity envieth not; Charity vaunteth not itself, is not easily puffed up, becometh not itself unseemly, thinketh no evil." If you have as good neighbors as any one don't slander them.

BRIGHTON.

L. A.

## USEFUL HINTS.

Nettie T., apply fresh lard to machine oil stains, (rub in with the hands) then a half teaspoonful of kerosene; pour upon it a little melted soap, roll the article up tightly and put it into your boiler of clothes, and if not very stubborn indeed, you will find upon examination, when you remove it from the boiler, that but little if any vestige of the stain remains. If a yellowish stain is still visible, rub just a little good soap upon it and hang in the sun, wetting it occasionally, until the stain disappears. Just here I will mention that of all things I have ever used to lighten the labor of washing clothes, kerosene gives me the greatest satisfaction; for although it cannot do its work alone, it does away with much rubbing—that back-breaking process—and is a bleaching agent to whiten clothes while it does not fade the colored garments. If any of the HOUSEHOLDERS do not know how to use it satisfactorily I will write an explanation, for some future number of the HOUSEHOLD, of my way of utilizing it. I find it useful in other ways too. A flannel rag saturated with it will clean the tin teakettle with less "elbow grease" than scouring with ashes or soda, and is cheaper than the latter. It will also clean the rubber rollers of a clothes wringer, only use it on a cotton rag for that. It is good for sore throat when applied either with flannel bandages or combined with lard and rubbed on the neck, and will loosen a cold if applied to the chest, above and

between the eyes and on the temples; but here let me caution all to combine it with lard, as it has been known to affect the brain when used in a clear state in quantities, and with frequency, on account of its penetrativeness.

Speaking of soda as a cleansing agent I wish to enlarge upon its merits of usefulness in the household aside from its "raising" properties. It will make silverware "look 'most good as new" when applied wet, with a flannel or cotton flannel rag. After a brisk and thorough rubbing rinse in clear warm rain water and rub dry with cotton flannel. It will keep the inside of coffee and teapots clean and pure by a fortnightly bath of a tablespoonful in water, fill the utensils two-thirds full, and allow to boil an hour on the stove; afterwards wash out with clear warm water and a clean rag, and rinse thoroughly. (This last precaution is given to guard against any carelessness, as soda is a very unpleasant ingredient in tea or coffee, even in small quantities.)

A small amount of soda in a swallow of water will neutralize acidity of the stomach, and if taken in time will prevent nausea and its disagreeable effects. It imparts a delightfully cool and refreshing sensation to the skin when used in the bath on a hot summer day; and I can recommend it to those afflicted with heat, rash or chicken-pox. Dissolve a level teaspoonful of soda in a quart of warm water and bathe the affected parts. I have heard it said that it would cure corns on the feet if applied wet and bound on with wet rags, but I never tried it.

My remedy for hard corns is acetic acid, applied every night and morning with a cork; in two or three weeks they can be removed easily. I will say that I give these hints for the benefit of those who may not know about the various ways of utilizing the things mentioned to the greatest good. Some are as wise as I am and may have better ways of accomplishing the desired results.

There is much written and said on butter-making that seems to me almost useless advice to any one raised on a farm where cows have always been kept. There are few engaged in butter-making who do not know how to churn cream and care for the butter, and I find it an easy matter to make good sweet butter by keeping everything used for milk and cream clean and sweet. Absolute cleanliness is strictly essential in every detail in the care of milk, cream and butter. The cellar, or milk house, must be clean, cool and well ventilated, and right here I again make use of that ever useful agent, soda. Do not be stingy in its use (though it need not be wasted).

I rinse all my milk pans in a quart of boiling hot water in which a teaspoonful (heaping) of soda has been dissolved, then rinse in clear water. I use the same solution in rinsing the cream jar and churn after washing, and I know by long experience that it pays if it does take one pound a week to do it all.

HONEY BEE.



## ODDS AND ENDS.

What a hue and cry Beatrix's "City Boarders" has raised! It is true that there are many farmers' wives who would find this way of earning money an impossibility, having already more than double their share of work, but I know of a great many farm homes where the taking of summer boarders would be not only possible, but really an easy task. Let the owners of such homes avail themselves of this opportunity if they choose, and those to whom the privilege of boarding their city friends is denied be so generous as to give Beatrix all due credit for her thoughtful suggestion. I actually "smiled out loud" at the idea of any one being afraid of Beatrix. I am positive that I have all proper respect for her, and a great deal of admiration as well (if she will pardon my saying so), but I think she is too true a friend to farmers' wives and daughters for us to be afraid to take a refreshing peep at her when we can. I know I should not hesitate to indulge had I the opportunity.

So our Shiftless has turned out to be a Honey Bee! I am not surprised at the transformation, but must confess I like the old name better.

I can not believe that Almira realized that her letter was thoughtless, or she would not have written words that may leave a sting in more than one tired heart.

We who are possessed of that greatest of all blessings, good health, should at least have a tender sympathy for our sisters who are deprived of it, and yet are compelled to toil on day after day, with no visible reward for all the loving self-sacrifices. At least we need not condemn what we know nothing about.

I am so happy myself in the love of one of the best of men that as I read Shiftless' letter I wonder and wonder if the time will ever come when I shall feel life to be a burden. It does not seem possible, but it makes my heart ache to think of the hundreds of women who are worn out in body and mind, through ceaseless care and toil, and yet live their hard lives without a murmur at the ingratitude which is their only reward.

I have talked too long already, but if I am worthy of a corner in our HOUSEHOLD, I wish to ask some questions on a subject I have been studying lately, some time in the future.

BATTLE CREEK.

BIDDY.

## THE FRUIT CLOSET.

*Good Housekeeping* tells how to make grape jam that is "delicious:"

"Take thoroughly ripe grapes—Concord are the best, because of their tender skin. Remove the skins—this can be done very rapidly by slight pressure between the thumb and finger—and put the skins in one dish and the

pulps in another. Then put the pulps over the fire with a very little water, and let them boil for ten minutes or longer. Then pass through a sieve fine enough to retain all the seeds. Now put pulp and skins together over the fire, with sugar—ten ounces to each pound of the fruit. Boil slowly, stirring and skimming for forty minutes, when it is done. The skins should be thoroughly broken and blended with the pulp, and to effect this more perfectly, the jam may be passed, if desired, through a coarse sieve, then boiled up once again before putting in jars. If other grapes than the Concord are used, a larger proportion of sugar will be needed."

For preserved peaches of superior quality the *Country Gentleman* gives the following elaborate directions:

"To make first-class peach preserves—the pieces whole, firm and semi-transparent, and the syrup clear and light colored—we must select fruit with white meat, sound, perfect in shape, freshly gathered, and that which is not quite ripe. Now we must not take peaches that are really green, for then our preserves will come short of their delicious fruity flavor, and be insipid in taste as well as tough and leathery in texture. Get clingstone peaches by all means—one of the varieties of Heath preferred, as being firm in flesh they keep their shape nicely. Peel smoothly, and drop each peach directly from the fingers into a vessel of cold water, so as to prevent their turning dark from exposure to the air. A receptacle of stone or wood is best, as there is then no danger of the fruit becoming discolored from contact. A pound of sugar to a pound of fruit is the invariable rule with many housekeepers for all kinds of preserves; others consider three-quarters of a pound amply sufficient unless the fruit be unusually acid; but whatever the amount used, always make the syrup first, and have it thick and clear and boiling hot when the fruit is put in—that is, if we want to keep the peaches from coming to pieces, as in jam or marmalade.

"Boil rapidly half an hour, then with a wire spoon lift the fruit from the kettle and spread, each piece to itself, on a broad, flat dish, and place in the hottest sunshine you can find. This seems to make the sugar strike in and causes the fruit to assume a clear, almost transparent appearance, besides it gives us the opportunity of boiling down the syrup without over-cooking the fruit. The syrup should be boiled rapidly, skimming when necessary, until it seems quite thick and clear, then drop the fruit lightly back again, keeping the contents of the kettle at the boiling point all the while, as the greater expedition we use the lighter in color will be our preserves. No exact rule can be given for the length of time required for cooking the preserves after they are put back the second time, so much depends upon the size of the peaches, and the heat of the fire; then too, individual tastes in such matters are so different. Unless the pieces are very large a short while is sufficient, as the preserves are sure to keep if sealed air-tight in glass jars and kept in a cool, dark place.

"When putting the fruit in the jars, use the same precautions as advised for canning, have the fruit boiling hot, the jars dry and warm, and the tops and rubbers selected and fitted beforehand. Try to proportion the fruit so as to have a uniform quantity in each jar, fill with syrup to the brim, wipe off with a warm damp cloth, put the rubber in

place, and screw down the top as tightly as possible.

"Peaches of medium size are nicer preserved whole, but when very large they may be cut smoothly in halves or quarters, though even then to leave some of the pits attached gives a pleasant flavor."

WHENEVER an individual who is deprived of one or more of the senses, or is in any way afflicted beyond the common lot of humanity evinces ability in any direction, or makes an effort to rise above misfortune and win recognition through good work done, partial friends willingly overlook faults and weaknesses in pity for the misfortune, while even the world recognizes the effort as praiseworthy whether the result be entirely satisfactory or not. But when that work is offered in the world's great marts, whether it be painting or statue, book or music, it must be offered on and judged by its merits, not the limitations under which the author labored. And so, when "Ida Glenwood" sends out her novel, "Lily Pearl and the Mistress of Rosedale," the announcement that the author is blind is in a way a deprecation of criticism. Yet people do not buy books because the writer is blind or deaf or poor, but because they hope to be instructed, or interested or amused. And we cannot commend "Lily Pearl" as being any one of the three. Had the person selected to edit the manuscript—Major Joseph Kirkland—been more competent or more careful, the result might perhaps have been a trifle more satisfactory. The superabundance of italicised words—always an insult to the intelligence of the reader—might have been eliminated, and such an atrocious error as "plaintiff (for plaintive) smile" would not occur. A wider knowledge of life and society would have spared us some serious social blunders, such as making the host give the signal for the ladies to leave the table at a dinner party, which is always some woman's duty, and a young man named as chaperon of a party of young ladies! These are but a few of the faults seen at a brief review; and however commendable it may be in "Ida Glenwood" to write a book, though blind, it is asking a good deal of a reading public to expect people to pay \$1.25 for it when so many better books can be had for less money.

## Contributed Recipes.

APPLE SWEETMEATS.—Pare medium-sized, sound sweet apples. Make a syrup of good vinegar and sugar, one pint of vinegar to three pints of sugar, or if lemons are available use the juice of two in a pint of water. In the syrup boil a gallon of the apples (a few at a time) until tender. Lift out into a jar and when all are done boil the syrup a few minutes; pour over them the syrup, to which must be added the lemon rinds cut in rings. When cold it is delicious.

HONEY BEE.