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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

THE DIFFERENCE.

The man goes into the dry goods shop
With a stern, exacting eye;
He doesn't go in to laze or lounge,
He simply goes in to buy.
He buys what he wants, and out he goes,
Be it tie or handkerchief, cuffs or hose,
And does it all, I do declare,
In just five minutes, and time to spare.

Please, dear little lady, don't make a fuss—
That is the story that man tells us!

The woman goes in at half-past nine
And stays till it's almost time to dine;
She makes the "floorwalkers" lose their wits,
And works all the salesmen into fits.
Then, when the shopmen are filled with pain,
She says she'll probably call again.
She hasn't a cent but her face, you see,
So the paper of pins goes "C. O. D."

I wouldn't get angry if I were you,
It's the wretched man who asserts this, too!
—Polly Pry, in *New York Recorder*.

"FUSY" HOUSES.

The appearance of the houses where I visit is as different as the character of their inmates. I find them amusingly "various" according to the pet fad of the presiding genius, always a woman. For instance, here's Mrs. Crayon, whose craze is for pictures; the walls are crowded with all sorts and sizes, of all degrees of merit and design; oil, pastel, water-color, etchings, photogravures—in a hodge-podge that makes you feel as if you were in a picture dealer's auction room. To her partial eyes each is a treasure, therefore it must have a place "on the line" regardless of propinquity, which is regulated by space, or workmanship, which is gauged by her individual liking for the artist.

Then there's my little friend Mrs. Bisque, who dotes on China—with a cap C. In her rooms I feel exactly as I do in a china store where the admiring public is informed per placard "You Handle Goods at Your Own Risk." I am as worried as Mrs. Cleveland was when Grover got "off the rug." Every table is loaded with the fragile stuff; teacups and plates line the walls, jars and vases are hidden in corners and perilously poised on shelves; and vexed in soul at the caution required when I pay a call that I leave no souvenir of my visit in shape of some broken "gem," my tongue gets as constrained and rigid as my body and I can't think of a thing to say except about the weather. I feel symptoms of an attack of emotional insanity some-

times, and make hurried adieux lest I be tempted beyond my strength and yield to the mad impulse to sweep my umbrella handle right and left, and with the crash of china in my ears flee from the scene never to return.

Then there's my staid Puritan maiden Miss Priscilla, whose weakness is Colonial relics and things that "belonged to 'our family,' my dear!" I am expected to regard with veneration amounting to awe a dilapidated spinning-wheel, speak in whispers of a moth-eaten bullet pouch "that fit into the Revolutionary war," and look in reverence beyond utterance at a feather pillow once pressed by the Father of his Country. I don't think my bump of veneration was properly developed for I find these relics ineffably tiresome. I don't think that even Washington's false teeth, preserved in a museum I forget where, could thrill me, and I'm sure the sight of Grant's blue woolen hose, as objects of reverential regard at Mt. McGregor, simply amused me.

Then there is the friend who has a mania for collecting things, and will show stones from Mt. St. Elias and shells from Florida, a splinter from the North Pole and a raveling from the Equator. I forgive her, because she has always some charming reminiscence of the locality where she procured the "specimen," but I wonder if she would not be as bright and entertaining if she dumped her "collection" into the grate!

I abhor the fussy house. It is of two types. One is a litter of everything, merely for an aimless, futile decoration. Fans, drapes, vases, china, pictures, brasses, ribbons, bows, scarfs, are mingled in such profusion and confusion you wonder how it is all dusted and kept in order; there is an irritating sense of *things*—the "things" that Emerson said "are in the saddle and ride mankind." The effect is not pleasing, far from restful; you feel as if you were in a bazar, and as you can't repress the feeling, of course you commit the solecism of perceptibly "taking it in." For you know "good form" requires that we see, without seeming to see.

But the worst of all is this style of house, vulgarized. The passion for adornment led us so far that as we all know, even kitchen utensils were not exempt, and some of us perjured ourselves in pretended admiration of gilded roll-

ing-pins, ribbon-decked broilers and painted pie-tins. Heaven forgive us! Shelves strung on spools, tin can has-socks, wadding drapes, old hats converted into baskets, tomato cans in crocheted skirts, beer bottles painted and frilled, paper flowers, cheap fans and lampshades with as voluminous petticoats as a skirt dancer, lumber up our rooms and are supposed to be "decorative!"

It is so "restful" to visit Mrs. Simplicity, who has no fads. Just a few good pictures, well hung and fitly chosen, grace her walls. You could search the house over and not find a bow of ribbon tacked to anything (unless one of her gowns); I don't think she's got a plaque or a ginger-jar, either. Two or three pieces of Royal Worcester, a silver vase, always flower-filled, comprise her bric-a-brac; furniture chosen for use and harmony, and the entire absence of night-mares in mistaken, misplaced "decoration," make her house a model of elegant simplicity. But, you say, good pictures and Royal Worcester cost money—money few of us can afford to spend! Yes, that is true. But did you ever count the cost of these things you consider decorative trifles? The aggregate, I assure you, will often make a respectable total in dollars and cents. Plenty of people will spend a dollar five times for five useless articles who would call it extravagance to spend five dollars for one really good ornament. Mrs. Simplicity is not rich. She tells me:

"My pictures and china are the result of small economies. Whenever I was tempted to spend a small sum for something that was merely pretty trash I resisted the temptation and slipped the money into a little savings bank. When I saw something really worth while, that I wanted badly, I bought it, if the fund was sufficient. I wore an old cloak one winter for the sake of that scene on the St. Clair, and felt well paid when I called it mine. Everything I have in the way of adornment is the fruit of self denial and saving. I had rather have one good thing in my house than any quantity of 'truck.' Now, is not her way the best? She had something always nice, always a delight, always truly ornamental because intrinsically good, to show for her money long after the ribbons had faded and the canton flannel daisies gone into the rag-bag.

She has made permanent investments, instead of frittering away her money on trifles. The fault of the period is its shams, its counterfeits. Seems almost as if our children might get a moral bias in homes so filled with imitations and things that are not what they appear to be, doesn't it? May they not learn to *assume* moral virtues, the foundations of character, if all their lives they have seen shams and imitations doing duty as genuine?

We women ought to reflect that our homes are the indices of our characters.
BEATRIX.

A "GOSPEL OF COMFORT."

There are many women who read our little paper who never have time to write to it. And if they did, one-fourth of them would tell of their unending round of work and care, and half would feel the same if they wrote of something else. To these I come to-day with a little "Gospel of Comfort." I have been there, and know just how they feel and how uninteresting everything looks in the future as well as at present. Oh, if this little book of which I am going to tell you could have fallen in my way then how blessed I would have been! But it did not and I struggled on as best I might until a change came. I am not going to write of myself, but of something much more interesting, a little book or tract sent me by Mrs. L. H. Stone, of Kalamazoo. The title is "Blessed be Drudgery." Isn't that a strange title? How can this never ending drudgery of *mine* be blessed? The writer, W. C. Gannett, after a short introduction says—"I am going to speak of the culture that comes through this very drudgery." "Culture through this drudgery!" some one is thinking. "Culture demands leisure, elegance, wide margins of time, a pocket-book; drudgery means limitations, coarseness, crowded houses, worry, old clothes, black hands and headaches; culture implies college, daily paper, monthly magazine, circulating library and two gift books at Christmas."

"The real and our ideal are not twins and never were. I want the books but the clothes basket wants me. The two children are good—and so would be two hours a day without the children." And so he goes on showing what we would like, and what we really have; then he tells us the kind of culture this drudgery not to be escaped gives. It is the culture of the "prime elements of life, the very fundamentals of all fine manhood and womanhood;" the fundamentals that underlie all fineness; and without which no other culture worth the winning is even possible. "These are the names of the fundamentals: Power of attention; power of industry; promptitude in beginning work; method and accuracy and despatch in doing work; perseverance; courage before difficulties; cheer under

straining burdens; self-control and self-denial; and temperance." He says these are worth more than Latin and Greek, French and German and music, art, history and painting and travels in Europe added together.

What a line of distinction he draws between the fundamentals of life acquired by our drudgery and all the elegancies of life! He tells us how we are worn and chiseled into shape as the ages of glaciers and storms wore and grooved the earth into beautiful hills and valleys.

If I could copy the whole book I would be glad, but that is impossible. I have given the text, each must think out the rest of it.

We have all our lives been going through this chiseling process, and being cultured for the best half of our life, which comes after our fortieth year. And the amount of culture corresponds with the spirit in which we have met and accepted the inevitable drudgery. When the children are grown up and the farm is paid for and the necessary barns and house are completed, then the home drudgery will relax its grasp and the desired time for reading, society, and clubs will be possible, and will be so thoroughly enjoyed. Many people used to think when they were fifty their good times were about over; their children and their grandchildren were the center and circumference of their life. But now many women past sixty and a few past seventy enjoy doing their part in the literary clubs and societies of to-day as well as contributing of their wisdom to various papers and periodicals.

Yes, there will be other work for our hands when we come to forty or fifty; pleasant, agreeable work guided by that brain which has attained by this "plod" and "grind," attention, promptness, accuracy, firmness, patience, self-denial and all the rest; then we will look back and say: "Yes, that work, that discipline, that drudgery, was necessary, was for my good. What would I have been without it?" There is a little rhyme I will quote and when you are so tired, the days long and the steps without end, and life as well as marriage looks like a failure to you just say them over to yourself.

"My daily life, whatever it be,
That is what mainly educates me."

Sir Isaac Newton says, "Genius is Patience." Mr. Pitt, the great Prime Minister of England, said "The Prime Minister's secret is patience;" and who think you wrote—"My imagination would never have served me as it has but for the habit of commonplace, humble, patient, daily, toiling, drudging attention?" It was Chas. Dickens. Mr. Gannett calls drudgery our "chief school-master" and also the "Gray Angel of Success." Therefore let the tired ones fill their hearts with hope and faith in the future; it will lighten the way; and trudge on with patience until the probation is ended, and another way is opened for them.

ALBION.

M. E. H.

MOTHERS DEFENDED.

When I read Ex Teacher's letter in the HOUSEHOLD of March 11th. I could not refrain from a reply. Isn't it a teacher's duty to teach cleanliness in school? In a certain school there are towels, a wash-basin, soap, comb, and a looking-glass, and if a child comes to school with soiled hands he is sent to the wash-basin to wash his hands before school is called. If the parents neglect this at home the teacher does not think it too much trouble, and much prefers to see her pupils with clean faces and hands. The mothers in that district take their turn in washing towels. Nor do I think that any mother seeks to evade her own responsibility in teaching her children manners by turning it off on that over-worked person—the teacher. Our teachers were not commanded, but asked in a kind way to help in teaching our children manners, and I think that Ex-Teacher over-stepped just a little. If there are parents who are anxious that their children should be little ladies and gentlemen, and are doing all they can at home towards it must send them to school where they mingle with children who use slang and vulgar phrases, there is all the more need for teachers to teach manners; and it is the teacher's duty to see to and strictly forbid the use of profane words and slang on the school-ground.

If mothers haven't the patience with their children they ought the reason is this: A mother with half a dozen little ones to do for and her house work to do alone, cooking and spanking to do for the whole family, finds her work far more exhaustive to the vitality than teaching would ever be; but while mothers are tired and overworked, they do not always forget to teach manners.

Ex Teacher declares it is the home training that tells. Then she contradicts her own assertion by saying that a child who is a perfect lamb for meekness and docility at home turns out to be a perfect terror at school. Are the parents to blame if their child turns out to be a terror when out of their sight when they have done in their best in home training?

I do not think that a good teacher is overworked, poorly paid, or unappreciated; and the parents certainly do expect the teachers to govern and control their youngsters when they are sent to school. The Director hires the best teacher and pays the highest wages, and expects her to govern the biggest terror in school. A good teacher will earn the eternal gratitude of parents by always teaching a good school and manners combined. That parents are to blame in a great many ways is true, for they forget their manners at home where they need them only when away from home. A man who will sit an hour in the house at home with his hat

on will on entering a neighbor's house remove it at once. A mother can not do all alone; a father must do his part by setting a good example before the boys. The subject will bear a good deal of thought, and action.

MRS. A. DO.

DON'T WAIT TO BE "PROMPTED."

Did you ever wait for the "spirit to move" you, before writing an article for the HOUSEHOLD? I sometimes think it a better way, for you enter into the work with vastly more pleasure than you do on the contrary.

My manuscript is usually handed to my husband for criticism, and if he consider it at least one per cent above average standing, it is forwarded to the HOUSEHOLD; but if vice versa, it is very reluctantly tossed "behind the scenes," however, I do not think him quite as lenient as our Editor, for I have as yet escaped that "basket," and articles that he considered below par have been accepted.

He sometimes (in fun) makes the remark that he wishes we lived in a locality where there is a paper-mill! I tell him I think his statement borders on sarcasm. Such a thought he might well entertain, for it does take an extraordinary amount of paper to keep my pencil moving.

The only hope of reviving articles that I have written and then "tossed" aside, is this: When the HOUSEHOLD contributors (myself excepted) attend the World's Fair en masse, their new badges glittering on the lapels of their jackets, I may very cautiously approach our Editor, and take her with me into the labyrinth of waste paper, thus wisely determining who is the most austere critic.

This, however, is only to be done should the columns of our little paper be filled with advertisements, recipes and the lack of original material; so for fear it becomes "lukewarm," you had better, e'er you take your departure, do your usual amount of literary work, not waiting for the spirit to prompt you for fear it may prove too late.

I had no idea, when I wrote A First Venture, that I would ever venture any farther, but it being gently dealt with gave me inspiration and renewed my courage with each contribution. The work has proved very beneficial to me, as well as being a pleasant pastime.

I think those of us who can not have the privilege of attending the great exposition might, when the spring rains are over and the balmy June days come, be talking, among ourselves, of a sort of reunion, to be held during the summer or autumn. Just agitate this question, and see how many would be in favor of it. The expense would not be extravagant, and I for one, would be willing to sacrifice anything (excepting a "spring bonnet") to command the required amount of surplus cash.

Get a little bank (not one that you

can put your fingers into the opening, but one built tightly), and if you have any faculty in the art of filling it, it will not take very long. Husband thinks I have remarkable talent in that direction. If you find yourself deficient, try to educate your husband, and should he become interested, you will be surprised to see the dimes fall into it.

This method of raising money (for elegant little things that you don't really need) has proven to be very successful in my case, and it is for this reason I ask you to adopt it.

MR. CLEMENS.

LITTLE NAN.

THE MESSAGE OF THE MOUNTAINS.

March has progressed to the 12th, and with but three exceptions the days have all been marked by cloud, cold winds, and heavy rains. The preceding months, since October, have had only about five cloudy and rainy days each. But now it has cleared off and is settled for a beautiful season.

"New life is in the leaf,
New red is in the rose"

Even when we cannot go out doors to enjoy the world there we can bring some of its gracious influence inside. We have in our room sprays of ivy exquisite in richness of color and texture, pale lilies breathing the most delicate fragrance, and almost always roses. California roses are perennial in beauty; the leaf of the rose-bush here is thick and waxy, and its green life is woven through a network of tissue whose every vein is rose-tinted. The roses are spheres of the most brilliant and of the softest tints, and as they unroll there bursts forth a surprising mass of bloom. Those large lovely petals are drifting all about where the roses grow. In walking through the park, I have stopped irresistibly before an exquisite rose-leaf fallen at my feet, feeling as though the love of the Infinite touched me there. Beautiful flower-leaf drifting in the path! A careless foot may crush it to the earth, or it may exalt a loving heart like the peace of an answered prayer!

During these cold days when rain has been falling in the valley, snow has been falling upon the mountains till it is quite deep, and in its whiteness they are transfigured. This is unusual, and many have gone up on the hills to see from afar the snowy scene. Winter is imprisoned on the mountains; the green valleys are never whitened by his breath. The little children of California have never seen snow and speak wonderingly of it. A little boy of five years seeing one morning the white robe of the heights, said to his mother: "Oh, mama, see; the mountains are all covered with clouds!" When she explained to him that it was snow, he asked; "If I were up there, could I really take up some of it and hold it in my hands?"

We went up this morning to the home of a friend on the hills for a view of the

mountain-glory when the sun was shining full upon them. Nothing in nature ever impressed me so deeply. The sea is vast and intimates eternity to the heart; it has as many variations as the mountains. I have seen its blue waters shine, watched its white-crested waves break on the shore, and from the ocean-steamer felt it rock and seen it rise like a wall of darkness in the night. It is power; the mountains are peace. The sea is ceaseless motion, the mountains eternal calm.

As we climbed the hills looking toward the mountains, a green fringe of waving pepper-trees above us stretched across the snowy outline of the mountains beyond and it seemed as if they must be frozen and drooping before night. The air from the mountains is cold, but in the genial sunshine we sit on the sheltered side of the porch in summer warmth and beauty. The orange-trees are slowly opening their starry blossoms among the golden fruit and the bridal-wreath is bending its tender beauty down. Through the climbing roses, looking over the trees away from the mountains, the sky is of deepest, darkest blue. If "Italy's skies" were ever bluer, they would not be pretty. Looking towards the mountains, the color pales into tender blue, and heaven itself seems shining on the earthly heights. A portion of the city is spread out in the valley below, and rising around and above it are the green hills. Shadow falls where the mountains rise, as though a mystery were shaping there. The foothills and lower are misty blue, beyond these rise the loftier peaks till the snow-line is reached and above it white and radiant tower summit after summit into the deep sky. In that kingdom of mountain heights the cradled clouds are lying, white and still, like things asleep. With lifted hearts we gaze on that unspeakable, shining completeness. Spirit-filled, we breathe the passionless calm till the fluttering leaves near by seem noisy.

The mountains of California are lovely. The Sierras were magnificent in crossing both in June and October. With the green and gold of their forests, their pictured lakes and gorgeous sunsets, they are set forever in memory. Here rivers are born, sparkling waters leap down rugged beds till caught in ditches or flumes and carried long distances for irrigation. Deep canyons, green and shadowy, bend through the range, opening beyond misty gates of cloud. Here and there is a desolate region scarred by mining operations. All through the mountain heights are scattered homes, people are cultivating patches of ground and engaged in ordinary pursuits as though they were not living among the clouds. The one picture of mountain grandeur which impressed me as comparing with what is now lying before us here was a scene in Utah. The air is very clear and brill-

liant there, and on the way home last June we passed in the mountain region a single peak so beautiful it is photographed upon my mind. It was sun and snow-crowned and possessed that wonderful beauty and shine which only snow and sunshine, clear air and blue sky can produce.

Fading out of sun and below the snow lay the blue-veiled sides, till the dark and rugged base set rough and solid upon the earth. It looked like a wonderful, shining castle in the air with foundations built under it. And that is a hint of nature that we, too, may build our beautiful "castles in the air," if we learn to put foundations under them.

LOS ANGELES, Cal. HATTIE L. HALL.

EXPOSITION.

We were very much pleased to read our Editor's remarks on the Chicago Exposition, as we have been trying for some time to get our plan before those who would like to go, and yet who like ourselves could not afford the high rates, and these remarks gave us much encouragement. By our plan a company of eight or ten can have a whole house to themselves; spring beds, quiet place, this side of the city and this side of the Exposition, therefore avoiding the rush to the city. Being on the M. C. R. R. and electric road, baggage will be taken off before getting to the city. But as Beatrix remarks, the work of getting the supper and breakfast will come on the tired women, and we will put in a cot, gratis, for the one who is to do the work. This not to make money out of, but to give to the readers of the FARMER a cheap, comfortable home during their stay at the Fair.

I wish to ask what is the matter with my *Philifera Palm*. The leaves turn brown at the end. Should it be kept quite wet and away from the sun?

I wish the readers of the HOUSEHOLD would try making cake by putting the eggs in the last thing, without beating, one at a time, stirring it in the dough. I like it very much.

SALINE, Mich. MRS. C. M. FELLOWS.

HELPS IN THE HOUSE.

What would be thought of a company of farmers who should meet to discuss the question of whether or not they are entitled to conveniences for doing their work upon the farm? What opinion would be held of a man who in this age would try to cut grain with a cradle, rake hay by hand, or sow grain broadcast? Some things "go without saying." This is one of them. So it also seems a waste of time and breath for women to discuss whether farmers' wives should have conveniences for doing their work. Of course they should; and if necessary they should "make Rome howl" till they get such aids, too. No need to discuss a self-evident proposition; might as well attempt to

argue that two and two are four. Discuss what conveniences are most desirable and essential, and the best pattern and style; discuss how to get them and how to use them, but never argue whether you ought to have them or not. That, too, "goes without saying." Every farmer's wife should have conveniences for doing her work in exact proportion to those which her husband employs in his department—it anything, she should have more, because the aids to her labor are far less expensive than those he needs. The price of a harvest, expended in helps in the kitchen, would equip it with everything needful for the easy performance of household tasks—as easy, at least, as is possible to do what must always demand hard work and constant thought on woman's part.

BEATRIX.

STRAY THOUGHTS.

The most satisfactory dish I have found to stir pancakes in is a large white pitcher, costing twenty-five cents, and holds enough for an average family. Stoneware is too heavy, and tinware soon loses the tin. It is not necessary to take out a portion of the batter for a starter, before adding soda. Some think they must do so, but it is quite a trouble and no good. If the batter is too slow in rising, keep a little warmer, or add a little flour; and water to your starter in the morning; that will be light by the time you want to stir the cakes at night. Some ladies have good success by stirring their cakes with cold water in the morning, set in a cool room and they are found light just in time for the next breakfast and no worry about forgetting to stir the cakes in the evening.

A lady who is troubled with a kind of indigestion that causes belching of wind or gas has found much relief by using soda tablets or lozenges that can be bought at the drug stores. A half, or even a quarter of one, dissolved in the mouth will afford great relief.

When I sewed a brass pants button on the little girl's waist, because all other kinds in my button box had failed to hold her stocking supporter, I fell to thinking about that four-holed cheap pearl button we heard something about a while ago. Is there such a button made? When I find myself in a city again I will inquire at every store. Perhaps they all keep them, who knows?

MRS. N. J. S.

[A four-holed pearl button, about the size of a trousers' button, can be bought at any button counter in this city, at 33 cents per card. A four-holed horn button, white, same size, costs 20 cents per card. The only trouble with the pearl button is that it is rather thick, but as they run uneven, it is possible to obtain enough thin ones for use under tight-fitting gowns. But the four-holed button is to be had for the asking (and paying) here.—ED.]

IN last week's HOUSEHOLD allusion was made in Beatrix's article on the Exposition to the advantages of "studying up" the topography of Chicago, and ascertaining what there is to see in the Windy City aside from the great Exposition. Since the article was written, the publishers of the FARMER have arranged with a Chicago house to furnish a guide to the city, together with some concise and well arranged information about the Exposition buildings, as premiums for new subscribers. Two editions of the Guide are furnished; one, in paper covers, will be sent to any person sending us the name of one new subscriber with \$1; the other, in flexible cloth binding, will be sent for two new names and \$2. The text is nearly the same, except that the edition in cloth binding is a little more full and explicit. A great deal of information is given which will be valuable to the visitors. There is a good map of the city, for one thing, showing street car lines, parks, public buildings, etc., which will enable one to get an idea of the run of the streets, and be a great aid in finding one's way about. In the text is description of car lines, where they take passengers, time and transfers; legal cab and hack fares are given; stations of elevated railways; location of depots, baggage transfers and rates, hotels, restaurants and lodgings; in short, much it is well to know in self-defense and for individual security. We think any intending visitor will be well repaid for the slight exertion required to secure a copy. The price of the Guide, from the bookstores, is twenty-five cents for paper covered copy, fifty cents for cloth bound.

Contributed Recipes.

BREAD PUDDING.—Take stale bread which has been dried in an oven until it is crisp, and roll it, not too fine, about like cracker crumbs; pour over them a quart of boiling milk and let stand an hour. Pass through a colander, then add the beaten yolks of four eggs, a cup of sugar, a generous tablespoonful of butter, and the grated peel of a lemon, using only the thin yellow part. Bake in custard cups. When done spread with jelly, and after making a meringue with the beaten whites of the eggs, a scant cup of powdered sugar and the juice of the lemon—or part of it, spread over the pudding and brown slightly in the oven.

DRIED LIMA BEANS.—Soak over night in cold water, next day rinse and add fresh water; cook slowly two hours. Pour off the water, and season with salt, a tablespoonful of butter, cook ten minutes, then add a cup of sweet cream, let boil and serve. Next fall dry a few Lima beans for winter use; they are delicious.

LEMON PIE.—Six eggs; half a cup of butter; two cups sugar; one cup of sweet milk; juice and grated rind of three large lemons. Add the milk last, just as you are ready to bake. The whites should be beaten to a froth, and added after the ingredients have been well mixed. Bake till the custard has "set." This will make three pies. Delicious but very rich. You can save out the white of one egg, add another, and make a meringue for the top, with a tablespoonful of sugar, if desired, and it is a really done in our house.

LIZZIE.