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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

A MESSAGE FROM HOME.

BY MARTHA E. DIMON.

It came to me so quietly,
So unexpectedly,
At first I only doubted,
Nor thought that it could be.
For many years I've wandered
The country up and down,
Nor dreamed I had a Father
Who wears a royal crown.
But now I have a message
Which from my home was sent,
It tells me I'm an heiress
To wealth magnificent.
My Father owns and loves me,
Has loved me all along,
But I myself was willful,
Was selfish and headstrong.
The message whispers pardon;
It tells of perfect peace
Which can be mine for asking,
A home where sorrows cease.
What wonder that the message
Should gladness to me bring?
My title is established
As "Daughter of the King."
"In His Name" the watchword
That helps me on my way
Unto the royal palace
Where reigns eternal day.
But best of all, the message
Is not to me alone;
For other sons and daughters
There's room around the throne!

CHICAGO.

THE KING'S DAUGHTERS.

Some HOUSEHOLD readers may possibly not understand the allusion in the poem by Miss Dimon which introduces this issue, conveyed in the motto "In His Name," and "A Daughter of the King." A word of explanation may be admissible.

One notes, sometimes, on the street, in the car, behind the counter, some girl wearing a bit of royal purple ribbon or a little silver Maltese cross, and recognizes the badge of "The King's Daughters," a sisterhood now numbering over two hundred thousand members, who are pledged to kind deeds and helpful words and work for humanity wherever possibilities come in their way.

The first circle of ten met in January, 1886, at the home of Mrs. Margaret Bottome in New York City. Mrs. Bottome is regarded as the founder of the order, and was its first president. Of the choice of the motto this account is given:

"Since to look upward is to trust, to

look forward is to hope, and to look outward is to feel the woes of others forgetting our own, and to lend a hand is only love in action, the members chose for their creed, 'Look up and not down; forward and not back; look out and not in, and lend a hand.' And since Christ, the Elder Brother, lived these mottoes for our example, we chose for our watchword, 'In His Name.'"

To extend the work as far as possible its method of increase was originally meant to be by tens. Each of the original ten members went out to gather about herself ten others who should "lend a hand"; and each of these was in turn to gain ten others to the work. The very simplicity and broadness of the organization, spreading from one's own personal friends to their friends, appealed to all earnest women, and almost before its projectors were aware, there were twenty thousand girls and women wearing the silver cross.

All this was done as quickly and silently as grass grows or dew falls. But when the mails brought a thousand or fifteen hundred letters a week, the need of some extended form of organization became apparent, and clerical help was employed. The order had no constitution until it was nearly two years old. Then a central council and auxiliary committees were appointed, and various departments of labor set aside. And now its membership is probably the largest of any woman's organization in our country, with the possible exception of the W. C. T. U.

The sisterhood knows no distinction of class, rank, color or religion. There is no dictation or control as to what is to be done or how it shall be accomplished. All labors are spontaneous—on the principle that "the Lord loveth a cheerful giver." The fear that if each circle was not told just what to do, and how to do it, nothing would be done, has proved groundless. The little acts of kindness and helpfulness so light in the doing but so often neglected are part of the pleasant task of the sisterhood. Some circles care for a neglected child, some help a talented but poor girl to education that will make her able to care for herself—there are scores of ways in which the King's Daughters practice their motto and "lend a hand" to the poor, the aged, the unloved and uncared for—for charity is

not always the giving of food and clothing. She who would be a King's Daughter must be "all glorious within," with heart full of gentleness and tenderness, with helpful words upon her lips and ready to "lend a hand" to whoever comes in her way who is in need of such aid as she may render. BEATRIX.

A LINK OF WHITE RIBBON.

The 9th of June was memorial day, over the whole world, in honor of our late superintendent of Flower Missions, —Miss Jennie Cassaday.

The band of W. C. T. U. workers in our city is only a few weeks old, so as yet we are neither a large or aggressive body, only a "link of white ribbon" in the long chain.

We were somewhat surprised when a letter from a neighboring society was received, stating that a delegation from several different unions was going to come here and distribute flowers amongst inmates of the almshouse and jail; and of course we were expected to entertain them.

It was something so entirely new to us, and so much responsibility seemed resting on our shoulders, that the day was looked forward to with a great deal of anxiety. The morning of the 9th dawned bright and beautiful; all nature was attired in its most gorgeous apparel, and each heart reflected the happiness within as we wended our way to the depot to meet our expected guests. We had no trouble to identify them, as the knot of white ribbon together with arms-full of flowers was all that was needed to distinguish them. They were very cordially welcomed and were immediately conveyed to the almshouse.

Here we were very heartily welcomed by the Superintendent and his wife and after introductions and a general handshaking, the Superintendent's wife ushered us into the old ladies' parlor, and thence to the old gentlemen's room; these were, however, invited to come into the former's reception room, where the exercises, consisting of singing, prayer and Scripture reading, were conducted by the president of this district. A dainty bouquet, tied with a white ribbon with a Scripture text card attached, was given to each one.

How our eyes filled and our hearts ached to see those poor, friendless, ed-

mented (to a certain degree) but tenderly cared for inmates, as they eagerly grasped the bouquets offered them, as if some trophy of childhood! Heads were bowed, eyes bedimmed, and frequently tears coursed down wrinkled cheeks—truly their hearts were touched.

How difficult it seems on such a day to comprehend why there need be any almshouses! The world is full and running over with beauty and riches, if it were only divided evenly; but that's the trouble! The division isn't even—there's always a remainder; and remainders mean fractions. And these fractions with souls are the perplexing part of human arithmetic.

These lonely hearts had been brightened by this mission gospel, and as each lady spoke a word of comfort to them, they realized that "God sits in heaven, not for a favored few, but for the universe of life; and there is no creature so poor or so low that he may not look up with child-like confidence and say, 'My Father, Thou art mine!'"

After a few parting words we left this "Home of the Poor" and rode directly to the jail. There was but one prisoner behind those grated doors. As we stepped softly along the corridor, the prisoner turned his unwieldy form around, looking into the kind faces come to visit him in that cheerless cell; as he reached forth his hand to grasp the flowers, we could see that his heart was touched. He declared his innocence of the crime he was about to be sentenced for.

After kind and loving words of advice, and begging him to look to the One who pardons all sin and uncleanness; we left him reading the Scripture text card,—“Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.”

Perhaps in that inmost chamber of his heart there still lives something good and true—but we will leave him to the All-wise Judge, praying that the Holy Spirit may penetrate those hidden chambers, and stir his soul to a new sense of duty.

“So innocent and sweet is this Flower Mission that while each heart must acknowledge its sacred benefit, but few could tell just when and where they received it. And why should not the most beautiful things and the most winsome, that we have ever looked upon, be by God created for some purpose more benignant than our thoughtless hearts have known?”

From the jail we were taken to the Presbyterian parlors, which were fitted up so cosy and home-like by the ladies of this church that we sank languidly into the chairs, at the same time feeling that a little sustenance would greatly benefit our fatigued bodies. In a short time we were invited into the dining room where a sumptuous dinner was provided.

The memorial services were announced for two o'clock, so we withdrew from the tables, which looked less tempting than they had an hour previous, to the rooms where the services were opened by the usual preliminary exercises, after which an address of welcome was delivered by the Vice-President of our little band, followed by a memorial address, a paper read by a prominent worker, and the founding of the Flower Mission, read by a lady from Romeo; other exhortations interspersed by singing, concluded the exercises.

It had been a day well spent and heartily enjoyed by all; most especially was our "link of white ribbon" strengthened by the meeting with other unions.

We bade them good-bye, while singing:

"God be with you till we meet again!
By His counsel guide, uphold you,
With His sheep securely fold you;
God be with you till we meet again!
Till we meet! Till we meet!
Till we meet at Jesus' feet; etc., etc."

MT. CLEMENS.

LITTLE NAN.

INDUSTRIAL TRAINING FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

[Paper read by Mrs. M. G. Shafer, before the Liberty Farmers' Club, June 3, 1893.]

Emerson has said: "We are students of words; we are shut up in schools and colleges and recitation rooms for ten or fifteen years and come out at last with a memory of words. We do not know things; we cannot use our hands, our legs, our arms, or our eyes." To-day it is different; in many of our schools the boys are taught drawing, designing, modeling, carpentry, brass work, wood carving, machine shop work, etc., while the girls are taught cooking, housework, cutting out garments and many of the various branches taught the boys. In fact manual education is being recognized as necessary in connection with the literary and scientific studies, in the preparation for the life work, educating the physical as well as the intellectual qualities.

What a blessing it would be were there more schools where the poor children of our cities, whose parents are obliged to labor early and late to provide the necessities of life or who spend their time and money in questionable places, might be taught how to work!

There are opportunities even on the farm for training boys and girls in some of these branches of industry without sending them to the city.

Some people say they do not want their children to work but to think of childhood's days with fond remembrance of its happy times, and that they will all too soon be worried with the cares of life. Yes, indeed; let the children enjoy themselves all they can; at the same time their enjoyment will be sweeter if mingled with work and regular duties. I believe boys and girls should be brought up to know how to work, and how can they know unless they are

taught and have actual experience in doing the work?

In too many cases the parents are more to blame than the children. A mother says: "I'd rather do the work than take the time to teach the girls!" This is an injustice to the girls, for in many households there is so much work to be done the girl must do something so of course she can wash dishes. How much better for mother to wash the dishes occasionally and let the girl do other work!

Who has not noticed the glowing face of the little girl as she displays her first cake or loaf of bread, or some work she thinks is woman's work? Aside from knowing how to care for a house and family and her many other accomplishments every girl should know how to harness a horse, milk, hoe in the garden, in fact any work out of doors she is strong enough to do, when necessary. Our girls would enjoy better health were they to take more exercise in the open air.

The boy, in connection with a thorough knowledge of farm work, should know how to cook a plain meal and wash the dishes. Some one has said: "Do not teach the boy to wash dishes, for he will always have to do it." I would not have the boy always wash dishes nor the girl always milk; but if he can do ordinary housework then when the mother is sick and no girl to be found, as is often the case, the family is not wholly dependent on the neighbors. I can hardly see that it is any worse for boys to do girls' work than for girls to do boys' work. In many of our schools they are being educated with the boys in the various branches of industry.

There is a branch of education that is sadly neglected in bringing up our children. You may say it does not come under the head of industrial training, but of what use is such training if they do not know the value of money? Parents usually look after and replenish the wardrobe. If the boy wants ten cents he goes to his father and sometimes he gets it and sometimes he does not, but the girl seldom gets any. There is no need for her to have a pocket-book for it will be always empty.

I would decide about what they would need, making allowance for the spending money, and either give them the proceeds of something they might call their own; or else give them a stated sum paid weekly or monthly; part of it to be expended as they see fit. Advise them as to their needs, and then if they spend the money for finery when they need essentials they must suffer the consequences. Allow them to feel they alone are responsible. What boy or girl knows the value of money when all they have had to do is to ask for it? They will find sometime that it does not come so easy.

Girls as well as boys should know how to write a receipt, make out a bill, draw up a note or check, and keep ac-

counts. Send the boys occasionally to buy stock. Perhaps they may do as well as did Gen. Grant in a story he told of himself. When a boy, eight years of age, his father said to him. "My son, neighbor G. has a young colt that he wants to sell. Now you go there and buy him; first offer him twenty dollars; if he says no offer him twenty-two and a half; and if he still refuses give him twenty-five. Young Grant went to the neighbor. He said: "Father sent me over to buy that brown colt of yours. He said I must offer you twenty dollars first, if you would not take it offer twenty-two and a half; if that didn't fetch him give twenty-five; for the colt was well worth it." Of course any farmer would have taken the twenty-five dollars.

We should try to find out the branch of industry our boy or girl is best adapted for; then bend every honest effort toward their education in that direction. Teach children that work in itself is not degrading and that although we sometimes tire of it a certain amount is necessary to our happiness.

The result will be boys and girls who can use their hands as well as brains and feel that it is as respectable to earn a livelihood by the labor of the hands as by the wits; and with the love of God in their hearts will make whole-souled, noble men and women.

A BRIEF BIOGRAPHY.

That large contingent of HOUSEHOLD people who have read and admired the writings of "Evangeline" in the HOUSEHOLD will be interested in the following sketch of her life, which appeared in the May issue of the *Literary Century*, accompanied by an excellent likeness which we regret our press facilities will not enable us to reproduce:

For fifteen years readers of various Detroit papers have wondered who Evangeline was, a glimpse of whose thought and sentiment may be found embodied in the following pretty pen sketch:

"MOTHER'S WORK."

It seems so little, and yet it comprises so much, made up of little things scarcely worth mentioning, but footing up to such a sum total—work that is never done until the tired hands are folded, the tired feet at rest. It is such satisfying work, bringing its own sweet recompense in the touch of baby hands, the kiss of rosy lips, the patter of little steps, the ringing of a happy laugh. Mother's work, like her love, is boundless; it cannot be measured or estimated; is never fully appreciated until it is finished. Imperfect it may have been, but she gave us of her best, and we find ourselves wondering how we can get along without her gentle presence, her kind hand to smooth our rough places, to remove obstacles, and diffuse sunshine along our pathway.

"Evangeline" is none other than Mrs. Marie H. Sprague, of Battle Creek, Mich., and was born in West Bloomfield, Ontario County, N. Y., March 15, 1846. Her parents were Eunice North-

rop and Bayzo Wells Baker. Her father was a son of Bayzo and Johanna Baker, of East Haddam, Conn., and on both sides comes of revolutionary stock. Her great-grandfather on her father's side was a soldier in the war of Independence, and died from the effects of cruel treatment as a British prisoner at what was known as the Black Hole of New York. Her great-grandmother on the same side was Martha Jewett, a name which is familiar in the genealogies and history of Connecticut. Her grandmother was a daughter of Captain Miner, a rough but daring naval officer, who commanded a vessel during the revolutionary war. At 11 years of age she attended a select school conducted by Prof. William H. Macey, of Union College, where she remained until her 15th year, when she entered the Ontario Female Seminary at Canandaigua, and subsequently the Elmira Female College. In November, 1868, she removed to LeRoy, Calhoun County, Mich., and December 25, 1871, was married to Elliott Sprague, the eldest son of Rev. Thomas Sprague, and a prominent young farmer in that locality. Upon a farm of 275 acres her married life begun, and flowed along quietly and unbroken in the care of her little family, which numbered four children, three of whom are living. In 1892 she removed to Battle Creek. Her first literary venture was in 1877, when she became a regular correspondent of the *Detroit Post and Tribune*, writing over the name of "Evangeline," after which she contributed to the *Free Press* and *MICHIGAN FARMER*. In 1892 she had charge of the woman's column in the *Michigan Patriot*. Her writings are especially devoted to home and mothers' work, hints and helps on housekeeping and home-making, and the care and training of children. Her home is a model of neatness and order, the comfort of the family being her first study, and amid the many cares and duties incident to the management of a household, she finds time to lend a hand where help is needed. Possessed of a sympathetic nature, it is ever her study to comfort the sorrowing and oppressed, while her writings ever awakened a responsive chord in hundreds of hearts grown weary and laden with mother's cares.

LILIES OF THE VALLEY.

The lily-of-the-valley requires but little care or petting and is one of the most faithful of our floral treasures. One need never think of treatment for them unless they are being choked with weeds and grass, for if only kept clear of everything else they will give very good returns. To do full justice to them, make a rich mellow bed, selected with a view to partial shade by fence or buildings (not trees); set the roots well down and when fall comes cover three or four inches with rich fine and rotten manure and through the warm months

pour washing suds among the roots. I say roots, for such fertilizers do not benefit and may injure the foliage. I have never found a better way of providing fertilizer for plants than one I have followed many years. Fill a can or plant crock with manure and set it out of sight, among lilies of any kind; pour the water when watering into it, thus refreshing and enriching at the same time. Those who live where they can keep their gardens soaking if they wish, can be saved the trouble. Sprinkling the soil lightly in dry weather is of little use for the roots are not reached and the foliage benefited but very little, as it is soon evaporated from the hot dry earth, while if applied directly to the roots, even in small quantities, all diminution in growth or production of flower by drouth is evaded.

If I could have an arrangement for the purpose, and according to my own notions about it, I would have conduits below the surface, while fountains would play for the benefit of foliage and our own comfort. No flowers can give more satisfaction than lilies of every or any kind, so fragrant and altogether lovely. They require less care than almost any perennial plant we have. A flower garden without lilies is devoid of the greater charm, and when once well established they will be true as an old tried friend, and like the kindness and good will of a true friend grow dearer to our hearts while their numbers increase continually.

FENTON.

MRS. M. A. FULLER.

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING for June is, as usual, a feast of good things for the housekeeper, who is furnished plenty of good ideas and helpful suggestions—if she will only put them in practice. As the picnic season is close at hand, the directions for preparing a variety of sandwiches are timely. Old cooks will smile over "An Experiment in Bread-Making" and young ones will sigh, while Louise Dexter's reconstruction of a country home and its occupants is pleasant reading if a little romantic.

THE *Review of Reviews* for June is a number which nobody who intends to go to the World's Fair at any time can well afford to be without. However attractive the other departments may be, it will be true of this World's Fair, as it was of the Centennial in 1876, that the great majority of the visitors will derive more pleasure from the pictures in the Art Department than from anything else. The *Review of Reviews* sent as its special representative to Chicago, Mr. Ernest Knauff, who has prepared for it an extended and discriminating article telling in a straightforward way what are the merits and striking features of each portion of the art exhibit, and his article is illustrated with outline pen sketches intended as memoranda of the principal pictures. The article serves as an auxiliary to the more formal catalogue which gives the names and numbers of the pictures. □

CANNING FRUITS.

The canning season is at hand, and it is time to be looking up the fruit cans, getting a supply of rubber rings and sugar, preparatory to "beginning the ball" with strawberries and cherries. Many people make very hard work of putting up fruit, believing the most laborious process somehow conveys a superior flavor to it. In my own experience, I have found that—given an equal quality of fruit, freshly picked and not over-ripe—it makes but little if any difference in the results whether the fruit is cooked and put into the cans, or cooked in the cans after the most elaborate process. But possibly I'm not a connoisseur.

M. E. H. gave us last season a good recipe for canning strawberries. We clip it from the *HOUSEHOLD* of July 2, 1892:

"As soon after picking as you can get the berries wash them thoroughly, before hulling, by pouring cold water over them. Hull them, putting them into a good bright milk pan, not a new one, but one that is whitish like worn silver, if you have nothing large enough in earthen. Cover them thickly with granulated sugar; slip a spoon down the sides of the pan and lift the berries so the sugar will run down through and over them all. Be sure there is more sugar than will stick to them. Set them down cellar until the next morning; pour off all the juice and boil it down about one-third, then put the berries in and cook until they rise to the top; can immediately. The berries remain whole and the lovely strawberry flavor is retained. Do not be anxious because the berries rise to the top of the can; as long as they stay there your fruit is in proper condition."

A recipe for canned (or to be more exact, preserved) strawberries put up in the same manner as those imported from Germany and known as Wiesbaden fruit, was given in the *HOUSEHOLD* of July 9, 1892. A number of ladies in this city put up fruit in the way recommended, and were pleased at the results. Here is the rule:

"You must have two kinds of berries, one may be the ordinary fruit, the other must be the finest, largest, most perfect and perfectly fresh fruit. To every quart of the ordinary fruit allow half a pound of sugar. After the berries are hulled, sift the sugar through and over them, and let them stand in a cold place over night. A low temperature is imperative, to prevent any possible fermentation. In the morning drain off the juice—not quite dry, but leaving enough so the berries can be made into jam or marmalade, thus saving waste of the fruit. For every half pound of sugar you have used, allow half a pound of rock candy. Put this into the juice and let it boil fifteen minutes. In the meantime, have your cans already tested, to be certain all are perfect, and warm them. Set them on a folded towel in a big pan, and turn in an inch or two of warm water; fill the cans with the superior fruit, which you have carefully hulled, raw, rejecting every imperfect or bruised berry. Pack the fruit as solidly as you can without jamming it, packing and shaking it down, pour on the boiling syrup, and seal immediately. Keep the cans in a dark

place. This is said to be the exact manner in which the imported fruit is put up, and if carefully followed according to directions, to be safe, the fruit keeping perfectly."

Another rule similar to the above except in one respect is sometimes used instead, being regarded as more certain. The largest berries, instead of being put into the cans, are thrown into the boiling syrup, allowed to remain a minute, then carefully skimmed out into the cans, which are then filled up with the hot syrup.

The great secret in canning fruit is to fill the cans full while the fruit is boiling hot, and to seal tightly. Cook it in a porcelain kettle, using as little water as possible. Never use iron or tin in putting up fruit. See that your cans are perfect and the rubbers a good fit. It is said that old rubbers may be made fit for use by soaking in weak ammonia water, but we cannot vouch for this and the small cost of a new rubber is not to be compared with the loss of a can of fruit. When the cans are cold, screw them up "to the last notch," cover with their paper caps or set in a dark place, which should also be a cool one.

The amount of sugar to be used varies of course according to the acidity of the fruit, and depends also upon individual taste. The amount used has nothing whatever to do with the perfect keeping of the fruit, and it is often put up without sugar though most housekeepers believe the quality is improved by cooking the fruit with the sugar, putting it in just as the fruit is nearly done, and after allowing it to dissolve and boil up once, canning at once. Many adepts at the canning art make a sugar syrup and cook the fruit in it till tender. The quantity of sugar for a quart can range from twelve ounces for sour plums, pears, quinces and cherries to eight ounces for sweet cherries and peaches. Huckleberries and raspberries can do with six ounces, while curiously, strawberries require from ten to twelve ounces, almost or quite as much as much more tart fruits. Quinces are very much better put up with one-half or one-third their bulk of sweet apples; the quince flavor is too pronounced to be agreeable unless "toned down" a little.

Blackberries and raspberries are so seedy that they are less acceptable when canned than most other fruits. Make jam of them instead, or spiced fruit. Raspberries are much improved by the addition of currant juice, especially if designed for jelly. Do not forget to try some green grape jelly this season; it is nice with meats. A housekeeper says that jelly is much clearer and of finer color if the juice, after being strained, is allowed to stand over night and then carefully poured off into the preserving kettle, leaving the "cloudy" residue, which may be made up for use in cake, where its being a little "off color" doesn't matter.

BEATRIX.

J. P., of Parshallville, asks for a recipe for wheat griddle cakes. Try this: One egg well beaten, stirred into a quart of sour milk; a large teaspoonful of soda, or sufficient to sweeten the milk; a little salt; flour to make a moderately thick batter. 'Tis a great virtue in a pancake to be of a rich, dusky brown on both sides, therefore see to it that the griddle is hot enough. They are also lighter and more tender when properly baked. Eat with butter, sugar or syrup.

THE call the Editor hears most frequently these hot days is "more copy." Take the Hint?

Useful Recipes.

STRAWBERRY JAM.—Stew the berries with just as little water as possible, and stir continually. When the strawberries are thoroughly done, but not before, add the sugar in the proportion of one pound to each pound of fruit. The jam will need to cook only a little longer, and this will preserve as far as can be the exquisite color of the berries.

STRAWBERRY SWEETMEATS.—A delicious strawberry sweetmeat that retains the flavor of the berry wonderfully is made by using a pound of granulated sugar to a pint of large berries. First, make a syrup, allowing one gill of boiling water to a pound of sugar; let it come to a boil; then drop in the fruit and boil, very gently, in order not to break the berries, about 10 minutes, or until they are clear. Lift out with the strainer spoon and put in wide jars or tumblers. Let the syrup boil down until rich and thick. Draw aside, that it may settle; then skim. Boil up once more, and pour boiling hot over the fruit, having first drained off the thin syrup from the glasses. Cover closely while cooling.

STRAWBERRY ICE.—Anybody who can make ice-cream can make fruit ices at half the trouble and time. A strawberry ice that is very delicious is easily prepared. Add a pound of granulated sugar and the juice of two lemons to a quart of ripe berries; mash and set aside an hour; strain through a fruit-sieve, add a quart of cold water and freeze. For a variety use the beaten whites of two eggs, lightly beaten into the mixture just before freezing.

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE.—Strawberry shortcake should not be made of cake dough or batter. Also plain biscuit dough with a little additional butter is better than the richer piecrust form. Sift one quart of flour and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder together; rub into this four ounces of butter, add a small teaspoonful of salt, and sufficient milk to make a soft dough; roll out as lightly as possible nearly an inch thick. Bake in quick oven until done—about twenty minutes; then split through with a cord; never use a knife. Butter the open halves, and lay berries as thickly as possible on the lower one. Put the other on the top, and dust heavily with sugar. The berries should first be stemmed, very slightly mashed, and well sugared. If they are too large slice them with a silver knife. Do not prepare them too long before serving, however, as they become pulpy. Serve with it a pitcher of rich cream.