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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

HIS MOTHER'S PIE.

A dainty young wife made a "beautiful pie"
For him who was king of her heart;
It suited her taste and it suited her eye,
And was a production of art.

She gave him a piece at the table with pride,
And watched her dear idol partake;
"I made it myself," said the fair looking bride;
"And how do you like what I bake?"

The bridegroom gazed down at the wonderful pie:
The bride sat in tremulous fear,
At length he returned her this doubtful reply—
"It isn't like mother's, my dear."

Tears shone in the depths of her gentle blue eyes.
How could he such language repeat?
"No, love," he continued, "this pie is a prize;
Mother ne'er could make one fit to eat."

GLIMPSES OF THE WHITE CITY.

San Rabida—A Small Gun—The Foreign Buildings.

Down by the lake shore, where its walls are washed by the waves and its gay little garden sparkles with spray from wind-swept white caps, is the old convent of San Rabida—pronounced *Rabida*, if you please. It is an exact reproduction of the old Franciscan monastery where Columbus found shelter and a friend in his greatest extremity. It was the pious Prior Juan Perez de Marchena who made the decisive appeal to Queen Isabella and awakened the religious feeling which induced her to pledge her jewels to equip the little fleet to sail on its mission of discovery of new lands and bear salvation to heathen souls; and here is his portrait. I cannot vouch for the resemblance, but the artist has given him a fine, intellectual face. Of course Columbus is exploited at San Rabida; it is a veritable museum of Columbian relics. Here is the original commission given by Ferdinand and Isabella to Columbus, with its old seals attached; it looks its four centuries, and an armed sentry stands guard over it night and day. Here are letters written by Columbus, beginning with the sign of the cross, and ending with a series of initials concerning whose meaning the authorities are at variance. His will is here, too, in his own handwriting—and he wrote a very clear, firm hand. Here are portraits of the Popes of Columbus' day, and the bulls they issued granting jurisdiction over the new territories to Spain; and the letter that gave Father Boyle, who

accompanied Columbus on his second voyage, authority over the church in the New World. Here also are portions of the wood of the original convent; old maps and books dating back to 1500; the first map that outlined North and South America, and maps of the undiscovered country as Columbus imagined it; a battered, rusty old bell, the first that gave tongue in the western hemisphere, from the ruins of San Domingo; a few stones, all that is left of Isabella, a town he founded on his second voyage; old coins, swords; and any number of portraits of Columbus and his royal patrons, some of them quaint old prints that show what great progress has been made in the art of engraving. There is an astonishing number of portraits of Columbus. He must have changed remarkably "between times," for no two look alike. Our postage stamp series merely followed historical precedent in making him grow a full beard between discovery and landing, for some alleged portraits give him blue eyes, others brown, still others black. There is one old canvas painted by Lotto in 1512, and another of about the same period in the original frame, very quaint and curious.

A series of oil paintings depicting scenes in the life of the great voyager were quite striking. One represented him on the deck of the Santa Maria at midnight; around him the darkness of an unknown sea, and he, with resolute, forward-turning face, watched alone for the shore he so desired. I was particularly struck by a large picture representing the landing. Columbus' face is lifted heavenward, the light falls full and strong upon it; his expression is a prayer of gratitude and thankfulness; his thoughts at this supreme moment are worthy of his noble soul. His followers' faces are in the shadow and are equally intent and earnest, but their eager, greedy eyes are bent earthward; their one desire the conquest and spoil of the new country. And looking upon this picture, one of the most striking here, one could not help the thought that their spirit of rapacity and greed has possessed the land ever since.

You could spend a day here, you decide, but there is so much else to see! So, with just a glance through the little rooms upstairs, which were the cells of the lay brothers, and another at the little court within the walls with its

trim walks and bright flowers, you turn away and pay a flying visit to Krupp's Building, conveniently near. What a contrast all this panoply of war, all these engines for the destruction of life and property, to the quiet of the monastic cell! Here is the great shaft for an Atlantic steamer, ninety feet long and weighing one hundred three tons, forged a solid bar of steel and bored out. You go up and up a steep spiral iron staircase until your head swims, and look down upon the munitions of war and into the mouth of the famous "Krupp's baby." It is difficult to conceive what Herr Krupp's adult gun family must be like if this is the infant. It is forty eight feet long, weighs one hundred forty tons, carries its charge twenty miles and pierces a steel plate two feet thick at nine miles. Fancy the terrors of war when a projectile weighing 2,500 pounds, coming with meteoric velocity apparently out of space, crashes into a town, upon a ship, within a fort! You hope the gun may always be as close-mouthed as the uniformed marine who patrols its platform; and are glad to learn a misdirected shot would be a loss to the army and navy department of \$12,000, the cost of the charge. By the gun are ten shells, the number that can be fired in one minute.

You pause a moment by the army mules laden with a howitzer and its fittings and fall to making a study of their ears! The leader feels the responsibility of his position as advance guard and sets both ears at "Attention, company front!" No. 2 feels that in case of mishap he may be called upon to take command and is giving half his mulish mind to the matter; one ear is alert, the other indifferent. No. 3's expression indicates clearly that it's not his pack train and he doesn't care; his business is simply to follow on behind. And there's such a likeness in the trio to some types of humanity!

There was no part of the Exposition that I enjoyed more than the foreign buildings. Many entered, saw nothing showy at first glance, looked a minute or so and left, thinking they had "seen" all worth seeing. One man said as he left the India pavilion, "A very little of that will pacify me!" I thought "Eyes have they but they see not!" One saw so many rare and curious things; there was such an old world atmosphere about,

in the faint odors of sandal wood and incense, the swarthy-skinned attendants and the heathenish jargon in which they chatted, and their native costumes. The sullen statue in bronze that guarded a stairway in the India building with a sword across it, pointing those who would ascend to the other side of the entrance, was quite in keeping with the oriental surroundings. Beautiful inlaid and ivory screens partitioned off the tea-drinkers; the galleries were ceiled with Indian rugs and hung with gorgeous Indian fabrics threaded with orange and blue and gold.

A sandal-wood cabinet showed the finest and most delicate of hand carving, in open-work that was almost like lace—a shrine for Vishnu, the four-handed deity who looks after the preservation of the world. There was furniture delicately inlaid with ivory in hundreds of tiny fractions, representing the patient industry of months by natives of Mysore; brass-work from Benares and Poona; embroideries gay with spangles and gold thread from Burmah, and embroidery in pure gold thread—thread that would never tarnish—upon satin, and with steel also, its cut facets shining like stars. Carved ivory elephant tusks for paper cutters—a trifle expensive at \$125 each; a model of the tomb of Taj-Mahal, famed for its beauty the world over, in alabaster, exquisitely beautiful in its pearly whiteness like milk; and wreaths and flowers in the same beautiful material; a screen of seshum wood over seven feet high, in four divisions, inlaid with ivory, was marked \$200 and worth it. I never broke the tenth commandment with such persistence as I did in this building. I especially yearned for one of the Buddhist idols, which were for sale for a good round consideration, and had, so I was assured, been used in temple worship. They were so uniquely, picturesquely ugly, so squat and hideous that I wanted one dreadfully. Those who would not admire my taste in idols would surely covet the model of a boat in ivory, carved out of a solid piece about twelve inches long, with its little cabin in front, its steersman at the wheel, its twelve rowers in coolie hats with oars out, daintily cut and so life-like in attitude. There was a cheerful scene representing a Hindoo burial ground, with little terra cotta figures engaged in the various processes of cremating the dead. The funeral pyre of one is ready for the torch, relatives are bringing a body, resting upon a bier borne on their shoulders; others are watching the burning pyre, and others again searching in the ashes for the bones of the burned to cast them into the Ganges. The building was literally crowded with curious and beautiful things, some to be seen but once in a life time. Outside, just at the entrance, was an Indian gun four hundred years old—so the placard said. We were tired out—"too tired to go another step;" we backed up

against it and sat down. We wondered why people looked at us and then at a point a little above us; wondered, but did not "catch on" till we got up and saw the placard. Do you suppose people thought we were —! But no, I will not entertain the humiliating supposition!

Ceylon's roof was supported by beautifully carved pillars of satin-wood, teak and other of her native growths, with paneled ceiling, and her teas were very handsomely displayed. I had no idea there were so many sorts of tea, all with such flowery names, until I saw Ceylon's, India's and Japan's teas. These samples don't look much like what is sold us as tea, especially the cheap grades. The Ceylon tea is our English breakfast, and I don't like it; tastes too much like a mild decoction of hay. It is said to be healthy. I don't doubt it; I've noticed most disagreeable things are "healthy." I'm always willing to give them credit for the virtue, but not more fond of them in consequence. The native Cingalese here were a study; they wore queer calico trousers, but alas, for an upper garment a matter-of-fact United States woven undershirt replaced the short linen jacket which is their coat. The men wore shell circle combs in their straight black hair, which was done in a diminutive and not prepossessing Psyche knot in the back. Here were all Ceylon's especial products—cinnamon and cloves, pepper, chincona, cocoa, coffee, coconuts, cardamom seeds to scent the breath, ivory, sandal and satin-wood boxes and cabinets. Here too was the handle of the sword of state carried by the guardian of the sacred Bo-Tree, of finest silver; the guard a dragon, the scabbard beaten silver curiously and intricately chased; the first books known to Ceylon, written on strips of wood strung on a cord; a sample of horoscope writing, the oldest form of writing known and introduced into Ceylon 300 years before Christ. And here too their hideous, squat gods, painted blue and yellow—the yellow god looked amiable but he certainly wasn't pretty. Perhaps he couldn't be, and hear the music of the temple drums. Their houses are made of thatch with fluted, pointed roofs; here were models of their wells and buckets and domestic utensils. Life size figures of the wild natives were about as unintelligent in appearance as anything I ever saw in human guise, black, ugly, unkempt, with disheveled black hair and clad principally in innocence.

In Japan's exhibit in the Agricultural Building I gathered a recipe for a genuine Japanese sweetmeat. I hope our housekeepers will see how devoted I am to their interests. It is "Kenimame," and made of haricot beans and eggs and sugar. Another requires extract of "Job's tears" and malt mixed with eggs. Sounds rather taking, doesn't it? But extract of "Job's tears" was a conundrum, finally solved in British Guinea's

section. The melancholy vegetable is the seed of a kind of grass, and used with "crab's eyes" (a bright red and black pea), and mimosa seeds for necklaces by the natives.

In this exhibit of British Guinea's, by the way, are birds more gorgeous than anything I ever dreamed of. It did not seem possible plumage could be so glorious, rivalling in brilliance the color of the gayest flowers. Here were birds of the most vivid of red and orange, mauve, blue, softest gray and opaline shades, and humming-birds as brilliant as jewels, so large in size, so great in variety. No wonder the tropical belle fetters them for ornaments.

BEATRIX.

IN EVE'S DEFENSE.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage wrote an article for the *Ladies' Home Journal* last winter which was one of the most malignant papers on woman for women's especial reading, that I ever saw. It made me thoroughly indignant and though it has taken me some time to get around to it, I did not mean to let it go unchallenged. He far exceeds Bible authority in his assertions, and to show you the trend of the article I will quote a little.

"Eve through curiosity was tempted to taste the forbidden fruit—then she invited Adam to taste it also; then the doors of the world flew open and sin entered; then the heavens gathered blackness, and the beasts that before were harmless put forth claw and sting and tooth and tusk; sharp thorns sprang up through the grass. All the chords of that great harmony were broken."

He accuses Eve of being "the cause of all sin and confusion in the world." He says "the hand that plucked the forbidden fruit launched upon the world all the crimes, the wars and the tumults; there is no sin on earth that her act—plucking the apple—did not cause."

I call that horrible stuff to assert in this day and generation! The accounts we have of the creation are but legends. The religions of ages before Christ or the Christian religion came upon the earth had their traditions, and who knows how much is tradition and how much is truth?

Some scholars say the tree of which the first pair were forbidden to eat was the tree of knowledge? If this is true, instead of causing evil it gave them the ability to discriminate between good and evil.

The struggle between the stronger and the weaker was going on ages before the earth was a fit habitation for man. Ever since life began on this earth the stronger survived and the weaker were destroyed; the same continues to this day. There is no animal or insect that has not a powerful adversary in another more powerful than itself which devours it for food or kills from antipathy. Did Eve cause all this

struggle since long ages before she and Adam were created?

But women have listened to this sort of talk until many of them believe their sex the author of all evil, and take such a rating as Talmage gives without a thought.

I should like to know what Mr. Talmage thinks of Adam's share in the sin! If man is the stronger and wiser of the two why was Adam so ready to partake of the forbidden fruit as soon as Eve gave it to him? And while I am asking questions, I will ask another one or two:

If when God made Adam and Eve and put them in the Garden of Eden where was everything needful for them—if He wished them to remain sinless and innocent, why did He place one tree there more beautiful than the others and forbid them to eat of it? Did God intend them to disobey, so He could punish them? Do you believe our God would do such a thing as that—the God whom Christ told us was our father and who loved us more than an earthly father could? It is not possible.

And if Eve had eaten the fruit of the tree of knowledge, and had not invited Adam to partake with her, what would have been his condition then and that of his descendants now—those who call themselves the "lords of creation," the "head of the woman," "the lawmakers," etc? I am fearful the daughters of Eve would be calling them "naturals." You all know that is what the Scotch call those who do not know good from evil.

When men—especially those who aspire to teach the people—can think of nothing to say more beneficial or more truthful than this old story of Eve, it will be to their credit to keep their mouths closed. Let ministers teach what Christ taught; that is their mission. It is an insult to all women to be told again and again that "through woman came sin into the world."

RIVERSIDE.

PRISCILLA.

BABY'S NEW CLOAK.

I made from an old dress, by aid of a picture and a yoke Mother Hubbard pattern, a neat and pretty cloak for my little girl, just entering her third winter; one so satisfactory to the little lassie that she pats it approvingly and calls it her "pitty nice coat."

The material was the remains of a heavy wool dress, golden brown in color, which obligingly submitted to being turned. I cut a round yoke of velvet, and deep cuffs, which matched the goods in color. The pattern is turned so it opens in front. The skirt is pleated to the yoke with a narrow heading, and stitched on twice. There is a box pleat three and one-half inches wide in the back, from which run side pleats to the shoulders. The sleeves I made very wide, pleating them into the armholes and also into the cuffs. Two strips of velvet I folded over a canvas interlining,

narrowing them toward the ends, and pleated them quite full, setting them to stand erect on the shoulders and sewing them in with the sleeves. A little collar of velvet finished the neck, and a bit of ribbon made a bow to fasten it. The cloak is long enough to just escape the floor.

I am much pleased with my success with a "made over," as I am a novice at such work. The only expense was the half yard of velvet which I had to buy.

BEL

CHILDREN'S CLOTHES.

Mothers who make their boys' suits will like to know that they may make knickerbockers and blouse to match for boys from five to ten years old. The blouse is made with a very deep yoke in front only, which fastens over on the side of the right armhole, where hooks and loops are made for the purpose. It is sewed in on the left shoulder and armhole seams, and brought over on the right after the blouse is buttoned. A wide sash is added if liked. The back is straight and moderately full. For the five and six year olds the yoke is sometimes prettily made of velvet, with cuffs to match; for older boys the yoke may be trimmed with lines of worsted braid; or, if the suit is of cotton, with linen galloon.

A kilt skirt is laid in regular pleats, and falls below the knees. The jacket of the same has a square turned-over collar, and straight fronts; the jacket is long enough to hide the union of the kilt with the waist worn under it. The sleeves are full, gathered or pleated into bands that button at the wrist. A gay Windsor silk tie is knotted under the collar. Cheviot, camel's hair, flannel and cashmere are used for such suits.

A plain full skirt is slightly gored and has a three inch hem; with it is worn a full blouse belted with the same material, the only trimming being rows of braid round the yachting collar and down the straight fronts.

A pretty suit of gray cheviot to be worn with a blue flannel shirt waist, has the knee pants coming well below the knees. Three buttons are set on the outside seam about an inch and half apart and three inches from the bottom. The jacket is new and stylish, and much longer than boys from five to seven—for whom the suit is designed—have worn. To get the correct length, make the skirts, on the under arm seam, as long as the distance from armhole to waist line—a long waist. The jacket is fastened with a tab in front, and a shield fills the space disclosed by the collar, which rolls back like revers and is square in the back; it has three rows of braid for trimming. Four buttons are set on each side for ornament, one to hold the tab in place, apparently; it is buttoned invisibly on the inside. A patch pocket is on each side, and all the edges are double stitched.

A pretty Empire dress for a girl from

seven to nine years of age has a short waist and long skirt, the waist consisting of a puff falling over the union of the skirt and waist, with a fall of lace set in; the puff is shirred three times round the neck to form the collar. Sleeves have Empire puffs, and the cuffs are of lace. A lace flounce headed by a puff surrounds the skirt. This would be beautiful made up in blue or rose cashmere, with puffs of silk, and coarse coffee-colored lace.

An outer coat for a six-year old has loose full fronts, a back laid in box pleats that are double on the sides where they meet in the centre of the back, worn with a belt of the material fastened by a tab with two buttons upon it. Sleeves are coat shape but roomy, with cuffs simulated by two rows of stitching. A row of buttons closes the front and the cloak reaches within an inch of the bottom of the dress. A round collarette five inches deep, slightly pointed in front, is lined with silk and shirred to fit the neck. All the edges are machine stitched except the bottom of the garment, which is turned up and blind stitched, but which might quite as suitably be finished with stitching. A round hat is set well back on the head; it is trimmed with two rosettes at the back and one set inside the brim slightly inclining to the left side.

The "cutest" cloak for a wee toddler was of scarlet flannel, cut a loose sack shape. It had a cape attached in pleats on the shoulders, falling over the sleeves, which had Empire puffs and deep cuffs which, with the cape, were trimmed with bands of curly white lamb's wool and rows of narrow white braid. A band of the wool went round the neck and bordered one edge down the front, the garment being closed with hooks and loops. A dark haired baby would look a veritable Little Red Riding Hood in such a coat, with which should be worn a close cap or hood of the flannel, trimmed with a band of the wool having for a face trimming a full ruche of quilled lace. A bow or rosette is in the front.

TROUBLE WITH DAHLIAS.

Mrs. E. B. B., of East Cohoctah, asks: "What is the matter with my dahlias? I removed them from the ground to-day and found them covered with a fine white insect which looks like a cabbage louse, only it is snow white. Can you tell me a remedy, and whether they will destroy the roots? The soil is a stiff clay, enriched with black muck, sand, and sheep manure."

Is it not possible the roots are affected by a fungus instead of a louse? If the latter, however, brush the tubers and roots to remove them, keeping watch and repeating the brushing as necessary. Trim off the old roots. If a fungus, we know no remedy, but perhaps our "flower lady"—Mrs. Fuller—does, and will give it. At all events it will be safer to plant the bulbs in a new location another year.

THE HYDRANGEA.

A small slip or plant with still tender roots may be kept through winter in a growing condition, but when a plant of *Hydrangea* is well established allow it to become nearly dry, place it in the cellar where it will not mildew, and let it remain until spring. It may be watered slightly if the cellar is quite dry, and should be examined occasionally to see that the stalks do not shrivel or whether the plant is attacked by mildew, which is ever sure destruction to plant life in any form. *Dahlia* tubers, lily bulbs, geranium plants, anything in the line stored in the cellar or any room must have plenty of air to prevent the dampness that precedes mildew. In all cases, for sake of health, a cellar below living rooms (which is usual in country homes) should never be entirely closed until absolutely necessary to exclude frost.

In the spring the *Hydrangea* may be brought to a window and its needs in the way of fresh, rich soil attended to. Fresh soil should be added to the soil, or else a new and large pot furnished, as they grow roots in good proportion to age and size of plant. Water with tepid water principally, and occasionally give liquid fertilizer, for with the new growth buds will soon form and only constant care and thrift at this time will insure success. When in bud and bloom they require an abundance of water. The flowers last a long time, and longer still if not exposed to the hot sun through mid-day.

Slips are easily started in bottles of water or wet sand. Spring is the best time to start them.

FENTON.

MRS M. A. FULLER.

A SCHOOL-MA'AM'S WOES.

I wonder if any of the members of the HOUSEHOLD have ever posed as country "school-ma'ams" alias public martyrs? If not, you have missed an experience which leaves one as meek as Moses and as patient as Job ever dared be. And have any of you ever lived—existed I mean, in a northern lumber region? If you haven't, come up, and you'll return so completely satisfied with your present surroundings that it won't be any "better farther on."

Think of living in a place where the only literature is the local paper; where the church privileges are limited to semi-occasional preaching! But it has some advantages; one can study human nature, and then say with the old lady that "It takes all kinds of people to make a world and I'm proper glad I aint one of 'em."

There are many Hoosiers in this place, and many Buckeyes. The Hoosiers work an "already-still" into their conversation on all possible occasions, while the Ohio people tell of being "down in Ohi-uh back-there." I don't blame them, for I've wished a hundred

times since coming here that I was "down in Detroit back-there," or in some other equally good place.

Can E. L. Nye or any other teacher, recommend some never fail sort of persuasion that will bring parents to see the need of and provide their children with books?

I have stood on the identical pier and viewed the same scenery of which A. H. J. wrote a few weeks ago. I taught school about two and one-half miles from the cottages a few winters ago, and know much of the inner life of those fishermen.

D. H. G.

THE *Cosmopolitan*, at \$1.50 a year, is something no family can afford to dispense with; in fact, it is "cheaper than going without." The September issue, the World's Fair number, is a splendid contribution to Exposition literature and would do credit to *Harper* or the *Century* in point of excellence of illustrations, typographical make-up and table of contents. The demand for this number has been so great that local news-dealers have been unable to supply it, and a third edition has been ordered by the publishers.

A PRETTY way to make a frame for a vignette photograph especially a child's, is to cut a circle out of heavy pasteboard which shall be seven inches in diameter. In the centre of this cut a circle four inches in diameter. Cover one side of this with cotton wadding put on loosely. Cut a strip of delicate hued silk a yard long and four inches wide, sew together in a circle and press the seams; gather each edge. Sew one edge of this on the wrong side of the circle, keeping the gathers even. Pull it through the opening and puff loosely, securing the other edge over the outer edge of the pasteboard circle with slip stitches. Cut a circle of paper to match the silk if possible, arrange the picture in place, and paste the circle over back of the picture and the frame with stiff flour paste. This is quite pretty and dainty.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

RATHER than scald tomatoes to remove the skin, slice them unpared. To scald a tomato which you propose to eat uncooked, is to spoil it.

ALL traces of mud can easily be removed from black clothes by rubbing the spots with a raw potato cut in half. So says one who tried it.

TINCTURE of lobelia, it is alleged, will kill a felon. Applied when the finger begins to swell, it will prevent the further development of these painful visitors.

□ "I HAVE discovered an easy method of restoring tarnished silver to its first appearance. Silverware becomes so blackened from the sulphur smoke that

I was disgusted with mine. However, I forgot a little cream in a jug; it soured, and on cleaning it I noticed the bottom was like new silver. I immediately put all I had in buttermilk for a few hours. The carving became as fresh as at first. Any kind of sour milk is just as good."—*Christian Union*.

EVERY one agrees to the excellence of the coffee sold at the Brazilian, Guatemalan, Costa Rican and Haytian cafes on the Exposition grounds. To provide two thousand cups, between 60 and 70 pounds of coffee are roasted and ground. It is made in a Vienna machine, by the drip process; no egg, codfish skin, or any other stuff is used to "settle it, and it is never allowed to boil. To boil coffee is a sin in the estimation of these people who grow the coffee bean and make the best possible beverage from it.

THERE are two ways of preparing pumpkin for pies. One is to cook it rapidly for about twenty minutes or half an hour in abundance of water, after peeling, removing the seeds and cutting it in pieces. The other is to put the pumpkin, peeled and sliced and with the seeds removed, into a pot with about two inches depth of water, merely to prevent its burning. The pot is covered closely and the pumpkin is cooked slowly in this way for about six hours, when the water will be exhausted and the pumpkin will be found to have acquired a certain sweetness which it never has when cooked in the more rapid way.

Contributed Recipes.

PEACH PIE.—Peel, stone and slice the peaches. Line a pie-tin with crust and lay in your fruit, sprinkling sugar liberally over it in proportion to its sweetness. Allow three peach kernels chopped fine to each pie; pour in a very little water and bake with an upper crust, or with cross-bars of paste across the top.

PEACH MERINGUE PIE.—Stew the peaches, and sweeten to taste, mash smooth, and season with nutmeg. Fill the crust and bake until just done. Take the whites of three eggs, whip to a stiff froth, sweeten with three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, flavor with rose water or vanilla, beat until it will stand alone, then spread it on the pie an inch thick; put in the oven to set, not brown.

GRAPE PIE.—Grapes are best for pies when tender and green; they require stewing and straining to get rid of the seeds; then sweeten to the taste. Allow one half pint of sugar to a medium-sized pie; put in the sugar and grapes in alternate layers, in deep pie plates, add a tablespoonful of water to each pie.

PLAINWELL.

Z. E. R. O.

GREEN GRAPE PRESERVES.—Take out the seeds, for which purpose a penknife is most convenient, and weigh the fruit. Cook with an equal quantity of sugar until thoroughly done. The flavor is thought by many to be more delicate than that of preserve made from ripened grapes.

B.