

TWO SIDES OF A FENCE.

BY MARY HALL, IN PUCK.

His Side.

Over that high board fence I hear  
The sound of singing sweet and clear;  
A break, a pause, and then just after,  
Bursts of merry Irish laughter—  
Over that big board fence, Jim; just over  
That ugly fence!

I can hear it all, but I cannot see.  
My neighbor is quite strange to me;  
But I'm sure as guns she's a charming  
miss  
With lips just saucy enough to kiss—  
And she's over a high board fence, Jim;  
Over a blooming fence!

Drat these social laws that block the way  
To my dropping over some pleasant day.  
To think of our being dull in a piece  
When I'm just dead-sure there's a  
pretty face—  
Over a blasted fence, Jim; just over a  
measly fence!

Her Side.

Over that high board fence I hear  
The sound of a whistle, shrill and clear,  
And a deep bass voice, with a doleful  
tone,  
Which sings the refrain, "I am all  
alone!"—  
Over that great board fence, dear; just over  
That rough old fence!

I can smell the smoke of a good cigar,  
And hear the twang of a sweet guitar,  
I've had to guess at looks as I can—  
But I know there's a bona-fide man—  
Over that tall board fence, dear; just over  
That horrid fence!

Of course, 't would be an awful sin  
For me to write and ask him in;  
But think of our being dull, my dear,  
With a nice young man so very near!  
Over a dreadful fence, dear; way over a  
mean old fence!

The Infatuation of Grandpa.

Grandpa Porter had become a source of anxiety to his son and his son's wife, Mrs. John. They were fully persuaded that he was in danger of being married for his money, and that by a young mix who might well be his granddaughter. That grandpa had taken a fancy to the girl they were sure; that he thought himself deeply in love with her they feared, for he was not his usual jolly, careless old self.

He moped about in fits of melancholy abstraction; he read romances, and he had hunted up his old cracked fute that he had not touched for fifty years, and stayed out on the porch evenings playing "Robin Adair" and other bygone ballads, with a wheezy wall that was distressing.

"I can hardly stand it," Mrs. John said, pinching up her pillow in the vain effort to shut out the sound. "He acts like a love-sick boy. I tell you, John, we've got to get him away, up to Eben's, or somewhere out of her reach."

"Yes," assented John, drowsily, "I'll write to Eben if you'll persuade him to go."

"Grandpa Porter, don't you think a change would do you good?" Mrs. John asked the next morning. "Eben'll come for you any time you want to go up there for a visit."

"I won't go to Eben's! I won't stir one step! I don't like Mrs. Eben; we always quarrel. If you want me to turn out I'll go over to Widow Smith's and board."

And Widow Smith was the mother of the mix.

"Why, grandpa, nobody wants to turn you out," Mrs. John cried, hastening to appease him. "It was just that you seem out of sorts lately, and we thought a change would perk you up."

"I'm not out of sorts! I'm spry as anybody!" he declared. "I suppose you think I'm getting old, and sort of helpless, and haven't much life left. Look here!" and he turned down a chair and skipped over it. "And look here!" he pranced across the porch, jumped the steps, ran to the woodpile and brought in a big armful, saying as he threw it into the box, "I guess John couldn't beat that very much, could he, hey? I don't go down to the gym for nothing."

"Why grandpa Porter!" Mrs. John exclaimed, amazed at the exhibition.

A laughing face looked in at the side door and a blithe young voice said gayly, "Good for you, Mr. Porter! I told you the other day that you were younger than half the boys. You ought to see him on the turning bar, Mrs. John." She set a basket on the table, adding, "Here are some eggs Grandpa Taylor was bringing to you. I thought them too heavy for her and came along to carry them for her. She looked tired. Take this rocker, grandpa," in anxious solicitude.

The brisk, anything-but-tired-looking old lady who had followed her in, sat down stiffly and the girl rattled on, "No, Mrs. John, I can't stop a minute. Mr. Porter, it's about time for you to go to the gym, isn't it?"

Grandpa got his hat with alacrity, and they went away together, stopping first for the mix to fasten a rose in his buttonhole.

"Mr. Porter!" Mrs. John burst out sarcastically, as soon as they were gone. It used to be grandpa, before he took this silly notion. She came on purpose to get him, she's done it before—the bold piece!

"I didn't want any of her help; she took the basket right out of my hands. As if I couldn't carry it across the street. One would think me to old and feeble to stand up alone, to hear her take on." Grandpa Taylor said, indignantly. "I'm two years younger than he is," she added, a red spot on each cheek and a spark in her eyes.

"I suppose you saw him making a speck of himself"—grandpa nodded—it's disgusting the way an old man will act when he takes a notion to a young girl. I wish his old fluff in the stove. I'd put it there if I dared, I get so tired of his sentimental tooting. I know it disturbs your folks, too."

Grandpa didn't say so, but to tell the truth, she kept her window open to hear it; the old-fashioned tunes appealed to her heart, awakening memories of youth and love.

"If Grandpa Porter had got to be so foolish, I don't see why he couldn't have taken a notion to grandpa," Mrs. John mused, regretfully, as grandpa walked briskly away, erect and trim. "That girl will keep him off till noon, I expect."

Which she did, and then hung on the gate at her own home and talked to him, till Mrs. John had to send one of the children to tell him to come to dinner.

The child ran back with big eyes, exclaiming: "You'd just ought to see grandpa!"

"They all looked 'with big eyes' when he came in. He was shaved clean of all his beautiful, white beard, leaving only a mustache, and that was waxed till it shone; his hair was cut in the latest fashion and with his ruddy cheeks and twinkling eyes he looked absurdly young, almost younger than his son.

"Well," he said, as they stared at him, "isn't it an improvement?"

Words failed them.

"I'm prepared for anything" now," Mrs. John confided to her husband, later. "It's plain that she put him up to it. aMaybe if she knew about his will she wouldn't be so bent on marrying him."

"She does know; I had a good chance and told her the other day."

"What did she say?"

"Just laughed and said 'folks changed their wills sometimes.' She's got a long head, I can tell you; she knows that she can coax his money out of him, and she don't care what anybody thinks."

"Perhaps if you talked right out plain to him, showed him what a laughing stock it's making of him—"

"It wouldn't do, Lucy," her husband interrupted. "He'd get mad and leave in a minute. You know how touchy pa is."

Mrs. John groaned. She remembered the threat to go and board at the Mix's home; like enough he'd be glad of an excuse to do so.

Sunday grandpa came out dressed for church in the extreme of style, twirling a dainty cane as airily as any callow "dude," and boldly marched away to where the Mix was waiting for him with a fresh rose for his buttonhole.

"You see," said Mrs. John to Grandpa Taylor, as the two families walked along together.

"There's no fool like an old fool," quoted Mrs. Ray, grandpa's daughter.

"Old Mr. Porter is no fool, though he does act like one," grandma remarked.

"No, more's the pity," said John, half regretfully. "I'd interfere and stop it if there was a ghost of a chance that way. But he's too sharp at his business affairs to have anything the matter with his mind."

Oh, he knew well enough what he was about, grandma reflected, and he was a fine figure of a man and walked as supple as a boy. She looked at the girl beside him, in white, fluffy array, then glanced at her own plain, sombre habiliments and decided that she would no longer dress for a funeral, although it was considered proper for old ladies to robe themselves thus.

"Mamma, Bessie complained a few days later, 'the children at school laugh at me and say that Polly Smith is going to be my grandpa.'"

"Well, wouldn't she be a sweet little grandpa" grandpa asked with a cackle.

Mrs. John bit her lips to keep the hot words back.

"I do believe it's catching," Mrs. Ray ran across to console to Mrs. John. "Ma's been and got a lavender colored lawn, and white ties, and a jaunty bonnet with lavender ribbon and violets; she says she has smothered in black all she's going to."

"That's not so bad," Mrs. John replied. "As long as she don't go gallowing around with some young fellow."

"Oh, ma'd never think of marrying anybody. I just wouldn't allow that—youn'g or old," Mrs. Ray declared somewhat incoherently.

"Well, you can manage an old lady, but an old man you can't. I feel as if we were disgraced," Mrs. John rejoined.

She was sure of it when one day grandpa dressed up, brought a livery rig and took the Mix out for a ride out to his farm. She clapped on her sunbonnet and went to interview the Mix's mother.

"Don't you think it's disgraceful for a young girl to go traipsing off with an old man. Hannah Smith," she demanded with asperity.

"Mr. Porter is a man of good character and a church member," Mrs. Smith asserted, bridling defensively.

"Oh, I understand; you are in the game, too," Mrs. John retorted.

Mrs. Smith closed her mouth firmly and tossed her head. And Mrs. John gave it up and went home; she knew Hannah Smith well enough to know that you needn't say anything more to her, when she looked like that.

Grandpa Taylor was just leaving a neighbor's when the couple returned. She bowed to them in cold hauteur as

she passed, and the saucy mix laughed gayly.

Grandpa's other two sons, Eben and Charles, in answer to urgent appeals, made their appearance.

Grandpa flew into a rage. "I won't have anybody meddling with my affairs," he declared, stamping around noisily. "I'll do as I please, and it's none of your business."

Eben remonstrated, and Charles coaxed in vain; then they went off to tackle the Mix. Eben gave and took immediate offense, and left to go over it again uselessly with his father.

Charles sauntered in when the storm had spent itself. "You're a gay old boy, pa," he said, slapping grandpa on the back, "and you must bring Mother Porter up to see us."

"Now that's something like!" grandpa replied, shaking his hand warmly.

Her last hope gone, Mrs. John subsided in tears, and a headache; and grandpa shut himself up and played all the old things he could remember, triumphantly, but with a more distracting wheezy wall than ever.

Across the street an old lady lingered by the open window, listening hungrily, at times wiping away a furtive tear.

Grandpa and Mix were thicker than "peas in a pod," Mrs. John said, after his declaration of independence and victory over her sons. And then one day, after an early dinner, he dressed in his best and again took her for a long ride out in the country. It happened to be a day when Grandpa Taylor, in lavender lawn, white and new bonnet, had gone to visit an old friend, and Mrs. Ray was at liberty to run over and console with Mrs. John.

"I don't know what I would do if it were ma, but I'd never consent to her marrying again."

"Pa Porter don't ask anybody's consent, unless it's that girl's. I guess you couldn't help yourself, in my place."

"Maybe not. But ma knows my mind too well ever to think of such a thing. Why," she added laughingly, "when she first came here I was a little anxious about her and grandpa, they took to each other so. But she hasn't had much to say to him, since I spoke to her about it."

"That would have been a suitable match," Mrs. John replied, "and we couldn't have objected. But I suppose Grandpa Taylor is too old and withered looking to suit Pa Porter."

"She's younger than he is, and looks it, too, in her new things, said Mrs. Ray, taking up the cudgels. Then she added, smiling: "We're talking nonsense; for no matter what anybody thought of ma, I'd never allow a man in my father's place."

"Well, you can manage an old lady, but you can't a headstrong old man," Mrs. John reiterated with a sigh.

Toward night Mrs. Ray hurried in again. "Polly Smith has come home a-feet and alone; what do you suppose she's done with grandpa?"

"Come with me and we'll find out," said Mrs. John.

The Mix was at the gate, apparently on the lookout for some one. "How did you hear?" she asked, her face one radiant smile.

"We've heard nothing," Mrs. John answered shortly. "I want to know what's become of Grandpa Porter."

"Why, they're riding around somewhere, I guess. I came away right after the wedding—"

"What wedding—where?" shrieked Mrs. John.

"Up to the parsonage, of course, and—"

"And you came off alone as soon as you were married?" interrupted Mrs. Ray. Mrs. John was speechless.

"But I'm not married," said the Mix serenely.

"Then who—?" began Mrs. Ray, a wild suspicion seizing her.

"There they come!" the smiling Mix broke in. "Don't they look sweet!" as a buggy whizzed around the corner.

"Ma Taylor!" gasped Mrs. Ray. "Grandpa Taylor-Porter," corrected the Mix. "And we's had such a time with her, grandpa and I! She was so afraid of offending her folks that she wouldn't listen to grandpa at all, until she got wretchedly jealous of me. Poor grandpa was so miserable over it—and grandpa herself wasn't happy."

"No," added grandma seriously. "And I decided that you should not break both our hearts with your notions, Emma."

Mrs. John went off into peals of laughter, aided by the Mix and bridegroom. Mrs. Ray turned her back on the hilarious crowd and fled.

Eventually she relented and took the happy old couple into favor, but she never forgave Mrs. John that laugh.—Louise J. Strong, in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Taught to See.

That a certain portion of the blind may be taught to see is indicated by the striking success of M. Heller, of Vienna. When brought to him three years ago two Hungarian boys, aged 7 and 5 years, could see nothing, but their eyes appeared to be normal. Their training began with looking at a bright disk in a dark chamber. They learned to distinguish this and the younger boy, who has progressed more rapidly than the other, was then shown familiar objects against the disk, then lines and figures, and, finally, was able to read. Later he was made to recognize the objects and letters by daylight. Another examination showed a defect of the retina, and it was concluded that the field of vision was so narrowed that the feeble impressions reached the brain attracted no notice before the unusual teaching.

Swalecliffe Church, Kent, England, has a communion chalice which dates back to the time of Queen Elizabeth.

WHY FOOD PRICE IS HIGH

AN EXCESS OF SUPPLY PREVENTED BY COLD STORAGE PROCESSES.

Immense Stores of Commodities Held for Times of Scarcity—Prices Kept Almost Even the Year Round—Law of Supply and Demand Seems Overturned.

A great deal is being said and written just now about the general unrest in the labor world, the signs of which are taken to be the numerous strikes and troubles reported from various places. A recent article that excited wide attention pointed out that while the increase of wages was about 28 percent, the increase in the cost of living was about 34 percent over that of several years ago and the tendency was upward. Without going into the details of the subject it may be said in a general way that the law of supply and demand is today no longer to be regarded as an arbitrary setter of vexed questions. In a word as regards the domestic commodities the statement that "the increase of demand though in the beginning it may sometimes raise the price of goods never falls to lower it in the long run" hardly holds true now; certainly not to the degree it did when Adam Smith lived and wrote.

"There is no law of supply and demand today," said a wholesale dealer recently, "and never again will luxury be within the reach of those in poor or moderate circumstances as they used to be in the season when the market was glutted. Markets do not get glutted today. Why? Because the excess is immediately gobbled up for cold storage to supply the early demand of a future season. Thus prices vary very little throughout the year and last season's food becomes a delicacy when it is placed upon your plate in advance of its arrival from the farm, or the field, or the sea. The fish you eat today with such gusto may be last year's fish, the eggs last year's lay, the beef, squab, chicken all twelve months old. Thus there is no such excess as will make prices go down; no such scarcity as would make prices go up. In times of great production the poor man no better can afford to purchase luxuries or delicacies than he could in times of scarcity."

Time was when prices solely depended upon supply and demand; plenty of wheat meant cheap bread and a draught meant no grazing, hence no sheep, and consequently high prices for mutton chops. The application of the principles of thermo-dynamics to the business of preserving food products has changed all that. The advent of cold storage has served in a great degree to nullify the effects of the once inexorable law of supply and demand. As hunger suffers no noticeable fluctuations, the demand is also an established quantity, and a perfect equilibrium is thereby established by which almost immutable prices in all the food products of the world, in all seasons, will eventually be secured.

Whereas in former years, for instance, a too bountiful supply of eggs caused the price of that necessity to drop to within the reach of the very poorest class, today there is no longer any possibility of a recurrence of the conditions which made this reduction in price possible. There are 100,000,000 eggs in cold storage at present awaiting the pleasure of the public. While in former years these would have been almost given away to save them from going bad, today the science of refrigeration permits of their being kept "fresh" for months and even years. The eggs produced in the United States during 1899 numbered 1,293,819,186 dozens, representing a value of \$144,286,158, so that the importance of that one item in the food list is not to be lightly thought of.

But while cold storage precludes over-supply and thereby excessive low prices, it must be conceded that it also prevents famines in one or another of the food necessities. Eggs have frequently been cornered in years when the supply was small and prices raised as high as the public would stand them. Today there is the unknown quantity of eggs in cold storage to contend with and the yield from poultry yards is no longer a criterion. Eggs will never again be sold at ten cents a dozen, but if they ever sell for forty cents a dozen, as they have in the past, it will be because the supply of the whole world has been cornered and not because of a short supply.

The possibility of an international egg trust is too far remote to be discussed, for another effect of the development of the cold storage business has been to obliterate distance. For a number of years France has been supplying the British market with fresh eggs. The egg exports from Cherbourg to the United Kingdom in 1900 aggregated 373 tons, but at present the refrigerating plants with which modern ships are equipped permit the distant colonies of Great Britain to compete with her next-door neighbors. It is only a question of time when New Zealand, Australia and Egypt will supplant France as the egg supplier-ordinary to the British public. Already last year the exports of eggs to Great Britain through Cherbourg had fallen off 57 tons, while the exports from Egypt had increased by 43 tons. The modern methods of refrigerating now permits New South Wales to land its egg products in London in first-class condition, even after travelling half-way around the world. For this reason any attempt to establish a fictitious price on eggs in New York would be followed by shipments of eggs from Europe. This was demonstrated a year ago with beef. The American "big five," the packers who together constitute the beef trust, with

an invested capital of \$189,198,264 and an annual product of \$785,562,433, violated a rate agreement into which they had entered with the Australian cattlemen for the British market and attempted to undersell them. The Australians retaliated by cutting their prices, and a rate war ensued that brought down the price of beef to a level which meant a loss of \$1,000,000 a month to the American exporters. In order to make up this million which they were presenting monthly to the British public the American beef trust deliberately advanced the price to American consumers a million a month.

Controlling, as it does, the beef supply of America, there is no limit to the price which the beef trust could exact from the American public were it not that cold storage permits the exporting of Australian beef to America.

The growth of the business of preserving meats fresh by freezing has caused a decrease in the curing or salting of beef of 76 percent in the last ten years. The amount of fresh mutton sold has increased from 267,353,788 pounds in 1890 to 404,183,601 pounds in 1900, or over 51 percent. The amount of poultry slaughtered since it was demonstrated that it could be kept fresh for five years has increased 50 percent.

English snipe, yellowlegs, plover, quail, mudhen, gallinule, surfbird, curlew, water chicken, jacksnipe and bay-snipe, thanks to cold storage, are no longer rarities, only enjoyed during certain seasons of the year. To be sure, when they had all to be consumed within a certain restricted period it frequently occurred through oversupply that the prices fell much lower than those now artificially established by a regulated and even supply, but then the supply was not always in excess of the demand.

During the recent agitation against the beef trust it was asserted in some quarters that one reason for the high price of beef was that much of the supply was being held in cold storage. An attempt was made by a committee to get at the facts in this particular case, but no report was ever made of the results of the investigation. There is no doubt, however, that the choicer cuts are held in cold storage to supply the demand in restaurants of the first class, which is always largest when things are out of season.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

For a new play to succeed it must, according to William Archer, attract at least 50,000 spectators in the course of three months.

In England one of the functions of the Coroner, under a statute dating from the time of Edward I, is to hold an inquest on all treasure found in the realm. Recently at Colchester during the excavating for a bank foundation some 10,000 in silver coins were found. The Coroner's Jury, after an hour's inquiry, decided the coins constituted "treasure trove," and the police thereupon claimed them in behalf of the crown.

The peculiar and freakish behavior of lightning is proverbial, and it is pretty difficult to foresee what will happen when it strikes. According to the American Machinist, lightning struck a factory in Ivoryton, Conn., during a recent storm at night, stunning the watchman and setting fire to the room. This latter set the automatic sprinklers in operation by melting the fuses, and the sprinklers with cold water revived the watchman in time to enable him to give an alarm before serious damage was done. If it had not been for the stimulation of the cold water it is probable the watchman and the entire factory would have been destroyed.

On looking at the portraits of the English Kings from William the Conqueror to Edward VII one is struck by the fact that no monarch since Charles I has worn a beard until now, states Mainly About People. In the more homely and sold presentment of King Edward there is not to be found that mingling of knightly romance and plaintive melancholy which windles the passionate devotion of some and the compassion of all, as seen in Van Dyck's likeness of the ill-fated Stuart; but neither is there that indeterminate look of the temporizer, that hint of the final insincerity which made Stratford cry at his betrayal, "Put not your trust in princes."

Numerous conflicting estimates have been made of the height of the Tower of Babel, but one fact never has been denied, and that is that it was a skyscraper. St. Jerome, in his commentary on Isaiah, says that the tower was already 4000 paces high when God came down to stop the work. A pace is about two and one-half feet; therefore, 4000 paces must be 10,000 feet; consequently Babel was 20 times as high as the Pyramids (which are only about 500 feet), says the New York Press. Father Calmet says the tower was \$1,000 feet high, and that the languages were confounded because the architects were confounded, as they did not know how to bring the building to a head. Moreover, it is understood that the Chinese language of today was originally the same language as the high German.

Oration.

"You say your next door neighbors make a vulgar display of their wealth?"  
"Yes," answered Mr. Bickerson; "they left a ton of coal out on the sidewalk all day yesterday."—Waahington Star.



Grouping Couch Cushions.

When care is used in grouping cushions on a couch so that the color scheme is harmonious, the result is ample compensation for the extra trouble. Thus green, yellow and golden brown make a good blending for a couch in a room furnished in weathered oak. Where Oriental rugs showing a touch of blue (as many of them do) are used for the floor covering or the wall covering, or draperies are of bluish tint, a cushion or two of blue combines well with pillows of brown and yellow.

To Tell a Fresh Fish.

"To tell a fresh fish," said a Fulton Market dealer yesterday, "always look at the gills and the eyes and feel of the body to see if it is solid. If the gills are gray and the eyes dull the fish is not fit for eating." This man is famous among his friends for the deliciousness of his clam chowder. Here is his rule, which is suggestive, if not definite: "Fry the fat from some salt pork and suet. Boil peeled potatoes, onions cut fine and canned tomatoes, until the vegetables are done. Drain off the water and save it. Fry the vegetables in the fat which was fried, with a lump of butter added and some chopped parsley. Then mash the potatoes fine and put in the clams, a third of the soft shell and two-thirds of the hard shell. Stir in the clam juice and the water in which the vegetables cooked. Season with celery salt, paprika and curry."—New York Tribune.

Don'ts for Nurses.

Don't scold or slap a child before callers. It shows that you do not know how to manage a child properly.  
Don't take an infant into great crowds or public noisy meetings or amusements. To expose a child to sudden noises and starts in no way improves its nerves.  
Don't forget that regular habits, proper feeding, and long hours of sleep are necessary conditions to a healthy infant.

Don't put the feeding bottle nipple into your own mouth and then into the baby's mouth. This practice will often prove dangerous.

Don't feed the baby because it cries. Its restlessness may be due to pain, and it is hurtful to feed an infant's stomach at such a time.

Don't hang curtains around the cot. Children need plenty of air, especially when sleeping.

Don't place the cot in a position where the light will fall on the child's eyes, nor in a draught.

Use Less Butter.

The high cost of butter has necessitated the careful use of that article of food in many kitchens. One experimenter, bent on economy in this matter used for seasoning vegetables and broiled meats is, generally speaking, superfluous, and really injures the delicate flavor of the food. She says that she will make it a rule of her kitchen even when butter grows cheap again that either no butter at all shall be used, or the least possible amount, in the preparation of meats and vegetables. The fear of greasiness is done away with, the distinctive taste of the food is preserved, and she considers that no cultured palate will regret the absence of the butter. While on this subject, and while butter is still soaring in price, it is well to remind housekeepers that salt pork is an excellent substitute for butter in sauteing almost any sort of food where butter might be used. Don't forget, too, that a few drops of olive oil for delicate frying is far better than butter at any price.—New York Post.



Rice Surprise—Boil one cup of washed rice in two quarts of boiling water until tender; then pour into a strainer; line a well greased mould or bowl with the rice; fill with chopped cold cooked meat, well seasoned and moistened with a little tomato sauce or stock; cover with rice, having the surface perfectly level; steam forty-five minutes; turn out on a hot platter and pour around a tomato sauce.

Pineapple Mousse—Heat one can of pineapple and drain; have soaking one-fourth box of gelatine in one-fourth cup of cold water; to one cup of pineapple syrup add the gelatine, two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and one cup of sugar; stir over the fire until gelatine has dissolved; strain and cool; as the mixture stiffens fold in the froth from one pint of cream whipped, turn into a mould, pack in ice and salt and let stand four hours.

Potato Pone—One quart of peeled and grated sweet potatoes, one level teaspoonful each of cinnamon, allspice and cloves, half a teaspoon of salt and the grated rind of half a lemon or orange, two level tablespoonfuls of flour, half a cup of molasses, fourth cup of butter; mix the flour with the grated potato; add the butter, melted; then the molasses, water and sugar; stir well together and add the spice, etc.; turn into a well greased pan and bake in a moderate oven; let stand until cold; then it can be turned out and served.