

a nice sauce. Made $\frac{1}{2}$ a doz sweet biscuit. Vesta borrowed 4 tea
& two table spoons & butter knife. She said she wasn't a borrower
but she wants something every day. I had as lief lend as not if she
returns things on time & in as good condition as when she takes them.
Read in W.S. - it be! and Joshua. Picked a heaped qt of berries to send
Ellen & put in those I had, a small jsh. So it is a good 3 pints. ♀
Sun 30. Tried to sing.

Cool dewy morning. Made a potato-onion-rice soup, cooked a
few peas. Warmed remains of my dumpling. Pulled a few weeds. Mrs
Sarah Ames Fox called, & I went to Cemetery with her, & to Simmons.
Finished reading Joshua, & one Chapter in fudges. & read several
Chapters in Which shall it be? ♀

Mon 31.

More clouds than sunshine & thunder showers late in afternoon.
Vesta gave me warmed codfish & potato with egg-gravy and
2 $\frac{1}{2}$ pieces of pieplant = pie. Herbert & Sanford got in a load
of hay & I was raking the scatterings when a pouring shower
came. Picked 3 qts red-raspberries - sold 1 qt to Art & Lucy & to &
bargained to let her have another. Read in fudges & W.S. I. B. - ?
Went down to mill-yard & got my $\frac{1}{2}$ bushel basket heapingful
of Hemlock bark - Tried to sing the "Sweet by & by" - ♀

August.

Tues 1

More sunshine than clouds, but a short time before sun
down I saw a dark cloud in the east, & a piece of rain bow
that did not fade for a good many minutes. Picked 120
pods of pease, shelled them & cooked the pease & steamed
a rasp berry dumpling. & scalded the qt of berries that I
picked for self yesterday. Art did not come for the qt
I saved for her so I will scald them in the morning. Picked
a scant qt of red raspberries & blackberries - plan to give
Vesta a large $\frac{1}{2}$ pt - in her dish that she gave me some
sour onion sauce in, this morning. I put soda in to take
out the sour, put in water, butter, salt & pepper & made
a good dish. Read in fudges & W.S. I. B. sang ♀

Wed 2.

Very pleasant. Did not build a fire but split some old
boards & barrel staves into "kindlings" & got a $\frac{1}{2}$ bushel basket
of bark from mill-yard. Feel sort of ashamed the folks look
at me, & I feel as if I was acting more poverty stricken
than I am. Art came for her berries & I picked another quart