

and Graham griddle cakes & warmed broth & the last of my beans - I melted a little sugar - Mrs K. gave me a head of sour milk - Hooked on my cotton-rug. Read papers & Little Liza brought Marry & Grape Belt - Mrs Bouquin cleared our path of light snow. & she came over & I read items in Grape Belt to her -

Sun 24

Zero weather - Sunshine warmed up middle of the day - Every thing like water frozen in my kitchen - I boiled 3 small turnips & 5 potatoes & baked 6 potatoes. Made gravy, graham griddle cakes, & melted sugar. Mrs K. gave me a cup of sweet milk, 2 cookies & a gem seed cake - She is fixing to visit me of her goodness to me, I reckon - Will if it pleases her all right - I am glad to have goodies, & can stand visits & all that - but I don't like to all the same. Mrs Bouquin called a little while today but did not come this evening as I expected - I read stories hooked on rug a little while & knit on S.B.L.

Mon 25

Not as cold, more clouds - Shower this evening - Made a brown bread dumpling, & warmed potatoes & gravy. Mrs K. gave me a piece of short cake size of 2 biscuits & butter to eat with it - Bought 2 lbs 6 oz of pork & 1 lb of butter of Mrs Simmons through Mrs Bouquin - paid 30 cts for the pork & 20 cts for the butter - bought a paper of the news boy & read to Mrs B. this evening. Had a call from Mrs Eliza Cummings of half an hour. Cut a few pieces for patch work, hooked & knit.

Tues 26

Pleasant rather - Boiled potatoes fried 2 large slices of pork & some griddle cakes - Opened my can of roast beef, that I got at Young's long ago - Called at Simmons - they are disgusted because I told the Ricards they could stay until the 1st of April, said the neighbors were vexed at poor me, because I do not resent indignities rec'd & they said I would let the "old things" stay all summer. I said if I told them they could stay after April 1st I hoped the neighbors would "tar & feather" me, then Mr & Mrs S. laughed, & Mrs B. said she would be one to help do the job - Mrs S. gave me 5 apples. Mrs Bouquin over this evening & I wrote a letter for her to her son Grant. She says Mrs K. talks awful mean about me - Let her if it does her any good, it will not hurt me I imagine. Knit on lace, read in Apocrypha. Cleaned the budgies cages in good order - Mrs Th. went to penhollows. I was glad -