

CORDELIA.

By WINIFRED M. KIRLAND.

The doctor withdrew the teaspoon handle from Nan's little pink tongue. He placed his hands on her shoulders, and holding her at arm's length, looked at her until her blue eyes fell before his gaze. Then he turned her about.

"If you can't do any better than that in the way of a sore throat," he said, "you'd better not open your mouth at a doctor. Run along with you."

Cordelia breathed a sigh of relief. Nan, as usual, as described by herself, had been so extraordinary that Cordelia had felt that they must have medical investigation. To be sure, Nan was inventive for eight years old, but somehow Cordelia could never help being alarmed at Nan's symptoms. Cordelia was by nature anxious, as is not unnatural in the eldest of six.

The doctor turned to Nan's mother. "And how are you, Mrs. Brathwaite?" he asked.

"Oh, I'm all right," she answered. "I don't believe it," he replied, looking at her with a keenness that caused Cordelia to transfer her anxiety from Nan to her mother.

"Mothers have to be all right," remarked Mrs. Brathwaite, as with a dexterous rear swoop of her arm she extricated Bobs-baby from under her rockers.

The doctor gazed meditatively at Bobs-baby. From below came a sound of young voices, shrilly commingled.

"Six of them," said the doctor, "the eldest of whom is—"

"Fourteen," said Cordelia. "I'm small for my age," she added. She was so tired of hearing other people make this remark that she had taken to making it herself.

The doctor turned from Bobs-baby to Cordelia, the extreme gravity of whose demeanor was somewhat counteracted by a tissue-paper cap that fluttered over one ear and a pair of worsted reins that dangled from her shoulders.

"Playing horse?" he asked.

"Laura likes to drive me while I'm making the beds," explained Cordelia, preoccupied with her mother's health.

"Are the beds finished?" suggested the doctor.

"Yes," replied Cordelia, shortly, turning red as she left the room. She was not used to being dismissed on any occasion of importance.

"You are sick," said the doctor to Mrs. Brathwaite.

"I am not!" she answered hotly.

"Your pulse!" she resisted a childish impulse to sit on her hands.

"Now your tongue, if you please." Then, "You are sick; if you don't take care you'll be sicker."

"I can't help it. O, baby, please get off mama's foot. Mama can't hide you now."

"Come here, young man!" roared the doctor.

"How long since you've been off anywhere for a change?" he went on with his interrogation.

"We went to mother's at Christmas."

"Took the family with you?"

"Of course."

"How long since you've been away from—that racket down there?"

"Never."

"Do you mean to say that for fourteen years you've never had one day free from your children?"

"Doctor, I love my children! I wouldn't leave—"

The doctor looked as if he desired to be explosive, but thinking better of it, gulped and said: "I beg your pardon. But," he persisted, "don't you think you could manage to get off for a little while soon—if you tried?"

"It's impossible. Mr. Brathwaite's vacation comes next week, and—"

"Oh, he takes a vacation, does he?"

"Of course!" Again her eyes flashed, and again the doctor was moved.

"And you think you really can't go away?"

"I cannot possibly go away," she answered, with tense lips. The doctor was growing tiresome.

"You'd better," he said, rising; "but if you won't, good morning!"

But the doctor was not through with Cordelia. Before he could slip out, leaving left the mother upstairs, Cordelia had hurried from the rear regions, with sleeves rolled up and hands damp with washing.

"Doctor, is mama sick?" she asked, pushing him into the parlor and closing the door. "Is mama sick?" she repeated.

"She says not."

Cordelia was in no mood for trifling. "But is she?" she demanded. "I want to know what you think."

"Yes, I think she is," he admitted. "Ought she to go to bed?"

"Under the circumstances, I don't think that would do her much good."

"Shall I make her some arrow-root?" asked Cordelia. But the doctor was discouraging about the arrow-root, also.

The doctor followed her gaze out of the window. "What is it?" he asked.

"Only Marjorie, going off to play with Daisy Cole. I thought she'd stay in and finish the dishes."

The doctor whipped out of the front door and bounded nimbly over the lawn. Marjorie was unprepared, therefore yielded to attack, and returned to the kitchen. Marjorie was next to Cordelia in years, but not in maturity. She was delightfully pretty, and had a tendency to shed responsibilities.

"I'll just leave this prescription at the drug-store as I pass by," said the doctor, as he took his leave. Inwardly he considered that, his morning round over, it would be possible for him to run into the city for an hour, and drop in on Mr. Brathwaite at his office.

Cordelia closed the front door and went up to her mother. She found her moving about with nervous rapidity, pulling out drawers and shutting them again shortly, and laying out various masculine garments on the bed. Her cheeks were flushed and her lips were tight-set. Cordelia foresaw that it would be a particularly hard matter to make her lie down.

Bobs-baby appeared to be very much underfoot. Cordelia lifted him out of her workbasket, and stood holding him in her arms. He resented the interruption, and pouted her vigorously; but she smiled at him so persistently, as if not dreaming he could wish to hurt her, that at last he desisted and cuddled his head down on her shoulder.

"Mama," pleaded Cordelia, "don't you think you could let papa's things go for to-day, and rest instead?"

"How can I? I must get these things in order. Your father must have his vacation." There was a ring in her mother's voice that Cordelia had never heard before.

"It's only Wednesday," she begged, "and he doesn't go till Saturday. If you would rest to-day, perhaps you'd feel more like working to-morrow."

"There isn't any rest for me, and I shall never feel like working!" She would have controlled herself somehow in the presence of the other children, but she could not keep the words back when it was only Cordelia.

A louder burst of noise from below; the mother put her hands to her temples. "Oh, my head! If I could only be quiet!" Then suddenly she sank into a chair, sobbing wildly.

It was very dreadful for Cordelia to see. She dropped Bobs-baby, and swiftly cleared her father's clothes from the bed, tucking them anywhere, everywhere, out of sight. She took her mother's hand gently but firmly.

"You must lie down, darling," she said.

She darkened the room quickly and laid a wet cloth on her mother's brow, bent and kissed the drawn lips. There was at times a great strength and restfulness about Cordelia.

Again there was a sound of shouting and stampede in the kitchen below. The mother was quiet now, but her forehead contracted in agony. Cordelia caught up the baby and hurried down. There was nothing for it but to sweep them all out of the house for a picnic.

The tale Cordelia told in the kitchen was dire and gloomy. She knew by experience that the sympathies of the youngsters, Marjorie, Jamie, Nan, Laura and Bobs, required powerful appeal.

When she had finished, Jamie's lips were trembling, and even the fibberty Marjorie's eyes were wide open with alarm. It is not probable that any of them expected ever to see their mother in the flesh again.

They creaked about the kitchen uptoe, watching Cordelia's preparations for the picnic with subdued and fearful pleasure. True, Bobs-baby exhibited a tendency to disappear and be found scuttling upstairs on all fours toward his mother's room; but determined hands plucked him back by his little petticoats, and determined stately palms were clapped over his protesting mouth.

Having reduced her flock to such unacquainted and frightened docility, Cordelia's motherly soul relented to the extent of a whole glassful of fresh current jelly and five microscopic crumbs of the sacred and invaluable fruitcake.

One's safe in Pomfort's grove, a secure three-quarters of a mile from her mother's bedroom, she gradually allowed her spirits and those of the other picnicers to rise. She led the games with all her usual wizardry.

They would play they were off camping, just as their father camped every summer. Had he not described it in every detail, to their wonder and delight? Their father's vacations were like a visit to fairy-land for all his family. True, Cordelia knew that during these vacations the stay-at-homes did without beefsteak, and, as she expressed it, lived out of the garden—but why should they not?

Cordelia's simplicity was sometimes puzzled by the domestic feats her father described himself as performing during his expeditions. He was always camp cook, and yet at home, in their well-appointed kitchen, with the convenience of an excellent gas range, he never attempted any of that wonderful biscuit or gingerbread or omelet he boasted of manufacturing with such delicious success amid the primitive culinary arrangements of the camp.

To-day, under the spell of Cordelia's glowing fancy, all six campers had a glorious time. They shut their ears against the half-hourly intrusions of the whistling, puffing suburban train; Pomfort's woods became an Adirondack forest, where behind the distant tree trunks they could spy the brown flanks of deer, while a ferret stump took the shape of a bear surprised at his berry-picking. When at last the staking sun

looked at them level across the roofs of Pomfort's stables, Cordelia gathered up her sisters and brothers and her baskets and tin pails, and set off homewards.

Meanwhile things had happened. The doctor had gone to the city, he had visited Mr. Brathwaite, and Mr. Brathwaite had come home early, to find his house deserted and preternaturally silent, and a white and suffering woman in a darkened room upstairs.

But that was two hours ago. Now, at five o'clock, two pairs of eyes, a little misty, watched Cordelia as she marshalled her brood up from the back road and on through the meadows.

At the garden fence she halted her followers, and seemed to utter admonishing words, at which—most curious sight!—they all squatted down and waited in perfect quiet while Cordelia proceeded alone to the back door.

There in the doorway stood her father and mother, and her mother, although still pale, looked so marvelously radiant that ten years seemed to have dropped from her age. She had on her white dress, and there was a rose in her hair. Her father wore his new linen suit, and he looked flushed and hot, but very happy. Through the door Cordelia saw the dining-room table all set, and on it was a great plate of gingerbread and opposite that a heaping mound of biscuits.

When Cordelia recovered from her astonishment, her first words, were of reproach:

"O mama, why did you get up and get supper? I was coming home in time to do everything."

"I didn't do a single thing, dear," answered her mother, hugging her. "Papa did it all. See, he made gingerbread and biscuits."

The parents very graciously permitted their hungry offspring to sit down to table with them without any further preparation than the washing of their faces and hands.

At this supper there was a change in the usual manner of seating. Ordinarily Cordelia had Laura on one side and her mother had Bobs-baby next to her, and Nan they shared between them. Meals were rather busy occasions for Cordelia and her mother.

To-night their father placed himself between Laura and Bobs-baby, a change occasioning much jocularity, which grew visibly feebler toward the close of the meal.

"Do they always eat like this?" the father asked, as at last he pulled back Laura's high chair, attempting at the same instant to evade Bobs-baby's buttery caresses of his sleeve.

"Yes," answered the mother.

After supper the younger members of the family were about to dance out into the summer evening, after their care-free habit; but a strong voice called them back.

"Marjorie and Nan, you will please wash the dishes, and Jamie, your mother's pany-bed needs weeding; and I think Laura is big enough to amuse Bobs for a bit, and keep him from bothering mama. To work, all of you!" Cordelia, don't you want to take an evening stroll with your old daddy?"

Cordelia beamed with pleasure and surprise. Such an honor had not been hers for many a year. Usually her father took the dainty four-year-old Laura by the hand after supper, or perched Bobs-baby on his shoulder, and went romping with him down the garden paths. Cordelia supposed that fathers always preferred the youngest ones.

But to-night the father chose Cordelia, and put his arm about her and called her sweetheart—plain, overworked, overworked Cordelia. He was a very nice father, very handsome and debonaire and jolly. He led his daughter to the apple-tree bench, and there they sat and talked over what the doctor thought about the mother.

"The doctor says she must go away," said Cordelia's father.

"It's too bad that she can't," rejoined Cordelia.

"Why can't she?"

"Because you are going away."

"Is that all?" he asked, dryly.

"Well, I propose to vary my program this year. I propose to take my vacation in my own suburban retreat, and send your mother to the mountains."

Cordelia gasped, but was speechless.

"Why this surprise? I can cook, can't I, young lady? And as for the management of this family, it has occurred to me that a season of gentle paternal discipline would not come amiss. There is a pleasant little boarding-place ten miles this side of camp, and mama could be very comfortable there."

Cordelia's face was still blank with astonishment.

"The doctor says," continued her father, "that it would be well for mama to have one of her children with her."

Cordelia was certainly very dense, for she replied in a resigned way: "I suppose Bobs-baby wouldn't let her go alone."

Her father looked at her in some puzzlement, and looking, noticed how thin she was, and what knobby little wrists she had.

"I'll settle that with Bobs-baby," he replied. "He is not to go. It must be one of you who can look after mama if she needs it."

Still Cordelia's little face was turned up to him, anxious, uncomprehending.

"In short, Cordelia," he concluded, "you are to go with your mother."

Understanding slowly brightened over Cordelia's face. Her eyes grew stary, her lips trembled, her little nose wrinkled itself away. It was a tearful smile, but it could help kissing, for the precious, precious sweetness of her! Then in the soft evening shadow, her father took Cordelia on his lap; he spoke a little huskily: "Cordelia, there are at least two very nice girls in my family—your mother and you."—Youth's Companion.

Not Just What He Meant.

Bell Boy (knocking at door)—"Six o'clock, sir."

Voice inside—"Six! Confound you, boy, why didn't you tell me that before?"—Boston Transcript.



Accept Life.

One must accept life as it is. It gives us great happiness if we are wise enough to see it, and it balances the scales by sending great sorrows, too. But that is life. If you would make the world brighter, try to forget your hurts, dry your eyes, and turn to help those who need the pressure of a friendly hand, the encouragement of a smiling look. Sorrows and troubles of all kinds should teach one a great lesson—the lesson of universal kindness.—Home Chat.

Simplicity.

Simplicity is one of the most noticeable features of the fashionable costumes, whether for day or evening wear, says the Pictorial Review. And although trimming is used, and used extensively, its purpose is not merely decorative, for it must aid in the creation of modish lines and accentuate a salient point to enhance its beauty, else the attractiveness of both gown and trimming will be destroyed. Artistic effects must be created and the trimming, as a trimming, must be unostentatious, blending into the costume to form a complete part of the whole, without detracting from the simplicity and beauty of the classical lines which form the basis of present-day modes.

Careful Exercise.

A timely article on reducing the hips is published in the Pictorial Review: When beginning the exercise one should be very careful to get used to it very gradually, as it puts a great strain upon the muscles and is liable to make one rather lame at first, if taken too violently. One should be extended upon the floor, supporting one's self by one hand, while the other is placed upon the hip. While holding this position raise the body gradually from the floor until the whole weight is supported by the hand and feet. It is comparatively easy to get the body from the floor as far as the knees, but to bring it up to the full extent just described is not easy at first. It should be tried first on one side and then on the other.

American Princess in London.

Princess Hatfield has had a very romantic history; according to The Sketch she began life as the beautiful Miss Huntington, niece and adopted daughter of perhaps the wealthiest

who kept a notion store in town, soon employed several women to make dresses, while he peddled them from house to house. Mr. Montague saw that the business might be profitable, and opened a collar factory, where his wife's invention was developed and exploited. Unlike many inventors, Mrs. Montague, through the prosperity of her husband, profited by her discovery.—Youth's Companion.

Women at Work.

According to figures recently prepared by the Department of Commerce and Labor, 13,821 out of 185,874 employees in the Government civil service are women. These figures are incomplete, as the total number of such employees, even excluding the consular and diplomatic branches, aggregate 256,302; that they will do well enough for purposes of illustration. The number of women in Government employ is increasing, both absolutely and relatively. The ratio is now three to ten, as compared with the men, in Washington; one to twenty-five outside the capital. The average salary for the women is \$837 in Washington and \$768 outside, as against \$1178 and \$935 for the men. The salary classification offers these figures:

	Men.	Women.
Under \$720	28,812	6519
\$720 to \$840	20,331	1491
\$840 to \$900	10,239	243
\$900 to \$1000	42,486	1804
\$1000 to \$1200	32,699	1431
\$1200 to \$1400	16,814	1457
\$1400 to \$1600	8760	466
\$1600 to \$1800	3185	152
\$1800 to \$2000	2911	35
\$2000 to \$2500	2314	9
\$2500 and over	1872	2

It is readily seen that, while only some fourteen times as many men as women are enumerated, 900 times as many men draw the maximum salary, and some 350 times as many draw the next highest salary. Half of the women draw the minimum salary, less than one-sixth of the men. It seems that a woman is much less likely to rise to a good position under the Government than a man. Yet it should be added that the average age and length of service is certainly far lower with the women than with their co-workers of the other sex. The women marry and retire. The men marry and resume the treadmill.

Large as is the Government's corps

Our Cut-out Recipe Paste in Your Scrap-Book.

Russian Cherry Pie.—Beat two egg yolks, two table-spoonsful of fresh butter, one table-spoonful of sugar and one table-spoonful of milk to a smooth cream; add flour sufficient to make a dough, knead well, spread on a buttered pie tin and bake in a moderate oven to a golden brown. Thoroughly clean, soak and simmer one small cupful of dried pitted cherries, make very rich and sweet with sugar, and drain off the juice; whip one cupful of chilled sour cream—being careful when whipping not to reach the "butter" point—lightly mix the cherries and cream together, fill the crust and set in a cold place until serving time. The reserved juice can be slightly thickened with arrowroot and served as a cold sauce to accompany the pie if so desired.

of American railway kings. Her father's immense fortune was the subject of the most costly law suit ever fought in the States, but the charming lady won it, and she is probably the richest of the many beautiful American women who have married European noblemen.

Both Prince and Princess Hatfield are very fond of England, and they live there most of the year, having been for some years tenants of Lord Cowley at Draycot Park, near Chippenham, where the hospitable couple delight in entertaining large house parties.—New York Telegram.

The Baby's Age Varied.

An Atchison woman with a little baby tells the following story. She says that a woman caller said: "What a dear little baby; how old is it?" "Sixteen months," replied the Atchison woman. "Well, dear me, it looks older," said the caller, and then went on and talked and talked, and finally turned again to the baby and said: "That precious baby, how old is it?" "Sixteen months," replied the mother. "Well, dear me," smilingly said the caller, "oh, such a baby for its age," and went on talking and talking. Again turning to the baby the caller said: "What a darling angel the baby is; how old is it?" "Eighteen months," said the exasperated mother. "Well, I declare, it looks two years old," said the caller, and then talked and talked. Just as she was leaving the caller stooped and kissed the baby and said: "Bless its little heart; how old is it?" "Ten months," shrieked the outraged mother, but the caller tripped gayly away; she had not noticed the replies to her questions, and had no idea and did not care how old the baby was.—Atchison Globe.

Mrs. Montague's Discovery.

Thirty years have passed since the death of the woman who is supposed to have founded the collar industry in Troy, N. Y. As 30,000 persons are engaged in making collars and cuffs there, and as the city produces nearly nine-tenths of the collars and cuffs made in this country, it is evident that the distinction of starting the business is considerable. It seems that Orlando Montague, a Troy shoe manufacturer, was scrupulously neat, and that his wife found the labor of washing his shirts burdensome. The shirts of the time had the collars and cuffs attached, as have many fine shirts to-day. To avoid washing the whole shirt when only the collar was soiled, Mrs. Montague made detachable linen bands tied round the neck with tapes. Under this arrangement her husband could put on a clean collar every morning and every evening without compelling her to wash the whole shirt. Her neighbors followed her example, and the demand for such collars was so great that a Methodist minister,

MISSION OF COUNTRY PAPER.

Must Be Clean, Have Character and Command Confidence.

Three prizes were offered at the meeting of the Missouri Press Association at Excelsior Springs for the best articles on "The Real Mission of the Country Newspaper." Thirteen entered the contest. The paper winning the first prize was written by W. L. Nelson, editor of the Bunceston Eagle, and is here given:

"The real mission of the country newspaper is to give the news. Without news there is no newspaper. Facts and figures, not rumors or hearsay, constitute news."

"In the garnering of the news harvest the local field should be looked upon with the most favor. In a country newspaper nothing can take the place of country news. The story of the wide world is told under glaring headlines and catchy captions in the pages of the city papers—told so fully and so fast that competition in this well filled field is folly. The local field is for the country newspaper, which alone gives to its readers the story of 'you all's house,' sympathizing with those who sorrow and rejoicing with those in merry mood. More strictly speaking, then, the mission of the country newspaper is to give the local news."

"The legitimate local field is further limited by careful selection. No newspaper should publish all the news—no more than should a father, sitting at his own fireside, repeat all that he may have heard during the day. A country newspaper must be clean, have character and confidence and be able to command confidence. The best country newspaper is brave enough to tell the truth when it should be told and big enough to leave untold a secret story of shame and sin when a 'scoop' would only add to the sorrow."

"Important as is the news, no newspaper fulfills its high mission when it does no more than give the news. A newspaper, and especially a country newspaper, must be more than a mere photograph. It must sympathize with those whom it serves. It is possible for a newspaper to point out to the people, many of whom are its patrons, the pathway to local possibilities which means progress. Above all, the newspaper should not fail to advocate those things which mean better living and higher thinking."

"Finally, then, let it be said that the real mission of the country newspaper is to give the local news accurately and fearlessly, but in kindness, giving no unnecessary publicity to wrongdoing, yet sparing not frauds nor shams, recognizing good wherever found, striving to build up rather than tear down, so that the files of the paper shall constitute a helpful history, accurate, yet showing the sunshine rather than the shadow."

Hindu Faking.

Some of the trance-like conditions into which individuals fall and lie for days and weeks have been studied and have been found to be frauds. The subjects are surreptitiously supplied with food and drink by their attendants or family. The same is true of the alleged power possessed by Hindu fakirs and ascetics of all ages, of going into states of trance in which they will allow themselves to be buried alive and dug up again and revived after several months have elapsed. In one instance on record an individual of this class allowed himself to be buried alive and his grave watched by a guard of English soldiers, and was dug up at the end of the time exceedingly dead. In another, the English officer in charge became alarmed on the third day, and had the fakir "resurrected" when he was found still alive. A reed or bamboo at one corner of the grave to supply air would explain all these cases. The whole subject is involved in such an atmosphere of mystery and "fakery" that it is impossible to attach serious weight to the claims made.—American Magazine.

Names of the Flyers.

The names of our newer trains are taking on color. For instance, the North Star Limited has a good sound, too, means something. There is a touch of old romance in Golden Gate Limited, while the New Orleans Limited suggests the odor of black coffee or gin fizzes made by Ramos. Then come all these birds of trains—the Early Bird and the Night Hawk and the Red Flyer. Nor can we forget the Meteor that sails across the southwestern sky. The Continental Limited has a broad sound that suggests the crossing of many States. And it is necessary to suggest that the Sunflower Limited goes to Kansas; that the Dixie Flyer must be speedy and the word Dixie proves to us that this does not head for the North, just as the Metropolitan Express and the Knickerbocker Special are sure to be bound for New York.—St. Louis Times.

War at Long Range.

Throughout the Kaiser manoeuvres both commanders remained right at the back of their armies. The picture drawn by the war correspondents of Field Marshal Oyama conducting the battle of Mukden out of hearing of the guns and out of sight of the dead and dying is no exaggeration. The anxiety of Count Bismarck at the recklessness with which old King William exposed himself to fire during the Franco-Prussian War would have no parallel to-day if Germany went to war. The fact that after leaving the general command of one of the two armies one could traverse miles of road without meeting the main body, baggage trains and occasional stragglers being the only signs of war, was the most striking lesson the manoeuvres taught.—London Outlook.

Flood and Field.

"I hear Lushley has bought his boy a pony."

"When I saw him he was buying schooners for himself."—Puck.

New York City's water supply will come from a watershed of 200 square miles when the Catskill system is completed.



Potatoes au Gratin.

To three cupfuls mashed potatoes allow a table-spoonful minced fried onion, a table-spoonful minced parsley, four ounces grated cheese and salt and pepper to season. Mix well, put in a buttered dish or individual ramekins, strew with buttered crumbs and grated cheese and bake to a golden brown.—New York Telegram.

The Old Iron Pot.

There are many splendid utensils for kitchen use, but nothing takes the place of the old-fashioned iron pot for boiling meats, especially small hams or large roasts. But the best iron pots wear thin on the bottom, and this is frequently the cause of foods being scorched. It is advisable to remedy this defect by placing a small tin lid in the bottom of the pot; then there is no danger whatever of the food burning, since it does not come in contact with the hot iron.—New York World.

Chicken a la Poulette.

Cut up a young fowl, soak an hour in milk and water. Drain and put in a saucepan with a sprig of parsley, a few mushrooms, a table-spoonful salt, a table-spoonful white pepper, a blade of mace. Pour over all a good white stock made of veal or chicken and simmer gently until tender. Take up the chicken and keep hot while you prepare the sauce. Strain the liquor in which the chicken was cooked, add a quarter cup cream and a table-spoonful lemon juice, return the chicken to the pan and let all get hot without allowing it to boil and serve at once.—New York Telegram.

Pickled Bell Peppers.

Cut a slit in the side of each pepper and take out all the seeds. Let them soak in brine (strong enough to float an egg) two days. Then wash them in cold water, put them into a stone jar, pour over them vinegar boiled with cinnamon, mace and nutmeg. Whenever they are wanted to be served stuff each one with a boiled tongue cut into dice and mixed with a mayonnaise dressing; or little mangoes may be made, stuffing each one with pickled nasturtiums, grapes, minced onions, red cabbage or cucumbers, seasoned with mustard seed, root ginger and mace.—Boston Post.

A Surprise Dish.

In one of Balzac's novels there is an incident in which a Parisian hostess gives delight to an elderly dinner guest by always having an extra dish, by way of a surprise, for him. Something of the same sort was provided by the hostess of a luncheon party at a Broadway hotel the other day through the agency of the head waiter and the chef.

"Canape a la Russe," the dish was called, and in spite of gastronomic traditions it was the piece de resistance of the meal. The canape was shaped like a pyramid and was composed of such a variety of things that it is not easy to remember them all. The base of the pyramid rested on a plaque covered with the grated yolks of hard-boiled eggs, bordered with the hearts of endive. The first layer round the base was composed of fillets of Russian herring, set in dainty strips of red pepper rings. The next row above consisted of medallions of caviare framed in strips of green peppers. Next was a row of slices of hard-boiled eggs surrounded by capers, this finishing the base. The shaft of the pyramid was composed of first a fine ripe tomato stuffed with celery mayonnaise; next an alligator pear, then a whole hard-boiled egg placed upright surrounded by a heart of lettuce. These were all held in place by a long silver skewer.—New York Press.

