

## CHINESE BILL OF FARE

### RICE THE STAFF OF LIFE IN THE FLOWERY EMPIRE.

Butter and Cheese Abhorred—The Celestials Can Stomach Many Things We Could Not Eat, But Distike Some of Our Articles of Diet.

A Chinaman will eat anything that he can bite. He turns up his nose at nothing, although he is not so fond of rats, mice and puppies as we are inclined to think. In fact, authorities agree in saying that as far as their experiences go, they have never seen either of these animals exposed for sale in the market except at Canton. Of course, the very poor, those who cannot get anything else, will eat what necessity compels, which in all probability will be a large sleek rodent. Such animals, carefully fed for the purpose on rice and such food, are no doubt to be found if you know where to look for them, but to say that these creatures form the common articles of food for the millions in China is no more truthful than it would be to say that the American dines on horseflesh.

Rice is the staff of life in China. That is, in the southern part, but in the northern regions millet takes its place as the mainstay of the people. Both of these grains are consumed in enormous quantities. One according to the part of China in which you are, appears on the table twice a day, for that is as often as a Chinaman is supposed to eat, in the homes of the rich and poor alike, though he generally stows away a few things between meals. The difference between the tables of the rich and the poor is to be found in the relishes or side dishes which accompany this staple diet.

The laborer is content to find on his table his bowl of rice and a vegetable or two. Sometimes a piece of pork or a fowl is added; fish are greatly prized, and are eaten in all manner of ways. None are too small to be thrown away, none so large but what they can be devoured. Sharks' fins are considered a great luxury, and are not found except on the tables of the rich. Neither are the fishes' maws despised, but rather considered as a delicacy. Small fishes of a variety somewhat like the sardine are eaten alive, and the evident enjoyment which the Celestial derives from feeling them wriggle their way down affords a slight nearly as amusing as it is disgusting.

This is not the least of the articles of food considered as great delicacies by the Chinese which are rather nauseous to us. Hundreds of greenish brown worms, fresh from the rice fields, are offered for sale by peddlers, while salted and pickled eggs, having for their recommendation their old age, are greatly prized. There are, however, certain things which a Chinese stomach rebels. Our fondness for butter and cheese, for example, is utterly incomprehensible to the Celestial. Cows' milk is rather tolerated than liked, while women's milk is sold on the streets, being considered very healthy for the aged and infirm.

Snakes are eaten by the poor people in some parts of China; for instance, in the neighborhood of Amoy. In some districts of the Canton province they are also eaten, but many other varieties of the reptile species, as the eel, are undoubtedly included in the term. One authority on the subject says that he saw a man in Swatow hawking long brown snakes in a basket for food. "There were three or four of them," he says, "tied with strings around their neck, the strings being fastened to the top of the basket to prevent their escape. They are rather an expensive article of diet, costing about seventy cents each," which is a great deal in a country where a man's wages are from three to five cents.

The famous birds' nest soup is made from birds' nests brought all the way from Ceylon and Malaya, where they are gathered at great risk from the caves on the seashore. These nests are not at all like the ordinary birds' nests of which we are accustomed to think, composed of job lots of twigs and sticks, and hay and grass, but they are made almost entirely of a gelatinous substance similar to Irish moss. The best quality, those free from twigs, etc., command \$20 to \$30 per pound, while none of the poorest fall below \$3. Here is a recipe for preparing birds' nest soup, translated from the Chinese:

"Take clean white birds' nests shreds, or birds' nests, and soak thoroughly. Pick out all the feathers. Boil in soup or water till tender and of the color of jade-stone. Place pigeons' eggs below and add some ham shreds on top. Boil again slowly with little fluid. If required sweet, then boil in clear water till tender, add sugar candy and then eat. This is a most clear and pure article, and thick or oily substances should not be added. It should be boiled for a long time; for, if not boiled till tender, it will cause diarrhoea."

The manner of preparing food in China is totally different than with us. Roasts are seldom indulged in, nearly all kinds of food being boiled, as the Chinese regard roasted foods as very unhealthy. Meat, instead of being the staple food, is the relish. The meat, when eaten at all, is to relish the rice or the vegetables, and not the vegetables to relish the meat. Although nominally taking but two meals a day, the first at about 8 to 10 and the other at 5 or 6, nearly every one knocks off at noon for a bite between meals. These lunches are procured at any one of the numerous restaurants and generally consist of a bowl of fish congee or some other tasty soup or dish. Peanut oil and soy are added to all of the

made-up dishes which form the food of the people. Tea is drunken universally. Hard toiling laborers are allowed five good meals a day.

Perhaps, my fair readers, you would like to try a Genni duck. This is how it is done: "Take a fat duck. Open and clean. Take two mace of salt and rub over it both outside and in. Put into an earthen dish and take of fan splits one cup, and put the cup with the spirits inside the duck. Do not let the spirits fall onto the duck; only the vapor of the spirits is wanted. Steam over water till quite tender. Lift out the wine cup into the bowl. Done in this way there is no need of minor vegetables."

The Chinaman is a native cook, young John Chinaman cooking as readily and neatly as his mother.

**The Doctor's Handshake.**  
The Journal of Hygiene, of Paris, tells us that from the earliest times the most familiar gesture of the physicians has been to place his hand on the wrist of the patient to feel his pulse. Even to-day, in spite of so many of the disappearances of many of the old customs, the doctor who neglects this preliminary ceremony loses his credit. This is a formality, but he must accomplish it before he has the power to sign a prescription in due form.

According to the French journal the doctor can replace this without any danger to the patient by a simple grasp of the hand; the vigor of the patient's grasp revealing his precise state of health. The grasp of the hand of a man in health is frank, spirited and rather rough; if it is given against the rules of politeness, it becomes a temporary weakness of physical strength. The hand extended limp without pressure indicates little energy, either moral or physical.

If the grasp is rapid or nervous, the person possesses a temperament which is quick and easily overexcited. The hand which is given passively and without nervousness always betrays a weak condition.

Physicians can find in the study of the hand grasp one element more to smooth the difficulties of the diagnosis.

**Announcing the Dis-Engagement.**  
A very late fad—mark that "the latest" is not used in connection with it, as that means something very different—is to announce in this way, by letter: "The many friends of Mr. Jones and Miss Smith may be interested to know that their engagement is off. Each is receiving congratulations." With this announcement is enclosed the card of "Miss Smith." It looks, don't you know, as if the lady had seen her mistake and wanted her friends to know of it at once, but before she got to the end of the letter a qualm of something—goodness knows what name to bestow upon it—overtook her, and instead of saying as she at first thought she might that she was to be congratulated she allowed that "each is receiving congratulations." As yet such an announcement has not been received by a man in a similar case—he might use different language in his. But the better than half-blind could probably read between the lines as well as in the case of the woman.—Boston Transcript.

**An Amusing Eagle Story.**  
An amusing story is being told of M. Brunetiere, the distinguished editor of the Revue des Deux Mondes. He is an authority on Bossuet, often styled the "Eagle of Meaux." A visit to America brought M. Brunetiere a letter from a showman of the Barnum type as follows: "I have just heard that a Meaux eagle, very celebrated, it appears, in your own country, has become your exclusive property. As proprietor of one of the largest museums in the States, I may say that this Meaux eagle, whose reputation has been enhanced by your eloquence, would be valuable to me. If you will let me have this rare bird, and tell me how you feed him, you can quote your own figure." M. Brunetiere politely explained that this "rare bird" had been dead for nearly 200 years, and had never even been stuffed!

**Bell Rat Frightened the Others.**  
Swarms of rats have been making their home about the Carpenter steel works. The other day one of the foremen succeeded in capturing a big one. He tied a little bell about its neck and then gave the rat its freedom. As the bell began to ring the other rats became completely demoralized and rushed toward the river. Some were drowned and others swam down the Schuylkill to places of safety far away. The workmen estimate that fully 500 of the rodents left the steel works.—Philadelphia North American

**Deserting Porridge For Tea.**  
Statistics show that Scotland as a nation grows madder year by year, and the local government report now bluntly tells us that our unpatriotic desertion of porridge is one of the principal causes. Matters have, indeed, come to a sad pass when Scotland, whose stalwart sons have advertised by their appearance the virtues of porridge in all parts of the globe, is now stigmatized in a Government report as a nation of intemperate tea drinkers!—Glasgow Evening News.

**Cotton Mills in China.**  
The principal cotton mills in China are those at Shanghai. They now number eight, and have 273,000 spindles and 3450 looms. At Ningpo there is one mill at work with 11,000 spindles, and at Hankow there are two with 30,000 and 50,000 spindles respectively. The proportion of workers in these mills in every 100 is 51 women, 24 men and 25 children, and the average wages all round are \$2.50 a month.

## OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR,

### LAUGHTER-PROVOKING STORIES FOR LOVERS OF FUN.

**An Apprehension—More Each Summer—Indefinite—His Bad Break—Conceded—A Good Artist—Wasted Time—Impossible—Another Good Reason, Etc.**

The sun rises early these mornings so fine, it puts us to shame when to sleep we incline; If thus it continues we'll find with dismay, It has somehow contrived to get up before day.

—Washington Star.

**More Each Summer.**  
"Miss Oldgirl seems to keep cool, no matter what the thermometer is."

"Oh, yes, you see, she's only forty-eight in the shade."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

**Indefinite.**  
Daisy Gushley—"Oh, you darling! I just heard of your engagement, to-day."

Cissy Summergirl—"Which one?" Brooklyn Life.

**His Bad Break.**  
Summergirl (lazily)—"I'd like a good novel."

Harold D'Rygoods (posing as a "clubman," absent)—"Third floor—second counter to the right."—Brooklyn Life.

**Conceded.**  
"Mandy," said her elderly relative, "that young Sponzoore hasn't a cent to his name. You would be simply crazy to marry him."

"I am, am," replied Miss Mandy.

**A Good Artist.**  
Dauber—"Mrs. Goodsole, I believe, remarked that she thought I was a very good artist."

Criteek—"Yes; it seems she saw you in church last Sunday."—Philadelphia Record.

**Wasted Time.**  
"Early rising is commendable, but I can't afford it."

"When I get up early I waste a lot of valuable time admiring myself for it."—Chicago Record.

**Impossible.**  
The Prosecutor—"By the way, weren't you once arrested for horse stealing in Arizona?"

The Witness—"For horse stealin'?" In Arizona? I'm still alive, ain't I?"—Indianapolis Press.

**Another Good Reason.**  
"You call your parrot 'Money.' I see. Money talks."

"Not at all. Don't tell any one, but I call him that because nobody about the house can make him fly as well as my wife can."—Chicago Tribune.

**Regretted.**  
"I might have known better than to trust my money to that broker."

"Why so? Are appearances against him?"

"No, confound him! It's his disappearance."—Brooklyn Life.

**So Much Saved.**  
McJigger—"So old stinginess is dead. Of course he hated to die."

Thingumbob—"No, his death was quite a happy one. In another week the annual premium on his life insurance would have been due."—Philadelphia Press.

**The Old Habit.**  
Ida—"No, those suburban folks could not get over the old habit, even though afoat."

May—"What did they do, dear?"

Ida—"Signalled from their yacht, 'Lead us your lawn mower.'"—Chicago News.

**Not Novel or Impressive to Him.**  
"This sacred fire," said the guide, proudly, "burns night and day. It is never permitted to go out."

"Just the same as the fire in that there railway eatin' house of mine to home," said the blase tourist.—Indianapolis Press.

**Resources.**  
"Will you give it up now?" demanded the scorpion, administering another sting.

"Never!" shrieked the centipede, coming back at its antagonist gamely. "Never, while I have a leg to stand on!"—Chicago Tribune.

**Costs.**  
"I believe," said the well-meaning man, "in giving your friend a little wholesome advice whenever the occasion arises. It doesn't cost you anything."

"It costs you your friend very often," said the wise man.—Philadelphia Press.

**Doesn't Find It So.**  
Knowsitt—"The moral condition of a man regulates his physical condition."

Ritesitt—"Oh, I don't know. I write Christmas stories all summer, and summer stories all winter, but it never affects the thermometer at my house."—Baltimore American.

**Their Own Books.**  
Smith—"Say, Brown, how is it that your wife always dresses in the latest style, while your clothes are generally seely?"

Brown—"Oh, that's easily explained. My wife dresses according to the fashion books, while I dress according to my bank book."—Buffalo Commercial.

**Already Paying Taxes.**  
"You say your wife is worth her weight in gold?"

"I do, sir."

"Are you willing to pay taxes on her at that valuation?"

This, of course, was bringing things down to an extremely practical basis, but it feazed the husband only for a minute.

"My dear sir," he replied, "I am already paying taxes on her at a higher valuation than that, and she makes the collections herself."—Chicago Evening Post.

## Where to Locate?

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Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Of the 4,110 varieties of flowers known and cultivated in Europe, scarcely 400 have any odor, and of these nearly 50 have an odor which is, if anything, disagreeable.

Dyeing is as simple as washing when you use FARMER'S DYES. Sold by all druggists.

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**The Best Prescription for Chills and Fever** is a bottle of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 50c.

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Take LAXATIVE BROWN QUININE TABLETS. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

When the British sparrow-hawk is flying toward its dinner it cleaves space at the rate of 150 miles an hour.

**Dyspepsia is the bane of the human system.** Protect yourself against its ravages by the use of Hoeman's Peppin Gum.

The 24 clock system is to be introduced throughout Spain on January 1.

The Manufacturers of Carter's Ink have had forty years' experience in making it and they certainly know how. Send for "Inkikaga," free.

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Wrote for Mrs. Pinkham's Advice November, 1897

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I am a great sufferer, have much trouble through the lower part of my bowels, and I am writing to you for advice. Menstrues are irregular and scanty, am troubled with leucorrhoea, and I ache so through my back and down through my loins. I have spells of bloating very badly, sometimes will be very large and other times very much reduced."—MRS. CHAS. E. JOHNSON, Box 33, Rumford Center, Maine, Nov. 20, 1897.

Improvement Reported December, 1897

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I wish to tell you that I am improving in health. I am ever so much better than when I wrote before. The trouble through the lower part of bowels is better and I am not bloated so badly. I was very much swollen through the abdomen before I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I still have a feeling of fullness across my chest. I have used three bottles of it and am on the fourth."—MRS. CHAS. E. JOHNSON, Box 33, Rumford Center, Maine, Dec. 13, 1897.

Enjoying Good Health June, 1899

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Since a year ago I have been taking your medicine, and am now strong and enjoying good health. I have not been so well for three years, and feel very thankful to you for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I would advise all who suffer with female troubles to try your medicine."—MRS. CHAS. E. JOHNSON, Box 33, Rumford Center, Maine, June 1, 1899.

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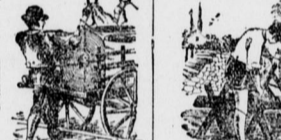
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