

BY HELEN WATKINS

SHE hops," said Sarah, looking through the window at a little pigeon of a girl in a white frock and pink ribbons, sitting under a tree. "I like people who hop," said James Farthing. "It's a trait to come across a person who does nothing, and looks nice doing it. Produce! Produce!" in the parrot cry of the day. Every one is trampling a wheel or little, till the earth's a pantomime of whirling wheels—and to what end? Spiritually, at least, do we improve, are we more cultivated than the Greeks and Romans—do we breed any great statesman, preacher, novelist, or painter? And as we haven't the energy or vitality to do any good, I say that the man or woman who sits tight, and doesn't raise a dust with his confounded wheel, is a godsend to look upon."

"I Christianized her Flapalong," said Sarah, in her donee, one dead weight, "from the first moment I saw her come hopping round the corner on board ship. She walks so badly."

"An aggressive woman, with her nose in the air, is my pet abomination," said James, glancing.

"But a girl may carry her head well without being that," said Sarah, with an aggrieved air. She carried her own high.

"When will you women realize," he said wrathfully, "that what you admire in another woman, a man despises?"

Sarah sniffed.

"I suppose you don't want quite an idiot," she said.

"That which is wanting cannot be numbered," she added significantly. "I am rather anxious about her, because, however a man hops, he has always a woman to help him, and sit around with him—a girl hasn't."

James Farthing snorted and took a puff at his pipe before he spoke, saying, "Sarah, I have noticed, but the house was his, he let her live in it, while he spent most of his life in China—for the hardest workers are always the most generous givers—it's the home-lazy men who won't work, that grudge every copper they spend, preferring rather to go short themselves and spend others rather than make up any."

"A man who hops is a holy terror," he said. "A female hopper is either born not a rest. The child's father had a liver, he and her mother lived in the hottest climate of the world for years—and how can you expect her to be jumping all over the place like a girl born of healthy parents?"

"A defective liver will account for a good deal in her parent lethargy," admitted Sarah. "There's gout in her



to himself. "She has had her," Aloud he remarked. "I can understand it is an anxiety to be left with your sister's and my cousin's child to bring up. But I think it is much harder that she should have lost her parents just when she wanted them most. You know how they adored her," he added abruptly. "I think if I had charge of her, I should always feel they were not run—watching jealousy to see if I were kind to her."

Sarah shivered and looked around in a way uncertain in person of her second romantic sense.

"Do you know," she said, lowering her voice, "I have had that feeling, too, and when I am secure with the child—I have to be sometimes to see her into more ordinary ways—I have a positive expectation of getting a real but impossible box on the ears from my sister's spirit!"

"Go on feeling that," he said, "so long as you take care of her. A poor little woman-child—he stopped abruptly, then went on. "You see in matter what a man suffers, or what bad times he has, he is always—the captain of his soul—a woman isn't of her own mind—she is always in the superior—the other she has to obey. And if that officer is a bully, that woman's life is hell."

"She has everything that she can possibly want," said Sarah. "At 21 she will have money of her own—"

"She has everything, in short, but being first with any one person in the world," he said, and got up from his chair and went straight out into the garden.

"I'm looking up at her as he came near her. She had beautiful gray-blue Irish eyes with thick dark lashes, her hair, uncombed by scissors, and densely curled, and silky, curved combing above her low brow, and a lovely pink color came into her cheeks as he sat down beside her, while she moved her white shoulders to make room for him with a little womanly helplessness.

"For he was like water to her in a thirsty land—the ex-patriated Anglo-Saxon in China are like one big family, united against foreigners. Whenever James Farthing was with her, he brought down to her the old life that she remembered and the peace and comfort that she eternally craved. He was kind and generous and she had found out that a man may have savage manners, yet be kind at heart; just as a man outside may be a savage inwardly and a great some of happiness flooded her little being as she sat beside him.

"It is pleasant here," he said, only he was not looking at the garden, but at her. "But let a man say what he will, it is the physical in a woman that attracts or repels him, and it was the pleading beauty of the girl's eyes, their color and expression, not her situation, that had made him constitute himself her knight with Sarah from the first."

"Are they pretty?" she said, and held up for him to see a number of silly little picture cards, over which she had been poring, and he nodded—seven took one or two in his big hands, while she peered about them in a rather sleep, such little voice that gave earnest of her quality as a sweet singer.

"Last night she had sung to him most of the old ballads that he loved. He had found himself wondering if the twenty-first and succeeding centuries would rejoice in them as he did, because no new ones had been written in the twentieth. And then she had played to him some pretty little airs—all the things she had and talked about were little. She herself was perhaps the smallest of them all, with a tiny foot and hand, and though she was plump enough, what a trim plumpness it was! The heart of the big man yearned over her as she chattered happily to him, and looking from time to time into his face with those lovely eyes that almost suggested a tragedy, past or to come.

"He drew her on to talk of her father and mother—the latter one of those bright women who create their own atmosphere wherever they go, who are beloved, courted, and who almost invariably die young, as though the flame of life burned all too brilliantly in them to last long.

"Somehow all the pretty things seemed dim by when the girl spoke of the two who had preceded her. The color left her cheeks, she was only nobody's child, among strangers, with no one to keep the thorns from her feet, to call her gentle and dull; instead of sympathetic instead of lethargic and silly, to take delight in those 'pretty ways' that Sarah found so childish, and that men loved. If no diamonds of wit dropped from her lips, she had no diamonds of will dropped from her forehead of any one under heaven. To James indeed there was a gentle wisdom in some of the things she said, peculiar to young people who have seen much sorrow. He had always noted that there was nothing glibly or flippantly about her, anything no special predilection for men's society. Perhaps that was why they sought hers.

"They talked so long that the shadows came down and almost hid their faces from each other; talked till all the girl's innocent heart was laid bare to the man in its purity and truth, and he found himself thanking God that in these days of emancipated womanhood a little Flapalong was still to be found. Practically, she was as good as a man; she was only nobody's child, among strangers, with no one to keep the thorns from her feet, to call her gentle and dull; instead of sympathetic instead of lethargic and silly, to take delight in those 'pretty ways' that Sarah found so childish, and that men loved. If no diamonds of wit dropped from her lips, she had no diamonds of will dropped from her forehead of any one under heaven. To James indeed there was a gentle wisdom in some of the things she said, peculiar to young people who have seen much sorrow. He had always noted that there was nothing glibly or flippantly about her, anything no special predilection for men's society. Perhaps that was why they sought hers.

"They talked so long that the shadows came down and almost hid their faces from each other; talked till all the girl's innocent heart was laid bare to the man in its purity and truth, and he found himself thanking God that in these days of emancipated womanhood a little Flapalong was still to be found. Practically, she was as good as a man; she was only nobody's child, among strangers, with no one to keep the thorns from her feet, to call her gentle and dull; instead of sympathetic instead of lethargic and silly, to take delight in those 'pretty ways' that Sarah found so childish, and that men loved. If no diamonds of wit dropped from her lips, she had no diamonds of will dropped from her forehead of any one under heaven. To James indeed there was a gentle wisdom in some of the things she said, peculiar to young people who have seen much sorrow. He had always noted that there was nothing glibly or flippantly about her, anything no special predilection for men's society. Perhaps that was why they sought hers.

"They talked so long that the shadows came down and almost hid their faces from each other; talked till all the girl's innocent heart was laid bare to the man in its purity and truth, and he found himself thanking God that in these days of emancipated womanhood a little Flapalong was still to be found. Practically, she was as good as a man; she was only nobody's child, among strangers, with no one to keep the thorns from her feet, to call her gentle and dull; instead of sympathetic instead of lethargic and silly, to take delight in those 'pretty ways' that Sarah found so childish, and that men loved. If no diamonds of wit dropped from her lips, she had no diamonds of will dropped from her forehead of any one under heaven. To James indeed there was a gentle wisdom in some of the things she said, peculiar to young people who have seen much sorrow. He had always noted that there was nothing glibly or flippantly about her, anything no special predilection for men's society. Perhaps that was why they sought hers."

family, too—and when the nerves are like worn-out elastic—"

"Rubbish," said James curtly. "Half the brilliant work in the world is done by gouty people—the worst, chaotic sort—as you call them—I always get 'em if I can. It's her restlessness that's delightful—no trace of gout there."

"She has no conversation," said Sarah.

James Farthing looked at her, soon oversteering his rugged face.

"There's the conversation reminiscent," he said, "mostly to your own story—that's the conversation ancillary—nearly always incorrect—and there's the natural talk about the affairs of the moment, that you get with the best bred people who never give a cog in talking, to their past and future—that is how the child talks."

"Prattles," said Sarah. "Her conversation certainly is not stimulating to a man's intelligence."

"When I am with a woman, man, I don't want to be made to think, I take her as a relaxation; I want to be pleased and soothed. Woman should be a pillow, not a corpse receiver!"

"Judging by her weight now, I should say Flapalong will be a pillow, bolster, and feather bed, too, in a few years," said Sarah unkindly. "If she ever marries, it will be a penny novelty and a dressing gown, from morning till night."

"So long as she keeps off cheap second-hand, she'll do," said James, "and the husband who loves her will easily keep her out of untidy ways. It seems to me there are always a lot of boys around—one with curly hair, remarkably good-looking, in most devoted to her."

"Of she attracts men," said Sarah dryly. "Men have a fool—the clever ones do so blatantly satisfied with their own brains, and the dull ones so comparatively brilliant in her company, that one and all they are enchanted with themselves—and her!"

"It's a pleasant feeling, man, I assure you," said James, almost with a smacking of his lips.

Sarah thought what coarse creature men were, then said spitefully:

"So Samuel Johnson seemed to think when a young body, talking about Steno's letters, pleaded that they were pathetic, and affected her. 'Why,' said he, smiling and rolling himself about, 'it is because, dearer, you are a dunce!'"

"You bet, she was a pretty one," said James with gusto, "like the little girl out yonder."

Sarah looked at him sharply. This big, clever, truculent man was well off, he was going back to China shortly, where he was high on a few millions. Sarah had no title to his riches, she should be able to take with him the little income of a Flapalong, who had neither father nor mother to define her faults and excesses and expound her beauties to a reluctant world; Mrs. Farthing, the

name struck Sarah as so suitable—she would never want, or be worth more than Sarah's worth of anything! And life in the east, which is usually provincial to the last degree, and practically lived in a tea saucer, surrounded by eyes, would suit her to perfection—she would always live for little interests, not great ones.

"You altogether underestimate her character," said James, just as if he read Sarah's thoughts; she is true and staunch to her friends—sweet tempered—a gentleman in every word and act, as by birth—and what more do you want?"

"Um," said Sarah thoughtfully. She was thinking how cheap a trousseau is for hot climates—and washing frocks cost so little—white of course—and the girl's air of business would not matter in the least out there.

"As to your great beauties," went on James, "I hate 'em, you meet a beauty after long years—face, eyes, figure, all more or less out of focus, and you don't recognize 'em then they strike you—askew. Heaven preserve the man who goes through life as caretaker to the remains of his wife's good looks!"

"Flapalong's husband will have quite another mission," said Sarah, with refractory acidity of tone. "He needs to be rich, for by the time she is 40, he will have to enlarge downways and charter private omnibuses in which to take her about. Twice round her waist will be once round the park, as somebody once said of a certain fat woman."

"So long as it's my own park, I don't mind," growled James. "There are worse diseases in the world than fat. To my mind a scraggy, wrinkled woman is an abomination."

Sarah Syntax drew herself up. She prided herself on a figure that second-rate dressmakers characterize as

"sentinel," and the man's remark struck her with the force of a verbal, merciless snaphot.

"We cannot all be puddings," she said, with biting emphasis, and a glance thrown to a particular little pudding in the garden.

"Sugar and spice, and all that's nice," said James Farthing maliciously, as his eye followed hers. "Some puddings are delicious. I think most women—and the women who write about women—are cats—cats—cats! Every man and cutting thing they say is at the expense of a sister woman—and though they don't know it—of themselves. Flapalong, as you call her, will never be a scrapper."

"No—a top-along—along—along! hasn't the energy," said Sarah, with refractory acidity of tone. "She had energy enough yesterday to pick up a child with a broken head, followed by gasping, useless crowds, her dress all smudged with blood, and take him home," said the man angrily.

"O, she is good hearted enough," admitted Sarah reluctantly, "but her minor faults—her unpunctuality!"

"Punctuality has nothing to do with women—young ones, I mean," said Louis XIV., "is the politeness of kings. It is also the duty of gentlemen, and the necessity of men of business." No mention of girls, you see—who ought to be jolly little animals, enjoying themselves for all they are worth. They have so

many things to do that they like, naturally they don't count time as their elders do. Later in life, when there's next to nothing that they like to do, they regulate themselves by the clock—and not be half so interesting. Never be hard on young people, they have all their troubles before them—make 'em and keep 'em happy if you can."

"You put happiness before everything," said Sarah reproachfully.

"And you?" he said sadly. "Have I hugged your rag doll fetish of remembrance to your bosom until it almost seems to pulse and glow with real life? Believe me for all of us the world is full of joys we can enjoy without hurting anybody else."

"Her face changed, for the moment the real woman broke through, but she remained silent.

"It is true," he said, speaking for her. "We say no, no, to this and that at the banquet of life, and one day we find ourselves sitting alone at a bare table—there is no feast spread for us any more. 'He that will not when he may, when he will, he shall have nay.' There's all the wisdom of Solomon in that tag of an old rhyme."

But Sarah had recovered herself, with a sense of indecency in having for a moment shown her unbridled mind. She had hurriedly re-draped it, yet he judged her the more kindly for that glimpse.

"Nature insists on experience of some kind," he said

He drew her on to talk of her father and mother.

TO EAR THE MONOTONY OF THE DAILY MENU.

Ramekins.—Are properly used for either entrees or dessert. Among the things served in them are, hot or cold, cream, creamed chicken, corn pudding, individual portions of spaghetti, and such desserts as custards, soufflés, and loaves cream. They are made in the long and narrow variety which comes especially for use with ramekins.

CHICKEN RAMEKINS.—Chop the white meat of a fowl extremely fine. Add a bit of soda the size of a pea to a half pint of cream. Put this over the fire and as it heats add the chicken meat. Cook for a minute and strain. Put in a pinch of salt and the beaten yolks of two eggs, season, and then fold in the stiffened whites. Turn into the buttered ramekins and bake in a hot oven.

PRUNE RAMEKINS.—Soak a dozen prunes and stew them until tender. Chop them to a soft paste. Beat the whites of three eggs stiff and add four table-spoons of powdered sugar and the prune paste. Whip the prunes lightly and thoroughly through the egg, turn into the buttered ramekins, set in a dish of hot water, salt luke for half an hour in a quiet oven. When whipped put a tablespoonful of sweetened cream over the top of each.

CHOCOLATE RAMEKINS.—Cook together in a bright saucepan a tablespoonful of butter and two tablespoonfuls of flour and when blended add seven tablespoonfuls of hot milk. Stir until thick and smooth, and then pour it on the yolks of three eggs that have been beaten light with two heaping table-spoons of pulverized sugar. Add four table-spoons of granulated chocolate and beat until cold. Fold in gently the whites of the eggs, beaten stiff and luke quickly in the ramekins, set in a pan of hot water. Serve as soon as out of the oven with a spoon of whipped cream on each.

LOBSTER RAMEKINS.—Cut the lobster into small pieces. Mix them with bechamel cream sauce. Sprinkle over bread crumbs and brown lightly in the oven after putting in the ramekin dishes. For creamed shrimps proceed in the same way, picking them up into fine pieces and reserving a few whole ones for the top.

MUSHROOM RAMEKINS.—Cut the mushrooms in small pieces. Throw them first into boiling water and then into cold water. Drain and fry them in a little butter. When they are browned a little sprinkle in some flour and some chopped

parsley. When the flour and butter are cooked and blended, pour in a teaspoonful of stock and simmer for ten minutes. Add the beaten yolk of an egg and a drop of lemon juice. Put into the ramekins with a few bread crumbs on top and set aside until water when it is only necessary to set them into the oven a few minutes in a pan of boiling water.

LIVER RAMEKINS.—Cook fresh calves' liver in a little water until tender; use that which has been cooked and chop fine. Season with salt, pepper, Worcestershire sauce, and a little mushroom catsup. Add a dash of sherry or Madeira and fill the ramekins with the mixture. Add a few bread crumbs to the top and heat in the oven long enough to brown them on the top.

MACARONI RAMEKINS.—Boil a quarter of a pound of macaroni in two quarts of boiling water with two tablespoonfuls of salt. Let it boil half an hour, and mean-while make a sauce. Put butter and flour into a small steamer and heat it to a cream. Add to it an onion minced and a carrot cut up fine. Turn into it a pint of white stock mixed with the liquor in which the mushrooms were canned. After it thickens let it boil about twenty minutes, add a half pint of cream, and strain. Drain the macaroni, chop it and the mushrooms together, fill the ramekins with the mixture, fill each to the top, and set them in the oven until the mixture boils up.

TOMATO RAMEKINS.—Use the meat only of canned tomatoes or cut fresh ones into little bits, but removing quite all the skin. Mix them with bits of dried bread crumbs, using equal proportions, and dot with bits of bacon, sage, and celery. Set in the oven until the bacon sizzles slightly.

Unusual Vegetable Recipes.

ARTICHAUTS MERINGUES.—Since half a pound of mushrooms and let them drain down at the side of the stove in one ounce of butter for a few minutes; drain them, and add a teaspoonful of freshly grated bread-crumbs, season with pepper salt, and lemon juice; stir in a dessert spoonful of good brown gravy or sauce, and let it boil up; then add half a teaspoonful of minced parsley. Heat some artichokes by setting the tin containing them in a saucepan of boiling water. Then lift them out, drain lightly, and put a good spoonful of the mushroom purée into each, piling it up well. Beat the whites of two or three eggs to a stiff froth with a pinch of salt, a dust of sugar, a drop or two of tabasco, and some freshly grated cheese;

put this mixture into a bag with a plain pipe and force it out over the prepared artichokes, pyramid fashion, and when these are all covered set them in the oven on a buttered baking tin till the meringue is a pretty golden color; then serve at once, dusted with minced parsley and pepper.

CARROTS A LA FLAMANDE.—Scrape small new carrots and put them on in just enough cold water to cover them, with a pinch of salt, bring this water to the boil, then strain and dry the carrots in a clean cloth. Melt an ounce of butter, then lay in the carrots, cover down the pan and fry the carrots till they are tender, then add a little of vegetable stock, and the sieve pulp of three large tomatoes; recover the pan and simmer it all together till the carrots are perfectly tender. Meanwhile, quarter three or four tomatoes, place them in a buttered sauté pan and cook in the oven; fry like shaped croquette a pale gold color, arrange them round a dish, and place a quarter tomato on each croquette. Rub smoothly a quarter of an ounce of flour with a table-spoonful of vegetable stock, pour it into the pan with the carrots, let them reboil, then turn into the center of the croquettes; sprinkle with chopped parsley, and serve.

SAVOIRY SPINACH.—Pass one-half pound cooked spinach through a fine sieve, half fill some paper cases with this, cover with the following sauce strongly flavored with cheese, set in the oven till the sauce is lightly browned on the top, and serve with a neatly trimmed poached egg, dusted with pepper and minced parsley on each. For the sauce, put on half a pint of milk, half a pint of white stock, a heaping spoonful of butter, one small onion and half a turnip, all cut into dice, with four cloves, and simmer this all together for twenty minutes. Melt two ounces of butter in another saucepan and mix into it smoothly as it dissolves one ounce of sifted flour. When this is perfectly blended strain on to it the milk and stock, and stir over the fire till reduced to the consistency of good melted butter, add a little pepper, with grated cheese to taste, and use.

With Ginger.

CUSTARD.—Make a custard with one pint of milk and the yolks of four eggs, sweeten to taste, and add one ounce of leaf gelatin, dissolving it thoroughly. Then stir in three good tablespoonfuls of ginger syrup and four ounces of sugar, cut into small tubes. Stir occasionally until the mixture is cool and shows signs of setting; then pour into a mold

previously rinsed in cold water and leave until set.

CREAM.—Dissolve one-half ounce gelatin in a gill of hot water, whip three-quarters of a pint of cream with two ounces of pulverized sugar until stiff, then add the gelatin and water, two table-spoonsful of ginger syrup, and three ounces of preserved ginger until in small cubes. Stir the cream gently until it begins to set, then pour into a wetted mold. If the cream is not stirred until it is molded the gelatin and ginger will sink to the bottom and spoil the appearance of the cream.

JELLY.—Line small molds with jelly strongly flavored with rum, then place in each a spoonful of whipped and sweetened cream delicately flavored with ginger, and on the top of this lay two or three small pieces of crystallized ginger. Cover with another layer of the cream, and lastly with one of jelly. Leave until set, then turn out and decorate the dish with chopped jelly.

PUDDING.—Well butter a soufflé tin and place a round piece of buttered paper at the bottom. Tie a band of buttered paper round the outside of the tin, so that it projects about one and one-half inches above the top. Decorate the bottom of the tin with diamond shaped pieces of angelica and small rounds of preserved ginger. Melt two ounces of butter in a pan, add the same quantity of flour, half a pint of milk, and two table-spoonsful of ginger syrup; stir until it boils, then add pulverized sugar to taste, and two ounces of preserved ginger cut into dice. When cool add the yolks of two eggs, and lastly the stiffly beaten whites. Turn into the mold, cover with buttered paper, and steam for about fifty minutes, when the pudding should feel firm in the center. Turn out carefully without shaking it, and pour round the following sauce: Run sauce—Simmer together one gill of water, one ounce of loaf sugar, and the thinly pared rind of a lemon for ten minutes. Strain, add the juice of half a lemon, a table-spoonful of ginger syrup, and about half a wine glassful of rum.

CAKE.—Beat one quarter pound each of butter and sugar to a cream, then add four wall beaten eggs and five ounces of dried and sifted flour. Stir in four ounces preserved ginger cut into small cubes and a few drops of essence of ginger. Turn into cake tin lined with buttered paper and bake in a moderate oven for one to one and a half hours. When cold cover with ginger icing and decorate with angelica and ginger cut into fancy patterns. For the icing put six ounces sugar into a pan, add two table-

spoonfuls of ginger syrup, and a little essence if necessary. Stir over the fire until warm, then use at once.

MERINGUES.—Beat the whites of two eggs until stiff, then add one-half pound pulverized sugar. Have ready a waxed tin and force the mixture on to it in basket shapes through a forcing pipe. Drizzle lightly with sugar and bake in a cool oven until crisp and a pale-fawn color. Whip about a gill of cream until stiff, add sugar to taste, and a gill of preserved ginger, which has been pounded and passed through a sieve. Fill the meringues with this mixture and place strips of angelica over the tops to form handles. If liked, chopped pistachio nuts or crushed crystallized flowers may be sprinkled over the cream.

Appetizing Asparagus.

HOLLAND.—Cut off the bottom end and set the bunch upright in a saucepan of salted boiling water which covers the bunch about two-thirds of the way. In this way the tender tips, usually spoiled by overboiling, are cooked by the steam alone. It is better to add a table-spoonful of vinegar to the water and to cook with the cover off from thirty to forty minutes. Serve on a dish which has been slightly moistened in the asparagus liquor. Pour melted butter over all.

WITH SAUCE HOLLANDAISE.—Put in a double boiler two and one-half table-spoonfuls of butter and heat to a cream. Add a large table-spoonful of salt, a pinch of mignonette pepper, three table-spoonsful of vinegar, and a table-spoonful of hot water. Stir over a slow heat until the mixture becomes like thick cream. The water should not boil around it, or the butter will become liquid instead of creamy. Serve in a sauceboat to pass with the boiled asparagus or turn over it the last instant before going to the table.

WITH EGGS ON TOAST.—Boil and drain the asparagus and cut into small pieces about an inch and a half in length. Mix in a stew pan two well beaten eggs with a table-spoonful of butter and a little pepper and salt. Do not let it boil, but set it heat until the eggs are thickened. Stir in the asparagus and serve on squares of buttered toast. A little cream may be stirred in with the eggs when they are first cooked.

PATTIES.—Buy petty shells or prepare stale rolls by hollowing out the center and cutting off the tops to use as covers. Fill a half pint of milk and heat into it two

whipped eggs, stirring until it thickens. Add a large spoonful of butter, pepper and salt, and the tender parts of two heads of asparagus cut into small pieces. Fill the shells with the mixture.

WITH EGGS SAUCE.—Boil asparagus in the manner advised, dry it carefully, keep it hot, and pour over it a sauce made with a table-spoonful of butter thickened with the yolks of two eggs well beaten. Add a gill of cream and stir in a small stew pan set in a pan of hot water. Season with pepper, salt, and a few drops of lemon juice.

ITALIAN ASPARAGUS.—Break a bunch of asparagus into small pieces, boil for ten minutes off all but a little of the water. Add two table-spoonsful of oil and one of vinegar, season with pepper and salt, and throw in the asparagus. This recipe is for six small thickening of the beaten whites of an egg, but is delicious when this is omitted.

SWISS STEW.—Divide the bunch of asparagus into two lengths, boil for ten minutes. Pour off the water, leaving a half cupful, add a table-spoonful of butter, a table-spoonful of sugar, and a little pepper and salt. Cook the potatoes and peas for five minutes. Thicken with the yolk of an egg and a little cream, and serve on toast.

WITH VINARIELETTE.—Mix in a large bowl, half a table-spoonful of oil and a quarter of pepper, and three table-spoonsful of olive oil, adding the latter gradually. Stir in a table-spoonful of vinegar and a table-spoonful of butter. Beat the egg and add a table-spoonful of vinegar and a little salt. Cook the mixture and add just before serving a half cup of thickly beaten cream.

SOUP.—Boil all but the tips of two bunches of asparagus which has been cut off. Strain through a colander, rubbing as much of the pulp in as possible. Mix one table-spoonful of butter and one of flour together and pour on them gradually a pint of milk. When it has thickened slightly add the asparagus pulp and water, a half a table-spoonful of salt, and the tips of the asparagus which have been cooked separately.

