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toning the Litany, ravished the ear  
of Jules Painchaud, his future son-  
in-law, as he taught him the secrets  
of its confection.

With his white cap set rakishly on  
one side of his head, and arms akim-  
bo, Maitre Guillot gave Jules the  
famous recipe:

"Inside of circular walls of pastry  
an inch thick, and so rich as easily  
to be pulled down, and roomy enough  
within for the Court of King Pepin,  
lay first a thick stratum of mince-  
ment of two savory hams of West-  
phalia, and if you cannot get them,  
of two hams of our habitants."

"Of our habitants!" ejaculated  
Jules, with an air of consternation.

"Precisely! don't interrupt me!"  
Maitre Guillot grew red about the  
gills in an instant. Jules was si-  
lenced. "I have said it!" cried he;  
"two hams of our habitants! what  
have you to say against it—stock  
fish, eh?"

"Oh, nothing, sir," replied Jules,  
with humility, "only I thought—"  
Poor Jules would have consented to  
eat his thought, rather than fall out  
with the father of his Susette.

"You thought!" Maitre Guil-  
lot's face was a study for Hogarth,  
who alone could have painted the al-  
to tone of voice as it proceeded  
from his round O of a mouth. "Sus-  
ette shall remain upon my hands an  
old maid for the term of her natural  
life if you dispute the confection of  
Easter pie!"

"Now listen, Jules," continued he,  
at once mollified by the contrite,  
submissive air of his future son-in-  
law: "Upon the foundation of the  
mince-meat of two hams of West-  
phalia—or, if you cannot get them,  
of two hams of our habitants—place  
scientifically the nicely-cut pieces of  
a fat turkey, leaving his head to  
stick out of the upper crust, in evi-  
dence that Master Dindon lies buried  
there! Add two fat capons, two  
plump partridges, two pigeons, and  
the back and thighs of a brace of  
juicy hares. Fill up the whole with  
beaten eggs, and the rich contents  
will resemble, as a poet might say,  
'fossils of the rock in golden yolks  
embedded and enjellied!' Season as  
you would a saint. Cover with a  
slab of pastry. Bake it as you  
would cook an angel, and not singe  
a feather. Then let it cool, and eat  
it! And then, Jules, as the Rever-  
end Father de Berey always says  
after grace over an Easter pie,  
'Dominus vobiscum!'"

### CHAPTER XXI.

Sic Itur ad Astra.

The old hall of Belmont had been  
decorated for many a feast since the  
times of its founder, the Intendant  
Talon, but it had never contained a  
nobler company of fair women and  
brave men, the pick and choice of  
their race, than to-day met round  
the hospitable and splendid table of  
the Bourgeois Philibert, in honor of  
the fete of his gallant son.

Dinner was duly and decorously de-  
spatched. The social fashion of New  
France was not for the ladies to  
withdraw when the wine followed the  
feast, but to remain seated with the  
gentlemen, purifying the conversa-  
tion, and by their presence restrain-  
ing the coarseness which was the al-  
most universal vice of the age.

A troop of nimble servitors carried  
off the carved dishes and fragments  
of the splendid patisseries of Maitre  
Guillot, in such a state of demoli-  
tion as satisfied the critical eye of  
the chief cook that the efforts of his  
genius had been very successful. He  
inspected the dishes through his  
spectacles. He knew, by what was  
left, the ability of the guests to dis-  
criminate what they had eaten and to  
do justice to his skill. He considered  
himself a sort of pervading divinity,  
whose culinary ideas passing with his  
cookery into the bodies of the guests  
enabled them, on retiring from the  
feast, to carry away as part of them-  
selves some of the fine essence of  
Maitre Gobet himself.

At the head of his table, peeling  
oranges and slicing pineapples for

the ladies in his vicinity, sat the  
Bourgeois himself, laughing, jesting,  
and telling anecdotes with a genial-  
ity that was contagious. "The  
gods are merry sometimes," says  
Homer, "and their laughter shakes  
Olympus!" was the classical re-  
mark of Father de Berey, at the  
other end of the table. Jupiter did  
not laugh with less loss of dignity  
than the Bourgeois.

Few of the guests did not remem-  
ber to the end of their lives the ma-  
jestic and happy countenance of the  
Bourgeois on this memorable day.

At his right hand sat Amelie de  
Repentigny, and the Count de la Ga-  
lissoniere. The Governor, charmed  
with the beauty and agreeableness of  
the young chatelaine, had led her in  
to dinner, and devoted himself to  
her and the Lady de Tilly with the  
perfection of gallantry of a gentleman  
of the politest court in Europe. On his  
left sat the radiant, dark-eyed Hor-  
tense de Beauharnais. With a gay as-  
sumption of independence Hortense  
had taken the arm of La Corne St.  
Luc, and declared she would eat no  
dinner unless he would be her caval-  
ier, and sit beside her! The gal-  
lant old soldier surrendered at dis-  
cretion. He laughingly consented to  
be her captive, he said, for he had  
no power, and no desire but to obey.  
Hortense was proud of her conquest.  
She seated herself by his side with  
an air of triumph and mock gravity,  
tapping him with her fan whenever  
she detected his eye roving round the  
table, compassionating, she affirmed,  
her rivals, who had failed where she  
had won in securing the youngest,  
the handsomest, and most gallant of  
all the gentlemen at Belmont.

"Not so fast, Hortense!" ex-  
claimed the gay Chevalier; "you  
have captured me by mistake! The  
tall Swede—he is your man! The  
other ladies all know that, and are  
anxious to get me out of your toils,  
so that you may be free to ensnare  
the philosopher!"

"But you don't wish to get away  
from me! I am your garland, Che-  
valier, and you shall wear me to-  
day. As for the tall Swede, he has  
no idea of a fair flower of our sex,  
except to wear it in his buttonhole—  
this way!" added she, pulling a rose  
out of a vase, and archly adorning  
the Chevalier's vest with it.

"All pretence and jealousy, made-  
moiselle. The tall Swede knows how  
to take down your pride and bring  
you to a proper sense of your false  
conceit of the beauty and wit of the  
ladies of New France."

Hortense gave two or three tosses  
of defiance to express her emphatic  
dissent from his opinions.

"I wish Herr Kahn would lend me  
his philosophic scales, to weigh your  
sex like lambs in market," continued  
La Corne St. Luc; "but I fear I am  
too old, Hortense, to measure wo-  
men except by the fathom, which is  
the measure of a man."

"And the measure of a man is the  
measure of an angel too scriptum est,  
Chevalier!" replied she. Hortense  
had ten merry meanings in her eye,  
and looked as if bidding him select  
which he chose. "The learned  
Swede's philosophy is lost upon me,"  
continued she; "he can neither  
weigh by sample nor measure by  
fathom the girls of New France!"  
She tapped him on the arm. "Listen  
to me, Chevalier," said she, "you  
are neglecting me already for sake  
of Cecile Tourangeau!" La Corne  
was exchanging some gay badinage  
with a graceful, pretty young lady  
on the other side of the table, whose  
snowy forehead, if you examined it  
closely, was marked with a red scar,  
in figure of a cross, which, although  
powdered, and partially concealed by  
a frizz of her thick blonde hair, was  
sufficiently distinct to those who  
looked for it; and many did so, as  
they whispered to each other the  
story of how she got it.

Le Gardeur de Repentigny sat by  
Cecile, talking in a very sociable  
manner, which was also commented  
on. His conversation seemed to be  
very attractive to the young lady,

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St., Chicago.

Aunt Mary met her little nieces in the  
park and seized the opportunity to gather  
the latest news from Marjory's home.  
And she got it. "And how is your  
papa, dear?" she inquired, finally. "Oh,  
papa is critically ill!" "He is? Why,  
what is the matter?" "I don't know.  
Not much, I guess. But he criticises  
me, and he criticises ma, and he criticises  
the cook and most everything. He is  
very critically ill. Ma says so."

### What would you take?

Suppose you were required to live  
for a certain length of time on only  
one article of food. Which would  
you choose?

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