

honorable country?" This was turning the tables with a vengeance, and Brownie was glad to change the subject.

The waiter had laid two pairs of chopsticks on the table. Brownie wondered if these bits of wood about the size and shape of lead pencils were used by the Underlanders for toothpicks, but as he did not want to make any mistakes he held his peace and waited to see how his friend would use them.

Presently in came the waiter with a lot of bowls and saucers on a tray. These contained the steaming food. One was chicken, another was egg-soup, and another was millet. This last is canary-seed, which the people here eat themselves and feed to their animals. Joe explained that usually the restaurant would not prepare such common food as millet, but on this occasion they had done so out of respect for an old customer like himself.

The only thing like bread was a platter of something made of flour in the shape of tea-cups. Brownie tasted one, but it did not seem like bread. In the saucers were pork, carrots, salt and vinegar.

Mr. Joe now seized the chopsticks in one hand, and directing Brownie to do the same began helping himself. But not till he had said Grace. Brownie took the chopsticks up, but they would not stay in position. When he reached out to nip something between the ends, one of the sticks was sure to wobble and the food would slip out into the dish.

"I see you are not used to chopsticks," said Mr. Joe, deftly nipping up a bit of carrot and whipping it into his mouth. "Do you Upperlanders not use them?" "Why, no. We use knives and forks."

"How funny! WE make the cook do all the carving, and forks are only used by the farmer's boy when he goes out on the road to pick up something to put on his fields. Waiter, bring up my friend a spoon."

Brownie was glad to lay the uncertain sticks down, and he found the spoons very much better. "Ain't this pork fine?" said Mr. Joe. "I'd rather have beef," said Brownie. "We Underlanders have a prejudice against eating beef," said Mr. Joe. "Because cows and oxen are so useful for tilling our land, that it seems ungrateful to kill them and eat their flesh; but if they die a natural death, or from a disease, of course we eat the meat."

Brownie was horrified to hear him talk of eating diseased meat, but did not say anything for fear of offending his feelings. "But it is not always safe to eat such meat," Mr. Joe continued, "one of our brightest Christians died of eating horse flesh."

Brownie was not making a very hearty meal, for there was no milk or bread and butter and these were what he liked most when at home. He almost felt sorry that he had left home to

come to such an outlandish place as Underland.

Mr. Joe explained that this was only common food, and not what they would have if they had ordered up a feast. Then they might have had many rare and curious dishes such as you have heard of. Then Mr. Joe gave a list of the dishes the Mayor had provided at a feast in honor of the Governor.

1. Birds' Nest Soup. 2. Stewed shell-fish. 3. Cassia mushrooms. 4. Crabs and sharks' fins. 5. Roast chicken and ham. 6. Pigeons' eggs. 7. Boiled quail. 8. Fried Marine Delicacies. 9. Fish gills. 10. Larded quails. 11. Sliced teal. 12. Peking mushrooms. 13. Winter mushrooms. 14. Roast fowl. 15. Beche-de-Mer. 16. Sliced pigeon. 17. Macaroni.

The mere telling over of the list made him smack his lips, but our little friend had listened in vain for any sign that they had milk or butter. "Say, Mr. Joe, do they not drink milk, and have butter on their cakes?" "Oh no, the calf gets all the milk, and we do not know how to make butter even if we had milk. Say, waiter! fetch me that foreign tin I gave you the other day." And the tin was brought, and Brownie asked to read the foreign letters. The words were as follows: Busck junr. & Comp. Proprietors the Scandinavian Preserved Butter Company, Copenhagen, Denmark. Choicest quality, full weight.

When it appeared that some one was able to read the foreign words, all the customers and waiters had crowded round to hear the wonderful sounds. Their respect for Brownie rose high when they heard him say them off. "Where did you get this, Mr. Joe?" asked Brownie. "I got it from good Dr. Shih, who cured my eyes."

In the middle of the tin lid on which the label was pasted there was a picture of a cow bearing a shield on her side with the letters B. J. & Co. To the Underlanders this seemed a strange thing growing on her side. "Do all your cows have that on their sides?" Brownie explained that it was only an advertisement. He had some difficulty in making them understand what butter was.

Mr. Joe then told a story about butter. Prosperous Virtue, one of the Underland Christians, had, of course, never seen butter, till one day the missionary at the inn had a tin opened at dinner-time. The name for "butter," given to it by foreigners in Underland, is YELLOW OIL. Prosperous Virtue could not read himself, but he had heard that John the Baptist ate locusts and wild honey. Now the word for "locusts" is YELLOW insects. So he concluded that the missionary's food was also Yellow insects, the same as John the Baptist!

