

duced during his visit to Mrs. Foster and to her nieces, the Misses Orr, who were with Secretary Foster during his tour of the world. The great viceroy was charmed with the ladies, and when he spoke of the banquet he said he would make a great innovation in Chinese custom, and would ask them to honor him with their presence. Of course they accepted, and the viceroy took Mrs. Foster to the table on his arm. The dinner was given at the admiralty palace on the edge of Tien Tsin, and this was decorated with thousands of Chinese lanterns and the gardens about it were ablaze with light. All of the streets leading to it shone with red paper lanterns, and upon the sidewalks were companies of Li Hung Chang's famous soldiers, who, with modern rifles, guarded the incoming guests. During the feast, which lasted for hours, some of the finest of the Chinese bands played American airs outside the palace, and the strains of Yankee Doodle, Hail Columbia and The Star Spangled Banner floated in through the windows. Toasts were made and responded to by celebrated Chinamen. Secretary Foster talked, through an interpreter, of the good relations which out to obtain between China and America and Li Hung Chang responded in the same way in a speech full of compliments to the United States. I wish I could describe the dinner.

It was so different from anything that we have in America that I despair of giving you an accurate picture. The invitations were on cards larger than one of the pages of our magazines. These cards were of crimson and the invitations were engraved upon them in letters of gold. The Chinese dragon and what I suppose is Li Hung Chang's coat-of-arms, were at their head, and under this the words stating that the Viceroy of China, Grand Secretary of State and President of the Imperial Admiralty requests the honor of my company at dinner in the naval secretariate on Tuesday at 6 p. m. These golden words were bordered with an engraved golden border, and accompanying them was the card of Li Hung Chang, which was as big as a sheet of note paper and as red as the pressed bricks which made up the city of Washington. In going to dinner I had to have my own Chinese card carried before me by a servant in official livery, and I rode in a blue silk chair borne upon the shoulders of four servants, who were gorgeously dressed up for the occasion and who charged me, by the way, just \$2 in silver for the job.

We passed through court after court of this admiralty palace, and my card was carried in through a crowd of Chinese officials and I was motioned to follow. The secretary of the navy met me at the door and then Mr. Tseng Laisun, the old confidential secretary of the viceroy, took me in hand and led me in to his excellency's presence. I was in evening dress, but I felt very shabby in comparison with the gorgeously clad men about me. Laisun, for instance, was clad in a silk gown of light blue, lined with the finest of ermine; he had on boots of black silk and his skirt was of the richest yellow satin. A costly sable hat covered his head and valuable rings sparkled upon his long, thin fingers.

He is now sixty-eight years of age, but he speaks the English as well as any American, and, after presenting me to the viceroy, he took me with him into the banqueting table and gave me descriptions of everything concerning the feast. The other nobles in the rooms through which we passed were dressed fully as gorgeously, and the viceroy had on his court clothes. On Li Hung Chang's head was a fur cap, the brim of which was rolled up, and he famous three-eyed peacock feather, which he has since lost, stood out about a foot behind it. The losing of this must be, by the way, a great disappointment to Li. He is the only one outside of the royal family who has been permitted to wear it, and it is the very highest of Chinese decorations. At the banquet he wore a gorgeous yellow gown, light pink pantaloons and heavy black satin boots, with white soles, at least two inches thick. His giant form towered above those of the French, English, German and other diplomats who surrounded him, and as he reached down and took my hand he made me think of a giant: In going out to the dinner he led the way, Secretary Foster and the new French minister following, and, in taking his place at the table, which reached through the center of a room almost as long as the east room of the White House, he sat in the middle, with Mrs. Foster at his right and with the new French minister at his left. Just across the table sat Secretary Foster. A little further down were the Misses Orr, each of the young ladies being sandwiched between Chinese nobles, and Miss Emily Orr at the left of Lord Li, the viceroy's son, upon whom she evidently made a great impression. Just here let me give a word about the ladies' dresses. They were nearly as gorgeous as those of their Chinese neighbors. Mrs. Foster shone resplendent in a royal purple mirror velvet coat, white satin vest and red gown; this was decorated with Louise Quinz buttons, and her diamonds were very fine.

Miss Orr was dressed in an embroidered cerise crepe du chine, with chantilli overdress and ruby and diamond ornaments. Miss Martha Orr wore a white silk embroidered with pink roses, a bodice of pink chiffon, and she carried a bouquet of purple and green artificial flowers, which was given her by a son of the viceroy. Outside of these ladies the only two of their sex who were at the dinner were Mrs. Sheridan P. Read, the wife of the American consul at Tien Tsin, who wore a heavily corded black silk, with white antique lace and diamonds, and Mrs. C. D. Tenney, the wife of Prof. Tenney, the head of the famous school of Tien Tsin, where the young Chinese go to learn English.

The Chinese took off their coats as they sat down to the table. Nearly every one of them had a servant in gorgeous livery with him, and these took charge of his clothes and saw that he was especially well waited on during the feast. From time to time these servants would hand to their masters white cloths rung out of boiling hot water, and the nobles would wipe their lips with these and rub them about over their faces in order to refresh themselves between the courses. Li Hung Chang had two or three servants about him all the time, and these assisted him in eating and in keeping his dress straight.

Both the viceroy and all his Chinese guests had their pipes and cigarettes lit by their servants for them and inasmuch as the food was served in little bits not larger than an ivory dice, in order to be easily grasped by the ivory chopsticks, they had little else to do but swallow.

There were about fifty guests at the table and both Chinese and foreign dishes were used. By my plate were knives and forks as well as chop sticks, and quite a number of dishes on the bill of fare were foreign. The dinner consisted of twenty-one courses. The menu was engraved in letters of gold on a red card a foot long and about six inches wide. It was printed in both Chinese and English and was as follows:

Pigeon Eggs Soup.
Fried Fish, Champignon Sauce.
Bird's Nest Soup.
Meat Pie.
Red Shark Fins.
Wild Duck.
Bamboo Shoots.
Fillet and Vegetables.
Stewed Leg of Mutton.
Fungus in Clear sauce.
Pates de Fois Gras.
Corean Shrimp Dumplings.
Truffled Turkey, Ham, Salad.
Roast Duck.
Asparagus, Butter Sauce.
Fruit Custard.
Chinese Cakes.
Fruit Jelly.
Cousee, &c.
Fruit.
Coffee.

The foreign dishes were served in American plates, and the Chinese in exquisite little bowls of the finest porcelain, each holding about a pint of stew or soup. At each plate there were six of the finest cut glasses for wine, and two silver goblets for Chinese liquors. One of these was as big as an egg cup, and the other did not hold much more than a thimble. The first contained samshu or rice wine. This tasted like sherry, and it was served hot. The other contained a liquor made of sorgum. This was as hot as boiling oil. It was the color of amber, and was more stimulating than chartruese. The wines were the regular ones which you find at any foreign dinner, ranging from sherry to champagne. I ate most of the Chinese dishes and found them not at all bad. The pigeon eggs soup had little yolks of pigeon eggs floating about in it, and the bird's nest soup was served in bowls about the size of a large coffee cup, and needed salt to make it palatable.

This is one of the greatest of Chinese delicacies, and the material from which it is made is perhaps the costliest eatable found in the markets of the world. It sells as high as thirty dollars a pound, and China spends hundreds of thousands of dollars a year for it. It is made from the birds' nests of a swallow which is found in caves and damp places of certain islands of the Indian ocean. The nests are of the same shape as those of a chimney swallow, and they are made of sea weed. The bird chews the seaweed and mixes it with its saliva, and the soup is, in fact, made of this saliva. The nests are carefully cleaned, all the feathers and dirt being picked from them. They have to be soaked thoroughly and then boiled until they are tender. They come out the color of transparent white jade stone. They