

ROYAL FARE IN THE ANDES.

Two men who had wandered far and had seen life that few men hereabouts see were dining at Delmonico's last Monday night.

The older of the two, robust, stocky, and vigorous though gray, was A. A. Blow, the mining expert, who had come from Australia that he might sail the next day for Ecuador, where he was to lead a party of experts into the land of mysterious gold, into the unknown country beyond the Andes whence came the treasures of the Incas with which Pizarro loaded the Spanish galleons. The younger man, straight as an arrow, muscular and bronzed, was P. H. Ashmead, who had just come from three years spent among the cliffs of Cordilleras where he led one of the parties of American engineers whom Col. Shunk took to Ecuador three years ago to blaze a path for the Yankee rails which are now being laid from Guayaquil to Quito.

'I'll not get Delmonico cooking in the Andes,' said Mr. Blow, with a little sigh, as he sipped his cafe noir.

'Oh, I am not so sure of that,' replied Mr. Ashmead, and he began to smile. 'I once had Delmonico cooking back in that country. Did you ever hear of the famous breakfast in Pangor by which Hippolyte Lambert won a ribbon from the President of Ecuador?'

'Hippolyte was a chief of high renown many years ago, when Delmonico's was a good bit further downtown than where we are sitting now. That was back in '74, I think. Old William H. Vanderbilt was so pleased with Lambert's cooking there that he made Lambert his steward. In that way Hippolyte raked together enough money to open his hotel at Panama in the palmy days of the canal building.

'Hippolyte had passed through too many adventures to be content to settle down, even at the Vanderbilt pantry. He was born in France about 60 years ago and saw stormy times there. Twice he was condemned to death. Once Napoleon III ordered his death for mixing conspiracies rather than pastries, but he escaped the guillotine by some fortunate chance and became a soldier. In the days of the Commune he was sentenced to stand before the rifles of the reds, but the fortunes of war charged just in time. Filled with disgust, Hippolyte came to New York and got a place as assistant chief in this restaurant. From Delmonico's he went to W. H. Vanderbilt, leaving him to go to Panama, where he made a lot of money for a while out of a hotel he opened there.

He lost his pile, however, when the bottom fell out of the canal, and tried to recoup his fortune by meddling in a Guatemalan revolution under Barrios. For this he was condemned to death for the third time, but escaped to Ecuador. It was months before I got these details out of him. He always said he came to Ecuador for his health, which may have been partly true, as Ecuador is about as healthy as Colorado when you get among the Andes.

It was in 1899 when Hippolyte, stone broke, met Major John A. Harmon in Guayaquil. Major Harmon had left the Sixth Cavalry to take charge of the survey by which an American-English syndicate was finding a path for the railroad from Guayaquil over the Andes into the fertile plateau, where Quito, fat and rich, had been slumbering for 300 years in lazy wealth, communicating with the outer world only by mule trails across the mountains. In going into the orient of Ecuador in a couple of weeks you will ride many miles in a parlor car over these same trails, but when Hippolyte met Major Harmon, the engineers were fighting our way along a route that French and Italian engineers had abandoned in despair.

'Hippolyte remarked that he was a pretty good cook, so the Major gave him a job and a mule and sent him up to my camp. If Major Harmon had guessed who Hippolyte really was he would never let the little Frenchman get away from his own kitchen. However, it was my good luck to see riding into my camp at Chimbo one day a stiff little Frenchman, with bald head, black mustache, waxed to toothpick points, and an imperial that looked like a stiletto. He said he was Hippolyte Lambert and he had come to cook.

'Lord, how that chap could cook! Put him out in a desert and he'd scramble together a feast somehow. As I look back on those strenuous days, the cooking of the little Frenchman is a soothing memory. But of all his triumphs, the famous breakfast that he gave Gen. Alfaro up in Pangor is the most shining.

'It was along in January of 1899 that we were camped in Pangor, a little village of a dozen huts, with precious little to eat in the beastly hole. We had to depend upon the supplies that were packed in to

us on llamas and mules from Guayaquil, and our menu was nothing fancy, I can tell you. You'll find it different now that the Guayaquil and Quito Railroad has made its way through the passes, but you'll appreciate what I mean when you hike out from the line.

'Just as our larder was getting unusually low a native runner jog-trotted in to tell us that Gen. Alfaro and his staff, en route on mules from Quito down to Guayaquil, would honor our camp with a visit the next morning. Now Gen. Alfaro is about the whole thing in Ecuador. When he was recalled from banishment in 1896 he put Ecuador on her feet, wiped out the national debt and got Archer Harmon and his syndicate to build a railroad that the country had tried to get in vain for many a year. He was the kind of man whom it doesn't do to treat off-handed, so I sent for Hippolyte and told him that weighty affairs of state were brewing.

'The president of this glorious government with the whole shooting match of his generals, is fixing to eat a Delmonico breakfast with us tomorrow morning.' Hippolyte said I, 'How are you fixed for chuck, old man?'

'Helas!' said Hippolyte, and he shrugged his shoulders ruefully. 'There iss some ham du diable and much pilot bread. Also, there iss the pomme de terre of the country and some yuccas. Cafe I can pick and roast. But the meat, it iss not!'

'I'll fix about the meat,' I said. 'Now, you turn yourself loose.'

'I took some of the boys, shouldered my gun and went hunting for meat. I knew the natives had sheep, although they always said 'No hay' (there is none) when I had tried to get mutton before. This time I meant business, and in an hour the boys

had four sheep bleating before Hippolyte's kitchen. We had to have them and we got them. Hippolyte came out of his shed and said that he was now quite supplied, so I rode my mule out to meet the President's party, bringing them into camp, hungry, about 10 o'clock the next morning.

As I rode up I looked anxiously towards Hippolyte's kitchen. His kitchen was merely an old mud house without window or chimney. It was loosely thatched and the smoke had to find its way out between the thatch as best it could. He had two native helpers as dumb as bats, whom he kicked and cursed with splendid success. As I rode up at the head of a glittering cavalcade I saw smoke creeping out through the straw and Hippolyte bowing graciously at the door.

'Breakfast is served in one hour, Honorable President,' he said with a gracious bow and disappeared in the smoke again.

Gen. Alfaro smiled at me quizzically. Having fought through twenty-one revolutions he knew something about camp life. He was a short, stout little man with keen, stern eyes, white hair closely cropped and a grizzled mustache and imperial. He wore a blue uniform loaded with gold braid and tall boots decorated with immense silver spurs. Behind him were sixty officers brilliantly uniformed and ravenously hungry from their long ride of the morning.

In an hour Hippolyte bowed low and announced that the first relay of breakfast was ready in my quarters. Sixteen of us sat down at a camp table and Hippolyte began to work his miracle. It began with milk soup, over which the Ecuadorians smacked their lips. Alfaro looked surprised and began to ask about my cook. Then followed my last ten pounds of oatmeal,

with goat cream. Hippolyte avers that the next course was potage a la reine. It was a dream. He followed this up with a curry of lamb. I think he used wild mustard or some country herb that was a great imitation of curry.

'Course by course, he served us blanquette of veal (sheep) York ham (bacon) beans a la Boston (trijoles), lamb chops, beefsteak (llama), pommes de terre (native potatoes), omelette with whiskey. I had to pay the old woman ten sucres for a robbed nest, canned pears, our last cans, champagne, borrowed for the priest, coffee, new cheese.

'The Ecuadorian is a demonstrative chap, fond of shaking hands. As triumph followed triumph, the officers jumped up to shake hands with Hippolyte enthusiastically. The enthusiasm grew, as fresh relays of officers of lower rank came in to find the breakfast repeating its glories steadily. Gen. Alfaro asked that Hippolyte be presented to him, and he decorated the little Frenchman with a ribbon which he took from his own uniform. Hippolyte took his honors gravely.

'It is the part of a cook to cook well, he said, with a profound bow. 'It makes not the difference if he has not that with which to cook. He must always cook. Behold I have cooked for the honorable president.'

'It was 3 o'clock that afternoon before the last relay had risen from breakfast. As they rode away they cheered Hippolyte. I Ecuador had not become a strong government Hippolyte could have revolutionized himself into some high state honors on the strength of that breakfast.'

Disqualified for Office.

During a warm gubernatorial canvas in Kentucky one of the candidates found himself in the mountain districts a long way

from town, very tired and hungry. He stopped at a little cabin on the mountainside and introducing himself as a candidate for the governorship, asked for something to eat.

The woman gave him a much better meal than he had expected, and wound up the repast with a pie of the most delicious flavor. The candidate quickly cleared his plate and then said, with his most engaging smile:

'Madam, this is a most delicious pie. But I declare that I do not know what it is. Certainly nothing like it grows down where I come from. Will you have the kindness to tell me what it is?'

The woman looked at him for a full minute, her astonishment at last giving way to supreme scorn.

'Where did you come from?' she finally found an' don't know huckleberries! Pears to me you ain't fitten for office. Don't know huckleberries!'

It was a crisis in the candidate's life, and he lingered another hour, so the story goes, at all events, and made profuse explanations before he was satisfied that his opponent would not get the vote of that cabin.

Salmon-Fishing.

Sir Herbert Maxwell gives, in his 'Memories of the Months,' the following copy of a beguiling advertisement set forth by a Scandinavian who could 'spik Inglis,' and who had a shrewd idea of luring tourists to his salmon river:

Look Her! Salmon! The honorable travellers are averted to, that undersigned, who lives in Fjorde pr. Vol. den Romsdals county, Norway, short or long time, hires out a good Salmonriver. Good lodging finds. DIDRIK MAAN.



ON SUNDAY MORNING!