Says He.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

"Whatever the weather may be," says he—
"Whatever the weather may be—
Its plaze, if ye will, an' I'll say me say
Sun poslin' to-day was the wintriest day,
Wud the weather be changin' becau e ye cried,
Or the snow be grass were ye crucified?
The best is to make your own summer," says he
"Whatever the weather may," says he—
"Whatever the weather may be!"

"Whatever the weather may be," says he—
"Whatever the weather may be,
It's the song ye sing an' the smiles ye wear
That's a makin' the sun shine everywhere;
And the world of gloom is a world of glee,
Wid the bird in the bush an' the bud in the tree,
Whatever the weather may be," says he—
"Whatever the weather may be!"

"Whatever the weather may be," says he—
"Whatever the weather may be,
Ye can bring the spring, wid its green an' gold,
An' the grass in the grove where the snow lies cold,
An' ye'l warm your back, with a smilin' face,
As ye sit at your hearth like an old fireplace,
Whatever the weather may be," says he—
"Whatever the weather may be!"

THAT BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

They never forgot how deathly white she grew, nor how wild and frightened the dark eyes looked. She threw out her hands as if to ward off a blow.

"Confess to St. Leon? Why, I would sooner die!" she gasped.

"But, my dear child," remonstrated Beatrix, "he would be far more likely to forgive you if you confessed to him yourself than if I betrayed you."

"You will not do that, oh, you will not do that! You could not be so cruel!" gasped Laurel, throwing herself impulsively at Beatrix's feet. "Oh, Mrs. Wentworth, I helped *you* to happiness! Do not rob me of mine!"

Clarice raised her gently and replaced her in her seat.

"You have not heard all my plan out, Laurel," said Beatrix. "I do not forget the debt I owe to you. I would sooner help you than betray you. I was going on to say that if you would be brave enough to confess to St. Leon how you have wronged him, I too would confess to him. I would tell him how much I was to blame. I would beg him to forgive you because you were so innocent and ignorant, and because you loved him so. Then—if it came to the worst—in his pride and his wrath he should put you away from him—you might come to us—to Cyril and me."

The hapless young creature did not answer a word. She stared at Beatrix mutely with wide, wild eyes like a hunted fawn's.

"Well, what do you say, Laurel?" inquired Beatrix. "Will you do as I wish you?"

"It is too terrible a risk. I do not dare," moaned Laurel, hiding her face in her hands.

Then for a time there was silence. Beatrix was hurt and chagrined that her plan had been discarded. She thought Laurel was a wilful, headstrong child, rushing blindly upon her own destruction.

But she could not help pitying the girl, her fear and misery were so great. She desisted from advising her. It seemed too much like torturing some lovely, helpless creature. The hunted look in the dark eyes pained her.

"After all, is she any worse than I am?" said Beatrix to herself. "I deceived my parents. I risked everything for love's sake, and this poor child has done no more than that. I must not be angry with her. I must remember always that it was I who led her into temptation."

She went to her gently, she took the white hands from the pale, tear-stained face, and held them kindly in both of hers.

"Laurel, do not look so miserable and heart-broken," she said, gently. "You need not be afraid of me."

Laurel looked up at her with a flash of hope in her humid eyes.

"Do you mean that you will not betray me?" she panted.

"I will not betray you," Beatrix answered. "I pity you too much, my poor child, and I know that the end will come soon enough. Far be it from me to hasten the evil hour."

She was glad that she had spoken so kindly when she saw the lovely flush of joy that came into the sensitive face. Laurel thanked and blessed her passionately, then the dark eyes turned to Clarice.

"And will you have mercy on me, too?" she said. "I have always been afraid of you, Clarice. I have always remembered what you said. The words have haunted me."

"I meant what I said," replied the maid. "If I had seen you going to the altar with him, I should have betrayed you and saved him. It would have been my duty."

"And now?" Laurel questioned faintly.

"It has gone too far," answered Clarice. "You are Mr. LeRoy's wedded wife. What God hath joined together, no man must put asunder."

She thanked them with such trembling passion and joy that they could have wept.

"I do not know whether I am doing right," said Beatrix. "But I am very happy, and I remember always that you helped me to my happiness, and that I thoughtlessly led you into temptation. I will keep your secret, Laurel, and may God help you when your hour of reckoning comes, as it too surely will, my poor child, sooner or later.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Laurel was fortunate enough to get back to her hotel before Mr. Le Roy returned from his engagement with the friend whom he had unexpectedly encountered in London. She removed her street dress immediately, and he never suspected the momentous visit she had made that morning to Cyril Wentworth's wife. She was gay and loving, as usual, and he dreamed not what bitter tears had dimmed her eyes that morning in her fear that he would find her out in sin.

But that night she said to him with petty impatience:

"When are you going to leave London, St. Leon? I am very tired of the rain and the cold."

"I thought you were not done sight-seeing yet," he said, a little surprised at her capriciousness. "There are many places of interest which you have not visited yet."

"I am tired of it all," she declared. "One wearies of the rain and the smoke and the fog. I should like to go to Italy, where the sun shines all day, and the air is balmy and warm. Will you take me, St. Leon?"

"We will go to-morrow, if you wish," he replied. "There is nothing to detain us in London."

"To-morrow it shall be!" cried Laurel.

He humored her caprice and took her to Italy. She did not breathe freely until she was out of London. She was horribly afraid of meeting the Wentworths again.

They hired a charming little villa in Southern Italy, and lived there several months, leading a beautiful, idylic life that charmed Laurel. She called the place Eden, in loving memory of her home.

Letters came often from Mrs. Le Roy, occasionally from the Gordons. Mrs. Gordon was not fond of letter-writing, and though she loved her daughter dearly, she wrote to her but seldom. These letters Laurel always posted to Beatrix Wentworth in London, with her own hands. She felt sure that Beatrix would understand, and be very glad to receive them.

By dint of earnest application she had acquired a very fair imitation of Mrs. Wentworth's writing. But her conscience always reproached her when she answered those fond, parental letters. She always felt the burden of her guilt most deeply then. So her letters were brief and infrequent. But the Gordons thought nothing of it. Beatrix had never been a diffuse writer, and they supposed she was all absorbed in her happiness now. Laurel never expressed the least desire to return to America. Mr. Le Roy was rather amused at her persistent preference for the Old World.

One thing pleased Mr. LeRoy very much while they remained in Italy.

His wife developed a sudden taste for music. She regretted that she had never learned the piano. Masters were procured for her at her own desire, and for one who had professed not to care for music, her progress was exceedingly rapid.

When summer came they wearied of Italy, and returned to Switzerland.

Ah, those happy days abroad—that long, sweet honeymoon! It was so heavenly sweet, it was no wonder that Laurel could not repent of the fraud by which she had won her husband. Life was a dream of Elysium.

Love took up the glass of time, and turned it in
his glowing hands,
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in
golden sands.

She was beginning to feel almost secure in her happiness, when one evening the shadow fell, as it always falls, unexpectedly, on her life.

She had come down dressed for the opera to which her husband had promised to take her, and she was looking her loveliest. Her robe of white silk pink brocade was exquisitely becoming, and she wore great flashing diamonds on her round white throat and arms. She had never looked lovelier, but St. Leon did not notice her radiant beauty. There was a shadow on his dark, handsome face. He came and put his arms around the beautiful figure, crushing it against his breast, reckless how he rumpled her dainty laces.

"Beatrix, my darling, I have bad news," he said, hoarsely.

She started and uttered a cry. Her lips grew livid, she seemed to shrink in the fond arms that held her.

"Do not be frightened, my love," he said. "We will hope for the best."

"What is it?" she gasped through her dry, parched lips.

"I have received a cablegram from America. My mother is very ill. We must return home immediately," he said in a voice shaken by anxiety and emotion.

CHAPTER XXXII.

He had expected that Beatrix would be startled and distressed, but he was not prepared for the burst of emotion with which she received the news.

"Home! home!" she burst out, in a voice that was like a wail of despair, then suddenly flinging her arms about his neck, she broke into tempestuous sobbing as if the very depths of her heart were stirred by throes of keenest anguish.

He was touched and startled by this display of affectionate grief for his mother. Never had he clasped her so fondly, never kissed her so tenderly as now when he believed that her heart ached and her tears flowed for the sake of the mother whom he loved.

"Beatrix, my own sweet love, do not grieve so wildly," he said, caressingly. "She is ill, but it may not be fatal. I broke the news to you too suddenly. I did not realize till this moment what a tender loving heart you have. Cheer up, darling. It may not be as bad as you fear. We will pray for her recovery."

She threw back her head and looked in his face with wild dark eyes all swimming in tears.

"Oh, St. Leon, what did the cablegram say?" she aspirated, eagerly.

"That she is very ill, dear, but that did not necessarily imply a fatal sickness," he answered, soothingly.

She caught at the words with the eagerness of desperation.

"Oh, St. Leon, why need we go home at all then?"

"Beatrix!"

He did not know himself how coldly he put her from him, how sharp and rebuking his tone sounded. He was hurt and amazed. It seemed to him that he could not have understood her aright. He looked at the beautiful form drooping before him humbly, and he saw that he had frightened her by his sudden harshness. Her lips were trembling with fear.

"Beatrix," he said, "perhaps I have not understood you aright. Did you really express a desire not to go home?"

She looked at the dark, handsome face with the touch of sternness upon it and her heart sunk within her.

"I thought—I thought"—she faltered, "that—if Mrs. Le Roy were not so very ill, we need not—perhaps—go home just yet. Oh, forgive me, St. Leon. I did not mean to be selfish. I love the old world so well I cannot bear the thought of going back to America!"

For the first time since their happy wedding day he looked coldly and sternly at his fair young bride. She had almost forgotten how those proud lips could curl, how that mobile face could express the lightning passions of his soul. She saw now what a dreadful mistake she had made.

"Oh, Beatrix, how I have deceived myself!" he cried. "Do you know what I thought just now when you burst into tears? I believed that your grief was for my mother, because you loved her and were sorry for her. I never loved you so well as when I thought that you shared so wholly in my affection for my parent. And yet in the next breath you show me my mistake. Your pleasure, your comfort, ranks higher in your thoughts than my mother's welfare! Oh! child! are you, indeed, so selfish?"

The sadness and reproach in his voice tore her guilty heart like a knife. She flew to his arms—she would not be held at a distance.

"I am a wretch!" she cried, remorsefully. "Forgive me, St. Leon. I *do* love Mrs. Le Roy. I *do* grieve over her illness! It was only my abominable selfishness and thoughtlessness that made me so heartless. I have grown selfish, forgetting every one else and finding all my happiness in you. Forget it, if you can—at least, forgive it. I am ready to go home with you immediately. Nay, I am most anxious to go."

But her voice faltered, and she shed such hot tears upon his breast that they seemed to blister her cheeks. It seemed to her that she was declaring her own death warrant.

He could do no less than forgive her. Indeed, her sorrow and repentance were so great that he felt that he had been too harsh and stern with her. He remembered that she was only a child, and she had been so pleased with her travels, it was no wonder that she had been disappointed when the end came upon her so suddenly.

"Besides, I could not in reason expect her to be as fond of my mother as I am," he said to himself, apologetically, and to ease the smart of his disappointment.

He kissed the fair young face until her tears were dried, and told her that she was forgiven for her momentary selfishness, and that next year they would come abroad again.

"To-morrow we must be upon the sea. I am very anxious to reach home," he said, little guessing that his words pierced her heart like the point of a deadly poisoned dagger.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

All of the young bride's happiness began to wane from that hour. The shadow of the nearing future began to fall upon her heart. The "coming events cast their shadows before."

A subtle change came over her. Her cheek was a shade less bright, her voice had an unconscious tone of pathos, the dark eyes drooped beneath their shady lashes. Sometimes she fell into deep reveries that lasted for hours. The return voyage was not so pleasant by any means as the other had been. Laurel was going away from her peril then, she is returning to it now.

St. Leon gave all his thoughts and all his love to his fair bride. Now he divided them with her and his mother. He was very fond of his handsome, stately lady mother, and deeply distressed over her illness. He longed to fly to her on the wings of love. He chafed over their slow progress, bitterly impatient of the adverse winds and waves that hindered the gallant ship from making progress. If he had known how his wife welcomed every storm he would have been horrified. If some hidden rock had sunk the steamer, and she and St. Leon had gone to the bottom clasped

In one another's arms,
And silent in a last embrace,

she would have been glad, she would have thought that that was happiness compared with what lay before her.

St. Leon did not notice the slight yet subtle change in his darling, so absorbed was he in anxiety over his mother. Perhaps he thought she shared in his trouble. He knew that her devotion to him was more manifest than ever before, and he repaid it with the love of his inmost heart, but he was very grave and thoughtful. The dread that he might find his mother dead weighed heavily on his spirits.

Poor Laurel in her terror for herself did not give many thoughts to Mrs. Le Roy. The lesser evil was swallowed up in the greater. The Gordons had returned to New York in the spring. Once she returned home, a meeting with them was inevitable. And then—what! Detection, exposure, banishment, despair!

Through all her dread and terror one spark of hope burned feebly in her heart. She knew that her husband loved her with a deep and mighty love. Perhaps through that love he would forgive her.

"I could forgive *him* anything," she said to herself with the divine love of woman. "Surely, surely he will forgive me!"

It was May when they reached New York. Laurel had had eight months of happiness now—almost perfect happiness. She was little more than a child still. She was only 17. But she had gained great benefit from her happy bridal trip. Her beauty was deepened and intensified, she had acquired polish and dignity, and there was a sweet and gracious womanliness about her that was exquisitely charming. St. Leon said to himself exultantly that he should be very proud to introduce his bony bride to New York society next winter. She would be without a peer for loveliness.

"I am so impatient to go home to my sick mother at Eden, that I am almost selfish enough to ask you to pass through New York without stopping to see your parents," he said, when they landed.

She hastily assured him that she had no intention of stopping. Her anxiety to reach Eden was as great as his own. There would be time enough to see her parents when they were assured of Mrs. Le Roy's well being.

He did not notice how deathly pale she was, but thanking her gratefully for what appeared to him a sweet self-sacrifice, accepted it, and she said to herself with a beating heart:

"I have still a little respite. I shall see Eden once more before I am banished forever."

The home on the Hudson looked Eden-like indeed that bright, warm day when they walked, arm-in-arm, up to the house. The trees and shrubberies were tinted with the tender green of spring, a soft, warm air, redolent with flowers, fanned their faces. St. Leon looked pleased at being at home again, but it struck him all at once that his wife looked pale and wan and miserable.

"It is plain to be seen, Beatrix, that you have no joy in your own home-coming," he said, unable to conceal his disappointment. "And yet I thought—indeed you used to say—that you adored Eden."

"Indeed I do! I love every tree and flower, every tiniest blade of grass on the place. I am very happy in my home-coming," she cried, eargerly, but she had a guilty, miserable inward consciousness that he did not believe her. Her changeful tell tale face had betrayed her all too plainly.

They went into the house, and then she forgot for a while all her own selfish terrors as St. Leon forgot his disappointment over his wife's reluctance to come home.

For the shadow of the death-angel's wing hung darkly over Eden!

Mrs. Le Roy was yet very ill with a low typhoid fever and pneumonia. Surrounded by skilful nurses and the ablest physicians, there were yet grave doubts whether she would ever recover. The disease was deeply seated, and the physicians could not conceal from the invalid's stricken son their fears of a fatal result. She had been dangerously ill three weeks now—wavering, as it were, between life and death. They would do all they could the physicians said, but the issue lay with God.

In that dark hour Laurel was her husband's comforter, She put self aside. She whispered peace and hope to the troubled heart.

"I will pray for her," she said, "and I will nurse her. Perhaps love can save her even where paid attention fails. Then, too, she will be so glad to have her children home again. Happiness may have a good effect upon her. Do not despair, St. Leon, I have the greatest faith that she will be spared to us."

His heavy heart unconsciously grew lighter at the sweet, hopeful words. And one thing she said came true at least. Though they were almost afraid to break the news to Mrs. Leroy of her son's arrival, and set about it in the most cautious manner, it undoubtedly produced a beneficial effect on her. She seemed to grow better from that hour, and her joy at seeing Laurel was as great as that she evinced in the return of St. Leon.

Laurel, as she had declared she would, became the most devoted and patient nurse at Mrs. Le Roy's bedside. Her love and her eagerness to be of use served her instead of experience. There was no step so light, no touch so cool and soft as hers, no face so eagerly welcomed by the bedside of the sufferer.

"Beatrix is my ministering angel," she confided to her son, and Laurel, hearing it, was thrilled with inward joy.

"I have won a place in her heart. When my dark hour comes, she will take my part, she will plead for me," the poor child said to herself.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Mrs. Gordon, reclining at ease on a satin divan in her elegant parlor, was entertaining a caller—no less a person than the beautiful widow, Mrs. Merivale.

The wife of the wealthy publisher was a pale, faded, pretty woman, once a belle and beauty, now a chronic invalid. She mingled but little in society on account of her delicate health, but chance made her acquainted with Maud Merivale, and the fair widow for some reason of her own had followed up the acquaintance. Mrs. Gordon was rather pleased than otherwise with this new friend. She loved beauty, and Mrs. Merivale was decidedly good to look upon. All the adventitious aid of art had been called in to preserve her fading charms; and in the richest, and most becoming of spring toilets, she looked very fair and sweet and youthful in the aristocratic semi-darkness of the curtained parlor.

They had been discussing a subject dear to Mrs. Gordon's matronly heart, but full of secret gall and bitterness to the widow—the marriage of Beatrix Gordon to St. Leon Le Roy.

Inwardly fuming with jealous rage, Mrs. Merivale held her passions in with a strong rein, and smiled her sweetest as she dilated on her last summer's visit to Eden where she had met Beatrix and enthusiastically "fallen in love with her on the spot."

"So beautiful, so graceful," said Mrs. Merivale, arching her pencilled brows. "She will make so charming a mistress for Eden. And they are home from Europe, you tell me"

"Two weeks ago," answered Mrs. Gordon.

"You have seen them of course—how happy the meeting must have been between the long-parted mother and daughter," sentimentally.

"No, I have not seen my darling yet," sighed Mrs. Gordon. "They were suddenly summoned home by the illness of Mrs. Le Roy and did not have time to communicate with me. Mr. Gordon has promised to take me down to Eden in a few days, though. I am so impatient to see Beatrix I can scarcely wait."

"No doubt," smiled the visitor sympathetically. She had followed Mrs. Gordon's eyes to a life-size portrait of a pretty blue-eyed girl that hung against the wall. She had seen the lady's glance wander in the same direction several times. Her curiosity was aroused and, looking critically at the really beautiful portrait, she detected a strong resemblance between the fair, fresh, girlish face and the pretty, faded, matronly woman.

"Your own portrait, is it not?" she asked, with a smile.

Mrs. Gordon looked pleased and flattered.

"Is it really so much like me?" she asked.

"Your image! I should have recognized it anywhere!" pronounced the widow, following up the good impression she had made.

"Well, my daughter was always said to resemble me; but really, now, Mrs. Merivale, you must have recognized Beatrix. You flatter me too much," simpered Mrs. Gordon.

Mrs. Merivale's false smiles and grimaces gave way for once to an expression of honest surprise.

"Do you mean to tell me that it isn't your portrait—taken when you were perhaps a little younger?" she asked.

"No, it is not mine. Do you not recognize my daughter, Mrs. Merivale? It is Beatrix herself."

"Beatrix!"

Mrs. Merivale gazed bewildered at the fair young pictured face. The soft blue eyes smiled into hers, the pale-gold hair waved softly over the low, white brow, the face had a fair, refined loveliness all its own, but it was not the face she recalled as that of Beatrix Gordon. There flashed before her mind's eye a face bright and soft like a tropic flower, lighted by dark, starlike eyes, crowned by grand tresses of dusky, burnished gold—a face before whose rare and witching beauty this other one paled like a flower before a star.

She looked at Mrs. Gordon, surprise and bewilderment on her face, her turquois blue eyes open to their widest.

"Are you jesting?" she said. "Or have you another daughter? You do not really wish me to believe that this is Beatrix?"

"Why not?" Mrs. Gordon asked a little gravely.

"It is not the least bit like her," declared Mrs. Merivale, who had left her seat and rustled over to the portrait; "it is utterly unlike her! The eyes are blue here, the hair pale gold; yet your daughter whom I saw at Eden had dark eyes and hair of the darkest golden shade.

Mrs. Gordon laughed lightly.

"You have surely forgotten how Beatrix looked," she said. "That canvas represents her truly and perfectly. The best judges have agreed that the portrait is marvellously true to nature. My dear Mrs. Merivale, you are thinking of some one else. I have no other child than Beatrix, and there are no dark eyes in our family."

Mrs. Merivale remained silent for a moment. Her face had a dazed expression.

"I am *not* mistaken," she said to herself. "Is it likely I should forget how the girl looked who stole St. Leon from me? She had great black eyes, full of fire and soul. She was rarely beautiful. This portrait looks a mere doll beside her. And yet Mrs. Gordon swears that this is Beatrix Gordon. If it is true, as she says, then there is some mystery about it. What does it mean?"

She went back to her seat again and replied to Mrs. Gordon with a light laugh.

"Yes, I see now that I was mistaken. I was thinking of some one else. One meets so many fair faces in society."

(To be continued.)

Perils of the Snow-Bound in the Cascades.

Yesterday morning the Ogallala, the Oregon Short Line Pullman, passed through this city. This sleeper was the one which for twenty-three days was in the snow blockade at Hood River station. One of the victims gave an account of the privations and hardships endured by the passengers during the siege: "It would take a column to describe the horrors we suffered," he said. "Imagine a bank of snow thirty feet in height and frozen solidly, and a train containing 125 passengers snow-bound in this mass. Here we laid for twenty-three days, five of which were passed without a mouthful to eat. When provisions at last reached us they were brought by a dozen men, who packed them for some fifteen miles over the snow. Our fires and lights went out, and it was a fight to keep ourselves from freezing to death. To make matters still more horrible, the measles broke out, and we were suffering from three of the greatest terrors known to mankind. At last relief came, and the snow had become so hard that it was necessary to blast our way out. This was slow and tedious. The only thing during those five days that we had to alleviate our sufferings was an abundance of pure water. We reached Ogden at last, and were thirty days making the trip."—*Laramie Boomerang.*

A Rhinoceros Dinner.

Speaking of tough things, says our epicure, reminds me of a dinner we had in Troy some years ago. I belonged to the Epicurean Club there, and we had a man for cook that was king of his art and had orders to put on every new dish he could get. So this night—we met every Saturday—we had some guests. One was a man from the Beefsteak Club of London, and when we sat down they brought in a platter with a steak on it about three feet long and two wide and about 1½ inches thick. And theodor! Ye gods and little fishes, but it was rapturous. Tom Haddon was carver, and after trying it he sent out for a knife that looked like a razor, and at last got it cut up. And that was the last of it. There wasn't a knife or a pair of jaws there that could cut into it, and there we were, like the fellow bound to the rock, surrounded by water but dying of thirst. I tried it, but the piece bounded from one jaw to another, like a rubber ball, so that I gave it up, but the flavor was sublime—in fact it was all flavor. At last we called in Joe, the cook, and asked him what it was. And what do you think? I gave it up. Well, it was rhinoceros. It seems that some circus was going over the bridge and the rhinoceros had fallen through and broken his leg and so they had to shoot it, and so Joe got the steak. It was good, but tough.

A Dublin Street Scene.

The general excitement which has so long been prevalent in Ireland seems to extend even to animals of an ordinarily peaceable nature, says the *St. James' Gazette.* At Dublin, on the last day of the old year, a cow which was being driven through the streets become so infuriated at the sight of its Saxon oppressors that it tossed a little boy and smashed his nose. An inspector and six constables, armed with revolvers, promptly pursued the animal, firing random shots at it. This only irritated the cow, and went on to knock down one man, tossed another, upset a pony and trap, and make a general clearance of the fish-market. It would seem that the police had by this time discharged all their bullets. One of them, however, had sufficient presence of mind to sieze the exasperated beast by the tail and hold on grimly until a certain Mr. Jameson, a member of the Irish rifle team, came upon the scene with his rifle and succeeded in killing the cow at the third shot. The drover in charge declared that the animal was not to his knowledge "wicked or wild;" and he is remanded on bail that the truth of this defence may be investigated.

In the Family.

Wife (very fashionable)—It is absurd to say that one can love nature and at the same time love art.

Husband (not so fashionable)—I did not say that I loved art.

Wife—No? What did you say?

Husband—I said that I was wedded to art.

In winter where one's choice of vegetables is so limited I am surprised to find how few people use beets in any other form than served with vinegar. They are exceedingly good baked for from three to four hours (they are sweeter and retain more of their flavor if baked instead of boiled for this way), then peeled, cut in slices or lengthwise and served with white sauce.