

drew their attention, it was sufficiently interesting to cause them to stop and confer together. Then the lady made a sudden movement as if to advance straight forward, but she was restrained by her attendant, who, pointing to the guns on the ramparts, made her understand that she must keep out of range.

It was at this point that Hardinge abruptly broke silence.

"I thought so," was his brief remark, uttered almost sternly between his teeth.

Pauline did not appear to hear him.

"I knew I was not mistaken," he continued a little louder.

Pauline caught the word and looked up in wonder.

"I have a right to remember her."

"What do you mean, Roddy?"

"It is the very same riding habit!"

Pauline was now perfectly astonished. Hardinge's face was aglow.

"I would know that form in a thousand."

"What form?"

"And that carriage."

"Roddy, you don't intend to say?"

"I tell you it is Zulma Sarpy."

"You are jesting."

"Look, she is waving her handkerchief."

And so she was. She twisted and brandished it, and, in doing so, agitated her horse to that extent that he fell back on his haunches and pawed with his front feet. Roderick took off his cap and remained uncovered a moment. Pauline shouted for joy and fluttered her handkerchief in return. Singleton doffed his plumed hat, bowing low over his holsters. It was a moment of exquisite excitement. But only a moment. Swift as the wind the riders dashed away over the plain. Turning suddenly, Hardinge recognized the danger of his position.

"Let us go, Pauline," he said, "we may be seen by our men and it would be very awkward."

They hurried down the slope of the Citadel and entered into the town without almost exchanging a word. Pauline was radiant. Roderick was somewhat sullen. Gradually, however, they both resumed their composure and sauntered for another half-hour together very agreeably but talking of quite indifferent subjects.

"That spectacle was more than we had bargained for," said Pauline, taking off her gloves and laying her furs on the little central table of her chamber. "I certainly never expected to see him again. That graceful salutation of his was intended for me, no doubt. And I recognized him at once, while Roddy did not. On the other hand, he recognized Zulma, and I did not. Wasn't that strange?"

Pauline paused in her disturbing and thought over this. And the more she thought over it, the more it appeared strange. It appeared so strange that her features assumed a look of sadness and anxiety.

"What could Zulma be doing away from home to-day?" thought Pauline further. "How was it that she met the handsome officer? What if she came purposely to see him? That would be just like Zulma. She is a fearless girl. She cares for nobody. She can do what no other young woman could attempt without exciting criticism, or if there is criticism, it falls harmless at her feet."

For the first time in all these days, Pauline experienced something akin to an envy of her brilliant friend. That is, she envied her spirit of independence. She, of the drooping eyes and slumping heart, felt that she too would like to dare just a little, as Zulma did. Another proof of the transformation which was being effected in her. But in this particular, it was impossible for her to go beyond velleities. Much as she might change, Pauline Belmont could never be Zulma Sarpy, and if the dear child only knew it, it was not desirable that she should be. She had her own claims to admiration and love. Zulma had hers. These were almost radically different, but precisely their contrast enhanced the value of each.

"I wonder if Zulma received my letter," added Pauline after finishing her toilet. "It is possible that Batoche may have met her and delivered it. I hope he did. In that case she must have been particularly glad to see us and salute Roddy after his promotion. I am convinced of one thing. Much as Zulma admires Cary Singleton, she thinks a great deal of Roderick Hardinge. And I am equally sure that Roddy thinks a great deal of Zulma."

And Pauline, sitting before her fire, crooned the old songs of youth, while her mind wandered away and away, till the shadows of evening lay deep on her window squares.

(To be continued.)

## BRELOQUES POUR DAMES

MOVING for a new trial—courting a second wife.

AN arch young lady should be an archer, for she can bend her bow as she pleases.

THE height of politeness is passing round on the opposite side of a lady to avoid stepping on her shadow.

TO A lover, there are but two places in all the world—one where his sweetheart is, and the other where she isn't.

A young lady down East advertises for the young man that "embraced an opportunity," and says, if he will come to their town, he can do better.

A Syracuse drummer who visited Camden one day recently, came away cross-eyed. He says that it is foolishness to try to look at all the

pretty girls who pass on both sides of the street there.

MRS. PARTINGTON says that "when she was a girl she used to go to parties, and always had a beau to extort her home. But now," says she, "the girls undergo all sorts of deprivities; the task of extorting them home devolves on their dear selves." The old lady drew down her specs, and thanked her stars that she had lived in other days, when men could depreciate the worth of the female sex.

At a street corner, in New York, an old apple-woman offered her fruit to a sea-captain who was sighing over the good times of cheap things. She wanted three cents apiece for her apples. He gave her a pleasant look, and said, "Well, well. Why, you look as young as you did ten years ago. Same bright eyes and red cheeks—same white teeth." "Take an apple for two cents, captain," she replied. "I presume you are fifty years old," he continued, "but who'd know it? Lots of ladies at thirty look as old as you do." "Take an apple for a cent, captain," she answered, smiling like a rose. "Some rich old fellow will come pass some day, searching for a buxom wife," said the captain, "and you won't have to sell apples any more." "Here, captain, two for a cent; take two of the biggest," she exclaimed, and then ran after him and dropped two more into his overcoat pocket.

## THE GLEANER.

THE "suicide" of the ex-Sultan leaves a stall vacant in St. George's Chapel at Windsor.

THE complaint for which Prince Bismarck has been ordered to drink the waters of Kissingen is induration of the bones.

THERE is no truth in the statement that Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell (Miss Braddon) are "about to leave England for America, where they intend to reside."

MIRAL V. of Turkey, is described as good-looking, pasty-faced, thirty-six years of age, with a fat nose, a small moustache, and a tendency to plumpness.

THERE are in London 8,000 children dependent on poor law relief, having either no homes at all, or no shelter but wretched dens that cannot by any euphemism be called homes.

THE old Dutch man-o'-war recently found in the Medway, and which had been buried there for two centuries, is being broken up. Twenty more of her guns have been discovered in the mud.

VICTOR HUGO must have made a fine fortune by his writings. It is stated that he has, among other investments, 800 shares in the National Bank of Belgium, which are worth 2,850 francs per share; so that here we have a sum of over £83,000 to start with, and it is understood that he has other property.

MR. BURR and Mr. Macdonald enlivened the House of Commons lately by presenting two bundles. They contained the names of stoupe petitioners, who wished that no further grants might be made to the royal family until there is a full statement made of their present income. Of course there was immense laughter.

THE Royal Society has, at last, yielded to "the logic of events." At a recent *convocation* ladies were invited. The experiment was eminently successful, and the various scientific apparatus and other objects of interest contributed for the entertainment of the company were apparently appreciated to the full, as much by the ladies as by the gentlemen.

It has been noticed, that while in Paris fewer women patronize the theatre, in Berlin the contrary is the case. The stage of Berlin is not the less in a very pitiable condition. The fact is, in Paris ladies prefer going to a ball to gossip and where they can better display their toilettes; this arrangement suits gentlemen, as after conducting their female relatives to the ball, they drive off to the green room or the green cloth at their clubs.

COUNT MARCHAND, formerly first valet-de-chambre of the Emperor Napoleon I., whom he accompanied to St. Helena, is seriously ill. In the Emperor's will occurs the bequest: "I leave to Marchand, my first valet-de-chambre, 400,000 francs. The services he has performed for me are those of a friend. I desire that he may marry a widow, sister, or daughter of an officer or soldier of my old guard." Marchand is in his eighty-sixth year.

ONE of the chief amusements at present for Parisian high life is the mail-coach picnic. Several owners of four-in-hands start for a fixed point inside the suburbs; if a passable inn can be found, the parties enjoy their ease there at déjeuner; if not, the materials for a lunch are extracted from the boots, a tent run up, and a dance improvised if possible on the grass. The Baroness Rothschild drives her own mail-coach and is a capital whip, and races with these vehicles are on the cards.

THE Medical Academy of Rome has been considering the subject of the unhealthiness of the city, and of its unsuitability as a residence for foreigners. Doctors Lauzi and Terrigi, having for a series of months made minute examinations of the air of the different quarters, give their conclusions, that Rome in the spring and winter may be resided in without any danger; but in the autumn and summer, certain quarters of the circumference are temporarily insalubrious, while the air maintains its good quality in the centre of the city.

## HEARTH AND HOME.

SLEEP IS CHILDHOOD.—It is well known that childhood requires a greater amount of sleep than a maturer age. The rule should be, for children between five and seven, about twelve hours' sleep; children above that age ten, and never less than eight hours. Care should be taken that they be disturbed as little as possible. The time for going to sleep should be seven in summer and about six o'clock in the winter; and keeping strictly to this hour will not only be beneficial to the children's health, but will accustom them to a certain sense of punctuality and obedience.

LIFE'S OBJECT.—Men know how thunder and lightning come from the clouds in summer, and they want to thunder and lighten sometimes themselves; but it is better that the contents of the clouds should drop down in gentle rains, and make something grow, than that there should be flashing and resounding in the heaven, and that the oak should be crushed to pieces which has been growing for a hundred years; and it is better, not that men should produce a great racket in the world, and work destruction round about them, but that they should create happiness among their fellow-men.

NOVELTIES IN PARIS.—Nets for the hair are once again coming into vogue, made of silk braid worked over a very coarse mesh; there is a bow of ribbon at the top of the head, and the braid always matches the toilette in color. Artificial flowers are abundantly used, both on bonnets and for head-dresses. The colors just now in greatest favor for these are cream, French blue, and sea-shell pink. Among wreaths for bonnets, one of the greatest novelties is composed of seaweed appearing of a dark green, artistically shaded toward brown. Other charming combinations consist of small daisies, intertwined with blades of grass; oats *in nature*, with scarlet poppies; strawberries with strawberry blossoms; blade grass with berries mounted with corn flowers and daisies.

It is no longer considered good style to wear flowers under the bonnet in front, except the large round wreath always to be seen under the "plate bonnet;" a *cache* or tulle or Valenciennes lace now usually replaces the flowers.

Simple bonnets of coarse straw are much ornamented with snow gauze; a thin material, covered apparently with tiny flakes of snow. It is made in all colors, but green and blue, with flakes of the same tint, are the most popular; gray, with white flakes, is also pretty; and this make of gauze is not only used for bonnet trimming, but it is made into head-dresses and *échans*.

THE BABY.—Who knows not the beautiful group of babe and mother, sacred in nature, now sacred also in the religious associations of half the globe? Welcome to the parents in this puny struggler, strong in his weakness, his little arms more irresistible than the soldier's, his lips touched with persuasion which Chatham and Pericles in manhood had not. The small despot asks so little, that all nature and reason are on his side. His ignorance is more charming than all knowledge, and his little sins more bewitching than any virtues. All day, between his three or four sleeps, he coos like a pigeon-house, sputters and spurns, and puts on his face of importance. Out of blocks, cards and draughtmen, he will build his pyramid with the gravity of Palladio. With an acoustic apparatus of whistle and rattle he explores the laws of sound. But chiefly, like his senior countrymen, the young Englishman studies new and speedy modes of transportation. Mistrusting the cunning of his small legs, he wishes to ride on the neck and shoulders of all flesh. The small enchanter nothing can withstand,—no seniority of age, no gravity of character; uncles, aunts, cousins, grandsires, grandaunts,—all fall an easy prey; he conforms to nobody, all conform to him; all caper and make mouths, and babble and chirrup to him. On the strongest shoulders he rides, and pulls the hair of laurelled heads.

NO SECRETS.—The moment a girl has a secret from her mother, or has received a letter she dare not let her mother read, or has a friend that her mother does not know, she is in danger. A secret is not a good thing for a girl to have. The fewer secrets that lie in the hearts of women at any age, the better. It is almost a test of purity. She who has none of her own is best and happiest.

In girlhood, hide nothing from your mother; a little secretiveness has set many a scandal afloat; and much as is said about women who tell too much, they are much better off than women who tell too little. A man may be reticent, and lie under no suspicion; not so a woman.

The girl who frankly says to her mother, "I have been here; I met So and So; such and such remarks were made, and this or that was done," will be certain of receiving good advice and sympathy. If all was right, no fault will be found. If the mother knows out of her great experience that something was improper or unsuitable, she will, if she is a good mother, kindly advise against its repetition.

It is only when mothers discover that their girls are hiding things from them that they rebuke or scold. Innocent faults are always pardoned by a kind parent.

You may not know, girls, just what is right—just what is wrong, yet. You can't be blamed for making little mistakes; but you will never do anything very wrong if from the first you have no secrets from your mother.

SHE CONQUERS WHO STOOVES.—Men are, for the most part, of a proud and unyielding temper,

and may, consequently, be much more easily led than driven. They cannot bear the least appearance of slight or of dictation, but are touched and soothed by the appearance of submission and affection; and it is thus that, strong in her very weakness, woman literally conquers by stooping. There are a thousand unimportant but delicate attentions which an affectionate wife may pay to her husband, and which will insensibly, but irresistibly, bind him to her; while the least appearance of *hauteur*, of cooled affection, or of a desire to dominate, will rouse his anger and self-love; his indomitable pride will be called into action; and then, farewell, for ever, to the wife's happiness.

Great as is the value of *finesse* displayed by women in yielding to men's vagaries, this quality cannot compensate for the absence of affection. In every case this is woman's strongest hold upon man's love, and her most effectual aid in securing his good conduct. If she be affectionate to him, he will not fail to be, sooner or later, subdued to her will and to her pleasure. But, though we thus strongly recommend the reality and the manifestation of affection, though we place it first among the duties of a married woman and among the chief requisites to matrimonial felicity, let us not be misunderstood. Affection cannot be too warmly displayed by a wife, but she must display it to him, not at him. Good breeding and delicacy alone, were there no other reason, would require that fondness should be suppressed before witnesses; and ostentatious tenderness is usually thought to be anything but genuine. It makes him upon whom it is lavished ridiculous.

## DOMESTIC.

A CONVENIENT weight for keeping doors open in the summer-time may be made by wrapping a common brick in red or green baize, or a piece of carpet similar to that in the room into which the door opens.

POTATO SALAD.—Boil white potatoes; when cold peel and slice; season with oil, vinegar, salt and pepper; chop one white onion very fine, and add, also, one red beet, and one spoonful of capers. Pile in the salad bowl and garnish with sprigs of parsley.

SCOLLOPED TOMATOES.—Stew and season one quart of tomatoes to your taste; add two spoonfuls of butter, a small onion chopped fine, one coffee-cup of grated bread crumbs; turn into a pudding-dish and strew the top thickly with bread crumbs; lay a few bits of butter on and set in the oven twenty minutes.

BOILED RICE.—SOUTHERN STYLE.—Into two quarts boiling water put one spoonful salt; then throw in one pint washed rice; boil twenty minutes, stirring often; drain in a colander; put back into the saucepan awhile by the fire to dry off; in this way the kernels will be soft and separate, instead of the pasty and spoiled appearance this dish often presents when poorly cooked.

CASSEROLE OF FISH.—Divide any nice cold fish into small pieces. Boil six eggs very hard, work the yolks fine, chop the whites, and mix the eggs and fish together. Then add eight boiled and mashed potatoes, and a large lump of butter; put in small mould and bake twenty minutes, or in large mould and bake a handsome brown. Serve with butter.

JULIENNE SOUP.—Three quarts clear beef stock, cut up and fry four nice white onions in butter till well browned. Add these to the stock, together with three young carrots, three turnips, a good stalk of celery all chopped very fine, add one pint green peas, and one pint string beans, boil all two hours slowly, strain through a napkin. If not very clear, add a little salt and strain again. The English always drop in three or four lumps of block sugar, just before sending to the table. Some put in a few poached eggs, after putting it into the tureen, allowing one to each person.

TO COOK PEAS.—Peas are cooked without water in French kitchens. Put the peas in a saucepan, with a good piece of butter—size according to the quantity of peas. Place two or three lettuce-leaves over the top. Put on the cover, and set on the back of the range. They must cook very slowly till tender. Take out the lettuce-leaves, and serve. If peas are cooked with water, they must boil. Let there be only just sufficient to cook them. Add a bit of soda the size of a pea. When tender, do not drain them, but salt, and add three or four spoonfuls of rich cream—or butter will do.

## HYGIENIC.

GERANIUMS and calceolarias in a window will, it is said, drive away flies.

TO PURIFY WATER.—A plum-sized lump of alum attached to a string and swung around a few times slowly through a pitcher of water will cause the sediment to fall to the bottom in a few minutes. The neutral sulphate of alumine will make lime-water perfectly pure, destroying at the same time all organic compounds. Almost all water has lime in it.

MORE than a score of years ago, M. Vallex, the distinguished author of the "Guide du Médecin Praticien," called attention to the frequency of vertebral *points douloureux* in neuralgia, and the necessity of directing the treatment to them. Professor Dupuy, of Bordeaux, now publishes, says the *Medical Press and Circular*, the particulars of three cases of neuralgia that resisted all other treatment, and eventually rapidly subsided after the application of blisters to these points.

It has hitherto been the habit to recommend in hot climates a temperate use of animal diet, and to replace it by a free use of vegetable food. This has been proved by Dr. Livingstone, by careful observation and experiment upon himself during his travels in Central Africa to be a false theory. He says that amongst the natives the appetite for animal food is voracious in the extreme, and is not the result of a savage nature, but a natural consequence of climate; and his conviction was that "for all climates, and under all circumstances, the most valuable of all food is beef."

THE air in a house is constantly made impure by the neighbourhood of the dustbin. Cooks are often told that vegetable refuse of all kinds should be burned, instead of being stowed away with the ashes and left to decompose until such time as it places the dustman to call. To this they object that potato-parings, cabbage stalks, and the like will not burn. They only smoulder away on the top of the fire, and make it useless for the purpose for which it is wanted. If thrown at once on to the grate, they will not burn, because they contain a great deal of water; but, if they are first thrown under the grate, and left there to dry for four or five hours, they gradually dry and become quite combustible. If cooks were universally brought to understand this, and to see that the very substances which, before they are dried, put out a fire make it burn better after they are dried, the grate problem of the disposition of dust would be brought materially nearer to a solution.