

## RESEDA:

Or. Sorrows and Joys.

## CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

And with this recommendation she turned her back on them. "You have brought me Louise's little girl, at last," she said to Mr. Gertrude. "How do you do, dear child; her name is Madeline, I think. How like her mother she is! Well, Johnny, have you nothing to say to this pretty little girl?"

She drew the little boy to her, and after having kissed him, she gently pushed him towards Madeline. The children kissed each other, and followed Mr. Gertrude and Mrs. Dubouloy to the house. They had hardly sat down in the drawing-room, when Mrs. Dubouloy turned to Johnny, who was standing beside her and looking down at Madeline, and he called him his brother, for, as she observed, "the child will find it dull."

Johnny went to call them and in about five minutes the room was invaded by a band of boys, all clad in grey trousers and blue blouses, which were fastened round their waists by leather belts.

"Ah! here is the whole regiment!" exclaimed Mr. Gertrude, laughing. "How do you do, children?"

There were seven of them counting little Johnny, and they all had the same brilliant complexion, large eyes, and well-formed mouths; they were splendid well-grown, healthy children.

"They stood round their mother, who smoothed the hair of one, settled the blouse of another and scolded them all in a friendly manner."

"George," she said to the eldest—a fine, strong boy of fourteen—"take Madeline into the garden and amuse her. You know she is a little girl, and I won't have any fighting in her presence, and you must not frighten her by rough play."

"Wait a moment, my dear friend," said Mr. Gertrude, "wait a moment that I may look at them. Come here, children. How they are growing! Louis is almost as tall as George; and Charles and Paul and Edmund! but where on earth has my golden hidden himself?"

"Hurry, come and kiss your god-papa," said Mrs. Dubouloy, and the boy obeyed, blushing deeply.

"Be off with you all now!" was her next command.

"Why send them away so soon?" "Because they are noisy and you are not the slightest idea what it is. Edmund, you are not to ride on that chair. Take them away, George."

George went towards the door, and they presently all departed; jostling and pushing each other as they went. Johnny, who had taken Madeline by the hand, brought up the rear.

Mrs. Dubouloy's large garden, and orchard were, during the winter, given up to her own use, and the boys were at school in a large town at some distance. How the flower beds were marked with footprints! And how the shrubs were broken! George and five brothers ran on to the orchard, Johnny still leading Madeline, and followed them. When the two reached the orchard they were greeted by jokes and laughter, and some of the boys said Johnny had left the little girl with him.

"A little bump-backed man, who having received from nature, in compensation for the strength in which he was deficient, an unusual amount of skill, employed that skill in many useful ways, and primarily in exercising the calling of barber. Every Saturday he had the honour of shaving all the most respectable chins in the parish, and he was not a little proud of the important post he filled."

"What brings you here, little one?" said the grandfather, when he saw the child come with her box.

"Oh! grandpapa," she answered, putting it down on the chest of drawers, "my mignonette, the mignonette Teresa gave me, is dead."

"So I see, my child. But do you know there is nothing strange in that? My mignonette died after it has flowered."

"But, grandpapa, don't you remember the fine garden of the Luxembourg, where I used often to go with little mother? There were great big trees in them and little plants. In the winter they had no leaves, and in the spring little buds came on the branches, and then young fresh leaves came out of the buds. Why does not my mignonette do again, too? Why is it dead for ever?"

"The trees you speak of were not really dead, they only seemed to die, but the mignonette is what we call an annual, a plant that only lives one year. But don't grieve for a little thing. Willy shall sow as much mignonette as you like, and you will have a hundred plants to comfort you. Come! I will not let you comfort you."

"But they won't be Teresa's mignonette," said the child, with a sigh.

"But you see we can't bring it to life again; it is dead, quite dead."

And Mr. Gertrude, escaping from the barber's bony hands, turned towards the plant. Hanging from the broken stalk was a little branch laden with dry seed vessels.

"Ah! see there is some seed on it," he said. "Bring me the plant."

"The little bump-backed man, who had been listening to every word, turned round, delicately gathered the seed-vessels and shook into the child's hand a quantity of small grey and reddish grains.

"Take that to Willy," said the grandfather, "and get him to sow it then. If it grows, you will have little mignonette plants which will be the children of the plant your kind friend gave you. Do you understand?"

"Oh! yes, I understand now, dear grandpapa!" cried Madeline, in the greatest delight; and throwing her arms round his neck, she kissed his face where the snowy hair was thick.

"Oh, what a figure you have made yourself! he exclaimed, laughing at her, and wiping her lips and cheeks with the napkin which was fastened under his chin. "You can't kiss grandpapa while he is getting shaved! Go and get your mignonette sown instead."

Madeline hurried back to Willy, who sowed the seeds with some secret wonder that such mignonette could be preferred to the gay flowers he had proposed. Madeline's hands were not disappointed; the sunshines and the dew of heaven did their part, and a few days later, when all the Dubouloy came with their mother to return her visit, she was able to show them the little seedlings which were beginning to appear. The boys behaved with a propriety which was somewhat unexpected, but George was the only one who understood the delight with which Madeline hailed the growth of the precious seed so closely associated with the memory of her friend Teresa. From that day forth Madeline allowed herself to be called her mignonette, and why need we blush at the child's secret and in the depths of her heart the child's love for her husband.

## CHAPTER IX.

## GARDENING.

The night of the little flower-beds in Mrs. Dubouloy's orchard inspired Madeline with passion for gardening, and one fine morning she had the pleasure of becoming the proprietor of a square yard of ground, whose limits Willy obligingly marked out by minute walks, from which she might closely watch the growth of her flowers, inhale their sweet perfume, and if she chose, gather them.

"I will plant some tulips here," said Willy, who loved to grow of gaudy flowers, and had by his mother's desire, become gardener for the moment, and some anemones at the other side," he added.

"No," said Madeline, decidedly. "I will have mignonette at this side."

"Why do you miss mignonette is not pretty." "It has sweet leaves," answered the child, "and it is the only one that will grow in the shade."

"Indeed! it must have its own box. But who can go with you, then? Everyone is busy."

"Let me go by myself." "Then don't be very long away, and do not forget all the things I have forbidden you to do; you know you are not to climb the rocks, to go into the garden, nor to come back by the road."

"Don't be afraid, grandpapa. I will not forget. I will go by the footpath, and I will not climb up to the duff."

Her path lay through a little grove of evergreens which had been planted to form a screen from the keen breeze, and then went across fields and meadows, most of which belonged to Mr. Gertrude. Madeline loved to bear her dress rustle against the tall stalks of the corn and to see its ears waving above her head; and she walked to the hum of the insects when she walked over the grass which felt so soft beneath her little feet.

She did not stop at the windmill, whose sails were whirling round in the sunshine, and she did not stop at the spinning wheel, whose wheels hummed its monotonous music.

The teacher was patient, the scholar intelligent, his progress was rapid, and one day as the Rector passed by he heard a voice singing a hymn to our Lady in French; and he was singing for Madeline one of the hymns which she had taught him.

"You shall be my scholar, too," he said, "if you will come and see me at the Presbytery. I will teach you plain song, and you shall be a chorister."

The Rector went on, leaving the two children full of joy. His promise was soon fulfilled; Job became a chorister; he was beautiful on Sundays in his little white surplice, and people came from a distance to hear him sing.

In the heart of this little shepherd, who was thus brought into relation with the presbytery and the altar, there arose a strange longing, and it was both constant and ardent.

"Job, why have you been so ardent in this long time, and why do you say your beads instead of playing?" asked his little mistress one day.

"I should like to be a priest," said Job, earnestly; "but I am so poor."

Madeline was amused at the little shepherd's idea, and told it to her grandfather, who laughed heartily, and lost no time in repeating it to the Rector, thinking that he also would be much diverted.

"Who knows? Who knows?" said the good priest. "The Spirit of God blows where it wills."

Nothing more was said of the matter, but the time the Rector lent Job books from his library and Job read while he kept his sheep; he was too weak to be employed in working in the fields, and the lessons in plain song were followed by others of a different scope.

And thus, surrounded with affection, happy in that country-life in which she was free as a bird, and in which she was able to follow the well-known joys brought by each season in its turn, and neither knowing nor desiring to know anything beyond her narrow horizon, our little heroine spent her time until she was twelve years old. The active out-of-door existence in the fields and on the sea-shore, with the sun and the fresh air, did her little remarkably strong, but her slight frame was not really delicate. The pure, fresh sea-air had given life and vigour to her lungs, and had been of more use than all the remedies prescribed by the doctors in Paris, who had in her early childhood considered her chest very delicate.

Looking back on the years which had passed since Job entered the service of Mr. Gertrude, few events had marked Madeline's life, if by an event we mean something that breaks the uniform tenor of our way.

## CHAPTER XI.

## QUIET YEARS.

Autumn brought Madeline a great joy. Seeing no letter arrive from her mother, she had come to believe that the hopes which had been held out to her were in vain, and she no longer sought to meet the postman when his scabbard-bound cap appeared. After a many disappointments her emotion was all the greater when, one day, her grandfather received a letter bearing many foreign stamps, and drew from its envelope an enclosure which he handed to her, and on which, through her tears, she read the words: "Pardonnez-moi."

Mrs. Lemoyne had purposely written in a large hand, and Madeline was able without any difficulty to read her letter, which was full of a mother's tender love.

In her letter to her father, Mrs. Lemoyne gave a full description of her journey; she had arrived in safety, had found her husband aged, worn, an altered man from the time of her arrival, but he had been daily improving in health, and his business was prospering. She spoke of her sorrow for her boy, by whose grave she often wept and prayed; of her constant thoughts of Madeline and her regret at the necessary separation. In short, the news was good, and she hearts of those who loved her were full of joy.

Madeline would not part with her letter, but took it to bed with her, and kissed it as soon as she awoke in the morning.

"You are happy to know how to read and write," said Job, one day, when she had gone to pay him a visit in the field, and had for the hundredth time unfolded and read the precious lines.

"Would you like to know as much as I do, Job?" she asked, with perfect simplicity.

"Yes, for then I could sometimes write to my mother; she could get the schoolmaster to read the letter, and to write one to me from her."

"Yes, indeed, poor Job, you never get any news of her. If grandpapa agrees to it, I will teach you to read; would you like it?"

Job was delighted with the idea, and Mr. Gertrude gave his willing consent.

Madeline was already preparing a long letter for her mother and in it she told her of the plan.

Grandpapa has a little shepherd-boy, called Job," she wrote; "he has a mother, and I am going to teach him to write, that she may hear from her son."

The lessons were begun and continued; in spring they took place in the fields or on the bank by the wood, and in winter by the kitchen chimney-corner, while the bright wood fire flickered, and a small and spinning wheel hummed its monotonous music.

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## (To be Continued.)

## Some Interesting Statistics.

Here are some facts about the people who compose the population of the world:

There are 3,064 languages in the world, and the inhabitants profess more than 1,000 religions.

The number of men is about equal to the number of women. The average of life is about 37. To every 1,000 persons only one reaches 100 years of age. To every 100 only six reach the age of 65, and not more than one in 500 lives to 80 years of age.

There are on earth 1,000,000 inhabitants. Of these 38,038,033 die every year; 91,824 every day; 3,750 every hour; and 60 every minute, or one every second.

The married are longer lived than the single; and above all, those who observe a sober and a quiet conduct. Tall men live longer than short ones. Women have more chances of life in their favor previous to fifty years of age than men have, but fewer afterwards.

The number of marriages is in the proportion of 75 to every 1,000 individuals. Marriages are more frequent after equinoxes than before, during the months of June and December.

Those born in the spring are generally of a more robust constitution than others. Births are more frequent by night than by day; also deaths.

## TO THE DEAF.

A person cured of Deafness and noise in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy. Will send a description of it gratis to any person who applies to NICHOLSON, 177 McDougal street, New York.

## FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

## High Hat Philosophy.

Charles Dudley Warner, in an entertaining and witty paper, *the Boston Herald*, points out that the women of Paris have controlled the fashions of the civilized world for many years, that they still exercise a remarkable influence on the dress of womanhood, and that public events, or reminiscences of public events in the gay republic react on the minds of the feminine world in the wearing of novelties for personal adornment. But who else is there that could have devised such an apology for the use of high hats in theatres as does this writer? He says: "Women have such an exquisite sense of things—just as they have now in regard to big obtrusive hats in theatres. They know that most of the plays are inferior and some of them immoral, and they attend the theatres with head-dresses that will prevent as many people as possible from seeing the stage and being corrupted by anything that takes place on it. They object to the men seeing some of the women who are now on the stage."

## Why Widows are Willy and Winsome.

It is undeniable that widows are the autocrats of society, and men flock about them wherever they go. No one has ever denied their fascinations, and Weller's advice to his son, if he wished to avoid matrimony, to "beware of widows," has been quoted thousands of times. In many ways the widow has the advantage of her younger sisters. She has the benefit of a large knowledge and experience of the world, her arts and acquirements are perfected, not in the experimental and unperfected state of the debutante, and, above all, she has the inestimable advantage of knowing men with the accurate and intimate knowledge gained by association with one who was probably a fair representative of the sex. She knows how to give delicious little dinners that make the most hardened bachelor think of matrimony with a new interest. She knows that many like her case, and does not insist on dancing in perpetual attendance on her, she does not insist on a man's talking about balls and theatres and new German gowns. She follows rather her lead to his own ground, and listens with subtle flattery in eyes and face while he descends into his favorite hobby. A young girl is always at a disadvantage in such matters, her dress, her parties—it is only a matter of art that teach a woman to sink her own personality in the presence of the person with whom she is talking. Perhaps one of the chief charms of widows is their understanding of the fine art of sympathy. The sympathy of a young girl who has known nothing but joy is a crude and unsatisfying affair, the sympathy of a widow, tenderly, daintily expressed, with a gentle melancholy that shows that she too has suffered—it is like the soft shadows in a picture, or the minor chord in a piece of music that sets the pulses throbbing. Having mourned for a man she knows how most effectively to mourn with one.

Advantage of a Veil.

An old lady, but a portly one, heavily veiled, got in a Superior street car at Cleveland, Ohio, and she was the only one who filled the basket. It chanced to intrude on the toes of a superbly-dressed young woman opposite. She abused the basket roundly, and then abused the people who carried them. Then she allowed the opinion to escape that the people who carried baskets had no business to ride on street cars. And then she decided against poor people being allowed to ride on street cars. She asked the girl mortified everybody. The veiled lady said not a word until both motioned the driver, and the car stopped. "Hold on! Take that!" said the elderly lady. Her tormentor looked a moment in astonishment. "Take that!" said the veiled lady, and she carried it off. "I am a widow," repeated the elderly lady. "Why didn't you tell me you were a widow?" asked the crest-fallen girl, as she picked up the basket and went out, while the occupants in the car giggled.

Fighting Women.

In warlike times when battle was the business of life, and victory over a foe the highest honor that could be had; when home in the true sense there was none, and when castles were less houses for pleasant living than strongholds to shelter raiders and resist assaults, women were as heroic as their age. If they were not, they were under the shield of a man, and they were as well as both constant and ardent.

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Waste in the Kitchen.

The table is the place where most waste can occur, so guard it well, and pay strict attention to the second serving of food. The people who prefer an economical table, which in their own mind means broiled steak and roast beef, are the most difficult to care for.

Study to make the warmed over dishes decidedly more than ordinary hashes. Employ judicious combinations and pleasant seasonings; for instance, use sage with warmed over pork, parsley with poultry, sprig of mint with cold mutton or lamb and a little onion to stimulate the beef.

Cucumber catsup, inexpensive if you make it yourself, heightens the flavor of fish. An acid jelly with game duck, and tomato sauce with warmed over veal.

For warming over dark meats use brown sauces made from browned bread and flour; for white meat use cream sauces, which, of course, can be made from milk. One or two potatoes left from dinner will make a comfortable dish of Lyonnaise potatoes for breakfast.

The two table-spoonsful of green peas left may be turned into an omelet for another meal. Boiled rice may be made into croquettes. Fish may be turned into scallops, omelet or cream fish. Ham into croquettes. Beef into hash, meat balls, ragouts, rissoles or warmed up in its own gravy.

Soup meat may be pressed or potted. Game and duck made over into salamis. Chicken and turkey into salads, croquettes, rissoles, houchins in lieu of a whip, she carried a drawn sword, and for her help she was dubbed "Colonel Cameron" by the Prince.

Gossip.

Mary Anderson is said to have a weakness for being photographed.

The Queen of Madagascar has given \$100 to the cause of prohibition.

They say that Miss Mary Anderson between tragedies simply revels in beefsteak smothered in onions.

Queen Victoria gets so many requests for her autograph that she is compelled uniformly to refuse them.

Bustons are buttons now. Many of the handmaiden ones for the new directorate gowns cost \$20 a dozen.

Senator Blackburn's two daughters make a pretty contrast. Both are tall, slender and graceful, but one is pure blonde and the other dark brunette.

The glorified and captivating governess is not wholly a creature of fiction. Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts was once a governess, so was Mrs. Levi P. Morton.

A Boston woman has all the balusters of her big winding staircase covered with red velvet, and the chandelier that swings from the ceiling quite down to the lower hall encased in the same rich stuff.

In Burma a woman missionary converted a stalwart native and married him out of hand to insure his holding fast to his new faith. When other women missionaries land there now, eligible bachelors at once take to the water.

Miss Olive Rely Seward, Secretary Seward's adopted daughter, still lives in Washington in the house bought with the profits of the "War Around the World," which she edited from the notes of her adopted father, who, in his will, left her the copyright.

The Princess of Wales, they say, has suddenly fallen off in her looks to an appalling extent. From being the handsomest and most youthful woman of her years in the kingdom, she is now said to be only a much made-up caricature of her younger self.

Charles Egbert Crockford says that when in childhood he sighed over the games in which her lameness forbade her joining, her mother would comfort her by saying: "Never mind, dear, if you can't do what the rest do. You can do what they cannot—you can spell Popocatepetl."

Mrs. Minot Weld, of Boston, widow of a prominent minister to Russia, is so unflinchingly patriotic that she never fails to receive a grand reception in honor of Washington's birthday. This year the good old lady was more than dignified to hear that Harvard took no note whatever of the anniversary.

Here is the latest Monte Carlo story: A betrothed pair, with much love and little money, went thither and played in hope of winning enough to do what was necessary. Instead they lost, and when the last coin was gone went out and died. The girl was buried in what she had hoped would be her bridal dress.

There is an old lady living within forty miles of New York who could give odds to Mrs. Parnell in the matter of speech and still win in a contest. For instance, she calls a vegetable "Sebastopol," and tells about "the gobblers on the buffalo" in a neighbor's house, when she means the gobblers on the buffet.

Cincinnati is the Paris of rural Kentucky bride couples. The papers tell of a pair who went there lately, bringing substantial luxuries, and spent a day in the big station building, afraid to venture out in the rush and roar of the city, yet went home with the satisfied air that tells of duty well performed. Doubtless they are looked upon by their neighbors as having put on heads of style.

Five names and one husband seems a little incongruous, yet such has been the portion of one Englishwoman, whom we call Mrs. Pennant, because the Honorable Mrs. Pennant, her father was ennobled Lord Penryn, and Lady James Hogg by marriage with Sir James Hogg. After that a fortune brought her the title of Lady McGarel-Hogg, and finally she was elevated to the peerage as Lady Magheramorne.

Employ the Children.

Give your children something to do. Of course, it is much easier to do it yourself than to stop and teach the little one to do it, either as well or as quickly as you can do it yourself, but that is not the thing. It is not a question of time or space. Don't make it a duty; but let the little active brains will scheme and scheme, and if not directed in the right channel it must be in a bad one. They cannot be idle; the little restless hands must be doing something. The mother who keeps those little hands occupied in her service is using an influence for good in future years. If mothers will study the habits of their children, and if they have tastes, give to each child its favorite occupation, or some duty it seems especially suited for, the mother will soon find that these half hours of occupation will soon really be of quite an assistance to her. For instance, let the child that has natural love for children help at certain times of the day in amusing the smaller children of the family. Don't make it a duty, or a sacrifice, but a pleasure; then she will soon grow fond of the responsibility of looking after a baby sister or brother. Let the child that is most fond of flowers arrange a few each day for several rooms; let her see that the dishes are set straight on the dining table, open the blinds and let in the sunlight, and take care of the bird, if there is one, or perform sundry such little services.

Encourage the small boys to be useful. Fill your home with such books and tools as well help them to be useful; or, in other words, study the several tastes and wants of your children. Remember your own childish yearnings and gratify them, as it is possible, for their pleasure and good.

How to Keep Boys at Home.

Open your blinds by day and light bright fires at night. Illuminate your rooms. Hang pictures on your walls. Put books and newspapers upon your tables. Have music and entertaining games. Let them see that you are happy, and bring in mirth and good cheer. Invent occupations for your sons. Stimulate their ambitions in worthy directions. While you make home their delight, fill them with higher purposes than mere pleasure. If they shall pass boyhood and enter manhood with refined tastes and noble ambitions, depend on you. With exercise and right means a mother may have more control over the destiny of her boys than any other influence whatever.

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