Before the War.

Thomas Nelson Page recounts an instance showing that southern hospitality was not always appreciated.

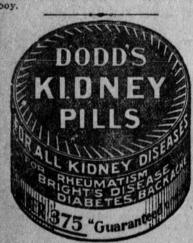
A guest asked the loan of a horse to carry him to the next stopping place. The host accordingly lent him his horse and sent along a negro boy—it was before the war—to bring the horse back.

hack.

After several days the boy was still missing, and some one was sent to ount him up. The messenger found him at last and demanded why he had not returned with the horse.

"Cause dat gent'man done sell de hoss." was the reply.

ss," was the reply. Well, why didn't you come back and say so?"
"Hi! He done sell me too," said the



His Dearest Wish.

A certain congressman is the father of a bright lad of 10, who persists, de-spite the parental objection and decree, in reading literature of the "half-dime"

"That is a nice way to be spending your time," said the father on one oc-casion. "What's your ambition, any-

"Dad," responded the youngster, with a smile, "I'd like to have people tremble like aspen leaves at the mere mention of my name."

Tramp-Lady, have you a pair of trousers which your husband has discarded?

Kind Lady—Yes. Here they are, but
they will not last long—my husband
discards from weakness.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quining Tablets, Druggists refund money if it falls to cure. E.W.GROVE'S signature isoneach box, 25c.



TRUE. edian-It certainly does bory

He Knew the Reason. A rather pompous looking deacon in a certain city church was asked to take charge of a class of boys during the absence of the regular teacher. While endeavoring to impress upon their young minds the importance of living a Christian life, the following living a Christian life, the following question was propounded: "Why do people call me a Christian, clidren" the worthy dignitary asked, standing very erect and smiling down

up on them.

"Because they don't know you," was the ready answer of a bright eyed little boy, responding to the ingratiating smile with one equally guileless and winning.

Begging His Pardon. There once was a versatile kalser
Who in handing out talk was no miser;
He got a straight tip
To button his lip,
And now the kalser is wiser.
—Chicago Tribune.

The man who permits his head and his heart to work in unison generally remains

LIVING ADVERTISEMENT.

Glow of Health Speaks for Postum. It requires no scientific training to discover whether coffee disagrees or

Simply stop it for a time and use Postum in place of it, then note the beneficial effects. The truth will ap-

"Six years ago I was in a very bad condition," writes a Tenn. lady. "I suffered from indigestion, nervousness

"I was then an inveterate coffee drinker, but it was long before I could be persuaded that it was coffee that hurt me. Finally I decided to leave it

off a few days and find out the truth. "The first morning I left off coffee I had a raging headache, so I decided I must have something to take the place of coffee." (The headache was caused by the reaction of the coffee drug-

"Having heard of Postum through a friend who used it, I bought a package and tried it. I did not like it at first, but after I learned how to make it right, according to directions on pkg., I would not change back to coffee for

anything. "When I began to use Postum weighed only 117 lbs. Now I weigh 170 and as I have not taken any tonic in that time I can only attribute my recovery of good health to the use of

"Of late have you seen M. Rovere frequently?"

"I beg your pardon, M. le Juge, but what do you mean by of late?"

M. Ginory believed that he had discovered in this question put by a man who was himself being interrogated—a tactic—a means of finding before replying time for reflection. He was accustomed to these manenvers of the Postum in place of coffee. "My husband says I am a living adment for Postum. I am glad to be the means of inducing my many

friends to use Postum, too." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek Mich. Read "The Road to Well-

ville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Here read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

accused.

"When I say of late." he replied, "I mean during the past few weeks or days which preceded the murder—if that suits you."

"I saw him often—in fact, even oftener than formerly."

The Crime of the Boulevard

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

vided the examining magistrate still had the desire which Bernadet had incited in him to push the matter to the end. Fortunately M. Ginory was very curious. With this curiosity anything

CHAPTER X.

Between the examining magistrate who questioned and the man cited to appear before him who replied it was a duel, a close game, rapid and tragic, in which each feint might make a mor-

a gesture he motioned M. Dantin to a chair. The man was there before the judge, who, with crossed hands, his elbows leaning on his papers, seemed ready to talk of insignificant things, while the registrar's bald head was bent over his black table as he rapidly took notes. The interview took on a grave tone, but as between two men who, meeting in a salar space of the

who, meeting in a salon, speak of the morning or of the premiere of the evening before, and M. Ginory asked M. Dantin for some information in regard to M. Rovers

"For how many years?"
"For more than 40. We were comrades at a school in Bordeaux."
"You are a Bordelats?"
"Like Rovere, yes." Dantin repiled.
"Of late have you seen M. Rovere frequently?"

customed to these maneuvers of the

to M. Rovers.
"Did you know him intimately?"
"Yes, M. le Juge."

Prnadet had only to cross some cor-

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

Parnadet had only to cross some cortidor and mount a few steps to reach the gallery upon which M. Ginory's bom opened. While waiting to be admitted he passed up and down. Seated on benches were a number of malefactors, some of whom knew him well, who were waiting examination. He was accustomed to see this sight daily, and without being moved, but this time he was overcome by a sort of agony, a spasm which contracted even his fingers and left his nerves in as quivering a state as does insomnia. Truly in the present case he was much more concerned than in an ordinary man hunt. The officer experienced the fear which an inventor feels before the perfection of a new discovery. He had undertaken a formidable problem, apparently insoluble, and he desired to solve it. Once or twice he took out from the pocket of his redingote an old worn case and looked at the proofs of the retina, which he had pasted on a card. There could be no doubt. This figure, a little confused, had the very look of the man who had bent over the grave. M. Ginory would be struck by it when he had Jacques Dantin before him, provided the examining magistrate still had the desire which Bernadet had instead in him to push the matter to the Jacques Dantin seemed to hesitate. "I do not know-chance. In Paris one has intimate friends; one does not see them for some months, and suddenly one sees them again and one meets

them more frequently."
"Have you ever had any reasons for the interruptions in your relations with M. Rovere when you ceased to see him

as you say?"
"None whatever." "Was there between you any sort of rivalry, any motive for coldness?" "Any motive, any rivalry? What do

'I do not know," said the great man;

"I do not know," said the great had,
"I ask you. I am questioning you."
The registrar's pen ran rapidly and
noiselessly over the paper with the
speed of a bird on the wing.
These words, "I am questioning you,"
seemed to make an unexpected disagreeable impression on Dantin, and he

rowned.
"When did you visit Rovere the last time?

"Yes. Strive to remember."
"Two or three days before the murder."
"It was not two or three days; it was two days exactly before the assassination."

"You are right. I beg your pardon."
The examining magistrate waited a moment, looking the man full in the face. It seemed to him that a slight flush passed over his hitherto pale face. curious. With this curiosity anything might happen. The time seemed long. What if this Dantin, who spoke of leaving Paris, should disappear, should escape the examination? What miserable little affair occupied M. Ginory? Would he ever be at liberty? The door opened, a man in a blouse was led out, the registrar appeared on the threshold, and Bernadet asked if he could not see M. Ginory immediately, as he had an important communication to make to him.

flush passed over his hitherto pale face,
"Do you suspect any one as the murderer of Rovere?" asked M. Ginory after a moment's reflection.
"No one," said Dantin. "I have tried to think of some one."
"Had Rovere any enemies?"
"I do not know of any."
The magistrate swung around by a detour habitual with him to Jacques Dantin's last visit to the murdered man and begged him to be precise and asked him if anything had especially struck him during that last interview with his friend.

ly, as he had an important communication to make to him.
"I will not detain him long," he said. Far from appearing annoyed, the magistrate seemed delighted to see the officer. He related to him all he knew—how he had seen the man at M. Rovere's funeral; that Mme. Moniche had recognized him as the one whom she had surprised standing with M. Rovere before the open safe; that he had signed his name and taken first rank in the funeral cortege, less by reason of an friend.

"The idea of suicide having been immediately dropped on the simple examination of the wound, no doubt exists as to the cause of death. Rovere was assassinated. By whom? In your last interview was there any talk between you of any uneasiness which he felt in regard to anything? Was he occupied with any especial affair? Had he—sometimes one has presentiments—any presentiment of an impending evil, that he was running any danger?"

"No," Dantin replied. "Rovere made no allusion to me of any peril which he signed his name and taken first rank in the funeral cortege, less by reason of an old friendship which dated from childhood than by that strange and impulsive sentiment which compels the guilty man to haunt the scene of his crime, to remain near his victim, as if the murder, the blood, the corpse, held for him a morbid fascination.

"I shall soon know," said M. Ginory. He dictated to the registrar a citation to appear before him, rang the bell and gave the order to serve the notice on M. Dantin at the given address and to bring him to the palais.

"Do not lose sight of him," he said to Bernadet and began some other examinations. Bernadet bowed and his eyes shone like those of a sleuthhound on the scent of his prey.

no allusion to me of any peril which he feared. I have asked myself who could, have any interest in his death. One might have done the deed for plunder."

"That seems very probable to me," said the magistrate, "but the examination made in the apartment proves that not a thing had been touched. Theft was not the motive."

"Then?" asked Dantin.

The sanguine fact of the magistrate, that robust visage, with its massive jaws, lighted up with a sort of ironical

jaws, lighted up with a sort of ironical expression.

"Then we are here to search for the truth and to find it." In this response, made in a mocking tone, the registrar, who knew every varying shade of tone in his chief's voice, raised his head, for in this tone he detected a menace.

"Will you tell me all that passed in that last interview?"

"Nothing whatever which could in any way put justice on the track of the criminal."

in which each feint might make a mortal wound, in which each parry and thrust might be decisive. No one in the world has the power of the man who, in a word, can change to a prisoner the one who enters the palais as a passerby. Behind this inquisitor of the law the prison stands, the tribunal in its red robes appears, the beams of the scaffold cast their sinister shadows, and the magistrate's cold chamber already seems to have the lugubrious humidity of the dungeons where the condemned await their fate.

Jacques Dantin arrived at the palais in answer to the magistrate's citation with the apparent alacrity of a man who, regretting a friend traglcally put "But yet can you, or rather I should say ought you, not to relate to me all that was said or done? The slightest circumstance might enlighten us."

"Rovere spoke to me of private af-fairs," Dantin replied, but quickly add-ed, "They were insignificant things."

who, regretting a friend tragically put out of the world, wishes to aid in avenging him. He did not hesitate a second, and Bernadet, who saw him enter the carriage, was struck with the

ter the carriage, was struck with the seeming eagerness and haste with which he responded to the magistrate's order. When M. Ginory was informed that Jacques Dantin had arrived, he allowed an involuntary "Ah!" to escape him. This "Ah!" seemed to express the satisfaction of an impatient spectator when the signal is given which announces that the curtain is about to be raised. For the examining magistrate the drama in which he was about to unravel the mystery was to hegin. He kept his eyes fixed upon the door, attributing, correctly, a great importance to the first impression the comer would make upon him as he entered the room. M. Ginory found that he was much excited. This was to him a novel thing, but by exercising his strong will he succeeded in mastering the emotion, and his face and manner showed no trace of it.

leaned back and said in a caustic tone:
"Truly, monsieur, you certainly ought
to complete your information and not
make an enigma of your deposition. I'
do not understand this useless reticence
and moral debts, to use your words.
They are only to gain time. What,
then, was M. Rovere's past?"

strong will he succeeded in mastering the emotion, and his face and manner showed no trace of it.

In the open door M. Jacques Dantin appeared. The first view, for the magistrate, was favorable. The man was tall, well built; he bowed with grace, and looked straight before him. But at the same time M. Ginory was struck by the strange resemblance of this haughty face to that image obtained by means of Bernadet's kodak. It seemed to him that this image had the same stature, the same form as that man surrounded by the hazy clouds. Upon a second examination it seemed to the magistrate that the face betrayed a restrained violence, a latent brutality. The eyes were stern, under their bristling brows, the pointed beard, quite thin on the cheeks, showed the heavy jaws, and under the gray mustache the under lip protruded like the lips of certain Spanish cavaliers rainted by Velasquez.

"Prognathous," thought M. Ginory, as he noticed this characteristic. With a gesture he motioned M. Dantin to a chair. The man was there before the judge, who, with crossed hands, his el-

then, was M. Rovere's past?"

Dantin hesitated a moment—not very long. Then he firmly said, "That, M. le Juge, is a secret confided to me by my friend, and as it has nothing to do with this matter I ask you to refrain from questioning me about it."

"I beg your pardon," the magistrate replied. "There is not, there cannot be, a secret for an examining magistrate. In Rovere's interests, whose memory ought to have public vindication—yes, in his interests, and I ought to say also in your own—it is necessary that you should state explicitly what you have just alluded to. You tell me that there is a secret. I wish to know it."

"It is the confidence of a dead person, monsieur," Dantin replied in

monsieur," Dantin replied

"There are no confidences when justice is in the balance."
"But it is also the secret of a living person," said Jacques Dantin.
"Is it yourself of whom you speak?"
He gazed keenly at the face, now tortured and contracted

tured and contracted.

Dantin replied, "No, I do not speak of myself, but of another." "That other—who is he?"
"It is impossible to tell you."
"Impossible?"

will repeat to you my first ques-"Because I have sworn on my honor to reveal it to no one."
"Ah, ah!" said Ginory mockingly.

"Ah, ah!" said Ginory mockingly.
"It was a vow? That is perfect."
"Yes, M. le Juge; it was a vow."
"A vow made to whom?"
"To Rovere."
"Who is no longer here to release you from it, I understand."
"And," asked Dantin, with a vehemence which made the registrar's thin hand tremble as it few over the paper. hand tremble as it flew over the paper "what do you understand?"

"Pardon," said M. Ginory. "You are not here to put questions, but to answer those which are asked you. It is certain that a vow which binds the holder of a secret is a means of defense, but the accused have, by making common use of it, rendered it useless."

The magistrate noticed the element The magistrate noticed the almost menacing frown with which Dantin looked at him at the words "the ac-

"The accused?" said the man, turn-ing in his chair. "Am I one of the ac-cused?" His voice was strident, almost

cused?" His voice was strident, almost strangled.
"I do not know that," said M. Ginory in a very calm tone. "I say that you wish to keep your secret, and it is a claim which I do not admit."

"I repeat, M. le Juge, that the secret

"It is no longer a secret which can "It is no longer a secret which can remain sacred here. A murder has been committed, a murderer is to be found, and everything you know you ought to reveal to justice."
"But if I give you my word of honor that it has not the slightest bearing on the matter—with the death of Rovere?"

"I shall tell my registrar to write your very words in reply. He has done it. I shall continue to question you, precisely because you speak to me of a secret which has been confided to you and which you refuse to disclose to me. Because you do refuse " Because you do refuse.

Because you do refuse."

"Absolutely."

"In spite of what I have said to you?
It is a warning. You know it well."

"In spite of your warning."

"Take care," M. Ginory softly said.
His angry face had lost its wonted amibility. The registrar quickly raised his head. He felt that a decisive moment had come. The examining magistrate looked directly into Dantin's eyes and slowly said: "You remember that you were seen by the portress at the moment when Rovere, standing with you in front of his open safe, showed you some valuables?"

Dantin waited a moment before he

Dantin waited a moment before he replied, as if measuring these words and searching to find out just what M. Ginory was driving at. This si'ence, Ginory was driving at. This si'ence, short and momentous, was dramatic. The magistrate knew it well—that moment of agony when the question seems like a cord, like a lasso suddenly thrown and tightening around one's neck. There was always in his examination a tragic moment.

"I remember very well that I saw a person whom I did not know enter the room where I was with M. Rovere," Jacques Dantin replied at last.

"A person whom you did not know? You knew her very well, since you had more than once asked her if M. Rovere was at home. That person is Mme. Moniche, who has made her deposition."

"And what did she say in her depo

sition?"
The magistrate took a paper from the table in front of him and read: "When I entered, M. Rovere was standing before his safe, and I noticed that the infore his safe, and I noticed that the individual of whom I spoke (the individual is you) cast upon the coupons a look which made me cold. I thought to myself, "This man looks as if he is meditating some bad deed."

"That is to say," brusquely said Dantin, who had listened with frowning brows and with an angry expression, "that Mme. Moniche accuses me of having murdered M. Rovere."

"You are in too much haste. Mme. Moniche has not said that precisely. She was only surprised—surprised and frightened—at your expression as you looked at the deeds, bills and cou-

looked at the deeds, bills and coupons."

"Those coupons," asked Dantin rather anxiously—"have they, then, been stolen?"

"Ah, that we know nothing about!"
And the magistrate smiled. "One has found in Rovere's safe in the neighborhood of 460,000 francs in coupons, city of Paris bonds, shares in mining societies, rent rolls, but nothing to prove that there was before the assassination more than that sum."

"Had it been forced open?"

"No; but any one famillar with the dead man, a friend who knew the secret of the combination of the safe, the four letters forming the word could have opened it without trouble."

Among these words Dantin heard

have opened it without trouble."

Among these words Dantin heard one which struck him full in the face—"friend." M. Ginory had pronounced it in an ordinary tone, but Dantin had seized and read in it a menace. For a moment the man who was being questioned felt a peculiar sensation. It seemed to him one day when he had been almost drowned during a boating party that same agony had seized him; it seemed that he had fallen into some abyss, some tcy pool, which was paralyzing him. Opposite to him the examining magistrate experienced a contrary feeling. The caster of a hook and line feels a similar sensation, but it was intensified a hundred times in the magistrate, a fisher of truth, throwing the line into a human sea, the ing the line into a human sea, the water polluted, red with blood and mixed with mud.

ed, "They were insignificant things."

"What are insignificant things?"

"Remembrances—family matters."

"Family things are not insignificant, above all in a case like this. Had Rovere any family? No relative assisted at the obsequies."

Jacques Dantin seemed troubled, unnerved rather, and this time it was plainly visible. He replied in a short tone, which was almost brusque:

"He talked of the past."

"What past?" asked the judge quickly.

"Of his youth—of moral debts."

M. Ginory turned around in his chair, leaned back and said in a caustic tone:
"Truly, monsieur, you certainly ought to complete your information and not make an enigma of your deposition. I'd on not understand this useless reticence and moral debts, to use your words. first had met him with a pleasant air, and who now bent upon him those hard eyes. Something doubtful, like vague danger, surrounded him, menaced him, and he mechanically followed the gesture which M. Ginory made as he touched the ivory buttons of an electric bell as if on this gesture depended some event of his life. A guard entered. M. Ginory said to him in a short tone: "Have the notes been brought?" "M. Bernardet has just brought them

to me, M. le Juge."
(Continued Next Week.)

A Japanese Banking Episode. From the Chicago Evening Post. "After fruitless efforts to obtain pay-

ment," says the Shanghai News in all seriousness, "a committee representing about 17,000 depositors of the Chiyoda Bank of Japan has sent a written request to Viscount Horl, president of the institution, asking him to commit harakirl as an act of explation."

Did an old or a new civilization ever more fantastically meet? Here the whimsically grave contrasts are infinitely more picturesque than the mere anarchronisms of the Mecca trolley car pilgrimages or the phonograph concerts in the sultan's

We do not know how the Japanese hara kiri statute runs, but we should think that Viscount Hori would get an order of court before complying with the deposit-ors' request. Although this would probably be only a formality, a man in his position cannot be too careful about such little things.

An Explanation.

From Harper's Weekly.

"How long has this restaurant been open?" asked the wouldbe diner.

"Two years," said the proprietor.
"I am sorry I did not know it," said the guest. "I should be better off if I

"I am sorry I did not know it," said the guest. "I should be better off if I had come here then." "Yes?" smiled the proprietor, very much pleased. "How is that?" "I should probably have been served by this time if I had." said the guest, and the entente cordiale vanished.

Nothing to It. "Oh, see the sign in the window," said Mrs. Shopper. "It says they are selling women's \$40 suits for \$7.98." "I never did believe in signs," said Mr

Shopper, pulling his wife's arm in an effort to get her away from it.

Muzzles doubtless worry dogs; but look at the manner in which the human race has grown accustomed to suspenders and collars .- Washington Star.

EXCELLENT RECIPES FOR THE HOLIDAYS

How to Have Mince Pie and Other Things "Like Mother Used to Make."

The holidays are drawing near, and it is none too soon for the housewife to be planning her dinner and her table decorations.

Here are some old New England recipes for good things "like mother used to make." Nothing is so delicious as mince pie, if well made, and Christine Terhune Herrick's rule for mince meat is excel-

MINCE MEAT. Chop fine two pounds of cold boiled lean beef, and mince to a powder a pound

of beef kidney suet, sprinkling it with flour if it seems disposed to stick. Seed and cut in half two pounds of raisins, and wash and pick over carefully a pound of sultana raisins and two pounds of cleansed currants. Be sure they are free cleansed currants. Be sure they are free from grit and dirt before you let them out of your hands. Peel and chop five pounds of apples, and shred three-quarters of a pound of citron. Mix these all together, with two tablespoonfuls each of mace and chnamon, a tablespoonful of allspice and cloves, a tablespoonful of grated nutmeg, two and a half pounds of brown sugar and a tablespoonful of salt. Put with them a quart of sherry and a pint of brandy and pack in a stone crock. If you do not use either of these crock. If you do not use either of these liquors put cider in its place. The mince meat should mellow for a week at least, or, better, two or three, before it is used.

SCALLOPED ONIONS.

Boil six or eight onions until tender, changing the water once. Separate them with a fork and arrange in layers in a buttered earthen dish, alternating the layand pepper fallspice lw manoB ojfi's ers with buttered bread crumbs. Season with salt and pepper, pour over the whole enough rich milk to nearly cover, spread with melted butter and brown in a moderate oven —Good Housekeeping. erate oven .- Good Housekeeping.

"PUNKIN PIE."

The modern pumpkin pie may be described as a squash custard, baked in a shell. For the old-time smooth, richly compounded and substantial deficacy that compounded and substantial deficacy that Whittier celebrated, try the following recipe: One quart of rich creamy milk, one pint of sifted pumpkin, one egg, two tablespoonfuls of flour, one cup of sugar, one teaspoon of ginger, one-half teaspoon of salt. Choose a hard shelled, yellow-fleshed pumpkin, remove the seeds and stringy portion, cut in two inch pieces and steam until thoroughly tender; put it through a colander or press add the other and steam until thoroughly tender; put it through a colander or press, add the other ingredients and sift a second time; fill two or three deep crusts (three if moder-ate size), sift a little sugar and grate a trifle of nutmeg over each and bake in a moderate oven until firm to the center. -Good Housekeeping.

SALTED ALMONDS.

Cover the almonds with luke warm water and heat quickly to the boiling point; drain and cover with cold water, then press each nut, one by one, between the thumb and finger, to slip off the skin; now dry the nuts on a cloth. Dip the tips of fingers of the right hand into untips of fingers of the right hand into unbeaten white of egg, and repeatedly take up and drop a few nuts, until they are all well coated with egg. Continue until all the nuts are coated with egg, then dredge them with salt; mix thoroughly and let brown delicately in the oven.—Boston Cooking School Magazine.

PLUM PUDDING.

A novel way to serve a plum pudding mixture is to steam it in small individual When each little mound is dished, porcupine fashion with browned almonds, cut in strips; pour over a tea-spoon of brandy, light, and send in ablaze. spoon of brandy, light, and send in ablaze. Or, put a star of hard sauce—made with maple sugar—on top of each serving, and pass a sauce made of lemonade, adding a flavor of orange juice and rind. Thicken with a very little butter, and flour. At your discretion add some old rum or a few glace cherries.—Good Housekeeping.

ROAST TURKEY.

Wash the turkey out with cold water to which you have added a little soda. Neg-fect of this precaution often gives a strong taste to the stuffing. Meke a chestnut dressing by boiling one quart of the large Italian or French chestnuts, shelling and dressing by boiling one quart of the large Italian or French chestnuts, shelling and peeling them and mashing them smooth. Rub into them a couple of tablespoonfuls of butter, season to tasto with sait and pepper and stuff the turkey with this as you would with any other dressing. When it is in the bird, sew up the body and tie the skin covering the craw opening securely, so that the dressing will not ooze out. It is well to cover the breast of the fowl with slices of fat sait pork. Put into the pan, turn over it a cover or a pan, pour over it and around it a cup of boiling water, and roast 15 minutes to the pound; baste several times with the gravy in the pan. For the gravy take out the turkey and keep it hot, while to the liquid left in the pan you add a tablespoonful of browned flour wet up in a little cold water, sait and pepper to taste, and the giblets, which you should have boiled separately. Stir all well together and if not of a good color add a little caramel or kitchen bouquet. Boil up for a minute and put into a gravy dish.—Delineator. put into a gravy dish .- Delineator.

SCALLOPED OYSTERS.

Drain the oysters, arrange them in the bottom of a buttered pudding dish and strew over them fine bread crumbs. Sprinkle with pepper and salt and dot with bits of butter. Wet with a little oyster liquor. On this put another layer of oysters, similarly seasoned, then more crumbs more seasoning, and so proceed in altermore seasoning, and so proceed in alter-nate layers until the dish is full. The last layer should be of crumbs, and the amount of butter on this must be twice as much as on the previous layers. Bake, covered, for half an hour.-Delineator.

Upper Circle Gossip. When Jupiter and Venus met in autumn's

When Jupiter and azure sky.

He wondered if she'd pause to say a word in passing by;
But Venus, very modest, only tossed her pretty head,
As glancing back she sailed away. "By Jove" was all she said.

—Philadelphia Ledger.

Miss Ruth N. Northrop, of Norwich, Conn., has won the scholarship offered by the Norwich Art Students' associa-tion. The work she submitted consisttion. The work she submitted consist-ed of three groups of animals and fig-ures modeled in clay from life.

Partnership for mutual advantage was observed on Friday afternoon, when two one-legged men went into a Broadway automatic shoe-shining shop and each had his one shoe shined for the same nickel dropped in the slot.

Farm laborers in the south, paid by the month or year and fed and sup-ported by the landowner, receive 35 and 40 cents a day during working



HEALTH VERY POOR— RESTORED BY PE-RU-NA

Catarrh Twenty-five Years-

Had a Bad Cough.

Miss Sophia Kittlesen, Evanston, Ill. writes:
"I have been troubled with catarrh

"I have been troubled with catarrh' for nearly twenty-five years and have tried many cures for it, but obtained very little help.
"Then my brother advised me to try Peruna, and I did.
"My health was very poor at the time I began taking Peruna. My throat was very sore and I had a bad cough."

"Peruna has cured me. The chronic catarrh is gone and my health is very much improved.
"I recommend Peruna to all friends who are troubled as I was."

PERUNA TABLETS:—Some prople prefer tablets, rather than medicine in a fluid form. Such people can obtain Peruna tablets, which represent the medicinal ingredients of Peruna. Each tablet equals one average dose of Peruna.

Man-a-lin the Ideal Laxative. Ask your Druggist for a Free Peruna Almanac for 1909.

The Gathering Place.

Life changes all our thoughts of heaven;
At first we think of streets of gold.
Of gates of pearl and dazling light,
Of shining wings and robes of white
And things all strange to mortal sight,
But in the aftrward of years
It is a more familiar place;
A home unhurt by sighs or tears.
Where waiteth many a well known face.
A home walteth many a well known face.
With passing months it comes more near,
It grows more real day by day;
Not strange nor cold, but very dear—
The glad homeland not far away,
Where none are sick, or poor, or lone;
The place where we shall find our own.
And as we think of all we knew.
Who there have met to part no more,
Our longing hearts desire home, too,
With all the strife and trouble o'er.
—Robert Browning. The Gathering Place.

How Could life Know. It would appear that M. Santos Du-mont, the famous aeronaut, had a pretwit. He was once called as a witness in a case concerning a disputed will, and during his cross-examination he was much bullied by a very conceited young lawyer. "Now tell me," said the latter, speaking of the deceased testator, "was not Mr. K—— in the baby of talking to himself when ceased testator, 'was not Mr. K.— In the habit of talking to himself when alone?" "I'm sure I don't know," replied Santos-Dument. "You don't know? And you have told the court that you were an intimate friend of his. Why don't you know?" "Because," replied the aeronaut, "I was

Syrup& Figs on Elixir& Senna

Cleanses the System Effect-ually: Dispels Colds and Head-aches due to Constipation: Acts naturally, acts truly as Acts naturally, acts truly as a Laxative.

Best for Men Women and Children - Young and Old.

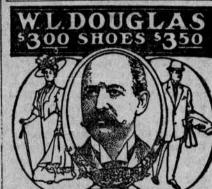
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