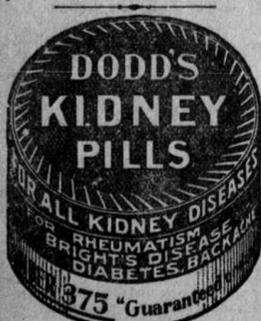


Before the War.

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



His Dearest Wish.

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

"That is a nice way to be spending your time," said the father on one occasion. "What's your ambition, anyhow?"

"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 COUGH IN ONE DAY. Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets, Druggists refund money if it fails to cure.



The Comedian—It certainly does hurt one to death.

The Soubrette—What does?

The Comedian—A mad bull.

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.

Begging His Pardon.

There once was a versatile kaiser who in handing out talk was no miser; He got a straight tip To button his lip.

LIVING ADVERTISEMENT.

Glow of Health Speaks for Postum. It requires no scientific training to discover whether coffee disagrees or not.

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

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

"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."

"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 I 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 Postum in place of coffee.

"My husband says I am a living advertisement 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 Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

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

The Crime of the Boulevard

By Jules Claretie

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

Bernadet had only to cross some corridor and mount a few steps to reach the gallery upon which M. Glinory's box opened.

While waiting to be admitted he passed up and down. Seated on benches were a number of malcontents, some of whom knew him well.

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 an aching 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 up to that moment 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. Glinory would be struck by it when he had Jacques Dantin before him, provided the examining magistrate still had the desire which Bernadet had indicated for him to push the matter to the end.

Fortunately M. Glinory was very curious. With this curiosity anything might happen. The time seemed long. What if this Dantin, who spoke of leaving Paris, should disappear, should be assassinated? What miserable little affair occupied M. Glinory? 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. Glinory immediately, 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 man who had bent over the grave.

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 the order to take the trunk 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. Glinory. 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.

CHAPTER X.

Between the examining magistrate who questioned and the man cited to appear before him who replied it was a close game, rapid and tragic, in which each felt might make a fatal wound, in which each party 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 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 seeming eagerness and haste with which he responded to the magistrate's summons. M. Glinory 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 begin. He kept his eyes fixed upon the door, awaiting, correctly, a great impression. The first impression of the corner would make upon him as he entered the room. M. Glinory found that he was much excited. This was to him a novel thing, but by exercising his strength will be 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. Glinory 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 man 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 fixed in their brilliant brows, the pointed beard, quite thin on the cheeks, showed the heavy jaws, and under the gray moustache the under lip protruded like the lips of certain Spanish cavaliers painted by Velasquez.

"Pronounced," thought M. Glinory, as he noticed this characteristic. With a gesture he motioned M. Dantin to 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 salon, speak of the morning or of the pretensions of the evening before, and M. Glinory asked Dantin for some information in regard to M. Rovere.

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

"For how many years?" "For more than 40. We were comrades at a school in Bordeaux."

"You are a Bordeaux?" "Like Rovere, yes," Dantin replied. "Prize have you seen M. Rovere frequently?"

"I beg your pardon, M. le Juge, but what do you mean by of late?" M. Glinory believed that he had discovered in this question put by a man who himself being interrogated, a tactic—a means of finding before replying time for reflection. He was accustomed to these maneuvers of the accused.

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

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

"Why?" 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 you mean?"

"I do not know," said the great man; "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 frowned."

"When did you visit Rovere the last time?" "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, feeling the man full in the face. It seemed to him that a slight flush passed over his hitherto pale face.

"Do you suspect any one as the murderer of Rovere?" asked M. Glinory 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.

"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 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 investigation made in the apartment proves that not a thing had been touched. There was not the motive."

"Then," asked Dantin, "the strange fact of the magistrate, that robust visage with its massive 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."

"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 affairs," Dantin replied, but quickly added, "They were insignificant things."

"What are insignificant things?" "Remembrances—family matters."

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

Jacques Dantin seemed troubled, un-nerved 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. Glinory turned around in his chair, leaned back and said in a caustic tone: "Truly, monsieur, you certainly ought to complete your examination 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?"

Dantin hesitated a moment—not very long. Then he firmly said, "That, M. le Juge, is a secret of a living person, 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, 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 vibrating tones.

"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.

Dantin replied, "No, I do not speak of myself, but of another."

"That other—who is he?" "It is impossible to tell you."

"Impossible?" "I will repeat to you my first question—why?"

"Because I have sworn on my honor to reveal it to no one."

"Ah, ah!" said Glinory mockingly. "It was a vow? That is perfect."

"Yes, M. le Juge; it was a vow."

"I repeat, M. le Juge, that the secret is not mine."

"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 me, and which you refuse to disclose to me. 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."

"M. Glinory softly said. His angry face had lost its wonted amiability. 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 sitting at the portico at the moment when Rovere, standing with you in front of his open safe, showed you some valuables?'"

Dantin waited a moment before he replied, as if measuring these words and searching to find out just what M. Glinory was driving at. This silence, 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 know me very well, since you had more than once asked her if M. Rovere was at home. That person is M. Moneche, who has made her deposition."

"And what did she say in her deposition?"

"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 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, 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 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 400,000 francs in coupons, city bonds, 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?"

"By no one familiar with 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 one which struck him full in the face. "M. Glinory" he pronounced in an ordinary tone, but Dantin 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 drowned during a boating party that same agony had seized him; it seemed that he had fallen into some abyss, some icy pool, which was paralyzing him. Opposite to him the examining magistrate experienced a contrary feeling. The Easter 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 water polluted, red with blood and mixed with mud.

"A friend! A friend could have abused the dead man's secret and opened that safe. And that friend—what name did he bear? Whom did M. Glinory wish to designate?" Dantin, very angry, and, experienced a violent temptation to ask the man what he meant by those words. But the strange sensation which this interview caused him increased. It seemed to him that he had been there a long time, since he had crossed that threshold—and that this little room, separated from the world like a monk's cell, had walls thick enough to prevent any one from hearing anything outside. He felt as if he were in the hands of a man who at 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 gestures of M. Glinory, who had touched the ivory buttons of an electric bell as if on this gesture depended some event of his life. A guard entered. M. Glinory said to him in a short tone: "Have the notes been brought?"

"M. Bernadet 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 payment," 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 Hort, president of the institution, asking him to commit harakiri as an act of explanation."

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

We do not know how the Japanese harakiri actually meet? Here one whimsically grave contrasts are infinitely more picturesque than the mere anachronisms of the Mecca trolley car pilgrimages or the phonograph concerts in the sultan's seraglio."

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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 excellent.

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 cleaned 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 tablespoonsful each of mace and cinnamon, a tablespoonful of allspice and cloves, a tablespoonful of 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 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, cleaning the water once. Separate them with a fork and arrange in layers in a buttered earthen dish, alternating the layers 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.

"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 delicacy that Whittier celebrated, try the following recipe: One quart of rich cream, one pint of sifted pumpkin, one egg, two tablespoonsful 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 through a colander or press, add the other ingredients and sift a second time; fill two or three deep crusts (three if moderate 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 the boiling 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 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 molds. When each little morsel is dished, trim, porcupine fashion with browned almonds, cut in strips; pour over a teaspoon 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. Neglect of this precaution often gives a strong taste to the stuffing. The turkey is dressed 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 tablespoonsful of butter, season to taste with salt and pepper and stuff the turkey with this as well as with any other dressing. When it is in the bird, sew up the body and tie the skin covering the crop opening securely, so that the dressing will not ooze out. It is well to cover the breast of the fowl with slices of fat salt pork. Put into the pan, turn over it a cover and 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, salt 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.—Delmeator.

SCALLOPED OYSTERS.