## DAVE SHOCK AND THE UNION

By Herman Whitaker.

ion to his red beard and flery mat of hair. | waited to hear what he had to say.

falized the neighborhood, benevolent Providence had been good to Dave. When his neighbors slashed right and left into the virgin forest, dropping the grand Ontario maples in runs of two or three dozen at a time, Dave smiled-and left his trees standing; and when he saw them log up and burn countless cords of black walnut and butternut, he tapped the side of his nose significantly with his forefinger and remarked. "She'll be sorry after a whiles! And sorry "she" was "after a whiles Within twenty years Dave sold his butternut at a dottar a pound at Jimmy Hay's mill, besides enjoying the satisfactions accruing to a prophet in his own country.

Then again, Providence sent Dave fat droves of English remittance men, to whom be imparted the mysteries of colonial farming at the modest rate of \$15 a man per annum. And he worked the English lads like slaves, but fed them on the best of the land. so that from lanky city youths they do veloped into strong, lusty men, whom it was dangerous to cross in anger. Yet he had great profit of the boys and grew rich as he grew old and became a pillar of the church and was well thought of through the countrialde. He had but one sorrow. he had ne'er a son to inherit his 300 acres of finely timbered upland, though as a compensation his wife had presented him with the two prettiest girls in Zerra town

On a hot morning in the month of August clouds of black dust rolled out of the open doors of Dave Shock's barn, shrouding the building in a sooty haze. Fall wheat threshing was in full swing. Within the barn the big red thresher raised and lowered its booming voice, coughing a protest whenever an ill-fed sheaf dropped broadside on into the screaming cylinder. Dave Shock bustled around. superintending the carrying of the grainthe prerogative of the father of the settle-

"Phew! It's awful hot!" Charley Rhodes let the justling straw pile over the carriers while he wiped away the sweat which was depositing an alluvial debris in the corners of his eyes; then he leaned upon his fork and stared meditatively toward the house. The monotone of the humming moneter bes ath faded into a distant refrain and the coping carriers whirled round and round i lining chaff upon the head of the unforanate bushelman beneath, while Charley built log houses out in the forest for the opera he had heard before his deportation p city girl standing at the open window. from his native Picadilly his gaze traveled Hi! Hi! You at the carriers! Quit yer around the kitchen and rested tenderly

onin' an' dig 'em out!" yelled the hoarse, on a little sailer hat which hung on the t-choked voice of the indignant bush- row of pegs. "She's the only girl I love!" . r. "D'ye take me fer a swede turnip ter he sang, then his eye chanced to light upon L covered wi' straw?"

The boy blushed and plied his fork vig- jumping hastily off the table. "Half past crously until the elevator revolved freely, four! and supper for thirty feroclous then while his arms moved with the regu- threshers at 5. Get a hump on Charley!" larlty of an automaton, his mind returned. He dashed into the pantry and grabbed a to the construction of rustic frames for the pile of plates, then turned, caught his foot picture at the window.

The girl stood at the table, with sleeves shot the dishes all over the floor. rolled up and dress turned down at the "Heil!" he ejaculated in blank dismay.

neck. Her rounded threat rose from a "There go Dave's best dishes. One—two plump besom of bewildering whiteness, three-ten of 'em broken! Phew!" whose rounded curves made the boy out on The door opened quietly and a female the stack bless the heat, the cause of the becoming negligee. Yet, obedient to the exclaimed its owner, surveying the wreck primal instinct, without knowing the real Then drawing down the corners of her nature of the feeling which moved him, while delighting in the girl's beauty, he cast occasional glances at his fellow stackers-angry that they also should share his pleasure. But all unconscious of his scrutiny the girl stood at the open window and rolled crust for innumerable pies. The corners of her pretty mouth were puckered into vexed dimples and her face expressed a troubled feeling which was certainly not produced by the heat.

"Mother!" she said, bringing down the rolling pin with a vicious bang on the paste. "I'm not going to stand it. You and us have taken the position of a striker. Wait girls have worked hard to keep things to- a moment," she said darting into the bedgether. Bake, brew, wash, churn, milk and room. tend calves and pigs, to say nothing of garment at arm's length. "Put this on. sugarin' in the spring, year in and year Do! There's a little dear!" out, and new dad won't let us have that

The mother glanced up from her apple paring, and here eye rested on her daughter with the lingering glance of one who sees a vision of her own past loveliness. "I'm no' denyin', Bessie," she said, closing her firm mouth with a characteristic snap, "that father's a wee bit close. But he said no! An' that ends it-for him." "But not for us," replied the girl. "Let's

A jubilant yell answered the toot of the whistle which proclaimed the dinner hour and thirty grimy thresher men vaulted from the bays in the barn, or tumbled down the steep sides of the straw stack in a mad race for first wash at the pump.

"An' Sandy Craggy's bocht a new organ for his Jean," said Wully Bell as he and Dave Shock moved soberly along in the wake of the crowd. "Ye'll be gettin' ane

for yer ain lassies. Dave mon?" "She wull no"!" answered Dave with

prompt dicision. "She'll hae no' screamin" "Say, Charley!" whispered Percy White

the second of Dave Shock's pupils. "What's the matter up at the house?" Hastily withdrawing his head from be-

neath the streaming pump, Charley shook I should be delighted. Yes, I'll join the the water from his tangled curls and stared strike on one condition." at the building. The lively bustle of the early morning was gone; no smoke arose from the chimneys. The door was shut, ear. She opened her mouth to laugh, but and a strange stillness brooded over the caught the carnest look in his eyes and blushed and bung her head. place.

"Tinner'll pe reaty!" said Dave Shock throwing open the door. "Come-the tefil!" He stopped and glared into the quiet dress. "What would your folks in England kitchen. The table was not spread, the fire say?" out, and there sat Mrs. Shock quietly

Dave regarded his wife in horror. Such say some uncomplimentary things about a breach of hospitality had never been the folks in England, but she placed her known in Zorra township-thirty hungry threshers, and no dinner; The news of lege. this would set tongues wagging as far north as Stratford.

'What'll-pe-wrang?" he stuttered. "Oh, nothing in pertikelar," replied Mrs. Stock, impaling her ball of yarn on her of the whistle, and the hungry yell of a knitting needles. "Me an' the girls is on score of threshers interrupted her words.

strike. That's all." A quick oath slipped from Dave Shock's tongue and he opened his mouth to damn schately in Dave Shock's chair, when the strikes in general and this one in particu- door opened and the threshers walked in.

lar, but his wife was too quick for him. "Ye'll catch it, Dave Shock!" she said, rolling up her knitting. "The meenisther'll daughter. kell o' thees, surely. Sweer at yel wife. "Get yo will ye? Ye'll answer for it til the elders o' the North kirk."

"Tam the elders!" roared Dave

"Me an' the girls is goin' visitin'." continued Mrs. Shock, tying the ribbons of her swered Charley. sunbonnet with a decisive twitch. "When yo've botht the organ ye may hitch up til the double rig an' ye'll fin' us at Aunt a piece of the cake. Guess there's no sup-Jean's."

She stepped from the front door, and, followed by her daughters, moved in stately

(Copyright, 1991, by S. S. McClure Co.) , concession, leaving Dave completely para-A mighty man in Zorra township was lyzed by the rebellion. They had reached Dave McDonald, nicknamed "Shock," because of a delayed harvest, though a power of motion. "Hi!" he shouted, walkstranger would have ascribed the qualifica- ing to the door. The women stopped and With the exception of that particular no hae a tam kist o squelin whustles i harvest, when his shocks of wheat standing her ain hoose, an she nefer comes pack!" but in the early shows inexpressibly scan- he roared. His wife waved her hand in scornful farewell, turned the corner and

led the strikers up the side line. Charley Rhodes sat on the kitchen table whistling cheerfully and it must be admitted he had sufficient cause for merriment. He was now promoted from the infernio at the tail of the carriers and installed as chief cook, vice Mrs. Shock, delights of unskimmed milk. resigned. And as he melliflously warbled

WHEUR-LL PE SUPPER:" GROWLED

DAVE. "GET YOUR OWN SUPPER,

the clock. "The devil!" he exclaimed,

mouth to express extreme severity, she

stepped into the kitchen and remarked.

Charley jumped. "What! Bessie? See

"Here!" holding out a feminine

Charley gazed at the obnoxious garmen

with reddening cheeks, then made a dash

at the slighter of his manhood, but only

succeeded in bumping his head against the

bedroom door. He could hear the walking

"Will you behave?" came the reply

"Yes, if you'll only come out and let me

look at you," replied the nonunion laborer

She opened the door and walked out

"Well, goodby!" she said, opening the

5 and you haven't got even a fire started

"Stop a moment, Bess!" implored the

"That's a good boy!" The girl waltzed

Do!" suggested Charley, bending his

"You don't mean it," she answered, play-

ing with the ribbons in the bosom of her

hand over his mouth and stopped the sacri-

"Dont' talk that way of my future

She was about to reply when the toot

Hastily tiptoeing she kissed him on the

lips, and had just time to seat herself

"Whaur'll pe supper?" growled Dave.

"Get your own supper!" replied the boy.

"You ain't got no organ a-coming?" said

"Don't blame ver!" said Ed with a know-

ing glance at the blushing girl. "Send me

per here, boys! I'm a-goin' ter drive home.

"She'll ket oot o' here!" reared Dave.

speaking to Charley, but staring at his

lations." she said archly.

"I've joined the strike."

Ed Brady, the thresher.

Who's fer my way?"

"Strike's sympathetic."

"Then you will, Bess?"

round the kitchen and brought up right

Help you to pick up the pieces.

boy. "Say." a bright idea striking him, I

"You'll be good?" reiterated the girl.

delegate of the woman's strike laughing in-

"Come out, Bess!" he called.

through the keyhole.

vet. You'll catch it!

"What's that?"

want to join the union '

opposite him. "I could almost-

rubbing his head.

"Surely."

curly head.

GROWLED THE BOY.

head neened in

you right. Scab!"

"Serves you right! Scab!"

tak' the meddlin' hissy wi' her!' 'All right, Mr. McDonald," replied the "but don't forget to send back the last quarter's premium to the agent. Dishwashing is not colonial farming, you know." Old Dave winced beneath this Parthian shaff. To lose money was had; but to lose both money and free labor was agony. Yet he stuck to his mandate and pointed sternly

She'll petter pe gettin' supper," he said, turning to Percy White, "an' hersel wul do ta chores!

"Guess not!" replied Percy. "Count me until I hitch up my pony and I'll drive Misa Bessie home."

a fat sow in the ribs. He was out collecting and many years' experience of the ways of the Zorra Scot had taught him that when you have designs on a man's pocket it is always wise to get him in a good humor. But this time his compliment did not produce the desired effect. The strike was still on and for thirty days Dave Shock's swine had luxuriated in the

"She should be fat!" growled Dave.

daughters. Out on the milk stand by Aunt fray. I remember coffee made from hits of Jean's gate sat old Donald Dhu, piping in sweet potato dried in the sun, sassafras fine style the "Gathering of the Clans"and they gathered. From Stratford, St. Mary and as far south as Innerkip, came McDonalds, Murrays, Sutherlands and bread made from Indian corn, sometimes Rosses, bringing every man his wife, eattless, and many many pitiful expedients daughter and a "wee bit present."

root dug by negro boys as a substitute for

tea; a hundred simple herbs which took

the place of contraband medicines, and

to fill the mouths of hungry children. I

remember these things, but I do not re-

member that any woman of them ever re-

pined. Whatever may be said for or against

the men of the south, the "impolite sex." as

a fool has termed them, did not falter,

This woman, who picked lint to be sent to

the front, 'ran the plantation' while its

owner was facing Grant, taught the little

negroes their alphabet and had prayers

each evening in the big sitting room, is the

grandmother of the girl of teday. I talked

to one not long ago-white-haired, blue-

eyed, serene, with the presence of a duchess

and the heart of a child, a widow since

Chancellorsville. While we talked the

laughing of grandchildren sounded from the

'front yard' and 'Aunt Prissy,' black, bent

and as old as her mistress, brought in some

yellow puff balls of chickens in a basket

and showed them with immense pride.

raid: 'You must have found it hard to

keep up the work at the close of the war.

almost every condition changed?

Mrs. Blank, and manage the place with

"The old lady said, simply: Why

shouldn't I? I never put a skir: over my

Table and Kitchen

Practical Suggestions About Food and the Preparations of It.

Daily Menus.

THURSDAY. BREAKFAST.

Coffee

FRIDAY. BREAKFAST

Fresh Shrimps. Brown Tomato Sauce Combination Salad.

Creal Coffee.
DINNER.
Vegetable Soup.
Grilled White Fish. Parsley Butter.
Plain Boiled Potatoes.
Eggplant Fritters, Dressed Cucumbers.
Apple Tart. Coffee.

BREAKFAST.

Cereal.

Brolled Chops. French Fried Potatoes.

Silced Tomatoes.

LUNCH

Baked Squash.

Lettuce.

Coffee.

BREAKFAST. Fruit.

Fried Oysters. Panned Tomatoes. Creamed Hashed Potatoes. Corn Muffins. Coffee.

DINNER.

Clear Soup.

SEASON OF THE OYSTER.

Bivalve.

Creamed Sweet Potatoes Coffee.

Plain Boiled Potatoes.

Creamed Carrots.

Panned Tomatoes.

Wafers.

Coffee

Cream Sauce

Baked Ontone

Apple Sauce. Sweet Potatoes.

Coffee.

Sliced Cold Mutton

Baked Apples. Thin Silces Broiled Ham.

Wheat Muffins.
LUNCH.
Baked Creamed Salt Cod.

Milk Biscuit DINNER.
Clear Sour.
Boiled Shoulder of Mutton,
Rice Croquettes. Cree
Lettuce.

Cereal.
Plain Omelet.
White Muffins.
LUNCH.
Brow

Sliced Peaches.

Cheese.

Egg Cutlets.

Curried Rice.

Peach Roly Poly.

Ten.
DINNER.
Cream of Corn Soup.

Fruit.

head with my own hands until 1884. But

The guests who had a "bid to the wedsat on the horsehair chairs of state in the front parlor, solemnly contemplating the glories of the rag carpet, or gazing with rapt devotion at the "God Bless Our Home" worked in crewels by Aunt in this strike, Charley. Wait a minute | Jean at the precoclous age of 11. A cheer from without occasionally distrubed the calm repose of their company manners and the noisy demonstrations of the "ill-bred "Yer pigs is lookin' remarkable well!" folk wha had but a bid for the dance, ye'll Ed Brady leaned over the sty and punched | ken!" sent a shiver round the polite circle

At the south side of the room, with their backs to the window, the young couples stood facing the minister, who calmly turned the leaves of his book. Having found the place, he cast a kindly glance over the top of his spectacles at the blushing girls and cleared his throat with a preliminary "hem!" He had already opened his mouth to commence the marriage service, when a rousing cheer from



under Mrs. Shock's spotted dog rug and he were responsible for all the waste, wagon interrupted him. mentally plowin' ton'. An' all," he added, rumpling

> squelin' kist o' whustles!" The thresher looked becomingly shocked, but blew his nose to hide a covert grin. "Twenty cows yer said yer was milkin.

"Twanty an' twa!" greaned Dave in an language. "You'll catch it!" said the girl. "Serves agony of spirit. "As many as thet! Say, I'm thinkin' the "Here, Bess," said the boy in injured butter would jest about bought a organ, tones, "what are you calling names for? I haven't done anything," he pleaded, bend-

"She'll hae no' tam screamin' kist o ing his long body before the little spitwhustles i' her ain hoose an' she milks twanty an' twa coos til' toomestay!" roared "Yes, you have!" contemptuously. "This." pursing her red lips, "is a strike and you "Don't blame yes!" replied Ed in soothing tones. "Haven't bin ter meetin' myself sin' the Methodys put a new organ inter-

the old meetin' house." Which was certainly true, only his secession antedated added, "wull has the south hun'red." the arrival of the organ by some ten years. 'I kain't abide organs!" he added sympathetically. Dave grunted his approval of thresher's stern and uncompromising ad-

herence to these fundamental principles of eligious faith, and, while under the spell. paid two notes instead of the one which was "I was past yer sister's this morning".

said the thresher, as they walked toward his rig. "They'se a-goin' ter hev' a double weddin' there nex' week. Wish yer joy of ver new sons. Dave!" Dave's red hair fairly bristled with rage

and horror at these woeful tidings. She'll -pe-meanin'-my-tauchters?" he stutouter door. "I must be going. It's nearly tered. "Shorely? Who else? They've hired me

ter fiddle at the weddin'.' "The hissies: ejaculated the trate Scot "She'll pe marryin' on a man an' leffin' her

ain father wi' twanty an' twa coos to milk an' three hun'red acres o' fall plowin' an' no' a furrow turned!" "An' say, Dave!" continued Ed, leaning

forward, a mysterious look on his face. 'Old Wully Bell's a-hangin' round yer sis-"Damn the- O. I beg pardon. I meant ter's a good deal o' late. Yer wife's a likely lookin' weman an' Wully's gettin' en in years, he kaint afford ter be pertiklar. Ye'll remember," he said, musingly, "thet He leaned forward and whispered in her his brother Job ran off with McCloud's wife?

And having thus set the leaven of doubt and mistrust to work in Dave's red head, the thresher departed to harry his many forth the waters of bitterness. And the in the byre and thumped old Reddy for ing from sardonic lago, tell her that her "twa an' twanty cocs."

gated by the reports of the approaching the plow.' . . Hardly a day passed without

"Thety tays an' no' a pound o' butter ta "Why!" he exclaimed, peeping out of market. An' she'll no' ket an acre o' fall the window. "It's our good brother. David McDonald. Welcome, brother McDonald his flery mop of hair, "pecause off a tam | he shouted, running to the door. Ye're just

"Guid day, meenister!" replied Dave somewhat sheepishly. He would like to have known whether Mrs. Shock had fulfilled her threat agent his unelderly

"What has ye in the wagon, Dave?" asked

his wife. "O, a wee bit weddin' present," replied Dave, glancing shamefacedly at a couple of brand new organs. "Ane for ve. Bessie. he said, unclasping the girl's arms from around his neck, "an' ane for Annie. hersel' an' her man." he continued, shaking hands with Charley Rhodes, "wull hae the north hun'red on the old farm. But she'll need to watch the wild mustard frae John McLeven's fafty scres. An'. Annie." he

That night Ed Brady, the thresher, forgot his religious scruples and fiddled to the accompaniment of a brand-new organ. And Dave Shock danced a Highland fling with the maligned Wully Bell to the musts of the despised "kist o' whustles."

THE SOUTHERN GIRL.

Appreciation of the Girl of the New South by One Who Knows Her.

October Mr. H. S. Canfield has an entertaining article on "The Southern Girl of Yesterday and Today." He compares the favor. He says:

"In former days the more slaves a girl's father owned, the more she felt it a requirement to become an accomplished housewife. These recondite arts, of which we men pierce not the mysteries and see only the results, are preserved today 'down south,' and if there is one quality which more than another endears a southern girl to her worshipers it is her love of home. her pride in her home and her ability to make that home a home. This is a knowledge which does not glare oppressively in the drawing room, but when she marries it becomes more and more golden year by year. The young southern mother happily married does not think her life restricted because that life is homelife. She does not feel 'cabined, cribbed, confined.' She enjoys brief excursions into the outside world, but she tires readily, and on the return debtors, leaving it to ferment and bring journey her eyes light up as the car wheels whirl under her, and she thinks, 'Each leaven worked mightily. All that week revolution is that much nearer home!' If Charley captured the fluttering hands and Dave was torn by conflicting emotions and some wrestler wearied in the arena of drew her toward him, and commenced to racked by mental agonies. He leaned over carth's activities, some cynic sickened with the stics and cursed the Berkshire pigs this deep disease of life, should seek with bitter curses and harangued the cows her in her peaceful fastness, and, borrowlooking sympathetic. His days were taken | mission is to 'suckie fools and chronicle up with milking and choring and the neg- small beer, she would smile superior. She lected fall plowing weighed on his soul like knows better. Home is home-in summer a heavy crime. By the end of the week he when the wide fields stir not in the swoonarrived at the conclusion that man was not ing noons, in autumn when biliside and made to live alone and that women were valley blaze in a riot of hue, in winter when some use on a farm, if it was only to milk the mild air has a twang that merely bluts of snow n the far country whence the wild The sight of the old sow paddling round goose beats his way with steady wing, in in gallons of clotted cream filled his soul springtime when she sees 'the fat soil rise with anguish, nor were his tortures mitt- and roll in smooth, dark waves back from

"Of that southern girl of long ago I write some busybody dropping in to tell him of in reverence. Her beauty, her virtue, her discriminate between a stew, a soup and the grand preparations and dark hints of tenderness, her repese, her loyalty to her the devoted attentions of Wully Bell in own, are heritages of every man who knew variably accompanied the descriptions. The ber in the flesh or knows her by tradition. day before the wedding his native ob- There was fine strong stuff in her. She was stinacy, the cherished heritage of a long nobly constant. I am not old, yet I re line of Scots, was swept away by the tide member 'the flerce south cheering on its of conflicting emotions; that night he let sons' and the women at home, bearing the cows go unmilked and might have been the most savage of the brunt, steady, inseen after dark tearing up the line to Strat- dustrious, uncomplaining, grieved for the bright blood that was spilt, yet locking The good folks of Zerra flocked from far, their lips upon fear and longing, and bidprocession down the lane and out to the after the threshers had departed. "An" and near to the wedding of Dave Shocks ding father, husband, san or lover to the

Braised Ducks.
Creamed Turnips.
Cold Siaw. Cold Siaw.

Peach Bavarian Cream. Cof
SUPPER.

Brolled Crab Meat on Toast
Tomatoes Stuffed with Cucumbers.
Mayonaise Dressing. Fruit
Tea. Cake.

One can scarcely say that the oyster goes out of season at the present time, as they are to be found on bills of fare even during the months when they are supposed to be, and are, unfit for use except under certain conditions. Some oyster planters have perverted nature in order to supply a limited demand to those who either consider that they cannot have too much of a good thing. or else prefer such articles of diet as are not in common uses. There are certain varieties of oysters, which when transferred from their native homes to artificial beds are so disturbed that they cease to breed and are therefore fit for eating at any time. But these are enjoyed by the few; we ques-

tion whether they be the favored few in this case, as the oyster, spite of his deli-

> criminating taste when the warm weather approaches. Their Wholesomeness.

> cacy and daintiness, palls upon the dis-

After a long and undisputed reign as a most popular society favorite, recent discovery appears to have convicted the oyster of being but a common scavenger of the girl of the south with the girl of the west | sea; classed with the clam, scallop, lobster and north and finds much in the former's and crab. However this may be, we can go back to the Greeks, the most aesthetic feeders, for the patent of nobility that marked the oyster in their day as one of the elements of social existence, "fit for the society of gentlemen, sir." They knowing in how short a time the piquant and delicate flavor lasted when once the oyster was exposed to the air, had them opened

at the table and ate them "out of hand." It is true that oysters have given rise in infrequent cases to serious inconvenience to the eater. This occurs as well, occasionally, from eating any kind of fish, and the fault is probably to be attributed to some unnatural condition of the food, or what is more likely still, some disturbance in the physical condition of the eater before the food is consumed that may aggravated by this class of food. The lover of the oyster is loath to think evil of this tid-bit from the sea. One must be guarded. however, in the selection of their oysters if they dwell at any considerable distance from the oyster beds. They must be fresh and healthy. It is possible to keep them so, with the many improved facilities for transportation, for a very considerable length of time. The oyster may be kept in the shell in a well nourished and good conditton for days, and it is always advisable for the inland consumer to buy them in this way if they desire to enjoy the flavor of the sea with the bivalve.

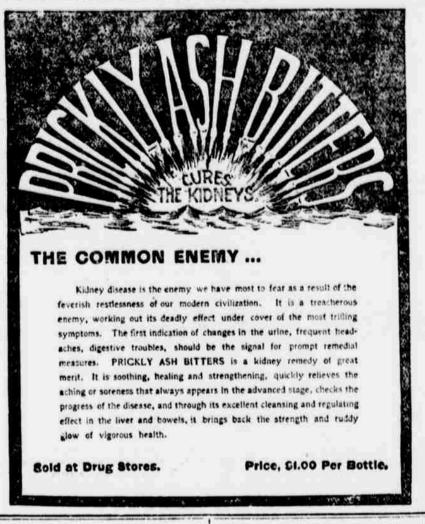
Cooking the Oyster.

They admit of as great a variety of methods in cooking as the egg. True, the approved method is not to cook them. Next in favor comes the stew and this common mode of preparation, while the most simple, is too often the least successful. Cooks do not seem to be able to oysters a la creme and too often hit upon a poor imitation of a soup or the creme and fail to strike the happy medium.

Another atrocity too generally perpe trated on both oyster and eater is to place the cyster, after opening, on the plate and from Kuhn & Co's drug store and they cover them with an avalanche of chipped ice, randering the oyster flat and insipid Why it does not occur to place the half shells on the ice instead of under is a mys-

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paring the cyster is to overcook it; this ley, celery, sait and pepper; add another makes it tough and indigestible and robs layer of crumbs, then oysters, scasoning it of its entire value. Oysters that are and so on until all the systers are used. heated only steaming hot or until the gills having the top layer of crumbs. Pour a begin to ruffle will be found to be sweet cup of cream over the whole; don with bits and tender and rendity digested. For the of butter and bake in a good oven for valids and delicate caters always remove | twenty minutes.

the muscle of both oysters and clam Do not use wine or liquors with overers unless you are quite sure of your ability to digest "ten penny nails." When used as a flavoring, as in a Newburg, the result is not so mischievous, as but a small quantity is used and added after the oysters are

How to Cook and Serve the Popular cooked. Ovster Stew-Wash a dozen ovsters in their own liquor until they are free from grit and bits of shell; put them into a stew pan, strain the liquor through a fine sieve and add to the oysters; place over a gentle fire and cook until the gills begin to ruffle; skim out the oysters and place on a hot dish, cover and keep warm; add to a cup of the liquor a cup of good cream and sait and cayenne to taste. Rub two ounces of butter with a level teaspoonful of flour and when the liquor bolls stir in the butter and flour and continue to stir until it boils up well, then serve at once. Have some little three-cornered pieces of bread buttered and toasted, place them in the middle of the dish; lay the oysters on them and pour the

liquor over them. To Bake Oysters in Their Shelis-Open the oysters, reserving the deep shells; remove the gills and muscle from each oyster; crumbs; season with salt, pepper and a little celery calt. Put two oysters in each shell and put a piece of butter on top of each; put into a hot oven and bake until they are steaming hot; squeeze a little lemon juice over each and serve immediately.

Grilled Oysters Breaded-Dip fresh, large ovsters in bread crumbs; pat them out on a well-greased oyster broiler and broil two minutes on each side. Serve with moitre d'hotel sauce. Have the bread crumbs seasoned to taste with salt and pepper before covering the oysters.

Oyster Chartreuse-Parboil a pint of ovsters in the'r own liquor and drain; cook two slices of onion with two tablespoonfuls of butter until a delicate brown; remove the onion and stir in two tubiespoonfuls of flour; when smooth add a cup of oyster Houor and cook until it thickens; season with salt, pepper and a little grated notmeg. Line a round mold with plain boiled rice; out the oysters and sauce in the center; cover with a layer of rice; put on the lid and steam in a pan of hot water in the oven for thirty minutes. Escalloped Cysters-Wash a quart of

large oysters in their own liquer and drain. Cover the bottom of a buttered baking dish with bread grumbs; on these place a layer of systers; season with finely minced para-

## BRIEFLY TOLD.

There is no use Leaving Omaha. Believe the Statements of Omaha Residents.

Endorsement by residents of Omaha Proof positive from Omaha people. Cannot be evaded or doubted. Read this statement.

Mrs. Gusta Bohlman, 1913 Oak St. says Doan's Kidney Pills are a good remedy took them for kidney trouble which carted about seven years ago, caused by cold settling in my back. I procured them cured me.

For sale by all dealers. Price 50c Poser-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agenta for the United States. Remember the name, Donn's and take no

BEHOLDEN TO THE MEN.

Most Devices for Women's Wenr Are

It is a source of mortification to many of the fair ones that a large majority of the recent inventions designed to increase the comfort or improve the gracefulness of women's attire are the products of masculine genius. Devices for hitching the skirt. to the shirtwaist, for dressing the shirtwaist neck, for finishing the shirtwaist at the waist line, for fastening the shirtwaist cuffs, for making the shirtwaist look longwaisted, or short-waisted, or round waisted, or flat waisted, or no-waisted how busy the mind of man must be all winter leng in order to spring each spring upon a defenseless feminine public all these and kindred schemes for shirtwaist reforma-

But for all his inventiveness, what woman pays the least attention to it? Shirtwaiste may come and shirtwaists may go, but not one woman in a thousand adorns herself or makes use of the many little schemes man so thoughtfully devices in their and her behalf. Let the men go on inventing if they choose. It keeps their minds from more frivolous things-for who can deny that the shirtwaist is a serious subject indeed?

Likewise, it gives variety to the crop of street car advertisements. Does the fact that woman doesn't feel called upon to join the noble army of inventors for the improvement of shirtwaists mean that she is lacking in inventive ability or that she is qu'te satisfied with her shirtwalsts as they Bro's

Traveling Salesmen.

Act Gen. Assem. March 16, 1893, nuthorizes cities of the third class to collect license taxes on peddlers, drummers and "mercantile agents." Held that one whose tusiness consisted in going from house to house with samples seliciting orders for future delivery, which were sent to his business house in another city and there filled, was a mercantile agent within the meaning of the statute. 63 S. W. Rep.

