

DAVE SHOCK AND THE UNION

By Herman Whitaker.

(Copyright, 1901, by E. S. McClure Co.) A mighty man in Zorra township was Dave McDonald, nicknamed "Shock," because of a delayed harvest...

concession, leaving Dave completely paralyzed by the rebellion. They had reached the front gate before he recovered the power of motion...

"All right, Mr. McDonald," replied the boy, "but don't forget to send back the last quarter's premium to the agent. Dishwashing is not colonial farming, you know."

Daughters. Out on the milk stand by Aunt Jean's gate sat old Donald Dhu, piping in fine style the "Gathering of the Clans" and they gathered from Stratford, St. Mary and as far south as Inverpick, Cal. McDonalds, Murrays, Sutherlands and Rosses...

fray, I remember coffee made from bits of sweet potato dried in the sun, sassafras root dug by negro boys as a substitute for tea; a hundred simple herbs which took the place of contraband medicines...



Then again, Providence sent Dave fat broods of English remittance men, to whom he imparted the secret of his success...

On a hot morning in the month of August clouds of black dust rolled out of the open doors of Dave Shock's barn, shaking the building in a sooty haze.

"Phew! It's awful hot!" Charley Rhodes let the rustling straw pile over the carriers while he wiped away the sweat which was depositing an alluvial debris in the corners of his eyes...

"Hi! Hi! You at the carriers! Quit yer oin! An' dig 'em out!" yelled the hoarse, choked voice of the indignant bush-

"Dye take me fer a swede turnip I covered w' straw!" The boy blushed and plied his fork vigorously until the elevator revolved freely...

The girl stood at the table, with sleeves rolled up and dress turned down at the neck. Her rounded throat rose from a plump bosom of bewildering whiteness...

"Mother," she said, bringing down the rollin' with a clink on the paste, "I'm not going to stand in the way of us girls here worked hard to keep things together. Bake, brew, wash, churn, milk and tend calves and pigs, to say nothing of sowing in the spring, year in and year out, and now dad won't let us have that organ!"

"An' Sandy Cranky'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.

"That's a good boy!" The girl walked round the kitchen and brought up right opposite him. "I could almost—"

"Help you to pick up the pieces." "Damn the—O, I beg pardon, I meant I should be delighted. Yes, I'll join the strike on one condition."

"What's that?" "That's all." "You'll catch it, Dave Shock!" she said, rolling up her knitting.

"The meenister'll kill o' ye's, surely. Sweeter at ye wife, will ye? Ye'll answer for it till the elders of the North here."

"WHERE'LL PE SUPPER?" GROWLED DAVE. "GET YOUR OWN SUPPER," GROWLED THE BOY.

opera he had heard before his deportation from his native Piedmont his gaze traveled around the kitchen and rested tenderly on a little sailor hat which hung on the row of pegs.

"The devil!" he exclaimed, jumping hastily off the table. "Half past four! and supper for thirty ferocious threshers at 5. Get a hump on Charley!"

"Here!" he ejaculated in blank dismay. "There go Dave's best dishes. One—two—three—ten of 'em broken! Phew!"

"The door opened quietly and a female head peeped in. "Poor boy!" mentally exclaimed its owner, surveying the wreck.

"You'll catch it!" said the girl. "Serves you right, Scab!" "Here, Bess," said the boy in injured tones, "what are you calling names for? I haven't done anything," he pleaded, bending his long body before the little spite-

"Yes, you have!" contemptuously. "This," pursing her red lips, "is a strike and you have taken the position of a striker. Wait a moment," she said, darting into the bedroom. "Here!" holding out a feminine garment at arm's length. "Put this on. Do. There's a little dear!"

"Come out, Bess!" he called. "Will you behave?" came the reply through the keyhole.

"Yes, if you'll only come out and let me look at you!" replied the nonunion laborer rubbing his head.

"You'll be good?" reiterated the girl. "Well, goodby!" she said, opening the outer door. "I must be going, it's nearly 5 and you haven't got even a fire started yet. You'll catch it!"

he were responsible for all the waste. "They says an' no 'a pound o' butter to market. An' she'll no 'ket an acre o' fall plowin' ton. An' all," he added, rumpiling his fiery mop of hair, "because of a tam squeelin' kid o' whistles!"

"Don't blame yer!" replied Ed in soothing tones. "Haven't bin ter meetin' myself till the Methodys put a new organ in the old meenister's house. Which was certainly true, only his secession antedated the arrival of the organ by some ten years."

Dave's grunted his approval of the thrasher's stern and uncompromising adherence to these fundamental principles of religious faith, and, while under the spell, said two notes instead of the one which was due.

"I was past yer sister's this mornin'," said the thrasher, as they walked toward his rig. "They's a goin' ter hev' a double weddin' there nex' week. Wish yer joy of yer new sons, Dave?"

"The hisses!" ejaculated the irate Scot. "She'll pe marryin' on a man an' leavin' her ain father wif' twan' an' twa coos to milk 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 sister's a good deal o' late. Yer wife's a likely lookin' woman an' Wully's gettin' on in years, he kain't afford ter be pertiklar."

"I've learned forward and whispered in her ear the earnest look in his eyes and blushed and hung her head.

"You don't mean it," she answered, playing with the ribbons in the bosom of her dress. "What would your folks in England say?"

wagon interrupted him. "Why?" he exclaimed, peeping out of the window. "It's our good brother, David McDonald. Welcome, brother McDonald!" he shouted, running to the door. "Ye're just in time."

"That night Ed Brady, the thrasher, 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 music of the despised "kid o' whistles."

THE SOUTHERN GIRL.

Appreciation of the Girl of the New South by One Who Knows Her. In the Woman's Home Companion for October Mr. H. S. Canfield has an entertaining article on "The Southern Girl of Yesterday and Today."

"In former days the more slaves a girl's father owned, the more she felt it a requirement to become an accomplished housewife. These recollections are 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 worshippers it is her love of home."

"The sight of the old sow paddling round in gallons of clotted cream filled his soul with anguish, nor were his tortures mitigated by the reports of the approaching wedding. Hardly a day passed without some busybody dropping in to tell him of the grand preparations and dark hints of the devoted attentions of Wully Bell invariably accompanied the descriptions. The day before the wedding his native obstinacy, the cherished heritage of a long line of Scots, was swept away by the tide of conflicting emotions; that night he let the cross go unskilled and might have been seen after dark tearing up the line to Stratford.

The good folks of Zorra socked from far and near to the wedding of Dave Shock's

Table and Kitchen

Practical Suggestions About Food and the Preparations of It.

Daily Menus. THURSDAY BREAKFAST: Baked Apples, Cream, Thin Slices Broiled Ham, Creamed Sweet Potatoes, Wheat Muffins, Coffee.

FRIDAY BREAKFAST: Cereal, Fruit, Cream, Plain Omelet, Panned Tomatoes, White Muffins, Coffee.

SATURDAY BREAKFAST: Cereal, Fruit, Cream, Broiled Chops, French Fried Potatoes, Toast, Sliced Tomatoes, Coffee.

SUNDAY BREAKFAST: Cereal, Fruit, Cream, Fried Oysters, Panned Tomatoes, Mrs. G's Hashed Potatoes, Corn Muffins, Coffee.

SEASON OF THE OYSTER. How to Cook and Serve the Popular Bivalve. One can scarcely say that the oyster goes out of season at the present time, as they are to be found on hills of fare even during the months when they are supposed to be dead and are, until for use except under certain conditions.

Oyster Stew—Wash a dozen oysters 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 shells begin to rattle; skim out the oysters and place on a hot dish, cover and keep warm; add a cup of the liquor a cup of good cream and salt and cayenne to taste.

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

Encaloped Oysters—Wash a quart of large oysters in their own liquor and drain. Cover the bottom of a broiled baking dish with bread crumbs; on these place a layer of oysters; season with finely minced pars-

They admit of as great a variety of methods in cooking as the other fish. The approved method is 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.

Another mistake too common in preparing the oyster is to place the oyster after opening on the plate and cover them with an avalanche of chipped butter, rendering the oyster fat and insipid. Why it does not occur to place the half shells on the ice instead of under is a mystery.

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DOE WAH JACK. "Just as good a Furnace as the Round Oak is a Stove". Round Oak Furnaces are as honestly made as the famous Round Oak Stoves. The same careful painstaking fitting of every joint, door and draft—the same strict inspection of material and test of the completed heater. Like the Round Oak Stoves they are guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction. It is the only furnace that burns any kind of fuel. Round Oak Furnace with extra castings removed.

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS. CURES THE KIDNEYS. THE COMMON ENEMY... Kidney disease is the enemy we have most to fear as a result of the feverish restlessness of our modern civilization. It is a treacherous enemy, working out its deadly effect under cover of the most trivial symptoms. The first indication of changes in the urine, frequent headaches, digestive troubles, should be the signal for prompt remedial measures. PRICKLY ASH BITTERS is a kidney remedy of great merit. It is soothing, healing and strengthening, quickly relieves the aching or soreness that always appears in the advanced stage, checks the progress of the disease, and through its excellent cleansing and regulating effect in the liver and bowels, it brings back the strength and ruddy glow of vigorous health.

REHOLDEN TO THE MEN. Most Devices for Women's Wear Are the Invention of the Other Sex. 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 long-waisted, or short-waisted, or long-waisted, or flat-waisted, or no-waisted—how busy the mind of man must be all winter long in order to spring each spring upon a defenseless feminine public all these and kindred schemes for shirtwaist reformation!

Send 5c in stamps. 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. Gustia Bohlman, 1913 Oak St. says: "My Kidney Pills are a good remedy. I took them for kidney trouble which started about seven years ago, caused by cold settling in my back. I procured them from Kuhn & Co's drug store and they cured me." For sale by all dealers. Price 50c. Foster-McMullen Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States. Remember the name, Don't and take no substitutes.