SEE THE BIVALVES GO

Value and Importance of the Oyster as An Article of Diet.

In All Ages They Have Been Regarded as the Finest Sea Fruit.

How a Score or More of St. Paul Lawyers Lay Away The Mollusks.

Methods of Business Men in Getting Away With the Bivalves.

OYSTERS doubtless have always, in all ages of the world and among all kinds of people, been regarded as one of the most delicious articles of food, and great efforts have been made to cultivate them in a manner to give them a still more delicate and bewitching flavor. These efforts have not been altogether in vain. In some points where they are cultivated their beds are so laid that a part of the time they are covered with salt water and a part of the time by fresh water. This causes them to grow fast and tender, and at the same time to impart to them a flavor to be obained in no other way. It is reported that there are epicures in New York City who can tell through the telephone what kind of oysters the person talking to them has been feeding upon. Lucullus, the great epicure of Rome, was a celebrated breeder of oysters, and his beds were so far-famed that he had to keep them guarded to protect them from the poachers. They were located at Tusculum, and many times Cicero, Julius Cæsar, Mark Antony and the other boys were brought before the police court at Rome and fined for pilfering his oysters. Notwithstanding St. Paul is nearly 1,500 miles from the Atlantic, there is a very large quantity of oysters consumed here. George W. McGee furnishes some interesting information in regard to them. He says that oysters are fond of music, and that one day he had a barrel of them standing in his place when a

HAND-ORGAN CAME ALONG

and commenced playing Boulanger's march. As soon as they heard it they began to scramble out of the barrel, and it became necessary to drive the hand-organ away. In Italy the teachers of vocal music insist upon their pupils feeding on oysters, and it is understood that Signor Jannotta is considering the idea of adopting this style here in St. Paul. Different kinds of oysters affect the voice differently. Soprano voices are always fed upon the small, delicate Blue Points. These are regarded as especially good for the high register. The Saddle Rocks are larger and more solid, and consequently they are always prescribed for the contralto voice. For the basso profundo the clean, solid Shrewsbury is always relied on, and it is said that Whitney, the great basso, is always found, during the oyster season in New York, around Fulton market and Old Slip, where the Shrewsburys abound. Besides the effect that the oysters have on the voice they nourish the brain and stiffen the backbone, and this is the reason why lawyers are so much given to eating them. The oyster houses in the vicinity of the court house and down around the lawyers' offices on Jackson street have a very large trade from the lawyers. The stream of lawyers begins to flow in upon these places about noon, and from that time till about 4 o'clock there is a great deal of activity. The lawyers rush out of court and hurry to the favorite place where the little oyster can be had. The oysters are easily digested and quickly served, and the waiters have such a wonderful memory that they know just what kind of oysters each man wants and just how he wants them served. Most men have a particular style in which they want them cooked, or else they want them raw, either on the half-shell or on a plate. Each regular customer's style is known. The proprietors of these houses do a big business, make large amounts of money and wear fine diamonds.

HOW SOME MEN LIKE THEM.

Judge Burr takes them raw, just as they used to in the army, and with them he takes along a little hard tack.

Chris O'Brien is an epicure, and they must be scalloped for him or braided on a sea coal fire.

Judge Flandrau sailed around the world and has tried them every way, and he takes his fried as a rule, but if hard pressed for time he takes them raw on the half shell.

Judge Egan is not particular how they are served so they are Blue Points. These are the only kind for the real old-fashioned Democrat.

Corporation Counsel Murray always calls for the Saddle Rocks and a little piece of celery on the outside.

Hon. C. K. Davis has a natural liking for the generous Shrewsbury, but he is experimenting with the Chesapeakes, the Blue Points, the East Rivers and the Saddle Rocks, so that when he goes to Washington, he will be up in whatever style is required.

James Smith, Jr., is getting fat on the Shrewsbury.

Hon John B. Brisbin stands by the Blue Point on the half shell like a little man.

Sheriff Richter takes them any way, and polishes them off with easy grace and dignity.

Gen. Sanborn prefers the stew, but as it takes some time to prepare them, and with him time is money, he usually takes them raw on the half shell.

S. L. Pierce always takes his fried.

E. G. Rogers has no time to wait, and hurries down a half dozen raw.

Judge Barrett, when it comes to oysters, will always take his time. In this matter he cannot be hurried. He is the most scientific and artistic epicure in the Northwest. Four raw Blue Points open up the business, and these are followed by three fried Shrewsbury's, and these by one or two of each of the other kinds in turn, till he sizes them all up.

C. N. Bell is satisfied with nothing but the kind that President Cleveland eats.

John O'Brien always reads poetry while the oysters go to their long home.

E. S. Chittenden talks to the bivalves on the law of tenants in common, as they slide slowly down.

Gordon E. Cole doesn't say much, but he thinks a good deal, as the noble Shrewsbury slides along where so many have gone before.

When W. D. Cornish performs the feat he looks as though he were receiving a blessing.

If you want to see a circus you should see E. St. Julien Cox struggle with a Saddle Rock. He never fails to land him where he will do the most good.

Count de Rochebrune does not make much fuss about polishing off a couple of stews and then laying a dozen fried on them to keep them still.

W. W. Erwin always delivers himself of a little piece of poetry, or a Fourth of July oration, as the little oysters disappear in a somewhat lengthy procession.

R. B. Galusha always manages to get a grapevine lock on each oyster. In this way he lays them away just where he wants them.

W. K. Gaston always wants a red hot stew, rain or shine.

Judge Gorman takes his on the fly in he left field.

Edwin Gribble eats them always with decorum and becoming propriety, and with an air that says plainly enough, "I've been here before."

THE BUSINESS MEN.

It is believed that oysters have the same effect upon the brains of business men that they do on the brains of lawyers. To see this class of our citizens pay their respects to the king of the shells, one should go to some of the oyster houses down on Jackson and Fourth streets. There about the hour of 1 or 2, the stern business man unbends himself, and if he has any poetry in him, it then comes to him.

When P. H. Kelly walks up to the little counter and gives his order, it is with a most heavenly satisfaction overspreading his pleasant countenance. As the corpulent Shrewsbury slips down that toboggan slide, it is just the time to strike him for a postoffice.

Gen. Averill takes his Blue Points with dignity and gentility, but he takes them.

When Capt. Berkey enters the little chop house and calls for his Saddle Rocks, he always asks if the taxes on them have been paid.

When Gen. Bishop takes his it is a pure business proposition, with no emotion in it at all.

When A. G. Postlethwaite takes his Shrewburys he places his right hand just below his heart and a little to the northwest, and says, "Ah, there! stay there."

Lew Maxfield is not particular what kind of oysters he has, so there is enough to go round, and always calls for scallops.

George R. Finch always calls for the ice palace brand.

Channing Seabury is full of business, and takes his raw.

D. R. Noyes takes Blue Points, and always through his politeness asks their pardon before he sends them to their last resting place.

Two Shrewsburys always fill up Prof. Fogg completely.

W. P. Murray always recites the Declaration of Independence before he takes his on the half shell.

Capt. Starkey never takes less than half a dozen of the largest Shrewsburys, and he never stops for long speeches, either.

F. B. Clarke likes his oysters panned.

H. J. Strouse will not touch anything but Blue Points. He's been to New York.

J. J. Hill and Allen Manvel take their's raw. It's quicker.

These are only a few of the more prominent lawyers and business men who eat oysters, but there are hundreds of others who are not prominent, and who are not even business men or lawyers, who eat the luscious bivalve at the little oyster shop.

Scene in a School-Book Store.

Texas Siftings.

Mrs. Suddenly Rich—I wish to buy one of these globes.

Clerk—Here is one, madam, that is used in all the schools.

Mrs. S. R.—Well, if you will have me a few more islands painted on those empty places I'll take it.

HAPPINESS.

Do you ask Lilla, with fond caress,
What seems to me perfect happiness?
A golden day, and a sapphire sky,
An emerald earth, and you and I
Roaming through woodlands green together—
That's happiness in summer weather.
And say 'tis winter; outside, the snow,
And inside, the fire's warm, cheerful glow;
And we sit by it, cheek touching cheek,
Silent sometimes, and sometimes we speak.
So I find, in summer or winter weather,
Happiness means—to be together.

—Anon.

TABLE OF THE ECUS.

How the Celebrated Artist, Rubens, Paid a Debt to a Hotel.

A VERY SINGULAR STORY.

The Landlord Thought Himself Duped---A Work of Art That Lay Unnoticed for Years.

Translated From the French of Ch. Diguet by E. C. Waggener.

AM about to relate to you, said a gentleman to me the other day, something that occurred in the beginning of the seventeenth century, when Pierre Paul Rubens, that magician of color and grand effects, was entering upon his brilliant career. He dwelt at that time in a modest auberge in the end of Paris, not far from the palace of his protectress, Marie de Medicis. Sometimes rich, sometimes poor, though always living like a grand seigneur, Rubens acquitted himself to his landlord badly, who, not at all sensible of the honor of lodging and serving gratis the first painter of that epoch, professed for art the greatest disdain, and not infrequently for his locataire personally. Matters had been going on thus for so many months that the landlord

HAD NATURALLY BECOME IMPATIENT,

but to all of his appeals and constant reminders the artist replied with a mournful shake of the head and a turning out of his empty pockets. At last one morning, when the worthy logeur had got up in an exceedingly bad humor, he said to himself that if Rubens did not pay him before the end of the day everything he owed him he was neither more nor less than a common vagrant, and should be so treated.

As fate would have it, unluckily, when Rubens returned from the Louvre that morning his pockets were, as usual, at low tide; he hadn't even a maravedis. What should he do? And do something he must, for not only did the innkeeper refuse to listen to his most specious reasoning, but to give him anything to eat as well; he must pay him money, and that without delay.

Pushed to his last intrenchments, he took from the wall a tiny canvas, and doing it into a package dispatched it with a note to a dealer of his acquaintance, stating that it was for sale, provided that it could be sold at once, and setting the price at twelve hundred livres. In twenty minutes the messenger returned; the dealer would buy the picture and at once, knowing, of course, that Rubens' strait must be great, he would pay for it only 800 livres.

"Eight hundred livres for a Rubens!" cried the artist furiously. "It's shameful, shameful!" and in a paroxysm of rage at the insult offered him, he tore the canvas to pieces and threw them in the fire. The innkeeper, also awaiting the return of the messenger, was dumb with amazement, and watched with rising anger

HIS HOPES OF PAYMENT VANISHING.

in smoke and flame. His locataire was mad, mad as a hatter, to refuse 800 livres for a daub like that; he would stand it no longer, and turning upon his lodger ordered him out into the street.

"But wait a bit, Master Inkeeper, wait a bit," cried Rubens suddenly, as if seized with a new idea. "In eight days' time I promise you that you shall have your money, every sou and centime that I owe you;" and without staying to hear his host's response, rapidly mounted the staircase and shut himself in his chamber.

During the eight days following, fixed upon by himself for the repayment of his debt, he seldom ever left the house, and descended to his meals but once a day; every time he did go out, however, if only for a moment, locking the door and carrying the key with him. At the expiration of the time agreed upon to pay, and promptly to the minute, the painter appeared before his creditor holding in his hand a small valise.

"I have kept my word," said he, approaching the landloard, "and kept it faithfully. You will find the money I owe you, every jot and tittle of it, on the table in my room. And now, monsieur, my host, good day," and, lifting his hand to his felt, the great artist went out from a house that had proved so inhospitable, a grand seigneur to the last.

Four steps at a time the innkeeper leaped the staircase leading to the apartments that Rubens had left. The door was partly open, and through the crevice, even before he had reached the landing, he could see

THE SPARKLE OF THE GOLD

and silver pieces thrown pell-mell upon the table, quadruples, louis, double louis, ecus and demi-ecus, seemingly countless in number, and certainly more than sufficient. The eye of the good man twinkled, and, smiling with delight, he hastened to enter, to gather up and store away the money of which he had been so long deprived. As he laid his hand upon the table, however, he recoiled in fright—the top was empty, and all those heaps of gold and silver, so astoundingly deceptive, was the work of the brush of the painter.

Transported with anger, the innkeeper stood for a moment motionless, then ran to the bureau and the armoire; the clothes of the artist, if he had not taken them away with him, would aid, in part at least, in acquitting the debt. The bureau was empty, but not so the wardrobe, the row of clothespegs that filled the sides and back being happily well garnished, doubtless in velvets and satins of all styles and colors; ruffs for the neck, felts for the head, boots shoes, rapiers, nothing, in short, positively nothing missing requisite for the wardrobe of a gentleman. He approached and reached out his hand, attracted by the beauty of a doublet of corn-colored satin, when he discovered something that he had never for an instant suspected, that all this wardrobe full of gorgeous raiment, so rich and elegant, like the table of ecus, was simply painted, exquisitely, delicately and

WITH EVERY FOLD AND FRILL

complete, nevertheless painted!

Bonte de ciel! the dauber, the rascal had tricked him!

Yet all the same, whether the landlord knew it or not, Rubens engaged upon his word of honor to meet his engagement, had done so, and done it royally.

As I told you, however, with a contempt for art and with the intolerance of a successful tradesman for aught but payments in solid currency, the worthy aubergiste was angrier than ever.

"I'll destroy them," he cried, "Rubens or no Rubens, and at once; not a moment shall they flaunt themselves upon the furniture!"

Alas, when he came to examine them, he was helpless, for Rubens had separated the slats at the back and painted upon the walls themselves; the remedy was worse than the evil, since to rid himself of these mocking pictures he would be forced to demolish the house itself.

All at once as he stood in his despair his eye fell upon the table again. That he could remove at least, and lifting it in his arms he bore it triumphantly to the loft above the granary. Whether Rubens told the story of his debt or the innkeeper himself, I am unable to tell you, but at all events the adventure was quickly noised about the city, and at first the proprietor of his gorgeously adorned auberge was tormented half to death. All the same, in a little while the ridicule died away, and the famous chamber acquired a certain celebrity that brought in ecus by the score, traveling from far and wide stopping at the modest hostelry simply for the honor of occupying apartments illustrated by this wonderful pencil.

Unable to understand a mania so senseless, or

THE PAYMENT OF DEBT

in so novel a fashion, the good man of the inn continued his plaints, relating to every one who would lend an ear the history of Rubens' fault.

One morning, perhaps a year after the events I have related, a gentleman arrived at the inn, an English enthusiast and admirer of the Rubens school, and as usual to see the pictures.

"Since you are so dissatisfied, my host," said he, "cede to me for a good round sum in honest gold all right and title to the daubs that you complain of. What say you? Will you do it?"

"Do it? Of course I'll do it; but you forget they are made

ON THE WALLS THEMSELVES.

But for that they'd have gone to the granary too."

"Gone to the granary?" cried the astonished Englishman. "But what do you mean? Have you more of them there?"

"Yes," replied the aubergiste, "a table in the same style; if you like it take it," and added, leading the way to the outhouse.

Recognizing at a glance the beautiful humor of the great artist, the stranger was enchanted.

"I will take it," said he, "on the spot," and in proof of my good intentions I will pay you for it in sound French gold, just as many quadruple, louis, double louis, ecus and demi-ecus as you can count upon its top."

As quick as thought the inn-keeper accepted, the money was paid over and the table carried from its hiding-place in the loft to become the choicest treasure in a celebrated English collection of art.

Even then the inexorable creditor was unable to see how more than royally Rubens had paid his debt.

Fans in the Window.

A new notion is the arrangement of fans in the window to sort of take the place of sash curtains. Thus a large fan placed at one side, or two fixed hour-glass fashion, with their sticks meeting in the center, shut out the light in a degree and make the window very pretty. A fan at one side, with soft drapery at the other and across the top of the lower pane, is also a very tasteful arrangement. There is no end to the practical ideas that suggest themselves when one begins to think seriously of dressing up the windows of the house.

Another Way of Looking at It.

Life.

Cook—Shure, mum, Zulu's just afther bitin' th' lig off the butcher bye!

Mistress—Dear, dear! How dreadfully annoying. I do hope he was a clean boy, Mary!

ANARCHY AND DIRT.

The anarchist sat in his darkened cell,
And he thought of the ugly past;
Of all he thought 'twere hard to tell,
But this he muttered at last:
"I wish I had been as other men are;
I wish I had washed my face;
I wish I had cut my hair!

"There may be something in what they say
That dirt and vice are twins.
Perhaps my face and my hair to-day
Should answer for my sins!
I wish I had been as other men are;
I wish I had washed my face;
I wish I had cut my hair!"
—Stanley Waterloo in Chicago Tribune.

Help of every style and kind In the list of "Wants" you find.

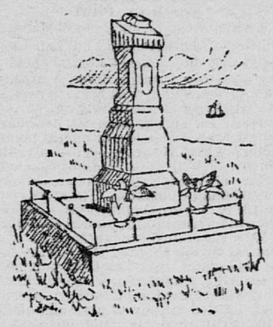
AN ACTOR'S GRAVE.

The Far-Away Resting Place of the Late William E. Sheridan, Tragedian.

Sydney (Australia) Correspondent Philadelphia Press.

Since the death here of William E. Sheridan, the American actor, in May last, a movement has been on foot among a number of his friends to raise a fitting tribute to his memory. This movement culminated in the erection of a small but tasteful monument, a sketch of which is accompanying, and which was to-day unveiled.

The cemetery in which Mr. Sheridan's body rests is beautifully situated in the suburb of Waverly, directly upon



the coast, on the top of a tall cliff, at whose base the broad swells of the Pacific dash themselves into foam and whose long perspective of purplest blue, flecked by the sails of many vessels, form a background in harmony with the scene. The monument stands about five feet in height and is of pure white marble, admirably carved, having at its apex a representation of a volume of Shakespeare's works. The superscription runs as follows:

In Memory of William Edward Sheridan, Tragedian. Died 18th May, 1887. Aged 48 years.

"Oh for a touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still."

He was——
Words are wanting to say what.
Say what is just and kind,
And he was that ——.

[Erected by a few of his admirers.]

Among those who were around the grave were Mrs. Sheridan, and many who had been professional and personal friends of the dead actor. The stone had been veiled with an American standard, which was bedecked with rosettes of black crape. Mr. Dampier, by request, formally unveiled it, and briefly, but in faltering tones, called upon G. W. Anson, on behalf of the theatrical profession, to read the epitaph. Mr. Anson broke an impressive silence by saying that he had been called on to bear witness to the character of a man—a true man—and to the affection and the amount of regard with which he had been held by the people of Australasia. He seemed to have been not only an actor—and he said it, being an actor himself—but a man in the second sense of the term, inasmuch as he was a true man to his mother and a true man to his wife. His merits need not further be descanted upon publicly—these were best known to those who had known him best. He then read the inscription and epitaph, and added that in fond remembrance of the man who had gone one sympathizing thought should be turned to the loving woman whom he had left behind. The assemblage subsequently dispersed, many of its number relating pleasant reminiscences of the pleasure which they had derived from the deceased tragedian's acting in various parts of the world.

ONLY ONE IN AMERICA.

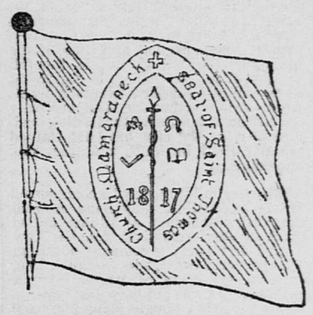
Church Flag Which Flies Over the Episcopal Church in a New York Town.

Rev. W. W. Montgomery, rector of St. Thomas' Protestant Episcopal church at Mamaroneck, believes that his church flies the only church flag in America, says the New York Sun. The custom of flying a flag other than the national flag from the turret of a church is not uncommon in the established church in England. St. Thomas' church in Mamaroneck has many wealthy members who are New Yorkers, and who have elegant country places on the sound. Among these is the family of James M. Constable. When Mr. Constable's wife, Mrs. Henrietta Constable, died four years ago, Mr. Constable and his three children built St. Thomas' church and presented it to the parish as a memorial of Mrs. Constable. It is of stone, and though Mr. Constable has not informed the officers of the parish what it cost, it could not have been built for less than $100,000. It is often referred to as the Arnold church, because Mrs. Constable was a daughter of Aaron Arnold, and because Mr. Hicks-Arnold, a son-in-law of Mr. Constable, placed the Constable memorial windows in the church and the chime of bells in the steeple.

When the church building was presented to the parish and was consecrated in June, 1886, the flag was a part of the gift. It was acceptable to the vestrymen and to Rev. Mr. Montgomery, and now everybody in Mamaroneck accepts it as a matter of course.

The flag is of white bunting, and the design shown in the accompanying cut is in dark blue on white ground. The design is the seal of the parish. There is nothing remarkable about the seal, for every parish in America has, in accordance with an ecclesiastical law, a seal of some sort, though usually it is much simpler than that of the church at Mamaroneck. The seal is frequently the name of the church only. In the cut accompanying a spear is seen upright in the center. It is intended by this to remind the beholder of the spear with which, according to church tradition, the martyr St. Thomas was killed. Attached to the spear head is a leathern thong, with which in ancient times the spearman drew back his weapon after casting it at an enemy.

Alpha and Omega, the first and the last letters of the Greek alphabet, one on either side of the spear, and also the book beneath the Omega, are well understood ecclesiastical symbols, Alpha and



Omega being the works of the Savior, who was the first and the last, the beginning and the end, while the book signifies St. Thomas' mission in preaching the word. A carpenter's square beneath the Alpha indicates St. Thomas' trade. Finally, 1817 is the date of the organization of St. Thomas' parish.

Sexton Samuel Shearer hoists the church flag from a turret of the church every Sunday and on church festival days.

TO MINNIE.

WITH A HAND-GLASS.

A picture frame for you to fill,
A paltry setting for your face,
A thing that has no worth until
You lend it something of your grace.

I send (unhappy that I sing
Laid by awhile upon the shelf)
Because I would not send a thing
Less charming than you are yourself.

And happier than I, alas!
(Dumb thing, I envy its delight)
'Twill wish you well, the looking-glass
And look you in the face to-night.

—Robert Louis Stevenson