MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

BY MRS. BOWSER.

Mr. Bowser came home the other afternoon just in time to meet the cook going away with her bundle, and he rushed into the house to inquire:

"I suppose you've gone and done it again?"

"What?"

"Abused and maltreated the girl until her sense of justice has compelled her to leave."

"I hadn't anything to do with her leaving."

"Then who had? She looked heartbroken as I passed her just now."

"Did she? Poor thing! She got a letter this morning from her aunt in Canada, telling her that she had been left $5,000 in cash, and advising her to come home and marry a man who owns three farms. She must feel very sorrowful!"

"Humph! And didn't you put too much work on her?"

"No."

"Nor make her feel her position?"

"No. Her position was in the parlor about half the time."

"Well, it seems very queer to me that so many of our girls leave. Everything will be upset now for a week, I suppose."

"Oh, no. You can cook, you know, and you are such a sympathetic soul that you ought to be willing to go into the kitchen for a day or two. I shall depend on you, Mr. Bowser."

"Oh, you will?" Not satisfied with driving a dozen poor souls to destruction, you want a rub at me! I wouldn't have your spirit for all the money in the world!"

He went away with that, but he was home an hour earlier than usual, and when I inquired what for he said:

"What for? Why the child and I have got to have something to eat haven't we, and who's to cook it if I don't take hold?"

"I can cook."

"Mrs. Bowser, I've long felt it my duty to give you a few lessons in the culinary art. I have held off hoping your pride would force you to take hold, but the limit has been reached. The time has come when I must sacrifice my business to enter my kitchen and prevent my child from feeling the pangs of hunger."

"Please don't."

"But I will! I'm driven to it. I've got a wife who can't cook the northwest end of last year's turnip, and who can't keep a cook over a week at a time. I've put up with it too long—much too long, Mrs. Bowser. I must sacrifice my dignity to preserve the life of my child."

"Shan't I help you get supper?"

"Not a help. You'd only be in the way. Just sit down in the rocker, Mrs. Bowser, put your feet on the lounge, get a cud of gum in your mouth, and sit and chew and chew, and think what mean things you are going to say to the next girl to drive her away. When supper is ready I will call your royal highness."

He disappeared with that.

When he reached the kitchen he took off his cuffs and coat, pushed up his sleeves and kindled a fire. His confidence began to desert him at this point and he seemed to be studying deeply as he filled the teakettle even full and set it to boil. I had some fresh beefsteak in the ice-box and he got it out, scratched his head in a thoughtful way and laid it on the kitchen table. Then he went down cellar after the hatchet, wiped the head of it on his right leg, and pounded away until a good share of the steak had gone into the board.

Mr. Bowser's next move was to hunt behind the pantry door for a spider which we had never used. He carried it to the kitchen towel gave it a wipe and then placed it on the stove. He had heard that grease was necessary, and he put in some butter, dropped in his steak and soon had it sizzling. Then he started in for the biscuit. He got down the dish pan, filled it almost full, and then reflected for a moment. I took advantage of the occasion to open the door and remark:

"Mr. Bowser, you needn't figure on an elaborate supper, under the circumstances. Just make us a cup of tea and we'll get along."

"Mrs. Bowser, you ought to know by this time that there is no half way work with me," he replied with great frigidity. "You can afford to neglect the comfort of this family, but I cannot. Please return to your gum and your novel."

Then he went ahead just as any other husband would.

He had heard about soda and shortening in biscuit, and he mixed the flour with cold water, put in pepper and salt, slashed off half a pound of butter and stirred it in, and then remembered the baking powder. There was nearly a quarter of a pound in the box, and the whole of it went in.

How Mr. Bowser managed to get a grease spot between his shoulder blades, flour on his hair, and baking powder in his hind pocket I do not know, but it was probably while he was rolling that mass out. He didn't trifle with the mixing-board, but used the spot where he had pounded the beef. I heard the mass of dough fall to the floor three different times with a dull thud, but he wasn't a bit discouraged. He got it rolled out at last, cut some biscuits with a tea cup, and presently the oven door shut on his tins. He had just forty biscuit.

By this time the steak had burned black on both sides, and he set it down behind the stove and prepared the tea. To two quarts of water he used one teaspoonful. Ten minutes later he summoned me to the banquet. He had the table-cloth on criss-cross, the butter on a pie plate, the cake in the cheese dish, and his beefsteak was placed in the centre of the table on a pie tin.

"Anything wrong?" he asked as I sat down.

"Oh, no. You have done splendidly."

"I am aware of it. This table has never looked so homelike before."

His biscuits were raw in the middle, while top and bottom were so wonderfully and fearfully made that I had to laugh.

"The biscuit, you can't beat 'em. Wait till you taste one!"

I didn't taste, but he did. I was watching him, and a look of horror came over his face at the first mouthful. He wouldn't give in, however, but crowded a whole biscuit down and pretended to enjoy it.

"I wouldn't eat any of that steak, Mr. Bowser," I said as he eyed it suspiciously.

"Wouldn't you? Perhaps you want it all yourself."

"I don't think it is properly cooked."

"Well, I do! If that isn't a nice steak then we never had one in this house."

He ate at least a quarter of a pound, though every morsel choked him. I offered to wash up the dishes, but he put me out of the kitchen and went ahead. He washed everything together in the flour pan, wiped on whatever he could find loose, and it was a week before we got the pantry in order again. That night after bragging of what a breakfast he was going to get, Mr. Bowser was taken with chills and colic, and when the doctor came and I showed him the beef and the biscuit he said:

"Mr. Bowser, if you hadn't the stomach of a shark you'd have been dead an hour ago. You'd better quit this sort of nonsense if you want to live the year out."

And as soon as we were alone Mr. Bowser turned on me with:

"Don't expect me to shield you again! Your jealousy prompted you to put poison into that flour while I was down cellar! If this thing occurs again I will send you to the gallows!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A DOLLAR DINNER.

The First Offering in Competition for a Hundred Dollar Prize.

The New York *Press* prints the following as the first offering in competition for the best menu for a $1 dinner:

BILL OF FARE.

Meat: Roast leg of mutton. Vegetables, mashed potatoes, creamed onions. Dessert, rice balls with soft custard.

Cost—mutton, 4 pounds, 60 cents; potatoes, 1 quart, 7 cents; onions, 6 cents; bread, 5 cents a loaf; rice balls and custard, 22 cents. Total, $1.

Preparation—No good housekeeper need be told how to roast a leg of mutton or how to mash potatoes. For creamed onions boil half a dozen onions in three quarts of water one hour; pour off the water, cut the onions into small pieces, season with salt and pepper, serve with cream sauce.

To make sauce boil half a pint of milk; take one tablespoonful of butter and half a tablespoonful of flour; rub the mixture to a cream and stir the cream into the boiling milk. Stir until the sauce is smooth, and pour over the onions.

To make the dessert, soak a cup of rice in cold water one hour; pour off the water and add two cups of milk; then cook one hour. When cooked add a little salt.

Dip small custard cups into cold water and fill them with the rice and set away until cold. When ready to serve turn the rice balls on a flat dish and put a little currant jelly on top of each.

For custard put one pint of milk into a double boiler, mix one tablespoonful of corn starch with half a cup of cold milk; when the milk begins to boil stir in the corn starch and cold milk and cook ten minutes. Meanwhile beat four eggs with half a cup of sugar. After pouring the boiling mixture over the eggs and sugar cook the custard five minutes, stirring it all the time. Remove from the fire and add a little salt and a large teaspoonful of lemon extract; allow the custard to cool; pour over rice balls and serve.

Little Pick-Ups, Droll and Odd.

A grandmother only 25 years old is the chief curio in Hancock, Ind.

A man out West was acquitted of stealing sausages because a link was wanting.

Ann Arbor, Mich., claims the honor of originating the "He's all right" yell. It has been known for many years among college men there.

Willard Perkins, of Waterbury, Conn., has received the trophy annually given to the heaviest member of the Fat Men's Association of the State. Mr. Perkins weighs 452 pounds.

A Michigan man who decided to settle in Jasper, Ala., shipped his goods there by rail and then, with his wife and two children, drove the whole distance—1,000 miles. They had a splendid time.

A Maine genius has discovered that spruce sawdust is an excellent substitute for sand in making common mortar for plastering houses. He has used it making a house in Greenville, and other masons in the State are experimenting with it.

Under the laws of France a person reported dead by a legal official must remain dead, no matter how much he may come to life. If he wish to live he must take some other name.

A man at Laramie laughed at an Indian who slipped down on the street five years ago, and the other day the red man came around and stabbed him in the back as a reward.

Rev. Dr. Talmage says that General Harrison has daily family prayers at his home, and that few laymen can deliver more devout or impressive prayers in household worship than he does. He will maintain the same habit at the White House.

It is a piece of astronomical luck that, as viewed from California, the eclipse of the sun in January will be total. This will give the great Lick telescope a notable opportunity of usefulness—always provided that the day shall not be cloudy.

Sign Your Name Legibly.

If there is one man who deserves to be hanged without benefit of the clergy it is the one who sends you a letter, requesting a reply, and signs his name with such a combination of insane flourishes that the prince of darkness wouldn't be able to read it. This man will frequently write very plainly from the beginning of a letter to the end, and then, taking it for granted that you are perfectly familiar with his name, get up on the pen and ride it all over the bottom of the page, under the impression that he is appending his signature. A murrain on him and all his scurvy kind.—*Lincoln (Neb.) Journal.*

How Germans Do It.

Theatre-goer to his neighbor—See how I make that lady in front take her hat off.

Neighbor—Bet you don't.

Theatre-goer (aside)—Done. (Aloud) What charming hair that lady has!

The lady removes her hat.—*Ulk.*

SIR Lyon Playfair says that during 17 years' service as member of Parliament he came in contact with the most eminent medical men of England, and he put the question to most of them: "Did you, in your extensive practice, ever know a patient who was afraid to die?" With two exceptions they answered "No."

DISEASE IN THE COUNTRY

Caused by Sanitary Carelessness—Dr. Lucy M. Hall's Observations.

A New Yorker recently took a drive of some days with his wife through Vermont. One day they stopped for dinner at a pleasant country inn, situated in a beautiful little village, which from its location should be the abode of health. After dinner the New Yorker fell into conversation with the pastor of one of the village churches. It soon came out that the clergyman had previously lived for some years in one of the larger cities of New England, having been forced to abandon the charge of an important church there by impaired health, which he was here seeking to recruit. The stranger, naturally enough, asked the minister whether he thought there was more sickness or less in the village where they were talking than among people in equally good circumstances who live in our larger cities.

"I hardly know what to say," the clergyman replied. "Of course there is more disease to every thousand of the whole population in a city like New York than there is in a rural county in Vermont by reason of the great excess in the tenement house districts; but I have grave doubts whether there is as much sickness proportionally in those quarters of cities where people live in comfort and under rigorous sanitary regulations as there is in this village. Certainly there is a great deal of sickness and a number of deaths every year in a place like this, which might be prevented, and which would be prevented by the authorities in a well governed city. To mention only a single case, and this is not one to be talked about here: One of the most prominent families in this town, well to do people, living in an excellent house and presumed to be intelligent in matters of health, suffers constantly from disease. They have had typhoid fever and diphtheria, and somebody is ailing most of the time. They think it strange, but you would not. The truth is that if they lived in a city they would be hauled before the health board within twenty-four hours for violating the ordinances in letting all the waste from their kitchen flow into the yard and ooze there, polluting the air and breeding disease."

That there was nothing exceptional in the village referred to is proved by a very interesting and valuable paper which was read by Dr. Lucy M. Hall, of Brooklyn, at the recent meeting of the Social Science Association in Saratoga, upon "Sanitary Condition of Country Homes." She had gathered the necessary data for a judgment by the examination, during her vacations, of sixty-five ordinary farmhouses in New England, the middle and the western States. She found that little care is taken as to the character of subsoil, and that over half were located on wet clay soils. In more than half the cases, also, the houses were too closely shaded, and sunlight was too much excluded from all parts of the house. In a majority of cases the cellars were found to be damp or wet. Barns and stables in New England averaged not more than fifty feet from the houses, and outhouses less than thirty feet, the water supply being undoubtedly contaminated by one or the other of these causes in a number of cases. Slops were thrown into the yard from the back door in three-quarters of the New England farmhouses examined.

Now for the result. Dr. Hall found that lung affections, diphtheria, typhoid fever and rheumatism had played sad havoc in these farmhouses. Ninety-three per cent. of the whole number in New England had a record of lung fever and diphtheria and 55 per cent. of typhoid fever. There is not a particle of doubt that the greater part of this disease was directly due to damp cellars, neglected slops or contaminated water; in other words, was preventable, ought to have been prevented, and would have been prevented if the sufferers had lived in a city with a thoroughly efficient health department.

We are glad that attention has been called to this important matter by an organization of such weight as the Social Science Association. So many city people pass a considerable part of the warm weather in the country that the danger is by no means confined to the permanent residents. One of the incidental advantages of the vacation season ought to be the spread of the fundamental principles of sanitary science among the farming population by their city visitors.

The Land of Hats.

Do any of you study geography? If you do, get your map and find Corea. That is the land of hats. If your father lived there he would have a hat to wear in the house, another out of doors, another to wear in the rain, another when he marches with the soldiers, besides several dress-up hats. His every-day out-of door hat would have a crown shaped something like a top, and the brim would be as broad as the seat of your little chair. If your father had lost a friend he would put on a hat shaped like a washbowl and it would cover his face all over. If you had three brothers, and they each owned so many hats, where would your mother keep them?—*The Little Pilgrim.*

"It's a Hextra."

At an old-fashioned hostlery in London two gentlemen were dining, when a dispute arose as to what a pineapple was. One of the diners insisted that it was a fruit. The other, with equal confidence, gave it as his opinion that a pineapple was a vegetable. A bet was made, and the friends determined to accept the decision of the waiter, who was called to the table. "John," asked one of them, "how do you describe a pineapple—is it a fruit or is it a vegetable?" The waiter rubbed his hands, placed his head on one side, and with a pitying smile replied, "It's neither, gentlemen; a pineapple is a hextra."

A Husband's Fault-finding.

"Wives in these days are very negligent about their household duties," said Young-husband.

"So I have heard."

"Yes, take my own case, for example. I come home at all hours and still my wife never has the dinner ready."

The "Mrs. Andrew Carnegie," which was exhibited for the first time at the Chrysanthemum Fair in New York, has created quite a furor among the florists; $1,250 was offered and refused for the plant. It is not particularly dainty, but is very large and vigorous.

A TALE OF TWO TAYLORS.

The Dromios Outdone by Two Western Reserve Ohioans.

Judge Ezra B. Taylor, who represents the Nineteenth Ohio district in the House at Washington, recently received a letter that called up a remarkable coincidence in his life. Here is the story as told by him to a Washington *Star* reporter:

He was born in Portage county, O., sixty-five years ago, attended school with Garfield, and the two kept up a friendship in after life. When Garfield was elected to the Ohio State Senate in 1859 Judge Taylor was practicing law in the State. Shortly after Garfield took his seat Judge Taylor got a letter from him stating:

"I received your letter and will be glad to do anything I can for you. I am surprised, however, that you should desire such a position. I thought your practice was worth much more to you."

This may not be the exact language of the letter, but it was about this. Judge Taylor did not understand the letter. He wrote to Mr. Garfield telling him so, and saying that he was right in supposing his law practice was worth more than any position under the State Senate.

Shortly after that Mr. Garfield called on him and handed him a letter, asking if it were not his. He examined the letter and replied that it was certainly his handwriting and his signature, but that he had not written it, unless he had done so in his sleep, and then he pointed out that it was postmarked from another part of the State. The letter asked for the appointment of a deputy sergeant-at-arms of the State Senate, was written in the judge's handwriting and signed plainly with his signature, Ezra B. Taylor. Mr. Garfield wanted to submit the letter to an expert to pass upon the chirography. Judge Taylor said he would acknowledge that he could not tell it from his own. It was submitted to an expert, who, without hesitation, said he could take his oath to its being Judge Taylor's writing. It was a mystery they could not penetrate, and they dropped it.

Not long after the State Convention assembled. Judge Taylor was walking down the corridor of the principal hotel. There were mirrors on the walls in which he could see his reflection. As he approached the end of the corridor he thought there was another mirror directly in front of him in which he could plainly see his own face and form. He drew closer, and——No; it was not a mirror. It was a man. It was himself in flesh and blood. The two looked at each other, and it seemed as if each had lost its identity in the other. Had they turned around three times neither could have been certain he was not the other fellow. Neither spoke. They just looked at each other and passed in opposite directions. Later in the day Mr. Garfield, with the double leaning on his arm, approached Judge Taylor. He introduced them: "Mr. Taylor; Mr. Taylor. No; Mr. Ezra B. Taylor, Mr. Ezra B. Taylor."

They were the same in name, in form, in face, in age, voice, carriage, manner and general appearance. Judge Taylor was then known as Colonel. He had been named after a distinguished clergyman, Ezra Booth. The duplicate was also known as Colonel, and said he was Ezra Booth, but he did not know after whom he was named.

A few weeks ago Judge Taylor got a letter from a lady in Wisconsin stating that she had noticed the name of Ezra B. Taylor as voting against the Mills Bill; that an Ezra B. Taylor, formerly living in a certain part of New York, had been a very intimate friend of her father, who was now dead. They had, she said, lost sight of this friend soon after her father's death, and they were anxious to find him. They hoped the Representative might be he.

Judge Taylor wrote a prompt reply, stating that he had never lived in New York State, and had never heard of the lady's father; but this did not end it.

A few days ago he got another letter from the lady stating that she had been delighted, on receiving his letter, to recognize in the address the handwriting of her father's friend.

It has not yet developed whether the Ezra B. Taylor this lady seeks is the one who died or yet a third party to the drama.

But, to add another romantic feature to the case, it now appears that the Taylor this lady seeks might have reasons for concealing his identity from the family on account of some business relations with the deceased father, whom he may have owed money.

Curious Causes of Combustion.

Relative to spontaneous combustion, the fires of the year in Boston have furnished some new observations of interest. In one case, according to the *American Architect*, a quantity of feather dust in a bedding manufactory took fire without apparent reason. It was found, however, that a piece of thick glass had been lying on the feathers, and the sun's rays, concentrated in some way by the glass, had set fire to them, although the day was a cold one in the month of March. In another case, a number of tarpaulin hats were lying, packed together, in a window. The high temperature, with, perhaps, the close packing of the hats, caused them to burst into a blaze. Two other fires were caused by putting paraffine paper, such as candy is wrapped in, into a refuse barrel, which contained a little sawdust; and a third, which destroyed $20,000 worth of property, was occasioned by putting some greasy paper, which had been used to wrap lunches in, into a wooden refuse barrel, which contained some sawdust and sweepings.

Latest Northwest News.

(Winnipeg Special.)

While skating on the ice on Red River on Saturday afternoon, Walter and Percy Skead, two brothers, broke through. Walter went down before assistance arrived and Percy was rescued in an exhausted condition. Walter's body is not yet recovered.

G. C. King, Postmaster at Calgary, was severely burned about the face yesterday and will be laid up for some time.

It is probable that a large quantity of wheat will be stored in the elevators at Portage la Prairie until the completion of the Red River Valley line early next year to get the benefit of competing rates.

A verdict of not guilty was returned by the jury at Brandon in the case of Fletcher, charged with the murder of one Matheson, at Binscarth, in March last.

A STRANGE FRIENDSHIP.

An Eagle and a Game Cock Dwell Together in the Utmost Harmony.

The time may never come when the lion and the lamb shall lie down together, and both be on the outside, but the spectacle of a chicken and its mortal foe, the eagle, resting in cordial fellowship on the same roost comes very near expressing the idea of universal peace foreshadowed in the prophecy of the lion and the lamb. While the Robinson Fishing Club, of which John O'Neil, the well-known restaurateur, at 600 Grant street, is a member, was encamped at North East Pa. last July, two large eagles were seen in the vicinity of the camp for several days. Frank Casey shot one of them, seriously injuring its leg. It fell, and was rescued from the dogs. The bird recovered, but it remained very lame. Upon the return of the club to the city the king of birds was presented to Mr. O'Neil, who keeps it in the loft of his stable. When it first came it ate large chickens with facility and without compunction, and small ones ditto. Mr. O'Neil is somewhat of a chicken fancier, and takes pride in the fine qualities of his game cocks. Last April a splendid fighting cock of the black Spanish breed was hatched. As he grew older, a large Shanghai rooster, the lord and master of the roost, intimidated him and drove him out of the family circle, so that for a long time he has held himself aloof from his kindred, roosting always by himself. About two weeks ago Mr. O'Neil discovered that the eagle was amicably sharing his roost with the cock. The result has been a strange intimacy between the two. The rooster goes for short periods during the day to look out for his provisions, but always returns soon to the society of his friend, and, all in all, he spends the greater part of his time with the latter. The eagle, on his part, seems to have entirely conquered the predilection for chickens as food, and always welcomes the return of his little companion. He has also ceased to wage war on the other fowls, and is content to lunch on three pounds of fresh meat every day. Mr. O'Neil thinks the strange friendship will only be ended when the game cock comes to a realization of the fact that the blood of heroes courses through his veins, and proceeds to lay the black Spanish rooster at death's door, and takes his rightful place at the head of the barnyard family. The rooster is a handsome, red plumaged fellow. The eagle is of the variety known as the black eagle, and measures seven feet four inches from tip to tip, weighing between fifteen and twenty pounds. He stands captivity very well. He is quite gentle at times, and at others very cross. Two noticeable facts about the eagle are that he verifies the old statement that the king of birds won't eat carrion, for he won't even touch meat that has been killed a day; and that, when he has a fowl to kill, he knocks the life out of it with his wings.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

MONEY IN STREET MUSIC.

Profits of Hand-Organ Men and Other Itinerant Noise-Makers.

The Boston *Record* says: Sympathetic ladies who send nickels and silver pieces by a servant to the poor organ grinder who stands at their door, or who throw down to him from an upper window pennies wrapped in thick writing paper, may like to know how much a man gets in the course of a day and what he does with his money.

For the latter he does not spend more than a seventh part of it. He puts it safely away, and keeps increasing it. Sometimes he joins at night a select club of his fellow-countrymen, who gamble their pennies away in long and delicious excitement.

How much do you think he earns?

More than a carpenter, a bricklayer, a policeman, a postman, or a salesman in a store who wears gloves and a high hat. He averages four dollars a day. He labors systematically, and has his regular beat and his varied art to extract the penny from persons of each class he plays before. On an average he plays on 200 blocks a day, and it's a deucedly poor block that does not pay two cents.

The girls who are seen daily on our streets dressed in pretty Switzer or Neapolitan costumes, drawing or playing what is known as a "piano or organ on wheels," average from ten to twenty dollars a day, and as a rule they are not required to labor more than six hours a day.

The latest "wrinkle" in street music is a young woman who sings, accompanied by three swarthy sons of Italy on the harp, violin and piccolo. She has a sweet voice, dresses attractively and sings "songs that reach the heart" and pocket at the same time. She is not an Italian, as many suppose, but an English girl, who is said to be the wife of a son of the sunny peninsula. One who is acquainted with her history informed the writer that she was of first-class family, fairly educated, and of a penurious nature. For the latter reason she adopted her present mode of obtaining a living. Her income is over thirty dollars a day, from which she pays a few dollars to her accompanists. She sings on an average fifty times a day, and always in localities where many men are employed; before printing offices, manufactories, etc., and in courts and places immediate to the principal thoroughfares where street pedestrians are numerous. It is said that in a few years she intends to "cross the water" and live in quiet ease for the remainder of her life, by that time having acquired a small fortune. Old women who sit upon sidewalks playing "hurdy-gurdies" with a placard of petition about the neck, average a laboring man's wages, even in dull times.

It is an old saying that "the world owes everybody a living," and from the above it cannot but appear as a truism.

She Had Made It White as Snow.

Mr. Popsy (ruefully examining his pipe)—Who has been fooling with my old meerschaum?

Mrs. Popsy (a young bride)—O, darling, it was so old and black and dirty that I put it in the kitchen fire and watched it carefully until it was burned to this lovely snow-white.

A Good Reason, Too.

It is said that in eight cases out of ten if a man gets $50,000 all of a sudden he will either go cracked in the head or make a laughing stock of himself. That's doubtless the reason why Providence keeps $50,000 away from so many of us.—*Detroit Free Press.*