

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

BY MRS. BOWSER.

I had a caller the other afternoon when Mr. Bowser came home, and after she had gone he asked:

"How long was Mrs. Blank here?"

"About half an hour."

"And you talked about fashions, I suppose?"

"Yes, mostly; what should we talk about?"

"Mrs. Bowser, did it ever occur to you that there was anything in life beyond military, and dress goods, and dress-makers?"

"How?"

"How! Why not select a subject of sense—science, mineralogy, the labor question, or government, and discuss it with calmness and justice, and learn something worth remembering for half an hour. You women-folks might as well be born with a pumpkin on your shoulders in place of a head."

I made no reply to this, but determined to catch Mr. Bowser in his own trap before the week was out. Fortune favored me. It was only two days before a neighbor called over as he was at work in the back yard, and for two long hours those men sat down on a ladder and discussed the question whether a back gate should open inwards or outwards, and the advantages offered by either situation. Mr. Bowser contended for the gate opening outwards, and the neighbor for the opposite, and the discussion resulted in Mr. Bowser getting red clear back of the ears and jumping up to exclaim:

"Well, let's drop the subject right here. There can be cracks on alley gates as well as on politics and religion."

"And there can be lunatics outside of the asylums," hotly replied the neighbor.

"Don't call me a lunatic!"

"And don't you call me a crank!"

"Go home and hang your old gate to the moon!"

"I'll hang it according to the rules of common sense, and don't you forget it!"

When Mr. Bowser came in to wash my hands I observed:

"Mr. Bowser, did it ever occur to you that there was anything in life beyond hanging a back gate?"

He replied with a "humpf" of disgust.

"Select some subject of sense, Mr. Bowser—art, science, mineralogy—the labour question or self-government and learn something worth remembering for half an hour!"

He looked around in a desperate, helpless way, and put on his hat and went off without a word, in reply, "I wasn't going to let him off on that, however. When he came home that evening I had Mrs. Orfendorf over to supper, and as soon as we were seated at the table I queried:

"Doesn't it strike you that Germany's policy on the Samoa question is one of conciliation instead of aggression?"

"It certainly does," she replied, "but there may be a hidden motive behind this seeming submission.... Trace the record of the man back as far as you will, and his policy has been either aggression, or strategy."

Mr. Bowser looked from one to the other of us in astonishment.

"I notice," said I as I passed the biscuit, "that the Spanish colonial policy is working towards a radical change.... Incited by the example of other and stronger nations, it is about to extend its arms and enfold new possessions."

The stare Mr. Bowser favored me with made my flesh creep.

"I do so hope you can come down to the next meeting of the Woman's Scientific, Political and Literary Club," said Mrs. Orfendorf, as she toyed with her strawberries. "Those gatherings are very, very interesting. At our last meeting we discussed the 'Drift Period' and at the one next week we shall discuss 'The Proposed Amendments to the Constitution of the United States.'"

"Oh, I'd like to go over so much, and I think I can promise you I will be there. Can Mr. Bowser come, too?"

"Well, hardly. Men take such little interest in such things that they are obtrusive."

"Now that that shallow pated, long nosed old nuisance has finally taken her leave let's go to bed."

He regained his assurance after a couple of days, however. I was talking to our 2-year-old baby, and talking as all mothers talk, when Mr. Bowser flung down his paper and exclaimed:

"Mrs. Bowser, you make me tired talking to that young'un that way! No wonder so many children grow up to be sap headed!"

"How shall I talk?"

"Talk sense—the same as you would to an adult. He's old enough to understand, and I believe he will appreciate it."

"Very well; I'll try."

"Thank you. It's more than I expected you do."

The trial came that night. We had scarcely got to bed when baby awoke and began to whine. He had got cold hand was teverish.

"Now, Harry," began, "snug down and try to go to sleep. It's nothing serious, and I object to being kept awake."

He howled more lustily.

"My son," I continued, "this exhibition of ingratitude astonishes me, and I insist that you change your course of conduct at once; or leave my house. Filial respect, if nothing else."

"What, in thunder, and blazes are you talking about?" roared Mr. Bowser, as he sat up in bed.

"I'm talking sense to baby."

"Not by a jug full you ain't!"

"Then you try it."

"I'll try it by wringing his neck if he doesn't shut off steam!" He's howling out of spite!"

"Then warn him that you may be compelled to inflict due chastisement, but do it calmly and grammatically."

"That's what Mr. Bowser said as he jumped out of bed, and disappeared into the spare room, and that was the last I saw of him until morning."

Cautioned. That's All.

Husband—"Don't worry, my dear; if I get home a trifle late occasionally, now that I've joined the Athletic Club, I used to be a great athlete when I was a boy, you know, and it seems like renewing my youth to go through with the old exercises again."

Wife—"No, John, I won't, but when you get home at 2 A.M., as you did this morning, please don't renew your youth by standing on your head in the front porch; nor climbing through the transom, because it's apt to create remark, you know—that's all, dear."

Punishing an Elephant.

Some elephants resemble men in their inability to sudden outbursts of passion, and in their exhibition of remorse when, the passion having subsided, they see the results of their violent temper. An illustration of an elephant's violence and contrition is given by Gen. George Bell, in his "Rough Notes of an Old Soldier," written while he was serving in India.

While the party was in camp, a Mahout went with his elephant to cut forest. As he was binding it in bundles, the elephant began to help himself and knocked about the bundles already tied up.

The Mahout punished the beast for his disobedience by a blow on the spine, which so enraged the elephant that he seized the man with his trunk, dashed him to the ground and trampled him to death.

No sooner had he killed his keeper than he repented, roared, and bolted for the jungle to hide himself. Six other elephants, guided by their Mahouts, followed him. On being driven into a corner he surrendered, and was led into camp a prisoner, and chains were placed on his legs.

Then came his punishment. An elephant was placed on either side, each holding a heavy iron chain. As the dead body of the Mahout was laid on the grass before him, the elephant roared loudly, being perfectly aware of what he had done.

A Mahout ordered the two elephants to punish the murderer. Lifting the two heavy chains high in the air, with their trunks they whipped him, with these iron whips, until he made the camp echo with his roar of pain. He was then picketed by himself, and an iron chain attached to his hind leg, which he dragged after him on the march.

That Baby of Ours.

In these very hot days the average man has little appetite for solids. But the weather does not seem to effect the appetite of an esteemed infant whose acquaintance I value highly—in the interest of science.

For instance, this babe, aged thirteen months, two days ago started out on a gormandizing tour by biting out a diamond from his sister's ring and swallowing it. This was not discovered until yesterday. An hour later he was discovered in the act of devouring horse radish, and when the bottle of this mendacious condiment was taken from him he devoted his attention to a package of baking powder, which he broke open and then swallowed two handfuls of the contents.

Naturally the babe rose with the occasion.

For half an hour after the baking powder episode the babe was missing. His absence at last alarmed his mother, and she started to search for him. She called him loudly, but no answer came. He was not in the parlor, dining-room, kitchen or bedrooms. Where could he be? Only one place remained—the cellar. Thither she flew.

The infant was there. He had turned on the spigot of a ten-gallon carbon oil can and was to the best of his ability absorbing the fluid as it fell in a continuous stream. Nobody seems to know how much oil the babe imbibed, but it is gratifying to state that it apparently did him no harm.

Whence Come the Flies?

From where do all the flies come? The question is often asked, and seldom receives as satisfactory an answer as has been given by a contemporary: The common fly lays more than 100 eggs, and the time from egg laying to maturity is only about two weeks. Most of us have studied the geometrical progression. Here we see it illustrated. Suppose one fly commences "to multiply and replenish the earth" about June 1. June 15, if all lived, would give 150. Suppose seven-and-a-half of these are females, July 1 would give us, supposing no cruel way or other untoward circumstances to interfere, 11,250 flies. Suppose 5,625 of these are females, we might have by July 15, 843,720 flies. For fear of bad dreams I apparently did him no harm.

The Ladies' Favorite.

The newest fashion in ladies hats will doubtless cause a flutter of pleasurable excitement among the fair sex. Ladies are always susceptible to the changes of a fashion plate, and the more startling the departure, the more earnest the gossip over the new mode. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a positive cure for the ill which afflicts females and make their lives miserable. This sovereign panacea can be relied on in cases of displacements and all functional derangements. It builds up the poor, haggard and draggled-out victim, and gives her renewed hope and a fresh lease of life.

It is the only medicine for woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturer, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money refunded. Read printed guarantee on bottle wrapper.

Circular cloaks are made for evening wear in old rose, Suede or turquoise camel's hair.

Don't hawk, hawk, and blow, blow, disgusting everybody, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Hats with low crowns and broad brims, like scoops, are fashionable.

The Outset Little Things.

"Cats!" he echoed. "Well, I don't know as the adjective would have occurred to me in just that connection. But if you mean that they do their work thoroughly, yet make no fuss about it, it's 'cause 'no pain or weakness,' and, 'in short,' are everything that a pill ought to be, and 'nothing that it ought not,' then I agree that Pierce's pleasant Purgative. Pellets are about the cutest little things going!"

Come all to The Elysium of Health and Joy at St. Leon Springs, Quebec.

June 1st—The Palace opened for the reception of visitors; 300 comfortable rooms. Baths in Nature's virgin, life-toning, charming elements, hot or cold. Rates moderate, amusements plenty and enticing. Write for particulars.

Here the suffering masses, even pronounced incurables, find rosy-cheeked health and robust strength. The whole organism is perfected drinking from Nature's fountain; till sweeter life and heights of pleasure never before experienced are enjoyed. St. Leon is safe and effects permanent cures. Finally absorbing all deadly waste, blood poisons, &c., &c. Toning the blood, stimulating and regulating the digestive organs.

Even Diabetes and Bright's Disease, those twin terrors, are assuaged as water quenches fire. St. Leon is inimitable, unapproachable by art, impossible to say too much in its praise. So say, learned doctors, Professors, Analysts, &c., &c. Send orders to St. Leon Mineral Water Co., Ltd., either at the head office, St. Leon, Quebec, or the branch offices at Montreal or Toronto.

The Book of Lubon.

A Man Without Wisdom Lives in a Fool's Paradise. A Treatise especially written on Diseases of Man, containing Facts for Men of All Ages! Should be read by Old, Middle Aged and Young Men! Proven by the Sale of Half a Million to be the most popular, because written in language plain, forcible and instructive. Practical presentation of Medical Common Sense. Valuable to Invalids who are weak, nervous and exhausted, showing new means by which they may be cured. Approved by editors, critics and the people. Sanitary, Social, Science Subjects. Also gives a description of Specie No. 3, The Great Health Powder; Marvel of Healing and Koh-i-Noor of Medicine. It largely explains the mysteries of life. By its teachings, health may be maintained. The Book will teach you how to make life worth living. If every adult in the civilized world would read, understand and follow our views, there would be a world of physical, intellectual and moral giants. This Book will be found a truthful presentation of facts, calculated to do good. The book of Lubon, the Talisman of Health! Brings bloom to the cheek, strength to the body and joy to the heart. It is a message to the wise and otherwise. Lubon's Specie No. 3, The Spirit of Health. Those who obey the laws of this book will be crowned with a fadeless wreath. Vast numbers of men have felt the power and testified to the virtue of Lubon's Specific No. 3. All Men Who are Broken Down from overwork or other causes not mentioned in the above, should send for and read this Valuable Treatise, which will be sent to any address, sealed, on receipt of ten cents in stamp. Address all orders to M. V. Lubon, room 150 Front Street E., Toronto, Canada.

Almost War.

Pete Quince, "My father's richer'n yours." Johnny Doolittle—"No, he hasn't. We got a mortgage on our house." "Humph! My mother's got a guitar in her head." "Our baby's got the skulldel fever." "Your pop gets drunk." "He kin lick your pop, anyhow."

"But you kin't lick me. I'm bigger'n you!" "Humph! Mebbe I kin', but I kin wiggle my nose."

"Oh, well! Who said you couldn't. Let's go fishin'!" "I kin' now, ed." "Let's go fishin'!"

Taking One Too Literally.

Old friend—Well, Browne, what are you sending to the exhibition this year?

One artist (who really thinks he's done a good thing) at last, and longer for a little praise—Oh, same old rot, as you see!

Old friend—Ab—well—anyhow it brings grie to the mill, I suppose!

Moral—Don't be too modest.

Carriages Run by Steam.

A Munich firm has made a carriage propelled by gas which generates from benzine or analogous material. The motor, which is not visible from the outside, is placed in the rear of the three-wheeled carriage over the main axle, and the benzine used in its propulsion is carried in a closed copper receptacle secured under the seat, from which it passes drop by drop to the generator, and which holds enough benzine for a journey of about seventy-five miles. The gas mixture is ignited in a closed cylinder by means of an electric spark. After regulating the admixture of the gas, the motor can be started by simply turning a hand lever. Power is applied by the medium of a link-chain belted to a toothed wheel on the rear axle. The speed of the motor can be increased or diminished at will, by turning the lever backwards or forward, and it can be stopped by pulling the lever. The vehicle is steered in the same manner as a tricycle, by a small front wheel. It can attain a speed of about ten miles an hour, but in crowded streets it can be made to move as slowly as an ordinary vehicle. A quart of benzine is sufficient for an hour's trip.

The Mahout punished the beast for his disobedience by a blow on the spine, which so enraged the elephant that he seized the man with his trunk, dashed him to the ground and trampled him to death.

No sooner had he killed his keeper than he repented, roared, and bolted for the jungle to hide himself. Six other elephants, guided by their Mahouts, followed him. On being driven into a corner he surrendered, and was led into camp a prisoner, and chains were placed on his legs.

Then came his punishment. An elephant was placed on either side, each holding a heavy iron chain.

As the dead body of the Mahout was laid on the grass before him, the elephant roared loudly, being perfectly aware of what he had done.

A Strange Country.

Mrs. Langham—(reading an American paper)—"What a strange country yours is, to be sure," Mr. De Yank!

Mr. De Yank (of Boston)—"I don't think it much stranger than yours. But why?"

"Well, this paper gives an account of a game of baseball (I think they call it), and it says that 'Chumby saw a red-hot ball coming for him in center field, but he promptly froze to it.'

Johnston's Fluid Beef.

The Great Strength Giver.

A Nutritious Beverage.

A Perfect Food.

A Powerful Invigorator.

A Silly Question.

Daughter. "Mamma, Mr. Strongbox has offered me his heart and hand."

Mamma. "Do you love him, dear?"

Daughter. "Oh yes, mamma, very much."

Mamma. "Of course you do, dear. How silly of me to ask such a question."

The Ladies' Favorite.

The newest fashion in ladies hats will doubtless cause a flutter of pleasurable excitement among the fair sex. Ladies are always susceptible to the changes of a fashion plate, and the more startling the departure, the more earnest the gossip over the new mode.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a positive cure