

BOWSER'S HUNTING.

Makes Annual Foray Into the Country in Search of Snipe.

HAS INDIFFERENT SUCCESS.

Wife Has to Send For Him at Last to Save Him From Wrath of a Dozen Farmers—Was Taken For a Lunatic by a Stranger.

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Mr. Bowser had promised to secure two seats for the theater during the day and take me in the evening, and when he entered the house at 6 o'clock with a broad smile on his face I felt sure that nothing had happened to bring about a disappointment.

"Then you got the tickets and we are going?" I asked as I gave him the expected kiss.

"Tickets? Going? What do you mean?" he asked in a blank way.

"Tickets for the theater, of course. You said you would surely get them."

"I heard him say if there were girls really dressed around."

I shall be all dressed and ready half an hour ahead of time. Did you get them well in front?"

"Come to think of it, I believe there was something said about tickets and the theater, but I met Green on the car, and the thing passed completely out of my mind."

"And what did meeting Green have to do with it?"

"Why, Green is a great sportsman, you know. He catches more fish and shoots more snipe than any other man in town. He wanted to know if I didn't know that the snipe shooting season opened tomorrow and was surprised that I had forgotten it."

"Well?"

"Well, he has got a game knee and can't go out shooting, but I'm going by myself. You know I go every fall. I've been tasting snipe in imagination all day. We can go to the theater any night this fall or winter—we can go a hundred nights—but I must go snipe shooting tomorrow. I want to get away at daylight, and I've got to borrow a gun this evening and make ready."

It is true that Mr. Bowser went snipe hunting last year and the year before. It is also true that he didn't have any success with snipe, and that he had a quarrel with a farmer on both occasions and on the last came home with a black eye and his coat ripped from tail to collar. He had then said that he was through with snipe forever; that millions of them might come and light on the house-top and he wouldn't stretch forth his hand. I reminded him now of his words, and he replied:

"Never, Mrs. Bowser—never said anything that could be possibly twisted to mean any such thing! I couldn't have had any fuss with farmers, and if I came home with a black eye it was caused by a kick from the gun. You have got things all mixed up. This puts our going to the theater for only a night or two, and I hope you won't be a booby about it."

"Oh, I'm not going to complain," I said. "If a husband cares more about snipe than he does about his wife she must put up with it."

"It isn't that, and you know it isn't. I care more about you than I do about snipe, but I was with you when you saw this thing in the same light that I do. I go out to shoot snipe. I get the day in the country. The walking is good for my rheumatism. I get the exhilaration of shooting a game bird. I talk with the farmers about their crops. I drink more or less buttermilk. I meet other sportsmen, and we compare notes and get acquainted. I shoot and bring home four dozen snipe, and we have snipe pie for a week. I feel rejuvenated, am completely restored to health, and during the rest of the fall I go around whistling and singing. I hope you won't be selfish in the matter."

"Oh, What's the Use?"

Of course I told him that I didn't want to be and that I should be glad to see him go out and enjoy himself. What was the use in saying anything to the contrary? He would have gone anyhow. As soon as dinner was over he went off somewhere and borrowed a gun and a game bag and ammunition, and he spent two solid hours cleaning that gun. It was a gun a rod long. I can't remember what bore he said it was nor how many snipe he would shoot to the minute, but the figures were very liberal. All you had to do was to put in anywhere from a dozen to a bushel of cartridges and aim and pull the trigger. I asked Mr. Bowser if the gun wasn't made sixteen feet long so that the muzzle could

be used to push snipe off their nests, and for a few minutes the relations between us were strained. We had hardly become reconciled again when I asked him what sort of a looking bird a snipe was. He didn't seem to hear the question, and I put it again. Then he looked up, with a red face, and said that some folks called them partridges—some folks who didn't know anything. I had my suspicions, but said nothing further. When we got ready for bed Mr. Bowser charged me as follows:

Not to let him oversleep. Not to let him forget the gun. To see that he took some ammunition along in case a snipe lit him.

Not to let him forget to kiss me ere he departed. He didn't look for any accident, but a fuse might possibly blow out somewhere.

Not to let anything that the cook might say disturb me. The cook didn't know a snipe from a codfish.

To remind him to telephone me whenever he had opportunity during the day.

To remind him the very last thing before his departure that he was no drier horse and that if he slaughtered more than two dozen snipe he was not to try to bring them home on his back.

Mr. Bowser woke up at midnight and got up to find that the weather was all right for snipe; again at 1 o'clock, at 2, at 3, at 4. The weather continued all right, and he was thrashing around in bed and killing snipe by the cart load when I woke him at 5. He dressed, hurried down and devoured a piece of bread and butter and was out of the house with that long gun on his shoulder before I was fairly awake. He hadn't waited to be reminded of anything. The milkman was at the door, and I heard him ask if there were grizzly bears around and if he had teeth, but his inquiries remained unanswered. When I finally went down to my breakfast I found the cook in tears, and when I asked the cause she replied:

"I weep for you, ma'am, and I don't charge you anything extra for it."

"But why weep for me?"

"Because Mr. Bowser will be knocking trees and fences down with the end of that long gun and get himself killed."

An hour had passed when the telephone rang, and I went to it to be greeted by Mr. Bowser's voice. He said:

"I have reached the country. Am telephoning you from a brickyard. All the brick men say that there are snipe by the million about a mile farther on. It is a good thing that I brought 500 cartridges. I am in the best of spirits. Goodby."

Snipe? Billions of 'em!

Forty minutes later I heard from him again. He said:

"Hello, girl. I am at a farmhouse. Have been inquiring all about buckwheat and cabbages. They are a big chop. The farmer says the snipe must have got wind of my coming, as they all flew away just before my arrival. He estimates the number in the flock at 2,000,000. I am about to push on after them. Wish I had brought a thousand cartridges and a gun thirty-two feet long. I feel all the exhilaration I anticipated. Have arranged with the farmer for the use of his horse wagon to bring my snipe home. He is really an intelligent man. He doesn't think the Standard Oil company will pay that fine for two or three weeks yet. Goodby."

Once more I heard from him. It was two hours later, and I had begun to worry. It was needless, for he said:

"I am on the trail of the snipe. There are billions and billions of them, and they cannot escape me. Wish I had brought 2,000 cartridges. Wish the gun was fifty feet long. Am telephoning from another farmhouse. Farmer says that the bumblebee is preparing to retire to his lair for the season. One more effort and I am among the snipe. Never felt so exhilarated in my life. By John, but this is feeling like this! Goodby."

That was the last from him. Hours and hours later the telephone called me again, and the voice of a stranger said:

"If that is Mrs. Bowser I want to say to her that there is a short, pudgy man with a bald head running around out here and talking about snipe and exhilaration. He claims to be your husband. Will you send for him before the farmers gather and run him off and lock him up for a looney?"

I sent for him and brought him home, gun and all, and as I write this he lies asleep on the lounge. The doctor says he will probably live through it, but all depends on the nursing. He must have been bitten by at least twenty snipe and a dozen farmers.

M. QUAD.

HOBBO HELPS COBBLER

His Advice as Followed Out by Hans Proves a Winner.

RUSH OF BUSINESS GREAT.

Enough Work on Hand Now to Keep the Wolf From the Door—Tramp Returns and Is Given the Glad Hand and Some Beer.

(Copyright, 1907.)

I must have one cement patch to put on for a week, and it looks as if I must shut up my shop and drive a coal wagon when a tramp comes into der shop and says he likes to get a lift put on his heels.

"It has 20 cents," I says.

"It has nottings," says he.

"I don't work for nottings," says I.

"Nor I either," says he.

"Vhell!"

"Vhell, you see who I vhas an old tramp, and my Indian name vhas He-Who-Sits-Down-and-Thinks

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MINUTE WHALES.

A Million and a Half Could Rest on the Head of a Pin.

The complete and most perfect of whales is a whale so small that 1,500,000 such whales could find room in a space not larger than an ordinary pin's head. But in that vanishing speck of matter there is already determined just how all the innumerable cells of the future whale's body are to grow, how many of them are to be and where the bone cells, the muscle cells, the nerve cells and all its other bodily cells are to find their proper places in his body to the end of that whale's life.

But much more than that. In that one primordial cell, scarcely imaginable for its minuteness, are stored the physical memories, so to speak, of that whale's ancestors back to the first whale. Therefore as he grows he will show that whales used to walk, for legs complete to the last leg bone will be found in the adult whale in the proper place for legs, but now tucked under his skin because there are no longer usable, much as an English nobleman hangs in his hall his ancestors' coats of mail as mementos of days gone by since the coming of rifle bullets.

Moreover, such a minute whale is nothing but a whale, because he cannot possibly grow into a fish any more than he can grow into a bird, for whales are mammals and therefore separated by an impassable biological gulf from all fishes. Last, in that primal cell not only does there reside the whole ancestral heritage of former whales, but there is ample provision for an indefinite number of future whales.—Dr. William Hanna Thomson in Everybody's.

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