

# Bowser Grows Kind

### He Buys Some Splendid Gowns For His Wife at Auction, but Mrs. B. Finds They Are Variegated Castoffs of Actresses and Sizes Too Small.

WHEN Mr. Bowser reached home the other afternoon at 3 o'clock Mrs. Bowser had every reason to suspect that a calamity of some sort had happened, but within a minute the smile on his face had dispelled the sudden fear at her heart.

"Business wasn't driving, and so I thought I'd come home and loaf around," was the excuse he made, but she thought she saw beyond it.

"You're not going to paint or do any carpenter work or try to do anything to save half the gas or coal?" she queried.

"Don't worry, my good woman," he paternally replied as his smile remained a fixture. "I just thought I'd come home and surprise you—that is, I thought, you know—I—I—"

"Mr. Bowser, if you've gone and bought a cow!"

But he hadn't. Just then a couple of boys with bundles under their arms turned in at the gate and rang the bell, and Mr. Bowser opened the door and took in the bundles and looked as miserably as old Santa Claus.

"That's it, eh? Mr. Bowser, you have been buying something to give me a surprise?"

"Yes; one or two little things, my dear. You were speaking to me the other night about wanting this and that, and as I happened to have a chance to buy I did so. I don't always think to give you a certain sum of money each week, but it is not because I am stingy. I want you to dress well and look well, and you can always depend upon my doing the right thing."

"And what have you bought?"

"Don't be in such a rush. On three or four occasions during the last year haven't I called you extravagant?"

"Yes; on thirty or forty different occasions, but I knew you didn't mean it."

"Of course I didn't. I want to say right here and now that no living wo-

man could run this house any more economically than you do."

"That's good of you."

"I have also spoken of the gas bills and the coal. I have even charged you with giving away to tramps to spite me. Mrs. Bowser, I beg your pardon and declare that I ought to be kicked for my weakness."

"I never took your words seriously. You were just put out about something else at the time. What have you been buying?"

"One thing more, Mrs. Bowser. When we were courting I wrote you many love letters—at least three a day. They were mushy, and I own up that they were. I have sometimes denied that I wrote you a single one, but now I want to own up like a man. I did call you a thousand fond names and declare that I could not live without you."

Mrs. Bowser put her arms around his neck and kissed him, and he wiped a tear from his eye, got his smile back and broke the string of one of the bundles and said:

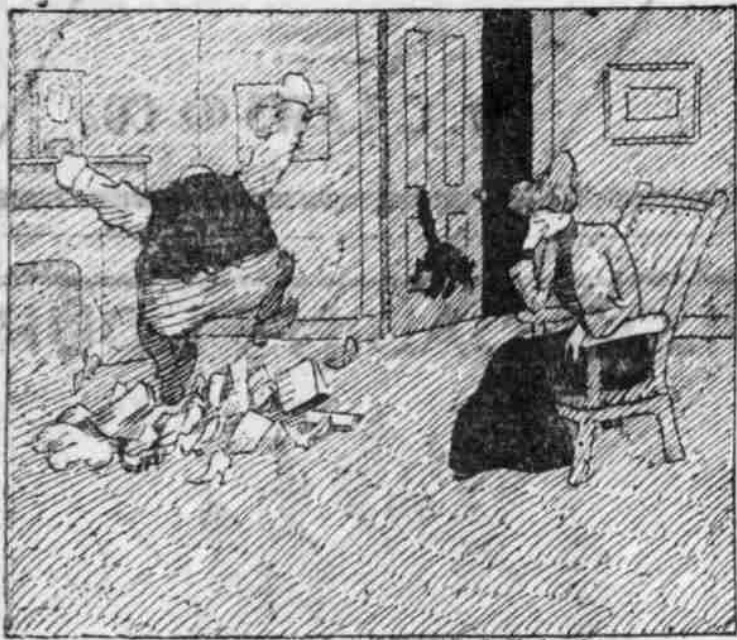
"You were telling me that you wanted a couple of tea gowns, and here they are. I happened to hear of an auction sale today and scurried around there, and I got some bargains to make your hair curl. How are these?"

He held up two tea gowns. One was a pale pink and the other a pale blue, and they had been worn for at least three months. That they had come from the wardrobe of an actress was plain at first glance. Mrs. Bowser saw that the bust measure was thirty-four, or two inches too small for her, and she had to shut her teeth to keep back a groan.

"Only cost me \$5 each, and they were never made for less than twenty," said Mr. Bowser as he made a dive for something else. "I was thinking all the way home how charming you would look in them. You spoke about a new corset. The auctioneer put up three of 'em in a lot, and here they are. I got the bunch for \$4, and a woman standing by me said they never cost less than ten apiece. Ain't they catfish?"

Mrs. Bowser began to ache all over. The three corsets were of different sizes, and none of them her size, and she had never worn a secondhand one in her life. Mr. Bowser was so happy ever that she couldn't bear to find a word of fault, and the position was an unpleasant one.

"You are shouting for joy," he re-



marked, "but let us look a little further. You were saying that you needed hosiers. Very well, here it is. If you were to go down and shop for a week you couldn't beat this display."

He spoke truly. There were twenty pairs, and at least half of them belonged to stage costumes. All colors of the rainbow were represented, with several extra thrown in, and in about half the bunch the heels showed visible signs of decay. If Mrs. Bowser had been going into vauville the purchase would have carried her through a season of twenty-six weeks, with a few pairs left over for the seashore, but as she was not she simply turned pale and wished for a fire alarm to get out of the house.

"Too full for utterance, eh?" queried Mr. Bowser as he turned to his incomparable bargains again. "Here's a dinner dress that cost \$170 in Paris. It is one of Worth's creations. I hid it in for \$11. Next time we go to the theater I'll get a box and you wear this dress. Land o' love, but ain't she swell! With that dress on you'll look like a woman of twenty-five. There's style for you—there's swell and richness."

It was another pale pink. The size was two numbers too small and the loudness of the thing made Mrs. Bowser gasp for breath. It was all right for some topical songstress going out to dinner with a broker, but it ended there.

"And one more little thing, my dear. You are always complaining about slippers and walking shoes. Here was a chance to fit you out for the next ten years, and I took advantage of it. Bought a whole bushel of the things for \$8, and a woman in the crowd said that a good many of them had been worn by Mary Anderson."

They looked it. There were eight pairs of red and blue slippers and seven pairs of walking shoes, mostly built for stage effect, and Mrs. Bowser could not have crowded her foot into one of

them to save her life. Even the cat, who had been deeply interested in the performance, now blinked his eyes and walked off and wished that he had never been born.

"Well?" queried Mr. Bowser.

"It—it was awfully good of you," she replied, "but if you—"

"Yes, if I—"

"If you had given me half the money that these things cost I could have done so much better, you know."

"What! You take half the money and do better! Don't talk nonsense, Mrs. Bowser. I bought these things at a tremendous bargain. They are worth four times what I paid for them. The auctioneer didn't want to let them go after I had bid them in. Don't stand there and tell me you could have done better."

"But nothing will fit me!" she wailed.

"What do you mean?"

"Everything is sizes and sizes too small!"

"How can that be? Isn't a corset a corset and a gown a gown?"

"Yes, but—but—"

"Go on. This is the thanks I get for thinking of you!"

Mrs. Bowser sat down and began to cry. In a dim, undefined way it dawned on Mr. Bowser that he had got wrong colors and wrong sizes and that he had better have kept hands off, but he would not admit it.

"I run my blamed old legs off and pay out money for this, do I?" he shouted as Mrs. Bowser's sobs broke forth, and then the climax came.

He jumped up and down. He yelled. He seized those pink and blue tea gowns and rent them into shreds. He grabbed that dinner dress from Worth's and made carpet rags of it. He seized on corsets and slippers and filled the air with them, and the cat fled in terror, and the cook came up from the basement to see who was being killed.

The storm lasted for five minutes. Then the red faced and perspiring man found nothing further to destroy, and he drew himself up and said to Mrs. Bowser:

"There! If you don't feel better now you'd better telephone for the doctor! I have a little business in Chicago, and it may be a week before I return. Meanwhile your lawyer can consult my lawyer and arrange all matters."

M. QUAD.

**A Strange Whim.**  
A strange whim was that of an officer in the English army who could not sleep if his toothbrush and himself occupied the same apartment.

**A Real Lightweight.**  
Phillets, who acted as tutor to Ptolemy Philadelphus, was said to be so light as well as short that he carried weights in his pockets to prevent his being blown away.

**A Michael Angelo Hoax.**  
Michael Angelo did not disdain to hoax the connoisseurs of his own day by burying a broken statue and allowing the friend who dug it up to suppose that he had found an antique masterpiece until the sculptor produced the missing limb in his own studio.

**Australian Opals.**  
The finest opal known in Australia is obtained at White Cliffs, near Wilcannia, in the colony of New South Wales. The best quality of these stones realizes occasionally as much as \$350 an ounce.

**Saved by Dynamite.**  
Sometimes a flaming city is saved by dynamite a space that the fire can't cross. Sometimes, a cough hangs on so long, you feel as if nothing but dynamite would cure it. Z. T. Gray, of Calhoun, Ga., writes: "My wife had a very aggravated cough, which kept her awake nights. Two physicians could not help her; so she took Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, which eased her cough, gave her sleep and finally cured her." Strictly scientific cure for bronchitis and La Grippe, at Chas. Rogers' drug store, price 50c and \$1.00; guaranteed. Trial bottle free.

**Zool Bread.**  
The Zuni Indians will not eat bread that has not been crushed and ground up by stone implements. They say that the grain by itself denotes goodness and the stone means truth, so that it is by a meeting of the two that the fullest benefit comes.

**The Cleanly Raccoon.**  
Among "washing animals" is the raccoon. It is not only devoted to bathing and sunning itself, but has an odd habit of taking its food to the water and giving it a thorough washing before eating it. It will dabble anything it takes a fancy to in the water. One which had a family at a zoological garden washed its unlucky kittens so often that they died.

**Cleared for Action.**  
When the body is cleared for action, by Dr. King's New Life Pills, you can tell it by the bloom of health on the cheeks; the brightness of the eye; the firmness of the flesh and muscles; the buoyancy of the mind. Try them. At Chas. Rogers' drug store, 25 cents.

**Queensland.**  
Queensland is equal to three times the German empire and Belgium put together.

**Oil For Clocks.**  
Oil for clocks should be very pure and can be made so in this manner: Put a quart of a pint of kerosene to a pint of oil in a bottle, shake it well and let stand for five days. Then draw off the oil carefully for use.

**The Kansas Climate.**  
Early settlers tell us that in the early days, while Kansas was still an unsettled prairie, animal and vegetable matter did not decay as it does now, but simply dried up. The germ of putrefaction came with civilization. All that was necessary in those days to preserve a quarter of buffalo was to hang it in the sun.

**A Creeping Death.**  
Blood poison creeps up towards the heart causing death. J. E. Stearns, Belle Plaine, Minn., writes that a friend, dreadfully injured his hand, friend dreadfully injured his hand, which swelled up like blood poisoning. Bucklen's Arnica Salve drew out the poison, healed the wound, and saved his life. Best in the world for burns and sores. 25c at Chas. Rogers' drug store.

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Anyone Desiring a Situation can Insert an Advertisement in this Column of Three Lines Two Times Free of Charge.

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MAX STRAEL & CO., EMPLOYMENT office, 535 Bond St. Phone Red 2301. All kinds of help furnished on short notice. Call or phone.  
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WANTED—INSTALLMENT COLLECTOR for merchandise accounts; good salary and expenses. Address, Manufacturer, P. O. Box, 1027, Philadelphia, Pa.  
BOY WANTED TO WORK IN printing office. Apply at Astorian office.

**SITUATIONS WANTED.**  
SITUATION WANTED AS FIREMAN. Address R. D., Astorian Office.  
**HOUSES WANTED.**  
WANTED TO RENT—FURNISHED house for the summer; by one who will take good care of the property. Address manager Warren Packing Co., City.

**HOUSE OF 6 OR 8 ROOMS WANTED** in good neighborhood. Convenient to center of town; rent reasonable; permanent. Address Emil Held, care The Astorian.

**FOR RENT—ROOMS.**  
FOR RENT—LARGE FRONT ROOM; fire and electric light; finest view in city. Address C. A. Astorian.

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WANTED—AT GASTON'S FEED stables, No. 105 14th St. Wool, mohair, hides and furs.

**FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.**  
FOR SALE—HIGH COUNTER, about 8 feet long. Apply at Astorian office.

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**FOR SALE—STEAM TUG IN FIRST-class condition;** terms reasonable; suitable for sealing purposes. For particulars apply at this office.

**OLD PAPERS FOR SALE AT THIS** Office; 25c per hundred.

**BIDS WANTED.**  
BIDS WILL BE RECEIVED FOR UP-per structure of the new St. Mary's hospital; plans and specifications can be seen at the office of the architect at St. Mary's hospital; all bids to be in on or before May 31; right is reserved to reject any or all bids.

**NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS—Propo-**sals will be received for a two-story frame store building until May 29 at 2 p. m., 1905, for J. N. Griffin. Information can be obtained at Griffin's book store, 592 Commercial St., Astoria, Ore. Right is reserved to reject any and all bids.

**CALL FOR BIDS—U. S. ENGINEER** Office, Portland, Ore., May 22, 1905—Sealed proposals will be received here for mattress, rock and pile work in connection with extension of jetty at mouth of Coquille river, Ore., until 11 A. M., June 22, 1905, and then publicly opened. Information on application. W. C. Langfitt, Maj., Engrs.

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**FIRST-CLASS MEAL** for 15c; nice cake, coffee, pie, or doughnuts, 5c, at U. S. Restaurant, 434 Bond St.

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You can always find the best 15-cent meal in the city at the Rising Sun Restaurant, 612 Commercial St.

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