

Mr. Bowser Has Another "Spell"

He Comes Home to the Long Suffering Mrs. B. Ready to Make Things Hum.

SHE PARRIES THE BLOW

It Falls Upon the Fat Grocer, Unsuspecting and Innocent of Any Wrongdoing.

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MRS. BOWSER didn't have to wait to catch sight of Mr. Bowser as he came home from the office the other evening to know that he had one of his old-fashioned "spells" on. She heard him kick the gate open with a vicious bang, and the way he twisted his key in the front door and twisted at the knob was proof that he was out of sorts and had a chip on his shoulder.

"It's a pretty cold night outside, isn't it?" she asked as she met him in the hall.

"You didn't imagine it was an August night, did you?" he sneered in reply.

"Well, dinner is all ready, and I've got your favorite dish—roast mutton."

"Humph! I told you the last time before I left the house this morning that I wanted beefsteak."

"I didn't hear you."

"I suppose not. It's got so nowadays that you never hear me except when you want to. There's got to be a change around this house or there'll be a calamity."

Mrs. Bowser said no more. She knew she'd catch it after dinner, and she spent the dinner hour working up her nerve to meet the situation. Mr. Bowser growled and grunted and muttered all through the meal, and when it was finished he stalked upstairs like a pig, and turned on Mrs. Bowser with:

"Didn't I see a gas bill around here somewhere last night?"

"You did. I went down and paid it today. The amount is \$2.50."

"What? You have let those high-way men rob me again! You sneak away there and hand over the money without saying a word to me!"

"I have paid the gas bills every month for the last three years. I don't know where the sneaking comes in."

"But you paid \$2.50, and you know

that it was nothing about of extortion."

"The bill is only 30 cents more than for last month, and I'm sure we have burned the additional gas. There was nothing to raise a row about."

"Oh, there wasn't!" shouted Mr. Bowser, as he looked around to see if the cat was in kicking distance. "There was nothing to raise a row about when your husband was being fleeced, black-mailed, robbed, swindled and done up! That's the kind of wife you are! This morning I looked for half an hour for that checked coat of mine, but couldn't find it. When did you sell it, and for what price?"

"I never sell any clothes out of the house," replied Mrs. Bowser.

"Then you gave it away or thrust it into the furnace. That coat cost me \$10 and was as good as new, and yet to spite me you have made away with it. By thunder, woman!"

"You got that coat at a bargain sale last spring for a dollar and a half. After wearing it three or four times you said it was too tight under the arms and too small in the back, and you tossed it into the storeroom. The first time we had the lawn mowed you gave it to the old man who did the work. Don't you remember saying that his face reminded you of your father's?"

"Never! Never! You either sold or burned up that coat, and it was 'or spite. However, we will pass that over. Look at this, Mrs. Bowser, and tell me what it is."

"It is a piece of hard coal."

"And where did it come from?"

"How can I tell?"

"Well, I haven't paid but \$10 for the last three years, and I have had even better girls than they have!"

Mr. Bowser turned pale and clutched his fingers, and it was half a minute before he said in husky tones:

"Everybody around here quit taking ice-cream a full month ago, but by your desire to make the house-keeper as much as possible you—"

"Only once or three times a week," she finished. "I made the change the 1st of October."

"But during the summer the woman has beaten you out of at least 1,000 pounds of ice, and you have supinely submitted to be robbed."

"He has weighed the ice every morning this summer, and on many occasions he has given me three or four pounds over. Anything else, Mr. Bowser?"

"There was, but it took him three or four minutes to think it up. Then he said:

"Two months ago I attended a bargain sale and bought me four pairs of suspenders. This morning I wanted to put on one of the new pair, and I hunted all through the house and could not find hide or hair of them. I said nothing at the breakfast table, but now I demand an explanation. Did you send those suspenders to your brother Dan or sell them to some junkman?"

"I found it at the gate tonight. It came from our cellar. Whoever was carrying out coal lost it. It is living evidence, woman, living evidence to convict you."

"Of what?"

"Of selling furnace coal out of the bin. How much did you sell? What price did you get?"

"Don't be silly, Mr. Bowser. They were getting in coal next door this afternoon, and this is one of the stray pieces. Were you going over as far as the drug store this evening?"

"Never you mind whether I am or not. There are certain things that have got to be settled, and you needn't try to sneak out of them. I give you the cash to run this house, and yet a day or two ago I saw a grocery bill lying around calling for \$2.20. Explain that."

"It's right there on the mantel now. You will see that it is made out to Brown and left here by mistake."

Mr. Bowser was caught again, but, drawing a long breath, he continued:

"I am told by Brown and Green and Jones that their wives got help in the kitchen at \$18 per month, while you have been paying \$20 right along. Is it that you don't care how soon we bring up in the poorhouse?"

"Are you sure that the women you spoke of pay only \$18 per month?" asked Mrs. Bowser.

"Only \$18."

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SHE HEARD HIM KICK THE GATE OPEN WITH A VICIOUS BANG.

A TRAINED NURSE

After Years of Experience, Advises Women in Regard to Their Health.

Mrs. Martha Pohlman of 55 Chester Avenue, Newark, N. J., who is a graduate nurse from the Blockley Training School, at Philadelphia, and for six years Chief Clinic Nurse at the Philadelphia Hospital, writes the letter printed below. She has the advantage of personal experience, besides her professional education, and what she has to say may be absolutely relied upon.

Many other women are afflicted as she was. They can regain health in the same way. It is prudent to heed such advice from such a source.

Mrs. Pohlman writes: "I am firmly persuaded, after eight years of experience with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, that it is the safest and best medicine for any suffering woman to use."

"Immediately after my marriage I found that my health began to fail me. I became weak and pale, with severe bearing-down pains, fearful backaches and frequent dizzy spells. The doctors prescribed for me, yet I did not improve. I would blot after eating, and frequently become nauseated. I had pains down through my limbs so I could hardly walk. It was as bad a case of female trouble as I have ever known. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, however, cured me within four months. Since that time I have had occasion to recommend it to a number of patients suffering from all forms of female difficulties, and I find that while it is considered unprofessional to recommend a patent medicine, I can honestly recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, for I have found that it cures female ills, where all other medicine fails. It is a grand medicine for sick women."

Money cannot buy such testimony as this—merit alone can produce such results, and the ablest specialists now agree that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the most universally successful remedy for all female diseases known to medicine.

When women are troubled with irregular, suppressed or painful periods, weakness, displacement or ulceration of the female organs, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation, backache, bloating (or flatulence), general debility, indigestion, and nervous prostration or are beset with such symptoms as dizziness, faintness, lassitude, excita-

bility, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, "all-gone" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feelings, blues and hopelessness, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once removes such troubles. No other female medicine in the world has received such widespread and unqualified endorsement. The needless suffering of women from diseases peculiar to their sex is terrible to see. The money which they pay to doctors who do not help them is an enormous waste. The pain is cured and the money is saved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is well for women who are ill to write Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. The present Mrs. Pinkham is the daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham, her assistant for many years before her decease, and for twenty-five years since her advice has been freely given to sick women. In her great experience, which covers many years, she has probably had to deal with dozens of cases just like yours. Her advice is strictly confidential.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Succeeds Where Others Fail.



Mrs. Martha Pohlman

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