

Poor Bowser Loses Purse

Wife Has Her Revenge When
He Calls Her Down For a
Similar Catastrophe.

HE UPSETS THE FAMILY

Head of the Household Vents Wrath
on His Better Half After a
Day of Irritation.

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MRS. BOWSER reached home the other evening in an irritated state of mind. Business had been poor during the day, and in taking a car for home he had fallen on the steps on his knees and been laughed at by a dozen people. On the car a man who had been drinking too much asked him why he didn't wear No. 11 shoes and give his feet more room and as he got off at the corner a dog came very near biting him.

Mrs. Bowser was to blame for these things, and before reaching his gate he had determined that she should be made to suffer. She read the resolve in his looks and was so diplomatic and discreet that he found no opportunity to start a row until after dinner. He was fishing around for an opening when she said:

"A rather funny thing befell me this afternoon. I went down to do a bit of shopping, and when I took the car for home I discovered that I hadn't a penny with me. Our family butcher happened to be on the car, and I borrowed a nickel of him."

"Do you mean to tell me that you went downtown and lost your purse?" he asked in ominous tones.

"Yes, that's what I'm telling you. I think I must have left it on the counter



A MAN WHO HAD BEEN DRINKING A LITTLE TOO MUCH.

in a store. If the butcher hadn't been on the car I would have had to get off and walk."

"And you were that careless and indifferent that you didn't know whether you had your purse with you or had left it kicking around a store corner? By John, but that's just like a fool woman!"

"Now, don't get excited about it," said Mrs. Bowser. "Purses have been lost before and will be again. You have only to read the 'Lost' and 'Found' in the papers to see that I am not the only careless woman in town."

"Nobody's excited. But I say it was a reprehensible piece of carelessness. There is no possible excuse that you can urge. I have told you a hundred times over that you were not to be trusted with money. This makes twelve times that you have lost your purse through the grossest carelessness, and from this time on—"

"From this time on nothing will happen," she interrupted. "Years ago I lost an old and worn-out purse with 20 cents in it. The one I lost yesterday contained only a dime. That is two purses and 30 cents I have lost since we were married. I don't think we are tottering on the verge of bankruptcy on account of my losses."

"But look at the carelessness of it," insisted Mr. Bowser. "If you had had a thousand dollars in your purse it would have been just the same. And I don't like your tone. You seem to look upon it as a joke, and you are defiant when I point out your carelessness. You go downtown; you lose your purse; you don't discover your loss until you have taken a street car; then you have to appeal to our family butcher. All the other passengers must have noticed your dilemma and commented on it. And of course the butcher will tell his wife, and she will spread the news all over the neighborhood. I shall be pointed out in the street by every old bum and ragamuffin as the husband of the woman who lost her purse. By thunder! By thunder!"

"Have you finished?" asked Mrs. Bowser as he ceased his gestures and glared at the cat with murder in his eye.

"Don't speak to me in that insolent tone, woman!"

"My tone is not insolent, and I mean to have a few words on this subject. Soon after we were married you had

to make a journey of fifteen miles on business. I cautioned you to be very, very careful, but you let a sharper sell you a five dollar watch for \$40 and came home dead broke."

"Woman!"

"Don't butt in. That wasn't carelessness, but simply a lack of wit on your part. A year or so later you took \$100 with you to buy a horse. When you got there the money was missing. There was a hole in your pocket. A little later you paid a man \$20 by mistake for \$2."

"Mrs. Bowser, I command you to—"

"Yes, I know, but let's talk things over. When we were at Niagara Falls you left your wallet under the pillow at the hotel, and the chambermaid or some one else took \$30 out of it. I didn't say you were a fool man and not to be trusted with money, but, of course, I had my thoughts. When we were in Boston you left the change of a twenty dollar bill on the cigar counter and never heard of it again. When we were at the Chicago exposition you lost \$30 out of your vest pocket."

Mr. Bowser had been flushing red and white by turns and trying to wilt her by a glare. The tables had been turned, and he was fishing around for a way to save himself.

"Mrs. Bowser," he sternly asked, "have you taken leave of your senses?"

"I trust not."

"You realize whom you are talking to, do you?"

"I do."

"That I am Mr. Bowser—Samuel Bowser—the Bowser and your husband?"

"I certainly do, and I want to call your attention to some further acts of reprehensible carelessness on your part. A few months ago you went over to the grocery to get a five dollar bill changed. You got to talking politics with the plumber and probably twisted the bill up and threw it away. At least you have never found it since. You took off the pendulum to regulate the clock and carried it off in your pocket. Finding it there two days later, you threw it at a dog. You started downtown four weeks ago to pay a gas bill of \$4. When you reached the gas office the money was gone. I am citing a few little instances to prove that the carelessness is not always on my side."

Mr. Bowser was now rocking back and forth on his heels and toes and fairly gasping for breath. When he could clear his windpipe he hoarsely exclaimed:

"By the horns of the forty bulls, woman, but do you know you have driven me to the dead line? Do you know that you have made such statements and used such language to me that I can never get over it?"

"And only last week," said Mrs. Bowser as she ignored his remarks, "you were down the cellar fiddling away with the furnace for a whole hour one evening. The next morning after you had gone the cook went down to put on coal and found \$6 that had dropped from your pocket. You had not even missed the money."

Mr. Bowser raised his right hand in a dramatic way and started in to say something, but concluded that there were no words in the English language to express his feelings. He therefore started down the hall and put on his overcoat and hat.

"If you go to the club, don't leave your watch behind, as you did three or four weeks ago," called Mrs. Bowser after him.

He clinched his fingers and gritted his teeth and passed out into the winter's night. He felt that he must walk and plan. Mrs. Bowser had got him in a box, and his prestige was at stake. He walked for an hour, and his plans were not yet perfected when it began to snow and blow, and he had to get back to the house for shelter. As he was ready to open the front door his hand went up to his breast pocket instinctively. He carried his wallet there. It was gone. It contained \$14, and he was sure he had it when he went out. With a gasp of fright and a groan of despair he leaped down the steps and ran over the route he had taken in his meditations. No wallet. He covered the distance twice. No wallet. Some pedestrian had picked it up. Slowly he made his way homeward. Slowly he unlocked the door and entered. He was sneaking upstairs when Mrs. Bowser came out into the hall and called:

"Have you got back without losing anything, dear?"

"I—I have—lost my—wallet!" he groaned in reply.

"Where? When?"

"Heaven only knows!"

"By John, but that's just like a fool man!" she said as she turned away, though next minute she was saying to herself:

"Poor Mr. Bowser! He's got it bad!"

M. QUAD.

What Produces Perfume.

It is not oxygen, but light, which is the main cause of the transformation and destruction of the odorous principles, although in many cases the two agents act in concert. In producing the perfume of plants light acts both as a chemical and mechanical power. The intensity of the perfume of flowers depends upon the balance established at every hour of the day between the pressure of water in their cellules, which tend to drive the perfumes outward, and the drying action of light. Where there is too much heat there is too little scent. This is due to the excess of light and the dearth of water.

To sterilize milk place it in a bottle and close the neck with a plug of cotton wool. Put the bottle in a large saucepan, fill the latter with cold water and bring it to boiling point. Set it aside to cool slowly.

BEANS AND DOLLAR BILLS.

Two Hits of Information the Boys Got From the Grocer.

Half a dozen schoolboys were passing a grocery store one day when their attention was attracted by a barrel of beans standing near the door. One of them asked the others if they could guess how many beans of that kind it would take to make a bushel.

Various estimates were made, all the way from 5,000 to 50,000, the boy who guessed 50,000 being laughed at by his companions. To decide the matter they agreed to ask the grocer.

"Well, boys," he said, "you are all away off. Let me show you."

And he went out and brought in a lot of the beans and began laying them, two or three at a time, in the pan of the scales. It was found that it took sixty beans, taken at random, to weigh an ounce, and the boys then pencilled out a calculation showing that it required approximately 119,000 to make a bushel.

"Now, then," said the grocer, "I'll ask you boys one: How many dollar bills will it take to weigh as much as a silver dollar?"

None of the boys guessed less than seventy-five, at which the grocer smiled, and then, putting a silver dollar in one pan of his scales, he began laying dollar bills in the other. When he had laid down twenty-two the scales balanced.

Curious Indian Custom.

Many strange Indian tribes live around Hudson bay. The Cree and Nascopie Indians are among these tribes, who have a peculiar custom in regard to their dead. As soon as one of their number is dead the surviving relatives place the dead one in a box which they peg from the Hudson Bay company. The size is of no account. In this box are placed, with a loaded gun, a powderhorn, a tobacco pouch, a flint stone for striking fire, the snow-shoes for travel and an ax.

This box is then carried to the top of the nearest hill and set there with stones upon the top of it. For ten days it is left undisturbed, and then the relatives remove the gun and other valuables, believing that by that time the dead one has reached the happy hunting grounds and has no further use for them.

Conundrums.

How do bees dispose of their honey? They cell it.

What game do the waves play? Pitch and toss.

What is the oldest lunatic on record? Time out of mind.

When is a clock on the stair dangerous? When it runs down and strikes one.

What is it that you can put up a stovepipe down, but you can't put down a stovepipe up? An umbrella.

A Desert Lighthouse.

There is one lighthouse in the world that is not placed on any mariner's chart. It is in the Arizona desert and marks the spot where a well supplies pure fresh water to travelers.

The Child in the Glass.

The child who lives in the looking glass is always waiting to see me pass. She never seems to run and play. But watches there for me all day. For every time I go and see I find her peeping round at me. One day when I was cross and cried she stretched her mouth so very wide I had to laugh—then she did too. She likes to do just what I do.

—Mary Sigbee Kerr in St. Nicholas.

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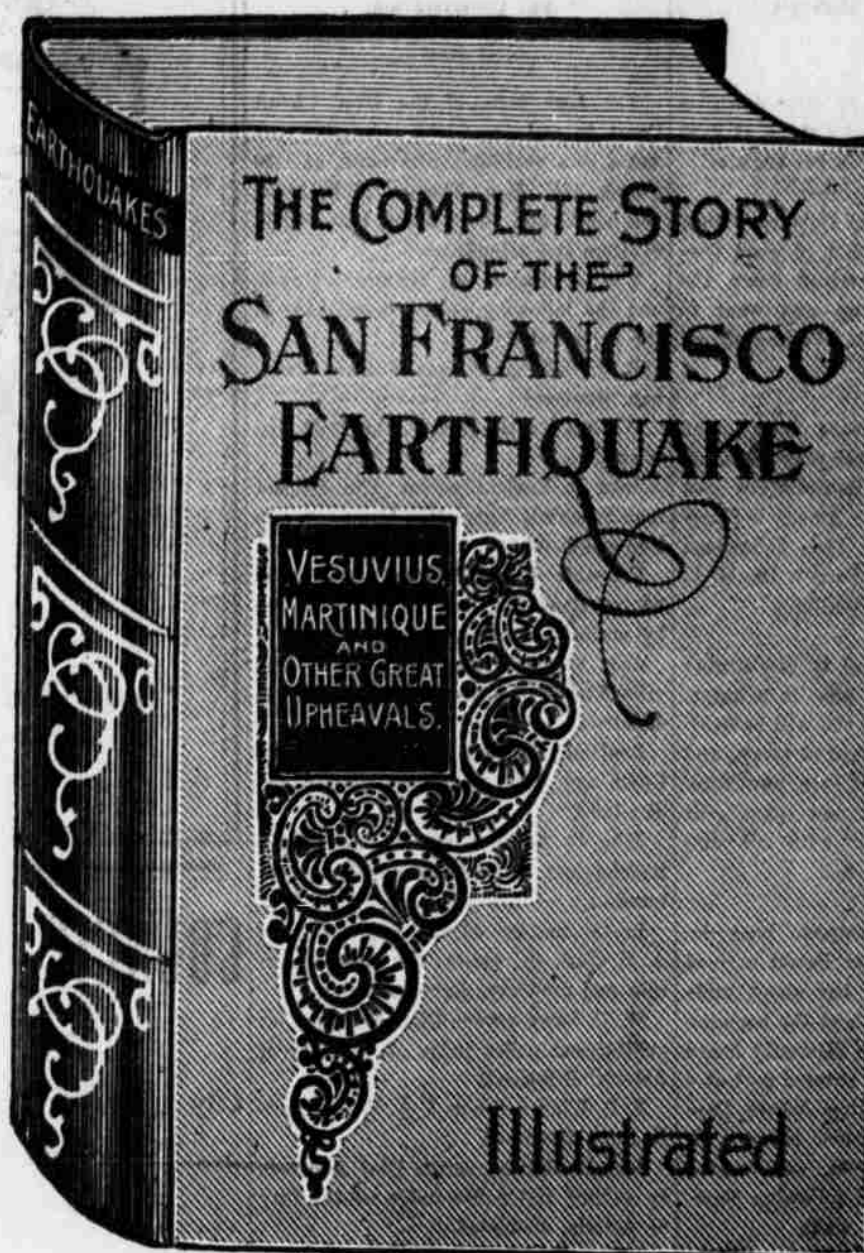
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