Mr. Bowser Camps Out

That Is, He Joins a Club For This Purpose, but Is Routed the First Day.

HAS ROUGH TIME OF IT

Taken For Suspicious Character by Farmer and Chased—Escapes With Difficulty.

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MR. BOWSER had not been gone from the house an hour the other morning when he returned to say to Mrs. Bowser, who was looking at him in something like alarm:

"I just ran across some of the C. O. Boys, and it has made a change of programme for the day."

"Who do you mean by the C. O. Boys?" she asked.

"Why, the Camp Out Boys. They are starting a camp down at Laurel grove, and during the next summer I shall pass a day or two there occasionally. It is on the river and one of the most beautiful spots for miles around. There are hunting, fishing, bathing and boating, and the rates to members of the club are only a dollar a day."

"But you didn't come back to tell me this?"

"Not exactly. The boys sent the tent down the other day and hired a farmer to put it up. They want me to run down today and see if everything is all right. The bedding and provisions will go on the same train with me, and if you don't mind I think I will stay all night. I'd like a swim in the cool waters of the river, and it will do me good to fill my lungs with fresh air."

"Why, you can go, of course," slowly replied Mrs. Bowser.

"But what do you use that doubtful tone for?"

"You may not find things as you expect, and then you will come back to blame me."

Never Blamed Her.

"Nonsense. I never blamed you in my life. I know just how things are, and there will be no disappointment. I haven't got to take anything with me, and I'm off at once. Don't expect me back till I come."

After taking a train for fifteen miles Mr. Bowser was dumped off at a country station. There was a tumble down, unpainted building bearing the name of "Laurel Grove," but there was not a human being in sight. After standing around for twenty minutes he discovered a sign and a hand with the finger pointing back into the country. The sign said that Laurel grove was half a mile west. There had once been a sort of road, but it was now overgrown with weeds and briers. A determined man can do much, however. Mr. Bowser was a determined man. He fought off the mosquitoes and horseflies and finally debouched on the banks of a creek. There was one lone tree. It was an aged beech. On its trunk was nailed a sign of "Laurel Grove." To a post on the bank of the creek was another conveying the information that that was the Pearl river. If a tent had been sent down it had not reached the grove. If any provisions had been shipped they had not come down on the train with Mr. Bowser.

The enthusiastic member of the C. O. Boys looked at the lonely tree and at the creek filled with driftwood and sat down on a log to wait. The outlook did not fill his heart with glee, but an hour might change everything. The tent and other paraphernalia and half a dozen of the club boys might appear and cast an entirely different light over things. It is due Mr. Bowser to say that he waited ten minutes over an hour before he rose up and got red in the face and gritted his teeth and wanted to wreck a human life.

No One In Sight.

Pearl river murmured and gurgled. The old beech tree sighed mournful sighs as the breeze whistled through its branches. The mosquitoes took advantage of the occasion, and great big horseflies chanked their teeth and got in an occasional bite that lifted the victim's heels clear off the ground. At the critical juncture a towheaded, barefooted boy of fifteen appeared. The brim had fallen away from his straw hat, and his hickory shirt was ripped down the back, but he was happy. He lived a mile away, and his errand to Laurel grove was to look at a woodchuck's hole in the bank of the creek. He was surprised to see Mr. Bowser, but he advanced without hesitation.

"Boy, is this Laurel grove?" we asked.

"Yep."

"Is there no other Laurel grove around here?"

"Nope."

"Do folks ever come camping here?"

"One man used to, but he is dead now."

"He ought to be. I belong to a club uptown. I was told that a tent came down yesterday."

"Didn't see nawthin' of it."

"You'd have known, would you?"

"Yep."

"I was told that there were boating, fishing, hunting and bathing here."

"Maybe there be," said the boy as he sat down on a log to pick a sliver out of his foot.

No Use to Question Boy.

It was no use to question the boy further. There was Laurel grove, and there was Pearl river, and the tent and the boys might come along at any moment. There also might be another earthquake and kill off the horseflies and mosquitoes. The boy got the sliver out, went over and looked at the lair of the "chuck," and then, without another glance at Mr. Bowser, he disappeared.

Pearl river gurgled on, and another hour passed. Mr. Bowser was looking around for some human being that would consent to be torn limb from limb when a dun colored cow with a bell on came out of a thicket and stood and looked at him. The look of pity in her eyes brought on the explosion. He jumped up and grabbed a club and chased her for forty rods, and he might not have ceased pursuit then had he not come upon a farmer hoeing potatoes in a field.

"What ye chasin' my cow for?" shouted the farmer.

"She—she was looking at me," lamely replied Mr. Bowser.

"Has it come about that a cow can't look at a fat, baldheaded man without bein' clubbed for it? What are ye hangin' around here for, anyhow?"

Mr. Bowser's face was fiery red and his teeth on edge, but he held on to himself and replied:

"I came down here to camp out with some fellows."

"Whereabouts?"

"In Laurel grove."

"Wall, I swan; but I didn't think there was as big a fool in this country! Who are ye, and what do ye do when ye are at home?"

"None of your infernal business!"

"Mebbe you think it hain't, but I do. I had three hogs stolen last week, and it's my business to keep my eyes peeled for strangers. Ho, Rube and Tom!"

Called His Two Sons.

At his call two of his sons came running from the other side of the field. They were husky young men and had a business air about them.

"Boys," said the father as they came up, "that feller on t'other side of the fence has been hangin' around for the last three or four hours, and he says it's none of our business who he is. He was chasin' our cow when he seen me and stopped. I kinder think we had better git over the fence and shake hands with him."

It must be remembered that Mr. Bowser was far from home; also that he had been disappointed in Laurel grove and Pearl river. Furthermore, he was hungry for food and weary of being bitten by the enthusiastic horseflies that had struck a good thing for the first time this season. As the three farmers made a break for the fence he made one for the bushes. They yelled after him, but he escaped and made his way to the depot.

There he sat for three mortal hours, or until a train came along, and it was 9 o'clock at night when he walked in on Mrs. Bowser. He was sunburned and mussed up. There were burs sticking to his clothing, and there was dust on his hat. Pearl river still gurgled in his ears, and he caught the sighing of the wind through the branches of the lonely old beach.

"And how are the C. O. Boys and camp life?" asked Mrs. Bowser as he stood before her with a glare in his eyes.

"Woman, don't ask me!" he shouted. "Don't speak to me! Don't even look at me! Your perfidy is discovered, and the sooner you can telephone your lawyer the sooner we will have divorce proceedings instituted and the question of alimony settled." M. QUAD.

ON ITS TRUNK WAS NAILED A SIGN OF "LAUREL GROVE."

As to Fish.

Visitor—Are there any fish in this river?

Native—Fish! I should rather think there was. Why, the water's simply saturated with 'em.—Punch.

A FEW DON'TS.

Don't be reckless, especially in your lying.

Don't give to the Lord and then go out and rob a widow.

Don't acquire the borrowing habit, or the day will come when you will run out of friends.

Don't marry an indolent man expecting him to brace up, or you may have to take in washing to pay for the brace.

Don't be so mean minded that you can see no good in a man. He may be the first to loan you money in time of need.

Don't lay up everything for a rainy day and go hungry all through life. Besides, where you are going it may never rain.

Don't spread butter on both sides of your bread just because you have $3 in your pockets. An earthquake may come along and shake the change out of them.—Denver News.

Wounds, Bruises and Burns.

By applying an antiseptic dressing to wounds, bruises, burns and like injuries before inflammation sets in, they may be healed without maturation and in about one-third the time required by the old treatment. This is the greatest discovery and triumph of modern surgery. Chamberlain's Pain Balm acts on this same principle. It is an anti-septic and when applied to such injuries, causes them to heal very quickly. It also allays the pain and soreness, and prevents any danger of blood poisoning. Keep a bottle of Pain Balm in your home and it will save you time and money, not to mention the inconvenience and suffering such injuries entail. For sale by Frank Frank and leading durggists.

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Mothers need have no hesitancy in continuing to give Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to their little ones, as it contains absolutely nothing injurious. This remedy is not only perfectly safe to give to small children, but is a medicine of great worth and merit. It has a world wide reputation for its cures of coughs, colds and croup and can always be relied upon. For sale by Frank Hart and leading druggists.

MIDDLE LIFE

A Time When Women Are Susceptible to Many Dread Diseases—Intelligent Women Prepare for it. Two Relate their Experiences.

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Every woman who neglects the care of her health at this time invites disease and pain.

When her system is in a deranged condition, or she is predisposed to apoplexy, or congestion of any organ, the tendency is at this period likely to become active—and with a host of nervous irritations make life a burden. At this time, also, cancers and tumors are more liable to form and begin their destructive work.

Such warning symptoms as sense of suffocation, hot flashes, headaches, backaches, dread of impending evil, timidity, sounds in the ears, palpitation of the heart, sparks before the eyes, irregularities, constipation, variable appetite, weakness, inquietude, and dizziness, are promptly heeded by intelligent women who are approaching the period in life when woman's great change may be expected.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was prepared to meet the needs of woman's system at this trying period of her life. It invigorates and strengthens the female organism and builds up the weakened nervous system.

For special advice regarding this important period women are invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., and it will be furnished absolutely free of charge. The present Mrs. Pinkham is the daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham, her assistant before her decease, and for twenty-five years since her advice has been freely given to sick women.

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Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"I had been suffering with displacement of the organs for years and was passing through the change of life. My abdomen was badly swollen; my stomach was sore; I had dizzy spells, sick headaches, and was very nervous.

"I wrote you for advice and commenced treatment with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as you directed, and I am happy to say that all those distressing symptoms left me and I have passed safely through the change of life, a well woman. I am recommending your medicine to all my friends."—Mrs. Annie E. G. Hyland, Chestertown, Md.

Another Woman's Case

"During change of life words cannot express what I suffered. My physician said I had a cancerous condition of the female organs. One day I read some of the testimonials of women who had been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I decided to try it and to write you for advice. Your medicine made me a well woman, and all my bad symptoms soon disappeared.

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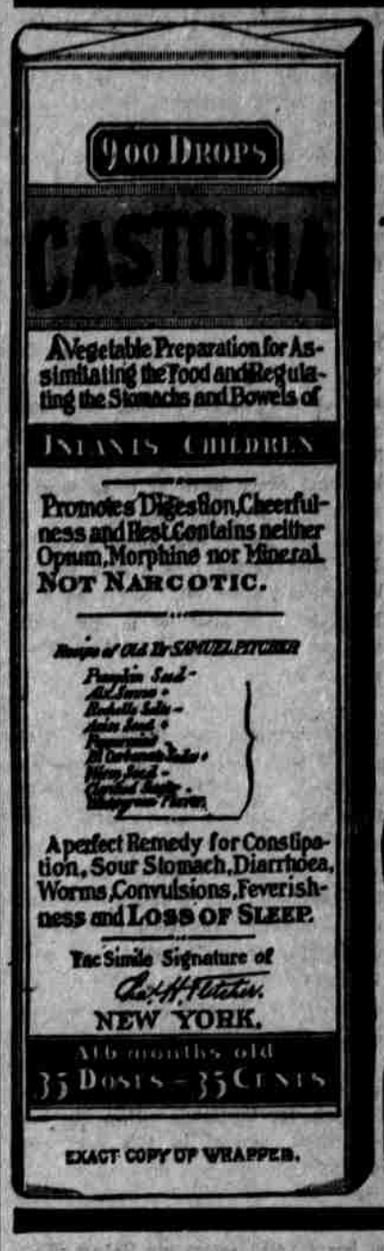

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