

BOWSER WRONG AGAIN

Goes Forth to Pluck Huckleberries, but They Are Not Ripe.

LEARNS HE IS MISTAKEN.

It Takes a Farmer, His Son and a Dog to Convince Him of His Error—Wife Is Right Again, but He Will Have His Way.

[Copyright, 1907, by Homer Sprague.] The Bowser family had finished dinner and returned to the sitting room when he suddenly remarked to Mrs. Bowser:

"Does that cook of ours know beans when the bag's untied or doesn't she?"

"Maggie is a very good cook," was the reply.

"Yes, but it's the same old things over and over again. She doesn't seem to have any head to push along by herself or else you don't care for my appetite."

"To what particular thing do you refer?"

"To the pie question, of course. You know I like a piece of pie after dinner. For the last four weeks we have had either lemon or apple pie. At lunch today at my restaurant I had the most delicious piece of huckleberry pie I ever ate. I was so pleased with it that I took pains to tell the proprietor. He said that the pie was made from berries that had just come in."

"Then he lied to you?" exclaimed Mrs. Bowser. "Huckleberries are not ripe till long after this, and you ought to know it. They do not ripen in this



"JUST KEEP ALONG THIS ROAD."

climate until July at the earliest. His pies were made of canned berries, and if you think them so delicious you can have them twice a day from now on."

Called Truthful John.

"Mrs. Bowser, I have been lunching at the same restaurant for five years. I know all about the proprietor. He is called Truthful John. No one ever knew him to lie. Why should he lie to me about huckleberries?"

"I don't know and don't care, but he certainly did lie. You can't find them at the groceries nor with the peddlers. Shall I telephone the grocer to send over a can?"

"No, ma'am, you needn't. I have a better plan. In the first place, you intimate that my taste is so depraved that I can't tell fresh huckleberries from those canned a year ago. In the next, you deliberately charge a benevolent and truthful old man with lying like a trooper. I cannot let the matter drop here. I shall proceed to confound you with the sight of several quarts of fresh huckleberries gathered with my own hands. When you behold them, see them, smell them, taste them, you will perhaps be woman enough to admit your mistake."

"We have no huckleberries in the back yard."

"No? How sarcastic you can be when you try?"

"Then how are you going to show me?"

"Easy as rolling off a log. I will get up in the morning and hie me to the country with a tin pail on my arm, and before noon I will be back with five or six quarts of huckleberries. I will furnish you with living proofs."

"You will simply have your trip for nothing, Mr. Bowser. You lived on a farm all through your boyhood. Think, now! Did you ever gather ripe huckleberries at this time of year? Aren't you thinking of something else—early strawberries, for instance?"

Knew All About Them.

"Does a boy take a pail and go down into a swamp and pick strawberries off of bushes?" he severely demanded.

"No, of course not. But—"

"There are no buts about it. I have either got the taste of a jackass and can't tell fresh huckleberries from canned or there are plenty growing in the country at this season. If I prove my case, I shall insist that you apologize to me and also write a note of apology to Truthful John. As I wish to read up on Alexander the Great this evening we will let the matter drop right here and say no more about it."

"But why not go over and ask the druggist and grocer and butcher?" persisted Mrs. Bowser.

"Because all druggists and grocers and butchers are infernal liars," he replied. "Why should I ask their opinion when I know? Not any. When Mr. Samuel Bowser knows a thing, he knows it, and that settles it."

There was no more to be said, and no more was said. During the rest of the evening Mr. Bowser's face wore a very determined and huckleberryish expression, and he got up in the morning to don an old suit and ask the cook to hunt him up a tin pail.

"So you still persist?" queried Mrs. Bowser at the breakfast table.

"Madam, did you ever know me to let go when I knew I was right?" he replied.

"But to expect to gather huckleberries this time of year?"

"Um! I do not wish any further conversation on the subject."

A quarter of an hour later he was off with a tin pail on his arm. He had to pass three different groceries to reach the suburban car, but he resolutely refused to stop and inquire if fresh huckleberries were in market. On the car three different men asked him if he was going to the country to milk his cow, but he held himself stiffly and refused to reply. At the terminus he encountered a tramp who struck him for a dime. Mr. Bowser passed it over and then blandly inquired:

"You must know the country hereabouts?"

"Like a book."

"Perhaps you can tell me where I can find a huckleberry swamp?"

"I'm your hairpin, old man. Just keep right along this road for a mile, and you'll come to what you are looking for."

"And huckleberries are ripe, of course?"

"Yes, and have been for a week past. Yum! Yum! I turned into the swamp this morning and filled up on 'em. Great big fellers there as big as the end of your thumb. You can fill that pail in an hour."

Could Not Find Berries.

Mr. Bowser whistled as he walked on. He also pitted Mrs. Bowser. He also determined that the note to Truthful John should be couched in the most abject language. For once in his life he had met a tramp with some gratitude about him. After a walk of twenty minutes, he reached a swamp opposite a farmhouse and plunged into it. Not a huckleberry greeted his vision, but he knew the traits of the berry. They remained in ambush as long as possible. He found mud and water and mosquitoes and flies, but he was not discouraged. He said to himself that when Samuel Bowser struck the trail of a huckleberry he was a man that never let up. He was still slogging around when a farmer came down from the house to the road and called:

"Say, old party, what you looking for?"

"Huckleberries," replied Mr. Bowser as he approached the other.

"Huckle—what?"

"Huckleberries. You must know what they are."

"Well, I've seen one or two in my time, but you are making a fool of the thing. In the first place, there is not a huckleberry bush in that swamp, and, in the next, it will be weeks before the berries are ripe."

"I say they are ripe now."

"Oh, you do, eh? Well, I say that if you are looking for frogs come right out o' that. They are my property. Huckleberries! Say, Bill, come down here. Here's an old jay looking for huckleberries at this time o' year!"

Gets a Beating.

In response to his call his son, who was a strapping young man of twenty-three, loafed down to the road and said:

"Dad, don't let him fool you. If he isn't a frog stealer then I never saw one. Come out o' that or I'll fetch you out!"

"Don't talk to me that way," said Mr. Bowser as he quit the swamp and stood before them. "I am no frog stealer or any other stealer. I simply came out here to gather a few quarts of huckleberries to convince my wife that they are ripe at this season."

"Then she must know that she's got a fool for a husband!" said the farmer. "I tell you they won't be ripe for weeks yet."

"I'll bet his wife knows ten times as much as he does," added the son.

"Don't talk that way to me or—or—" "Or what?" from father and son.

Of course there was a row. Mr. Bowser did the best he could, but he was their huckleberry. They got him down and sat on him and called him names and rubbed dirt on his bald head, and a dog also came down from the house and bit him, and when he got up to take the road home he was a wrecked man. He had thoughts as he limped along, leaving the battered tin pail behind him, but why humiliate him further? At midnight that night he let himself into the house and passed the night on the lounge. When Mrs. Bowser came down in the morning and saw him she simply remarked that the vegetation seemed to be coming on in a wonderful way, and he uttered a grunt, and the huckleberry incident was closed. M. QUAD.

Explicit Instructions.

Two New York girls recently were ordered by their mother to join her in a mining camp about a day's journey from the City of Mexico. The girls were to travel to Vera Cruz by steamer and then by rail to the capital, where their father was to meet them. As they never had been in that country before they wrote to their mother asking what sort of clothes they should bring with them. By return mail they received a breathless sort of an epistle telling them to be sure and start from New York by a certain date, but as to the clothes question, the only reply was, "Be sure and have your riding habits of the sort of brown that will harmonize with the atmosphere here."

—New York Press.

The Meanest Man.

"About the meanest man I ever knew," said an old time Cleveland, "was a man out at the edge of town that I used to pick cherries for when I was a kid. He objected to the boys eating any of the cherries, and he used to crawl around under the trees after we got through and gather up all the seeds he could find that we had dropped while up in the trees. Then he would charge us up with that many cherries."

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Adaptable.

A city man went into a village store and asked for a pair of socks, size ten. The clerk said he was sorry, but they kept only one size and that was twelve.

"What!" said the man. "You surely don't mean to say that every one in this village wears the same size sock?"

"Oh, no, sir. But if they happen to be too long they pull them up at the heels, and if they are too short they pull them down at the toes."—Lippincott's.

The Gentle Hint.

Widow—Do you know that my daughter has set eyes upon you? Gentleman (flattered)—Has she, really? Widow—Certainly. Only today she was saying, "That's the sort of gentleman I should like for my pa."—London Tatler.

Big Double Program

STAR THEATRE--WEEK OCT. 7

HEADED BY

PROF. AND MADAME MESMER

In their \$1000 production of

MADAME MESMER

The New BLACK ART

PROF. MESMER

The only lady exponent of this MOST MYSTERIOUS Illusion.

Producer of more mystery and PSYCHIC PHENOMINA than any living man



THE BLACK ART OF THE INDIES

requiring the use of 300 yards of velvet, special scenery and electrical effects, costly costumes and stage paraphernalia, picturing the weird, incantatory and talesmantic scorcery known and practised in the Dark Ages by the ancients, showing the marvelous reproductions of scientific yet seemingly supernatural exhibition of the greatest race of people the world has ever known. It is simply impossible to describe. It must be seen and then you will wonder, become amazed, yet pleased.

All this in conjunction with an extraordinary good specialty show.

A Certain Cure for Croup—Used for Ten Years Without a Failure.

Mr. W. C. Bott, a Star City, Ind., hardware merchant, is enthusiastic in his praise of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. His children have all been subjected to croup and he has used this remedy for the past 10 years, and though they much feared the croup, his wife and he always felt safe upon retiring when a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy was in the house. His oldest child was subject to severe attacks of croup, but this remedy never failed to effect a speedy cure. He has recommended it to friends and neighbors and all who have used it say that it is unequalled for croup and whooping cough. For sale by Frank Hart and Leading Druggists.

Morning Astorian, 60 cents per month, delivered by carrier.



School Shoes FOR BOYS

The Billy Buster Steel Bottom Shoes

The Shoe with a Sole that Don't Wear Out

S. A. GIMRE

543 Bond St., opposite Fisher Bros.

MEN ADMIRE

a pretty face, a good figure, but sooner or later learn that the healthy, happy, contented woman is most of all to be admired.

Women troubled with fainting spells, irregularities, nervous irritability, headache, the "blues," and those dreadful dragging sensations, cannot hope to be happy or popular, and advancement in either home, business or social life is impossible.

The cause of these troubles, however, yields quickly to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made from native roots and herbs. It acts at once upon the organ afflicted and the nerve centers, dispelling effectually all those distressing symptoms. No other medicine in the country has received such unqualified endorsement or has such a record of cures of female ills as has

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Miss Emma Runtzler, of 631 State St., Schenectady, N. Y., writes—"For a long time I was troubled with a weakness which seemed to drain all my strength away. I had dull headaches, was nervous, irritable, and all worn out. Chancing to read one of your advertisements of a case similar to mine cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I decided to try it and I cannot express my gratitude for the benefit received. I am entirely well and feel like a new person."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the most successful remedy for all forms of Female Complaints, Weak Back, Falling and Displacements, Inflammation and Ulceration, and is invaluable in preparing for childbirth and the Change of Life.

Mrs. Pinkham's Standing Invitation to Women

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free and always helpful.



MISS EMMA RUNTZLER



Preferred Stock Canned Goods... Every bit of Preferred Stock Salmon is... packed in Royal Chinkook from the... Columbia River—the best salmon in the... world—and the pick of them, the choice... of the season, caught before they leave... the salt water.

OUR MOTTO "Perfection in Workmanship Promptness in Execution Satisfaction in Prices. That's All" W. C. LAWS & CO. Plumbers & Steam Fitters Recognized Agents in Astoria for the THE AMERICAN RADIATOR CO.

THE GEM C. F. WISE, Prop. Choice Wines, Liquors and Cigars Merchants Lunch From 11:30 a. m. to 1:30 p. m. 25 Cents Hot Lunch at all Hours Corner Eleventh and Commercial ASTORIA OREGON

First National Bank of Astoria, Ore. ESTABLISHED 1886. Capital \$100,000 J. Q. A. BOWLBY, President. RANK PATTON, Cashier. O. I. PETERSON, Vice-President. J. W. GARNER, Assistant Cashier. Astoria Savings Bank Capital Paid in \$100,000. Surplus and Undivided Profits \$50,000. Transacts a General Banking Business. Interest Paid on Time Deposits. FOUR PER CENT PER ANNUM. Eleventh and Duane streets. ASTORIA, OREGON.