

BOWSER BUYS PORKER

Had Begun Saving Thousands When Calamity Happens.

PIG ESCAPES FROM ITS PEN.

It is an Unruly Beast Despite Owner's Plan to Rear It With Kindness—Mrs. B. Told to Pack Up Trunk and Leave Home.

[Copyright, 1908, by T. C. McClure.]
The Bowser family had finished dinner and appeared to be in for a pleasant evening. Mrs. Bowser was reading a book, Mr. Bowser had his evening paper and cigar, and the cat was rolling over and over on the hearth rug and thanking her stars that she was not a wanderer upon the face of the earth such a night as that. Fifteen minutes had passed when Mr. Bowser uttered an ejaculation that disturbed everything.
"What is it, dear?" he was asked.
He rose up and took two or three turns up and down the room before answering.
"I just saw something in the paper to remind me. Mrs. Bowser, I don't want to be always finding fault with you, but there is a matter I wish to speak about this evening. I have de-



MR. BOWSER STUCK RIGHT TO IT.

layed it for months, hoping to see an improvement, but as there has been none I am at last forced to speak."

"Well?"

"It is about your reckless waste around the house."

"But there is no reckless waste. I defy you to find a house in this city where there is less waste of any kind."

"Don't dispute me, woman. I am not the one to bring charges without good foundation. Right down in your kitchen this evening is a garbage pail almost full of apple cores, pieces of bread, potato parings and other things, enough to last a poor family for several days."

"Oh, I see! And do you want those things made up in a hash for your breakfast?"

"Woman, don't turn to sarcasm to excuse your extravagance. I don't want those things made up in a hash, but it is a sin and a shame to waste them. If we can't use them they should go to the poor."

"The poor can have them and welcome. Bring on your poor and offer them potato peelings and see what they will say to you."

"Then that proves my point that we should keep a pig to eat such things. That's what the paper says. You throw away enough every day to keep a pig for a week. With a pig in the pen nothing is wasted. It costs nothing whatever to feed him, and at the end of a few months we have 200 pounds of AI pork. We have spare-ribs, shoulders, hams and bacon. In place of throwing away a hundred dollars' worth of stuff we have a hundred dollars' worth of pork. We have kept house twenty years. In that time we have lost at least \$5,000 worth of pork."

"I deny it," she replied. "You can't fatten a pig on table leavings, and you ought to know it. You've had two or three pigs since you kept house, and how did they come out?"

"They would have come out all right had you not gone out to the pen with a clothes pole and kept them stirred up and afraid in order to spite me. Tomorrow this extravagance ceases. Tomorrow I build a pigpen and get a pig. I also give you notice that you will keep your hands off that pig or things will happen around here to make your heart ache."

"Very well. Get your pig and I won't even let the cook go out to the pen to look at him."

"And if, by your order, she mixes poison with the garbage and puts an end to his career?"

Glared at Mrs. B.
And Mr. Bowser folded his arms and glared at Mrs. Bowser with such a glare that the cat softly crept under the piano and the cook, down stairs for a shiver go up her back and said to herself that some one was walking over her grave. Instead of going to the office next morning, Mr. Bowser got up to don an old suit of clothes and he him to a lumber yard. He selected what he wanted for the pen and paid \$7.40 for it. There was no call for the services of an architect. During the previous night he had figured out just how he wanted it. He would build a

two room pen—a parlor and a bedroom. When his pig wanted privacy he would thus be assured of it.

It was a cold, stormy day, and the building of the pen was an all day job. Mr. Bowser stuck right to it, however, and just at dark he had the "institution" finished and the bedroom filled with clean straw. Mrs. Bowser suggested a feather bed and woolen blankets, but her words passed unheeded. He had figured on going out into the country next day to buy his pig, but as he stood surveying the finished pen a man came through the alley and stopped to say:

"Hello, neighbor! Been building a pigpen?"

"As you see."

"But where's your pig?"

"I'll get him of some farmer tomorrow."

"See here, neighbor," continued the man after looking the pen over more closely, "don't you think of buying a pig of a farmer. He will cheat the eye-teeth out of you. I live over on Chestnut street. Last fall I bought a pig; but, as I didn't know anything about building a pen, he hasn't got along as well as I hoped for. I didn't suppose that a pig wanted any privacy, and I didn't provide for a bedroom. My wife is down with rheumatism and can't feed him, and if you want that pig I'll give you a bargain. I can have him over here in ten minutes."

"What's your lowest price?"

"I ought to get \$12 for him; but, seeing he will fall into kind and courteous hands, I'll make it ten."

"Why, I ought to get a pig out in the country for \$2 or \$3!" exclaimed Mr. Bowser.

"Man, are you joking?" replied the other. "Don't you know that pigs have gone up 400 per cent; that a farmer will put a common breed off on you and charge you \$3 for bringing him in? He will be a tenderfoot pig, not used to the ways of a city, and it will take you three months to put a single pound of flesh on him. Whatever you do, don't buy a tenderfoot pig. The first time he hears a little German band playing he may try to commit suicide. I wouldn't sell this pig of mine to everybody, no matter what price was offered, but you seem to be a man with a heart in you. A pig wants talking to now and then. He wants to be made to realize that he has at least one friend left in the world."

Brought Pig Home.

Mr. Bowser closed with the offer, and the pig was brought over and paid for. He was a long, lank pig. There were two knots in his tail and a gleam in his eye. If the man hadn't insisted that he was a thoroughbred Leghorn and if Mr. Bowser hadn't seen that he had bristles he might have passed for a greyhound. The animal made a dive for his bedroom as soon as placed in the pen, and Mr. Bowser went in to dinner with a warm glow stealing over him. Mrs. Bowser had nothing to say, and the subject of the pig was not brought up until they had finished and sat down for the evening; then as Mr. Bowser was getting ready to lay down his orders as to the future welfare of his protegee there came a long wild wall from the back yard to lift him out of his chair and cause him to exclaim:

"By John! But what in thunder is that?"

"Only that pig of yours," quietly answered Mrs. Bowser.

"Pig? Pig? But what all the pig?"

The reply was another wall, ending in a sort of hyenaish chuckle.

"It's the blamed cats!"

"It's your Leghorn pig."

Mr. Bowser donned his hat and overcoat and went out to the pen. He had emptied a pail of swill into the trough, but none of it had been touched. The pig had come out of the privacy of his bedroom and stood slanted up against the side of his pen, and he was grunting and barking and wailing and chuckling.

Mr. Bowser spoke kindly to him. No go.

Then he was cuffed on the ear and made a savage grab at the hand that did it and sent out such shrieks as must soon attract a crowd.

Mr. Bowser picked up a piece of board and menaced the Leghorn with it, and the next moment he was knocked flat on the earth, and the pig was out of the gate and streaking it down the alley. The one room porker had left the two room pen forever behind him.

"Well?" queried Mrs. Bowser as Mr. Bowser came sulking in to sit down and pick up his paper.

"Well, what?" he demanded. "I know nothing about pigs, Mrs. Bowser, but I do know that you can catch the 10:10 train in the morning for your mother's, and you'd better ask the cook to help you pack your trunks!"

M. QUAD.

With the Kids.



"What's de matter, Mame?"
"Liz is puttin' on airs 'cause her brudder was run over by a \$30,000 auto."—New York World.

Mr. Labouchere's Whist Play.
While Henry Labouchere was at lache at Frankfurt he was once playing whist against a very high German functionary sitting on his left. Mr. Labouchere led a small card. The lead turned out so well that he won the rest of the tricks. The minister said: "Well, Mr. Labouchere, you won the game by leading that card. But there was no earthly reason, according to the rules of the game, why you should have done so. You have therefore won the rubber by accident."

Mr. Labouchere said, "I had a very good reason for leading that card." The minister asked what it was. "We will have a bet," said Mr. Labouchere, "that my reason was a good one." The bet was therefore made.
"Now, Mr. Labouchere, what was your reason?"
He replied, "I had seen your hand."
—Henry Drummond Wolff's "Rambling Recollections."

A Barrel Trick.
One Sunday morning, when everybody had gone to church, a traveler undertook to show the landlord how to draw three different sorts of wine from the same cask. The two went down into the cellar and the stranger bored a hole in the barrel, on which he asked the landlord to place his thumb. He then bored a second hole, which mine host had to stop with his other thumb. He had set to work on the third, when it apparently struck him that the landlord would not be equal to the task of stopping that also, and he ran out of the cellar "to fetch a tap." He never returned, and the innkeeper had to wait by the side of his cask until the folks had come out of church. The rogue had by that time decamped without paying his bill.—London Answers.

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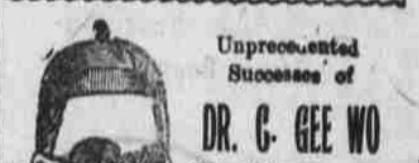
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