

BOWSER KEEPS HOUSE

Buns the Establishment While Wife Visits Mother.

HE TELLS OF IT IN DIARY.

Mrs. Bowser keeps house and has much time to do the housework and cooking—see Mrs. Bowser's Cooking Notes at right.

"Dogs are all I have now. An old dog who won't walk, the other having a telegram yesterday with a message from Mrs. Bowser's mother that she was ill and wanted her daughter to come as speedily as possible."

"How unfortunate!" exclaimed Mrs. Bowser after they had both read the message. "I feel that I must go, and get cook to come and you won't like to go to either a hotel or boarding house while I am absent. If you could only keep house for yourself a few days!"

"Who said I couldn't?" asked Mr. Bowser.

"But it will be such trouble, and you will be alone in the house o' nights."

"You will possibly be gone a week or ten days?"

"Yes."

"Well, you trot right along and never mind me. In the first place, I can cook



"BOSSIE! WHY, I COUNTED SEVENTEEN MILLION DIFFERENT SORTS!"

any blamed thing on the face of this earth, and in the next I'm no baby about staying alone in the house. I was reading in a paper today that husbands and wives ought to temporarily separate at least three times a year to keep out of the monotonous routine. I go every morning and come every night. It's a kiss when I go and a kiss when I return. Same man, same woman, same house, same yellin' and yellin'! We dine, we rest, we go to bed. It's a deadly grind. Mrs. Bowser and I are glad we have a chance to break it up. If you'll pack I'll get you off this forenoon."

"And you—you think you can go along all right?"

"As slick as grease."

"And if you hear strange voices at night?"

"Am I a travelling baby or a man? Mrs. Bowser thinks I used to be home all the time, so if you want to get away this forenoon, I hope there's nothing going on with your mother, and at the same time I expect to catch myself to-night. I'll have what I want to eat and how I want it, and I'll take solid comfort sitting here with the cat at evenings. You never hurry back. Even if you did, some mother splitting wood when you get there red man eat for a fortnight at least!"

Mrs. Bowser caught the train, and when I last moved off Mr. Bowser went to his office and did not see home again until about 4:30 in the evening. He reached home to find the lights and to find the house as dark as the inside of a tar barrel. He stumbled against two chairs and fell over a third and found the matches and lit the gas. Just as he did so there was a long drawn shriek that made his hair stand. It came from the fainting seat. He had been shut up all day and was almost on the verge of prostration. He had run through a window into the back yard, and the further adventures of Mr. Bowser are given in a diary inserted by himself, as follows:

"Reached home to find that the furnace fire was out and the house as cold as ice.

"Also discovered that the range fire was out. Had to fuss for an hour.

Finds House Lonesome.

"Had my mind set on a regular feast for dinner, but it pattered out to bread and milk. Lonesome old kitchen, lonesome old dining room, lonesome old house! I'll tell Mrs. Bowser's mother what I think of her next time I see her."

"Sat and read for two hours. Tried to think I was an old batch. Filled up the furnace and range and went to bed. Have just figured out how many minutes since Mrs. Bowser took the train and how many minutes it may be before she returns. Hang an old woman up in a chair or four raw timber and a load of coal and then wait—just you wait and break up routines! I know as well as a log, but don't. I'll go to bed, heard tramps, heard horses, smelt smoke, smelled houses, and it of bed forty different times. Figured out how many seconds before Mrs. Bowser might be expected to return and was appalled at the number."

"Expected to have steak, fried potato, rolls and coffee for breakfast, but

found the blamed old range fire out again and gobbled down some breakfast food. No one to kiss—no one to say goodby to. Saw the cat before I left, but he turned his back on me."

"Home again at night. Found the furnace had turned up the seventeen tons of coal I heaved into it this morning and gone out. Range ditto. Had some dishwater coffee and old bread for dinner and decided to go to one of my clubs and get tight."

"Got to figuring how many years, months, weeks, days, hours, minutes, and seconds Mrs. Bowser had been gone and stayed home. Tried to read, tried to sing, tried to write. No good. Tramp called, and I gave him the marble heart."

"Went to bed to fall asleep at once, but heard burglars and awoke. Heard files, heard saws, saw ghosts. Sweat like a horse. Mrs. Bowser's mother shall hear from me for this. Got up feeling as slimy as a rag."

"Furnace fire out, range fire out. Went to a restaurant and got a mighty poor breakfast and told the owner what I thought of it and him. About the only thing hot about the meal was our words."

"No one to ask me to hurry home and hint at a good dinner. Long day, most of it spent in figuring when I could expect Mrs. Bowser back. What selfish wretches mothers-in-law are! Broke up my happy home because she had a cold in the head or a crick in her back!"

"The man that wrote that husbands and wives ought to be separated three or four times a year is an ass, and I'd like to punch his head."

"Another poor meal at a restaurant.

Praises His Wife.

"Another house—out to a cold and dismal house. Got the old furnace going after an hour's hard work and then sat and thought. Mrs. Bowser is a mighty good woman. I can't understand how I allowed her to trot off there without knowing that her mother was dangerously ill. I've no spirit to go to a club. I just seem to sit here in the gloom and think sad thoughts—think that something may happen to prevent Mrs. Bowser from returning to me. Great heavens!"

"Went to bed. Same old files and saws and ghosts and burglars. Just let me get my hands on the man that wrote that married people ought to break up their homes three or four times a year!"

"Same breakfast, same long, lone some day. Perkins advised me to go and sit in three cemeteries until I had cured myself. Have a good mind to go up and see Mrs. Bowser. Have a good mind to telegraph her that the house has burned down, the cat gone dead and that I am threatened with appendicitis."

"Same cold, dark, dismal, infernal old house. Got home just in time to run three tramps out of the yard. Brought home a lobster and planned for a feast. Started a fire in the range with fourteen barrels of kindlings, ten bags of charcoal and two tons of hard coal, but the lobster was broiled to a cinder, and I had to turn to some breakfast food a year old."

"Tried to read a funny book during the evening and got up a laugh. No laughs. No grins. Not even a smile. On the contrary, I felt shivers crawling up my back. By the seven devoured cows but I'd like to see Mrs. Bowser get away from this house again. Noises! Why, I counted 17,000,000 different sorts!"

"Put the last of forty tons of coal into the furnace to keep the frost out of the house and went out to breakfast. No change. Same man—same waiter—same cow. I have evidently made him understand that Mrs. Bowser is away and that I am a buzzard and can't be fooled with."

"Perkins suggests that I hire some one to prevent me from committing suicide. Says he would never have known me if he had met me at a prize fight."

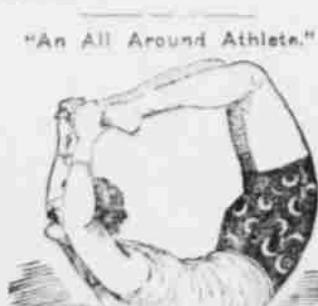
"Home at the usual hour to that scene of deso—Hold on! The house is lighted up as of old. On the steps waiting for me are Mrs. Bowser and the cat. Her coming is a surprise. A regular dinner awaits me, and the three are off right."

"Um, um! Buck, eh? What did you come so soon for? Have I been lame some? Not the smallest bit. How've I got along? Bull. Slept like a top every night. Lived on the fat of the land and was hoping you'd stay all winter."

M. QUAD.

Worse Yet.
Mrs. Flathead—Do you mean to say that you never tried to get another woman's cook away from her?

Mrs. Suburban—I never did. It keeps me busy trying to work the cooks I get off on some of the neighbors.—Chicago News



Small Part of It.

Jack—Miss Peachy's father asked me to call some evening and he'd show me over his new house.

Tom—Huh! I called last night, and he only showed me the door.—Detroit Tribune.

One Thing Needful.

"I admit he's lazy, but he has the making of a good man in him."

"Yes, all he needs is to have some one kick it out of him."—Pittsburg Post.

A Grand Premium Offer For Ninety Days Only

WE HAVE BEEN successful in closing a special contract with THE CONSOLIDATED PEN CO., of Brooklyn, N. Y., whereby we can supply a guaranteed Solid Gold Fountain Pen.

The "Celtic Model 1,"

To every subscriber, old or new, who sends us a year's subscription in advance, and fifty cents additional.

The "Celtic Model 1" compares favorably with any \$2.00 Pen on the market today. The pen will be forwarded immediately upon receipt of the money.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE PEN

The pen is solid gold, 14 carat fine, the shock of which is made of the best quality of hard rubber and fitted in four parts; the pen points are perfectly fitted with iridium and the feed is guaranteed to flow evenly, without leaking or blotting. The pens are beautifully chased as shown in cut.

A Fountain Pen is a Necessity of the Twentieth Century."

The Egyptians used a split reed; our grandfathers a goose-quill; our fathers a steel or ordinary gold pen. But today we want

A Fountain Pen

that dispenses with the inconvenient inkstand, that does not corrode, and that is always ready for use. Bears the manufacturer's guarantee that the pen is solid GOLD 14k fine. If it does not prove satisfactory in every way we will exchange it for another, or return the fifty cents additional on return of the pen.

This is an unusual opportunity to secure, at a very low price, an article of superior quality that is coming to be essential to the comfort and convenience of every one who writes.

REMEMBER THAT THE OFFER IS FOR NINETY DAYS ONLY.

Lake County Examiner, Lakeview, Oregon.

Restoration to Entry of Lands In National Forest.

Lists 1700 and 1703.

Notice is hereby given that the land described below, embracing 282.68 acres, within the Fremont National Forest, Oregon, will be subject to settlement and entry under the provisions of the homestead laws of the United States and the act of June 11, 1906 (39 Stat., 233), at the United States Land office at Lakeview, Oregon, on Dec. 24, 1908. Any settler who was actually and in good faith claiming any of said lands for agricultural purposes prior to January 1, 1906, and has not abandoned same, has a preference right to make a homestead entry for the lands actually occupied. Said lands were listed upon the application of the persons mentioned below, who have a preference right subject to the prior right of any such settler, provided such settler or applicant is qualified to make a homestead entry and the preference right is exercised prior to Dec. 24, 1908, on which date the lands will be subject to settlement and entry by any qualified person. The SW quarter of NE quarter, the SE quarter of NW quarter, the NE quarter of SW quarter and Lot 3 (NW quarter of SW quarter), Sec. 23, T. 30 S., R. 18 E., W. M., listed upon the application of Edwin C. Woodward, of Lakeview, Oregon. The said SW quarter of NE quarter and SE quarter of NW quarter are subject to the right of way for reservoir and ditches of Jonas C. Woodward, Act March 3, 1891. The N half of NE quarter, the S half of N half of SW quarter of NE quarter, Sec. 22, T. 30 S., R. 18 E., W. M., listed upon the application of Edwin C. Woodward, of Lakeview, Oregon. The said SW quarter of NE quarter and SE quarter of NW quarter are subject to the right of way for reservoir and ditches of Jonas C. Woodward, Act March 3, 1891. The S half of NE quarter, the N half of N half of SW quarter of NE quarter, Sec. 22, T. 30 S., R. 18 E., W. M., listed upon the application of Cyrus L. Beckett, of Vistilia, Oregon. The said SW quarter of NE quarter and SE quarter of NW quarter are subject to the right of way for reservoir and ditches of Cyrus L. Beckett, of Vistilia, Oregon.

Secretary J. B. Christie of New York.

Sayre Champion Revolver Shot.

Leutenant R. H. Sayre of New York won the revolver championship at the recent indoor tournament of the United States Revolver association, conducted simultaneously in fourteen states. Scores were issued recently by Secretary J. B. Christie of New York.

Sayre's score was 451 out of a possible 500. R. M. Ryder of Paterson, N. J., was second, with 436 and W. G. Kellogg of New York third, with 425. Sayre also won the New York honors in the state championship division.

Schoenlein Champion Wrestler.

Gus Schoenlein, better known as "Americus," of Baltimore is now the champion light heavyweight catch-as-catch-can wrestler of America. He won that title recently at Baltimore, when he won two straight falls from Fred Bennett, Commissioner of the General Land Office.

Approved October 3, 1908, Frank Pierce, First Assistant Secretary of the Interior.

O. D. N. S.

Notice of Sale of Real Property

Notice is hereby given: That in pursuance of an order of the County court of the County of Lake, State of Oregon, duly made and entered on the 4th day of November 1908, directing authorizing and licensing the Administrator with will annexed of the Estate of J. Q. Adams, deceased, to sell at private sale all the real property belonging to said estate, the undersigned Administrator with the Will annexed, of the estate of J. Q. Adams, deceased, will on or after 11th day of December, 1908, sell at private sale for cash in hand, at Lakeview, Oregon, the following described real property belonging to said estate, to wit: SW quarter of SW quarter Sec 14; E half of SE quarter and NW quarter of SE quarter Sec 15, Tp 36, S. R. 26 E. W. M., Lake county, Oregon.

Dated at Lakeview, Oregon, this 4th day of November, 1908.

M. D. Hopkins, Administrator with Will annexed of Estate of J. Q. Adams, Deceased.

Notice for Publication

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Lakeview, Oregon Oct. 28, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that OSCAR G. BALDWIN, of Vistilia, Oregon, who on Nov. 13, 1907, made Homestead Entry No. 3869 (Serial No. 0757) for N half SE quarter SE quarter SE quarter, Section 28, Township 38, S. Range 16 E., Will, Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Commutation Proof to the land above to the land above before Register and Recorder, Lakeview, Oregon, on the 1st day of December, 1908.

Oddly Named Trotting Horses.

Among the odd named trotting horses that will be raced this season are The Pig, Loony, Too Much McGregor, The Candy, Wables, Wicki Wicki and The Limit.

Versatile Charley Hickman.

Charley Hickman of the Cleveland American league ball club has filled every position in baseball, including substitute and selling diamond performances.

For Coughing Swine.

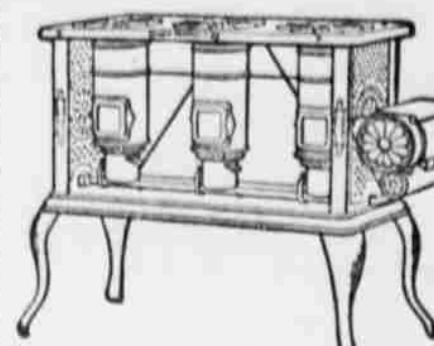
A mixture of equal parts of licorice and ginger in the hog feed two or three times each day is recommended for the pig that coughs. A lump of coal tar placed well down the throat while the pig is held on its feet is also good.

Bright Stables.

The more sunlight that can be got in the stable the less opportunity for disease germs to get there.

Put This Stove in Your Kitchen

It is wonderfully convenient to do kitchen work on a stove that's ready at the instant wanted, and out of the way the moment you're done. Such a stove is the New Perfection Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove. By using it you avoid the continuous overpowering heat of a coal fire and cook with comfort, even in dog-days. The



NEW PERFECTION Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove

is so constructed that it cannot add perceptibly to the heat of a room; the flame being directed up a retaining chimney to the stove top where it is needed for cooking. You can see that a stove sending out heat in but one direction would be preferable on a hot day to a stove radiating heat in all directions. The "New Perfection" keeps a kitchen uniformly comfortable. Three sizes, fully warranted. If not with your dealer, write our nearest agency.

The Rayo Lamp is the ideal lamp for family use—safe, convenient, economical and a great light giver. If not with your dealer, write our nearest agency.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(Incorporated)

Plans for a Cheap Bungalow

R. A. Burki, the architect and contractor, son of Abbie's harness shop, on Main St., informs The Examiner he has a plan for a bungalow, with four rooms of good size, which can be constructed here, complete for \$750, including bath room and