BOWSER'S HUNTING.

Makes Annual Foray Into the Country In Search of Snipe.

HAS INDIFFERENT SUCCESS.

Wife Has to Send For Him at Last to Save Him From Wrath of a Dozen Farmers—Was Taken For a Lunatic by a Stranger.

[Copyright, 1907, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.]

Mr. Bowser had promised to secure two seats for the theater during the day and take me in the evening, and when he entered the house at 6 o'clock with a broad smile on his face I felt sure that nothing had happened to bring about a disappointment.

"Then you got the tickets and we are going?" I asked as I gave him the expected kiss.

"Tickets? Going? What do you mean?" he asked in a blank way.

"Tickets for the theater, of course. You said you would surely get them.

"I HEARD HIM ASK IF THERE WERE GRIZZLY BEARS AROUND."

I shall be all dressed and ready half an hour ahead of time. Did you get them well down in front?"

"Come to think of it, I believe there was something said about tickets and the theater, but I met Green on the car, and the thing passed completely out of my mind."

"And what did meeting Green have to do with it?"

"Why, Green is a great sportsman, you know. He catches more fish and shoots more snipe than any other man in town. He wanted to know if I didn't know that the snipe shooting season opened tomorrow and was surprised that I had forgotten it."

"Well?"

"Well, he has got a game knee and can't go out shooting, but I'm going by myself. You know I go every fall. I've been tasting snipe in imagination all day. We can go to the theater any night this fall or winter—we can go a hundred nights—but I must go snipe shooting tomorrow. I want to get away at daylight, and I've got to borrow a gun this evening and make ready."

It is true that Mr. Bowser went snipe hunting last year and the year before. It is also true that he didn't even see a snipe; also that he had trouble with farmers on both occasions and on the last came home with a black eye and his coat ripped from tail to collar. He had then said that he was through with snipe forever; that millions of them might come and light on the housetop and he wouldn't stretch forth his hand. I reminded him now of his words, and he replied:

"Never, Mrs. Bowser—never said anything that could be possibly twisted to mean any such thing! I couldn't have had any fuss with farmers, and if I came home with a black eye it was caused by a kick from the gun. You have got things all mixed up. This puts off our going to the theater for only a night or two, and I hope you won't be a booby about it."

"Oh, I'm not going to complain," I said. "If a husband cares more about snipe than he does about his wife she must put up with it."

"It isn't that, and you know it isn't. I care more about you than I do about five snipe, but I want you to see this thing in the same light that I do. I go out to shoot snipe. I get the day in the country. The walking is good for my rheumatism. I get the exhilaration of shooting a game bird. I talk with the farmers about their crops. I drink more or less buttermilk. I meet other sportsmen, and we compare notes and get acquainted. I shoot and bring home four dozen snipe, and we have snipe pie for a week. I feel rejuvenated, am completely restored to health, and during the rest of the fall I go around whistling and singing. I hope you won't be selfish in the matter."

Oh, What's the Use?

Of course I told him that I didn't want to be and that I should be glad to see him go out and enjoy himself. What was the use in saying anything to the contrary? He would have gone anyhow. As soon as dinner was over he went off somewhere and borrowed a gun and a game bag and ammunition, and he spent two solid hours cleaning that gun. It was a gun a rod long. I can't remember what bore he said it was nor how many snipe it would shoot to the minute, but the figures were very liberal. All you had to do was to put in anywhere from a dozen to a bushel of cartridges and aim and pull the trigger. I asked Mr. Bowser if the gun wasn't made sixteen feet long so that the muzzle could be used to push snipe off their nests, and for a few minutes the relations between us were strained. We had hardly become reconciled again when I asked him what sort of a looking bird a snipe was. He didn't seem to hear the question, and I put it again. Then he looked up, with a red face, and said that some folks called them partridges—some folks who didn't know anything. I had my suspicions, but said nothing further. When we got ready for bed Mr. Bowser charged me as follows:

Not to let him oversleep.

Not to let him forget the gun.

To see that he took some ammonia along in case a snipe bit him.

Not to let him forget to kiss me ere he departed. He didn't look for any accident, but a fuse might possibly blow out somewhere.

Not to let anything that the cook might say disturb me. The cook didn't know a snipe from a codfish.

To remind him to telephone me whenever he had opportunity during the day.

To remind him the very last thing before his departure that he was no dray horse and that if he slaughtered more than two dozen snipe he was not to try to bring them home on his back.

Mr. Bowser woke up at midnight and got up to find that the weather was all right for snipe; again at 1 o'clock, at 2, at 3, at 4. The weather continued all right, and he was thrashing around in bed and killing snipe by the cart load when I woke him at 5. He dressed, hurried down and devoured a piece of bread and butter and was out of the house with that long gun on his shoulder before I was fairly awake. He hadn't waited to be reminded of anything. The milkman was at the door, and I heard him ask if there were grizzly bears around and if they had teeth, but his inquiries remained unanswered. When I finally went down to my breakfast I found the cook in tears, and when I asked the cause she replied:

"I weeps for you, ma'am, and I don't charge you anything extra for it."

"But why weep for me?"

"Because Mr. Bowser will be knocking trees and fences down with the end of that long gun and get himself killed."

An hour had passed when the telephone rang, and I went to it to be greeted by Mr. Bowser's voice. He said:

"I have reached the country. Am telephoning you from a brickyard. All the brick men say that there are snipe by the million about a mile farther on. It is a good thing that I brought 500 cartridges. I am in the best of spirits. Goodby."

Snipe? Billions of 'Em!

Forty minutes later I heard from him again. He said:

"Hello, girly. I am at a farmhouse. Have been inquiring all about buckwheat and cabbages. They are a big chop. The farmer says the snipe must have got wind of my coming, as they all flew away just before my arrival. He estimates the number in the flock at 2,000,000. I am about to push on after them. Wish I had brought a thousand cartridges and a gun thirty-two feet long. I feel all the exhilaration I anticipated. Have arranged with the farmer for the use of his two horse wagon to bring my snipe home. He is really an intelligent man. He doesn't think the Standard Oil company will pay that fine for two or three weeks yet. Goodby."

Once more I heard from him. It was two hours later, and I had begun to worry. It was needless, for he said:

"I am on the trail of the snipe. There are billions and billions of them, and they cannot escape me. Wish I had brought 2,000 cartridges. Wish the gun was fifty feet long. Am telephoning from another farmhouse. Farmer says that the bumblebee is preparing to retire to his lair for the season. One more effort and I am among the snipe. Never felt so exhilarated in my life. By John, but this is seeing life, this is! Goodby."

That was the last from him. Hours and hours later the telephone called me again, and the voice of a stranger said:

"If that is Mrs. Bowser I want to say to her that there is a short, pudgy man with a bald head roaming around out here and talking about snipe and exhilaration. He claims to be your husband. Will you send for him before the farmers gather and run him off and lock him up for a looney?"

I sent for him and brought him home, gun and all, and as I write this he lies asleep on the lounge. The doctor says he will probably live through it, but all depends on the nursing. He must have been bitten by at least twenty snipe and a dozen farmers.

M. QUAD.

Not Near Enough.

Love Sick Giraffe (making googoo eyes at Miss Gorilla)—Way down in mah heart I've a feeling fo' you.

Miss Gorilla (looking dubiously down the giraffe's neck)—Yes, but it's too far off, gree. I can only be a sister to you.—Bohemian.

WHAT BLISS!

On Christmas night,
Oh, what delight,
When stars are brightly gleaming,
And snows are piled
And breezes wild,
And love, young love, is dreaming!

What bliss, I say,
With pa's old sleigh
And robes all warm and furry,
And Dobbin, dear,
Who has no fear
That he will have to hurry!

And then—oh, well,
If I must tell!
Your own-y, ownest girlie,
In coat and hood,
All tucked in good,
And warned to "come home early."

What bliss, I say,
To ride away,
With bells just faintly jingling,
And later on,
When love has won,
Our chilly fingers mingling!

And then—at last—
Hearts beating fast,
In love's delightful tether,
To somehow feel
Lips slowly steal,
And then—why—freeze together.
—Lurana W. Sheldon in Judge.

No Doubt.

"I was counsel for a railway company in the west," says a prominent New York lawyer, "in whose employ a section hand had been killed by an express train. His widow of course sued for damages. The principal witness swore positively that the locomotive whistle had not sounded until after the entire train had passed over his departed friend.

"'You admit that the whistle blew?' I sternly demanded of the witness.

"'Oh, yes; it blew!'

"'Now,' I added impressively, 'if that whistle sounded in time to give Morgan warning the fact would be in favor of the company, wouldn't it?'

"'I suppose so,' said the witness.

"'Very well. Now, for what earthly purpose would the engineer blow his whistle after the man had been struck?'

"'I presume,' replied the witness, with great deliberation, 'that the whistle was for the next man on the track.'"—Harper's Weekly.

Got His Answer.

The victim of the dentist held up his hand.

"Doctor," said he, "before you put the lid on my conversation will you answer a question?"

"Yes," said the dentist, selecting a square piece of rubber and snipping it with his scissors.

"Do people chew more on one side of the mouth than the other?"

"Sure," said the dentist, picking up the clamps.

"How interesting! Which side?"

"The inside," replied the dentist, slipping the rubber dam over the verbal one that issued from his patient's lips.—Lippincott's.

Motto Olympia Automobile Exhibition.

A good thing is soon snapped up.—Prehistoric Proverb.

May it be so with the cars!—Sketch.

Her Stipulation.

When a rosy cheeked, good natured Irish girl fresh from the other side recently sought employment in the service of a Germantown woman the latter began anxiously to interrogate the girl as to her qualifications.

"Can you cook, Nora?" asked the lady most earnestly. "Are you a good cook?"

"Yes, mum; I t'ink so," responded the girl naively, "if ye'll not try to help me."—Harper's Weekly.

Forewarned.

"Yes," said Hi Tragerdy, with a smile, "I remember my parents used to say I'd never amount to anything if I didn't give up my theatrical aspirations."

"Well, that was fair warning," remarked Crittick. "Why didn't you profit by it?"—Philadelphia Press.

Happy Family.

"Do Bliggins and his wife quarrel as much as they used to?"

"No. Each has learned to go on reading a newspaper while the other is talking without being in the least disturbed."—Washington Star.

It Has.

Pupil—I do dislike grammar, for its exactions get on my nerves.

Teacher—You talk as if grammar were an emotional study.

Pupil—Well, hasn't it moods?—Baltimore American.

Different Package.

"Roper says he always buys his cigars by the box."

"I don't believe it."

"Why?"

"That stuff is sold by the bale."—Lippincott's.

A Suggestion.

"Does the gray matter of the brain ever change its color?"

"I suppose it does when it turns into a book and is read."—Baltimore American.

Their Christmas Surprise

"THIS year," said Cartwright firmly, "there are going to be no Christmas surprises in my happy home—none of those pleasant little attempts at playing Santa Claus which begin with suspense and effort and end in mortification and disappointment. I am going to take my wife down town and let her pick out anything she wants within the limit of my spending capacity, and then I'm going to let her take me around and fix me up with a pair of embroidered suspenders or gold cuff links or any old thing she likes and that will make her happy. Neither of us has quite got over the effects of the last holiday season yet.

Such a system, it seemed to me, would be far more practical than the miscellaneous guessing. We had been doing with such decidedly poor results.

"You see, we had been married just long enough last Christmas to wear out our first installment of furniture, and most of our wedding gifts. Things were looking a little shabby around the house, so we both agreed that in selecting our little remembrances for one another we ought to confine ourselves to something which would be mutually useful and attractive. Both of us had been secretly longing for a Morris chair, one of those new mission things with big leather cushions that swallow you up in a delirium of comfort. Mrs. C. wanted it for the beauty of the library and her afternoon siestas and I wanted it for evening recreation. We also needed new portieres, a new rug, a lamp globe and dozens of other things to make our happy home "the complete house beautiful," but we were satisfied always to buy such things one at a time, and to get what we wanted at any price.

"Months before the Christmas season I began putting by a little sum weekly, with the Morris chair in mind. Two weeks before the 25th I went down to a dealer's to look at chairs. I had been looking casually for weeks before, but it was not until I came upon this particular shop that I discovered what I wanted. It was a beauty in the darkest and finest of weathered oak, with all attachments and a pair of fat, greeny-brown leather cushions that fairly felt like pipe dreams, laced with leather strappings and tied to the woodwork with thongs. The minute I saw the chair I knew it was for me; but the price was rather staggering. The dealer wanted $95 for it at first, and when I had got him down to $80, he acted as though he thought he were giving the thing away. I thought it best to hold out a little, so I merely requested that he give me a day's option on the chair, and paid a small deposit for the privilege.

Meanwhile my wife had been saving every penny, cutting down on the grocery bill and keeping me on cheap meats with Christmas in view. It seems that she, too, had a Morris chair on the brain. On the afternoon of the same day on which I discovered my prize, she strolled into the same shop. The first sight of the chair was enough for her, and she offered to buy it on the spot. The dealer was inconsolable. He had sold the chair, he believed, at least he had given a gentleman an option on it, and the gentleman had paid a deposit, but if madam would leave her name something might be done.

When my wife spelled out her cognomen for him he lifted his eyebrows in astonishment. That was exactly the name and those were the initials of the gentleman who had already spoken for the chair. My wife thought for a moment. Then she controlled her emotions and merely remarked that such coincidences were quite common, and walked out without leaving her address.

"Next day I hied me to the dealer's quickly prepared to leave my order for the chair. But the dealer did not seem half so inclined to sell. A lady had been there it seems—a lady of my own name, with the same initials—odd, was it not?—who was willing to give the full price for the article. Then it was my turn to think. On the whole, I decided I did not want the chair after all. If Ellen wanted to buy it, I'd let her have that pleasure. The man seemed glad to give me back my deposit and that was the last I saw of that Morris chair.

"Christmas morning we both fussed about the house expectantly. I wondered where on earth Ellen was keeping my Morris chair. After breakfast I unloaded a pair of green portieres I had bought for her. As the wrappings came off I saw her face fall. Then she went over to a corner and produced an exactly similar bundle and unrolled another pair of green portieres—for me.

"'B-but,' I stammered. 'I thought you bought a Morris chair!'

"'I! O John, didn't you buy it after all?'

"And then, in the light of our understanding, we wept on one another's shoulders."

W. H. LANGDON, SAN FRANCISCO'S DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

William H. Langdon, district attorney of San Francisco, who led the prosecution of the graft cases, predicts that the California delegates to both the national conventions will demand the exclusion of the Japanese from the United States. He believes the Chinese are more desirable as citizens than the Japanese.

EDWARD P. WESTON ENDING HIS 1,300 MILE WALK.

When Edward Payson Weston, the sixty-nine-year-old pedestrian, ended his walk from Portland, Me., to Chicago recently he was greeted by a throng of more than 100,000 persons. He was accompanied on his last mile by Fire Chief Horan, a force of mounted police and scores of aged men who had greeted him forty years before when he scored his first triumph as a long distance walker.

MISS SHONTS, WHO IS ENGAGED TO A DUKE.

Miss Theodora Shonts, who is to be the bride of the Duke of Chaulnes, is the youngest daughter of Theodore P. Shonts, the active head of New York city's traction system. She is one of the prettiest young women of the younger society set in the metropolis and has been a popular favorite for two seasons. She is a close friend of the Duchesse Uzes, sister of her fiance, who is said to have had much to do with bringing about the match.

SHE HAD NERVE.

But It Was Very Trying on the Busy Clerk's Patience.

"Don't you know that you have the reputation of being the politest drug clerk in town?" she gushed as she entered the big drug store and picked up a dozen candies and two sample packages of chewing gum at one sweep.

"Thank you, miss," replied the modest clerk, with a bow. "I always try to do my best."

"That is very commendable. Now, I want a stamp, and I want to use your pen and ink and also your blotter, and I'd like to look at your directory."

The clerk busied himself in passing over the above articles, and then she said in her sweetest tones:

"Would you mind taking up this big blot? I'm nervous."

"Yes, miss, I"—

"And attaching the stamp? I don't like the flavor of the gum."

"Really, I"—

"And dropping the letter into the box out on the sidewalk? My fingers are inky. Thank you! That's a good boy."

The clerk dropped in a chair from exhaustion.

"Well, of all the"— he exploded. But she was back again.

"Would—would you mind standing by the window and watching for the collector? I've made a terrible mistake."

"What, miss?"

"Why, I actually forgot to dot an I."—Detroit Tribune.

Doubtless the Reason.

Professor Searchem was engrossed in the study of all things that crawled. To him a pin had but one purpose—to impale insects; tin cans but one use—to house worms.

"Professor," complained his young wife one evening, "how the prices of vegetables are soaring! Just think of it, $2 for this bushel of apples and half have worms in them."

"Perhaps, darling," commented the professor as he strove to part the few remaining hairs on his shining head, "they are of a very rare species."—Harper's Weekly.

A Good Lawyer.

"Do you know of a good lawyer?"

"Yes. Danforth is one of the best lawyers in this town."

"Danforth? I never heard of any important case that he won."

"I know, but he's a good lawyer all the same. His first advice to a client always is to keep out of court."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Presence of Mind!

Astonishing rescue of a bird's nester in a gorge of the Sierra Nevada.—Tatler.

No Sign.

Sister—I know Jack is in love with me.

Brother—What makes you think so?

Sister—His hand trembled when he buttoned my glove for me this morning.

Brother—Guess again. I was out with him last night.—Cleveland Leader.

Both Objectionable.

Towne—They are two fellows I hate to play poker with, Meanley and Kraft.

Browne—Oh, I know Meanley's always a hard loser, but what's wrong with Kraft?

Towne—He's always an easy winner.—Philadelphia Press.

Till Next Time.

"Well," said Ardup, "I've established credit at the barber's, anyway."

"How's that?" inquired Smearcus.

"I got a shave and a hair cut, told the barber I'd pay him the next time I happened in and made my getaway immediately."—Chicago Tribune.

Willing to Oblige.

Suitor—No, sir, I do not love your eldest daughter for her money. It is her beauty, her charm, her—

Pater—Say, I've got a younger daughter who hasn't a cent. And she's lots prettier and more charming. Want her?—Cleveland Leader.

Comforting.

Connoisseur—What a beautiful sideboard! Is it one of your old family pieces, Mrs. Noo?

Mrs. Noo—Not yet, Mr. Connosher. But it will be after me and James has had it a couple of hundred years.—Harper's Weekly.

Stating the Case.

"Oh," cries Miss. Minn., "Wyo.?" I say
"I'm very Ill.," says she.
"And if my pain you would Ala.,
Run quick for an Md.
This morning early I Ariz.—
Right Ga. of heart was I—
And made it my especial bis
To milk our Tenn. fat Ky.
Then, with the help of Cal. and Del.,
I did the Wash., and that
Was not a joke I Kan. you tell—
Indeed, it did Me. flat.
So when I found I must give Ore.
Upon my bed I La.
Alas, I now am very sure
Such smartness does not Pa."
—Elizabeth Hill in New York Life.