The Bowsers' Troubles

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Mr. Bowser Gets Somewhat Mixed On His War Record.

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"By George! but it reminds me of the old days of '61!" suddenly exclaimed Mr. Bowser, the other evening as he looked up from his newspaper.

"The war?" queried Mrs. Bowser.
"The war of course. I've been thinking all day that if I was only five years younger nothing should keep me from going to the front. It makes my pulses thrill to read of the booming of big guns—the screams of shells—the heroic indifference of men under fire. If I were offered a commission I believe I'd

go anyhow.' When the Bowsers were married Mrs. Bowser understood that Mr. Bowser had served in the civil war. She also understood that he had gone in as a private and come out as a colonel. ow and then he interested her with descriptions of battles and his brave deeds on the field. For the first few months she implicitly believed in all he said, as was the duty of a trusting won-an. Later on, when she began to read up the war, she couldn't make history and Mr. Bowser's statements agree. By and by he ceased to call himself "Col." Bowser, or to talk of war, and she was glad enough to have the subject dropped. It had got so that she must condemn every historian as a liar or conclude that Mr.

Bowser had never been to the front.
"Yes," continued Mr. Bowser, as he got up and walked around the room.
"I'd like to lead a regiment into battle again. Lord! but the excitement of it -the exultation-the glory! When I think of it I can hardly hold myself."

Mr. Bowser was a very foolish man to call up his war record and try a game of bluff on his wife. He should have been warned by the queer look she gave him and the silence she mainbut temporary enthusiasm made him reckless and he continued:

"Lands! but that day at Gettysburg —shall I ever forget it! For an hour

You seem to have set out with the de

liberate intention of insulting me!"
"Far from it," she soothingly replied "You wondered why I was not shouting over the war, and why I didn't ask you questions. You eventually became colonel of the Eighteenth Ohio, didn't you?"

"Of course I did." "Were the historians mad at you per-

"I don't know that they were-why?" "Because none of them mentioned you as colonel of that regiment. Both Lossing and Headley give the colonel's

What! What's that!" he interrupted; "they don't mention me! The liars and deceivers! The base-born hypocrites! And you will read the writings of men who go at it with malice afore thought to deprive your husband of his just honor as a soldier!"

"Their conduct was reprehensible," said Mrs. Bowser,"and I hope you will take revenge on them. You were speaking of the battle of Gettysburg and the hallston of death. Were you colonel of the Eighteenth Ohio then?"
"Certainly. When I finally got the order to charge didn't I step—"

"But I can't find that the Eighteenth Ohio was there," she interrupted. "It does not appear in the list of regiments at all."

"They—they dared to leave us out!" shrieked Mr. Bowser.

"They dared. You speak of the battle of Gettysburg. Just which day do you mean? "I mean the day of the battle."

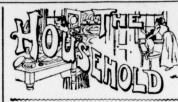
"But there were three days of fighting."
"I deny it-I deny it!"

"Well, they may have made a mis-take. What was the date of the bat-

"The 10th of June."

"They all give the dates the same— the 2d, 3d and 4th of July. The third day of the fighting was the climax. When Lee failed to pierce the federal center with Pickett's Virginians he be-gan his retreat to the Potomac. Mr. Bowser, you must have your commission and discharge papers, and I should like to see them. Are they in the deed

"Woman!" hoarsely whispered Mr. we were under such a hailstorm of Bowser, as he advanced and towered



DOING UP CURTAINS.

of Lace Must Be Carefully Washed and Handled or They Will Not Last Long.

There are many and bitter complaints of the poor wearing qualities of lace curtains as compared with those that "lasted for years in the times of our grandmothers." Complainants often insist that the quality has deteriorated, and that there are no such goods made as those bearing date of 40 years ago, many of which are even yet in a more presentable condition than our own, that have passed through perhaps two or three cleanings in as many years.

The reason for this is, more than any other one thing, the difference in the process of cleaning. In localities, where the modern professional curtaincleaner is unknown, it is altogether probable that the curtains last as long as ever. They are carefully washed under the personal supervision of the housekeeper or by her own hands, and are put upon the grass to bleach, and when sufficiently clear are rinsed and starched, not too stiff, for that might cause them to break, but just enough to make them look new. They are then neatly and regularly pinned down upon the parlor carpet and left to dry with locked doors, to keep out truders, and open windows to let in the air.

When taken up they are almost if not altogether as good-looking as new, and have suffered little if any injury during the process. Treated in this way tamboured lace curtains will last until the owners are wearied with seeing them around and get new ones for variety. The modern process is very different.
The curtain is put into a large cauldron, with scarcely water enough to cover it, and boiled in the strongest bleaching chemicals. It is slightly rinsed and stiffly starched. If it is torn or the threads are broken, a section of net lace is dipped in thick starch or paste and laid over the starch or paste and land over the broken spot, which has been partly closed by being drawn together with very fine thread. The net is then pressed upon the curtain with such force as to unite them like one fabric The curtains are then dried, folded and sent home to be put up. There is sufficient strength in the starch and will be likely to drop apart by their own weight as soon as they are thor-oughly wet. Very few curtains will bear the third cleaning of this sort. It has, therefore, become one of the least until they are hopelessly out of fashion.—Decorator and Furnisher.



"I'M GOING OUT-MAY NEVER RETURN."

my regiment to come out alive."

Mrs. Bowser looked at him in a dubious way, but had nothing to say. This piqued the old warhorse, and he

Egg.

turned on her with: "Woman, did you ever wonder to yourself what a battle was like? How you can sit there like a bump on a log when they may be fighting and cheer-

ing and dying within ten miles of us is a puzzle to me. Why don't you swallow that cud of gum and ask me some questions?"

"I will," she quietly replied. "Were you in the late war?" "What! What! Was I in the late

war!"
"What regiment?"

"The Eighteenth Ohio, of course. I've told you 50 times over. At the battle of Antietam we lost 130 men, and I was promoted from private to ser geant."

"Where is Antietam?"

"Where-where is Antietam!" he stammered, as his face began to red-den. "Antietam is in Virginia, of course. Where did you think it was-in Wisconsin?"

"No, sir. I knew it was in Maryland. What the federal histories call Antietam is called Sharpsburg by the confederates. It is a little town on the Potomac in Maryland."

"You-you set out to post me on Antietam!" he shouted, as he stood off and glared at her, but at the same time realized that he had been caught "Certainly, Headley, Lossing, Greely and all other writers of the war locate Antietam as I have."

"Then they are base liars and de-ceivers, and ought to be shot! When did you begin to read up on what you call history?"

"I've been at it for some time," placidly began Mrs. Bowser. "They may have been wrong about Antietam but how does it happen that the Eight-eenth Ohio is not mentioned as one of

the federal regiments participating?"
"Not mentioned!" shouted Mr. Bowser, as he swallowed the lump in his throat-the Eighteenth Ohio not mentioned!"

"Not in the history of that battle, and I've looked through about ten. They might have had a grudge against your regiment, however, and so re-frained from naming it. You say you were promoted to a sergeantey. How many sergeants in a company, Mr

He couldn't have told for his life whether there were five or fifteen, and he drew a long breath and yelled at

"Woman, do you take me for a fool! Y. Truth.

death that I did not expect a man in over her, "you seem to doubt your hus

band's veracity!"
"But you may not have been in the late war, you know. You may have thought you were, but-"

"No more, woman-not another word! Right here in my own house, by my own wife, 38 years after the war, I am told that I did not enlist—that I never saw a battle-that I was not a colonel—that my regiment was not a mentioned in history! It is enough. I am going out and may not return to-night—may never return. Please hold yourself in readiness to receive a call

from my lawyer in the morning."

And Mr. Bowser went out and bought two glasses of beer and walked around and jawed himself 'till midnight. Mrs. Bowser was awake when he slipped softly in and made ready for bed, but she felt for him and hadn't a word to at her across the breakfast table, she pretended to lay it all on the coffec, and said she'd discharge the cook if it couldn't be bettered.

A Chicago Vignette

They were sitting on a bench in Lin-

coln park. The sun's golden crown had jeweled the desolate, dreamy west, and the caks were shrouded in crimson rich as a monarch's garb. The autumn winds were shod with gold beneath the sobbing trees, and high on the branch of a stately cedar perched Minerva's wisdom bird, the ominous owl, blear-eyed and solitary, hating the day and waiting till night should shade

the grand panorama of the park. "I dreamed of you lawst night," she said, in a rich Lake Shore drive ac-

"Did you, really?" he inquired, eagery, and a tint of red suffused his brow like the blush that kindles on the timid cheek of morn, when like a coy and conscious bride she comes from the embrace of night.

"Yaas; I always dream when I eat and mince pie at night."--Up to Date.

Hugged the Calf to Death

A 400-pound bear walked into a barnyard at Proebstel, Wash., and carried off a live calf. The citizens organized a posse, and after a long chase captured bruin, who had hugged the calf to death.

Private Information.

I was trying to explain Johnny that when it is night in China foundation.

it is day here.

Mamma—And when it is day in China you are making a night of it here.-N.

Just How to Make and Arrange Them in Such a Way That They Will Lay Gracefully.

TALK ABOUT FRILLS.

She is indeed an indifferent woman who dares to make up her trousseau without using frills as the chief decoration upon her gowns. Frills are used upon costumes for every occasion, even outing suits, for where braid is used as the skirt trimming the waist is almost covered with frills.

In making frills out of goods that have figures running through them-



HOW TO MAKE AND ARRANGE FRILLS.

especially flowers-be sure to have every figure running the same way; that is, unless they run up and down in the weave of the goods. Nothing looks so careless and clumsy as ruf-fles that are made with the figures running in all directions. After the strips for the frills are sewed together, if you do not care to head them with ce, hem the top and bottom, making the top hem much the narrower, and gather. Gather them with the fingers and stroke every stitch. This makes them much daintier than being gathered by machine. Divide the frills into four parts, sticking a pin at each quar-ter, and treat the skirt or waist in the same way. Sew a quarter of the frill on to a quarter of the skirt or waist and you will find that when completed the gathers will be evenly distributed and will set gracefully upon their

Frills put on in fancy design can be treated in the same way and, after this method is once tried, you will never

THREE PRETTY SLEEVES.

Here Are the Very Latest Models from Which to Select the One You Like Best.

The goods which enjoy the most pop ularity this summer are so light both in weight and color, that the design for sleeves are necessarily dainty and airy to keep pace with the delicacy of the material. Puffs and ripples fin ish the shoulders while the body of the sleeves is very tight.

If the body of the sleeve is made of figured goods the ripple or puff is mad of plain goods trimmed with velvet



baby ribbon or fancy buttons. If the puff or ripple is of plain goods then the

body is, of course, figured.

The butterfly puff is both new and popular and is made by folding the cloth in a large butterfly bow and tacking it over the sleeves so that it can be removed if desired.

The sleeve which consists simply of a large puff is trimmed with lace and caught just above the elbow with a band of ribbon which fastens upon cut steel or pearl buttons. Long gloves are worn with these puffed sleeves as they are only half the usual length.

FLOWERS IN A BOWL

Simple Arrangement for the Arti tic Display of Plants and Vines of All Kinds.

"I Hke flowers in a bowl," said sufficient strength in the starch and threads to hold the material together and an artistic taste; "they have such while the starch remains, but when a generous effect, as if they had been next it is necessary to clean them they picked in great hazdfuls—but I do not like them packed in a solid mass —so I have taken malleable copper wire (No. 20) and made frames to go over all my bowls and wide-mouthed vases, and now I can arrange my flowthe curtain-cleaning season come trived. With a pair of pinchers bend trived. With a pair of pinchers bend a ring of wire the size of the edge of the bowl hooking the ends of the cirthe bowl, hooking the ends of the cir-cle together. Then across this stretch lengths of wire, allowing about half an inch over the diameter, the circle to bend down and fit over the edge of the bowl. Twist the wires to-gether where they cross each other and give a firm twist around the circle wire, and that is all. Where the wires bend over the edge of the bow they are entirely hidden by the leaves and flowers, and the whole thing can

be removed for cleaning.
"When arranging flowers with this frame I first make a light foundation with sprays of green to conceal the frame. Common garden asparagus is delightful when filling jars with sweet peas and many other blossoms. Nas-turtiums I use with their own foliage, often sticking the flower stems right through the leaves. On this foundathe most fascinating attitudes with-out any constraint or unnatural heavy massing, and you can hardly avoid making them look light and graceful. Anyone who has once graceful. Anyone who has once utilized this simple device will never be willing to struggle with the arrangement of flowers in the old way."— Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

AFTERNOON REST.

No Period of Sleep Is Quite as Re-freshing or Gives More Rest to Brain and Brawn,

The necessity of a rest hour for a busy mother and housekeeper cannot be too strongly insisted upon. All other women are apt to take this rest except the woman whose "work is never done," and who needs it the most of all. It is not necessary to take a full hour's rest, but as much time as this should be allowed in the early afternoon after the work of the dinner is over, for the simple object of resting. The habit should be acquired of going to one's room and of shutting out the outside world as much as it is possible, together with all worldly care and worry. Bathe the temples, loosen the dress and, if possible, put on a loose wrapper and lie down. Sleep may not come at once, but the habit is soon acquired, and in a short time the tired woman who adopts this remedy will fall asleep almost as soon as she touches the pil Even if her enforced nap does not last over half an hour, no period of sleep in the 24 hours covering the same amount of time will be so refreshing or give so much rest to tired brain

To Brighten a Copper Kettle.

Fill the kettle completely with boiling water, to which has been added a small quantity of soda, and while the is in the kettle rub the outside over briskly with a flannel dipped in quite sour milk. As a final measure wipe the metal dry and polish it with a wash-leather.

MRS. PINKHAM'S WARNING TO WOMEN.

Neglect is the Forerunner of Misery and Suffering-A Grateful Husband Writes of His Wife's Recovery.

Nearly all the ill health of women is traceable to some derangement of the feminine organs. These derangements do not cure themselves, and neglect of the sensations resulting from them is only putting

> Pathetic stories are constantly coming to Mrs. Pinkham of women whose neglect has resulted in serious heart trouble and a whole train of woes.
>
> Here is the story of a woman who was helped by Mrs. Pinkham after other treatment failed: DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:-It affords me very great pleasure to be able to state that I believe my wife owes her health to your medicine

and good advice. For three years her health failed rapidly; she had heart trom-ble, often falling down in dizzy and fainting spells, shortness of breath, choking and smothering spells, bloating of the stomach, a dry cough, dys-peptic symptoms, menses irreg-

ular, scanty, and of an mo-natural color. She had been treated by physicians with but little benefit. She has taken your treatment according to your directions, and is better in every way. I am well pleased with the result of your treatment, and give your permission to use my letter for the benefit of others.— CHAS. H. and Mrs. MAY BUTCHER. Fort Meyer, Va.

The healing and strengthening power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for all fe-male ills is so well established that it needs no argument. For over twenty

years it has been used by women with results that are truly wonderful, Mrs. Pinkham invites all women who are puzzled about their health to write to her at Lynn, Mass., for advice. All such correspondence is seen by women only, and no charge is made.

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