

BOWSER'S CANCER

He Gets It In the Neck and Has a Narrow Escape.

BUT MANAGES TO SURVIVE.

After Accusing the Missis of Attempting to Kill Him by Jabbing a Poisoned Darning Needle into His Neck and Demanding a Divorce.

By M. QUAD.

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MR. BOWSER woke up and sighed. He sat up and groaned. He got out of bed muttering.

He came downstairs with a scowl on his face and set down to the breakfast table with a bang, and when Mrs. Bowser solicitously inquired if he had been hunting for a lost collar button he curtly replied:

"A man standing on the brink of his grave doesn't feel much like joking."

"Why, you never looked better in your life."

"Perhaps not."

He maintained a frigid attitude during the remainder of the meal, and the thought of the coal bill, the gas bill, the butcher bill and the lost clothespins and wondered where the thunderbolt would strike. When they went upstairs he pulled off his coat and vest and pulled back his collar and said:

"I want you to look at the back of my neck. It has pained me all night. Isn't there a lump around there somewhere?"

"I can't say for certain," she replied as she inspected, "but I should think



"THERE'S A LUMP THERE."

you had been bitten by a spider. There's a lump there, and it's a fiery red."

"But how can I have a bite on the back of my neck?" he demanded as he drew away.

"A spider can bite you anywhere."

"Spider be hanged!" he shouted. "I tell you I have a cancer."

"You can't have it."

"And I'm a doomed man!"

"Nonsense! It may possibly develop into a boil."

"But what have I done to bring out a boil? Woman, don't try to deceive me! I have got the feeling that it's a cancer. Father and mother died of them."

"Your mother died of a weak heart, and a rolling sawlog caused your father's death," protested Mrs. Bowser. "It's either a bite or a boil and may be gone in a day."

The Discovery.

Mr. Bowser was not convinced. He went to the telephone to get the family doctor, but Mrs. Bowser dissuaded him by saying:

"Let it go till night and give it a chance to develop."

"And for a cancer to seize me in its fangs!"

He started for the office carrying his head stiffly, and soon after he had left the house the cook came up to say:

"You'd better go downtown to see about a new cook, ma'am. If that turns out to be a cancer on Mr. Bowser's neck I wouldn't stay in this house for \$100 a week. I was working for a man once who had one, and he got up in the night and tried to murder me."

Mrs. Bowser hoped against hope until 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Then Mr. Bowser came home, two hours ahead of time. She saw the glare in his eyes as he banged the hall door open, and she knew that something had blossomed out and become a fixture.

"Do you know what this infernal thing is?" he demanded as he sat down on the lounge and lifted his hands to his neck.

"I'm sorry if it's a cancer," she replied.

"Well, it is, and it will probably cause my death before the week is out! It is the opinion of the doctor that poison has been injected into my system."

"But how could such a thing happen?"

In Full Bloom.

He stared at her fixedly for half a minute and then bent such a ferocious look on the family cat, who stood eying him with anxiety, that the animal uttered a hiss and fled into the parlor. Mrs. Bowser at once went down to the kitchen to make a flaxseed poultice, and, although it was evident that Mr. Bowser regarded her as a would-be murderer, she got his collar and tie off and the poultice on after a little argument. He had no appetite for dinner, and during the long evening he dozed

and muttered and threw out dark hints.

Tuesday morning the "cancer" was almost full bloom, and Mr. Bowser went about with his head down as if hunting for lost pins. During the day and evening he had ten fresh poultices, and Mrs. Bowser made him gruel, tea and toast about once an hour. He had little to say, but it was evident that he knew she arranged for that thing days beforehand.

Wednesday morning the cancer had reached perfection and would have taken the prize at any county fair. The color was deep red, and the hardness was akin to a November pear. Mr. Bowser took a position on the broad of his back on the lounge and only moved when fresh poultices were applied or the cat set up a wail. Seeing that he was helpless, the cook decided to stay on, but held herself ready for any sudden emergency. Along to work evening Mr. Bowser delivered a brief address on Lucrezia Borgia. It was leveled at Mrs. Bowser, and she understood.

Wanted Will Draw.

Friday morning Mr. Bowser got up with a bad hump on his back, and as he ate his tea and toast he requested Mrs. Bowser to telephone for a lawyer to draw up his will and added with considerable zest that he should leave every dollar of his possessions to found an asylum for tramps. She telephoned, but the lawyer had gone off on a hunt, and his office boy declined the job. The cat was barred out of the room all day, and word was sent to the cook that if she didn't stop banging the dishes about the hand of justice would clutch her throat with merciless grasp. There were moments when Mr. Bowser wanted Mrs. Bowser to hold his hand and promise that she would visit his last resting place once a week during the rest of her life, and there were moments when he charged her with getting up in the middle of the night to run a poisoned darning needle into the back of his neck to cut short his days. The bell was muffled, the curtains drawn, and to all anxious inquiries the cook replied:

"No, he isn't dead yet, nor have they sent him away to an insane asylum, but we are prepared for the worst. He may sink away as softly as a canary bird, or he may try to tear the house down before he goes."

He Survives.

Mr. Bowser was still alive when Saturday morning dawned, and, although he announced that his end was near, he insisted on creeping downstairs to his favorite lounge. Mrs. Bowser had used up five pounds of flaxseed and a pint of arnica on the cancer, but was still hard at work and making no complaints. She announced a decided improvement, with signs of a burst, but he took no interest in her words. At noon, however, he aroused himself and admitted he had not been the husband he ought to have been and asked for forgiveness for his many shortcomings. She freely forgave him, and an hour later he demanded to know why she hadn't struck him with the ax as he lay sleeping instead of resorting to poison. The afternoon waned and evening came, and it was necessary for Mrs. Bowser to visit the drug store after more flaxseed. The druggist was a kind hearted man, and he did his best to cheer her. He had had thirty years' experience in the drug business, and in all that time he had never known a cancer on the back of the neck to prove fatal. Such a thing taken in conjunction with a head-on collision, the collapse of a building or an earthquake shock had brought about direful results, but alone by itself was not greatly to be feared.

The Recovery.

Mrs. Bowser returned home in more cheerful spirits, and as she softly opened the front door she was alarmed to hear Mr. Bowser dancing about and singing a verse of a topical song. At the door of the sitting room she beheld him cavorting about with the cat in his arms and the bandages off his neck, and as she cried out in alarm he turned and shouted:

"She's gone! She's gone for sure!"

Mr. Bowser's cancer had broken, and death had passed him by. He cackled and laughed and chuckled her under the chin; but, suddenly remembering his policy, he drew himself up stiffly and said:

"Yes, woman, your fourteenth attempt to assassinate me has failed, and you can instruct your lawyer to see my lawyer tomorrow morning!"

"But what did I do?" she asked.

"Poisoned a darning needle as I slept and then jabbed me!"

"You can't believe it!"

"And but for my strength of will it would have been a cancer instead of a boil. Think it over tonight and tell me in the morning how much alimony you want."

What They Want.

Some men are weighed in the balance and found wanting the earth.—Philadelphia Record.

The Compliment.

He had handed the child a banana, and the latter in his delight forgot his customary "Thank you."

"But what do you say, Harry?"

"For a moment the child was puzzled. Then, with a smile, he handed it back."

"Peel it!"—New York World.

Snoos and Snoos.

Little Snob—I don't see any waiters. Why don't they wear uniforms? You can't tell who are gentlemen and who are not, can you?

Superior Waiter (sarcastically)—We waiters find no difficulty, sir.—London Opinion.



The Afternoon Tea.

One of the most delightful ways of entertaining and meeting all social obligations is the afternoon tea, which can be given at comparatively small expense and with great enjoyment. In fact, the afternoon tea is steadily gaining in favor and supplanting the evening reception in popularity.

The invitations for an afternoon tea should be issued a week or ten days in advance of the day set for entertaining. Cards are the accepted means of inviting and can be issued in the name of a mother and her daughters or of the wife and husband. The name of the husband appears more frequently as a joint host than in past years.

A specially engraved card should take the form of the following:

MRS. JOHN ADAMS
THE MISSES ADAMS
AT HOME
Wednesday afternoon, December eleventh,
from four until seven o'clock.
Thirty-four States avenue.

If daughters are to receive this form is used:

MRS. JOHN ADAMS
THE MISSES ADAMS
AT HOME, etc.

If a very informal tea is to be given your own visiting card, with your day at home and the hours for receiving, can be posted.

The cards are sent by mail, and when a married couple are invited the cards are addressed to the husband as well as the wife.

An afternoon tea is an excellent way to introduce a daughter to society. In this case Mrs. Adams would issue cards with her own name and the debutante's name below. If the eldest daughter, the words Miss Adams are sufficient. If the second daughter makes her bow to society by means of an afternoon tea the full name, Mary Hall Adams, would be engraved below her mother's. Sometimes the name of both mother and eldest sister are used; then the full name of the second daughter appears below the sister's.

When a guest of honor is the reason for an afternoon tea a specially engraved card would be written as follows:

TO MEET
Governor and Mrs. George Gray
Mr. and Mrs. John Adams
request the pleasure of your company
on Friday afternoon, December fifth,
from four to seven o'clock.
Thirty-four States avenue.

The first form can also be used if an added line at the bottom appears:
To meet Governor and Mrs. George Gray.

Don'ts For Visitors.

Do not expect to be entertained all day. Let your hosts have a few hours to herself. This can be arranged if you have letters to write or if you take a few walks alone.

Don't leave your room in disorder, and, above all, don't make your visit a big burden to the worker in the house, whether mistress or servant. If the former you should offer to help in the little tasks about the home, and undoubtedly you should care for your own room. If there is a maid you should hang up all clothing and care for your room so as to be no cause for a notice given to the head of the house on account of too much company.

Don't monopolize the best chair or the best place in the room just because you are politely offered it by your host.

Act naturally and don't forget that there are other beings in this world with their rights. And when you arrive home don't forget to send a little note of thanks to your entertainers.

Office Etiquette.

If a girl is pretty and attractive she is sometimes offered attentions by the men in the office, and some of these they have no business to offer and would never think of doing if they considered her their social equal. Be very sure that no well brought up girl in society would think for a moment of accepting an invitation to lunch alone with a married man or with any man, for that matter, who was almost a stranger to her. She would resent such an invitation as an insult and treat the man accordingly. The working girl, if she values her position, cannot resent such attentions very strongly, but she can positively but firmly refuse them and show the man that she intends to be respected.

Bridge Dinner Invitations.

The invitations to a bridge dinner are usually informal, but they should state clearly the object of the occasion.

They may read, "Dear Mrs. Jones—Will not you and Mr. Jones give us the pleasure of seeing you at dinner on Thursday next at 8 o'clock? If you like, we will play bridge afterward," or something to the same effect.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones are thus fairly warned of the fate awaiting them. If they dislike bridge, they need not accept the invitation. It is best to ask card players only, but this is not always possible.

Card Usage.

At a small reception cards are left as at a large affair. It is not out of place to bid the hostess adieu at a small informal tea. At a large one it is not necessary.

Good Breeding.

One principal point of good breeding is to suit our behavior to the three several degrees of men—our superiors, our equals and those below us.—Swift.

Matter Enough.

A young Canadian came into a pot of money and made his first visit to England. He had been given many excellent letters of introduction.

One of his letters was to a very noble duke who invited him to his country place for a week end. The newly rich Canadian boy packed his bag and went down.

When he arrived the butler at the door took his bag and passed it back to another man in livery, and the young man stopped in the great hall for a few moments' chat with the duke.

Presently the duke suggested that the visitor might like to go to his room. The visitor was shown upstairs.

Five minutes later he came tearing downstairs, yelling:

"Duke! I say, duke! Oh, duke!" at the top of his voice.

"What's the trouble?" asked the disturbed duke. "My word! What is it? What has happened? Is anything the matter?"

"Matter!" snorted the visitor. "I should say something is the matter! That confounded man of yours has had the impertinence to open my bag!"—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

The Wilds of Chicago.

Foreign ignorance of America has ceased to be surprising. It has come to be taken as a matter of course by Americans, but every now and then some amusing instance occurs to call attention to it again. A young woman recently returned from abroad says that just before she sailed for home she met a party of Englishmen who were very polite and showed great interest in her when they heard she was from Chicago.

"Ah, yes," said one of them. "I know all about America! You see, I have some relatives over there. You have to go to market in a cart. It must be great fun."

The girl was puzzled for a minute, but soon found out that his relatives lived on a ranch somewhere in the far west, and then she had the greatest difficulty in persuading him that in Chicago people did not go to market in a cart. In fact, she says she doesn't think he believes it yet.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Home, Sweet Home.

The song of "Home, Sweet Home," written by John Howard Payne, was first given to the world in a play called "Clari, or the Maid of Milan," of which Payne was the author. Charles Dickens, who was fond of amateur theatricals as a young man, appeared in this play, in which his elder sister, Fanny, took the part of Clari.

The original playbill is of about the year 1835:

"HOME, SWEET HOME!"
Sung by Miss M. Tree in
"Clari, or the Maid of Milan,"
at the Theater Royal, Covent Garden;
also by
Miss Stephens at the Musical Festivals.
Composed and Arranged by
Henry R. Bishop.

Composer and director of the music to the Theater Royal, Covent Garden. The poetry by John Howard Payne, Esq. The play has been forgotten for years, but the song has in it a heart throb that gives it everlasting life.—Indianapolis News.

Northumberland Surnames.

For quaint surnames one should search the records of Northumberland. A. G. Bradley has made a collection of some of these Northumberland patronyms. He is writing of the times of the border raids, and there was a Robert Unthank in those days. Among others, too, we find the name of Adam Aydrunken, who "upset his boat in the Tyne and accidentally drowned his wife, Beatrice." Cecilia, the wife of John Unkuthman (uncouth man), cut her throat with a razor. The incident requires no explanation. Another unfortunate person figures as Adam-with-the-nose.—London Spectator.

ECZEMA SPREAD RAPIDLY OVER FACE

And Head, Raw and Red. Ears, Legs and Hands Also Afflicted. Thought Child Would Die. Cuticura Remedies Completely Cured.

Stewartstown, Pa.—"Cuticura Soap and Ointment cured my little boy of that awful disease eczema. When about five years old it started on the left side of his face in a small pimple forming yellow matter. It soon spread rapidly over his face and head. It got as raw and red as flannel. The yellow matter ran down his face in big drops. I kept a cloth on his neck and mittens of muslin on his hands to keep him from scratching. The back of his head got in big scabs and when he would sleep the pillow would be wet with the water that would come out of the scabs. Then these would soften and come off. His whole head swelled; his head, face, ears, legs and hands were afflicted but the head and face were worst. We or the child never got a good sleep for a long time.

"We tried medicines and none did any good. We spent about one hundred dollars on him. They thought my little boy would die. We were told about the Cuticura Soap and Ointment and bought some. The Cuticura Soap I lathered his face with and let it dry in, then applied the Cuticura Ointment. He was completely cured and it never left a scar." (Signed) Mrs. Ida Jenkinson, March 13, 1912.
Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold throughout the world. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston." Tender-faced men should use Cuticura Soap Shaving Stick, 25c. Sample free.

Woman's Danger Signals

Hot flashes—dizziness, fainting spells, headache, bearing-down feeling and ills of a kindred nature—are nature's danger signals. The female disturbance or irregularity back of these calls for help, should have immediate care and attention. Otherwise the delicate female constitution soon breaks down.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

For more than 40 years has been lending its health restoring aid to thousands of women year after year throughout its long life.

This wonderfully successful remedy imparts strength to the entire system—particularly to the organs distinctly feminine. Nerves are refreshed. The "stale," overworked business woman, the run-down house-wife, and the weary care-worn mother of a family—all will gain strength from this famous prescription which 40 years has demonstrated its effectiveness—in liquid or tablet form.

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Guaranteed Eczema Remedy.

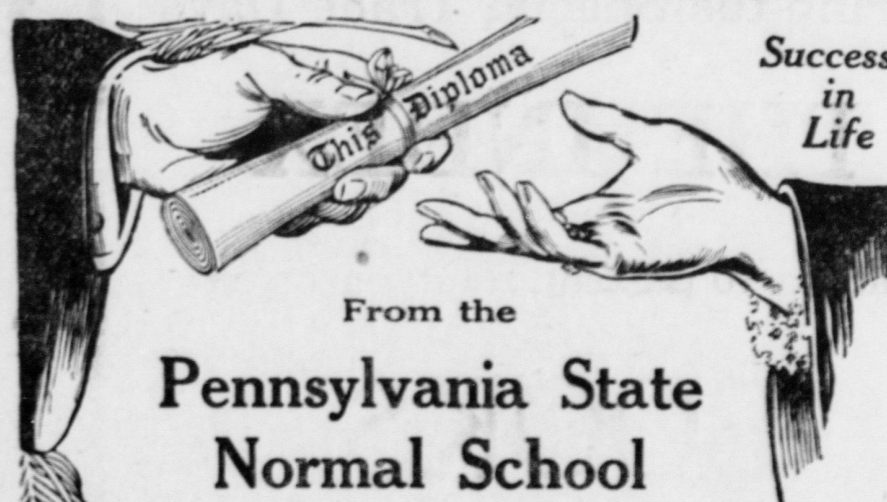
The constant itching, burning, redness, rash and disagreeable effects of eczema, tetter, salt rheum, itch, piles and irritating skin eruptions can be readily cured and the skin made clear and smooth with Dr. Hobson's Eczema Ointment. Mr. J. C. EVELAND, of Bath, Ill., says: "I had eczema twenty-five years and had tried everything. All failed. When I found Dr. Hobson's Eczema Ointment I found a cure." This ointment is the formula of a physician and has been in use for years—not an experiment. That is why we can guarantee it. All druggists, or by mail. Price 50c. Pfeiffer Chemical Co., Philadelphia and St. Louis. Sold by C. M. Parris, Bellefonte.—Adv. June.

Why Electricity Causes Death.

While every one knows that an electric shock, if powerful enough, will cause death, there are very few who know exactly the cause, and from a description given in a recent English magazine, quoting an authority on the subject, the whole matter is simple.

Death produced from electric shock, says the magazine, usually is the result of contraction of the fibrils or muscular fibers of the heart, or of paralysis. The effects of direct and alternating currents vary with the current strength, the duration of contact and the path through the body; and with alternating currents low frequency usually is more dangerous than high. The lower animals are more susceptible to electric shock than man, dogs often being killed by a direct current of 70 volts. In the average man a direct current of 100 volts is scarcely felt, 200 to 300 volts give rise to muscular cramps, while 520 volts will stop respiration suddenly.—New

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