MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

The Head of the House Gets on the Trail of the Deadly Microbe.

"What's the matter, and what have you got there?" queried Mrs. Bowser as he came home the other day half an hour ahead of his usual time, and being loaded down with a heavy purchase of something.

"Don't say a word—not a word, and don't bother me for ten minutes! I hope I'm in time to avert the danger!"

She turned pale and fell upon the sofa, and he hurriedly broke the string securing the package, seized the three quart bottles which comprised its contents and rushed up stairs, down the back stairs, down into the basement and up again. A strange, disagreeable odor followed him as he hustled around, and by the time he had returned to the sitting room Mrs. Bowser had recovered sufficiently to ask:

"Mr. Bowser, what on earth are you doing, and what in the name of goodness is that stuff?"

"What have I been doing? Saving our lives, Mrs. Bowser—saving the life of every one under this roof!"

"But I—I didn't know our lives were in danger."

"Of course not. If the house was on fire from top to bottom and the firemen pitching our furniture out of the windows you might possibly realize the fact, but it has never struck you that death silently lurks in every room in this house."

"How you talk, Mr. Bowser! What has been the danger hanging over us?"

"Microbes, Mrs. Bowser!" he whispered, as he sat down and wiped his heated face. "Microbes and bacteria—millions of 'em!"

"It can't be!" she replied.

"Can't it! You've lived in New York two weeks, been out as far as Broadway once, and you think you know all about it! I knew, of course, but having so many other things to see to this one slipped my mind until today."

"But what causes that terrible odor?"

"Nothing terrible about it, as I see. On the contrary, I rather like it. It is the odor of disinfectants, Mrs. Bowser—the odor of something which has no doubt saved our lives."

"How?"

"By killing off the microbes and bacteria, which would soon have entered our systems and produced terrible illness, if not death."

"Well, I suppose you know best," she said, as she opened a window to let a yard or two of the carbolic smell dodge out.

"Certainly I do, certainly. All husbands do. Mrs. Bowser, let me draw you a picture of a microbe. You can then realize the danger which menaced us."

He drew the insect, and as she surveyed it in surprise and disgust, he continued:

"Nice thing to have about forty of those birds cantering around through your system, eh?"

"Where do they come from?"

"Sewer gas. By this time tomorrow the house would have been swarming with them, and nothing on earth could have saved us from typhoid fever or diphtheria. If the microbe was the only thing to look out for I shouldn't have been so anxious, but there is the bacteria."

"What's that?"

"Here is a picture of him. Comes in the same way, and his mission is to eat out the lungs. It is calculated that 2,000 of them will eat out the strongest man's lungs in a month."

"And they were in this house?" she asked.

"Right here, in this house."

"And ready to be absorbed into our systems?"

"Not only ready, but anxious."

"You are sure you don't mean cockroaches? I saw two under the kitchen sink yesterday, and was going to ask you to get some powdered borax."

"Mrs. Bowser," he began, as he stood up, "are you growing soft in the top of your head? Do I know a Bengal tiger from a woodchuck?"

"I—I suppose so."

"But I don't know a microbe or a bacteria from a cockroach?" he thundered.

"But I never heard you speak of them before, and I—I"——

"Do you imagine that I or any other husband sits down and tells his wife all he knows?" he shouted. "Because I haven't told you that a jack rabbit's legs have three joints is that any reason why I haven't known it for forty years!"

"But this is medical science, isn't it?" she softly protested.

"And suppose it is! Do you suppose I've gone sloshing around all these years with nothing but a recipe for making soft soap in my head?"

She was silent, and after striding up and down the room a few times he halted before her and continued:

"A wife isn't expected to know these things, of course, but I'll be accounted a pretty husband and father and member of a scientific club if I didn't know all about microbes and bacteria."

"But that picture of a bacteria looks like a lobster," she persisted.

"Lobster! Looks like a lobster, does it? Very well, Mrs. Bowser, this discussion will end right here. It is plain enough that you haven't the necessary knowledge to appreciate it."

"But don't you"——

"Never you mind, Mrs. Bowser! Let it drop right here. Is supper ready?"

The odor was so strong in the dining room that the butter tasted of it, and after supper the cook called Mrs. Bowser into the kitchen to ask:

"Is it going to be like this all the time?"

"Oh, no. Mr. Bowser had to kill off the microbes and bacteria, you see."

"What's them?"

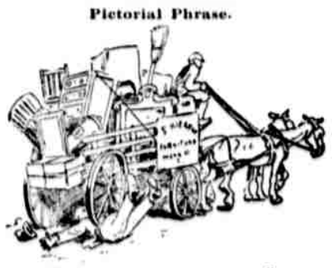
"I'll have him come out and explain."

"No need of it, ma'am, for my bundle is all made up, and I'm going. A man who'll drag dead cats through his own house would cheat a poor girl out of her wages at the end of a month. Microbes and bacteria, eh? I don't believe it! Let him show them to me up in the Zoological gardens!"

When Mrs. Bowser told Mr. Bowser what had occurred he bristled up, got red in the face and exclaimed:

"I see how it is: couldn't carry your point with me, and so you went out and upset the girl! Mrs. Bowser, you are treading on dangerous ground—very dangerous. A husband may be a worm, but if that worm is stepped on too often he turns!"—M. Quad in New York World.

Pictorial Phrase.



"GETTING A MOVE ON HIM."
—Life

A MODERN MAIDEN.

I'm a girl of today, and I beg leave to say,
When proposing don't fall on your knees;
It is bad for your pants, and my joy 'twould enhance
If instead you would give me a ——.

I'm enough of a prude to consider it rude
When a fellow's too free with a miss,
But reason nor sense never warrants offense
When he limits himself to a ——.

I once went to a ball with a fellow whose gall
Was proof against every mishap;
But I took him to task when he ventured to ask,
"My dear, won't you sit on my ——?"

Though by all men adored, I am frequently bored
By their calling me "angel" and "dove,"
But—not to offend—their attentions I end
By sending regrets—and my ——.
—New York Herald.

Feeling for a Dog.

There was a young man, followed by a bird dog, walking around the Delaware and Lackawanna depot at Hoboken the other day, and as the dog's tail appeared to have been lately cut off pretty close to his ears, a stranger made bold to inquire:

"Excuse me, but isn't that a bird dog?"

"He is, sir."

"I thought so, though he looks very queer. Meet with an accident?"

"No, sir. I cut his tail off myself."

"Got injured, did it?" persisted the man.

"Not at all, sir. I did it out of feeling for the dog. I've had him five years. Up to three months ago I was worth $10,000, but then I got scooped out of every shilling. The dog had an elegant brush and carried it as proud as a king, but when I was reduced to poverty he felt the change and realized that a proud tail was inconsistent with the social standing of a poor man's dog. I therefore cut it off and made his looks agree with my old clothes, and he's happy again."—M. Quad in New York Evening World.

He Is an Aristocratic Coachman.

He's coachman for a North Side family. He apparently knows all there is to know about a horse, and when he gets on the box with his livery on a fire engine wouldn't make him turn his vehicle an eighth of an inch. He is so dignified that he is almost awe inspiring. He is a coachman with all the trimmings.

He came into the house a day or two ago, shortly after breakfast, and said he would like to go away for an hour or two.

"I want to take some clothes to a shop to be mended," he said.

"Certainly, James," assented his employer.

"I won't be gone long," he said apologetically.

"All right."

"And I won't tire the horses, so if you want them later"——

"The horses!" exclaimed the head of the house. "For heaven's sake, how far is it?"

"Only a short distance, sir, and I'll be careful to keep them fresh."

"But what do you want them for?"

"So awkward to carry a bundle, sir. Then it looks bad. People would say, 'There goes Brown's coachman with the week's washing.' It wouldn't do the family any good, sir."

Then Brown dropped his morning paper, gasped, and finally said:

"All right; take 'em. Do you want a footman too?"—Chicago Tribune.

A Beginning.

Digby (showing his new purchase)—I think I can make quite a horse out of him.

Higby—You certainly have a good framework.—Harper's Bazar.

Not in a Hurry.

As a Fort street man was plugging his way homeward about 12:30 a. m. the other morning he met a well known young society fellow coming out of an elegant residence at about 140 miles an hour, standard time.

"Hello," exclaimed the homeward bound man, as the other landed up against a tree box, "you must be in a hurry."

"No," he said meekly, "that was the cause of the difficulty. I was not, but the girl's father was. Will you favor me with the time?"

He was favored, and with an "Ah! good morning," he scudded off down the street. —Detroit Free Press.

Up to the Times.

Father (indignantly)—How does it happen, sir, that you have such a miserable report this term?

Small Son (born under the shadow of Bunker Hill monument)—I guess it's because you ain't a school director any more. —Good News.

One Better.

She—I hear that Mr. Sheffield Hall has written such a fine thesis that it will soon be out in print.

Lopher, '91 S.—Oh, that's nothing. My thesis was out in print before I wrote it!—Yale Record.

Full of Alarm.

Frank—Blanche seems awfully shy. What do you suppose makes her so timid?

May—She's probably afraid you are not going to propose.—Munsey's Weekly.

Touched Bottom.

"Ed and Minnie had another falling out last week."

"Serious quarrel?"

"No, hammock."—Washington Post.

Equal to Emergencies.

Country Editor—What's the matter now?

Pressman—We're out of ink.

"Well, rub the rollers with the office towel."—Good News.

Applied.

A red brocaded sofa and a dim light in the room,
Two people sitting talking in the somber twilight's gloom.
The youth found sudden courage and kissed the maiden fair,
The maid was very angry, and exclaimed "How could you dare?"
The youth raised up his finger, and he pointed—that was all—
To where a household motto was hanging on the wall.
A motto done in worsted and hung in plainest view,
Which said "Do unto others as you'd have them do to you."
—J. B. Smiley.