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FOR MEN ONLY YOUNG MEN & OLD MEN... OUR NEW BOOK... Includes text about medical advice and a small illustration of a man.

MR AND MRS BOWSER. It Makes Quite a Difference Which One of the Two is Sick.

When Mr. Bowser comes home and finds his wife lying down with her head tied up, he is real sorry for her... Mrs. Bowser, it's a wonder to me that you or any other woman in New York is out of her coffin.

"Yes, only a headache, dear." "Yes, only a headache, but what do headaches lead to? If you are not a dead woman before Saturday night you may consider yourself lucky."

"Your dinner is ready." "And I'm ready for dinner. A healthy, happy person is always ready for his meals. You won't try to get up, I suppose?"

"Well, you have only yourself to blame. You may learn in time, but I doubt it. I'd like to find one woman with about two ounces of horse sense in her head before I die, but I don't expect to do it."

Mr. Bowser eats his dinner, smokes his cigar and sings and whistles as if the slightest noise didn't go through her aching head like a bullet. It never occurs to him to fan her, wet the bandage or ask if she can't sip a cup of tea.

"I'm sorry, of course, but then you must have more sense. I'll go up to bed and you can come when you get ready. If you are going to kick around much, you'd better sleep in the spare room."

"Now and then the tables are turned. Mr. Bowser comes home to lunch, dragging his legs after him and looking pale and scared."

"What's the matter?" asked Mrs. Bowser, as soon as he steps into the house. "Got a sore throat and I feel feverish. I—I think I'm going to be sick."

"She doesn't call out that it's just as she expected and declare that no husband in New York has sense enough to look out for his health. She knows he was out in a draft in his shirt sleeves, but she doesn't even mention it. On the contrary, she remarks:—"

"Try and eat a little something and then tie down. You'd better gargle your throat and then tie it up." "Do you—do you think it's anything serious?" he whispers, as he grows paler.

"I hope not, but it's best to be on the safe side. You are subject to quinsy, you know, and spinal meningitis begins just this way." "I believe I'm going to die," gasps Mr. Bowser, and he grows so weak that she has to take off his coat and vest and get him on the lounge.

"What's the matter?" asked Mrs. Bowser, as soon as he steps into the house. "Got a sore throat and I feel feverish. I—I think I'm going to be sick." "She doesn't call out that it's just as she expected and declare that no husband in New York has sense enough to look out for his health."

Parental Hopes Shattered. The noise that came from the nursery was terrific. High above the stamping of feet, the clapping of hands, the yells and catcalls of all the neighborhood boys in general convention assembled, and the agonized howling of a terrified dog that wanted to get out and couldn't, the father could hear the voice of his firstborn son, William, the pride of his household and the joy of his heart.



A Strain on Friendship.

"Carry, I want you to be one of my bridesmaids." "You are my dearest friend, Sally, but you are asking too much."

"Too much? Why?" "I've just become engaged to your fiancé."—Life.

Baby Got It. It was with what they call a languid grace that she took a seat in a Twenty-third street car yesterday, and there was some more languid grace about the way she took up room enough for two and began eating chocolates out of a half pound paper box.

A rock with a little extra vigor to it enabled him to grasp a flower, and as he was carried back the hat went with him. Not only that, but a mass of golden hair as well, showing a close cropped head of dark hair which had been artfully concealed.

"By George! but it does seem to me that things on this route was getting more lively all the time."—New York World.

Her Mother Knew. Mother—And so you engaged yourself to that young man at Idlewild Springs, did you? Daughter (sheepishly)—Yes, ma, I promised to become his wife.

Only One Thing to Do. A young lawyer, who had recently been admitted to the bar of New York, came to Judge Covving for advice.

Strange but True. No man likes to undertake the task of putting up a stovepipe, and yet all who enter upon it agree that they never engaged in an occupation that more thoroughly sooted them.

Did What He Could. Mother (sternly)—Why are you eating those peaches, didn't I tell you to put them away? Johnny—Yes, ma, that's just what I'm doing.—Boston Courier.

The Unexpected. Come listen, little boys and girls, While I a tale relate About a little boy named Tom, Whose age was almost eight.

So Tommie took the double gun straight to his mother fast. It isn't loaded, maw," he yelled. And blew a mighty blast.

And Tommie? Where is Tommie now? A halo round his head? Not much. It wasn't loaded: Just an empty Tommie said.—W. J. Lampton in Detroit Free Press.

AN IDYL OF THE ST. CLAIR FLA:

They were seated together at twilight As the glowing began to bloom: He told of his castle in England, She of her girlhood's home.

For hours they sat and whispered The story that never grows old, He murmured, "Marry me, darling, And she—well, she wasn't cold."

With a look of far awayness, He said, "Yes, it's a lovely thing: It's going to be popular this summer, Here, ca-a-aah! did you hear me ring?"

Then the night grew dark and awful, On his brow the dew fell fast, He gasped at the fatal forgetfulness— "She'd discovered all at last."

The tender eyes grew blacker, And sent out a fiery flash; She spoke: "I'm onto you, mister; I'm onto the accent on cash."

He said, "Queer!" the preacher. A clergyman well known to Buffalo people says that when the Lord made him he forgot to put any pegs in his mind

For a moment the clergyman was floored, but he rallied quickly and escaped rebuke by rejoicing: "Oh, then you don't spell it with a y!"—Buffalo Courier.

Same Old Way. Graveler—And you say you have a hundred souvenir spoons! Didn't they cost you lots of money? Traveler—Not at all. The waiter turns his back, and I do the rest.—Toledo Blade.

Follows Naturally. "How does it happen," inquired the stranger, "that all the improvements are being made on this one street?" "It doesn't happen at all, sir," replied the citizen, who was showing him about the village, majestically "This is the street I live on. I am president of the town board, sir."—Chicago Tribune.

Not Exactly So. "Could I get a night's lodging here, mum?" asked the tramp. "I don't like to turn anybody away, my good man, but you are an entire stranger."

Rubbing It In. The horse runs off and pitches the rider into a neighboring lot. Proprietor of the property comes up indignantly.

A Misunderstood Metaphor. Jolly Pegs—I saw Dibbie the other evening and he's looking first rate. Rolly Digs—Still hugging the same delusion? Jolly Pegs—He was hugging a 300 pound sweetheart, but she didn't look much like a delusion.—Detroit Free Press.

Sweets to the Sweet. "You don't mean to say she threw you over and took up with a candy maker, do you?" inquired his bosom friend. "Yes," answered the gloomy youth. "I didn't stand any chance at all. He seemed to have more of a—er—pull, you know."—Chicago Tribune.

Removal Sale.

As we intend to remove to our New Furniture Block on 13th street, between O and P, about September 1st, we have concluded to offer our large stock of

FURNITURE

at nearly cost price until that time. As we intend to make genuine heavy cuts, these sales at reduced prices will be strictly cash. Call and investigate.

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