

Bowser Is A Hustler

He Gets the House Cleaning Done In Two Hours While His Wife Is Away.

PARLOR IS HIS UNDOING

Regains Consciousness Only to Find Doctor, Wife, Cat and Domestic at His Side.

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I SUPPOSE you won't be home before the regular hour?" questioned Mrs. Bowser at breakfast the other morning.
 "And what if I'm not?" he asked.
 "I was going to assist the church society at a children's festival, and I may not be home until nearly 6. I can give the girl orders about dinner, you know."
 "I don't see why you shouldn't go," he said after thinking it over. "I heard you say the other day that you'd be busy house cleaning next week."
 "Yes, I can't put it off any longer. I'm two or three weeks behind all the other women around here as it is."
 "Will it take a whole week?"
 "It will take four days anyhow. I wish there was some place where you could go and board for that time."
 "Perhaps I may hunt a place."
 "Well, I'll go along to the church this afternoon, and I'll try to be home as soon as you are."
 Nothing more was said on the subject, and when the mail was finished



MR. BOWSER SMELLED CAMPHOR AND OPENED HIS EYES.

Mr. Bowser took his departure. At noon Mrs. Bowser dressed, and at 1 o'clock she started for the church, seven blocks away. Mr. Bowser, unknown to her, was standing on a corner half a block away, and she had no sooner left the house than he entered it. The cook heard him as he opened the door and came up from the kitchen to see what was wrong.
 "It's all right, Jane," said Mr. Bowser. "Business was a little slack at the office, and so I came home to clean house this afternoon and save Mrs. Bowser the trouble. I may want a little of your help."
 "But I'm busy with the ironing, sir."
 "Oh, well, I can manage it alone. When we lived in the west they used to call me the lightning house cleaner, and I think I can still hold up my reputation. You go down and attend to your work, and I'll rush things through alone."
 "Mrs. Bowser was saying that it would take four days, sir."
 "That's all she or any other woman knows about it. If I can't clean this house from top to bottom in two hours, then I'll never do any talking again."
 "It's not me, business, sir, but I don't think the missus will like it," still persisted the girl.
 "Nonsense! It will be all over with before she gets home. Get me a broom and a feather duster and a dust rag while I change my clothes."
 "If there is to be explosions around here—"
 "Get on with you! What is there to explode? You may hear a bit of a racket up here, but it will be only me dragging the stepladder around."
 Ten minutes later Mr. Bowser was at work. So far as his experience had gone, taking up carpets was the principal thing about house cleaning. He began in the family bedroom. The dresser and chairs were rushed into the storeroom, the pictures whirled off their hooks, and the bedstead came down with a crash when it came. While the pieces were being picked up the cook made her appearance and asked:
 "Is it the roof that is falling in, sir?"
 "Certainly not. It was only the bedstead fell down. You go right back to your ironing and don't be alarmed."
 "But if you should break your leg you'll call down to me through the tube, and you'll also tell the missus that I didn't encourage you?"
 "Of course—of course. See me take this carpet up."

He got his fingers under the carpet at one end of the room and gave a heave, and in about a minute the covering was bundled up and ready to throw out of a back window.

"Mrs. Bowser would have spent a whole day prying the tacks out," he explained, with a bland smile. "while I have the carpet up before you could say Jack Robinson. Get me that broom and I'll sweep the floor. I gave myself just eleven minutes to do the job, and I did it in ten."

The girl went back to her irons, and Mr. Bowser gave the backs of the pictures a rub or two, swept up the floor, set up the bedstead anew and in thirty minutes from the beginning was looking around saying to himself:

"There—I've got this room all done. It'll be cooler and healthier with the carpet up, and so I won't mind that. Four days to clean house! I wonder what Mrs. Bowser could have been thinking of!"

There were three bedrooms upstairs, and an hour and a half finished them. In taking down the curtains from the windows of the last room Mr. Bowser and the stepladder went over in company, and he was sitting up and rubbing the back of his head and seeing stars when the cook came running up to ask:

"Will yez give me one minute's warning before I'm to be scattered to all eternity?"

"Nobody's going to eternity," he replied as he tried to smile.

"Then what was that crash, like a thousand oxen falling off a haystack? How many times, may I ask, can yez fall like that and not bring the house down wid yez?"

"Didn't I tell you not to mind a few crashes?" hotly replied Mr. Bowser. "I'm running this thing, and if you get hurt I'm good to pay all damages. Get down to your work."

Cook reluctantly descended the stairs, and five minutes later the lightning house cleaner descended to the parlor. There was a grin of anticipation on his face as he looked around him. Here was real house cleaning and no make believe. All the damage he had done upstairs was to break a pane of glass, knock the corner off a picture frame and lose two casters from the dresser, but here!

He began on the front parlor. Down came the curtains and portieres, the chairs and sofa went a-skittering, the pictures came off the walls with a whew, and before his back could begin to ache all the rugs were out of the back window. It was truly a lightning transformation scene. He had called for a feather ruster and a dust rag, and after devoting five minutes to rest he mounted the stepladder and began to dust. He wanted to leave nothing for Mrs. Bowser's critical eye to find fault with. He had fanned along the ceiling a few feet with the duster when he overbalanced himself as he reached. He knew he was going, but he was helpless, except to yell. He uttered one shriek—a shriek that lifted cook below him a foot high as she ironed away—and then there came the sound of a thunderous crash.

"Tell me, is it slaughtered ye are?" demanded Jane from the foot of the stairs.

No answer.
 "Is the missus to come home and find yez dead and buried?"
 Not a leaf stirred.

Mrs. Bowser had been at the church for about two hours when a lady living in the neighborhood of her house arrived to say:

"So you've got Mr. Bowser at the house cleaning, have you?"
 "Bless you, no!"
 "But just as I left my house he was flinging rugs and things out of the window. Perhaps he's moving."

Mrs. Bowser started for home at once with a great fear in her heart, and she was still half a block away when she saw the cook at the gate.

"It's lyin' a crushed strawberry he is, mum," was Jane's greeting. "Don't lay it to me, for I did my best to make him behave himself."
 "How did it happen?"
 "He comes home as soon as you leaves and starts in to play thunder and lightning with the house cleaning. There was one crash that only broke his back and sivin ribs, but when the next one came he didn't have time to say goodbye to you."

Mr. Bowser smelled camphor and opened his eyes. An hour had passed. Mrs. Bowser, the cook, the cat and the family doctor were gathered around him.
 "He lives!" said the cook, as she saw his eyes open.
 "He is coming to!" whispered Mrs. Bowser.
 "Of course," added the doctor. "The only way to kill a jackass is to let the whole range of Catskill mountains fall on him at once."
 Then Mr. Bowser closed his eyes again and seemed to sleep, but down in his heart he knew that he would demand and secure a terrible revenge before morning dawned again.

M. QUAD.

Contradictory.
 Little Edith had a habit.
 Habit very bad.
 Known, to make it brief, as "mussing"
 Everything she had.

Little Edith thought her mamma
 Inconsistent quite—
 "Says I muss and then I mussn't!"
 Said the puzzled sprite.

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

TERRIBLE TORNADO SWEEPS MINNESOTA

Great Destruction Is Wrought By Terrific Storm.

MANY LIVES REPORTED LOST

Growing Crops Are Entirely Destroyed in Some Sections—Worst Storm in Years and Much Property Is Damaged—Many Roads Washed Out.

St. Paul, Minn., August 23.—Devastation, terrible and complete, was wrought on all sides of the Twin Cities, by the storm of Sunday night, according to reports just received here. Through all the region from Anoka to Fillmore counties reports tell of disaster and loss of life and property. Members of families are missing, and it is believed they are buried under the debris which was strewn broadcast by the wind.

Many instances of maiming are reported, and the total loss of life will not be known for some days.

Crops, which had been cut and were ready for threshing, suffered in many places and standing corn was damaged by hail and wind. Hailstones several inches in circumference, wrought havoc with the crops in some sections. Large sections of railroad track were swept away south of here, and the mail trains on certain portions of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul road were run on improvised tracks. Washouts were numerous, both along the railroads and the highways, the rainfall being enormous.

In some of the farming localities the grain was stripped from the fields by the furious winds and rain, and haystacks were completely demolished.

Huge trees, which have successfully withstood the storms of years, were uprooted and hurled before the wind, and barns and other outbuildings were completely destroyed. The damage done to buildings and crops in the southern counties will reach many thousands of dollars, but no accurate estimate can be formed until complete reports are received.

All sections report that the storm was cyclonic in its nature, and from some points reports tell of a funnel-shaped cloud that descended with the most intense fury, leaving destruction in its path.

Married Wednesday Night.

At 8:30 o'clock last night Judge Joseph H. Bell united in marriage at the home of the bride, Mr. Henry D. Mason and Miss Lillian Carlton.

The bride looked lovely in white and was pronounced exquisitely queenly and fascinating as the mystic words were spoken that changed the destiny of these two lives and united them as one.

After the ceremony a supper was served and enjoyed by the friends present.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Carlton, of the Carlton House, and the groom is the son of the late Judge Mason, of Gainesville, and is an excellent gentleman and has a good position in one of the phosphate mines at Early Bird.

"She has left the home of her childhood's mirth; She has bid farewell to her father's hearth; Her place is now by another's side. Bring flowers for the locks of the fair young bride."

These beautiful words formed a sweet refrain by the many friends of the bride and the groom, and it is hoped that the flowers, typical and symbolical of love, will always remain as pure and sweet and beautiful as they were last night when worn in the locks of the fair young bride.

Cures Sciatica.

Rev. W. L. Riley, L. L. D. Cuba, New York, writes: "After fifteen days of excruciating pain from sciatic rheumatism, under various treatments, I was induced to try Ballard's Snow Liniment, the first application giving my first relief and the second entire relief. I can give it unqualified recommendation 25c, 50c, \$1.00. For sale by all druggists. m

Mrs. S. S. Harris has returned to Citra after an absence of several months out west. She has again opened the Mansion to the public and is running the same in an up to date, first-class manner. It is one of the best boarding houses in the state and the traveling public particularly will be delighted to know that it is again open. aug3t

A Year Ago and Now.

They lingered at the gate until he could finish that last remark, and she toyed with her fan, while her eyes were looking down from beneath a jaunty hat that only partially shaded her face from the silvery moon. He stood gracefully on the outside, with hand resting on the gate-post and the other tracing unintelligible hieroglyphics on the panels. They were looking very sentimental, and neither spoke for some minutes, until she broke silence in a sweet, musical voice:

"And you will always think as you do now George?"

"Ever, dearest; your image is impressed upon my heart so indelible that nothing can ever efface it. Tell me Julia, loveliest of your sex that I have right to wear it there."

"Oh, you men are so deceitful," she answered, coquettishly.

"True, Julia, men are deceitful," he said, drawing a little nearer to her and insinuating himself inside the gate, "but who, darling, could deceive you?"

"And if I were to die, George, wouldn't you find some one else you could love as well?"

"Never, never. No woman could ever fill your place in my heart."

"Oh, quit now! That ain't right," she murmured, as she made a feint to remove his arm from around her waist.

"Let me hold you to my heart," he whispered passionately, "until you have consented to be mine," and he drew her nearer to him and held her tightly until he obtained the coveted boon.

It seems but yesterday since our weary footsteps interrupted that touching little scene, but when we passed near the same locality early yesterday morning, ere the moon and stars had paled, and heard a gentle voice exclaim:

"No sir; you've stayed out this long, and you may just as well make a night of it. I'll teach you to stay at the lodge until 3 o'clock in the morning, and then come feeling around my door to worry me and wake the baby. Now take that, and sleep on it." m

Rheumatic.

When pains or irritation exist on any part of the body, the application of Ballard's Snow Liniment gives prompt relief. E. W. Sullivan, Prop. Sullivan House, El Reno, O. T., writes, June 4, 1902: "I take pleasure in recommending Ballard's Snow Liniment to all who are afflicted with rheumatism. It is the only remedy I have found that gives immediate relief." 25c, 50c and \$1.00. Sold by all Druggists. m

Mr. H. MacWilliams, of Atlanta, has accepted a position with H. Stallberg's New Idea ice cream and soda water parlors on South Magnolia street. He is an expert in his line and has within the past few years been connected with such places as Nunnally's in Atlanta; Till's in Jacksonville, and Morton's in Tampa. The New Idea under Mr. MacWilliams' personal management will no doubt add many new customers to this already popular resort. He has a number of new mixed drinks on tap that must be tasted to be appreciated.

A Trip North

As a great many of our home folks are making arrangements to visit the north, why not consult your pleasure and comfort and take a trip on the Clyde Line? Their ships are elegant and the cost is much cheaper than by rail. You get on at Jacksonville and go through to New York without change.

"As we journey through life, Let us live by the way."

"We don't know of any better way to accomplish this than by a trip to New York on one of the palace steamers of the Clyde Line."

Write to F. M. Ironsenger, Jr., assistant general passenger, Jacksonville, for full particulars.

Some Breezy Kicker Items

What Has Been Going on In the Neighborhood of Give-a-dam Gulch.

It is generally believed in Grass Valley that the city clerk of that town, who has been missing for three weeks, has been devoured by a bear, as he was last seen in the company of one.

We learn that a man from Indiana is about to start a paper at Pine Hill, where six different editors have been shot or run out within two years. We congratulate him on being either a fool or a brave man.

The party who came along the street at midnight the other night and hurled a rock through our bedroom window



HE LIMPED OFF WITHOUT LEAVING HIS CARD.

In the postoffice must have been a stranger in town. We were out of bed and had put a bullet into one of his legs before he had got his mouth puckered up to laugh. He limped off without leaving his card.

We haven't said anything lately regarding our ambition to be the next president of the United States, but we are keeping up a lot of thinking all the time and shall be in evidence when the time comes. Nothing is too tall for us.

We have been postmaster of the town for almost three years and have been working hard all that time, and yet it was only the other day that we got the windows of the old building clean enough to see through and found a clean spot on the floor. Uncle Sam is industrious, but not proud.

Mr. George H. Sheaver, the popular gunsmith of Rose Valley, denies that his wife has eloped, as stated in our issue last week. All right, George. If you succeeded in heading her off, that is your good luck, and we congratulate you. Our informant probably took the will for the deed.

Old Jim Hewson, who was caught in a snowslide near Dog Creek last winter and held fast for four days, has invented and is now making use of fifty-six new cuss words, none of which are less than four inches long. It takes a calamity to make some men do their best.

A keg of printer's ink which was on its way to us from Chicago was stolen from the freight house at Lone Jack the other day by half breed Indians and eaten up for molasses. There were five persons in the plot, and all of them have gone up into the hills to take a vacation and rest up after their arduous labors.

As mayor and postmaster of the town we must now and then take a bluff in order to maintain our dignity, but as plain Jim Heiso we own a mule which can beat anything in the west on a half mile track, and we'll bet on it.

Fifty bushels of onions came into town yesterday along with fourteen barrels of whisky, and for the next two weeks our sanctum will be kept locked against the general public. Any one breathing through the keyhole must take his chances of being shot in the head.

Distances at Sea.

That man was laughed at who on his first voyage said that the ocean did not look so large as he supposed it would, but he was not alone in experiencing disappointment. The horizon at sea gives no idea of the limitless water beyond. A sea captain declares that the average landsman cannot see more than ten miles from the ship in any direction, and it would have to be a mountain or some stationary object for him to be able to distinguish it. The masts of a ship are said to be visible to the naked eye not more than five miles.

Has Landed Here.

Mr. Frank McEithridge arrived in Florida a few days ago looking for a location at which to open a detective agency, and after looking over the field has decided to open an office here. He chose Ocala not only because it was centrally located in the state, but on account of its healthfulness. Mr. McEithridge and his family are now stopping at the Spellman house. He has had fifteen years experience in his line in Virginia and comes well recommended. We welcome Mr. McEithridge and family to Ocala.

We understand Mr. McEithridge is quite a ball player and will take part in our local game tomorrow.

Herbine

Renders the bile more fluid and thus helps the blood to flow; it affords prompt relief from biliousness, indigestion, sick and nervous headaches, and over-indulgence in food and drink. G. L. Caldwell, Agt. M. K. and T. R. R., Checotah, Ind. Ter., writes, April 18, 1903: "I was sick for over two years with enlargement of the liver and spleen. The doctors did me no good, and I had given up all hope of being cured, when my druggist advised me to use Herbine. It has made me sound and well." 50c at all druggists. m

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