

**The Farmer's Wife**

Is very careful about her churn. She scalds it thoroughly after using, and gives it a sun bath to sweeten it. She knows that if her churn is sour it will taint the butter that is made in it. The stomach is a churn. In the stomach and digestive and nutritive tracts are performed processes which are almost exactly like the churning of butter. Is it not apparent then that if this stomach-churn is foul it makes foul all which is put into it?

The evil of a foul stomach is not alone the bad taste in the mouth and the foul breath caused by it, but the corruption of the pure current of blood and the dissemination of disease throughout the body. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes the sour and foul stomach sweet. It does for the stomach what the washing and sun bath do for the churn—absolutely removes every tainting or corrupting element. In this way it cures blotches, pimples, eruptions, scrofulous swellings, sores, or open eating ulcers and all humors or diseases arising from bad blood.

If you have bitter, nasty, foul taste in your mouth, coated tongue, foul breath, are weak and easily tired, feel depressed and despondent, have frequent headaches, dizzy attacks, gnawing or distress in stomach, constipated or irregular bowels, sour or bitter risings after eating and poor appetite, these symptoms, or any considerable number of them, indicate that you are suffering from biliousness, torpid or lazy liver with the usual accompanying indigestion, or dyspepsia and their attendant derangements.

The best agents known to medical science for the cure of the above symptoms and conditions, as attested by the writings of leading teachers and practitioners of all the several schools of medical practice, have been skillfully and harmoniously combined in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. That this is absolutely true will be readily proven to your satisfaction if you will mail a postal card request to Dr. J. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for a free copy of his booklet of extracts from the standard medical authorities, giving the names of all the ingredients entering into his world-famed medicines and showing what the most eminent medical men of the age say of them.

**BOWSER THE "ANGEL"**

**Writes Play and Urges Manager to Put It on the Stage.**

**BALKS AT GIVING UP \$1,000.**

**Barrel of Prunes and the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky Are Features of the Production—Talks It Over in a Saloon.**

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From 3 o'clock the other afternoon, when Mrs. Bowser received a telephone message from Mr. Bowser to have dinner half an hour ahead of the usual time, to half past 5, when he came home, she was fretting and worrying as to the reason. He had refused to make any explanations over the wire. He might be going to invest in a traveling side show for the winter or have decided to head an expedition to the north pole in person. Some one might have sold him a new thing in folding beds or he might be going to invest in somebody's headache cure. She must simply wait his arrival to find out. He was home at the minute he said he would be, and instead of keeping her on the anxious seat he led right off with:

"I suppose my message mystified you somewhat, but I could not give things away over the phone. Mrs. Bowser, be prepared to be astonished." "I am always prepared," she replied. "I think I have struck the biggest thing of a lifetime. In fact, I know I

it out on the lines as laid down. I had the can of tomatoes opened by the trembling hand of the dying heroine. The play was finished last week."

"But I should have thought you would have said something about it." "Not a word. Not a hint. You had said that it would be the rankest kind of a failure—that it would be gayed off the stage. I could look for no sympathy and encouragement from you. I believed in the play. I believed that the Mammoth cave and that can of tomatoes would make the hit of the decade, to say nothing of the barrel of

prunes. I believed it, but kept still until I could spring a surprise on you. I see. And now you are ready to spring one?"

"I am. Today a theatrical manager who had somehow heard of my play called at the office and asked for the privilege of glancing over it. In just twenty minutes by the watch he announced that it was a corker. In twenty-one minutes he announced that it would create the sensation of the season. A minute later he said that he must have it at any price. You had condemned the play. You had torn it to tatters, and yet here was a manager of thirty years' experience who said that it was a play to make me rich and famous. You can thus see what your criticisms amounted to."

"And what are you going to do?" asked Mrs. Bowser.

"What any man with brains would do under the circumstances. The play is going out on the road at once. We shall give the order for the scenery and the lithographs tomorrow. He is going to try and engage Lillian Russell for the star part. She has to be chucked into the empty prune barrel in the third act, but he says she won't mind the chucking if she's getting \$200 per. He will be here within an hour to talk over final details, and if you have anything to say you can say it now."

"Then I want to say that the manager is probably making a fool of you."

"W-h-a-t!" exclaimed Mr. Bowser, jumping from his chair.

"That manager has taken you for a soft mark."

"Mrs. Bowser, do you realize what you are saying? Have you the least idea who you are talking to?"

**Jeered at His Play.**

"I don't want to hurt your feelings, but I must say again that it was a poor play. In fact, it was no play at all. You might try for a million years and not find any reputable manager to read more than a page of the manuscript. Now, then, for heaven's sake, don't let somebody make a fool of you. He simply wants to get some money out of you. He's coming here this evening to ask you to back the play. If you do, you will lose every dollar you put into it."

"Add this to me—to me!" gasped Mr. Bowser as he stared at her and winked his eyes. "You are my wife, and yet you talk that way to me. It's not a good play. The manager takes me for a fool. He wants to do me up."

There was an awful silence lasting for a minute. Just how Mr. Bowser would have broken loose and just what damage he would have done will never be known. He was drawing a long breath and getting ready for a move when the doorbell rang, and he passed down the hall to admit the manager. Ten seconds later he had clapped on his hat and taken the manager's arm, and they were walking up the street together.

Mr. Bowser suggested that they sit down on the steps of the church and talk it over.

The manager suggested that they go to a saloon and talk while sipping their beer.

They went to a saloon.

The manager ordered beer, and the bartender collected the dime of Mr. Bowser as a matter of course. One—two—three beers. One—two—three dimes. Then the manager said:

"It's a corker. It's a daisy. It's a play that is going to knock 'em all silly. It will draw the people by the million. Two more beers, please. Yes, Bowser, we have got a gold mine. I can't understand how you got the idea."

"Oh, it just came to me," was the modest reply.

"Well, it will be worth a cool million to you. Ain't you thirsty again? Yes, sir, a cool million. We can't get Lillian for the part. She says she can't bear the smell of prunes, but there won't be no trouble in finding a hundred others to take the part. Ah, two more beers! All you have to do is to put \$1,000 into the play and it's—"

"But I don't propose to put any thousand dollars into it," replied Mr. Bowser.

"You don't? Let's have some more beer, bartender. Why, if you can't put in at least \$1,000, how do you expect to get the play out? I've shown my confidence, and now it's for you to show yours. Say—"

Mr. Bowser rose up and walked out and went home. Mrs. Bowser looked up inquiringly as he entered the sitting room, but he sat down and took up the evening paper, and it was fully ten minutes before he observed that all the weather signs pointed to a hard winter.

M. QUAD.



"THE PRUNES ARE EMPTIED OUT ON THE STAGE AND A YOUNG GIRL HEADED UP IN A BARREL."

have. Something was thrown at me today in which there is barrels of money, and it's a dead sure thing."

"Is it a chicken farm?"

"Not on your life."

"Going into the dairy business?"

"Not at all."

"I saw in the papers this morning that some one had invented a ladder that could be extended to reach the twenty-fifth story of a building and yet be folded up and carried in the vest pocket. Have you been interested in that?"

**Not Interested in Fakes.**

"I am not in the ladder business, nor am I wasting time on other fakes. Mrs. Bowser, I came home one evening last winter and started in to write a play. Perhaps you will remember the occasion?"

"Yes, I do."

"The scene of the play was laid in Bagdad, in order that Bagdad curtains might be used to dress the stage at the least cost."

"Yes."

"The second act took place in Kentucky, in order that we might use the Mammoth cave without having to move it."

"I remember."

"The third act shifted to Turkey again. We wanted to show a barrel of Turkish prunes. In fact, the prunes are emptied out on the stage and a young girl headed up in the barrel."

"Yes."

"The fourth and last act is laid in a garret in this city. Garret is right at hand when wanted. I had all these things in the play, and yet you condemned it. You said it would be a dead failure because I had the heroine open a can of tomatoes with a hair-pin."

"It was not that alone, dear," replied Mrs. Bowser. "You are not an actor. You don't go to the theater once a year. You know nothing whatever of stage business. It would be utterly impossible for you to write a play. I was sorry to tell you so, but I felt it to be my duty. I hope you don't think of wasting any more time."

"No, ma'am, I don't," he replied, with a grim smile. "Permit me, if you will, to announce the fact that after you got through tearing my play to pieces I went ahead and finished it without another word to you, keeping the manuscript at the office. I carried

C. V. ROBERTS E. C. SMITH

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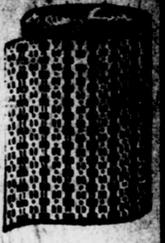
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