

BOWSER IN THRALDOM

Last Day of His Mother-in-law's Visit Is Memorable For Her Tyranny. She Vetoes a Hog Deal, Bars Goats, Drives Away Horse Trader and Calms Benjamin Burton Down

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I REACHED home this morning after a visit of three weeks to my son-in-law, Mr. Bowser. In previous articles I have related several little incidents of the first two weeks. As to the third week, I will take the days in rotation.

Monday.—When Mr. Bowser came home from the office this evening, he was scuffing his feet and had his shoulders humped up. He kicked the gate open, and between the gate and the steps he picked up an old teapoon which some boy must have tossed into the yard. He ascended the steps with that spoon waving in the air, and, mistaking me for Amanda, he cried out:

"More waste and extravagance! Another milestone on the road to the poorhouse! Woman, will there ever be an end to this?"

"There will be, Benjamin Burton Bowser," said I. "There will be an end right here and now. If you have come home tonight with a scrap under your hat, I'll see that you are not disappointed!"

"But here is a spoon which has carelessly been thrown out, as have thousands and thousands of others," he protested.

"Then we'll throw it in again, and you may eat with it."

Mr. Bowser was grumpy all the evening, but that made no difference to me. By bedtime he seemed to have resolved to make the best of things, and he went to bed without slamming doors or kicking over chairs.

Tuesday.—Before leaving for the office in the morning Mr. Bowser talked

Thursday.—When Mr. Bowser came home this evening, he was in good nature, and after dinner he suggested a trolley ride by moonlight. Amanda was ready to put on her hat at once, but I took him out into the back yard and said:

"Benjamin, you took a moonlight trolley ride not long ago. You first got mad because Amanda complained of a headache. Then you roared at a passenger who happened to step on your toes. Then you yelled at the conductor because the current happened to be shut off for a minute, and before you had got a mile you called a fat man a hog and got into a fight."

"I don't allow anybody to walk on me," says Mr. Bowser in reply.

"But are you going out with a chip on your shoulder? If you are, you can go alone. Neither myself nor Amanda wants to carry a club or get into a row. If you can sit still and look at the moon and be civil to the other passengers, we will go, but otherwise not."

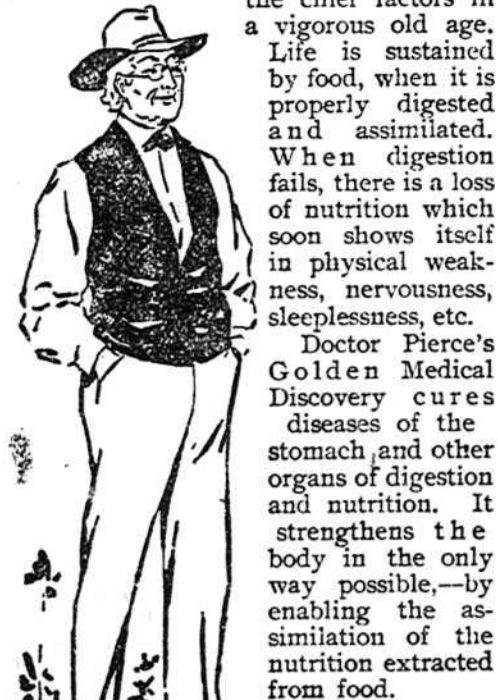
We went. It was hard for him to behave, but by pointing my finger at him now and then I kept him in subjection, and no one was murdered.

Friday.—Mr. Bowser sat down to breakfast. He growled out that the chop wasn't fit for a dog to eat and was going to say that Mrs. Bowser probably ordered the cook to drive tacks into it to spite him when I remarked:

"That will do for this time, Benjamin. I knew when you were glad enough to get codfish for breakfast, and I don't want to hear a word against mutton chops."

"I sleep well enough at night, And the blameless appetite Ever mortal man possessed."

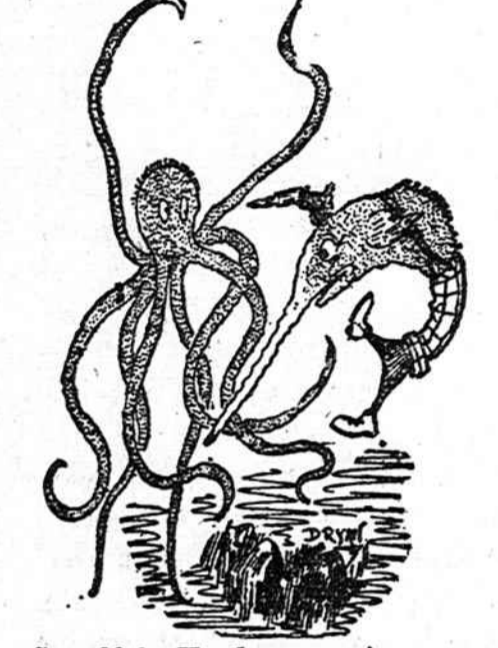
Riley's farmer is the very picture of man advanced in years, yet in the enjoyment of perfect health. A good appetite, good digestion and sound sleep, are the chief factors in a vigorous old age.



Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It strengthens the body in the only way possible,—by enabling the assimilation of the nutrition extracted from food.

The Common Sense Medical Adviser, 1008 pages, in paper covers, is sent free on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Among the Fishes.



Swordfish—Hands up, you! Mr. Octopus—How many?—New York Times.

Eccentricities of Blue Blood. Mrs. Hignupp—Do you believe it is true that the Emperor William is having the milk from his farm at Potsdam retailed in Berlin from wagons with his name painted on them?

Mrs. Wayupp—I shouldn't wonder. It's nothing. Why, even my grandfather did the same thing.—New York Weekly.

Advance of Science. "My fee for the surgical operation, which is a dangerous one," said the eminent expert, "will be \$5,000."

"Five thousand dollars? Whew?" exclaimed the prospective victim. "Why, four centuries ago the royal executioners hadn't the nerve to charge over \$10 for their work."—Baltimore American.

Does It Pay to Buy Cheap?

A cheap remedy for coughs and colds is all right, but you want something that will relieve and cure the more severe and dangerous results of throat and lung troubles. What shall you do? Go to a warmer and more regular climate? Yes, if possible; if not possible for you, then in either case take the only remedy that has been introduced in all civilized countries with success in severe throat and lung troubles, "Boschee's German Syrup." It not only heals and stimulates the tissues to destroy the germ disease, but allays inflammation, causes easy expectoration, gives a good night's rest, and cures the patient. Try one bottle. Recommended many years by all druggists in the world. You can get this reliable remedy at Kaufmann's Drug Store. Get Green's Special Almanac. 12-33

A Laudable Ambition. Aunt—Have you no serious purpose in life?

Niece—Oh, yes. I want to find a real wicked man and marry him to reform him.—New York Journal.

Farewell to Autumn. Go, autumn, since you can't stay with us, do not seek to keep that which is dead.

The flowers that bloomed have ceased, alas, to blow! The ferns are withered where the streamlets flow. The robin and the tanager have fled. The cows are all humped up behind the shed. And laden clouds are hanging thick and low.

But what care I? Though angry winds are long and bare, I will not sit and sing a doleful song. For in my heart is gladness rich and rare; The whist club that they made me join last year Is busted! I care not that winter's near.—Chicago Record-Herald.

One Minute Cough Cure For Coughs, Colds and Croup.

Ad Interim. "Johnny." "What, dad?" "I've been thinkin' 'bout how you can put in your time to best advantage."

Very Likely the Case. "As I recall it, when men were making a fierce crusade against women wearing their hats in theaters the women refused to take them off."

Careful. "There's one thing I admire about you," said the frank friend. "You carved out your own fortunes and yet you never brag about being a self made man."

Just the Other Way. "He looks as prosperous as a trust promoter. Is that his line?"

Daisy is Complimented. "These string beans," said she, "are heavenly."

Brutal. She—He's very much in love with his wife. He says if she should die he doesn't know what he'd do.

A Cold Wave. The forecast of sudden changes in the weather serves notice that a hoarse voice and a heavy cough may invade the sanctity of health in your own home.

A Conscience Jar. "Did you ever stop to think, my love," said Mr. Micawber, gazing at his plate of lobster salad, "that the things we love most in this life are the very things that never agree with us?"

Recklessness of a Beginner. Old Stager—I see this is your first campaign.

Exchange of Compliments. Maud—My mamma says she can remember when your mamma kept grocer's shop.

Every one should take care that behaves so well that his enemies do not behave better.—Aitchison Globe.

Greenville, Tenn. I have thoroughly convinced myself that Dr. Baker's Blood and Liver Cure is the finest medicine made for indigestion and constipation.

Too Valuable to Lose. Mr. Grogan—Sure, Moike, an' what did ye do wit' your dog?

Awfully Benighted. Dasherly—Is he so very ignorant?

I wonder why it is we are not all kinder than we are. How easily it is done! How instantaneously it acts! How infallibly it is remembered!—Drummond.

SHOES! SHOES!

A WORD TO OUR LEXINGTON FRIENDS ON
Fall and Winter Shoes.
We have received the largest and best assorted stock of Boots and Shoes ever shown in Columbia.
We are prepared to save you money on every pair you buy. Guaranteed.
SOLID LEATHER SHOES.
E. P. & F. A. DAVIS,
OLIVER'S OLD STAND,
1710 MAIN STREET COLUMBIA, S. C.
February 19-1y.

ATLANTA GRANITE

—AND—
Marietta Marble Works.
We have the best equipped plant in the South, with up to date pneumatic tools and polishing machines which puts us in a position to do all kinds of
Marble and Granite Work
at the very lowest prices. Estimates made on all kinds of Cemetery Work, and Building Material.
Wholesale and retail. Call on or address,
S. G. MOZLEY & CO., Proprietors, Atlanta, Ga. **P. W. BARNES,** General Agent, Ridge Springs, S. C.
May 8-1y.

WM. PLATT,

DEALER IN
Dry Goods, Millinery and Notions,
NEARLY OPPOSITE POST OFFICE,
COLUMBIA, S. C.
MAIN STREET.

FALL AND WINTER GOODS

ever shown in the city. These are all standard goods from the most reliable manufacturers and are recommended for their stylish and nobby appearance and the beauty of pattern. A full line of outing and dress goods of all descriptions, as well as lovely creations in fashionable fall and winter millinery. Come and see these goods before purchasing. I will make it to your interest to do so.
October, 9.—3m.

TAX NOTICE.

I WILL ATTEND THE FOLLOWING mentioned places for the purpose of receiving taxes for the fiscal year 1902:
The balance of the time at Lexington C. H. until December 31st, 1902, after which time the penalty will be added according to law.
The hours for closing the tax book will be at 11 o'clock for the morning and 4 o'clock for the afternoon appointment.

TAX LEVY.	
For State Purposes.....	5 Mills
For Ordinary County Purposes..	3 1/2 Mills
For Special County Purposes...	1 Mill
For Constitutional School Tax...	3 Mills
Total.....	12 Mills
Special School Levy, District 18 3 Mills	
Special school Levy, District 37 2 Mills	
Poll Tax.....	\$1.00.

Parties owning property in more than one Township will so state to the Treasurer, and when writing for information concerning taxes always give name in full.
FRANK W. SHEALY,
Treasurer Lexington County.
September 24, 1902.

CAUSE

For that
Millionaire Feeling
wear clothes made to your exact measure by
STRAUSS BROS
Good Tailors for 25 years.
CHICAGO
You feel just right in them. Nearly 500 patterns to select from
Satisfaction guaranteed.
See the complete line at the store of
W. P. ROOF,
LEXINGTON, S. C.

The State of South Carolina,

COUNTY OF LEXINGTON.
By George S. Drafts, Esq., Probate Judge.
WHEREAS, W. D. HILL MADE suit to me, to grant her 1/3 parts of Administration of the Estate of and effects of H. C. Nunamaker:
These are, therefore, to cite and admonish all and singular the kindred and creditors of the said H. C. Nunamaker, deceased, that they be and appear, before me, in the Court of Probate, to be held at Lexington, C. H., S. C., on the 23rd day of November, 1902, after publication hereof at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any they have, why the said Administration should not be granted.
Given under my hand, this 6th day of November, Anno Domini 1902.
GEORGE S. DRAFTS, [L. S.]
Probate Judge, Lexington County.
Published on the 12th day of November, 1902, in the Lexington Dispatch. 2w5.

WANTED

TWO HUNDRED young men and ladies to qualify for paying positions. If you are interested, write us for our handsome illustrated catalog.
THE LANIER SOUTHERN BUSINESS COLLEGE.
MACON, GA.
November 19, 1902-1y.

Trespass Notice.

ALL PERSONS ARE HEREBY FORBIDDEN to trespass upon the lands of the undersigned by hunting or in any manner whatever. The law will be enforced against all violators.
C. R. RISH,
November 17, 1902. 4w5.

ANDREW CRAWFORD

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
COLUMBIA, S. C.
PRACTICES IN THE STATE AND Federal Courts, and offers his professional services to the citizens of Lexington County.
October 18-1y.

JAMES HARMAN,

DENTAL SURGEON,
LEXINGTON, S. C.
(Office in rear of the Court House.)
INFORMS THE PUBLIC THAT HE will be in his office every Friday for the purpose of doing dental work in all its branches.
March 19, 1902. 1y.



HE WAS IN A ROW WITH THREE HACKMEN.

about buying a hog, but I sat down on him at once. He came home to dinner without finding any spoons, but, he was just in time to meet the iceman, who had a bill of a dollar or so to collect.

"By the great horn spoon," yelled Mr. Bowser, "but what does this mean? Must I submit to these bold faced robberies every day in the year?"

"Benjamin," said I as I laid my hand on his arm, "you've had a lump of ice a day for the last month, and there's the bill for it. The ice hasn't been burned in the range nor given away to tramps. It has been used to preserve your meats and vegetables and furnish ice water, and you'll pay for it and hang on to your breath."

He looked around for a crowbar with which to strike me dead, but not finding any he paid the bill and sat down, with a sigh. Later in the evening he observed that if ever he were left a widower he wouldn't marry the best woman on earth, and I replied:

"Benjamin, don't fret your gizzard. Amanda will outlive you by ten years, and your mother-in-law will probably be holding your hand when you pass away."

Wednesday.—At 6 o'clock in the morning I thought I heard somebody sneak downstairs, and a little later I looked out of a back window and saw Mr. Bowser making for the alley. When I had dressed and got down, a man who had a horse to sell was showing the animal off and boasting that he belonged to the Seek No Further breed. Mr. Bowser was hesitating about closing a sale for \$150 when I opened the alley gate and said:

"Benjamin, ain't you a little afraid that this early morning air will have a bad effect on your asthma?"

"I—I was looking at a horse," he stammered in reply.

"So I observe. I can see from here that he has two spavins and a ring-bone, and if he isn't blind he ought at least to wear spectacles. I heard him spoken of as a Seek No Further. That's correct, Benjamin. He won't have to seek no further for a woman who knows a horse from a giraffe. I don't think this is your horse day."

"Are you never going home?" he roared at me.

"I am, Benjamin—going home tomorrow night, but meanwhile don't you get too colty. If you do, I'll change my mind and stay a month longer."

He reached home at 6 o'clock p. m. without having anything to kick about, but after dinner he told Mrs. Bowser that he had been advised by the doctor to drink three quarts of goat's milk a day to get the acid out of his blood and that he should probably buy four goats during the evening. She, poor soul, hadn't any objection to make, but I turned to him with:

"Benjamin, what particular acid is it in your blood?"

"It's what causes rheumatism," he answered.

"When have you had rheumatism?"

"I've got it now."

"Whereabouts?"

"In my legs."

"I beg to differ with you, Benjamin. A man who can slip over back fences the way you do can't have rheumatism in his legs. You may have a buzzing in your ears and wheels in your head, but your legs are all right. Goat's milk may be good for you, as you are a good deal of a kid, but there will be no goats around here."

"Do I run this house or do you?" he shouted at me.

"I do, Benjamin, and don't you make a mistake about it. I've run it for two weeks, and I've got one day more left on the third. If you want to buy a hippopotamus or a bear constrictor, go ahead, but don't let me find any goats in the back yard in the morning."

Saturday.—As I was to start for home today Mr. Bowser made it a holiday and a day of rejoicing. At breakfast I had to warn him that if he wanted better coffee he might go to a hotel, and at 10 o'clock I interfered to prevent him from buying an oyster farm and raising his own oysters, but we got him through the rest of the day without trouble. He took me to the depot in a cab and said he was sorry I couldn't stay longer, and I kissed him and offered to put in two weeks more, and then he hurried out. I knew what would happen. His pent up feelings had to find escape, and they were escaping as my train moved away—that is, he was in a row with three hackmen, and enjoying himself as he hadn't before for three long weeks.

SARAH JANE CARTER,
Mother-in-law to Mr. Bowser.
M. QUAD.