

Bowser's New Role

He Acts as Adviser and Tries His Best to Help the Corner Druggist Along

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MR. BOWSER has no regular set programme with his grocer or butcher or coal man, nor has he any set policy with the cobbler who builds up his shoes at intervals or the street peddlers who shout their wares over his front gate. It is only with his family druggist that he holds to programme and policy. He began it fifteen years ago and is sticking right to it yet.

There have been several changes of family druggists, but no change in Mr. Bowser. When the old druggist vacates the corner store and a new one takes his place, Mr. Bowser is on hand among the first callers. He isn't there to have a prescription filled or to invest in a hot water bag, but to give a little friendly advice. A dozen grocers may come and go and he gives them no heed, but with the family druggist the case is different.

"My name," begins Mr. Bowser as he enters the store, "is Bowser. I live around the corner and half way down the block. Although I have only a small family, I am a liberal patron of drug stores, and I always pay cash. You know your business as a druggist, do you?"

"I think I do," is the reply as the druggist colors up.

"That is well. This is no corner for a druggist who has only half learned his business. You have come into a new neighborhood. Success or failure will depend upon your personality. Always greet every caller with a smile of welcome. Don't take any part in politics and don't become a fixture at any particular church. Stand neutral between capital and labor and don't have any family rows to cause gossip. I am advising you as a friend who has your interests at heart and therefore speak plainly and to the point. I am in a hurry this morning, but will call again soon and give you further pointers. Meanwhile think over and profit by what I have already said."

The family druggist is generally a man who sizes up human nature pret-

ty closely, and he decides to bear with Mr. Bowser. That's the beginning of it, and the end only comes when the poor man dies or finds some one to buy him out. Mr. Bowser at once becomes a sort of guardian and partner of that drug store. When he isn't playing guardian and partner he is making himself a nuisance, and one that nothing can abate. The interest he exhibits in stock and sales couldn't be greater if he had \$10,000 of his own money invested.

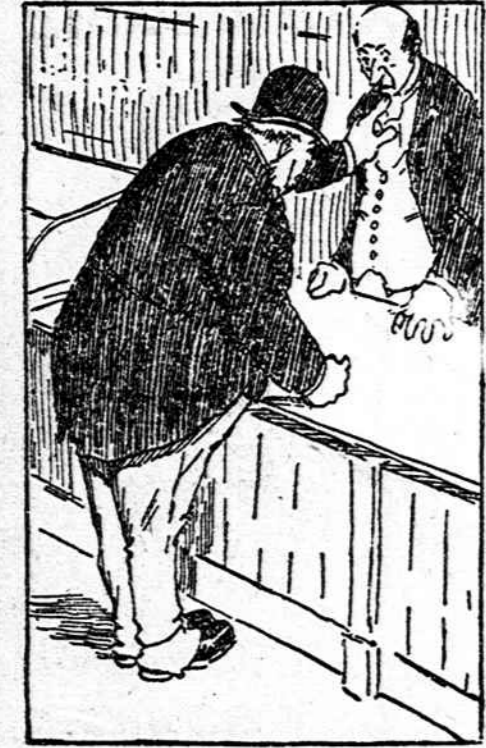
"Sir," exclaims Mr. Bowser as he advances upon the man of drugs and walks on his toes and shakes a finger under his nose, "you have got a drug store here, but what is a drug store without patronage? I am giving you my countenance and support, and through me you are getting the patronage of this neighborhood. If you want me to withdraw, if you want me to take my custom elsewhere—"

That settles the family druggist, and he decides that it is better to bear the his he has than to be thrown out of business. He therefore forces a smile to his face and replies:

"You mustn't take what I said so seriously. I have depended upon your friendly interest and advice right along, and I shall continue to do so."

"Then don't virtually tell me that this or that is none of my business."

"I surely didn't intend to. Try one



"SIR, YOU HAVE A DRUG STORE HERE."

"It's got to be an old story with the druggist, but he never hears it without a chill sliding down his spinal column. He has been in business ten years and made no mistake, and yet Mr. Bowser's way of putting things would give any druggist gooseflesh.

"So easy to do it, you know," continues Mr. Bowser with positive enjoyment. "Look at that case in Oshkosh a month ago. There was a druggist who had been in business for twenty years and who had filled 46,000 prescriptions without a mistake. Then he becomes absent minded for thirty seconds and kills off a college professor. You may think you filled those prescriptions as straight as a string, but I shouldn't be a bit surprised if you substituted something somewhere."

If Mr. Bowser isn't feeling in real high spirits he will stop right there and give the druggist a chance to get his color back, but if he is he will kindly offer to take a list and run around to the various families and see if the patients are still alive.

Mr. Bowser doesn't propose to be laid away in his grave through the stupidity of his family druggist. If he is suspicious of other people he is doubly so for himself. He invests in consumption cure with seeming great confidence that no afterglow will result, but the odds are five to one that at midnight he will rout the druggist out of his first sleep and hold that bottle under his nose and say:

"I took a dose according to directions, and I'll be hanged if I don't think there's some mistake about it. Are you positive that nothing foreign could have got into the bottle?"

Mr. Bowser will buy 5 cents' worth of bicarbonate of soda to take home and dissolve for his heartburn, and the druggist has no feeling of fear as he watches him go. It may be one hour or two before the patient comes bursting into the store, bareheaded and his eyes bulging out, to exclaim:

"By thunder, but I'm feeling queer! I saw you put up that bicarbonate and was sure there was no mistake about it, but it seems to affect me in a strange



"BY THUNDER, BUT I'M FEELING QUER!"

way. Could you have mixed anything deadly with it as we were watching the ambulance go by? If you have made a mistake after all I have cautioned you it will be mighty costly for you. I won't let up till I have your last dollar!"

One or two of the druggists who have done business in Mr. Bowser's neighborhood have lain down and died, while others have sold out and never stopped till they got 100 miles away. It's a good business corner and one likely to be always occupied, but no man of drugs will ever be happy there. Mr. Bowser owns his own house and likes the neighborhood and couldn't be induced to sell out. It is just possible that he may be run over by a street car or break his neck trying to ride a bicycle, but all the odds are against it. He has got a good thing, and he knows it, and he is going to keep right on making life miserable for his family druggist until he either dies of old age or the soda fountain explodes some day and blows him across the street in lunks and chunks. M. QUAD.

His Experience.

"Here's a conundrum for you," said the funny man. "What's the difference between a man and his family?"

"It's invariably a difference of opinion," replied Henpeck.—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE BUGLER'S CHEST

Is well expanded. He uses his lungs to their fullest capacity. People in ordinary do not use much over half their lung power. The unused lung surface becomes inert, and offers a prepared ground for the attack of the germs of consumption. There is no need to warn people of the danger of consumption, but warning is constantly needed not to neglect the first symptoms of diseased lungs.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures obstinate coughs, bronchitis, bleeding lungs, and other conditions which, if neglected or unskillfully treated, find a fatal termination in consumption. It is entirely free from opiates and narcotics.

"About three years ago I was taken with a bad cough, vomiting and spitting blood," writes Mr. D. J. Robinson, of Spring Garden, W. Va. "I tried many remedies; nothing seemed to help me till I commenced using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. After using ten bottles and four vials of his 'Pleasant Pellets,' I commenced to improve. My case seemed to be almost a hopeless one. Doctors pronounced it ulcer of the lungs. I was sick nearly two years—part of the time bedfast. Was given up to die by all. I thought it would be impossible for me to live over night at one time. I haven't spit any blood now for more than twelve months, and worked on the farm all last summer. It was Dr. Pierce's medicines that cured me."

Accept no substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery." There is nothing "just as good" for diseases of the stomach.

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

Always Posted.

Wolfe—I suppose you keep a watch on the stock quotations to see which are going up and which are coming down?

Lambe—No; I don't have to. The ones I have always go down, and the ones I don't have invariably go up.—Boston Transcript.

Straight Up.

"Jiminy! Didn't it make you feel like 30 cents when the footpads stopped you?"

"Well, I guess. And I must have looked like 12 o'clock."

"How do you mean?"

"Hands up."—Philadelphia Press.

One or the Other.

"Gee whizz," exclaimed the nervy caller, "I haven't another match, and my cigar has gone out."

"Well," replied the polite young woman who could stand it no longer, "you would have had to if it hadn't."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Nice and Encouraging.

"Would you marry a Chinaman?" he asked.

"Oh, dear," the girl who is sarcastic replied, "this is so sudden! But I always supposed you merely looked like one."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Those Girls.

Nell—Yes, we're engaged, but I took my time about accepting him.

Belle—Indeed? Waited until he actually proposed, did you?—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Servants.

First Housewife—Some days I undo about everything the servant does

Second Housewife—Gracious! How do you dare?—Detroit Free Press.

September.

On the Chesapeake, remember, Where the bivalve has his cloister, There the R that's in September Is as silent as the oyster. —Chicago Tribune.

Cause of Lockjaw.

Lockjaw, or tetanus, is caused by a bacillus or germ which exists plentifully in street dirt. It is inactive so long as exposed to the air, but when carried beneath the skin as in the wounds caused by percussion caps or by rusty nails, and when the air is excluded the germ is roused to activity and produces the most virulent poison known. These germs may be destroyed and all danger of lockjaw avoided by applying Chamberlain's Pain Balm freely as soon as the injury is received. Pain Balm is an antiseptic and causes cuts, bruises and like injuries to heal without maturation and in one third the time required by the usual treatment. It is for sale by The Kaufmann Drug Co.

Reassuring.

"Don't be scared, Mr. Bird. I ain't goin' to shoot you. I only shoot lions an' tigers an' things like that."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Reminder.

Ethel Summergirl—And won't you forget me after you get back to New York?

Cholly Penshoover—Not readily. I've drawn my salary two months in advance, and I won't be liable to forget where it went to.—Judge.

TALES THAT DADDY TELLS.

When night gits round an' supper's ate, Dad lights his pipe fer smokin' An' gits th' newspaper an' sez "To me, a kinder jokin'."

"Now, Buby, I'll take yer wool off 'less You hurry up those slippers." (He knows he couldn't 'cause it's took A'ready with th' clippers.)

An' then he sets an' smokes an' reads, An' mother sets a-sewin' A-makin' clothes fer sister—sprise You how that kid is growin'!

"An' I jes' sorter wait aroun'." A-hopin' dad's most through it, 'Cause then he'll tell me 'bout th' tale 'T's got a giant to it.

"They ain't no news but polytiks," Bimely dad sez, a-yawnin'.

"An' John Smith's paintin' of his fence, An' Green's put up an' awnin'!" So then I climb up on his knee.

An' he sez, "You young urchin," An' rubs his whiskers 'gainst my face An' thinks I need a birchin'.

"But, waaal," he sez, "onct on a time Was Jack th' Giant Killer"— An' tells about th' dreddest things, 'T' jes' plumb skeer a fellow.

An' how Jack sworded off their heads, An' all th' blood 'twas makin'!

An', Jim'n'y Gee, when bedtime comes, I sneak upstairs jes' shakin'!—Truman Robert Andrews in Leslie's Monthly.

On the Defensive.



Doctor—Your case is so complicated that I think I ought to call a couple of other physicians in consultation.

Patient—Indeed? In that case, doctor, I think I ought to have my attorney present to represent my interests.

A Cure for Dyspepsia.

I had Dyspepsia in its worst form and felt miserably most all the time. Did not enjoy eating until after I used Kodol Dyspepsia Cure which has completely cured me.—Mrs. W. W. Saylor, Hilliard, Pa. No appetite, loss of strength, nervousness, headache, constipation, bad breath, sour risings, indigestion, dyspepsia and all stomach troubles are quickly cured by the use of Kodol. Kodol represents the natural juices of digestion combined with the greatest known tonic and reconstructive properties. It cleanses, purifies and sweetens the stomach. Sold by all druggists.

A Tight Fit.

An Englishman entered a tailor shop in Twenty-third street the other day and, throwing a package on the counter, said:

"These trousers are a beastly fit. You'll have to fix 'em. They're tighter than my skin, don't you know?"

"But that's impossible! How could they be?" demurred the tailor.

"Well, I can sit down in my skin, but I cawn't sit down when in those blooming breeches!" was the wrathful answer.—New York Press.

Didn't Worry Her.

"Doesn't it make you angry when folks twit you about your failure to acquire a husband?" asked the girl who was doing her first season.

"Not me," replied the philosophical spinster. "It is better to be laughed at because you are not married than not to be able to laugh because you are."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Business.

"I see you have chicken for dinner." "Yessuh," said Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "I hope you bought the chicken."

"Well, no; but de transaction were strictly regular. Dat chicken has been roostin' on my fence foh months without payin' nuffin,' an' I reckoned it were 'bout time to folclose."—Washington Star.

Anxious to Assist.

Doctor—It may be, madam, that there is something wrong with your vocal cords. I will—

Husband of Mrs. Vick-Senn (hastily interrupting)—You will find nothing the matter there, doctor. I am almost sure the trouble is with her liver.—Chicago Tribune.

Serious, Indeed.

"Miss Summergal must be quite seriously ill. She hasn't any appetite at all."

"Oh, a girl isn't always ill when she has no appetite!"

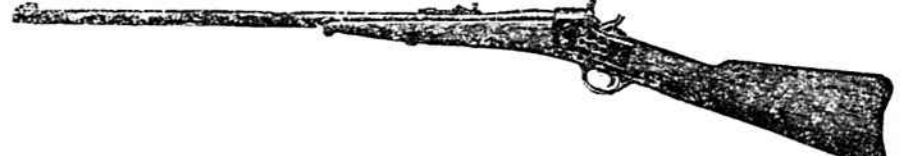
"But she has no appetite even for ice cream and candy."—Philadelphia Press.

For Over Sixty Years.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been in use for over sixty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Sold by Druggist in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure to ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and take no other kind. If

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