

Mr. Bowser's Caller

He Wanted Data in the Interest of Medical Science

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THE Bowsers had finished dinner and returned to the sitting room, and Mr. Bowser was about to ask Mrs. Bowser how long Noah floated about in the ark and then claim that the time was ten days more or less when a caller was announced. He was shown into the library, and he explained his presence by saying:

"Mr. Bowser, my name is Peters, and I represent the International Medical World. If you are not too busy this evening I should like to have a little talk with you."

"I do not wish to subscribe to a medical paper," stiffly replied Mr. Bowser. "You will not be asked to. The paper will be sent to you free gratis for the rest of your life. My idea is to interview and write you up. I have been instructed to give you a full page and to ask for your photograph, and of course there will be no cost to you."

"But I don't see the object." "Solely in the interests of medical science, my dear man. Your case has been referred to in almost every medical journal in the land, but nothing like an interview has yet been published. I do not ask you to give me your time for nothing. I am authorized to pay you \$25 in cash for such information as I require."

"How has my case been referred to in medical journals?" sharply inquired Mr. Bowser. "Am I some sort of freak that I have been written up and held up to the gaze of the public?"

"Not at all, sir; not at all," soothingly replied the caller. "You understand that there is a wide difference between a freak and a unique character. You

the wasps got in their work and the orioles sang. Certain medical writers have asserted that the sting of a wasp produces the same peculiar sensation as being jabbed with a pitchfork or falling down the cellar stairs. You have probably been jabbed, and you have probably fallen. Could you say that the sensations were identical?"

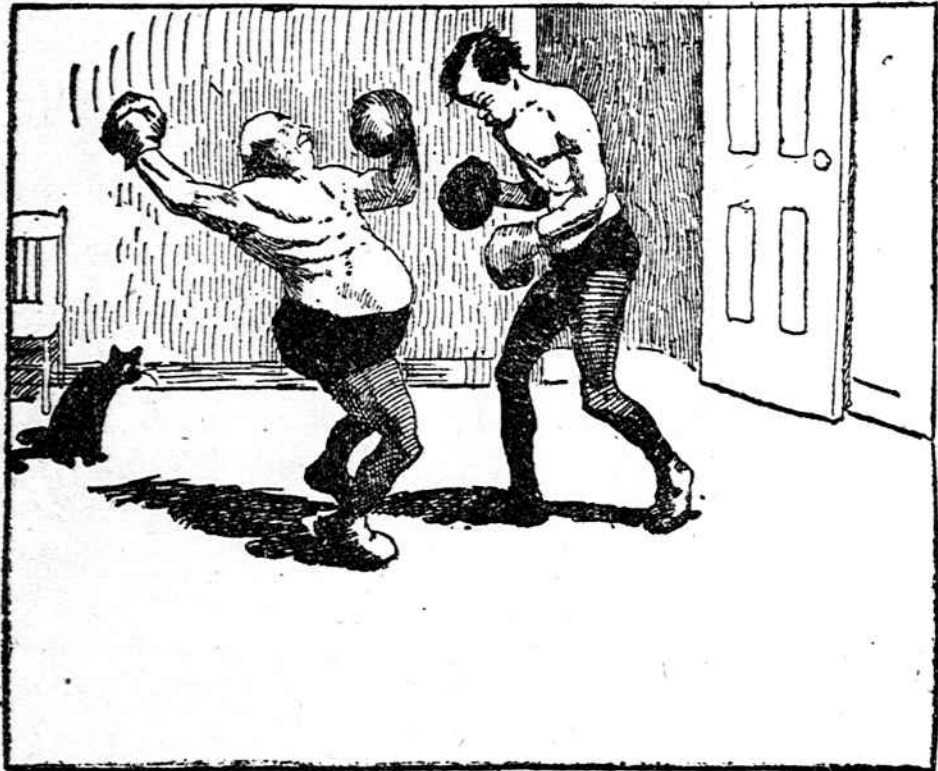
"I can say—I can say, sir, that it appears to be a case of impudence on your part to call here this evening, and I wish you to understand that this interview is closed. If it was not in my own house I—I!"

"Exactly so—exactly," quietly replied the man as he made some notes in his book. "My object was to perturb you, and it has been accomplished. You are flushing red and white by turns; there is a glare in your eyes; your ears are working back and forth. In the interests of medical science allow me to ask you to describe your sensations mentally."

"Must I tell you to get out doors?" shouted Mr. Bowser as he pointed in the direction of the front door and grew still more excited.

"Please be calm and quiet, Mr. Bowser. You kindly granted me this interview, and I hope you won't abridge it. I mean nothing personal in my remarks, and if you can assist medical science it is your duty toward your fellow man. Please sit down while I ask another question."

"In learning to ride a bike you at last got your balance and started off to astonish Mrs. Bowser. There was an apple tree leaning around the back yard, and you all at once started in to uproot it. Let me ask, first, as a physiological fact, if you really believed you could accomplish the feat or whether it was the result of sudden mental exhilaration? Secondly, what were your sensations as you lay on your back on the earth after taking a header, with your back telescoped and made three inches shorter? Were you conscious of your surroundings, of the presence of Mrs. Bowser and the cook, of the words uttered by three small boys perched on the fence, or did you sink away into a state of delightful unconsciousness and imagine you were out on a huckleberry excursion?"



"AFTER MAKING A FEW FLOURISHES TO SHOW OFF YOU SWUNG WITH YOUR RIGHT TO KNOCK HIS BLAMED HEAD OFF."

are recognized as unique—odd—refreshing. You do things that nobody else does. You stand out from other characters as a knot does on a log. The world truly says there is only one Bowser. Others may try to imitate you, but they cannot share your originality. It is for that reason that I am here."

Mr. Bowser didn't know whether to feel flattered or insulted, and after a minute he made a compromise between the two and asked just what was wanted and added that he could not think of accepting any money for the information he could give.

"I wish to ask you," said the interviewer as he consulted his notebook, "I wish to ask you, with all due consideration for your sensitiveness, how you felt under certain circumstances. For instance, could you tell me whether your brain was perfectly clear or beclouded when you started out to ride a bike in your back yard a year ago?"

"Why shouldn't I learn to ride a bike, and why should my feelings differ from any one else's? Your question seems a bit impertinent, sir."

"It was not meant to be, Mr. Bowser. Medical science is never impertinent, but ever and always curious. You need not answer the question if you feel sensitive on the point, and I will pass on to the next."

"You took a day off in the country with Mrs. Bowser in June. Among the things you observed as you rambled over green meadows and sauntered through sylvan glades was a wasps' nest hanging on the limb of a tree. You at once pronounced it the nest of an oriole, and when Mrs. Bowser differed with you you said that you were gathering orioles' nests while she was still in her cradle."

"In order to convince her that you were a man who never made a mistake and to humble her as she deserved for having an opinion on an agricultural question you hunted around for a pole and knocked the nest down. Much to your delight she ran away to a safe distance and thus permitted you to get another laugh on her. If I am in error you must correct me, but I believe the number of wasps who got down your collar and up your pants legs was fifteen and that they had lots of fun with you. What I intended to ask you was whether the orioles flew away before?"

"Sir, what do you mean by addressing me in this manner?" demanded Mr. Bowser as he rose up with flushed face.

"No disrespect, I assure you," was the reply. "I am simply seeking to find out what your sensations were as

This was too much for Mr. Bowser. He simply stood still and gasped for breath and failed to get out a word. The caller looked at him and smiled softly and encouragingly and after a minute went on:

"If you cannot answer that question let us try another, as we have still several hours before us. Upon a certain occasion the doctor ordered you to take boxing lessons in order to strengthen your spinal column. Your backbone had got warped over astarboard, and the idea was to plumb it up and down again. You got a heavyweight to put on the gloves with you, and after making a few flourishes to show off you swung with your right to knock his blamed head off. You wanted to do something to make a record. Unfortunately for you he was a man who couldn't appreciate a joke, and he blocked your blow and landed on your chin in return."

"Let me ask what your sensations were when you were down and jarred the house from roof to cellar? It is on record that you slept for a quarter of an hour. What dreams came to you, if any? It has been asserted that under such circumstances one dreams of pastoral scenes—green meadows, sloping hills, shady dells and running brooks. Was it so in your case? And about your spinal column. Is it still out of plumb or did that punch?"

"Stop, sir!" roared Mr. Bowser at last.

"What is it now?" "I'll take no more of your insults, sir. You can't get out of this house too soon to please me. The idea, sir—the idea!"

"Do you mean that this interview is ended?" "Certainly. Get out at once while I can restrain myself." "Perhaps you would rather I should call at the office? If so—" "No, sir; no, sir. You need never come near me again!"

"No? Too bad that the world should be the loser, but we must make the best of it. I will not pause to inquire about your present sensations, but bid you good night and depart. Good night, Mr. Bowser, good night."

Mr. Bowser stood in the front hall until he got his breath back and then entered the sitting room with pretended carelessness. "Who was it and what did he want?" asked Mrs. Bowser as she looked up in an innocent way. "Oh, nobody but a real estate man who wanted to sell me a hill or something," replied Mr. Bowser as he gritted his teeth and sat down to his evening paper. M. QUAD.

Resolutions in Memory of Daniel Rowell Buff.

Whereas in the providence of an all wise God, Daniel Rowell Buff has been called to his reward on high. And whereas, his death, which occurred on the 29th day of August, 1903, has called forth our unfeigned sorrow, yet we bow in humble submission to the will of Him, who doeth all things well.

Not yet 26 years of age he had made himself felt in his home, community and Sunday school by his sterling qualities of devotion, truth and piety.

In the home he was greatly beloved because of that peculiar devotion to his loved ones; so often absent in young men of his age. His place in the home, Sunday school and community cannot be filled.

Therefore, be it resolved by Mr. Hebron Sunday school,

1st. That we will ever cherish the memory of our young friend and brother, and will strive to emulate his Christian virtues.

2nd. That we will ever strive to keep his life fresh in our memory by our devotion to the Sunday school, which he so dearly loved.

3rd. That we as a church and Sunday school tender our sincere sympathy to the disconsolate parents, brothers and sisters in their sad bereavement, and that they be furnished a copy of these resolutions.

4th. That these resolutions be recorded in the Sunday school record and published in the Lexington Dispatch.

Rev. W. E. Barre, Committee J. D. Senn, J. W. Hendrix.

Revolution Imminent.

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Rightwell News.

To the Editor of the Dispatch: Hauling lumber is the order of the day in our section.

Some of the farmers fear that the young oats are killed.

Edgar, son of Mr. James Wise, who has had typhoid fever for several weeks, is improving rapidly.

Master Yoder Shealy, son of J. E. C. Shealy, while attending school at Pine Ridge and playing with some benches, one of them fell down on his leg and cracked the bone. He is now getting along fine.

Mr. N. S. Derriek has moved his shingle mill to Mr. W. H. Dreher's place. Noah is a hustling shingle man.

Married at the home of J. C. Shealy, near Pine Ridge, on Sunday, December the 5th, 1903, Mr. Andrew Slice and Miss Lilly Shealy. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. B. D. Wesslinger. We wish much joy to the newly married couple.

Our Sunday school is preparing to have Christmas exercises on Christmas day. A Friend.

Head About to Burst From Severe Bilious Attack.

"I had a severe bilious attack and felt like my head was about to burst when I got hold of a free sample of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. I took a dose of them after supper and the next day felt like a new man and have been feeling nappy ever since," says Mr. J. W. Smith of Julifi, Texas. For biliousness, stomach troubles and constipation these Tablets have no equal. Price 25 cents. For sale by the Kaufmann Drug Co.

Judge Gary Complimented.

At a meeting of the Lexington Bar it was resolved,

That the thanks of this Bar be tendered to Hon. Frank B. Gary for the fair and impartial manner in which he presided at our regular term for September and this special term, and for his kindness in leaving his business, his home and his family to give our business his care and study.

C. M. Efrid, J. Brooks Wingard, W. H. Sharpe, A. D. Martin, F. E. Dreher, T. C. Sturkie, G. T. Graham, Geo. Bell Timmerman.

A Costly Mistake.

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The kidneys are your blood purifiers, they filter out the waste or impurities in the blood. If they are sick or out of order, they fail to do their work.

Pains, aches and rheumatism come from excess of uric acid in the blood, due to neglected kidney trouble.

Kidney trouble causes quick or unsteady heart beats, and makes one feel as though they had heart trouble, because the heart is over-working in pumping thick, kidney-poisoned blood through veins and arteries.

It used to be considered that only urinary troubles were to be traced to the kidneys, but now modern science proves that nearly all constitutional diseases have their beginning in kidney trouble.

If you are sick you can make no mistake by first doctoring your kidneys. The mild and extraordinary effect of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases and is sold on its merits by all druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle by mail. Home of Swamp-Root, free, also pamphlet telling you how to find out if you have kidney or bladder trouble. Mention this paper when writing Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

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1900

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Try for Health. 222 South Peoria St., CHICAGO, ILL., Oct. 7, 1902. Eight months ago I was so ill that I was compelled to lie or sit down nearly all the time. My stomach was so weak and upset that I could keep nothing on it and I vomited frequently. I could not urinate without great pain and I coughed so much that my throat and lungs were raw and sore. The doctors pronounced it Bright's disease and others said it was consumption. It mattered little to me what they called it and I had no desire to live. A sister visited me from St. Louis and asked me if I had ever tried Wine of Cardui. I told her I had not and she bought a bottle. I believe that it saved my life. I believe many women could save much suffering if they but knew of its value. Georgia Dunbar. Don't you want freedom from pain? Take Wine of Cardui and make one supreme effort to be well. You do not need to be a weak, helpless sufferer. You can have a woman's health and do a woman's work in life. Why not secure a bottle of Wine of Cardui from your druggist today? WINE OF CARDUI

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