

BOWSER GETS A SCARE

Takes Precaution to Prevent a Sudden Death in the Family.

STARTS A MEDICINE CHEST.

He is the First Victim of Having Sampled a Bottle He Thinks is Poison. Mrs. B.'s Fears Lead to Trouble. His Life Saved.

[Copyright, 1907, by M. M. Cunningham.] "Mrs. Bowser," began Mr. Bowser the other evening as he looked up from his paper, "do you know how many lives are sacrificed every year in America to carelessness?"

"What sort of carelessness do you mean?" she queried. "Principally that of not having proper medical remedies in the house to administer in time. For instance, I am attacked with bilious colic after eating one of your mince pies. I begin to knot up. You run for some Jamaica ginger, but there is none in the house. You start to telephone for the doctor, but the line is crossed. You ask the cook to run to the drug store, but she has sneaked out. You put on your things to go yourself, but you slip on the steps and twist your ankle. Before anything can be done for me my spirit has passed away and you are a widow. I mean that sort of carelessness."

"Yes, every family should keep a few simple remedies in the house. I think you will find that we have most everything needed in an emergency."

"We may have them, Mrs. Bowser, but where are they? Upstairs, down



"I MIGHT AS WELL TAKE A DOSE." cellar and clear back to the wood shed. It might take half an hour to find any particular thing."

"Well, I propose to gather up all the bottles and powders and put them together in a medicine box, and after this date I want them kept there."

Labeled the Bottles. He got down the bottle of paste, cut some paper for labels and then went hunting about for various bottles. He found a score of them. They were mostly remedies he had brought home. From some he had taken two or three doses, and some of the bottles were half empty. There were old packages of epsom and rochelle salts and of bicarbonate of soda, and he was two hours labeling and arranging them. He had just a little more to do when Mrs. Bowser went up to bed. A search on the top shelf of the pantry brought to light an eight ounce bottle called "The Ten Second Cold Cure." Only a dose or two had been taken from it. Mr. Bowser remembered buying it of a fakir on a street corner and of taking two or three doses and then recommending it to the cook. Whether it cured his cold in ten seconds or ten days he could not collect. The label on the bottle and the contents thereof looked inviting, and after giving things a shake he mused:

"I've got all the symptoms of a cold now, and I might as well take a dose and knock them out. That's what I was telling Mrs. Bowser. A remedy right at hand is worth two visits from the doctor next day."

He put the bottle away with the others in the chest and went upstairs with the assurance that he was now able to cope with any midnight emergency of a conflagration. Mrs. Bowser scented paregoric in his breath, and he explained that he had found and taken a dose of the wonderful cough cure. He had been asleep for an hour and more when she nudged him awake and said:

"I haven't been able to go to sleep yet for thinking of that bottle you took the dose from. Are you sure it was cough medicine?"

"Certainly it was. How could I make any mistake about it?"

"Easily enough. You know you are a very absentminded man. Don't you remember that you once took a dose of sewing machine oil by mistake for your tonic? You may have made a mistake this time."

"I never took sewing machine oil, and I have never made a mistake on a bottle," growled Mr. Bowser. "The idea of waking me up at midnight to tell me that I can't read the label on a bottle!"

"All right. If you are sure, then I can go to sleep. I was just a bit afraid that you had poisoned yourself."

Did Not Taste Right. Mr. Bowser put his head on the pillow again and sought to woo sleep, but after five minutes had passed he suddenly bounded out of bed and began to dress.

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Bowser. "I've got to go down and see about

that infernal old bottle. I know it isn't possible that I got hold of the wrong stuff, but you've had to butt in and make me wonder about it. I can almost imagine that I feel a strange taste in my mouth."

He growled all the way downstairs. The chest was on a stand where he had left it, and as he lighted the gas the cat rolled off the lounge and looked at him in surprise. He opened the chest to put his hand on the bottle, and next instant Mrs. Bowser heard a wild yell. On the bottle was a death's head label with the printed word "Poison" and the written word "Laudanum" beneath it.

"What is it?" she shouted as she leaned over the banister. "I—I've taken poison! Come down at once."

"What sort of poison?"

"Laudanum! I must have drunk half a pint of it!"

"Then rush to the drugstore and get the night clerk up and have him administer a remedy. While you are gone I'll make a lot of strong coffee!"

"Do you—you think I'm a dead man?" he asked as he lingered by the front door while Mrs. Bowser came flying downstairs.

Ran to the Drug Store.

"Don't stop to ask a single question, but fly for your life! If you get a remedy down at once, you may be saved!"

Mr. Bowser had to go out into the winter's night half dressed, but he got a hump on him. A policeman called to him from across the street, and two or three pedestrians tried to stop him, but he brought up at the family drug store and almost pulled the night bell out by the roots at the first yank. After he had rung about five times and administered the same number of kicks on the door the sleepy clerk admitted him with the exclamation:

"What in thunder do you mean by trying to kick my door in?"

"I—I've taken poison!" gasped Mr. Bowser as he staggered in and sat down.

"Oh, you have? Couldn't you a hard-working drug clerk out of bed at midnight any other way, and so you took poison. What was it?"

"Laudanum. I took it for cough sirup. Don't delay, or I'm a dead man."

"Don't expect me to rush my legs off," growled the clerk. "I'm not responsible for your mistake. That's the way with half the men. They will grab up a bottle and guzzle away and never pay attention to the label. I'll give you the usual remedy for laudanum poisoning. You may possibly get over it and learn caution in the future. Now take this and then walk up and down the sidewalk at a brisk pace. If you stop for a minute, you are a goner."

Walked For Half an Hour.

Mr. Bowser walked up and down for a block each way. Pedestrians asked him why he walked, and motormen wanted to know if he was enjoying himself. Now and then a hoodlum hit him in the head with a snowball, and now and then a tramp walked at his elbow and besought him to open his beating heart. He had been walking for half an hour, and the drug clerk was still yelling at him occasionally from the door, when a boy came running and announced:

"Mrs. B. wants you right away! She has found out that you wasn't poisoned."

"What?"

"You didn't take no laudanum."

Mr. Bowser sprang into the air. He whooped. He made a dive for the drug clerk and chased him inside. He made a rush for a coal man who had been enjoying the situation and upset him in a snowdrift. Then he struck a wild gallop for home, and as he burst into the house Mrs. Bowser met him and held up the bottle of cough cure.

"You left it down in the kitchen after taking a swallow, and I found it a few minutes ago," she explained.

"And I didn't take laudanum?"

"No."

"And there's no danger of my dying?"

"Not this trip."

Mr. Bowser seemed about to take her in his arms and give way to a natural feeling, but he stopped short, started back and dramatically pointed and exclaimed:

"Ha, woman, I understand! You set out to poison me, but became conscience stricken. You can go up to bed now, while I look over some papers in the library that will be wanted by my lawyer tomorrow." M. QUAD.

A Problem.

"I'm glad I'm not like gran'pa is."

Said little Matty Mace.

"Cos I should never, never know just where to wash my face."

Gentlewoman.

Nothing Doing.

"Dearest," pleaded the sentimental youth, "marry me and I will lay the whole world at your feet."

"Oh, forget it," rejoined the practical maid. "It's already there."—Chicago News.

All county news in The Courier.

The Courier—the best—\$1 per year.

Leaf Blight.

It Frequently Causes Much Damage to the Strawberry Crop.

Strawberry leaf blight frequently causes great damage to the strawberry crop, as explained by a grower in Rural New Yorker, who says that it makes its appearance about the time the fruit sets and begins its destructive ravages as the berries begin to ripen. It first manifests itself by turning the leaves a brownish red; it will then attack the fruit stems and hulls, cutting off the supply of nourishment from the berries; the calyx begins to wither and dry up, and the berries become soft and insipid and are of little value.

As the Berry Season Advances.

It usually grows more destructive as the berry season advances. The conditions conducive to the development of the disease appear to be a general weakness of the plants. This may be brought about from various causes, such as old and worn-out beds, impoverished soil, plants with a heavy set of fruit with insufficient nourishment, plants exposed during winter without protection or unmulched beds during hot, dry weather. Any one of these conditions will have a tendency to weaken the constitution of the plants, making them an easy prey to rust, blight and other diseases.

Kinds Susceptible to Blight.

During the time we have been engaged in growing strawberries we have found some varieties so constitutionally strong in their vegetative parts and so vigorous in their fruit organs that they will do well almost anywhere, while other sorts are constitutionally weak in foliage, yet strong in fruit bearing propensities. They set a great quantity of berries with little or no vitality to mature the fruit. Such varieties are very susceptible to blight and should not be cultivated except by those who are well acquainted with their natural requirements. It requires a healthy, vigorous foliage to digest the various plant foods found in the different soils, and probably the safest method of protecting the plants from blight and other fungous diseases is to conserve moisture by thorough cultivation while the plants are growing, protecting them well during the winter with a liberal mulch of horse manure. This material if left on the plant during the summer prevents the escape of moisture at a time it is most needed, and it keeps the soil cool—in fact, it is to the bearing bed what the cultivation is to the newly planted field.

The Lincoln Plum.

A Variety of Rare Beauty and Excellent For Market.

The Lincoln plum here shown is described by the Ohio experiment station as being a variety of rare beauty and excellent for market, one of the best second early plums; quite free from rot in some seasons; first blossoms May 7, full bloom May 10, last blossoms May 15; in full fruitage Aug. 15. Fruit large to very large, roundish oblong, blunt at apex, slightly necked;

stem long and strong and set at an angle; suture distinct, slightly depressed; color light greenish yellow, overspread with a beautiful shade of crimson; dots many, very minute and indistinct; bloom, thin lilac; flesh light yellow, firm; pit rather large, free; quality only fair; tree only a moderate grower, but healthy, and forms a round, shapely head; foliage very luxuriant; leaves large; quite prolific, but not so much so as to require thinning of the fruit.

Rough Feeds.

Rough feeds, including pasture, are usually so plentiful that frequently we feed them without any idea as to what and how much will produce the desired results. Much rough feed is wasted in careless feeding. The cow will eat the best of her menu first and if given too much will pick the most desirable morsels, leaving what might be called passably good, which too frequently is treated as waste and thrown underfoot. No more hay should be given an animal than it will eat up clean. This refers to first class quality, however, as we could not expect a cow to eat up clean a poor quality of hay.

The Seed Bed For Cotton.

The seed bed for cotton should be harrowed lengthwise once or twice if necessary to secure a fine, mellow, moist surface for the reception of the seed, the last time just ahead of the planting machine.

A Budded Pecan Tree.

The sixth year is conceded to be the age when a budded pecan tree of good variety will begin to produce remunerative crops. Many trees will bear before that age.—Gardening.

Wit and Humor Out of the Mouths of Little Ones.

I was dining with some friends of mine whom I had not seen for some time, and the little daughter of my host was seated at my left. During the meal I turned to her and asked her name. She blushed rosily and hung her head upon being addressed by a stranger.

Her papa said, "Can't you tell the gentleman your name?"

"Patience Wallace," the little one made reply.

"And how old are you?" I asked.

"Four years old at 11 p. m."

I have thought of this quaint reply and laughed at it many times since.

Louise was a blue eyed, golden haired child seeing her fourth summer. Her grandpa was a churchman and a Bible reader, so the child had been told who sends the flowers, the sunshine, the rains, etc.—God. As is the custom, during dry weather the grandpa would put the hose on and sprinkle the lawn and even the street, but at this particular time there had been many days of rain.

One morning her mother pushed up the shade of a window in their bedroom and said, "Oh, Louise, the sun is shining, and the day will be fine," whereupon Louise remarked in her slow, serious manner, "Nen Dod won't have his hose out today, mamma."

A few days ago a kindergarten teacher in this city was explaining to a class what it meant to be a "knight." The children listened with close attention while the teacher explained that "the knights must learn to suffer and not complain. They must learn to be tired and keep on working. They must learn to be hungry." But before she could finish the sentence a four-year-old girl exclaimed contemptuously:

"Oh, Miss Edith, I learned that the first day I was born."

Ruth, aged three years, had been presented with a small silver knife and fork, of which she was proud. She used them at the table in such a way, however, as to bring constant reproof. One day when she persistently put the knife in her mouth in spite of her mother's reprimands she was told crossly that the knife would be taken from her and that no one would love her. Like a flash she replied, "If you loved me as I love you, mamma, no knife could cut our love in two."—Chicago Tribune.

The Kind He Liked.

Teddy's father had brought home some rare old cheese, and after hearing his praise of its strong points Teddy was manfully struggling to make way with a small piece of it.

Seeing the cheese still on his plate and Teddy's nose perceptibly elevated, his father said: "What is the matter, Ted? Don't you like that fine cheese?"

"Yes," answered Teddy, with the air of a connoisseur. "This cheese is very good, but I think I like just plain, common mouse cheese better."—Cleveland Leader.

The Tactful Hostess.

Mr. Bumblepup—I must apologize for coming in ordinary evening dress.

Hostess—Well, you really have the advantage of us. We're all looking more foolish than usual, and you're not.—Punch.

A Give Awa.

Husband (the morning after a spree to his wife)—Do you mean to say that you think those zigzag marks in the snow are mine?

Wife—Don't prevaricate, Hans! I have measured them, and they are exactly the same number as your gloves and boots.—Fliegende Blätter.

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FROM CHILDLAND.

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Types Hands Off in Liquor Fight.

Savannah, Ga., July 10.—Savannah Typographical Union, the highest class labor organization in Savannah, has refused to enter the fight against prohibition. The Savannah Trades and Labor Assembly asked the printers to pass resolutions against prohibition, but they refused to do so.

A Flying Ghost.

Love Comedy—What was the matter with your Hamlet company? Didn't the ghost walk?

Ill Tragedy—No, he ran—ran off with the receipts. That's why the rest of us walked.—Philadelphia Press.

Fair Warning.

Buttinski—How did you catch such an awful cold?

Knockoutski—Colds are contagious, you know. I caught mine asking other people how they caught theirs.—Bohemian Magazine.

Divorce Not Recognized.

"The old man's got his immigration papers, ain't he?"

"Yes, but the old lady's waitin' at the station where he takes the train."

—Atlanta Constitution.

A Modest Man.

There's the man behind the gun When the battle bugle blows, And the man behind the plow Where the thriving wheat crop grows, And the man behind the throttle As his engine onward goes, But, as for me, I'm just plain Brown, The man behind his nose. —Lippincott's Magazine.

BLUE RIDGE RAILWAY CO.

BETWEEN BELTON AND WALHALLA.

Time Table No. 14.—In Effect May 5, 1907.

EASTBOUND—

	12	10	8	20	18
Lv. Walthalla.....	8 35	2 27	1 45
Lv. West Union.....	8 40	2 32	2 01
Ar. Seneca.....	4 40
Lv. Seneca.....	8 58	2 50	4 40
Lv. Jordania Junction.....	9 00	2 53	4 48
Lv. Adams.....	9 15	3 08	5 08
Lv. Cherry.....	9 18	3 11	5 12
Lv. Pendleton.....	9 30	3 23	5 45
Lv. Autun.....	9 38	3 31	6 00
Lv. Denver.....	9 48	3 39	6 15
Lv. West Anderson.....	9 58	3 49	6 35	