

# Bowser on a Hunt

He Decides to Go Out and Take the Scalps of a Few Rabbits, and Strangely Disappears

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MR. BOWSER had started for the office at the usual hour and had been gone fifteen minutes when he returned. To Mrs. Bowser's query of what had happened to bring him back he replied: "You can see that half an inch of fresh snow fell last night, and I'm going to take a day off and go hunting. I've been waiting all winter for just such a day."

"But what can you hunt?" she asked.

"Well, I'll go out and knock over a dozen rabbits, and perhaps I'll get a fox and a wild turkey or two. This is what they call a good tracking snow. If I get on the trail of anything, it can't escape me."

"I shouldn't think you'd want to go plowing through the snow all day on the chance of shooting a rabbit, and no one knows what accident may happen to you."

"I do not intend to plow, as you call it, and no accident will happen. I need a day off to brace me up, and you know that I love hunting. I'll bet I bring home more game than we can eat in a week."

It would have been useless for Mrs. Bowser to make further opposition. During the night Mr. Bowser had dreamed of slaying rabbits by the acre, and the fresh fall of snow had decided him to go out. He took half an hour to change his clothes and get out a shotgun that he had had in the house

not feeling at all funny when my wife told me that a man with a gun was at the kitchen door.

"Went out to see the man with a gun. Found him to be short and fat, with a hopeful expression of countenance. He said he had tracked a rabbit to my door and that he suspected the monster to have entered and hidden away in one of the rooms."

"I opened on him in the English language and whistled for my dog, and the last I saw of him he was going through the orchard and looking for wolves. In the excitement of the moment, aided by the ache of the two boils above referred to, I may have made threats, but I cannot feel responsible if anything happened to him after he left my place. I have kept nothing back. This is all I know about the missing man."

It was a farmer half a mile farther up the same highway who brought in the fourth report. Having suppressed his emotions, he said:

"It was last Tuesday. I was shelling corn in my barn when a stranger with a gun entered. I have reason to believe that his name was Bowser."

"I am not a humorous man, but when the stranger informed me that he had tracked a rabbit to his lair in the woods and wanted help to slay the monster I believe I smiled. I think he saw the smile, as he presently inquired what in blazes I saw to tickle me. We had a few words. They did not relate to



HE WAS FOLLOWING THE TRACKS OF A CALF, AND HE SEEMED TO BE CONSIDERABLY EXCITED.

for five years, and when he was ready to start he said:

"I shall probably be home about 4 o'clock this afternoon, but if I'm two hours late you needn't worry. I may run right into a drove of rabbits, and in case I do I shall keep right on slaying."

"Are you sure about yourself?" she asked.

"Sure about what?"

"Well, you know, you once followed the track of a rabbit all day, and it turned out to be a cat. Do you think you can tell the difference between the tracks now?"

"I never followed the tracks of a cat, and you know it," he exclaimed. "This is just like you. I want a day off to supply our ice box with game, and you start in to spoil it."

"I don't want to spoil your day, but you know that cat tracks and rabbit tracks are almost alike. We had an old cat once."

"Your old cat is nothing to me. Do I look like a man who is going out to hunt cats?"

"I should say you were going out to hunt bears."

"Oh, you would? Well, I may pick up a bear or two as I go along. I may also be gone two or three days or a week. Perhaps when I drive up with a wagon load of rabbits you won't feel quite so cynical. I'm off. Goodby."

The first report from Mr. Bowser after he left the house was given by a policeman, who said:

"I was standing on the corner when a man whom I recognized as Bowser came up to take the car. He had on rubber boots and a cap and carried a gun. I asked him if he was going out in the country to shoot frogs, and he glared at me and made no answer. I warned him to beware of ferocious woodchucks, and he glared again and took the car."

The next report was from the conductor of a suburban car. He said:

"A short, fat man, who, I believe, was Mr. Bowser, took my car on Tuesday morning. He had a shotgun, and he asked me how many rabbits it took to load a wagon. He further inquired us to the vital spots in bears and wolves and asked if I had seen any elk or moose lately. I took him for a mighty hunter. There was a passenger by the same car who took him for an old and said so, and Mr. Bowser called him a liar and offered to break his neck. He was very red in the face, and his ears were working as he left the car, and I had a feeling that if he met a grizzly bear it would be led for the bear."

The third report was brought in by a farmer, who held up his right hand and said:

"I was in the house with a bull as my dog and another on my nose and

the Venezuelan question, but to that of hunting the wild unicorn in a horse pond half a mile away.

"We did not part in a loving spirit, but there was no blood shed. He called me a knock kneed, slab-sided, bow backed son of a coast defense cannon, and I advised him to look out for chipmunks and ordered him off my farm. If anything has happened to him, I am sorry. Had he met me in a more brotherly spirit I would have put him on to the tracks of a woodchuck and advised him what to do in case the animal turned at bay."

The fifth and last report placed in Mrs. Bowser's hands up to this date sheds some further light on the mystery, but does not clear it up. James Debee, a farmer living on the county line road, thus deposed and saith:

"About noon last Tuesday, as I was feeding the sheep in a field back of my barn, I caught sight of a man wading through the foot of snow in my meadow. He was following the tracks of a calf, and he seemed to be considerably excited."

"The tracks led to where I was standing, and the man finally approached and asked me if the bear had hidden in the straw stack. He had his gun ready to fire and was on what folks call the kee tee."

"I am a man who never smiles, not even when taters are \$2 a bushel, and I was never more serious in my life than on this occasion. In reply to his question I remarked that any man who would mistake the tracks of a calf for those of a bear ought to be in a fool asylum, and the stranger threw down his gun and offered to fight me for a cent. When he left my place, my son Bill and my two dogs was after him. They run him a mile, and Bill told me they left him as he entered a swamp. If anything has happened to Mr. Bowser, I am sorry for it, but I cannot feel to blame. I'm sure he would have shot one of my calves if I hadn't been on the spot to prevent. If I come across his remains anywhere on my farm, I will at once notify the authorities, but I think he will turn up alive and well in a few days. I think he has struck Duck Lake and gone into camp to wait for the hippopotamus season to open."

M. QUAD.

**When Cupid Plays.**

That "two is company and three is a crowd."

An adage is well known to any stupid, but always one exception is allowed. With reference to his majesty Dan Cupid.

So long as love makes this round world to go.

And lovers play for hearts, with trumps the name.

Don't Cupid never from bluntness to trip.

For he's the "oldest partner" in the game.

—Rags Virginia Caverters in New York Herald.

# THE FLIGHT OF AN EMPRESS

[Original.]

The second empire had fallen, and the Empress Eugenie, like her predecessor, Marie Antoinette, awaited the coming of a mob. The shouts of the malecontents already rang in the garden of the Tuilleries. Then the crowd broke into the reserved garden before the palace and tore down the imperial eagles. Now comes the cry of "Vive la republique!"

"Let me entreat your majesty," said Prince Metternich, the Austrian ambassador, "to leave the palace."

"I add my entreaties," said Chevallier Nigra, the Italian ambassador, "to those of his excellency."

It was a critical moment. The empress was in the rose colored room among her attendants of the service of honor, who were trembling to be relieved from duty and to save themselves. The empress declined to leave.

"Madame," said her secretary, Pietri, "your refusal to depart will cause a general massacre of those whose duty it is to remain with you."

"General Millinet," said the empress, "can you defend the palace without bloodshed?"

"I fear not, madame."

"Then all is over."

When those in attendance perceived that her majesty had yielded, there was a quick sigh of relief, though renewed yells at the front of the palace brought a terror lest the flight had been delayed too long. All remembered the breaking into the palace at Versailles of the mob from which Marie Antoinette had fled and the massacre of the Swiss guard that defended her. Breathlessly the service of honor waited Eugene's departure. First she must bid farewell to them. When this had been finished, she left the room with Pietri, Mme. Lebreton and the two ambassadors and passed through the galleries leading to the Louvre. At the same moment the mob was breaking into the front of the palace. Suddenly Pietri found the way blocked by a locked door. Pale as a ghost, he cried: "The key! The key!"

For a moment it seemed that they were lost, but suddenly one of the attendants ran forward with the key and unlocked the door. Hurrying past pictures that the rulers of France had been centuries in collecting, the party made an exit at the end of the palace farthest from the mob and entered the place on which stood the Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois. The whole city was in an uproar. A mob was passing down Rue Rivoli; another was coming from an opposite direction. Metternich, who had left his carriage on the Rue Rivoli when he entered the Tuilleries, went to seek it. A street boy, recognizing Eugene, shouted, "There's the empress!" Fortunately a cab was driven past. Nigra stopped it and, opening the door, put in the empress and Mme. Lebreton, then turned to the boy and endeavored to stop his mouth. The driver of the cab, seeing the terrible wave of revolution pouring down the street, belabored his horse with the stump of a whip and drove—no one knew where. When Metternich returned, the empress had gone. She was deprived of the two ambassadors' protection, but she was safer where she was.

On went the cab with the woman who for years had been the first lady of France, now a fugitive from a crowd of her infuriated subjects. Farther and farther their hideous yells were left behind till at last they had become a confused murmur. Then the cabman drew rein and asked where he should drive the occupants.

Where? The question was the most serious Eugene had ever been called upon to answer in all her romantic life. Where? To the home of one of the favorites of her late court? Should she seek those of the diplomatic corps? Would it be safe to rely upon one prominent in the corps legislatif, the commander of the army? All of these were passed in review and dismissed. Some old friend must temporarily hide her. Deciding upon one, she told the cabman to drive to her home. The friend was not there. The fugitive was driven to the house of another and another. None was at home. They were either mingling in the exciting events or were hiding from those who had known them for court favorites.

Then a happy thought struck the empress. In trying to remember one she could trust who did not live far from where she was at the time it occurred to her that the house of an American dentist, Dr. Evans, was but a short distance away. She gave the coachman an order to drive there.

Arriving at the house, she sent in word that a lady wished to see the doctor.

"Tell the lady that I am about to sit down to dinner."

"The lady says she must see you," said the messenger.

Evans answered the summons, a summons from the ex-empress of France.

With all the respect he had ever paid her when at the height of her power Dr. Evans took her in and with his wife befriended her in every possible way. This was fraught with danger. Had it become known that the empress was in his house he and his family would have had to suffer with her, for his flag would not have protected them against an irresponsible mob.

Then came the flight to the coast Evans protecting his imperial guest by the way, the crossing of the English channel, safety in England. There the empress lived on her estate. It she found an asylum among Englishmen, it was an American who enabled her to escape her bloodthirsty subjects and reach their shores in safety.

—ROSALE TREAT THURNER.

# MEALS BY WHOLESALE.

Extensive Kitchen Arrangements of the Modern Hotel.

The kitchen arrangements of the modern hotel are on the first basement floor. There is a chef, but so far as I could see he does not cook. He is simply a captain of the seventy-five other cooks who work in three relays of twenty-five each. There is no range, but a solid bank of broilers—immense gridirons, beneath which are the fires that never die. As for the 400 loaves of bread and 8,000 rolls required daily, the chef does not worry his mind over the patent cutters and mixers and ovens and staff of bakers needed to supply the simple item of bread or concern himself with the quality of the 1,100 pounds of butter that are each day required to go with it.

I must not forget the item of eggs. Eighteen thousand are required every twenty-four hours. Boiled eggs do not get overdone. They are boiled by clockwork. A perforated dipper containing the eggs drops down into the water. The dipper's clockwork is set to the second, and when that final second has expired the little dipper jumps up out of the water, and the eggs are ready for delivery. There are men who do nothing else but fill and watch and empty these dancing dippers, and it seemed to me great fun.

On another part of this floor is the dishwashing, where great galvanized baskets lower the pieces into various solutions of potash and clean rinsing water, all so burning hot that the dishes dry instantly without wiping. Sixty-five thousand pieces of china-ware are cleansed in a day and an almost equal quantity of silver. All told, there are 300 employees in the kitchen departments of this huge living machine.—Albert Bigelow Paine in World's Work.

### Contentment.

One who had tried several times to jump across a stream and had repeatedly fallen in finally succeeded, when he said to a friend, "How much better I am than you in having accomplished a difficult feat."

"Not at all," replied his friend. "I am better than you in not wishing to jump across."—St. Nicholas.

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TIME TABLE NO. 28.

In effect Sunday, Nov. 8, 1902, at 7:05 a. m.

### WESTBOUND TRAINS.

No. of Train	Mo. & Pass.	Daily	No. of Train	Mo. & Pass.	Daily
Goldboro—arrive	11:45	8:30	6:45		
Lafayette	10:30	7:15	5:30		
Falling Creek	10:15	7:00	5:15		
Kinston	10:00	6:45	5:00		
Dover	9:45	6:30	4:45		
Core Creek	9:30	6:15	4:30		
Pinebluffs	9:15	6:00	4:15		
Newbern	9:00	5:45	4:00		
Havelock	8:45	5:30	3:45		
Newport	8:30	5:15	3:30		
Greenville	8:15	5:00	3:15		
Goldboro—leave	7:05	3:00	2:05		

### EASTBOUND TRAINS.

No. of Train	Mo. & Pass.	Daily	No. of Train	Mo. & Pass.	Daily
Goldboro—leave	8:30	4:15	5:00		
Lafayette	9:15	5:00	5:45		
Falling Creek	9:30	5:15	6:00		
Kinston	9:45	5:30	6:15		
Dover	10:00	5:45	6:30		
Core Creek	10:15	6:00	6:45		
Pinebluffs	10:30	6:15	7:00		
Newbern	10:45	6:30	7:15		
Havelock	11:00	6:45	7:30		
Newport	11:15	7:00	7:45		
Greenville	11:30	7:15	8:00		
Goldboro—arrive	12:15	8:00	8:45		

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