

Bowser on a Hunt

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

(Copyright, 1903, by M. Quad.) R. 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 go-ing 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 hight 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 high way 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 l 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

AN EMPRESS

[Original.]

The second empire had fallen, and the Empress Eugenie, like her preacessor, Marie Antoinette, awaited the coming of a mob. The shouts of the malcontents already rang in the gaden of the Tuileries. 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 Chevaller 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 re lieved from duty and to save themselves. The empress declined to leave. "Madame," said her sechtary, 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 7"

"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 Eugenie'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, be 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 Rivoll when he entered the Tuileries, went to seek it. A street boy, recognizing Eugenie, shouted, "There's the empress!" Fortunately a cab was driven past. Nigra stopped it and, opening the door, put in the em-press 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 droveno one knew where. When Metternich returned, the empress had gone. She was deprived of the two ambassadors' protection, but she was safer where

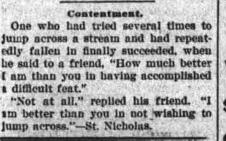
MEALS BY WHOLESALE.

Example Altchen 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 captuin of the seventy-five other cooks, who work in tures relays of twenty-five each. There is no range, but a solid bank of brollers-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. Bolled eggs do not get overdone. They are bolled 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.

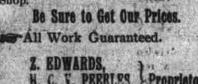
On another part of this floor is the dishwashing, where great galvanized baskets lower the pleces into various solutions of potash and clean rinsing water, all so burning hot that the dishes dry instantly without wiping. Sixty-five thousand pieces of chinaware are cleansed in a day and an almost equal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



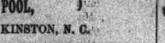


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IN

HE WAS FOLLOWING THE TRACKS OF A CALF. AND HE SEEM ED 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 ing." "Are you sure about yourself?" she asked.

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

"We did not part in a loving spirit, but there was no blood slied. He called me a knock kneed, slabsided, 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 slieds some further light on the mystery, but does not clear it up. James Bebee, a farmer living on the county line road, thus deposeth and saith: "About noon last Tuesday, as I was feeding the sheep in a field back of my parn, 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

"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 cut, 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."

"Ob, you would? Well, I may pick "Oh, you would? Well, I may pick up a bear or two as I go slong. I may also be gone two or three days or a week. Perhaps when I drive up with a wagon load of rabbits you wou't feel quite so cynical. I'm off. Goodby." The first report from Mr. Bowser aft er he left the house was given by a po-liceman, who said:

"I was standing on the corner when man whom I recognized as Bowser nme 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. warned him to beware of ferocious woodchucks, and be glared ugain and took the car."

took the car." The next report was from the con-ductor of a suburban car. He said: "A short, fat man, who, I believe, was Sir. Howser, took my car on Tues-day morning. He had a shoigun, and he asked me how many rabbits it took to toad a wagon. He further inquired us to the vital spots in bears and wolven and asked if I had seen any elk of moose lately. I took him for a mighty hunter. There was a passen-ger by the same car who took him for an ass and said so, and Mr. Howser called him a liar and offered to break an her and said so, and sit, however called him a list and offered to brank his mark. He was very rod in the face, and his ears were working as he jeft the car, and I had a faciling that if he must a grintly bear it would be had for

third report with brought is by or, who hold up file cight hand

ran in the losure with a boll so and motifier on my parts and

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 vee. "I am a man who never smiles, not even when taters are \$2 a bushel, and I was never more scrious 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 who would mistake the inscis 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 be entered a swamp. If anything has happened to Mr. Bow-ser, 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 lis remains anywhere on my farm, I will at once notify the authorities, but I think he will turn up allve and well h a few days. I think be has struck Duck lake and gone into camp to walt for the hippepotamum senson to open." M. QUAD. M. QUAD.

Wnon Capid Plays.

That "two is company and three's.

diage is well known to any stupid, ways one exception is silowed reference in his majority Dan Co

to tong as love makes this round world to

And lowers play for hearts, with true

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 lier infuriated subjects. Fnrther 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 Eugenie had ever been called upon to answer to 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 oue, she told the cabman to drive to her home. The friend was not there. The fugitive was driven to the house of another 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 em press. In trying to remember one she could trust who did not live far from where abe was at the time it eccurred

where she was at the time it occurred to her that the house of an American ntist, Dr. Evans, was but a short distance away. She gave the coach-

man an order to drive there. Arriving at the house, she sent in word that a lady wished to see the doc

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

"The lady says she must see you," said the messenger. Evans answered the summons, a summons from the ex-empress of

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 Dr. Evans took ber is and with his wife befriended her is every possible way. This was fraught with danger. Had it become known that the empress was in his house be used his family would have had to suffer with her, for his flag would not have protected then against an irrespondible mob. Then cause the fight to the coast. Evans protecting his importal guest by the way, the crossing of the English channel, asfying in England. There the deposed empress lives on her estima. It also found an anytum among English-men, it was an American who employ her to escape her blocdithraty and





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