[Copyright, 1968, by C. B. Lewis.] HE Bowsers had just finished dinner the other evening when the expressman drove up with a two gallon jug which was tagged in Mr. Bowser's name. The cork being removed and the contents sampled, he smacked his lips and explained:

"This must be hard cider. I had a letter way along last fall from an old friend in Chemung county, and I remember that he hinted about sending me down a jug of something good later on. By John, but the taste of it brings back the days when I used to walk three miles to the cider mill! The old days are gone never to return, but here is the cider, and I'd rather have it than so much champagne."

"I have heard that hard cider was almost as bad as whisky to intoxicate," observed Mrs. Bowser as Mr. Bowser got away with his second glass. within five minutes.

"That's - all nonsense. There isn't enough alcohol in a barrel of it to affect the brains of a canary bird. Um! But that is old times! I feel almost as If I were climbing apple trees again. If we only had a pumpkin pie now. I'd feel myself an Uncle Rube."

Mr. Bowser read his paper for ten minutes and then descended to the dining room to see if the gas was turned out. He decided to kill two birds with one stone, and a third glass of hard citier followed the second and first. A quarter of an hour later the lug was tipped up for the fourth time within forty minutes, and soon after he came upstairs he began to grin and

"Anything funny happen today?" queried Mrs. Bowser after a sharp look at him.

"Yes. A fat man was running to catch a car, and-ba, ha, ha!-It was mean to laugh at him, but when he fell over a dog and rolled over and over how could any one help but-ho, bo, bo!"

"I wouldn't drink any more of that cider this evening if I were you." "What's the matter with the cider? Ha, ha, ha! Say, now, look at our old cat. Isn't she a perfect picture of

domestic contentment? With a dear little wife at my elbow and a blamed old cat on the hearth rug I ought to be a happy bushand, ch? I think the basement door may be open, and I'll go down and see."

"I'll call the girl."

"No. I'll go. Yes, she's a nice old cat, and you are a dear little wife, and if you'd seen that fat man fall over that dog you'd have gone into a ba. ba, bal'

The basement door was not open That cider jug was, however, and Mr. Bowser took advantage of the occasion. As he was all alone and in no burry he drank a couple of gla and the taste carried him back to the days when harvest apples gave him the colic. He smiled to himself while drinking, but when he returned to the sitting room Mrs. Bowser noticed that his mind?" continued the officer.

"I can't weep over all the sad things I hear. In this case I suppose the

bow. Won't you lie down?" "And there was the old oak under which we used to gather acorns," continued Mr. Bowser as his face grew redder and more tears came, "They have gone and cut down that dear old tree and put up a windmill in its place. How dare they do it? It was under um-um-umbrageous branches of that old oak that I first told you of my love; that you told me my love was returned. I wanted to buy that tree and preserve it under a giass case, but they have cut it down and sold it for stove wood."

"It's too bad." said Mrs. Bowser. But den't you think you'd better go to bed now? I don't think you are feeling very well,".

'No; I'm not feeling well. Do you know, I feel that I won't live to bother any one much longer? I shall be found dead in my bed some worning, and that will be the end of it. I did want to see that dear old hill again, the spot where I first told you of my leve as we were sliding down hill, but it cannot be. Do you know, they have torn that hill down and made a woodyard on the spot? How could they do it—how could they?"

"Well, we are sorry, but we can't belp it, and I think you'd better go to bed now. You know you were up late last night."

"Go to bed? Never!" How can I go to bed when I know that the dear oldhorse pond in which I first told you of my love has been cut up and sold by the piece? Such things sink deep into my beart, and if you were a true bearted woman you would be weeping instead of sitting there like a log of You wouldn't care if all the dear old things of your childhood were traded off for turnips."

"Whereare you going?" asked Mrs. Bowser as he started down the hall. Where am I going? I'm going to find some one who can sympathize with me and understand my feelings. You can sit there, with your heart of stone, and the blamed old cat can sit there with you, but I-I"-

He put on his hat and overcoat and went out. The cold night wind dried his tears, but at the same time It set that hard cider working up in the top of his head, and Mr. Bowser had only reached the corner when he had to reach out for the fence. What happened tolkin in the next quarter of an bour was told by the policeman who

brought him home.

"Madam." he said as Mrs. Bowser answered his ring at the bell, "is this your husband?"

"Yes," she replied as Mr. Bowser was assisted into the hall. "His name is Bowser, isn't it?"

"Yesh: name's Bowser," mused the culprit as he leaned up against the wall and stared around.

"Has snything happened to unhinge



"MADAM, IS THIS YOUR HUSBAND?

bilarity was on the wane. Five minutes later he turned to her and

"Do you remember that little red schoolhouse beyond the bridge where we went to school together?"
"Of course," she replied.
"Did't tell you that it had been torn down?"

"Yes, torn down and a cow stable "Yesh; shamped she shider," added the up there. How could they do it? Mr. Bowar. That dear old schoolhouse was sure "I see impairent! I understand. He ounded with sentiment. There was ampled the eider, and the eider same there I first met you. There was pled him Sorry to have disturbed you where I first loved you. There was better get him to bed soon."

found him up on the corner hanging to the fence and crying and muttering to himself about a little red tree and we old oak schoolhouse. He isn't crazy, is

"Not at all. He simply received a jug of hard elder from Chemung cour

"Ah! And he—he"
"He sampled the cider."
"Yesh; shrinipled the shider," adde.

pled him. Seery to have disturbed you Better get him to bed soon."
"Mishus Bownber," began Mr. Bowner as the door was closed on the offer, "do you know that they have wen and gone and cut down that dear o'c buckleiserry swamp in which I first

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A Snake The Kind You Have Always Bought

Desperate Fight For Life In the Jungles of Dutch Guiana.

How an American Prospecto Overcame a Huge Boa Constrictor-A Lucky Shot In the Nick of Time.

J. S. Hendrickson of Fernando, Cal., while prospecting for gold in the wilds of Dutch Guiana last year came near losing his life in the folds of a buge bos constrictor. Mr. Hendrickson thus describes his awful experience:

Leaving the camp to look for game replenish our larder. I entered a jungle, my knife in my right hand to cut the entanglement of underbrush and my



THE SNAKE TIGHTENED ITS COILS.

shotgun in my left. Instantly, without the least warning no rattle, no rustle. no grunt-I felt, myself struck with no grunt—I felt myself struck with some tremendous force that laid hold of my body with the grasp of a Golinth.

The impetus of the attack carried me sprawling to the ground. I was in the toils of a boa construct. The spake had wrapped its long, sinuous arin about me and, with its tail securely colled about a tree as an arishes.

colled about a tree as an anchor, proceeded to pull in its prey.

A numbness selved me as the huge serpent tightened its colls. In failing my knife was thrown from my hand.

The Free Press Co. My shotgen fortinately still remained ready for use. Terrified beyond measure by this awful hand stretched out in death dealing embrace, the determination of despair came to my rescue as I thought of my two comrades waiting my resure.

The bow in striking bad lapped its body ground me, starting about three feet from the head, so its borrible head. swayed near my own and seemed to mock at my helplessness.

Every instant now was precious. I could feel myself slowly moving toward destruction. The serpent's hold seemed tighter than a rope around a windlass. It was an utter impossibility

shuddering at my impotency. I raised my shotgan to my left shoulder, and with all the skill I could muster I aimed at the hoa's wriggling body, hoping to break it in two by the force hoping to break it in two by the force of the shot at such close range. The kick of the gan was followed immediately by a tremendous lasting and writing of my tormentor, and I knew that my shot had taken effect, although where I could not discern fill the ample, closured.

cleared.

Airendy glorying in my release. I soon found that I was reckoning without my bon constrictor. Aithough the No. 10 shot had torn its shattering way through the entrails, it had not savered the body, and the bon seemed to draw its now wounded body in a tighter grip about my fettered form.

Hitherto the bon, content with its terrible powers of constriction, had not mendeed he with its teeth. Now when it knew its gripping power was fast ching many from the effects of the wound it came upon me with gaping mouth, which threatened new danger for me. But of I had drawn the first

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