

HIS GREAT WILL POWER.

Mr. Bowser's Pluck and Courage When Sick.

The indifference displayed by the average husband to the pains and aches of the average wife is only equalled by the manner in which he suddenly goes all to pieces at the slightest sickness. We have a regular programme at our house in certain lines. I am subject to nervous headaches. About once a fortnight Mr. Bowser comes home at noon and finds me on the sofa with my head tied up and my temples throbbing as if they would burst. It's just the next thing to being pounded on the head by a war club, and if the house was on fire I should take my time about getting out, and that without trying to save anything except the camphor bottle. The programme then runs as follows:

Enter Mr. Bowser.
Hangs up his hat and overcoat.
Marches into back parlor, evidently suspecting some calamity.

Stands and gazes at me as if I were some curiosity. I try to smile, but it is a dead failure.

Humph! Cholera, I suppose!
O-o. (Very faintly.)
Yellow fever, then. I always knew you'd have it!

N-o. Only—only—
Only smallpox, eh! Nice thing to bring into the house, isn't it?

Mr. Bowser, I—I've got one of my headaches.

O-o-o-h! Is that all? Good lands, but you gave me a scare! Headache? Humph! If I was a woman of your size and age I'd show a little spunk.

But it's dreadful!
Bosh! There's nine parts of imagination to one part headache.

And he goes slamming around the house and whistling away, as if every sound did not fall on my skull like a blow of a hammer.

Coming to dinner?
Mercy, but I can't eat.

Can't, eh? Well, if you will let your imagination run away with you in this manner I can't help it. Be more left for me to eat, you know.

He looks in as he is ready to leave the house, and says:

If you are down town this afternoon, come in. Bye-bye, booby.

We have another programme—one which is followed when Mr. Bowser comes home with a bilious headache. If I happen to be looking when he gets off the car a block away I can tell what is the matter. He comes dragging his legs, head down and eyes half closed, and I meet him at the door and inquire:

Mr. Bowser, have you been run over on the street?

W-worse'n that! he gasps, as he sits down on a stair step and holds his head in his hands.

Have you been shot at or stabbed by a ruffian?

Would that I had.

Mr. Bowser, what awful, awful thing has happened? Answer me at once.

I've—I've got one of these infernal headaches!

O-o-o-h! Is that all? Why, I didn't know but some awful thing had happened. Well, dinner is ready and I have pork and beans, as you requested.

P-pork and b-beans! My soul, woman, but how can you talk p pork and b-beans to a dying man?

Only a headache! Why, what should a great big man like you care about a headache?

Come to dinner.
But he staggers into the sitting-room and falls sideways on the lounge and utters a groan which arches the cat's back up to an angle.

Mr. Bowser, these headaches are all imaginary, I observe as I take him by the legs and swing him about so that he rests on his back.

O-o-o-h!

If I was a man of your size and age I'd show a little spunk.

O-o-o-h! How can I stand it?

Well, there'll be the more left for me to eat. Better lie as quiet as you can.

But I don't go out to dinner. He wants a pillow for his head and he wants his shoes taken off and his feet covered up, and then I have to remove his collar and necktie and tie a wet towel around his forehead, and all his pluck has departed. It isn't near as bad a headache as mine. The slightest headache a nervous woman ever has will double discount any headache assigned to a man to carry about, but she must grin and bear it.

I get the hartshorn for Mr. Bowser.

I change that for the camphor.

I chafe his hands.

I make mustard plasters for his feet.

I warn the cook to be quiet in the kitchen and I send our boy over to a neighbor's.

Then I turn the pillow over.

Then I hold the camphor under his nose.

Then I take off the towel and tie it tighter around his aching head. He seems at last

to fall into a doze, but suddenly opens his eyes and faintly calls:

Mrs. B-Bowser!

Yes, dear.

Do you think I'm going to d-die?

Die? Why, you've only got a headache.

But I feel a g-goneness—a sort of sinking away. Do you think it can be collapse of the system?

Of course not. You've got a fever—a little one about as big as a pinhead. All you've got to do is to go to sleep.

But you'd better call up the doctor.

Nonsense!

If you don't get the doctor I'll be dead in half an hour!

And so I go to the telephone and ring up the central and hold an imaginary conversation with the doctor as follows:

Mr. Bowser thinks he's dangerously ill and he wants you to come up right away.

Can't you? That's too bad. Well, come in two hours at the latest. He's on the lounge now. Yes, it started with a headache. Yes, I'll keep him smelling of the camphor bottle. Good-bye.

The entire afternoon is taken up with nursing Mr. Bowser and assuring him that he has not been struck with death. Then, at tea-time I must make him toast and poach him an egg, and at bed-time the cook and I have to help him up stairs. He gets into bed with a series of moans, turns over with the declaration that he will never see another sun rise and is sound asleep in ten minutes. Next morning, when he arises fresh and clear headed and I enquire if his headache is all gone, he looks at me in a disdainful way and replies:

Mrs. Bowser, my headache, as you call it, was a violent and malignant attack of spinal meningitis, and nothing but my great will power, aided by my pluck and courage, enabled me to throw it off! Had it been you, you would have given up and died.

Detroit Free Press.

BEER DRINKING IN ENGLAND.

Beer drinking among students in Germany and other continental countries is proverbial, and we may say that the average Englishman is a beer drinker if not a teetotaler. In Ireland and Scotland alcohol in the form of spirits is the chief beverage. In the prosperous times of 1873 and 1874 in this country the working collier is said to have forsaken his beer and taken to drinking champagne, but the ensuing depression soon put an end to this. Now, however, with a return of prosperity in the coal trade we find his beer drinking propensities developing. An extraordinary state of matters was proved to have taken place at Ince, near Wigan, during an inquiry by Mr. Brighouse, the county coroner, into the death of a man who had been drowned in the Leeds and Liverpool canal. A comrade of the deceased stated that he had seen him the previous afternoon, and up to that time he might have had a dozen pints of beer (six quarts). At night they had two glasses, and afterwards four small glasses of whiskey. It was further shown that in the course of the afternoon and evening deceased and another man had a wager as to who could drink three pints of beer in the shortest time, and that he drank these three pints in under five minutes' time—in fact, in half the time it took the other man. No wonder this man, when he started to go home, lost his way in the darkness and fog, and that when he fell into the canal he was unable to help himself. The beer drunk by the Germans and Bavarians is a much lighter beverage, and there ore probably contains less alcohol. Could not the British brewer concoct a beverage which would be less intoxicating? It is a popular notion that no harm can result from the use of beer—that delirium a potu never follows its employment. But this is a delusion; gastric and hepatic derangements are common from its use, and in the case of continuous beer drinkers, such as beer sellers and draymen, delirium tremens is not unknown.—Lancet.

When a man goes up stairs late at night and skips every other stair in an endeavor to keep quiet he always seems to skip the steps that don't creak.

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