

POOR COPY

## MR. BOWSER'S THREE DAYS.

He is Laid up in the House with Rheumatism.

Mr. Bowser had been complaining for a fortnight of twinges in his legs, but had scorned Mrs. Bowser's advice to use liniment.

He got his feet wet as he came home the other night in a thunder shower, and at bedtime he suddenly discovered that he had a very decided limp in his left leg.

While he was wondering if he had been sitting down on a broken bottle all the evening a limp struck the other leg, and, hanging to the back of his chair, he exclaimed:

By John, Mrs. Bowser, but what in thunder has got into my legs? I don't believe I can walk three steps.

It's rheumatism, probably, she replied, and you ought to attend to it very sharply. Your legs must be well rubbed with liniment.

You—you don't mean that I've actually got rheumatism! he whispered as he grew white around the mouth.

I assure of it. I think you've had it hanging about you for some weeks.

A rheumatism ties a man up in a chair, and often goes to his heart and kills him like a bullet!

Mr. Bowser grew paler, and his chin quivered, but as Mrs. Bowser said to express her hopes that this was not a mild attack and would yield readily to treatment he took a sudden resolve and almost eagerly said:

Well, you needn't worry. What ever it is I will bear it like a man. I may be a cripple in the house for months or years, but you won't hear one word of complaint from me.

He managed to get up stairs after a good deal of trouble, and after his legs had been rubbed and he had been helped into bed he felt so much better that he went to sleep.

When he woke in the morning, however, it was a different thing. His legs were almost as stiff as crowbars, and the doctor arrived to warn him that he was good for three days in bed.

He was asked to exercise patience and kept a cheerful spirit, and he replied:

Not one complaint shall be heard from me, doctor, and I'll whistle and sing all the time.

DAY THE FIRST.

That was the way day the first started in. The doctor had been gone exactly four minutes when Mr. Bowser suddenly exclaimed:

By gum, but you are taking it cool for a woman with a dying husband!

But what can I do? asked Mrs. Bowser.

You can turn my pillow over, rub my feet, give me that camphor get me the morning paper, bring me a cigar.

A loving wife would think of a hundred things to do.

During that first day Mr. Bowser was assisted to turn over in bed 23 times, his pillow was elevated or lowered 24 times, he smelt of the camphor bottle 22 times, and he had his feet rubbed 14 times.

The window of his bedroom was raised or lowered 36 times, and he had four kinds of broth and 12 special dishes. He made 23 predictions as to being dead in the morning. All this, and yet at 10 o'clock at night he said to Mrs. Bowser:

If you have no interest in this just let me know, and I'll hire a trained nurse.

DAY THE SECOND.

Day the second really began one minute after midnight, as Mr. Bowser awoke at that instant and complained of a jerky sensation in one of his big toes.

At 2 o'clock he had cold steaks, at 4 it was hot steaks, at 5 his knees were numb, and at 7 he felt a fluttering of the heart.

During the day he sat up and lay down, groaned and whistled, predicted that he would live for 20 years and that he would die before night. A neighbor who had heard of his illness called to tender his sympathies, and Mr. Bowser took advantage of the occasion to remark:

This is a serious case, and of course I am suffering as if on the rack, but you notice how calmly I take. I am not a man to make complaints, and even with death staring me in the face I am trying to preserve a cheerful demeanor.

Mr. Bowser wanted beer, ginger ale and lemonade. He wanted strawberries and jellies and ice cream.

He insisted that Mrs. Bowser telephone his condition to the doctor every hour, and yet he declared that the family physician didn't know enough to doctor a dizzy-headed cat.

He set out with tears in his eyes to tell Mrs. Bowser what to do as a widow, but at the age of 10 minutes changed her with a desire to see him planted so that she could marry again. Of the 15 special dishes prepared for him he sipped at one or two and when night came he drew up his knees, with a sigh and groaned out:

I should have gone to the hospital in the first place. I might have known that I couldn't get any attention in my own house.

DAY THE THIRD.

Mr. Bowser began this day at 1 o'clock in the morning. He woke Mrs. Bowser to inform her that he had a feeling in the small of his back as if a cold flatiron was resting there.

An hour later he aroused her again to ask her to rub his heel with a good stick. He and his heel got along some-how until 6 o'clock, and then he demanded that she go down and club a fish pedler who was shouting his stock.

During that day he threatened the life of the cat 12 different times, he called the doctor a quack 21 times, and he made use of over 60 curse words. Mrs. Bowser cooked beef, mutton and chicken in every way known to woman, but he found fault with each dish as it was presented.

His feet were too high or his head too low, and the bed either had a hollow or a hump in it. Not for three minutes at a time was he quiet or satisfied, but at 5 o'clock in the afternoon Mrs. Bowser had to go down to the kitchen to show the new cook about her work.

Half an hour later as she started upstairs she almost screamed out as she glanced into the sitting room. There stood Mr. Bowser, tully dressed, and bowing and smiling as the cat rubbed his legs and purred.

You—you here! she gasped in astonishment.

I am here, Mrs. Bowser, he blandly answered.

But your rheumatism?

Children Cry for CASTORIA.

lowered 24 times, he smelt of the camphor bottle 22 times, and he had his feet rubbed 14 times.

The window of his bedroom was raised or lowered 36 times, and he had four kinds of broth and 12 special dishes. He made 23 predictions as to being dead in the morning. All this, and yet at 10 o'clock at night he said to Mrs. Bowser:

If you have no interest in this just let me know, and I'll hire a trained nurse.

DAY THE SECOND.

Day the second really began one minute after midnight, as Mr. Bowser awoke at that instant and complained of a jerky sensation in one of his big toes.

At 2 o'clock he had cold steaks, at 4 it was hot steaks, at 5 his knees were numb, and at 7 he felt a fluttering of the heart.

During the day he sat up and lay down, groaned and whistled, predicted that he would live for 20 years and that he would die before night. A neighbor who had heard of his illness called to tender his sympathies, and Mr. Bowser took advantage of the occasion to remark:

This is a serious case, and of course I am suffering as if on the rack, but you notice how calmly I take. I am not a man to make complaints, and even with death staring me in the face I am trying to preserve a cheerful demeanor.

Mr. Bowser wanted beer, ginger ale and lemonade. He wanted strawberries and jellies and ice cream.

He insisted that Mrs. Bowser telephone his condition to the doctor every hour, and yet he declared that the family physician didn't know enough to doctor a dizzy-headed cat.

He set out with tears in his eyes to tell Mrs. Bowser what to do as a widow, but at the age of 10 minutes changed her with a desire to see him planted so that she could marry again. Of the 15 special dishes prepared for him he sipped at one or two and when night came he drew up his knees, with a sigh and groaned out:

I should have gone to the hospital in the first place. I might have known that I couldn't get any attention in my own house.

DAY THE THIRD.

Mr. Bowser began this day at 1 o'clock in the morning. He woke Mrs. Bowser to inform her that he had a feeling in the small of his back as if a cold flatiron was resting there.

An hour later he aroused her again to ask her to rub his heel with a good stick. He and his heel got along some-how until 6 o'clock, and then he demanded that she go down and club a fish pedler who was shouting his stock.

During that day he threatened the life of the cat 12 different times, he called the doctor a quack 21 times, and he made use of over 60 curse words. Mrs. Bowser cooked beef, mutton and chicken in every way known to woman, but he found fault with each dish as it was presented.

His feet were too high or his head too low, and the bed either had a hollow or a hump in it. Not for three minutes at a time was he quiet or satisfied, but at 5 o'clock in the afternoon Mrs. Bowser had to go down to the kitchen to show the new cook about her work.

Half an hour later as she started upstairs she almost screamed out as she glanced into the sitting room. There stood Mr. Bowser, tully dressed, and bowing and smiling as the cat rubbed his legs and purred.

You—you here! she gasped in astonishment.

I am here, Mrs. Bowser, he blandly answered.

But your rheumatism?

Children Cry for CASTORIA.

lowered 24 times, he smelt of the camphor bottle 22 times, and he had his feet rubbed 14 times.

The window of his bedroom was raised or lowered 36 times, and he had four kinds of broth and 12 special dishes. He made 23 predictions as to being dead in the morning. All this, and yet at 10 o'clock at night he said to Mrs. Bowser:

If you have no interest in this just let me know, and I'll hire a trained nurse.

DAY THE SECOND.

Day the second really began one minute after midnight, as Mr. Bowser awoke at that instant and complained of a jerky sensation in one of his big toes.

At 2 o'clock he had cold steaks, at 4 it was hot steaks, at 5 his knees were numb, and at 7 he felt a fluttering of the heart.

During the day he sat up and lay down, groaned and whistled, predicted that he would live for 20 years and that he would die before night. A neighbor who had heard of his illness called to tender his sympathies, and Mr. Bowser took advantage of the occasion to remark:

This is a serious case, and of course I am suffering as if on the rack, but you notice how calmly I take. I am not a man to make complaints, and even with death staring me in the face I am trying to preserve a cheerful demeanor.

Mr. Bowser wanted beer, ginger ale and lemonade. He wanted strawberries and jellies and ice cream.

He insisted that Mrs. Bowser telephone his condition to the doctor every hour, and yet he declared that the family physician didn't know enough to doctor a dizzy-headed cat.

He set out with tears in his eyes to tell Mrs. Bowser what to do as a widow, but at the age of 10 minutes changed her with a desire to see him planted so that she could marry again. Of the 15 special dishes prepared for him he sipped at one or two and when night came he drew up his knees, with a sigh and groaned out:

I should have gone to the hospital in the first place. I might have known that I couldn't get any attention in my own house.

DAY THE THIRD.

Mr. Bowser began this day at 1 o'clock in the morning. He woke Mrs. Bowser to inform her that he had a feeling in the small of his back as if a cold flatiron was resting there.

An hour later he aroused her again to ask her to rub his heel with a good stick. He and his heel got along some-how until 6 o'clock, and then he demanded that she go down and club a fish pedler who was shouting his stock.

During that day he threatened the life of the cat 12 different times, he called the doctor a quack 21 times, and he made use of over 60 curse words. Mrs. Bowser cooked beef, mutton and chicken in every way known to woman, but he found fault with each dish as it was presented.

His feet were too high or his head too low, and the bed either had a hollow or a hump in it. Not for three minutes at a time was he quiet or satisfied, but at 5 o'clock in the afternoon Mrs. Bowser had to go down to the kitchen to show the new cook about her work.

Half an hour later as she started upstairs she almost screamed out as she glanced into the sitting room. There stood Mr. Bowser, tully dressed, and bowing and smiling as the cat rubbed his legs and purred.

You—you here! she gasped in astonishment.

I am here, Mrs. Bowser, he blandly answered.

But your rheumatism?

Children Cry for CASTORIA.

lowered 24 times, he smelt of the camphor bottle 22 times, and he had his feet rubbed 14 times.

The window of his bedroom was raised or lowered 36 times, and he had four kinds of broth and 12 special dishes. He made 23 predictions as to being dead in the morning. All this, and yet at 10 o'clock at night he said to Mrs. Bowser:

If you have no interest in this just let me know, and I'll hire a trained nurse.

DAY THE SECOND.

Day the second really began one minute after midnight, as Mr. Bowser awoke at that instant and complained of a jerky sensation in one of his big toes.

At 2 o'clock he had cold steaks, at 4 it was hot steaks, at 5 his knees were numb, and at 7 he felt a fluttering of the heart.

During the day he sat up and lay down, groaned and whistled, predicted that he would live for 20 years and that he would die before night. A neighbor who had heard of his illness called to tender his sympathies, and Mr. Bowser took advantage of the occasion to remark:

This is a serious case, and of course I am suffering as if on the rack, but you notice how calmly I take. I am not a man to make complaints, and even with death staring me in the face I am trying to preserve a cheerful demeanor.

Mr. Bowser wanted beer, ginger ale and lemonade. He wanted strawberries and jellies and ice cream.

He insisted that Mrs. Bowser telephone his condition to the doctor every hour, and yet he declared that the family physician didn't know enough to doctor a dizzy-headed cat.

He set out with tears in his eyes to tell Mrs. Bowser what to do as a widow, but at the age of 10 minutes changed her with a desire to see him planted so that she could marry again. Of the 15 special dishes prepared for him he sipped at one or two and when night came he drew up his knees, with a sigh and groaned out:

I should have gone to the hospital in the first place. I might have known that I couldn't get any attention in my own house.

DAY THE THIRD.

Mr. Bowser began this day at 1 o'clock in the morning. He woke Mrs. Bowser to inform her that he had a feeling in the small of his back as if a cold flatiron was resting there.

An hour later he aroused her again to ask her to rub his heel with a good stick. He and his heel got along some-how until 6 o'clock, and then he demanded that she go down and club a fish pedler who was shouting his stock.

During that day he threatened the life of the cat 12 different times, he called the doctor a quack 21 times, and he made use of over 60 curse words. Mrs. Bowser cooked beef, mutton and chicken in every way known to woman, but he found fault with each dish as it was presented.

His feet were too high or his head too low, and the bed either had a hollow or a hump in it. Not for three minutes at a time was he quiet or satisfied, but at 5 o'clock in the afternoon Mrs. Bowser had to go down to the kitchen to show the new cook about her work.

Half an hour later as she started upstairs she almost screamed out as she glanced into the sitting room. There stood Mr. Bowser, tully dressed, and bowing and smiling as the cat rubbed his legs and purred.

You—you here! she gasped in astonishment.

I am here, Mrs. Bowser, he blandly answered.

But your rheumatism?

Children Cry for CASTORIA.

lowered 24 times, he smelt of the camphor bottle 22 times, and he had his feet rubbed 14 times.

The window of his bedroom was raised or lowered 36 times, and he had four kinds of broth and 12 special dishes. He made 23 predictions as to being dead in the morning. All this, and yet at 10 o'clock at night he said to Mrs. Bowser:

If you have no interest in this just let me know, and I'll hire a trained nurse.

DAY THE SECOND.

Day the second really began one minute after midnight, as Mr. Bowser awoke at that instant and complained of a jerky sensation in one of his big toes.

At 2 o'clock he had cold steaks, at 4 it was hot steaks, at 5 his knees were numb, and at 7 he felt a fluttering of the heart.

During the day he sat up and lay down, groaned and whistled, predicted that he would live for 20 years and that he would die before night. A neighbor who had heard of his illness called to tender his sympathies, and Mr. Bowser took advantage of the occasion to remark:

This is a serious case, and of course I am suffering as if on the rack, but you notice how calmly I take. I am not a man to make complaints, and even with death staring me in the face I am trying to preserve a cheerful demeanor.

Mr. Bowser wanted beer, ginger ale and lemonade. He wanted strawberries and jellies and ice cream.

He insisted that Mrs. Bowser telephone his condition to the doctor every hour, and yet he declared that the family physician didn't know enough to doctor a dizzy-headed cat.

He set out with tears in his eyes to tell Mrs. Bowser what to do as a widow, but at the age of 10 minutes changed her with a desire to see him planted so that she could marry again. Of the 15 special dishes prepared for him he sipped at one or two and when night came he drew up his knees, with a sigh and groaned out:

I should have gone to the hospital in the first place. I might have known that I couldn't get any attention in my own house.

DAY THE THIRD.

Mr. Bowser began this day at 1 o'clock in the morning. He woke Mrs. Bowser to inform her that he had a feeling in the small of his back as if a cold flatiron was resting there.

An hour later he aroused her again to ask her to rub his heel with a good stick. He and his heel got along some-how until 6 o'clock, and then he demanded that she go down and club a fish pedler who was shouting his stock.

During that day he threatened the life of the cat 12 different times, he called the doctor a quack 21 times, and he made use of over 60 curse words. Mrs. Bowser cooked beef, mutton and chicken in every way known to woman, but he found fault with each dish as it was presented.

His feet were too high or his head too low, and the bed either had a hollow or a hump in it. Not for three minutes at a time was he quiet or satisfied, but at 5 o'clock in the afternoon Mrs. Bowser had to go down to the kitchen to show the new cook about her work.

Half an hour later as she started upstairs she almost screamed out as she glanced into the sitting room. There stood Mr. Bowser, tully dressed, and bowing and smiling as the cat rubbed his legs and purred.

You—you here! she gasped in astonishment.

I am here, Mrs. Bowser, he blandly answered.

But your rheumatism?

Children Cry for CASTORIA.

lowered 24 times, he smelt of the camphor bottle 22 times, and he had his feet rubbed 14 times.

The window of his bedroom was raised or lowered 36 times, and he had four kinds of broth and 12 special dishes. He made 23 predictions as to being dead in the morning. All this, and yet at 10 o'clock at night he said to Mrs. Bowser:

If you have no interest in this just let me know, and I'll hire a trained nurse.

DAY THE SECOND.

Day the second really began one minute after midnight, as Mr. Bowser awoke at that instant and complained of a jerky sensation in one of his big toes.

At 2 o'clock he had cold steaks, at 4 it was hot steaks, at 5 his knees were numb, and at 7 he felt a fluttering of the heart.

During the day he sat up and lay down, groaned and whistled, predicted that he would live for 20 years and that he would die before night. A neighbor who had heard of his illness called to tender his sympathies, and Mr. Bowser took advantage of the occasion to remark:

This is a serious case, and of course I am suffering as if on the rack, but you notice how calmly I take. I am not a man to make complaints, and even with death staring me in the face I am trying to preserve a cheerful demeanor.

Mr. Bowser wanted beer, ginger ale and lemonade. He wanted strawberries and jellies and ice cream.

He insisted that Mrs. Bowser telephone his condition to the doctor every hour, and yet he declared that the family physician didn't know enough to doctor a dizzy-headed cat.

He set out with tears in his eyes to tell Mrs. Bowser what to do as a widow, but at the age of 10 minutes changed her with a desire to see him planted so that she could marry again. Of the 15 special dishes prepared for him he sipped at one or two and when night came he drew up his knees, with a sigh and groaned out:

I should have gone to the hospital in the first place. I might have known that I couldn't get any attention in my own house.

DAY THE THIRD.

Mr. Bowser began this day at 1 o'clock in the morning. He woke Mrs. Bowser to inform her that he had a feeling in the small of his back as if a cold flatiron was resting there.

An hour later he aroused her again to ask her to rub his heel with a good stick. He and his heel got along some-how until 6 o'clock, and then he demanded that she go down and club a fish pedler who was shouting his stock.

During that day he threatened the life of the cat 12 different times, he called the doctor a quack 21 times, and he made use of over 60 curse words. Mrs. Bowser cooked beef, mutton and chicken in every way known to woman, but he found fault with each dish as it was presented.

His feet were too high or his head too low, and the bed either had a hollow or a hump in it. Not for three minutes at a time was he quiet or satisfied, but at 5 o'clock in the afternoon Mrs. Bowser had to go down to the kitchen to show the new cook about her work.

Half an hour later as she started upstairs she almost screamed out as she glanced into the sitting room. There stood Mr. Bowser, tully dressed, and bowing and smiling as the cat rubbed his legs and purred.

You—you here! she gasped in astonishment.

I am here, Mrs. Bowser, he blandly answered.

But your rheumatism?

Children Cry for CASTORIA.

lowered 24 times, he smelt of the camphor bottle 22 times, and he had his feet rubbed 14 times.

The window of his bedroom was raised or lowered 36 times, and he had four kinds of broth and 12 special dishes. He made 23 predictions as to being dead in the morning. All this, and yet at 10 o'clock at night he said to Mrs. Bowser:

If you have no interest in this just let me know, and I'll hire a trained nurse.

DAY THE SECOND.

Day the second really began one minute after midnight, as Mr. Bowser awoke at that instant and complained of a jerky sensation in one of his big toes.

At 2 o'clock he had cold steaks, at 4 it was hot steaks, at 5 his knees were numb, and at 7 he felt a fluttering of the heart.

During the day he sat up and lay down, groaned and whistled, predicted that he would live for 20 years and that he would die before night. A neighbor who had heard of his illness called to tender his sympathies, and Mr. Bowser took advantage of the occasion to remark:

This is a serious case, and of course I am suffering as if on the rack, but you notice how calmly I take. I am not a man to make complaints, and even with death staring me in the face I am trying to preserve a cheerful demeanor.

Mr. Bowser wanted beer, ginger ale and lemonade. He wanted strawberries and jellies and ice cream.

He insisted that Mrs. Bowser telephone his condition to the doctor every hour, and yet he declared that the family physician didn't know enough to doctor a dizzy-headed cat.

He set out with tears in his eyes to tell Mrs. Bowser what to do as a widow, but at the age of 10 minutes changed her with a desire to see him planted so that she could marry again. Of the 15 special dishes prepared for him he sipped at one or two and when night came he drew up his knees, with a sigh and groaned out:

I should have gone to the hospital in the first place. I might have known that I couldn't get any attention in my own house.

DAY THE THIRD.

Mr. Bowser began this day at 1 o'clock in the morning. He woke Mrs. Bowser to inform her that he had a feeling in the small of his back as if a cold flatiron was resting there.

An hour later he aroused her again to ask her to rub his heel with a good stick. He and his heel got along some-how until 6 o'clock, and then he demanded that she go down and club a fish pedler who was shouting his stock.

During that day he threatened the life of the cat 12 different times, he called the doctor a quack 21 times, and he made use of over 60 curse words. Mrs. Bowser cooked beef, mutton and chicken in every way known to woman, but he found fault with each dish as it was presented.

His feet were too high or his head too low, and the bed either had a hollow or a hump in it. Not for three minutes at a time was he quiet or satisfied, but at 5 o'clock in the afternoon Mrs. Bowser had to go down to the kitchen to show the new cook about her work.

Half an hour later as she started upstairs she almost screamed out as she glanced into the sitting room. There stood Mr. Bowser, tully dressed, and bowing and smiling as the cat rubbed his legs and purred.

You—you here! she gasped in astonishment.

I am here, Mrs. Bowser, he blandly answered.

But your rheumatism?

Children Cry for CASTORIA.

lowered 24 times, he smelt of the camphor bottle 22 times, and he had his feet rubbed 14 times.

The window of his bedroom was raised or lowered 36 times, and he had four kinds of broth and 12 special dishes. He made 23 predictions as to being dead in the morning. All this, and yet at 10 o'clock at night he said to Mrs. Bowser:

If you have no interest in this just let me know, and I'll hire a trained nurse.

DAY THE SECOND.

Day the second really began one minute after midnight, as Mr. Bowser awoke at that instant and complained of a jerky sensation in one of his big toes.

At 2 o'clock he had cold steaks, at 4 it was hot steaks, at 5 his knees were numb, and at 7 he felt a fluttering of the heart.

During the day he sat up and lay down, groaned