

Special to THE COLONIST.

M. QUAD'S HUMOR.

Mr. and Mrs. Bowser's Domestic Experiences—The "Arizona Kicker's" Ambition.

The Bad Man from San Saba Set-tled—An Untold Tale.

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Mrs. Bowser realized that something was wrong as soon as she heard his step. He came scuffling up the steps, gave the door a kick as he unlocked it, and dropping his hat in the hall he walked up to her with some object in his hand and asked:

"Do you see that, Mrs. Bowser?"
"Yes, dear."
"What is it?"
"A hairpin."

"I picked it up on the steps. It is only a hairpin, to be sure, but my finding it where I did has a significance. It proves the reckless waste and appalling extravagance prevailing throughout this house."

"Does it? Well, I haven't been out of the house to-day. It was very likely dropped by Mrs. White, who came in this afternoon."

Mr. Bowser perceived that he had no case, and he had nothing more to say until he sat down to dinner. After he had begun his meal he suddenly laid down his knife and fork and icily inquired:

"Mrs. Bowser, did you ask the grocer for wagon grease or butter when you got this stuff?"



"TWO TONS IN THREE DAYS!"
"I didn't ask for either. Isn't it good butter?"

"There's no butter about it. It isn't even decent oleomargarine. It's a wonder to me we haven't all been poisoned. When a man tells me that his wife knows enough to buy groceries I know he's either a liar or an idiot! I'll bet you paid at least twenty-eight cents per pound for this grease."

"Mr. Bowser, this is some of that butter you found in a dairy four or five days ago and paid thirty cents per pound for because it was so extra! Let's see! It was the Cold Spring dairy, wasn't it? There's a whole case of it still left."

"Do you—?"
"Yes—same butter, Mr. Bowser. I think you got cheated on it. I never saw a man yet who was a judge of butter!"

Mr. Bowser was floored again, and he didn't rally until after the meal was over. He was looking for something and he found it. Mrs. Bowser had to tell him the coal was out.

"What! What! Two tons of coal gone in three days and only the range to use it!" shouted Mr. Bowser.

"That coal lasted longer than usual, I think," quietly replied Mrs. Bowser.

"What on earth did you do with it? Two tons in three days! Are we running a 40-horse power engine in this house? Are we an ocean steamer? Are we a steam supply company, unlimited?"

"Do you know when you got that coal? Here is the date. It was over six."

"If I had the money of Gould and Vanderbilt put together I couldn't stand such extravagance!" interrupted Mr. Bowser as he stood up and gestured with both arms. "Will anybody on top of this green earth believe—two tons in three days?"

"Look at the date yourself," she said, handing him the bill. "It's a day or two over six weeks. Our new girl is very economical with coal."

There was the date, and though Mr. Bowser was red clear back to the ears he couldn't dispute it. He felt that he must say something, however, and so he put it down with the remark:

"Nothing but waste! waste! waste! from cellar to garret and back again! How we manage to keep out of the poor house is a mystery to me!"

Mrs. Bowser gave him fifteen minutes to quiet down and then placidly observed:

"I had a man fix the front doorbell this afternoon, and you'd better leave me half a dollar to pay him."

"What! That front doorbell out of order again!" he cried as he laid down his paper.

"This is the first time it has ever been out of order, Mr. Bowser, and we have lived here over eight years."

"But how did it come out of order? Who stood on the front steps and willfully and deliberately and maliciously pulled and yanked and tugged until they broke the wire? If it wasn't you, then who was it, and where were you to allow it?"

"The wire was worn out."

"Worn out! Who ever heard of wire wearing out? It was deliberately pulled out by the roots, and it can stay out! The next thing you'll tell me, I suppose is that all the water pipes in the house have busted."

"No, the water pipes are all right; but the man—"

"What about the ice-man? My contract calls for twenty-five pounds a day, and if he's playing roasts on us I'll hunt him to the grave!"

"His bill for June—here it is."

"His bill! Why, the infernal scoundrel! He didn't begin delivering ice until a week ago!"

"Oh, yes, dear."

"I'll take 10,000 affidavits that it isn't ten days! He thinks you are running things and has taken advantage of it."

Mrs. Bowser, you know I'm a patient, uncomplaining husband, but this—"
"Here's the date on my grocery book," she interrupted, "and it's in your own handwriting. I asked you to put it down, remember!"
"Never! Never asked me anything of the kind!"
"Isn't that your writing?"
"If it is I wrote it in my sleep, but it is probably a forgery. It's no use, Mrs. Bowser—no use. We might just as well give up and sell out. No living man can stand such household mismanagement and keep his ambition and courage. It's the last straw! I'm done!"
And Mr. Bowser turned around and fell upon the lounge with a great crash, and lay there for the next two hours trying to make himself believe that all husbands were martyrs and he the greatest martyr of all.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

OUR AMBITION.—Our esteemed contemporary down the street, in a three column article of personal abuse, asks the question, "Will this villainous action begeth-d with the office of mayor?" We are the villain referred to, of course, and we wish to frankly and emphatically reply that our ambition, so far from being satisfied, has just woken up. We are the editor and proprietor of a great weekly family newspaper, and the owner of a grocery, a harness shop, a shoe store, a gunshop, a butcher shop and a feedstore, all under one and the same roof. Further, we are the acknowledged Ward McAllister of this town. What say I in regard to social matters, goes? We lead the German when the music strikes up, and when not leading the German we are telling the hostess how to work the ice cream freezer and to fold the table napkins to resemble a broken heart.

On top of all this we are mayor of the town, elected by an overwhelming majority, and running municipal affairs in bang-up style. Such of the boys as do not respect us as mayor take pains to keep clear of the two guns we are known to carry as an editor and a citizen. We have driven out the cowboys, licked every member of the common council and brough a postmaster down off his high horse. I doubtless seems to our contemporary as "any one critter on this earth ought to be satisfied with such honors, but we are not. Far from it! We are already laying wres to be elected to the legislature, as we have announced some weeks ago. It is the senate or nothing with us. From thence to the gubernatorial chair will only be a step. From governor to congressman will be only a stride. We may not be satisfied with even that."

A SOLEMN WARNING.—Tuesday afternoon a man calling himself Grizzly Bill got into a dispute in the Red Trout saloon with an individual who has been generally known around town as Terrible Tom. Both drew their guns and adjourned to the sidewalk and began shooting. Twelve shots were fired and the only thing hit was Major Callahan's bulldog, who died an hour later.

The paragon was promptly arrested and brought before us as mayor, for shooting all over the town and failing to hit each other. It did not take us over half an hour to ascertain all the facts and particulars, and we find each one twenty-five dollars. As neither had over two dollars in cash and couldn't raise the fine, the pair have gone to the county jail for three months.



TELLING THE HOSTESS HOW TO FOLD TABLE NAPKINS.

We understand that some of the boys are criticizing our official action, but we can't help it. When a man draws to shoot in this town he must expect to be considered an N. G. and treated accordingly. This blazing away at random, and firing good lead into telegraph poles and hitching posts, is a smirch on the reputation of the town, and we propose to put a stop to it if the thing can be done.

FROM THE SAN SABA.

The city marshal and I are sitting on the steps of a grocery facing the public square when a man suddenly appeared in front of and facing us on the other side of the street. He flung down his broad brimmed hat, jumped on it and began:

"I am the bad man from the San Saba river! When I'm alone I'm as tender-hearted and peaceful as a little baby and anybody kin borrow my gun or take off my butes. But when I'm riled—oh! I great guns! When I'm riled there's no more holdin me back than trying to stop a stampede of 10,000 steers! Whoop! Waugh!"

"Is there going to be a fuss here?" I asked the marshal.

"Oh, no! Just go right on with your story."

I was telling him about a cyclone in Missouri, and as I continued the story, or started to, the man peeled off his coat and jumped on it and yelled:

"The San Saba is full of alligators and lizards, but I swim in it every morning! The water is warm, fine, and clean, and I'm a poor man, but he left me this yere knife which had led a dozen dufers. My mother couldn't read or write, but she brung me up to fear nothing on the face of the earth. What's the critter—the cowardly, thievish, lying serpent—who put tar on my left ear when I slept?"

"That's man's dangerous!" I said to

offer as I looked around for a place of shelter.

"I hardly think so," he replied, as he glanced at him. "What did the cyclone do next?"

I had been speaking about fifteen seconds when the bad man pulled off his vest and the handkerchief ar and his neck and flung them on the pile and shouted:

"Whoop! Whoop! They put rattlesnakes in my bed, but I slept on like a baby! They put centipeds in my hat, but the critters bite! The lightning tore up the earth all around me, but I wasn't hit! I cum down the left bank of the San Saba on a thunderbolt, but I was feelin good natured, and wouldn't hurt a fly. A nigger boy could her led me by the nose till I found this tar on my ear. Who dun it? Let the critter stand forth and meet his doom!"

"He's certainly getting ready to shoot!" I said to the marshal, "and we'll be his first target."

"Oh, I reckon not!" he calmly replied. "Were the folks killed when the house went over?"

Before I could answer him the bad man drew two guns, jumped up and yelled "Waugh!" and then added:

"Haw! I go to kill and bury this hull town to find the critter who tarred my ear! Won't he wap forth! Won't he be so kind and condescend and everlastingly good as to face me fur the millionth part of a second? I'm sufferin! I'm in pain. If I can't find the human hyena who reached under the wagon with tar on a stick!"



"BUT WHEN I'M RILED."

"Now yo' go off and sleep some senns into yo' head or I'll use yo' for a club to hit 'em."

The bad man went. He didn't even look back. The marshal picked up the pieces of clothing and the guns, tucked them under his arm and came over to me, and as he sat down he said:

"Wait, yo'd get along to where the cyclone hit a school house. How many did it kill there?"

AN UNTOLD TALE.

We had got settled down when a smile overspread the drummer's face, a grin began to draw the corners of his mouth right and left, and he quietly began:

"I think it was the funniest thing I ever heard in all my life—ba! ha! ha!"

"Sir! Are you a drummer?" inquired an oldish man with reddish gray hair who sat in front of him.

"Yes."

"Drummer from Chicago?"

"Yes."

"And you want to tell us a funny story, eh?"

"I do. It's the funniest story I ever heard related and too good to keep."

"Well, sir, I've a word to say to you," continuing the story, "I was in the city of San Saba, and I was a drummer."

"Up to a year ago I was a drummer on the grin. If anything tickled me I'd laugh till I fell down in weakness. I once laughed thirteen hours without a break at a story a drummer told me. I brought on heart disease from laughing, and the doctors have warned me to be very careful. This story is mighty funny, isn't it?"

"It is, sir."

"Got a roaring old climax to it?"

"Yes."

"Pretty contrary to convulse the audience, I suppose?"

"I'll warrant it to."

"Then please excuse me and I'll go into the next car for a few minutes. I'm certain it's a funny story. I know you'll tell it in such a way that I'll have to be right out in spite of all I can do. If I but I'm a drummer."

"I'll warrant it to."

"Simply to stop his yarn. I'm traveling in the same line of goods for a New York house, and I wanted to hurt his feelings as much as I could!"

M. QUAD.

Gives Good Appetite.

SIR.—I think your valuable medicine cannot be surpassed, according to the benefit I received from it. After suffering from indigestion for nearly four years, I feel B. B. H. with the greatest ease, finding it gave me great relief and good appetite. I now enjoy good health, which I owe to your valuable medicine.

MISS MINNIE BROWN, London, Ont.

General News.—You haven't tried that cigar I gave you the other day, old man, have you? Colonel Madama—"No, I haven't met any one that I wanted to try it on."

"A congealed ass," as the Portuguese say, enjoys a long life," said Hicks. "Why don't you make use of the fact to get a low premium on your insurance policy?" asked Cynicus.

FADS OF FAIR WOMEN

VARIOUS TYPES OF GIRLS MET AT WATERING PLACES.

Characteristics of the Athletic Girl, the Sentimental Girl, the Dancing Girl, the Bathing Girl, the Smart Girl, the Rump and the Coquette.

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There are as many different types of the summer girl as there are watering places. While there may be the same general characteristics about all wide awake, fun loving girls, still conditions will bring out certain traits in bold relief, and so we get in the rosebud garden of summer girls all sorts of blossoms, a few weeds and now and then a thistle.

Let us see. There are the athletic girl, the sentimental girl, the dancing girl, the bathing girl, the coquette, the rump, the smart girl, the lorgnette girl, the smart girl, the girl who shocks and an innumerable host beside.



THE ATHLETIC GIRL.

The athletic girl is comparatively a recent discovery. She has come into vogue during the last five years. Time was when the white muslin girl, who faded easily and whose waist could be spanned by two hands, was popular. But that day is past. The girl who goes in for rowing, canoeing, swimming, climbing mountains and walking miles, the girl who is as brown as a berry and proud of her muscles, who can even handle a gun without screaming, who dresses in rough and ready fashion, going in for blazers, refters and "sweat suits," the girl whom the boys call "a good fellow," is very fashionable just now.

She can be found in all her glory at Bar Harbor. She climbs green mountains at morning or noon and at evening dances all night. She scours the blue waters of Frenchman's bay with her canoe and handles the paddles with skill and dexterity. She drives well, too—but if you wish to see the driving girl in all her glory, you must look for her at Newport.

The Newport feminine Jehu is an unmitigated swell. She gets herself all up in white or pale yellow or mauve, or some such distracting hue, and she gets away up in the air on one of those marvelous carts one only sees at this resort, a funkey beside her and a dummy behind her, her arms akimbo, her dainty white gloves holding the reins and brandishing the whip, and nothing to equal her car possibly be imagined.

The Newport girl is par excellence the conventional girl, hampered, restricted and bound by the fetters of society, frightened to death of her position, dreading the awful judgment of the "Four Hundred" more than that of the last day.

If you want to understand the possibilities of the bathing girl you must go either to Narragansett or Asbury Park. You can see enough at the former resort, more at Asbury. The Narragansett girl is a lively, jolly, high kicking girl, who loves to cut up in the surf and on the sands. She is fond, too, of being photographed in her bathing dress. She doesn't mind one bit if you snap a camera at her, but you must not touch her best fellow's arms about her waist and her laughing face looking over her shoulder. But at Asbury the beauty of the bathing girl steals more insidiously upon you. She goes into the surf looking like an angel in her white cashmere dress—she comes out—well, still looking

like an angel. Thackeray says, you know, that there are two kinds of angels, and both are very charming in their way. The Asbury girl is a very wet, himp, clinging and transparent angel as far as draperies.

The poseuse is omnipresent. I have seen her everywhere this summer—at Richmond, Lake George, Long Branch. She is generally lithe and graceful, and always has pretty feet and ankles. She is a generous little soul and is willing to give people a treat. Whether you see her on the promenade, as she cat her up her skirts and shows you the dearest little red shoes in the world, or in the ballroom, where she nonchalantly crosses

her limbs and reveals the most stunning old rose silk stockings, you appreciate her disinterestedness and are honestly grateful.

The coquette is at perihelion in Saratoga. The cry at many of the summer resorts is that of Tennyson's Cleopatra, "There are no men to govern in this hotel—that makes my only woe." But there are men at Saratoga, and the coquette has full swing. The Saratoga girl is gushing, gorgeously dressed, an exquisite dancer and mistress of all the dainty arts and wiles with which a woman can make her natural enemy miserable. She it is who rises while it is yet night, about 5 o'clock in the morning, and goes with some infatuated youth to drink Congress water. That is a mild diversion in itself, but in Congress park more engagements, it is computed, have been made and broken than in any other quarter of the civilized globe. Those walks at dawn as well as those strolls by moonlight—for how much mischief that they are not responsible for! The dancing girl is seen in all her perfection at Richmond and Lake George. At the former resort there seems to be little to do save dance and drink—sulphur water. Hops and Germans are very popular, and some of the belles illustrate the very poetry of motion. At Lake George there are some exquisite dancers, and as there is the best of music at the Fort William Harry hotel, the formal and informal hops are greatly patronized.

The girl who shocks may be found at almost any resort. She it is who takes a champagne cocktail on a hotel piazza between dances, thereby sending all the tabbies into convulsions. She it is who grabs on the noses, wins too, and in her ecstasy tears her bonnet in pieces and fires it at the winning horse. She it is who drives, walks, goes boating without a chaperon and is, in short, delightfully wicked. She is the summer girl in the most elaborate significance of the term. She firmly intends to have the biggest possible time and go home with the greatest number of scalps dangling at her belt. She is the girl men chaff, flirt with, pay meaningless compliments to, but with whom they seldom fall in love.

The girl with the lorgnette, who can see as well as you or I, but who thinks it good form to carry one and stare timid people out of countenance; the sentimental girl, who gives you a bit of goldenrod and begs you to keep it for her sake; the rump, who is ready for any kind of a frolic and whose laugh is heard from one end of the piazzas to the other—all these are familiar types.

The summer girl reads? Um—well, yes—novels. Novels, too, that she often slips inside some other book lest their

lurid titles attract too much attention; novels a man would blush to ask for at a news stand; novels so rubbishy and inane as to give one an attack of vertigo.

The girl who does fancy work is no longer visible to the naked eye. She leaves her drawn work, her embroidery and her "tasting" up stairs in her trunk. Occasionally one sees a young man doing a bit of drawn work, while the girls look on in derision. Bean parties, cake walks, tableaux and theatricals are all indulged in by the summer resort girl. Sacred concerts go on Sunday evenings, and possibly the girl who dances latest, who flirts most outrageously, will sing the old fashioned hymns in the sweetest and most effective fashion.

EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER.

Woman's Sphere.

The fact is almost too patent for argument that the mothers of a race ought not to be made its breadwinners. The fathers and husbands, the brothers and sons, for the life that has been given to them, ought to protect and shield from the daily struggle for subsistence the mothers and wives and sisters and daughters of our land. It is a melancholy fact that today there are thousands of young girls laying their lives as a sacrifice upon the altar of filial or fraternal love, and robbing the world of the noblest examples of wifehood and motherhood. In the interest of the race this ought not to be.

Women should reign supreme over the home. She should be in deed and in truth the deity of the hearthstone. This is not only the opinion of many of our noblest women, but I believe it is the view of our best and strongest men. The German emperor touched a sympathetic chord in the heart of many a husband and father, I have no doubt, when he said, "I prefer a woman with a talent for making jams to one who has an aptitude for discussing the constitution."

And as for myself, I must confess that I am old fashioned enough to admire the charming domesticity of the empress herself, who at the unearthly hour of 9 o'clock in the morning prepares his breakfast with her own royal hands.

REBECCA BREMAN.

The Swiss Corsage.

The Swiss corsage is as popular as ever for the young, and even some old women wear it to their own injury, for it is designed for only very slim figures and is pretty for only such.

REDFERN FASHIONS.

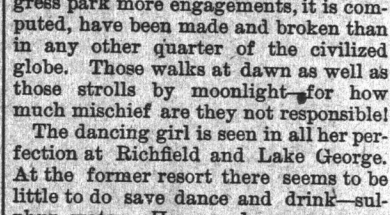
A New Opening for the Accomplished Members of the Unemployed.

Society Skirt Dancing—Black Silk is the Chosen Material Again.

New York, July, 1892.—Society is quite incapable of amusing itself, and there is a new field for the unemployed who "cannot work and dig are ashamed." There are openings as skirt dancers, reisters, banjo players, drawing room actors, whistlers, and, in short, any sort of providers of more or less refined amusement. Society sits cynical and silent with its sense of humor lying dormant, over-weighted with ennui, and asks plaintively but impudently for amusement. It is willing to pay for it and to pay handsomely, although it is difficult to make society laugh, the labor involved by the skill required is worth the trouble, for the amusement must feel the inward conviction that not only is he gaining a "fancy price" for his work, but that he is also gaining applause which is not to be got easily.

Dancing seems to amuse the society man more effectually and more lastingly than any other amusement. The eye is occupied with pleasing and graceful movements and there is no strain on the intellectual powers, no subtle jokes to understand, no mental nuts to crack.

Redfern is not by any means a warm admirer of the blouse, but in Rome one must give a slight preference to Roman customs, so as the heat of the American summer makes the blouse a very desirable garment. Redfern supplies them as well as other firms, indeed, better. Here is one of the soft white Liberty silk, trimmed with narrow green velvet ribbon.



Redfern FASHIONS.

The next sketch shows a much abbreviated Eton jacket, worn over a full loose blouse of Indian silk. This little coat is a great novelty. It has short sleeves under which the loose blouse sleeve is pulled up and slips up the back and very much open in front. The skirt is made to match the jacket.

LE BARON DE BERMONT.

ANALYZED A CHICKEN SALAD.

"No, I will not eat it."

Every one turned and looked in amazement at the rebel. The scene was in a Jersey City railroad restaurant, where no one had ever looked before at what was set in front of him.

"The martial tones rang out louder than before and men came running from all quarters of the city, expecting to see the rash man struck dead by the floor walker, who is hired to fight with the lady cashier and bulldoze people who object to the size of their hats."

"I called for chicken salad and I am given real salad. I will not eat it. I'll take to the lecture platform and expose the swindle first."

"Sir," commenced the big floor walker, "that dish contains fractions of chicken, some lettuce and some mayonnaise dressing. There is no real in it at all."

The customer emptied the salad on the table and commenced sorting it out. He made three heaps. In one he put the lettuce leaves and in the second the pieces of real, the third being reserved for the chicken if the salad named out any. A big swarm of railroad restaurant victims anxious to join the rebellion if there was the slightest show of success, watched him with bated breath.

After he had finished the mutineer had a big pile of real and a few bits of lettuce left. In the heap reserved for the chicken were three feathers, a bit of egg salad, two little pieces of bone and a morsel of the skin of some bird.

"I decline to pay for the salad on this showing," he declared.

It was absurd, nevertheless, and the next morning he had the three piles of material brought into court. The restaurant manager, splendid in a dress suit, with his side whiskers newly curled and his diamonds dipping in alcohol, took the stand and was duly sworn.

"My defense," he said pompously, "is that there is really no such thing as a chicken salad known to the railroad restaurant trade. It is purely a question of the trade. I have in court fifteen cooks and waiters who will swear that to put chicken in a chicken salad would be solem."

"I have heard of it being done, but never in a railroad restaurant. In one case a man was brought a salad made of real chicken and he ordered it removed, saying, 'Take it away. I know what a chicken salad is.' Then they brought him some bits of real mixed up with cabbage leaves and he remarked, 'You can't fool me on salads. I know what I've been accused to. This is the stuff!'"

The magistrate, in accordance with the "custom of the trade," provision of law, decided the case in favor of the restaurant.

A Liberal Triumph.

CORES of men and women who have a taste for discussing the constitution, and the merits of Burdock Blood Bitters now use and prize this wonderful tonic purifier as the best remedy known for dyspepsia, constipation and all blood diseases.

"So poor Staggars is dead." "Yes," he took the gold cure four times, and at last succumbed. "I understand," he asked to be cremated; but his widow wouldn't have it so. "She had him buried, didn't she?" "No," she had him assayed."

Howson Lott—"I see you have no servant girl at present. Did you fire your last one?" Morrison Essex—"No," spontaneous combustion!"

That the authorities are not to prevent the spread of the dreaded smallpox, the inactivity of a week place are the energy efforts of all interested ductive of the very best.

With characteristic Hon. Theodore Day action of Saturday, the advertisement in the column, has had no reward and proclaimed Governor in Council of great assistance.

The proper quarantine hospital grounds, has been now in active operation. Other steps, also been taken. There is no need for long as ordinary individuals.

Briefly summarized issued by the Council in the matter claimed in an extra issued yesterday, matters, viz:

The appointment officers to co-operate Health officer.

The providing of, etc., for the reception of the disinfection, truction of clothing, been exposed to contamination and purification.

Quarantine of all the period of incubation have elapsed.

The proper quarantine houses, with severe cases where officers their duty.