

ME JAMATISM ON RED IN A DAY
South American Rheumatic Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cured in one to three days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause, and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Warranted S. Feed & Co.

A Sick Man Burned to Death.
A despatch from Pittsburgh, Pa., 1837—A frame dwelling, occupied by Samuel Weaver and his family, was burned on Monday night. Weaver was very ill with typhoid fever, and perished in the flames. His body and that of Frederick Snyder, son of the owner of the building, were recovered in the ruins. A male nurse, who was attending Mr. Weaver, was also burned to death, while Mrs. Weaver is in a critical condition from burns and fright. The fire started in an adjoining house, and soon communicated to the Snyder building. Mrs. Weaver is the mother of a two days' old baby, and she and the child were rescued with great difficulty.

BUSINESS CARDS.
GEO. SMITH,
ENGINEER AND LAND SURVEYOR
ENGINEER COUNTY VICTORIA
Residence and address:
Woodville, Ont.

UNDERTAKING
JAS. B. WARREN,
UNDERTAKER,
BEAVERTON, ONT.
Prompt attention given to all calls.
Telegraphic orders carefully responded to.—Prices Moderate.

The Beaverton Express
Subscription Agency
FOR ALL
CANADIAN or FOREIGN
NEWSPAPERS and MAGAZINES
Address—JOS. J. CAVE, Beaverton

B. MADILL & CO.,
BANKERS,
MONEY TO LOAN on First-Class Security at 6 per cent.

F. S. KING,
Beaverton Meat Market.
SIMCOE STREET.
All kinds of
FRESH and CURED MEATS, also
FOULTRY in Season.
—WHOLESALE OR RETAIL—
I am always open to the purchase in season of
Foultry, Pork, Beef, Cattle and other such
meats for which I pay the highest prices
current.

D. M. SMITH
AUCTIONEER
—FOR—
THORAH, MARR and RAMA
Sales attended, Blanks and Bills sup-
plied at the lowest possible rates.
FOR TERMS APPLY TO
D. M. SMITH,
Beaverton.

J. BARNES,
WOODVILLE and BEAVERTON
PUMPS
Common and Force Pumps,
Hose, Cistern Tubs and
Pumps.
Will be in Beaverton on Wednesday and Satur-
day of each week for Repairing Pumps and tak-
ing orders for new ones.

WEEKLY at BRECHIN.
The undersigned well-known pump-maker will
be in Brechin every Tuesday for the pur-
pose of taking orders and repairing all kinds of
pumps.
JACOB BARNES.

PATENTS
CAVEATS, TRADE MARKS
COPYRIGHTS.
CAN I OBTAIN A PATENT? For a
prompt answer and an honest opinion apply to
MUNN & CO., who have had nearly fifty years
experience in the patent business. Communi-
cations strictly confidential. A Handbook of In-
formation concerning Patents and how to ob-
tain them sent free. Also a catalogue of in-
ventions and solutions through MUNN & CO. re-
sponds to the scientific American, and thus
are brought widely before the public with-
out cost to the inventor. This splendid paper,
issued weekly, elegantly illustrated, has by far
the largest circulation of any scientific work in
the world. Sent free.
Building Station, monthly, \$3.00 a year. Single
copies, 25 cents. Every number contains beau-
tiful illustrations, and photographs of new
inventions, with plans, enabling builders to show
the latest designs and secure contracts. Address
MUNN & CO., NEW YORK, 361 BROADWAY.

THE NEWS IN A NUTSHELL
THE VERY LATEST FROM ALL OVER
THE WORLD.

Interesting News About Our Own Country.
Great Britain, the United States, and All Paris of the globe, condensed and Assorted for Easy Reading.
CANADA.
The Hamilton Gaol by-law was passed yesterday.
It is reported that there are some 500 cases of whooping cough at Mordey, Man. The assessment of Belleville is \$4,083,000. The population has increased to 19,318. Prairie fires have been doing enormous damage in Boissevain District, Manitoba. The body of Wm. Smith, formerly of Hamilton, was found in the Niagara River on Friday. The Montreal Garrison Artillery will, it is announced, pay a visit to Toronto on Dominion day. An English syndicate has offered to supply gas to the city of Montreal for sixty cents a thousand. A Belleville despatch says a hundred pupils at the Deaf and dumb institute are laid up with influenza. Col. De Garmo, promoter of the Food Fair at Montreal, has left the city, owing a number of merchants. The steamer Victoria has arrived at Rat Portage from Rainy River, the earliest arrival in ten years. The trouble between the Canadian General Electric Company and their employees at Peterboro' has been settled. The projectors of the Montreal World's Fair have applied for incorporation as "The Canadian International Exposition." The mysterious disappearance of Philip Rupert, a quiet, respectable citizen of Stratford, is engaging the attention of the police. The recent development of Italy's commercial relations with Canada has caused the founding of a Consulate in Montreal. Judge Barry, of the Circuit Court, one of the most popular members of the judiciary, died in Montreal of peritonitis. He was in his sixtieth year. Jesse Freeman, a Chatham negro, concealed himself in a coal car at the Central Prison, Toronto, by an ingenious device, and made his escape from the institution. Bruce Cameron, a youth seventeen years of age, residing on Gifford street, Toronto, was stabbed in the abdomen by Wm. Wellman at a baseball game. Cameron will probably recover. While at work on the iron girders of the new John Street bridge, Toronto, on Friday, Arthur Bothwell, a blacksmith, missed his footing, and fell to the ground. Death was almost instantaneous. Mrs. Mack, alias Tessie McMillan, arrested at Hamilton for connection with the U.S. stamp counterfeiting, will be extradited to the U.S. after giving judgment to that effect. P. A. Lariviere, an owner of stone quarries at Montreal, has taken action for \$25,000 against Bradstreet's Commercial Agency, alleging that it injured his credit with certain banks. The Royal Canadian Dragoons at Winnipeg have received orders to be in readiness to proceed to Killarney, and prevent the disaffected Turtle Mountain Indians from crossing the boundary. The appointment of Mr. Keating, City Engineer of Toronto, as an expert to report upon plans for improving the water supply system, has been decided on by the City Council of Hamilton. The Grand Trunk Railway Company's car shops in London, Ont., have closed down permanently, and one hundred and fifty men quit work, a few of whom will be sent to St. Thomas and Toronto. The License Commissioners of London, Ont., have finally decided to allow bars to remain open until 11 p.m., instead of 10.27 p.m., as at present. The temperance people opposed the extension. The Thirtieth Battalion, of Hamilton, and the Dufferin Rifles, of Brantford, will celebrate the Queen's birthday with the Seventh Battalion, of London, at London. Arrangements have been made for a three days' camp. A despatch from Montreal says that it is believed that the man found murdered at St. Thomas was Jean Baptiste Beaudelin, a resident of St. Hyacinthe who left that place in November last, and has not since been heard of. William John Thaler, a native of Trieste, Austria, who is now in Montreal, proposes to start on May 13th on a tour of the world on foot, and expects to arrive at Paris in 1900, in time to attend the Universal Exposition during that year. George Johns was found dead in a gully back of the old Museum at Niagara Falls Centre, Ont. His throat was cut and the arteries in his wrist were also cut. It is a case of suicide, as letters found on the person of the dead man explain. Mr. A. O. Howland, President of the International Deep Waterways Convention, waited on the Government and secured a promise that they would appoint a commission of three to confer with the American commission appointed by Congress. Alexander Wilkie, the confidential clerk of the firm of W. D. Matthews and Co., of Toronto, was on Friday convicted of having embezzled large sums of money from his employers and was sentenced to serve a term of five years in the Kingston penitentiary. The bronze statue of Sir John Macdonald, which is to surmount the memorial to be erected in Dominion square, Montreal, was placed in position on Saturday afternoon. The figure is twelve feet in height, and weighs three thousand eight hundred pounds. Mr. Smith of Montreal, was done out of \$1,000 by a firm of alleged brokers, composed of F. Williams and C. C. Nugent. They sold him a partnership and disappeared. It is alleged that the two men named are members of a gang with branch offices in Toronto and several other cities, and headquarters at Chicago. GREAT BRITAIN. Mr. William Saunders, M. P. for the Waltham division of Newington, is dead. The condition of the Duke of Orleans, who broke his leg on Friday last while out hunting, is serious. It is regarded in London as doubtful that Major-General Herbert, Commander of the Militia in Canada, will return to his post. Lady Kimberley, wife of the Earl of Kimberley, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who has been ill for some time past, is dead.

THE COLIMA VOLCANO.
In the Colima volcano, in Guadalajara, Mexico, is again in a state of active eruption, and the inhabitants of the valley at the base of the mountain have been forced to abandon their homes, and flee for their lives.

M. LAYGUES.
The French Minister of the Interior, who has returned to Paris from his visit to the district devastated by the breaking of the Bouze reservoir, announces that he will fix the blame for the disaster, no matter how high the officials may be on those who are responsible for it.

CLARA FORD IS FREE.
The Jury say she did not shoot Frank Westwood.

THE BRITISH BUDGET.
A Very Satisfactory Showing by Sir William Vernon Harcourt.

WASHING BABY.
As described by a recent traveler, Russian babies, as seen in the homes of the Russian peasants in Siberia, are very unattractive specimens of humanity.

THE BIRK ON TOP.
He didn't say. He lifted the bike up carefully examined it to see if it had hind feet to kick with and then conducted it twice around the yard to get up a feeling of mutual confidence. He would have cheerfully given Mrs. Bower \$10 to retire from the window, but as he knew she wouldn't go he made up his mind not to be bullied. He made ready for another try, and all of a sudden he landed in the saddle and began to paw around for the pedals. A smile of joy and pride started to flicker across his face, but before it had time to spread over two inches of surface Mr. Bower wobbled to the east and wobbled to the west and went over with a great crash. He realized that the American continent was in the throes of an earthquake, and he yelled "Fire!" and "Police!" before he struck the earth. Then he knew no more for three minutes. When he opened his eyes and sat up and gazed around him, Mrs. Bower was standing beside him. She had untied his collar and untied his legs. Sprinkled water on his face.

CHILDREN CRY FOR 'ITCHER'S CASTORIA.'

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.
The Bowers had just finished dinner the other evening when an expressman drove up and unloaded and wheeled a bicycle to the basement door. Mr. Bowser was called down to receive it, and when he returned to the sitting room Mrs. Bowser inquired:—
"Didn't the man make a mistake? There is nobody here to ride a bicycle."
"The man knew what he was about," replied Mr. Bowser with a bland smile as he looked out into the back yard.
"You—you don't mean—"
"Go on, Mrs. Bowser—go on."
"Have you bought a bicycle?"
"I have bought a bicycle. It is pronounced 'bike' for short."
"Are you going to ride it and make a show of yourself at your age?"
"I am going to ride a bike, Mrs. Bowser, age or no age. Something has got to be done for my dyspepsia, and the doctor also says that the only thing that will take the kinks out of my legs is to work the pedals. Exercise is what I want—exhilarating exercise—A five mile spin before breakfast will make a new man of me in month."
"And you—you have bought a bicycle?" gasped Mrs. Bowser as she held up her hands in astonishment.
"Call it bike, Mrs. Bowser. Yes, I have bought a bike, and what of it! What is there to be surprised about?"
"I thought you had bought every foolish thing ever made and offered for sale, but it seems I was mistaken. If there was ever a grown-up man that needed a guardian you are the one."
"Mrs. Bowser, are you talking to me?"
"Of course I am."
"Then you won't remember who I am. I not only run myself, but I run this house. If I want to buy even a balloon it's nobody's business but my own. I may be a lunatic or an idiot, but the general public hasn't found it out yet."
"Well, go ahead," she sighed, "but I know just how it will turn out."
"Yes, of course it will turn out that I will gain about ten pounds in the next month and get some of my old enthusiasm back. I will now get into my old suit and have a little fun in the back yard. I expect it will take me a couple of weeks to learn to ride the thing, but I'm bound to get there."
"And of course you'll lay it all to me."
"Lay it all to you? Lay what to you? Mrs. Bowser, why can't you look at things in a sensible light? You talk as if I were a child. There will be nothing to lay to you or any one else. Instead of carping and fault finding you ought to be glad that I am doing all I can to preserve my health."
Mrs. Bowser had nothing more to say, and as she took a seat by a back window he ran upstairs to change his clothes. Ten minutes later he had his bike in the back yard. He at first looked pleased and happy, then he looked anxious; and then he appeared doubtful.
"Expect to get a few tumbles at first, you know," he said as he looked at Mrs. Bowser with a painful smile, "but I'll get there in time."
"Aren't you going to tie it up to the fence?" she asked.
"For why?"
"So you can get on to it. You'll either have to do that or have some one hold it. Shall I come down with the stepladder?"
"No, ma'am, you needn't come down with the stepladder. I'm just leading the thing around a few times to get my legs limbered up. When I want a stepladder I'll let you know. Here I go!"
He went. He had noticed several different riders mount their bikes, and had figured on an easy thing he would spring for the saddle, and there was wild exultation in his heart as he found himself safely seated. The wild exultation lasted about half a second, or until Mr. Bowser struck the earth with his head and his heels hit the fence and the bike piled on top of him.
"Are you hurt? Are you killed?" called out Mrs. Bower from the window.
"Do you want to tell the whole town that I fell off a bike?" growled Mr. Bowser, as he sat up slowly gathered his wits and his legs and his arms and got up and looked at her.
"But you might have broken your neck."
"Both! The wheel hit something in the grass. Everybody expects a tumble or two, but all like that wouldn't hurt a baby. Haven't you got anything to do but sit there and watch me?"
"Is it any harm to watch you?"

THE JURY SAY SHE DID NOT SHOOT FRANK WESTWOOD.
A despatch from Toronto says—A few minutes before 10 o'clock on Saturday night the jury, which for four days' a halt had been patiently listening to the evidence in the trial of the mulatto Clara Ford, for the murder of Frank Westwood, on October 6th last, returned into court after only one hour's absence and announced that they found her not guilty of the crime charged. That the verdict was a popular one with those in the court room was apparent from the burst of applause which greeted it, an applause the more hearty probably from the fact that Clara Attorney Lewart's address to the jury had been such a terrible arraignment of the accused, the Judge's charge so unfavorable to her, and the jury's absence so unexpectedly brief, that many who believed her innocent, or at least not deserving of her freedom, were fearful of the result and reluctantly anticipated an adverse finding. Happily for the woman herself the jury took a merciful view of the case, as between the detectives and the accused they accepted the word of the latter, and she was acquitted. The trial had been such a lengthy one, conducted with marked ability by counsel on both sides, Clara Ford is acquitted by a jury of her countrymen of the foul crime laid to her charge, and, as his Lordship pointed out in the course of his final remarks when he discharged her, both her character and that of the young man whose life she had been charged with taking were cleansed of the foul aspersions cast upon them.

THE BRITISH BUDGET.
The British Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir William Vernon Harcourt, presented the budget in the House of Commons on Thursday. He established that the deficit would amount to £319,000, which would be converted into a surplus of £181,000 by the reimposing of a duty of 6d. per gallon on beer. The only other proposal was to abolish the extra 6d. duty on spirits which was imposed last year, and which proved unsatisfactory. In regard to last year's budget the Chancellor of the Exchequer said that there was a surplus of £770,000, instead of the estimated surplus of £291,000. He added that the tea receipts were £3,700 and the tobacco receipts £136,000 above the estimates. Continuing the Chancellor of the Exchequer said that the returns generally show that the condition of the masses is improving, in 1898. He said that the sale in the United States, but Solicitor Reeve of the Treasury, held that it was not a violation of the law, and Solicitor-General Conrad sustains him. Commercial advices from the United States are in some respects decidedly satisfactory than for a long time past. There is an undoubted improvement in the condition of general trade. A more active movement is reported as in progress than has been experienced since May, 1892. The heavy advances in leather, cotton, and cotton goods are still going up. Complaint is, however, made that the increase of trade is being hampered in some quarters by injudicious attempts to advance prices rapidly and in other directions hindrance appears probable from a fresh outbreak of the war between the United States and the Argentine Republic are said to have struck during the week in certain cotton and wool mills alone. But, in spite of these adverse influences, the outlook is considered bright.

WASHING BABY.
As described by a recent traveler, Russian babies, as seen in the homes of the Russian peasants in Siberia, are very unattractive specimens of humanity. "I looked curiously at one little bundle," said he, "which was laid upon a shelf, another hung from the wall on a peg while a third was slung over one of the supporting rafters, and was swung back and forth by the mother, who had a cord looped over her feet."
"Why," cried I, in surprise, "that's a child?"
"Of course, it is," replied the woman.
"What else should it be?"
"Having learned so much in such a short length of time, I had an irresistible desire to inspect the contents of the swinging bundle. As a rule, I abominate babies, but I thought I might learn a little something of the habits of the creature which could continue contented throughout this dreary winter."
"I looked, but turned away in disgust, for the child was as dirty as a pig in a pen, I could not refrain from asking one question. It may have been impertinent, but I wanted to know when it had been washed."
"Washed shrieked the mother, apparently horrified. "Washed! What! Wash a baby? Why, you'd kill it!"

CHILDREN CRY FOR 'ITCHER'S CASTORIA.'

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.
The Bowers had just finished dinner the other evening when an expressman drove up and unloaded and wheeled a bicycle to the basement door. Mr. Bowser was called down to receive it, and when he returned to the sitting room Mrs. Bowser inquired:—
"Didn't the man make a mistake? There is nobody here to ride a bicycle."
"The man knew what he was about," replied Mr. Bowser with a bland smile as he looked out into the back yard.
"You—you don't mean—"
"Go on, Mrs. Bowser—go on."
"Have you bought a bicycle?"
"I have bought a bicycle. It is pronounced 'bike' for short."
"Are you going to ride it and make a show of yourself at your age?"
"I am going to ride a bike, Mrs. Bowser, age or no age. Something has got to be done for my dyspepsia, and the doctor also says that the only thing that will take the kinks out of my legs is to work the pedals. Exercise is what I want—exhilarating exercise—A five mile spin before breakfast will make a new man of me in month."
"And you—you have bought a bicycle?" gasped Mrs. Bowser as she held up her hands in astonishment.
"Call it bike, Mrs. Bowser. Yes, I have bought a bike, and what of it! What is there to be surprised about?"
"I thought you had bought every foolish thing ever made and offered for sale, but it seems I was mistaken. If there was ever a grown-up man that needed a guardian you are the one."
"Mrs. Bowser, are you talking to me?"
"Of course I am."
"Then you won't remember who I am. I not only run myself, but I run this house. If I want to buy even a balloon it's nobody's business but my own. I may be a lunatic or an idiot, but the general public hasn't found it out yet."
"Well, go ahead," she sighed, "but I know just how it will turn out."
"Yes, of course it will turn out that I will gain about ten pounds in the next month and get some of my old enthusiasm back. I will now get into my old suit and have a little fun in the back yard. I expect it will take me a couple of weeks to learn to ride the thing, but I'm bound to get there."
"And of course you'll lay it all to me."
"Lay it all to you? Lay what to you? Mrs. Bowser, why can't you look at things in a sensible light? You talk as if I were a child. There will be nothing to lay to you or any one else. Instead of carping and fault finding you ought to be glad that I am doing all I can to preserve my health."
Mrs. Bowser had nothing more to say, and as she took a seat by a back window he ran upstairs to change his clothes. Ten minutes later he had his bike in the back yard. He at first looked pleased and happy, then he looked anxious; and then he appeared doubtful.
"Expect to get a few tumbles at first, you know," he said as he looked at Mrs. Bowser with a painful smile, "but I'll get there in time."
"Aren't you going to tie it up to the fence?" she asked.
"For why?"
"So you can get on to it. You'll either have to do that or have some one hold it. Shall I come down with the stepladder?"
"No, ma'am, you needn't come down with the stepladder. I'm just leading the thing around a few times to get my legs limbered up. When I want a stepladder I'll let you know. Here I go!"
He went. He had noticed several different riders mount their bikes, and had figured on an easy thing he would spring for the saddle, and there was wild exultation in his heart as he found himself safely seated. The wild exultation lasted about half a second, or until Mr. Bowser struck the earth with his head and his heels hit the fence and the bike piled on top of him.
"Are you hurt? Are you killed?" called out Mrs. Bower from the window.
"Do you want to tell the whole town that I fell off a bike?" growled Mr. Bowser, as he sat up slowly gathered his wits and his legs and his arms and got up and looked at her.
"But you might have broken your neck."
"Both! The wheel hit something in the grass. Everybody expects a tumble or two, but all like that wouldn't hurt a baby. Haven't you got anything to do but sit there and watch me?"
"Is it any harm to watch you?"

CHILDREN CRY FOR 'ITCHER'S CASTORIA.'

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.
The Bowers had just finished dinner the other evening when an expressman drove up and unloaded and wheeled a bicycle to the basement door. Mr. Bowser was called down to receive it, and when he returned to the sitting room Mrs. Bowser inquired:—
"Didn't the man make a mistake? There is nobody here to ride a bicycle."
"The man knew what he was about," replied Mr. Bowser with a bland smile as he looked out into the back yard.
"You—you don't mean—"
"Go on, Mrs. Bowser—go on."
"Have you bought a bicycle?"
"I have bought a bicycle. It is pronounced 'bike' for short."
"Are you going to ride it and make a show of yourself at your age?"
"I am going to ride a bike, Mrs. Bowser, age or no age. Something has got to be done for my dyspepsia, and the doctor also says that the only thing that will take the kinks out of my legs is to work the pedals. Exercise is what I want—exhilarating exercise—A five mile spin before breakfast will make a new man of me in month."
"And you—you have bought a bicycle?" gasped Mrs. Bowser as she held up her hands in astonishment.
"Call it bike, Mrs. Bowser. Yes, I have bought a bike, and what of it! What is there to be surprised about?"
"I thought you had bought every foolish thing ever made and offered for sale, but it seems I was mistaken. If there was ever a grown-up man that needed a guardian you are the one."
"Mrs. Bowser, are you talking to me?"
"Of course I am."
"Then you won't remember who I am. I not only run myself, but I run this house. If I want to buy even a balloon it's nobody's business but my own. I may be a lunatic or an idiot, but the general public hasn't found it out yet."
"Well, go ahead," she sighed, "but I know just how it will turn out."
"Yes, of course it will turn out that I will gain about ten pounds in the next month and get some of my old enthusiasm back. I will now get into my old suit and have a little fun in the back yard. I expect it will take me a couple of weeks to learn to ride the thing, but I'm bound to get there."
"And of course you'll lay it all to me."
"Lay it all to you? Lay what to you? Mrs. Bowser, why can't you look at things in a sensible light? You talk as if I were a child. There will be nothing to lay to you or any one else. Instead of carping and fault finding you ought to be glad that I am doing all I can to preserve my health."
Mrs. Bowser had nothing more to say, and as she took a seat by a back window he ran upstairs to change his clothes. Ten minutes later he had his bike in the back yard. He at first looked pleased and happy, then he looked anxious; and then he appeared doubtful.
"Expect to get a few tumbles at first, you know," he said as he looked at Mrs. Bowser with a painful smile, "but I'll get there in time."
"Aren't you going to tie it up to the fence?" she asked.
"For why?"
"So you can get on to it. You'll either have to do that or have some one hold it. Shall I come down with the stepladder?"
"No, ma'am, you needn't come down with the stepladder. I'm just leading the thing around a few times to get my legs limbered up. When I want a stepladder I'll let you know. Here I go!"
He went. He had noticed several different riders mount their bikes, and had figured on an easy thing he would spring for the saddle, and there was wild exultation in his heart as he found himself safely seated. The wild exultation lasted about half a second, or until Mr. Bowser struck the earth with his head and his heels hit the fence and the bike piled on top of him.
"Are you hurt? Are you killed?" called out Mrs. Bower from the window.
"Do you want to tell the whole town that I fell off a bike?" growled Mr. Bowser, as he sat up slowly gathered his wits and his legs and his arms and got up and looked at her.
"But you might have broken your neck."
"Both! The wheel hit something in the grass. Everybody expects a tumble or two, but all like that wouldn't hurt a baby. Haven't you got anything to do but sit there and watch me?"
"Is it any harm to watch you?"

CHILDREN CRY FOR 'ITCHER'S CASTORIA.'

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.
The Bowers had just finished dinner the other evening when an expressman drove up and unloaded and wheeled a bicycle to the basement door. Mr. Bowser was called down to receive it, and when he returned to the sitting room Mrs. Bowser inquired:—
"Didn't the man make a mistake? There is nobody here to ride a bicycle."
"The man knew what he was about," replied Mr. Bowser with a bland smile as he looked out into the back yard.
"You—you don't mean—"
"Go on, Mrs. Bowser—go on."
"Have you bought a bicycle?"
"I have bought a bicycle. It is pronounced 'bike' for short."
"Are you going to ride it and make a show of yourself at your age?"
"I am going to ride a bike, Mrs. Bowser, age or no age. Something has got to be done for my dyspepsia, and the doctor also says that the only thing that will take the kinks out of my legs is to work the pedals. Exercise is what I want—exhilarating exercise—A five mile spin before breakfast will make a new man of me in month."
"And you—you have bought a bicycle?" gasped Mrs. Bowser as she held up her hands in astonishment.
"Call it bike, Mrs. Bowser. Yes, I have bought a bike, and what of it! What is there to be surprised about?"
"I thought you had bought every foolish thing ever made and offered for sale, but it seems I was mistaken. If there was ever a grown-up man that needed a guardian you are the one."
"Mrs. Bowser, are you talking to me?"
"Of course I am."
"Then you won't remember who I am. I not only run myself, but I run this house. If I want to buy even a balloon it's nobody's business but my own. I may be a lunatic or an idiot, but the general public hasn't found it out yet."
"Well, go ahead," she sighed, "but I know just how it will turn out."
"Yes, of course it will turn out that I will gain about ten pounds in the next month and get some of my old enthusiasm back. I will now get into my old suit and have a little fun in the back yard. I expect it will take me a couple of weeks to learn to ride the thing, but I'm bound to get there."
"And of course you'll lay it all to me."
"Lay it all to you? Lay what to you? Mrs. Bowser, why can't you look at things in a sensible light? You talk as if I were a child. There will be nothing to lay to you or any one else. Instead of carping and fault finding you ought to be glad that I am doing all I can to preserve my health."
Mrs. Bowser had nothing more to say, and as she took a seat by a back window he ran upstairs to change his clothes. Ten minutes later he had his bike in the back yard. He at first looked pleased and happy, then he looked anxious; and then he appeared doubtful.
"Expect to get a few tumbles at first, you know," he said as he looked at Mrs. Bowser with a painful smile, "but I'll get there in time."
"Aren't you going to tie it up to the fence?" she asked.
"For why?"
"So you can get on to it. You'll either have to do that or have some one hold it. Shall I come down with the stepladder?"
"No, ma'am, you needn't come down with the stepladder. I'm just leading the thing around a few times to get my legs limbered up. When I want a stepladder I'll let you know. Here I go!"
He went. He had noticed several different riders mount their bikes, and had figured on an easy thing he would spring for the saddle, and there was wild exultation in his heart as he found himself safely seated. The wild exultation lasted about half a second, or until Mr. Bowser struck the earth with his head and his heels hit the fence and the bike piled on top of him.
"Are you hurt? Are you killed?" called out Mrs. Bower from the window.
"Do you want to tell the whole town that I fell off a bike?" growled Mr. Bowser, as he sat up slowly gathered his wits and his legs and his arms and got up and looked at her.
"But you might have broken your neck."
"Both! The wheel hit something in the grass. Everybody expects a tumble or two, but all like that wouldn't hurt a baby. Haven't you got anything to do but sit there and watch me?"
"Is it any harm to watch you?"

CHILDREN CRY FOR 'ITCHER'S CASTORIA.'

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.
The Bowers had just finished dinner the other evening when an expressman drove up and unloaded and wheeled a bicycle to the basement door. Mr. Bowser was called down to receive it, and when he returned to the sitting room Mrs. Bowser inquired:—
"Didn't the man make a mistake? There is nobody here to ride a bicycle."
"The man knew what he was about," replied Mr. Bowser with a bland smile as he looked out into the back yard.
"You—you don't mean—"
"Go on, Mrs. Bowser—go on."
"Have you bought a bicycle?"
"I have bought a bicycle. It is pronounced 'bike' for short."
"Are you going to ride it and make a show of yourself at your age?"
"I am going to ride a bike, Mrs. Bowser, age or no age. Something has got to be done for my dyspepsia, and the doctor also says that the only thing that will take the kinks out of my legs is to work the pedals. Exercise is what I want—exhilarating exercise—A five mile spin before breakfast will make a new man of me in month."
"And you—you have bought a bicycle?" gasped Mrs. Bowser as she held up her hands in astonishment.
"Call it bike, Mrs. Bowser. Yes, I have bought a bike, and what of it! What is there to be surprised about?"
"I thought you had bought every foolish thing ever made and offered for sale, but it seems I was mistaken. If there was ever a grown-up man that needed a guardian you are the one."
"Mrs. Bowser, are you talking to me?"
"Of course I am."
"Then you won't remember who I am. I not only run myself, but I run this house. If I want to buy even a balloon it's nobody's business but my own. I may be a lunatic or an idiot, but the general public hasn't found it out yet."
"Well, go ahead," she sighed, "but I know just how it will turn out."
"Yes, of course it will turn out that I will gain about ten pounds in the next month and get some of my old enthusiasm back. I will now get into my old suit and have a little fun in the back yard. I expect it will take me a couple of weeks to learn to ride the thing, but I'm bound to get there."
"And of course you'll lay it all to me."
"Lay it all to you? Lay what to you? Mrs. Bowser, why can't you look at things in a sensible light? You talk as if I were a child. There will be nothing to lay to you or any one else. Instead of carping and fault finding you ought to be glad that I am doing all I can to preserve my health."
Mrs. Bowser had nothing more to say, and as she took a seat by a back window he ran upstairs to change his clothes. Ten minutes later he had his bike in the back yard. He at first looked pleased and happy, then he looked anxious; and then he appeared doubtful.
"Expect to get a few tumbles at first, you know," he said as he looked at Mrs. Bowser with a painful smile, "but I'll get there in time."
"Aren't you going to tie it up to the fence?" she asked.
"For why?"
"So you can get on to it. You'll either have to do that or have some one hold it. Shall I come down with the stepladder?"
"No, ma'am, you needn't come down with the stepladder. I'm just leading the thing around a few times to get my legs limbered up. When I want a stepladder I'll let you know. Here I go!"
He went. He had noticed several different riders mount their bikes, and had figured on an easy thing he would spring for the saddle, and there was wild exultation in his heart as he found himself safely seated. The wild exultation lasted about half a second, or until Mr. Bowser struck the earth with his head and his heels hit the fence and the bike piled on top of him.
"Are you hurt? Are you killed?" called out Mrs. Bower from the window.
"Do you want to tell the whole town that I fell off a bike?" growled Mr. Bowser, as he sat up slowly gathered his wits and his legs and his arms and got up and looked at her.
"But you might have broken your neck."
"Both! The wheel hit something in the grass. Everybody expects a tumble or two, but all like that wouldn't hurt a baby. Haven't you got anything to do but sit there and watch me?"
"Is it any harm to watch you?"

CHILDREN CRY FOR 'ITCHER'S CASTORIA.'

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.
The Bowers had just finished dinner the other evening when an expressman drove up and unloaded and wheeled a bicycle to the basement door. Mr. Bowser was called down to receive it, and when he returned to the sitting room Mrs. Bowser inquired:—
"Didn't the man make a mistake? There is nobody here to ride a bicycle."
"The man knew what he was about," replied Mr. Bowser with a bland smile as he looked out into the back yard.
"You—you don't mean—"
"Go on, Mrs. Bowser—go on."
"Have you bought a bicycle?"
"I have bought a bicycle. It is pronounced 'bike' for short."
"Are you going to ride it and make a show of yourself at your age?"
"I am going to ride a bike, Mrs. Bowser, age or no age. Something has got to be done for my dyspepsia, and the doctor also says that the only thing that will take the kinks out of my legs is to work the pedals. Exercise is what I want—exhilarating exercise—A five mile spin before breakfast will make a new man of me in month."
"And you—you have bought a bicycle?" gasped Mrs. Bowser as she held up her hands in astonishment.
"Call it bike, Mrs. Bowser. Yes, I have bought a bike, and what of it! What is there to be surprised about?"
"I thought you had bought every foolish thing ever made and offered for sale, but it seems I was mistaken. If there was ever a grown-up man that needed a guardian you are the one."
"Mrs. Bowser, are you talking to me?"
"Of course I am."
"Then you won't remember who I am. I not only run myself, but I run this house. If I want to buy even a balloon it's nobody's business but my own. I may be a lunatic or an idiot, but the general public hasn't found it out yet."
"Well, go ahead," she sighed, "but I know just how it will turn out."
"Yes, of course it will turn out that I will gain about ten pounds in the next month and get some of my old enthusiasm back. I will now get into my old suit and have a little fun in the back yard. I expect it will take me a couple of weeks to learn to ride the thing, but I'm bound to get there."
"And of course you'll lay it all to me."
"Lay it all to you? Lay what to you? Mrs. Bowser, why can't you look at things in a sensible light? You talk as if I were a child. There will be nothing to lay to you or any one else. Instead of carping and fault finding you ought to be glad that I am doing all I can to preserve my health."
Mrs. Bowser had nothing more to say, and as she took a seat by a back window he ran upstairs to change his clothes. Ten minutes later he had his bike in the back yard. He at first looked pleased and happy, then he looked anxious; and then he appeared doubtful.
"Expect to get a few tumbles at first, you know," he said as he looked at Mrs. Bowser with a painful smile, "but I'll get there in time."
"Aren't you going to tie it up to the fence?" she asked.
"For why?"
"So you can get on to it. You'll either have to do that or have some one hold it. Shall I come down with the stepladder?"
"No, ma'am, you needn't come down with the stepladder. I'm just leading the thing around a few times to get my legs limbered up. When I want a stepladder I'll let you know. Here I go!"
He went. He had noticed several different riders mount their bikes, and had figured on an easy thing he would spring for the saddle, and there was wild exultation in his heart as he found himself safely seated. The wild exultation lasted about half a second, or until Mr. Bowser struck the earth with his head and his heels hit the fence and the bike piled on top of him.
"Are you hurt? Are you killed?" called out Mrs. Bower from the window.
"Do you want to tell the whole town that I fell off a bike?" growled Mr. Bowser, as he sat up slowly gathered his wits and his legs and his arms and got up and looked at her.
"But you might have broken your neck."
"Both! The wheel hit something in the grass. Everybody expects a tumble or two, but all like that wouldn't hurt a baby. Haven't you got anything to do but sit there and watch me?"
"Is it any harm to watch you?"

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.
The Bowers had just finished dinner the other evening when an expressman drove up and unloaded and wheeled a bicycle to the basement door. Mr. Bowser was called down to receive it, and when he returned to the sitting room Mrs. Bowser inquired:—
"Didn't the man make a mistake? There is nobody here to ride a bicycle."
"The man knew what he was about," replied Mr. Bowser with a bland smile as he looked out into the back yard.
"You—you don't mean—"
"Go on, Mrs. Bowser—go on."
"Have you bought a bicycle?"
"I have bought a bicycle. It is pronounced 'bike' for short."
"Are you going to ride it and make a show of yourself at your age?"
"I am going to ride a bike, Mrs. Bowser, age or no age. Something has got to be done for my dyspepsia, and the doctor also says that the only thing that will take the kinks out of my legs is to work the pedals. Exercise is what I want—exhilarating exercise—A five mile spin before breakfast will make a new man of me in month."
"And you—you have bought a bicycle?" gasped Mrs. Bowser as she held up her hands in astonishment.
"Call it bike, Mrs. Bowser. Yes, I have bought a bike, and what of it! What is there to be surprised about?"
"I thought you had bought every foolish thing ever made and offered for sale, but it seems I was mistaken. If there was ever a grown-up man that needed a guardian you are the one."
"Mrs. Bowser, are you talking to me?"
"Of course I am."
"Then you won't remember who I am. I not only run myself, but I run this house. If I want to buy even a balloon it's nobody's business but my own. I may be a lunatic or an idiot, but the general public hasn't found it out yet."
"Well, go ahead," she sighed, "but I know just how it will turn out."
"Yes, of course it will turn out that I will gain about ten pounds in the next month and get some of my old enthusiasm back. I will now get into my old suit and have a little fun in the back yard. I expect it will take me a couple of weeks to learn to ride the thing, but I'm bound to get there."
"And of course you'll lay it all to me."
"Lay it all to you? Lay what to you? Mrs. Bowser, why can't you look at things in a sensible light? You talk as if I were a child. There will be nothing to lay to you or any one else. Instead of carping and fault finding you ought to be glad that I am doing all I can to preserve my health."
Mrs. Bowser had nothing more to say, and as she took a seat by a back window he ran upstairs to change his clothes. Ten minutes later he had his bike in the back yard. He at first looked pleased and happy, then he looked anxious; and then he appeared doubtful.
"Expect to get a few tumbles at first, you know," he said as he looked at Mrs. Bowser with a painful smile, "but I'll get there in