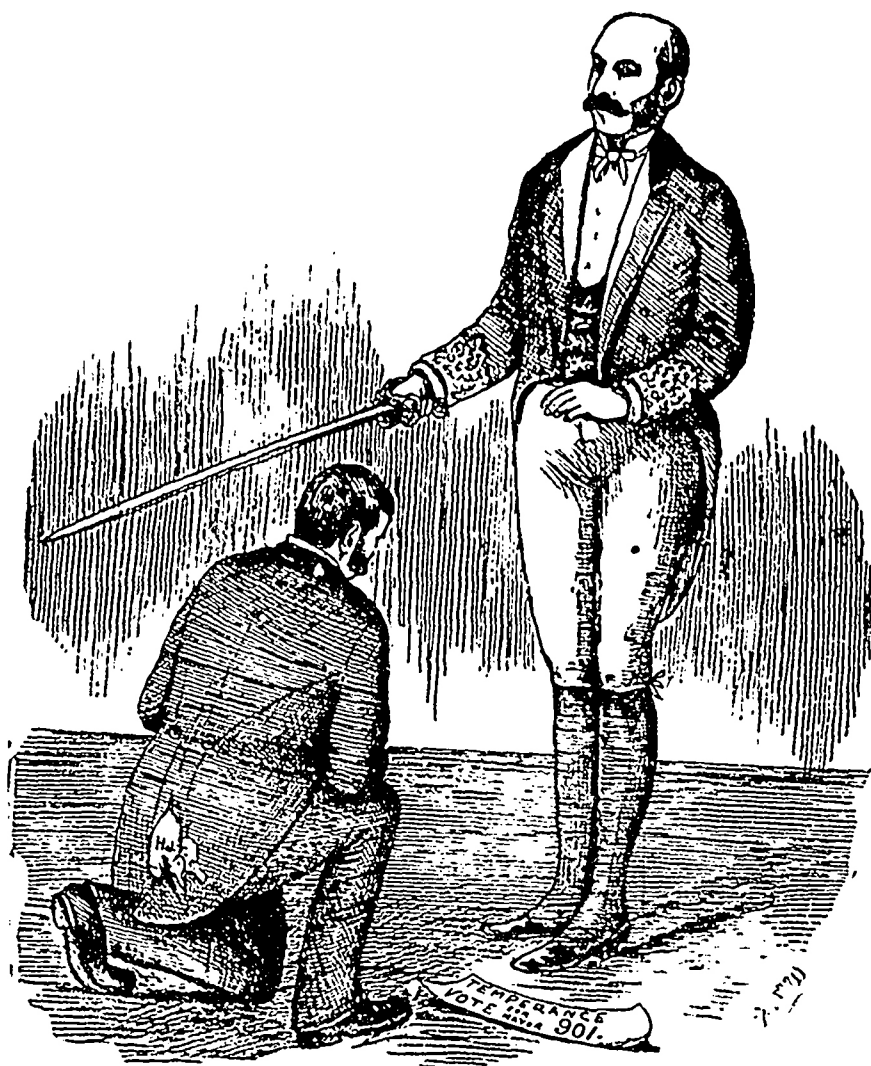




KNIGHTING THE TEMPERANCE MAYOR.

Lansdowne: "Rise, Sir Henry!"

Mr. and Mrs. Bowser.

BY MRS. BOWSER.

All husbands find fault with their meals. I know this to be true, because Mr. Bowser says so. I think it nothing strange when Mr. Bowser sits down to his dinner and begins:—

"Humph! Same old corn beef!"

"Yes, my dear; it's the same corned beef you ordered as you went down this morning."

"Oh, it is! I didn't know but it was some I ordered a year ago! What do you call these things?"

"Potatoes, of course."

"Potatoes, eh! I'll try and remember that name. And what's this?"

"Cabbage, my love."

"Oh! I didn't know but what it was wood pulp, my love! Was this bread made since the war?"

"Certainly. It is only two days old."

"Humph! Buying some poor coffee again, I see! Look at that! That stuff looks as if it was dipped out of a mud-hole!"

"But you ordered this very coffee yourself only night before last."

He growls and eats, and eats and growls and I've got used to it. It's only now and then that he proceeds to violence. The other day he expressed his fondness for pumpkin pie, and I ordered the cook to make two or three. We had one brought on at supper, and as soon as Mr. Bowser saw it he sternly inquired:—

"What do you call that performance there? When was it born? and where is it going to?"

"Mr. Bowser, you said you wanted some pumpkin pie."

"Yes."

"Well, here it is, and as good a one as you ever ate. I made it myself, after mother's favorite recipe."

"Mrs. Bowser, do you call that pumpkin pie?"

"I do, sir."

"Then I want to be a branded fool! What do you take me for, anyway? Don't you suppose I was eating pumpkin pies before you were born?"

"Why isn't it a pumpkin pie?"

"Why isn't it a boot-leg a boot? Where is your other crust?"

"But pumpkin pies never have any upper crust."

"Don't they? Mrs. Bowser, you can deceive the cook, for she is a confiding foreigner, and you can stuff most any yarn down our poor little baby, but don't try to bamboozle me. It won't work. I'm glad for your sake that my mother isn't here to laugh at you."

In two days I had a letter from his mother, affirming that there was no upper crust to a pumpkin pie, and I brought my own mother over in the flesh as a further witness, but what did Mr. Bowser do but loudly exclaim:

"Bosh! You old women have forgotten half you knew. You are thinking about pudding and milk, you are. Of course there is no upper crust to pudding and milk, and I never said there was."

He cost me a good girl last week by one of his whims. I happened to wonder aloud during the evening if she had put her bread to raise, when he promptly enquired:

"Mrs. Bowser, do you know why bread raises?"

"Because of the yeast."

"But why does the yeast expand the dough?"

"Because it does."

"Exactly. You also live because you do, and that's all you know about it! You ought to be ashamed of your ignorance of natural philosophy. I'll see if the girl knows

any better."

He went out and inquired:

"Jane, have you put the bread to raise?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you expect it to raise?"

"Of course."

"Why don't you expect it to fall?"

"Are you running this kitchen?" she sharply demanded.

"Virtually, yes. My object is to see how well you are posted on natural philosophy. Why does the bread rise instead of fall?"

"Because it's a fool, and I'm another for staying in a place where a man is allowed to hen-huzzy about the kitchen! I'll leave in the morning!"

And leave she did, and all the consolation I got from Mr. Bowser as he came up to dinner was:

"It's a good thing she left. She might have mixed something together which would have caused our deaths. Come now, hurry up the dinner."

Mr. Bowser has improved some in the direction of taking care of the baby. I can now leave them together as long as fifteen minutes, without fear that one will kill the other by trying some experiment. They had been alone about seven minutes the other day while I was upstairs, and when I came down Mr. Bowser seemed quite agitated, and whispered to me:

"I've suspected it all along!"

"What?"

"That our child is somewhat of a monstrosity! Look at that!"