

never become fool enough to tie herself to one. So there.

Then she prepares to do the job herself.

It is a curtain fixture to be put up this time. Curtain fixtures, you have probably noticed, never come the right length for any window that was ever constructed.

She gets a chair and arms herself with a screwdriver, and puts six screws in her mouth, and climbs on the chair with the fixtures in her hand, and finds she can't reach the top of the window by three or four inches.

She gets down, and in doing so her dress gets entangled in the chair back and tears off a little fringe and a little knife pleating, and upsets a pot of geranium on the window sill, and in attempting to save that she strikes her head against a bracket by the side of the window which holds a pot of oxalis, and down comes the oxalis aforesaid, and the pot breaks, and the earth is spilled all over the carpet, and the plant is demoralized for life.

Of course she opened her mouth to scream, and the screws fly out, and in jumping after them she drops the rest of the things and has to begin anew. This she does when she has picked up the pot and plant, and swept away the dirt, and put some camphor on her head where it struck the bracket.

If the husband and father should offer to do the job for her now she would scorn his proposal. Her blood was up, and she will do it herself or perish in the attempt.

She gathers together her implements again, and puts an ottoman in the chair, and climbs into another chair, and from that gets on the ottoman, and stands full a minute swaying backward and forward trying to get her balance just right, for a woman standing upon anything more than two feet from the ground is always dizzy-headed and expects to fall the next minute.

She tries the screw driver on the screws, but there never was any wood so hard as that window-casing. The screws turn round lively, but they do not take hold. She has got to have a gimlet to start them. So she has got to get down again. The ottoman comes with her, just for company, and falls with a bounce on that sore joint in her foot which has bothered her so long. Being a woman, she cannot relieve her feelings by swearing, but she does the next best thing—she kicks the ottoman with the other foot, and stirs up her next sorest joint in doing so.

Husband and father looks innocent, and wants to know what she has done, and she is a true Christian if she can refrain from telling him it is none of his business.

A third time she mounts that chair, and now she means business. You can see it by the way she compresses her lips over those screws, and plants her foot on that shaky ottoman, and jabs that dull gimlet into the window molding.

At last the sockets for the roller to turn in are up, a little "showing" perhaps; but never mind—they are up. And if the curtain does roll one-sided, whose business is it?

Husband and father takes time enough from his occupation to mildly inform her that in his judgment, one of the sockets is put up an inch higher than the other. Did you ever hear a woman's reply on such an occasion? It could not be well recorded in words. You would want to see her face in order to get the full meaning of her answer.

She tries the roller. It is about a foot too long. It must be sawed off. She stops and considers. Where is the saw? The head of the family had it last to cut off an apple tree limb with, she thinks; she will not ask him anything about it. Not she. She scorns to humor him so much. She will hunt it up.

So she gets down again and searches in the wood-shed, and in the stable, and under the kitchen-rink, and up in the open attic, and finds it at last down cellar on the meat barrel, with about half an inch of rust on it and the handle loose.

She takes the roller and lays it on two chairs, and begins to saw. The saw is just like the screws—it doesn't take hold. She gives a vigorous dig with it and cuts a groove a couple of inches long in one of her best walnut chair frames, but does not so much as scar the roller.

Another attempt. The saw takes hold in one place, cuts a little, then slips over two or three inches

of the length of the roller, cutting jags all along, and sending the sawdust "every which way."

Husband and father tells her she doesn't hold her saw right. "Mad clear through," as she afterward tells her confidential next-door neighbor, she makes a desperate effort, and the thing is sawed in two. Yes, sir! it is done!

No words can describe the triumph which fills her soul as she once more climbs to the ottoman and tries it in the sockets. At least two inches too long!

Depressed in mind but not in manner, she gets down again and determines it shall be short enough this time.

Well, she has got another fixture; she will try that. She won't be beat out. She'll have that curtain up.

So she gets the other fixture, and by dint of being extra careful it is sawed to just the right length. Then she gets the tack hammer, and tacks the curtain to the roller, and pounds on one finger and both thumbs, and drives two tacks through the curtain where they ought not to be, and crooks up about twenty more; and then she rises, curtain in hand, to put it up. She finds one socket must be moved a little. It "sets in" too much at the bottom.

She has put the screw-driver and gimlet away, woman like. A man now would have left them right there on the floor till he wanted them again, so's to have them handy. There is a great difference in the way a man does things compared with a woman's way.

She brings them back, and gets out the screws, and starts them right, and then the handle of the screw-driver comes off. It always does when a woman is using it. She drives it on with the tack hammer, and proceeds. At last the curtain is up and it rolls if you hold on the bottom of it and sort of coax it along; but no unpracticed hand should ever touch it.

And the woman who fixes it will brag next day to her friends about the way she can handle tools, and point to that curtain as an example of what she can do; and they will compare notes on their husbands, and decide that one smart woman is worth two men.

#### A Fool for his Pains.

"Brudder Smith, I find by consultation' de dickshunary dat you jined dis club about seven months ago. On numerous occasions you hev hern it talked ober heah dat none of de members should put demselves for'd in pollyticks. We know, an' we hev talked it in dis hall, dat de cull'd race of dis kentry doan' know 'nuff to 'leckshunee an' run campaigns, an' dat de white folks beat us ebery time we want offis. It hez bin understood by all dat members of dis club would go to de poll-evils an' wote as they thought best, say nuffin to nobody, an' go home an' tend to bizness. Didn't you understand it dat way?" "I 'spect I did," was the sullen reply. "But at de 'leckshun de odder day you riz up airly in de mawnin', rushed aroun' to de polls, hollered for dis candydade an' abused dat one, an' long in de evenin' you got into a row an' was so badly pounded dat you had to be car'd home on a doah. What hev you got to say to all dis?" "I 'spects I'd better resign," replied Smith. "Brudder Smith, you hez struck de key note," continued the president. "Dis club accepts your resignashun wid de utmost cheerfulness, an' de seckretary am instructed to draw his pen across de name ob de Hon. Injun Rubber Smith, and write in red ink below it, 'Resigned on 'count of his political engagements.' Mr. Smith, you kin now retire an' devote all your 24 hours of de day to gettin' some white man 'lected to offis, an' bein' called a fool fur yer pains. Good night, sah!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

#### Missionaries.

Every wide awake farmer who keeps up with the times, who improves his live stock and sustains the fertility of his farm, ought to feel that he gets some compensation in the good he is doing by setting his neighbors a good example. Such a man may do more good than he would were he to offer himself for a feast to the denizens of the Cannibal Islands. His teaching begins where most needed, like charity, at home.

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