

HE TRIES CARPENTERING.

Mr. Bowser Makes and Hangs a Pair of Screen Doors.

An expressman brought up a small jag of lumber the other afternoon and left it at the barn and when Mr. Bowser came home I mentioned the fact and asked what he intended to do with it.

"It's for screen doors for the front doors," he replied.

"Carpenter coming up to make them?"

"Haven't engaged any."

"Mr. Bowser, you are not going to try and make them yourself?"

"There won't be any trying about it. I shall proceed to make and hang them."

"I'm afraid you can't do it. It's a nice piece of joiner work to make a screen door, especially one for the front of the house."

"I am well aware of that," he said as he stroked his chin in a complacent way. "Haven't I got \$50 worth of tools? Don't I know how to handle them?"

"I—I wish you had given your order at the shop as other folks do."

"I'll be hanged if I pay any \$8 for a pair of doors when I can make 'em for \$3. You are always dead set on anything I under take."

"Mr. Bowser, you can't make a screen-door. You can't hang one. Don't blame me when the failure comes."

"Blame you! Are you getting crazy? If those doors are not a success you won't hear a word of fault from me—not a peep. I was thinking of ordering them, but being you have stuck your nose up-so high, I'll make 'em now just to show you that I can do it!"

And next morning he put on an old suit and went out to the barn and before nine o'clock he had measured four different times for those doors. At last he got the dimensions to suit and I heard him sawing off the strips. About eleven o'clock I went out and found the stuff all cut to lengths and Mr. Bowser was making half-mortices at the ends.

"Aren't our front doors higher than this?" I asked as I picked up one of the side pieces.

"Haven't you any work to see to?" he brusquely replied.

"You've got 'em a foot too short."

"Oh, I have, eh? Some folks' eyes are better than a carpenter's rule!"

I went back into the house, but it wasn't long before I saw him sneaking around to the front with one of the pieces. I watched him as he tried it, and it was all of twenty inches short. Mr. Bowser scratched his ear, growled like a bear, and looked as foolish as a boy caught in a harvest apple tree. Ten minutes later he was at the telephone ordering more stuff.

"Were they too short?" I asked as he hung up the trumpet.

"No, no, but I thought I'd get heavier stuff," he mumbled as he shot outdoors.

The stuff came up after dinner, and it was about five o'clock in the afternoon when he put one of the frames together and stood it up in the door. I went out, and as he began to smile with satisfaction I said:

"Mr. Bowser, that door is square-gawed."

"Square-gawed? Square-gawed? What does that stand for in the back counties?"

"Your door is wider at the bottom than the top."

"It can't be."

"Your own eyes will convince you. Measure the difference."

"I'll bet you a hundred dollars it's a breadth!"

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"You never saw it there, Mr. Bowser—never! And look at the way you have tacked the stuff on. It's humped up in a dozen different places, because you pulled it askew."

"There isn't one hump—not the sign of a hump. I'll give any man a million dollars to make a better job of it! All that door needs now is painting."

"But don't they paint the frames before they tack the cloth on? How are you going to paint the inside of the frame?"

"Don't you worry yourself about this job, Mrs. Bowser. I wasn't born alongside of a huckleberry marsh!"

But after I had gone away he tore off the wire and painted the frame, and next morning he covered the other. That night Mr. Bowser kicked around in his sleep in the most awful manner and at about two o'clock in the morning he suddenly sat up in bed and exclaimed:

"Squeegawed! I'll bet you four hundred thousand billion dollars against a cent that they are as plumb as a rule."

Mr. Bowser had been at work an hour next morning before I went out. He had the doors at the front and seemed to have some trouble about hanging them.

"You see what you've done, don't you?" I asked, after a survey of the scene.

"I don't believe I'm either near-sighted or color-blind," he replied.

"Well, you've got one door wrong-side up, to begin with."

"H-how?"

"Look at the panels and see. Then you have been trying to hang one to swing in and the other to swing out."

"I have, eh? That shows all you know about it. I'm simply sitting the screens so they will shut tight."

Just before noon he got a hang on both doors, and as I looked at them from the hall I had to sit down on the floor and laugh. They didn't meet in the centre within two inches and each was half an inch short at top and bottom. He had so hung them with the cloth on the inside. Just then a neighbor came along and turned in to the steps. After looking at the doors for half a minute in great astonishment, he queried:

"Something just from Paris, Bowser?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, you've got a new idea in screen doors. I suppose the space at the bottom is for bugs, that at the top for mosquitoes and the centre for flies. I see you have left the frames exposed. They will make capital roosting places for house flies and pinch bugs. Did you do this job?"

"Y-yes."

"Well, if I had a girl ten years old who couldn't beat it I'd make her go barefoot all summer."

"I didn't make these doors for your house, sir."

"Thank heaven for that! Bowser, you're a brick—a soft brick! I'll come up this evening with a band and serenade those doors!"

When the neighbor had gone I suddenly felt the back end of the house lift up. It was Mr. Bowser pulling those screen doors off. He couldn't even wait to take the screws out of the hinges. They came off in detachments and the pieces were slung into the back yard. When he had finished he came in and said:

"Mrs. Bowser, I want to have a talk with you—a very serious talk."

"But didn't I tell you how it would be?"

"Never! You encouraged me to go ahead, and to please a whim of yours I've lost three days' time, pounded myself all over, spent \$6 in cash and been made a butt of ridicule. Mrs. Bowser, this is the limit—the finish—the end! Make out a list of what furniture you want and let us agree on the alimony."

—[Detroit Free Press.]

HALF CHILD, HALF PANTHER.

Strange Freak of Nature That Puzzles Texas Scientists.

A singular freak of nature is attracting much attention in El Paso. It is the one-year-old child of a Mexican woman living a short distance from town, which child seems to partake more of the nature of a wild beast than of a human being. It has the curved claws of an animal of the feline race, sharp pointed teeth and short, coarse hair bristling all over its body, which is of a peculiar brown and tawny hue. When hungry or made angry the creature emits cries that are exactly like those of a panther, and is fierce and unmanageable, scratching and tearing savagely. If any attempt is made to approach it, it subsists almost entirely

on raw meat, which it tears to pieces, growling and snarling like a wild animal at any one approaching while it is eating.

DURING THE DAY THE CREATURE

seems to be half asleep, coiled up in a bed of straw, but at night prowls about the house and, if allowed, will make for the woods. It possesses incredible strength, leaping easily distances that a strong man would find impossible. The features of the strange being are good and its expression at times very intelligent and human and even melancholy, its eyes being large and speaking, but if noticed or approached at such moments will assume a mischievous, impish look and begin leaping and grunting. While perfectly able to walk erect, it seldom does so, but prefers to run about on all fours, which it does with the greatest ease and activity. It has never spoken an articulate word nor attempted to, but its voice, when it screams, is extraordinarily

POWERFUL AND EAR-PIERCING.

The mother is extremely sensitive on the subject and generally refuses to allow the child to be seen if she can help it, but Dr. Abrams, who attended her at its birth, says that it nursed naturally at first until when, at three weeks old, its teeth appearing, it bit her savagely, inflicting a wound that seemed to poison the flesh so as really to endanger her life. The doctor gives as his opinion that the thing is really more human than it appears and that with time it will lose a good deal of its brutishness. He says its affliction is the result of prenatal influences. It is a female and is now about the size of a well-developed child of three years of age.



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