

THE FARMER.

Who pays his tax with many a sigh,
Wonders why they are so high,
And fails to see the "how" and "why"?

Who has the wool pulled over his eyes,
By partisan high-pitched cries,
And takes for gospel the plainer lies?

Who'll cry "protection" loud and long
Until it becomes a worn-out song,
And suddenly finds he has been all wrong?

Who'll rise some day in all his might,
When he sees some things in a clearer light,
And knock the "machine" as high as a kite?

Who'll say: "Less tax is what we need,
And a firmer check on Monopoly's greed!"
And strike for reform with lightning speed?

Who'll reason great political storm,
For the G. O. P. make it very warm,
When he takes his stand for tax-reform?

Then haste the day when every man
Shall stand for the right, as surely he can,
And nose shall prove more loyal than—

Who looses to plow and sow and reap,
And off times tells who others sleep,
That honey have "corn to whet their keep"?

Who is up times with the morning sun,
And counts the day but ill begun
Until some useful task is done?

Who pays his debts like an honest man,
And makes as few as he possibly can?
(Which surely is the wisest plan).

Whose heart is free from dishonest taint,
The knavery of the Sunday saint,
And with "ways that are dark" is not acquainted?

Who greets the robin and the wren
And all the tribes of the leafy green,
Secluded from the haunts of men?

Who studies nature's wondrous power
In bird and beast, in tree and flower,
And yields her worship every hour?

Then here's to the man of honest face,
Of earnest heart and homely grace,
A noble honor to his race—

LOANFORD, Oct. 6, 1890.
RETSIK

NOTE—The farmer more particularly alluded to in Part I, is the Pennsylvania farmer. The farmer of the western States is fortunately and rationally and consistently as much for as the Pennsylvania farmer is the friend of "Protection."

JONAS' WEDDING TRIP.

"I never thought to come to this," said Mrs. Aikin, dolefully, as she looked around the disordered kitchen. "And the cream all spoiling for lack of some one to churn, and the young turkeys all down with the pip, and the white calf ailing, and me tired, hand and foot like this!"

"Don't fret, mother," said Jonas, who, after a most clumsy and manlike fashion, was trying potatoes over the fire. "It'll all come right."

"It can't all come right," said Mrs. Aikin, jerking out the words between the spasms of rheumatism. "Everything will go to rack and ruin. Oh, dear, Jonas, you'll have to hire a help. The men are coming next week to cut down the grass in the forty-acre meadow—four of 'em, and all expected to be boarded here, and the doctor says it'll be a chance if I get back my strength in six weeks."

"I can put 'em off, mother," suggested Jonas, cheerfully. "And spoil the finest hay-crop we've ever grown," said Mrs. Aikin. "That will never do. Hired help is the only way out of it."

"I don't know of any one to be hired," said Jonas, dishing up his potatoes in a way that struck a chill to his mother's heart. "There's Phebe Potter, but she asks two dollars a week."

"She must be crazy," said Mrs. Aikin. "What does she take people for, I wonder? Twelve shillings is an exorbitant price for any girl to expect. No one can earn it."

"Euretta Clay?" "Mrs. Hopkins had her once. She's as slow as Old Time, and untidy at that."

Jonas was silent; his resources had evidently reached their limit. He began to cut the bread in big, irregular chunks.

"Thinner, Jonas, thinner!" cried his mother. "Oh, dear, what a squealing thin pig keeps up; they know it's past their regular feeding time, as well as though they were Christians."

"I guess the pigs'll keep," observed philosophic Jonas, trudging slowly down cellar after a pot of butter. Mrs. Aikin moved uneasily in her chair, and uttered a groan.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! we never can get along this way," mused she. "Something has got to be done. Jonas!"

"Yes."

for the loom, and the spring house-cleaning' not attended to yet, and all the milk and butter, and the turkeys and goslings, and the young calves, and the vegetable garden—I sold three dollars worth of green peas out of the garden last year; and there's no sense in hiring a man to make garden when any smart woman can look after it, odd times; and your clothes need attending to, and my new alpaca dress ain't made yet, and—why, la me! there's work for three women, at least, about the place! Go and see Letitia Hooper this very afternoon, before Nat Pellett gets the start of you!" she added.

Jonas Aikin came home at ten o'clock that night, and told his mother that Letty Hooper had accepted him. "Good!" said Mrs. Aikin. "Now we'll get something done about the premises. Hurry up the wedding as soon as ever you can, my son; it's an awful inconvenient time of the year to get married in!"

"Are you sure you're doing a wise thing, Letty?" said old Ellen Hooper, when his daughter showed him her wedding dress with blushing pride. "Why not, father?"

"Those Aikins have the name of being very hard. And Mrs. Green, their neighbor, says Jonas is only getting married to save the expense of a hired girl."

"I think he likes me," said Letty, shyly. "And I'm awfully sorry for his poor rheumatic mother."

"I guess you'd better keep your pity for yourself," observed Mr. Hooper, shrewdly. "By all accounts, you'll need it! Going to Uncle Prickett's for your wedding trip, eh? Well it's a pleasant part of the country. I dare say you'll like it."

Uncle Prickett was a leather-complexioned old man, with keen black eyes, and sharp, yellow teeth, like those of an elderly monkey. He gave them a cordial welcome.

"That's a pretty little new wife of yours, Mr. Aikin," said he. "And as smart as steel, too, though she is my niece!"

"Yes," said Jonas, with modest exultation. "I calculate she'll be helpful like around the farm. We need a stirring woman at home."

"Not too helpful, I hope," said Uncle Prickett.

"Eh?" said Jonas.

"Look here," said Uncle Prickett, "sit?" stammered Jonas.

"Fond of her, eh?" questioned Uncle Prickett.

"You bet I am!" Jonas promptly responded.

"Then don't murder her!" "Murder her!"

"Look here again." And Uncle Prickett drew Jonas towards the window. "D'ye see the church-yard over there on the hill?"

Jonas shivered a little.

"Yes," said he, "I see it. Them white stones gleamin' through the trees, ain't it?"

"My wife lies there," said Uncle Prickett.

"Indeed!" said Jonas, a little uneasily.

"I killed her," said Uncle Prickett.

"Jonas started back.

"Eh?" he exclaimed a second time.

"Don't look at me that way," said Uncle Prickett. "I didn't stab her, nor poison her. I loved her, young man, just as well as you love your wife. And yet—I killed her. Do you want to know how it was done?"

Jonas started at him. Had the man gone crazy?

"Work!" said Uncle Prickett. "Hard work! We were proud of the farm and of the dairy. We liked to take premiums at the county fairs. We added up our bank account every night, and there's the bank account; but Jenny lies buried under the biggest gray shaft on yonder side hill. She died the day before her twenty-ninth birthday, and I know just as well as if a coroner's inquest had said so that I had been her death."

"No, no!" pleaded Jonas. "Don't say that!"

"As true as I stand here," said Uncle Prickett. "I should have been careful of her. A woman ain't an iron machine. I should have cherished her—ain't that what the 'Marriage Service' says?—instead of letting her work herself into a decline. What sort of good do you suppose all that money does me now? She ain't here to share it with me. Now you know what I mean, young man."

And Uncle Prickett turned on his heel and went out of the room.

"Letty," he said to his niece, who was gathering the first ripe raspberries that grew on the sunny garden wall, "I've been giving your husband a word of advice. I've been telling him he mustn't let you work yourself to death, like your Aunt Jenny did."

color. She'll find enough to do, without turning into a drudge; and so I've hired Joan Llanis for a year."

Mrs. Aikin uttered a hollow groan. "I do believe you've gone crazy," she said. "We shall all go to the poor-house together."

But they did not. Joan Llanis proved a domestic treasure, especially as nurse-in-chief to the poor old rheumatic invalid.

The Fall of the Petticoat.

We have the word of the New York Sun for it that the petticoat has fallen. It is curious to note the wane of the petticoat. Ever since the five-yard hoop skirts began to dwindle it has fallen off steadily and perceptibly. During the evolution of the bustle it was a great institution. Then, little by little, this nuisance was abated. Steels or reeds in the foundation skirts of frocks appeared, and one by one superfluous petticoats were dispensed with until at last Dame Fashion has decreed that the fewer clothes a woman has on the better, and provided she is sufficiently warm, and so the old time petticoat has become little more than a memory.

"There is no reason on earth why a woman should be dragged to the ground by wearing enough undergarments at one time to stock a ladies' furnishing shop. A man doesn't, and his sisters and cousins and aunts don't either any more," said Madame, and, being pressed for particulars, the following inventory was finally submitted: Silken tights from knee to waist, a web of silk like a sword sheath. Over it a corset, and what is known to modern times as a petticoat, but is so delightfully different from the ancient significance of that term that it seems a pity not to call it by some other name. Here is its description: It may be whatever color you choose, or black or white. It is likely to be of washing silk, surah, or some soft Indian or Chinese weave, absolutely devoid of stiffening. It is gored in front and sides, and fitted smoothly onto a round yoke with a drawing string at the back, and a shir of ribbon with bows and ends crawling the full length together half way down from the belt.

Next to the people who have scruples about the morality of starched petticoats come the objectors with whom nature has dealt kindly, who, therefore, dread the frankness of the clinging silken skirt. But art is kind. Feathers are soft and sufficient substitutes for missing curves and cushioning sharp angles, and it is said that the India-rubber industry has also been employed as a rectifier in such cases. There was a girl at a summer resort this season who had beautiful hips, and the constantly wore soft-clinging raiment of crepe or mullin that flowed in long graceful folds about the exquisite form. That she was an artistic success was undeniable. How that success was achieved ought to have remained secret, but the stunning revelation in this instance was a long bonnet pin, operated by a wicked small brother, who had been locked up in his room for some misdemeanor. Long windows opened on a veranda, where the beautiful girl promenaded slowly, with a train of admirers hovering around. The small boy appeared gazing through the shutters of his prison, when his sister passed just in front of the window, and with a very furtive glance shone in his eyes. A very tame little paw was thrust through the slats, clutching a long hat pin, which theurchin jabbed into the young lady. She did not flinch, but her lovely form became flat as falls, until her superb inflated hips were flat as the traditional park. Amusement on the faces of her friends, a chuckle from the limbo brother, and presently hysterical crying from the apartment into which the girl with the beautiful form had fled followed in rapid succession.

To Be Obedient From King Humbert.

"Tom" Keightree wanted to control a large slice of the patronage in Texas, and asked an audience with General Harrison for the purpose of explaining matters. The President sent out word that he would give the former member from the cowboy district from Texas five minutes of his time in the library.

"What!" exclaimed Thomas Porterhouse, "five minutes for me, for me who brother, who has been locked up in his room, and presently hysterical crying from the apartment into which the girl with the beautiful form had fled followed in rapid succession."

As Oshiltree sailed out of the White House he paused long enough to say to a newspaper man:

"For Heaven's sake, don't print a word of this. I don't want my friend King Humbert of Italy to hear of it, you know. Hummy, old boy, is so fond of his friends, a chuckle from the limbo brother, and presently hysterical crying from the apartment into which the girl with the beautiful form had fled followed in rapid succession."

The Best Dressing.

The best dressed woman is by no means always the one who is arrayed with the most splendor and ostentatiousness; and to know how to dress according to the occasion is as much an art as to know how to dress at all. In one's own home to outdress one's guest is a rudeness and an unkindness; the house, the equipage, the retinue, the entourage, the whole establishment is there to speak for one; the personal attire can be of the most modest. But on the other hand, an attire that is too modest is equally out of place on the guest, for it seems to assume, that the entertainment is inferior and the convives of no consequence. It is better for the guest to be over-dressed than for the hostess—better for the guest than to be under-dressed; she need not feel uncomfortable if she has come in a dress outshining that of every one else present, since the worst that can be said of it is that she thought the occasion worthy of it.—Harper's Bazar.

MISUNDERSTOOD.—She (as he places his arm around her waist)—Stop right where you are, sir!

He (taking a firmer hold)—Willingly, my dear.—Epoch.

Turkeys Routed by Grasshoppers.

Farmer James C. Fairchild, of the upper Paupack region in Pennsylvania, asserts that he has never known grasshoppers to be so thick in any place as they have been during the past August. In a three acre field of late rye the insects were so numerous that they ate all the blades of the stalks and sucked all the juice out of them before the crop was ripe. One day farmer Fairchild left his white vest at the edge of the lot and when he went to put it on at night he found that the grasshoppers had eaten hundreds of holes in it. The grasshoppers seemed to increase several fold each day in that particular field, and it appeared to him as though they came out of the ground nearly full grown.

As soon as the rye was put into the barn, he turned the turkeys into the stubble. A high stone wall surrounds the lot, and the turkeys drove the hordes of grasshoppers ahead of them and gobbled up what they wanted. One day the turkeys drove apparently millions of the insects into a corner of the field. They couldn't get over the wall or through it, and several bushels of the grasshoppers, Farmer Fairchild declared, turned upon his flock of turkeys and came within an ace of swamping them. The fowls were completely covered with grasshoppers, and the insects kept coming at them so thick and fast that the turkeys finally took to their legs and wings, and went squalling toward the center of the lot as though something had scared them half to death.

After a little, one of the gobblers rallied the flock, and led them back to the corner. He gobbled a number of times on the way, and the other turkeys marched abreast of him and gobbled defiantly at the grasshoppers, the hens bringing up the rear and talking saucily as they marched. Well up toward the corner of the field the flock spread out, and in a moment innumerable wings were buzzing toward the wall. Pretty soon the grasshoppers were as thick in the corner as they had been before. There wasn't room for them all, and again they turned upon the turkeys and the turkeys turned tail in an instant, skeddaddled across the lot, and flew over the bars into the roadway. The fowls had plainly been badly scared by the grasshoppers, and since then Farmer Fairchild has been unable to get his turkeys to stay in the rye field for ten minutes at a time.

PAIN.

I am a Mystery that walks the earth Since man began to be, Sorrow and sin, the sponsors at my birth, An Terror christened me.

More pitiless than Death, who gathereth His victims day by day; I doom man daily to desire of death, And still forbear to slay.

More merciless than Time, I leave man Youth And suck life's sweetness out, More cruel than Despair, I show man Truth, And leave him strength to doubt.

I bind the freest in my subtle hand, I blanch the boldest cheek; I hold th hearts of poets in my hand, And wring them ere they speak.

I walk in darkness over souls that bleed, I shape each man to his own fate, To something different. I drop the seed Whence grapes or thistles grow.

No two that dream me, dream the self-same face, No two names me alike, A Horror without form I fill all space, Across all time I strike.

Man cries, and cringes to mine unseen rod; Kings own my sovereignty; Seers may but prove me as they prove a God; Yet none denieth me.

—Grace Deilo Litchfield, in Independent.

The Way Americans Sit.

Kate Field says, referring to the day Chief Justice Fuller delivered in the House of Representatives his oration on a century of Constitutional Government: "In marched the President and Mr. Blaine, followed by the other Secretaries, and sat down in the first row of the amphitheatre. Sat? Yes, sitting, what it is called. Within five minutes every mother's son of them, with perhaps one exception, had slid down so that his body was supported by his shoulder blades and the small of his back. The Justices of the Supreme Court followed, and down they went in the same way. So did the rest of the dignitaries, as busy after they filed in. In contrast with them, the delegates to the two international Conferences, as upright as ramrods.

What made the contrast so disagreeable was the fact that our own men were by far the best-looking persons on the floor, as a rule. It seemed a pity that they should spoil their fine effect by such an attitude. But it is the common fault of Americans in public places. Congress sits on its 400 and odd spines when it ain't making speeches or writing letters. Our State legislators do it. Everybody does it when they aren't occupied to admit of such a thing. And why, pray?"

Well Paid Evangelists.

"The thy of evangelists is small," says Evangelist Ben Deering, when it is remenbered how exhausting and responsible their work is. I mean the ordinary evangelist—the man who is without a national reputation. I have preached in a Missouri town for a week and crowded the church four times a day, receiving only \$60 at the end of my work. Of course, the evangelists whose fame is spread over the whole country make more money than this, but even their pay is nothing like what it is made by extravagant popular stories. Harrison, the boy preacher, is always in demand, and charges \$10 a day for his services, whether he is engaged for a week or a month. He is worth about \$60,000. Moody makes no charge for his services, but he is paid much better than Harrison.

Who Would Not?—Clergyman—How is Ben coming on since he failed in business? Rather down hearted, I suppose.

Smith—No, I think not. The last time I saw him he was looking up and trying to be hopeful.

"Ah, I'm glad to hear that!" "He was trying to drink from a jug."

The Grizzly Bear.

A Most Interesting Critter With But a Single Fault.

The Californian grizzly is a most interesting animal. As Bret Harie used to say, he has but one ungentlemanly habit, that of scalping with his fore paw and this he caught from the wicked red man. Otherwise, unless aggressively assaulted, he is the pink of good behavior. He will walk off the trail and give you the right of way; he will gather salmon berries in the same patch, or dig roots on the hillside while you are skoteling or writing not many yards away. If it were otherwise—if the grizzly had the temper of the royal tiger—thousands of the pioneers of California would have perished at his claws, for a full-grown grizzly when aroused is a terrible antagonist.

There was a family of pioneers who lived in the hills of Alameda County, not far from Vapley's. The elder, Zachariah Cheney, took his son Joe and a young man named Allen and went out to kill a grizzly. They all knew very well where to find him, in a wild unbroken canyon, or about the rocks at its head, where oak trees grew. They had come across his tracks many times and had seen him grubbing canas roots on the hillside when they were hunting up cattle. So they thought very little of the danger. Each of them had a gun and a revolver. Suddenly they met the bear at the head of the wooded gulch, who, seeing their warlike preparations, immediately charged them and trod all three in less than a minute. There was so little time for choice of trees that the elder Cheney and young Allen got into scrub-oaks hardly larger than respectable quince trees. In less time than it takes to tell it the bear had Cheney on the ground, scalped him with one blow, crushed his arm with another and left him. The bear instantly turned his attention to young Allen, seized him by the boot-leg and jerked him from the tree so violently that the poor fellow rolled 30 feet down the gulch and under some willows, where he lay in silence. The third man was beyond reach, so the grizzly, master of the circumstance, rose to his full height, gave a roar of triumph and walked leisurely home. Not a single shot was fired by any of the men! Yet let no one too hastily shoot out the contemptuous lip, for 99 men out of 100 might have done as badly. The rush of a large grizzly from his chapparral shelter is a terrible thing to face. I distrust most of the current stories about successful hand-to-hand encounters with full-grown grizzlies. There is an oak tree in Shasta county under which a miner who had fired upon a grizzly was killed by one blown from the enraged animal. And when his companions had killed him it was found that the man's bullets had passed entirely through the animal's body.

If it were not for poison placed for him in his haunts, the great master of the California forests would walk "alone as a rhinoceros" in almost every wild canyon of Cost Range and Sierra. Men learn to give him the track whenever they can, and if they go on the war path, it is with profound respect for their antagonist's strength and courage, I once met five or six San Luis Obispo farmers who had shot a huge grizzly. They took their guns and went down a gulch where the bear lived. They found him where he was bound to cross a ravine to get to them, and so they were able to put over 20 bullets into him before he died at their feet. They had just skinned him and spread the great hide on the rocks when I rode up. I asked them how they felt about it, and the leader said: "We none of us want to tackle another. If he had been on our side of the gulch, instead of his own, most of us would have been killed before we could pump enough lead into him." And that seemed to be the general conviction.

Beauty of Spanish Women.

If I were asked to state in one sentence what I consider the chief advantage of Spanish women over those of other countries, says a writer in Scribner, and to what they owe their fame for beauty, I should say that if a Spanish girl has round cheeks, and has medium-sized, delicately-cut nose and mouth, she is almost certain to be a complete beauty; whereas, if an American or English girl has a good nose, mouth and cheeks, the chances are still against her having a beautiful complexion, and fine eyes, hair and teeth, which Spanish girls are endowed with as a matter of course. But over and above every thing else, it is the unique grace and the exquisite femininity, unalloyed by any trace of masculine assumption or caricature, that constitute the eternal charm of Spanish women.

ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE.—DOLLIE (snuggling quite close to his watch-chain)—What have you in that pocket? CHOLLIE—A postage stamp.

DOLLIE—Goozie. What postage stamp? CHOLLIE—The one on your last precious love letter. I detached it carefully. It touched your moist red lips. It often touches mine.

DOLLIE—You dreadful, awful fellow! I'm so sorry!

CHOLLIE—Sorry! Why? DOLLIE—Because I moistened that stamp on Fido's ear, damp nose.

HE SHOULD HAVE SEEN HER THEN.—WIFE—Tell me, Reginald, dear, what made you love and marry me? HER HUSBAND—I fell in love with you at Snigger's party, when the waiter spilled a whole dish of ice cream over your silk dress. You smiled so sweetly though you knew that my dress was ruined, that I made up my mind I never had seen so angelic a woman.

SEE—Ha! ha! Is it possible. Why I never was so vexed in my life. I went home and upset the whole family. You just ought to have heard how I went on.

"Never a rose without a thorn" is an axiom possessing much truth. It follows, then, that the thorns were created for the purpose of protecting the treasures of the bush. So do we often find in human life that beauties of the heart and mind are preserved by the thorns of unshapely bodies, unbeautiful faces, or lack of wealth.

Nuptial Multiple of Three.

Polygamy is practiced to an extravagant degree, says a West African letter to the Baltimore American. The more wives a man has the higher his social standing. The number which a man in private life may have is limited to the ability to purchase and support them, but the number of wives which the King may have is limited by law—limited to the modest number of 3,333, and it is said that he usually does not far exceed this limit.

At any rate, he must have more wives than any of his subjects, or his respectability will suffer. I was told by the American consular agent at Elmir that the present king actually has the 3,333 and that he has 600 children.

All the king's as to do to get a wife is to choose any female he pleases, no matter how young she may be. Girls are often chosen when less than ten year old, and in such cases they are left with their mothers until of marriage age, at which time they are taken to join the rest of the 3,333.

No man is ever allowed to see the King's wives, and should they even accidentally see one his punishment is death. These wives during the working season, attend to the King's plantations, but the rest of the time they live at Coomise, the Ashatoo capital, where they occupy two long streets.

When they go out for a walk in a body, as is often the case, they are preceded by a number of eunuchs, who herald their coming, that all men may disappear and avoid looking upon them; when this is impossible they must fall upon their faces to the ground.

If a white man happens to be there, and understands not the law, eunuchs turn his face away from the advancing women.

Wise Words.

Not to sow means not to reap. A bad egg takes up as much room as a good one.

If we could know all, we could forgive more easily. Get each man right, and the nation will be right.

It is better to fail in trying to do good than never to try. The more money a man has the more he needs religion.

Wrong doing people are the most exciting of all people. Heart work is something that can not be paid for in money.

The man who loves others will try to make himself lovable. You can tell what a man believes by finding out what he does.

No man ever hears birds sing who goes into a cave to look for them. Necessity is not only the mother of invention, but the father of his also.

The great essential in saving men is to convince them that you love them. The man who is always thinking evil finds ten thousand ways to speak it.

The man who is always looking for an easy place will have a hard time of it. Every man on earth needs more courage more than he does more money.

For a steady thing, the light of a tallow candle is better than that of a skyrocket. The preacher fails who tries to preach a doctrine that hasn't been tested in his own heart.

If you want to have plenty of opportunities for doing good, be sure that you do not neglect the first one. If people would stop looking toward the wrong place they would find it a great deal easier to stay in the right place.

An Optimists Awful Blow.

This is about a young man who lives in the Pine Tree State. He is a young man of very deep feelings. When he gets his mind on a thing, it takes strong hold on him. His is one of those intense natures that can brook no opposition. Yet up to the time of which I write he had always been noted for looking upon the bright side of things—one of your real bright optimists who consider that every cloud has a German-silver lining. Well this young man had centered his affections upon a young lady in the village, and on numerous occasions offered his escort on rides and to parties. These were so uniformly and firmly refused that he at length brought matters to a head by asking the lady, point blank, why she refused his attentions.

"Because," she said, "I am engaged to another man, and do not think it would be right to go about with you."

The young man sat stupefied for a moment, too absolutely stunned for words. Then his former bright nature forsook him, as he looked, shuddering, down the long black vista of the years that confronted him. Not one ray of light gleamed athwart the said vista. The clouds seemed lined with black alpaca.

Turning his mournful gaze upon the object of his soul's worship, this one-time light-hearted, but now desolate man brought forth a groan from his inmost being, and said in a voice that tremblingly told of his deep feeling in the matter: "Abigail, I would rather have given \$5 than have had it thus."—Levinston Journal.

NO USE FOR A WATCH POCKET.—A young man had himself measured for a suit of clothes. When he got his clothes from the tailor he discovered that there was no watch pocket in the waistcoat.

"What is the meaning of this?" asked the indignant customer. "Meaning of what?"

"Why, this waistcoat has no watch pocket. Why didn't you make the waistcoat like the one I sent you as a pattern? It had a watch pocket."

"I know the old waistcoat had a watch pocket, but as there was a pawn ticket in it for your watch, I didn't see what use you were going to have for a watch pocket."

A GRACEFUL COMPLIMENT—Miss Robinson—How do you think this dress suits me? Miss Tangle—First rate. You look charming in it. Why, I hardly knew you.