

Uncle Walt

I BOUGHT me a suit of the Sears-buck brand, they said it was tailored and sewed by hand; they said it was woven of finest wool, and couldn't be torn by an angry bull; they said it was fine, and would surely last, till Gabriel tooteth the final blast. It was ten cents cheaper than suits I'd bought, from local dealers, who seemed quite hot, and shed a bucket of briny tears, when I bought my clothes of the Sawbuck Rears. I wore that suit when the day was damp, and it shrunk to the size of a postage stamp; the coat split up and the vest split down and I scared the horses all over town, for the buttons popped and the seams they tore, and the stiches gave, with a sullen roar. And I gave that suit to a maiden small, who found it handy to dress her doll.

*Mail
Order
Clothes*