

negligence in the laundry, but as there was no competition there could be no choice, and the slighted work was borne to the limit of patience. When, one day, our lofty friend returned a parcel of botched garments by the hands of a messenger, with a haughty, emphatic order, "to do the clothes in a proper manner, and return them in a proper condition!" the messenger delivered the order word for word and tone for tone. The wife was busy over the wash-tub at the time, but straightened up, placed her arms akimbo, and with an emphasizing nod of the head to every word, said, "Tell the Pope to go plumb to h—l; Jack's getting forty dollars to the pan now."

The story got out, and the old lady, as she was styled, was, figuratively speaking, heartily slapped on the back, and unanimously commended as a good fellow. Had Jack's pans not yielded plentifully, I verily believe a subscription would have been taken up for them, the story was so much enjoyed and applauded.

The worthy pair accumulated from numerous forty-dollar pans a fortune that would have seemed fabulous to them a year before that time, and are now living in retired ease in a lovely home.