

Hum! that ain't very much fer a present fer your own sister! No, I don't want to buy it. I jest wanted to know how much it cost. Miss Billings got one fer her sister an' I wanted to know what she paid. Say, that's an awful nice dish. Let me see that, will you? what's it fer!? What! you don't know? The idee, not to know what it's fer! I might buy it fer my niece over to Craneville, 'cause she is so smart she could think up what to use it fer without bein' told. How much is it? Fifty cents? What? You'll let me have it fer forty-nine cents? Wal, I'll take that. I allus did injoy gettin' bargains.

How-de-do, Miss Graves. (*Makes as if shaking hands.*) Yes, I'm doin' some Christmas shoppin'. I'm real well—young folks most generally are, you know. You've heard that's it more blessed to give than to receive an' I jest would like to give this cold that I received las' night to somebody else—I'd feel more blessed. (*Uses handkerchief vigorously.*) What? I must a been out walkin' with a feller? The idee! (*Giggles.*) Oh, yes, I think I'll hang up my stockin'. I think it's nice fer young folks to do so. If you'll believe it, a man told me he'd like to be hung up in a big stockin' fer my Christmas present. (*Giggles.*) But I don't want 'im—I ain't lookin' fer a widower with four little cyclones to drive me crazy. Why, how'd you know it was Lorenzo Watkins? I never said it was. (*Giggles.*)

Oh, Mr. Blake, I want to look at some collars. No, of course, not for a man! What? You thought I wanted a collar to go with that necktie for Lem