

"Well," said the Mayor, "you have described every card in the pack except one."

"What is that?"

"The knave," said the Mayor.

"I will give your honor a description of that if you will not be angry."

"I will not," said the Mayor, "if you will not term me to be the knave."

"The greatest knave I know is the constable that brought me here."

"I do not know," said the Mayor, "if he is the greatest knave, but I know he is the greatest fool."

"When I count how many spots there are in a pack of cards I find three hundred and sixty-five—as many days as are in a year. When I count the number of cards in a pack I find fifty-two—the number of weeks in a year. I find there are twelve picture cards in a pack, representing the number of months in a year, and on counting the tricks I find thirteen, the number of weeks in a quarter."

So you see a pack of cards serves for a Bible, almanac and prayer-book.

I think that I have now shown that if it takes all sorts of men to make a world, that our world must be nearly finished; that, in fact, it now presents an almost endless variety of human constitution, human character and human conduct. That in this world we have a very great many odd specimens of beings, each filling up a certain sphere, and each, in some, way working out the destiny of our race.