

prudence, as for an old man of character and standing in the community to be constrained, for the sake of being at peace with his religious instructor, to accept of a lie as satisfaction for injuries done him, thereby creating the right of the wrong-doer to be exhibited at the sacramental table? We are told that angels rejoice when sinners repent, and that devils chuckle at the commission of sin. If, therefore, the angels in heaven rejoice at the repentance of sinners, will not the regions of the lost become vocal by the gratulatory howls of infernal master spirits, rejoicing over the triumphs of such religious instruction and success as this?

But what about the crackers? The next chapter will recount the Mufti's various exploits at cracker making, and its accomplishments.

CHAPTER IX.

A CHAPTER ON CRACKERS.

Meeting of Stubborn and the Mufti—the Sabbath—Stubborn calls at the Divinity Sanctum—Unpleasant interview with the Mufti—the Ecclesiastical Leap and Grab—Stubborn avoids the Grab—Contractions—Stubborn maintains his position—The Mufti threatens communication—Stubborn fastens the blame of Sanctity's being at the Sacrament on the Mufti—Crabsnart, Judge Simple and Big-heart—Stubborn calls on Big-heart—The Result—The first batch of Crackers—History of Stubborn's Bunk in the Mosque—The Trustees' Meeting—Contrivances of the Mufti and Crabsnart—a little Bird—The second batch of Crackers—Revival correspondence of the Mufti—very like Crackers—the Young Mufti—The Resplendent Star—Eclipse of a whole Constellation.

Well, the Saturday following the grave occurrences mentioned in the last chapter, as Stubborn was walking in company with another person, they met the great Mufti, who, after the usual salutations, said to Stubborn, "I have seen Mr. Sanctity, and I have got those papers, (meaning Sanctity's denial, and Stubborn's letter to him), and I will hand them to you the first time I again see you. If I had thought of meeting you this evening, I should of had them with me; and now, as all is settled, I hope you will be friendly with Mr. Sanctity." Stubborn replied, "It's enough that I accept of his denial, that which I know must be an untruth, as satisfaction for the wrongs done me, and forgive him, without lowering myself to having intercourse with him. He must keep himself at a respectable distance from me, for I will have nothing to do with him." Stubborn thought he saw signs of irritation in the Mufti's countenance.

The Quadrantal Sabbath passed, with its usual solemnities, and the day following, the Synod met for the transaction of business, but Stubborn not being able to go out, was not there.

Some five or six days after the Quadrantal Synod had met, Stubborn having recruited his strength a little, he called upon the Mufti at his ecclesiastical residence, and after apologizing for not sending in to the Synod the quarterly division of his yearly allowance to him, handed it to him. Stubborn then said to the Mufti: "I will take those papers if you have them by you." The Mufti arose and went into his divinity apartment, and returning with an unsealed letter in his hand, handed it to Stubborn, and then seated himself. Stubborn opened and read the letter. It was Sanctity's denial of what Stubborn had laid to his charge, and worded in the strongest language, amounting to an oath, for the most high God was appealed to in asserting his innocence. As Stubborn was folding up the letter, he gravely remarked to his reverence (who sat about five feet from him), "This is just what I told you it would be—a lie; the same hand wrote this that wrote that filthy thing that offended me. The hand-writing is precisely the same, excepting two words in the other which are partially disguised; but, as I have consented to accept of his denial as satisfaction for the injuries done me, and forgive him—I accept it, lie as it is."

As Stubborn uttered these words, the Mufti, partly raising himself from his chair, sprang like a tiger at his prey, and reaching forth his reverend arm at full length, made a vigorous grab at the letter. But the old man, seeing the motion, eluded the grab, and got the letter into his pocket; and, turning with astonishment at the ecclesiastical leap, mildly said: "You must not attempt to rob me of papers which you have delivered to me as my property. Not that I care a straw for it, but, having accepted it, I shall keep it. I will not submit to be robbed of it." The Mufti sternly demanded the delivery of the paper to him again, declaring that he would not submit to hear it pronounced an untruth.