

"Ten gallons, mos' wossifle."

"What else have you?"

"Ten mince pies, twelve apple pies, a basket of tarts, a tin dipper, an iron pot, an iron spoon," said the Grand Panjandrum, rapidly enumerating the various items. "Fact," he continued, carried away by the ardor of the moment, "I'se got most nigh eberyting. Gracious sakes! you'll open your blessed eyes, mind I tell you! But what are you gwine to do about de bread and butter? Tell you what, boys! you've clean forgot de most 'portant of all."

"Silence!" cried the Venerable Patriarch, in an indignant voice, rapping his sword against the leg of the table.

"The sakes now! how you *do* go on!" said the Grand Panjandrum, with a broad grin.

"No levity," said the Venerable Patriarch, in a stern voice.

"Yes, sah," said the other, assuming an expression of awful solemnity.

"Venerable Warden!"

"Yes, Most Venerable Patriarch."

"The audience is over. Escort the Grand Panjandrum to the outer world."

The Venerable Warden bowed, and led the way out, followed by his sable companion.

Scarcely had the door closed behind them than the scene underwent a sudden change. With a shout, the four figures flung off their white drape-