

estate of my fatherless niece, and the rails on my shoulders is that veritable fence, twenty-seven rails high, I charged for in my said account." "Exactly," says the Major, "and you had the assurance to say at the Mufti's last Quadrantal Synod, that you could prove the false charges in your said account to be true, if we were both alive again." "How do you know that?" says Sanctity. "Did you not know," says the Major, "that we, in this world, are permitted to know all that is done in the world you have just come from? Then, again, you would cut a pretty figure, marching through and about Paradise, with such a fence on your back, and those labels fastened to you. You would be a perfect laughing stock. You vainly thought that the mushroom popularity of that Prince of Humbugs, the Mufti, would carry you safe to the end." "O, have pity on me," said the disconsolate Sanctity, "and help me over to your side of the stream, and I will make matters all right." "Help you over, indeed," says the Major, "do you think we want the company of a man equipped as you are? carrying about with you the indubitable evidence of your affectionate regard for other peoples' estates? I had scarcely ceased to breathe before you commenced manipulating my small estate; but I will not descend to particulars, neither have I time, for I see your future guide coming along on your track to take charge of you." "And," says the Squire, "how came you to tell the old man Stubborn that you had paid a large sum of money for digging a ditch on your late brother's estate, in connection with my ditch? You ought to have known that Stubborn knew you told an untruth, for he was present in his office at the time I wanted you to join in making a ditch, and he well remembered that you refused, stating that you had no authority from your late brother's widow to do so—and there the matter ended. Not only so, but the ground where you told Stubborn you had made a ditch, is, at this time, in a state of nature! You had better be going, for we want no further conversation with you." "O, my stars," said Sanctity, "if I cannot go over to you, I can not see my dear brother, for I am sure he must be of your company?" "No, said the Major, we invited him to walk with us when we first saw you coming, but he indignantly refused, 'because,' said he, 'he attempted to swindle my only child, which I had left in his care as a brother; he made false charges against her inheritance to the amount of £59.12s, or \$238.40 cents, and only for the old man Stubborn, he might have succeeded in his infamous design. No. I will not see him.'"

As the Squire and the Major turned to walk away, a sooty-looking urchin, somewhat larger than a large-sized monkey, with bright black eyes, short woolly hair, his ears sticking up by the sides of his head like a short-eared cat, a long snaky looking tail, with a large barb at the end, and, with a knowing look, thrust his barbed tail into the folds of the tail of Sanctity's outer garment; and taking hold of his coat sleeve with his thumb and finger, says to him, "Come this way, you can stay here no longer." Sanctity, although refused admittance into the Elysian fields, and excluded from the society of his former companions, felt that his dignity was insulted; and, hurling a contemptuous look at his new companion, exclaimed: "You sooty looking imp of a d—l, how dare you have the impudence to approach me in this manner; off with you in an instant, or I'll knock you into non-existence." And raising his right arm high in the air, for the purpose of inflicting the deadly blow upon his new companion, his hand and arm became entangled in the twenty-seven-rail fence which was resting on his shoulders, and he became powerless. The little scoty, looking up at him with a tantalizing look, says to him: "Ah, but you can't do it. You are now in my power; so, no more of your nonsense here, but come along with me." And turning him round with a twitch of his barbed tail, they started on at the next angle in the road which brought Sanctity there. As they walked along, little sooty was constantly eulogising the magnificent twenty-seven-rail fence and the labels attached to Sanctity. He, of course, was dreadfully enraged, as well as fatigued. All the while, a lambent corruscation, of a bluish flame, played over the countenance of little sooty, the sight of which indicated to Sanctity the terminus of the road they were traveling, and so overpowered and overwhelmed him, that he submitted to his fate as gracefully as he could, and, in the most submissive tone of voice, asked the sooty urchin to assist him in carrying the twenty-seven-rail fence, and to take the labels from his garment.