

"Ten," said the other, with a chuckle and a grin of triumph.

"O-h!" said the first speaker; while a titter ran round among the others. "H'm! Very well, and what else?"

"Spring chickens."

"How many?"

"Twenty."

"Ah! Very well. And how?"

"Broiled, sah."

"Any tongue?"

"Yes, sah, three."

"And the ham?"

"Yes, sah."

"Nuts?"

"Yes, sah."

"Raisins?"

"Yes, sah."

"Crackers? Cheese? Figs? Cake?"

"Yes, sah, mos' wossifle."

"And what about the drink? Have you prepared the lemonade?"

"No, sah."

"No! Why not?"

"No lemons, sah."

"That's bad. And there is no drink, then?"

"Yes, sah. Ginger beer."

"Ginger beer. H'm! that will do," said the Venerable Patriarch, solemnly. "How much have you?"