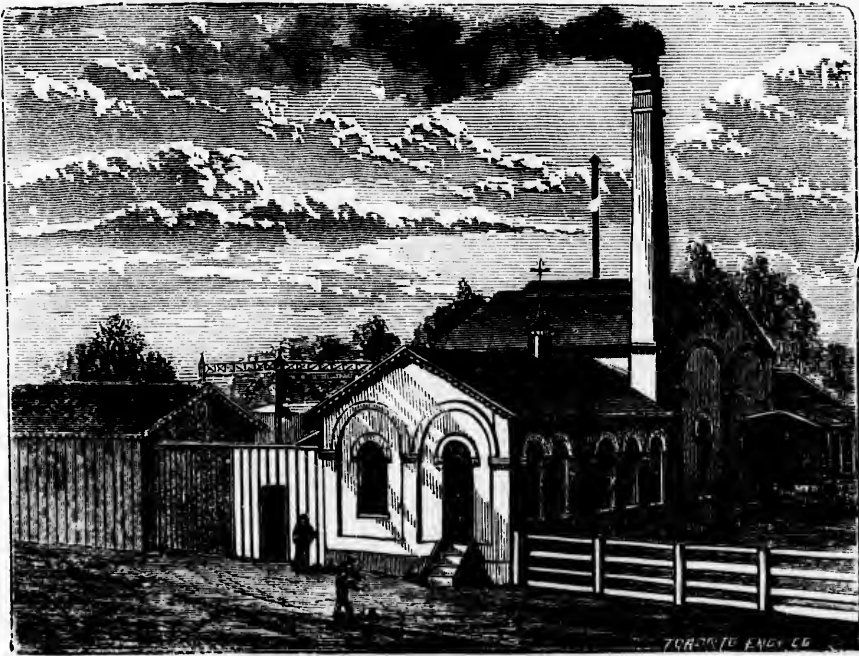


pecks ; the latter, because she is married to nobody—nor is she likely to be, for she is an old maid and not market-ripe. . . . I leave my silver tankard to the eldest son of old John. . . . I would leave it to old John himself, but he would melt it into temperance medals, and that would be sacrilege ; however, I



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leave my big horn snuff-box to him ; he can only make temperance horn spoons of that. . . . I leave my brother Allen my big silver snuff-box, as I am informed that he is rather a decent Christian, with a swag belly and a jolly face. . . . I leave John Cuddle a silver tea-pot, to the end that he may drink tea therefrom, to comfort him from the afflictions of a slatternly