

THE MUFTI.

A LEGEND OF THE OLDEN TIME.

CHAPTER I,

The Embrio City—Its situation—A descendant of Æsculapius—An old man—A Reverend Mufti—A fatherless Girl—Mr. Sanctity—Moral and religious philosophy—Sanctity's piety—Teaching of the Mufti—Father Stubborn—Effects of Sanctity's Piety—His last account—Extract therefrom—Stubborn's opinion of it—A model fence—The last Wonder of the World—A model Steward.

Once on a time, now with the years beyond the flood—so long time ago as the year of Graco 1856—there was a certain Embrio City, situate on the banks of a serpentine stream, noted for the *Grand-eur* of its name. In that Embrio City there lived a large, noble looking scion of the healing art—a lincal descendant of Æsculapius. There lived also in that same Embrio City, one whose silvery locks indicated the antiquity of his debut into life. And there also lived in the same Embrio City, a Reverend Mufti, whose perambulating habits, and self-important, dandy-like appearance, forced the conviction upon the mind of the beholder, that his reverence thought full as much of himself, as it was possible for any of his admirers to think of him.

There also lived at the same time, but in a country foreign to the Embrio City, a fatherless little girl—the only child of one, who, when living, was the beloved brother of that distinguished descendant of Æsculapius. In process of time that scion of the healing art became, under the special tuition of his reverence, the Mufti, exceedingly pious and devout—extraordinarily so—so much so, that he obtained the name of Mr. Sanctity. The man of silvery locks remained religious in his way, for he had long “borne the burden and heat of the day”—but his moral ethics, taking into their composition that stubborn stuff, which in the olden time was called truth, he would not yield to some of the sublime teachings of the Mufti—but maintained the principle that truth was an essential element in moral and religious philosophy—that without that element being constantly in exercise, and exerting a continuous controlling influence over the mind, the soul could not grow in grace with a rapidity essential to a short-lived peregrination—consequently the old man obtained the distinctive and characteristic name of Father Stubborn.

Mr. Sanctity's piety increased with such amazing velocity, and obtained such extraordinary dimensions, that nothing could escape the grasp of his soul's aspirations. His charity was so unbounded that even the estates of the dead arose in panoramic splendor before his enraptured spiritual vision, until, by faith, he conceived the sublime idea of appropriating to himself a portion, or modicum, of the estate of his deceased brother—the inheritance of his fatherless niece.—The idea having found lodgment in his pious soul, he at once put it into practice—and so many centuries ago as the *third day of December, 1856*, he drew up his final account against the said estate, and, in strict accordance and conformity with his distinguished piety, he devoutly inserted items of charge to the amount of *fifty-nine pounds and twelve shillings* currency of that country, which in English parlance reads, *two hundred and thirty-eight dollars and forty cents*; which charges, according to Father Stubborn's logic and philosophy, ought not to have been found in the said account. Mr. Sanctity having delivered his said sublime account to the little girl's step-father, demanding payment, his saintship retired