

butt-end Ebenezer had to take, with all the rest of the butt-ends too for that forenoon."

"This, while it brought fatigue to the frame, also brought vexation to the spirit, and he vowed revenge. The dinner hour gave him release at last, and joyfully they wended their way to the house. During the progress of the meal, the farmer's wife laid before her husband a goodly-sized pudding. This pudding the skilful housewife had built upon a very wise principle. The larger part, destined for herself and her husband, was thickly stuffed with nice large raisins, while the smaller, to be allotted to Ebenezer, was but meagrely supplied with those toothsome things. A great saving this, and as Ebenezer was to be served from the same dish as his employers, he, reasonably, could have nothing of which to complain.

"As the farmer raised his hand to divide the pudding, he said: 'Wall! Eb'nezer, seein' as heow yew ar helpin' us to-day, the old woman has made a *dessert* for us.'

"'Ya'as! I sees,' replied Ebenezer, eyeing it narrowly.

"Down came the farmer's knife upon the line of intersection between the richly and the barely stuffed ends.

"'Hold out your plate, Eb'nezer.'

"But Ebenezer remembered his morning's lesson. Stretching across the table, he stuck his fork into the large and well-raisined portion.

"'Always take the butt-end; that's the end for Ebenezer, you know,' he quietly observed, as he put the huge morsel upon his plate; 'never be afraid of the butt-end,' he continued, as the pudding, raisins and all, rapidly disappeared before the astonished eyes of the mouth-watering farmer and his check-mated wife."

"Well, what then?" asked the young lady enquiringly.

"That is the story," was the reply.

"Indeed! Then I am glad it is done, at all events. Uncle, But where is the application?"