

we did it for his good, knowing that he was old and very feeble, and in need of our *disinterested* protection. So that, let the matter take what turn it may, our designs will have the outward appearance of honest benevolence."

To all this the little bird understood the pious Crabsnarl to give his unqualified assent, declaring that the great Mufti was the most profound divine he had met in consultation since he left "little York," where he was converted.

Not long after this *pious* understanding was come to, to wit, on the morning of the 7th August, 1857, Stubborn opened an envelope which was addressed to him, and found a deed for his bunk in the Mosque, dated the 15th July, 1856—the same date as the sale—although not issued till the time of the receipt thereof by Stubborn. The deed was duly signed by the great Mufti as chief, and by Crabsnarl as secretary of the Board of Trustees, and containing a condition for Stubborn to pay £7 10s. 0d. over and above the price his bunk was purchased for. At this moment, the little bird flew into Stubborn's office, and perching upon his shoulder, related to him all that it heard from the divinity chair on the subject.

Whereupon, Stubborn wrote a short note to Mr. Crabsnarl, returning the bunk deed "for correction," stating that he could not accept it as it was, for that he was charged £7 10s. more than he had purchased the bunk for. He then went in search of witnesses, and, fortunately, he found that Father Bigheart and some others remembered what was stated by Crabsnarl at the bunk sale.

In the mean time, a friend of Stubborn's called upon the great Mufti, informed him of what had turned up, and asked him what he meant by carrying on a systematic persecution of Stubborn. During that conversation, the Mufti declared that he did not know what the said bunk was sold for, or whether it was sold or not; also that he remembered that old Stubborn had sent word over to the Mosque at the time of the sale, desiring that particular bunk to be reserved for him; all of which was, of course, contradicted. On being asked how he came to sign the bunk deed, subjecting Stubborn to pay the extra £7 10s. 0d., if he knew nothing about the matter, he replied, that "Crabsnarl, being the secretary of the Board of Trustees, had brought the deed to him prepared for his signature, and having confidence in the integrity of Crabsnarl, he had signed the deed without ever noticing what it contained;" thus laying the blame of the *pious* trick altogether upon Crabsnarl. He was told, however, "You cannot make Stubborn believe that, for he says you are as shrewd a business man as has ever been in charge here."

Well, on the Monday following, to wit, the 10th of August, 1857, a meeting of the trust board was held in the divinity sanctum; and, after full explanations were made by Stubborn and Father Bigheart, their statements were acknowledged by the Mufti and Crabsnarl to be perfectly correct, and the bunk was acknowledged, by the unanimous voice of all present, to be the *bona fide* property of Stubborn, without his being liable to pay anything more than he had paid. Stubborn then addressed Crabsnarl, (but his eye was fixed upon the face of the Mufti, who stood on the floor directly in front of Stubborn), saying, "With a perfect knowledge of all this, which you have admitted to be correct, how came it that you and the Mufti took upon yourselves to put a condition in my deed subjecting me to pay £7 10s. more than you know I bought the bunk for?" Crabsnarl replied, "The great Mufti and I talked the matter over between us, and we concluded that it was the only way that we could secure the bunk to Stubborn and his family." "What!" says Stubborn, with his eye still on the Mufti's eye, "You and the Mufti talked the matter over between you?" "Yes" was the reply. For once, the great Mufti blushed slightly. He saw by the look of Stubborn's eye that he was caught making crackers. A great deal more was said than is here recorded.

The meeting broke up, much to the discomfiture of the Mufti and Crabsnarl. Stubborn having gained his point, thought it unnecessary to tell the Mufti and Crabsnarl how beautifully they laid each other in the lie. Crabsnarl did not know what the Mufti had said, or his great *play* might have given the matter another turn.

Now, kind reader, in this batch of crackers, there is found to the credit of the great Mufti, as follows: