

being the amount of his subscribed stock, although he had paid something more. The pious Squire Crabsnarl was the recorder at the sale, and on being asked if that sum was all that must be paid for the bunk, he said it was; and in accordance with this positive understanding, he entered the sale of the bunk to Stubbhorn in the book of sales, in a fair, legible hand-writing. After a few days had passed, the great Mufti and his lady were at tea at "Father Stubbhorn's," when his reverence informed Stubbhorn that there had been a mistake made in the sale of the bunk to him, for that the price was £20 (or \$80) instead of fifty dollars. Stubbhorn at once replied that he "must give it up and take out the value of his stock in rent, for he could not think of making a debt in his then feeble state of health." "Not at all," says the Mufti, "the trustees are very glad, for your sake, that the mistake was made; and say that you shall have the benefit of their mistake, because you have been a faithful friend, and stood by the congregation of the faithful in all their trials, and have done more in support of the good cause, according to your means, than any one else. The bunk is yours." Stubbhorn declared himself much obliged for such distinguished kindness, (Stubbhorn did not at that time know that Crabsnarl had said the same thing to Father Big-heart at the sale of the bunks.)

Shortly after this conversation with the great Mufti, 'Squire Crabsnarl, meeting "Father Stubbhorn" in the Mosque, repeated the same thing to him in the presence of the Mufti and some others.

It was not long after the bunk sale, that Stubbhorn wrote the before-mentioned letter of chastisement to the was-to-be Mr. Sanctity. What followed that occurrence is before the reader.

That affectionate regard which these great ones had hitherto manifested toward Stubbhorn, was now withdrawn from him and placed upon a *larger* and more *befitting* object. But, nevertheless, their disinterested benevolence being almost unbounded, they hit upon an expedient which would, almost unquestionably, redound to their own *glorification*, and be a lasting benefit to Stubbhorn and his family, throughout their generations. Besides, it would shadow forth the excessive purity of their intentions, and their superior skill in *divining* out material for the manufacture of crackers. All of which, from the nature of things, would be passed to the credit of the great Mufti.

So, then, the great Mufti, in the order of things, found himself seated in his divinity chair, with the pious and disinterested Crabsnarl in attendance. At the same time a little bird had got into the sanctum, and perched itself on the corner of the large book-case, with its head under its wing, as though it was reposing in a profound sleep; but it was treasuring up in its memory the profound things which it heard, with the intent to reveal all to old Stubbhorn when a proper opportunity should offer itself. And so the little bird, as near as it could understand human language, took an account of that interview as follows:

"Brother Crabsnarl," says the reverend Mufti, "you are most undoubtedly aware that I have, in consonance with my religious duties as the Mufti in charge here, taken a very *pious* dislike to that old Stubbhorn, because he has the assurance to resist my demands upon him. Besides this, 'he is in his dotage,' for I told him so the other day, when he refused to tell what the vulgar and unsanctified call a lie, when I commanded him to do so. He is an incorrigible old dunce; but, nevertheless, in our charity, we must provide for him as far as the dignity of our position will allow. Now, it is some time since the sale of bunks, and, 'being in his dotage,' he must have forgotten what we said to him about the sale of his bunk. What think you of our making up an *honest account* of £7 10s. against him, for a balance on the purchase of his bunk; and then make him pay it, or suffer the consequence of our displeasure! If he should remember, there is none but his own family who will venture to say a word for him; and you and I, being *disinterested* witnesses, can put him and his family down; for who would presume to believe them in preference to us? So that if no one else can remember what passed at the sale, we are sure of gaining the important object I have in view. It is true that neither of us can be personally benefitted by it, for the money, you know, must go into the Lord's treasury, for the especial benefit of our new and elegant Mosque; and that fact will sufficiently proclaim our disinterestedness, and pass to our credit as a work of the most profound piety. And if he should find us out, we can *safely* say that