

"Oh, ever so much; more than he could tell."

"Ten hundred thousand bushels!"

"Yes, and more than that. He bought him a new coat—"

"May Crawford's got a new dress," Beth shouted, "dry an' blue, an' pearl buttons on it, an' a new parasol, an' I'm goin' to have some new button shoes as twick as I can kick sesse ones out."

And the young lady held up a foot for my inspection, the appearance of which indicated that the requisition for the new shoes would be sent in after one more race with the dog.

"His father bought him a new coat, a beautiful coat of many colours—"

"Oh, ho!" shrieked Beth, "deat like a bed quilt."

"And Joseph was very proud of this pretty coat—"

"Huh! I bet you the boys frowned stones an' hollered at him if he wore it to school!"

"But his brothers, all his older brothers, who—"

"Did he wear it to school, Aunt Dora?" I said no, I didn't think he did.

"I dess he was afraid," she said, "an' kept it for a Sunday coat. Did he wear it to Sunday-school?"

I tried to explain the non-existence of Sunday-schools in those days.

"Den he was a heathen," she said in a satisfied tone.

"No, Joseph wasn't a heathen."

"Den he was a bad boy."

"No, indeed; Joseph was a good boy—"

"Den why didn't he go to Sunday-school?"

I got over this stumtling block as well as I could, and proceeded:

"But all his brothers hated him because his father loved him the best and—"

"I 'spect he always got the biggest piece of pie," my niece said, musingly.

"And so they wanted to get rid of him, because—"

"Den why didn't zey send him out in de kitchen to talk wiz Jenny? Dat's what my mamma does."

"And they hated him all the more because one night, Joseph had a dream—"

"Oo-oo! I dreamed that ze big Bible on ze parlour table had five long legs and a big mouf, full of sharp teeth, and it climbed onto my bed, an' drowled at me 'cause I bit ze wax apple an' tied gran'pa's wig onto Carlo's head last Sunday? Oh, I was so scared an' I hollered an' mamma said she dussed I had ze nightmare."

After the narration of this thrilling apparition, with its direct interpretation and moral application, Joseph's dream appeared a very poor, commonplace, far-fetched sort of a vision, and my audience listened to it in contemptuous silence.

"One day Joseph's father sent him away to see how his brothers were getting along—"

"Why didn't he write 'em a letter?"

"And when they saw Joseph coming they said—"

"Did he ride in ze cars?"

"No, he walked. And when his brothers saw him coming—"

"I guess they fought he was a tramp. I bet you Carlo would have bited his legs if he'd been zere."

"No, they knew who he was, but they were bad, cruel, wicked men, and they took poor Joseph, who was so good, and who loved them all so well—"

"I see a boy climbin' our fence; I dess he's goin' to steal our apples. Let's go sick Carlo on him."

"Poor Joseph, who was only a boy, just a little boy, who never did any one any harm; these great rough men seized him with fierce looks and angry words, and they were going to kill the frightened, helpless little youth, who cried and begged them so pitiously not to hurt him; going to kill their own little brother—"

"Nellie Taylor has a little brother Jim, an' she says she wishes somebody would kill him when he tears off her doll's legs an' frows her kitten in ze cistern."

"But Joseph's oldest brother pitied the little boy when he cried—"

"I dess he wanted some cake; I cry when I want cake, an' mamma dives me some."

"And so he wouldn't let them kill him, but they found a pit—"

"I like peach pits," Beth shouted rapturously, "an' I know where I can find a great lot of 'em now. Come along!"

"No, let's finish the story first. These bad men put Joseph into the pit—"

"Why—Aunt—Dora! what is you talkin' about?"

"About these cruel men who put Joseph into the pit—"

"I dess you mean say put ze pit into Joseph."

I explained the nature of the pit into which Joseph was lowered, and went on.

"So there the poor little boy was all alone in this deep, dark hole—"

"Why didn't he climb out?"

"Because he couldn't. The sides of the