

maw. De debble lib 'pun dat sawt o' sweetness, but I telj you, wen de sin come back to 'um, sour and fayly rancid, de debble sick, like laudlubbah wen 'e try fo' tun sailah!

Miss Rosie (laughing)—I see. De salt water is the best for de Baptist people.

Fritz—But, olt man, you haf neffer told us war de boy Pluto haf gone to!

Cyrus—Pluto say he gone fo' tell you, say, brekfuss ready!

Mrs. Rosengarten—We haf not him on de vay met.

Mr. Rosengarten—Well, dis I say: If you all von haf as hungry as I am, you will shust sit town and dese same tings eat. We haf not de time to wait. De train leafs bresently.

All—Yes, let us eat dese same goot tings wot olt man Cyrus has brought.

Mr. Doerflinger—But, die blanee Himmel! You all can dis way de morgen-meal not eat! Dere ees no sausage! Dere ees no cheese! Mine hairts, wot for a breakfasd o' no cheese!

Fritz—Das is true! Say, oldt coon, wot for a cheese haf you in de bress? Schweitzer? Rotterdam? Monnikendam? Edam?

Mr. Rosengarten—Limburger? Rockfort? Gruyere?

Mr. Doerflinger—Stilton? Gouda?

Mrs. Rosengarten—Sap Sago?

Miss Rosie—Or de plain American? It ees not goot, dough, like dem udders.

Cyrus—I tought dey all come frum de uddaahs, haw! haw! But I got some. I don' know wot you call disha