

and weak. It had been loosing strength for years, and now it sat as a weakling. The Milk, its valet, was by its side.

"This is strange," said the Molasses, "that the Milk should be employed as a valet. I always considered anyone belonging to the Milk family very rich."

"I have been rich," was the Milk's bitter answer, "but now I am of the poorest kind. This fact makes me exceedingly blue." And it shed a few tears. All eyes were turned towards the Butter, for it was a well known fact that the Milk's riches had been the making of the Butter.

"Do not look at me with accusing glances," said the Butter. "I may have gained my riches from yonder Milk, but now I have grown old and have changed these riches in another form. You would not call them riches now, for I have grown strong and——"

"Aw! Give us a rest! Crawl to de high grass and close yer lid." So spoke the Steak. When it spoke, all else hushed, for was it not the toughest character on the table?

"I hope you do not mean that as an insult," said the Butter, turning pale, but only for an instant. It arose and its strongness was felt.

"Take a walk will yer? Take a walk. Yer hopes I don't mean it as an insult do yer? Well I guess yer does. Yer are not de only feller who hoped dat." And with this the Steak swaggered in front of the Butter. Oh, how tough he was!

"You will evidently have to fight," wispered the Prunes to the Butter. "I will give you some advice. Don't use a