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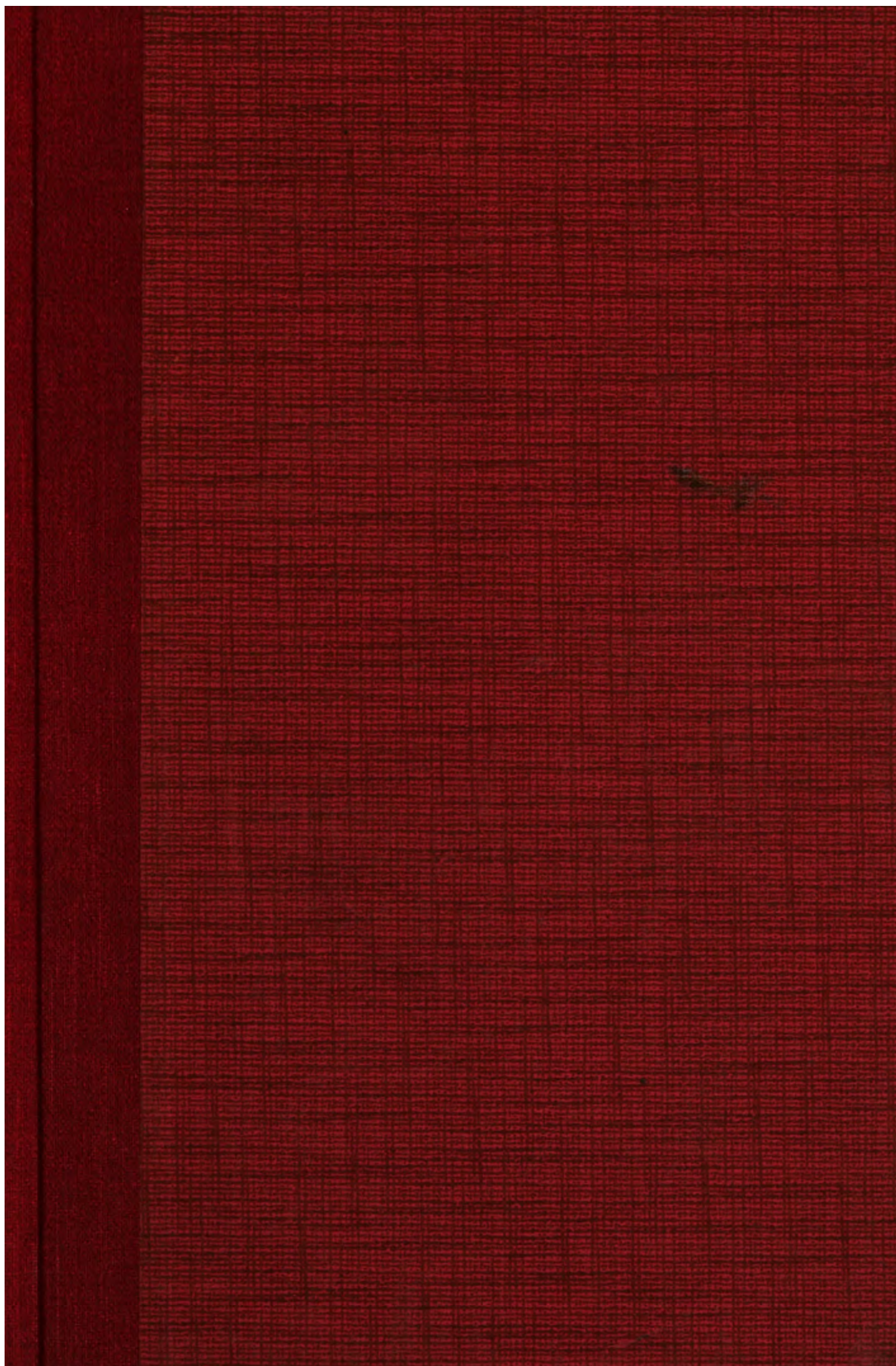
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Phil Blood's Leap.

1



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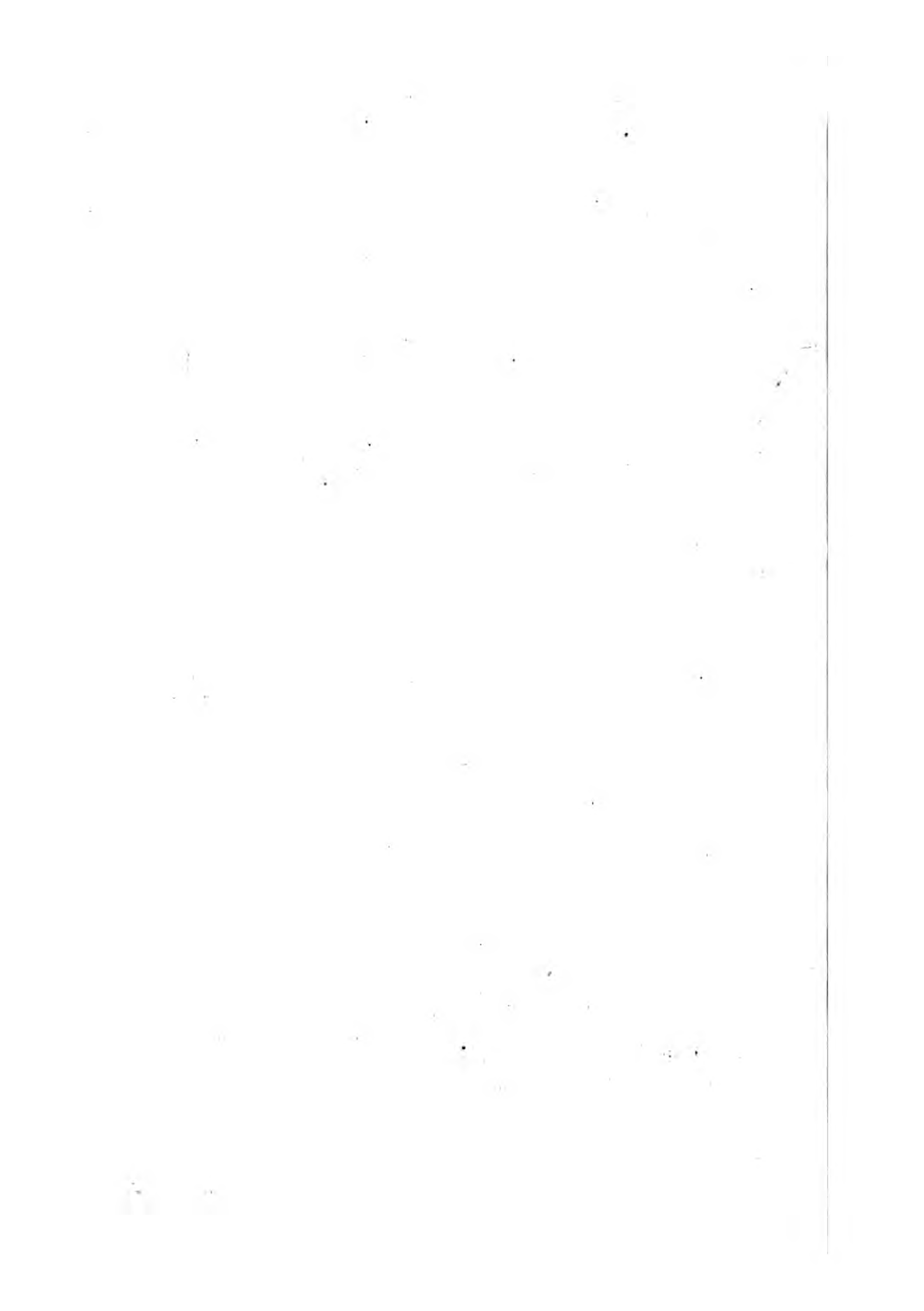
READINGS:
HUMOROUS AND PATHETIC
(SECOND SERIES).

BY THE EDITOR OF
"HUMOROUS READINGS—MAISTLY SCOTCH."



EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW : JOHN MENZIES & Co.
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PREFATORY NOTE.

Two years ago appeared "Humorous Readings—Maistly Scotch." Every amateur reader, who had sought to find good and suitable pieces for reading at social parties, knew that a book of the kind was greatly needed. That it met to a large extent this want, and fulfilled the purpose for which it was prepared, is evidenced by the reception it met with from the public—sixteen thousand copies having been already disposed of, and its popularity is by no means yet exhausted. At the request of many friends and correspondents the present book has been prepared, with greater variety in the style, and at least as high a standard of excellence in its selections. It is the hope of its Editor that it will give as great satisfaction as the first series, and serve as widely useful a purpose, in enlivening many a merry meeting, and brightening many a winter hearth.

A. STEWART.

C O N T E N T S.

	Page.
Phil Blood's Leap,	5
Jock Rippeth's Courtship,	12
The Foxes' Tails,	21
Billy's Rose,	26
Father Phil's Subscription List,	29
Joe and the Geologist,	37
Geordie Tulloch's Drink o' Sour Dook,	40
The Last Shot—A Legend of the Indian Mutiny,	44
The Hotel Bed,	50
Mike O'Royle's "Faith,"	55
Humbugging a Guide,	59
The Death-Bridge of the Tay,	63
Mistress Patey's Grand Cooky-Shine,	69
"Up in the Morning Early,"	74
Biddy Maloy's Leg,	79
One Niche the Highest,	83
The Ride of Jennie M'Neal,	86
Bailie Middleton's Canvass,	90
The Beadle and the Breeks,	93
About that Dog,	98
The Exerceese Book,	102
Up the Lum,	107
My First Bawhee,	111

READINGS—Humorous and Pathetic.



PHIL BLOOD'S LEAP.*

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

"There's some think Injins pison . . ." [It was Parson
Pete who spoke,
As we sat there, in the camp-fire glare, like shadows among the
smoke.
'Twas the dead of night, and in the light our faces shone bright
red,
And the wind all round made a screeching sound, and the pines
roared overhead.

Ay, Parson Pete was talking ; we called him Parson Pete,
For you must learn he'd a talking turn, and handled things so
neat ;
He'd a preaching style, and a winning smile, and, when all talk
was spent,
Six shooter had he, and a sharp bowie, to p'int his argyment.

Some one had spoke of the Injin folk, and we had a guess, you
bet,
They might be creeping, while we were sleeping, to catch us in
the net ;
And half were asleep and snoring deep, while the others vigil
kept,
But devil a one let go his gun, whether he woke or slept.]

"There's some think Injins pison, and others count 'em scum,
And night and day they are melting away, clean into Kingdom
Come ;

* From "Ballads of Life, Love, and Humour." By Robert Buchanan. London ;
Chatto & Windus. By permission of the publishers.

But don't you go and make mistakes, like many dern'd fools
I've known,
For dirt is dirt, and snakes is snakes, but an Injin's flesh and
bone !

We were seeking gold in the Texan hold, and we'd had a blaze
of luck,
More rich and rare the stuff ran there at every foot we struck ;
Like men gone wild we t'iled and t'iled, and never seemed to
tire,
The hot sun beamed, and our faces streamed with the sweat of
a mad desire.

I was Captain then of the mining men, and I had a precious life,
For a wilder set I never met at derringer and knife ;
Nigh every day there was some new fray, a bullet in some one's
brain,
And the cussedest brute to stab and to shoot, was an Imp of
Sin from Maine.

Phil Blood. Well, he was six foot three, with a squint to
make you skeer'd,
His face all scabb'd, and twisted and stabb'd, with carrotty hair
and beard,
Sour as the drink in Bitter Chink, sharp as a grizzly's squeal,
Limp in one leg, for a leaden egg had nick'd him in the heel.

No beauty was he, but a sight to see, all stript to the waist and
bare,
With his grim-set jaws, and his panther paws, and his hawk's
eye all aglare ;
With pick and spade in sun and shade he labour'd like darnation,
But when his spell was over—well ! he was fond of his recrea-
tion !

And being a crusty kind of cuss, the only sport he had,
When work was over, seemed to *us* a bit too rough and bad ;
For to put some lead in a comrade's head was the greatest fun
in life,
And the sharpest joke he was known to poke was the p'int of
his precious knife.

But game to the bone was Phil, I'll own, and he always fought
most fair,
With as good a will to be killed as kill, true grit as any there :
Of honour, too, like me or you, he'd a scent, though not so keen,
Would rather be riddled thro' and thro', than do what he
thought mean.

But his eddication, to his ruination, had not been over nice,
And his stupid skull was choking full of vulgar prejudice ;
With anything white he'd drink, or he'd fight in fair and open
fray ;
But to murder and kill was his wicked will, if an Injin came
his way !

' A serpent's hide has pison inside, and an Injin's heart's the same,
If he seems your friend for to gain his end, look out for the
serpent's game ;
Of the snakes that crawl, the worst of all is the snake in a skin
of red,
A spotted Snake, and no mistake ?' that's what he always said.

Well, we'd jest struck our bit of luck, and were wild as raving men,
When who should stray to our camp one day, but Black
Panther, the Cheyenne ;
Drest like a Christian, all-agrin, the old one joins our band,
And tho' the rest look'd black as sin, he shakes *me* by the hand.

Now, the poor old cuss had been good to us, and I knew that
he was true—
I'd have trusted him with life and limb as soon as I'd trust *you* ;
For tho' his wit was gone a bit, and he drank like any fish,
His heart was kind, he was well-inclined, as even a white could
wish.

Well, I took the Panther into camp, and the critter was well
content,
And off with him, on the hunting tramp, next day our hunters
went,
And I reckon that day and the next we didn't want for food,
And only one in the camp looked vexed—that Imp of Sin, Phil
Blood.

Nothing would please his contrairy idees ! an Injin made him
rile !
He didn't speak, but I saw on his cheek a kind of an ugly smile ;
And I knew his skin was hatching sin, and I kept the Panther
apart,
For the Injin he was too blind to see the dirt in a white man's
heart !

Well, one fine day, we a-resting lay at noon-time by the creek,
The red sun blazed, and we felt half-dazed, too tired to stir or
speak ;
'Neath the alder trees we stretched at ease, and we couldn't see
the sky,
For the lian-flowers in bright blue showers hung through the
branches high.

Well, back, jest then, came our hunting men, with the Panther
at their head,
Full of his fun was every one, and the Panther's eyes were red,
And he skipt about with grin and shout, for he'd had a drop
that day,
And he twisted and twirled, and squeal'd and skirl'd, in the
foolish Injin way.

To the waist all bare Phil Blood lay there, with only his knife
in his belt,
And I saw his bloodshot eye-balls stare, and I knew how fierce
he felt—
When the Injin dances with grinning glances around Phil as he
lies,
With his painted skin and his monkey grin—and leers into his
eyes !

Then before I knew what I should do Phil Blood was on his
feet,
And the Injin could trace the hate in his face, and his heart
began to beat,
And, "Git out o' the way," he heard them say, "for he means
to hev your life !"
But before he could fly at the warning cry, he saw the flash of
the knife.

“Run, Panther, run !” cried each mother’s son, and the Panther took the track :

With a wicked glare, like a wounded bear, Phil Blood sprang at his back.

Up the side so steep of the cañon deep the poor old critter sped,
And the devil’s limb ran after him, till they faded over head.

Now, the spot of ground where our luck was found was a queerish place, you’ll mark,

Jest under the jags of the mountain crags and the precipices dark,
Far up on high, close to the sky, the two crags leant together,
Leaving a gap, like an open trap, with a gleam of golden weather.

A pathway led from the beck’s dark bed up to the crags on high,
And along that path the Injin fled, fast as a man could fly.
Some shots were fired, for I desired to keep the white cuss back ;
But I missed my man, and away he ran on the flying Injin’s track.

Now, all below is thick, you know, with ‘cacia, alder, and pine,
And the bright shrubs deck the side of the beck, and the lian-
flowers so fine,

For the forest creeps all under the steeps, and feathers the feet
of the crags

With boughs so thick, that your path you pick, like a steamer
among the snags.

But right above you, the crags, Lord love you ! are bare as this
here hand,

And your eyes you wink at the bright blue chink, as, looking
up, you stand.

If a man should pop in that trap at the top, he’d never rest arm or leg,
Till neck and crop to the bottom he’d drop—and smash on the
stones like an egg !

“Come back, you cuss ! come back to us ! and let the critter be !”
I screamed out loud, while the men in a crowd stood grinning
at them and me . . .

But up they went, and my shots were spent, and at last they
disappeared—

One minute more, and we gave a roar, for the Injin had leapt
—and *cleared* !

A leap for a deer, not a man, to clear—and the bloodiest grave
below !
But the critter was smart and mad with fear, and he went like
a bolt from a bow !
Close after him came the devil's limb, with his eyes as dark as
death,
But when he came to the gulch's brim, I reckon he paused for
breath !

For breath at the brink ! but—a white man shrink, when a red
had passed so neat ?
I knew Phil Blood too well to think he'd turn his back dead
beat !
He takes one run, leaps up in the sun, and bounds from the
slippery ledge,
And he clears the hole, but—God help his soul ! just touches
the tother edge !

One scrambling fall, one shriek, one call, from the men that
stand and stare—
Black in the blue, where the sky looks thro', he staggers,
dwarf'd up there ;
The edge he touches, then sinks, and clutches the rock—my
eyes grow dim—
I turn away—what's that they say ?—he's a-hanging on to the
brim ?

. . . On the very brink of the fatal chink a ragged shrub
there grew,
And to that he clung, and in silence swung betwixt us and the
blue,
And as soon as a man could run, I ran the way I'd seen them flee,
And I came mad-eyed to the chasm's side, and—what do you
think I see ?

All up ? Not quite. Still hanging ? Right ! But he'd torn
away the shrub ;
With lolling tongue he clutch'd and swung—to what ? ay, that's
the rub !
I saw him glare and dangle in air—for the empty hole he trode—
Help'd by a *pair of hands* up there !—The Injin's ! Yes, by God !

Now, boys, look here ! for many a year I've roam'd in this here
land—
And many a sight both day and night I've seen that I think
grand ;
Over the whole wide world I've been, and I know both things
and men,
But the biggest sight I've ever seen was the sight I saw jest then.

I held my breath—so nigh to death Phil Blood swung hand and
limb,
And it seem'd to us all that down he'd fall, with the Panther
after him,
But the Injin at length put out his strength—and another
minute past—
—Then safe and sound to the solid ground he drew Phil Blood,
at last !!

Saved ? True for you ! By an Injin too—and the man he
meant to kill !
There all alone, on the brink of stone, I see them standing still ;
Phil Blood gone white, with the struggle and fright, like a
great mad bull at bay,
And the Injin meanwhile, with a half-skeer'd smile, ready to
spring away.

What did Phil do ? Well, I watched the two, and I saw Phil
Blood turn back,
Bend over the brink, and take a blink right down the chasm
black,
Then stooping low for a moment or so, he sheath'd his bowie
bright,
Spat slowly down, and watch'd with a frown, as the spittle sank
from sight !

Hands in his pockets, eyes downcast, silent, thoughtful, and grim,
While the Panther, grinning as he passed, still kept his eyes on
him,
Phil Blood strolled slow to his mates below, down by the
mountain track,
With his lips set tight, and his face all white, and the Panther
at his back.

I reckon they stared when the two appeared ! but never a word
Phil spoke,
Some of them laughed, and others jeered—but he let them have
their joke ;
He seemed amazed, like a man gone dazed, the sun in his eyes
too bright,
And for many a week, in spite of their cheek, he never offered
to fight.

And after that day he changed his play, and kept a civiller
tongue,
And whenever an Injin came that way, his contrairy head he
hung ;
But whenever he heard the lying word, “ *It's a LIE !* ” Phil Blood
would groan,
“ *A Snake is a Snake, make no mistake ! but an Injin's flesh and
bone !* ”

JOCK RIPPETH'S COURTSHIP.

BY DAVID PAE.

Jock Rippeth was a hind, or ploughman, to Mr Elliot, the farmer of Braxton, on Tweedside. He could “turn a fur” with any ploughman in the district, yet there was one difficulty which he could not overcome. He was deeply, hopelessly in love, and could not muster sufficient courage to disclose the fact to the object of his affection. Like all genuine men, he was blind to his own merits and personal advantages, and was ignorant of the naturally good impression he made on the fair sex. Indeed, his own opinion of himself was the humblest possible, and, though he could not help loving Peggy Sheerlaw, yet he thought it very daring to do so, and considered it quite impossible that he could be loved by her in return.

In this, however, he was mistaken. Peggy, who was “servant lass” at a neighbouring farm toon, was a buxom, blooming girl, “as guid as she was bonny.” She was a general favourite, and might have had many sweethearts, but she

regarded none of her admirers with such favour as Jock Rippeth, and every one saw this but Jock himself, whose bashfulness and humility would not enable him to perceive a fact which was obvious to all others, and which it so nearly concerned his peace of mind to know.

For a long time he nourished his passion in secret, but by and bye it grew too strong to be controlled, and, as he believed as firmly as ever in the necessity of concealment, his agony became insupportable. He was fully persuaded that, were he to declare his attachment, she would laugh at—perhaps scorn—certainly reject him. And, painful as it was to endure the present suspense, he would rather suffer it than risk a flat denial.

One afternoon Jock and his companion-hind, Willie Harrower, were “scuffling” turnips in one of the fields. At some distance a band of female workers, under the superintendence of the farmer, were engaged in “singling” the turnips. Among these was Peggy Sheerlaw, whose master had sent her up for the day to give Mr Elliot assistance, as his work pressed. Her presence set Jock’s heart “a’ in a lowe,” and many a longing eye did he cast across the field, to the detriment of the turnips, which suffered severely through his inattention. And, if the truth must be told, Peggy in turn sent many glances in *his* direction, thereby doing her work badly also, and incurring a rough reproof from Mr Elliot.

When “lowsin” time came Jock would fain have left his horses to find their own way to the stable, and accompanied Peggy to Riggfoot, but, of course, he durst not commit such a flagrant neglect of duty, and had the mortification of seeing her trip homeward by herself. That evening he sauntered into Willie Harrower’s cottage, and found him and his wife Jenny enjoying their domestic felicity—Willie lying at full length on the “settle,” and Jenny busy darning stockings in fond proximity.

“Come awa’ in, Jock, lad,” exclaimed Willie. “What’s gaun on in the big hoose the nicht?”

“Oh, naething particular,” replied Jock, tirling his bonnet in his hand; “but I thocht I wad just tak’ a danner doon and see hoo Jenny and you are fendin’.”

“That’s richt, lad. We are baith glad to see ye. I’m brawly mysel’, but Jenny here says her back is fit to break wi’

the day's work—it's no aften she complains o' a day's darg. She maun be failin', puir body."

"Now, guidman, that's a lee ye are tellin'," spoke up Jenny, who would not suffer such a reflection to be cast upon her. "My back is nae sairer nor ordinar', and I keepit up wi' the best o' them."

"Hoots, woman, I was but jokin'. I ken there's no a wulliner nor abler worker on Tweedside. Maun, Jock, ye sud tak' a wife. It's a fine thing to hae a wife to mak' yer parritch at e'en, and sit and crack wi' ye after the day's work's dune. Ye are owre auld noo tae be a man within the hoose and sleep in the stable-bed. Muckle better to hae a sate at yer ain chimlie-lug, and a bit denty body to tak' round the neck whiles and gie a bit kiss. Man, yer losin' sicht o' yersel'."

"Dae ye think sae?" was Jock's sheepish rejoinder.

"I baith think sae and say sae."

"Whisht, Wullie," laughed Jenny, in a reproving tone. "Dinna pit ony nonsense in Jock's heid. He kens what he's daein' as weel as ither folk."

"Nonsense!—ca' ye marriage nonsense, you that hae tell't me a thoosand times hoo happy ye hae been ever since ye could ca' me jo?"

For answer Jenny gave the speaker a playful cuff, and left the house to escape further banter.

Then followed some minutes' silence, during which Jock stood against the wall, writhing as if in the throes of some inward trouble. At last he managed to articulate—

"Wullie, lad, I want to consult ye a bit."

"Weel, Jock, if I can advise ye I'll be glad to dae it. What is't?"

"Oh—ye see—the fact is—I—I—lo'e Peggy Sheerlaw."

"Man, it's lang sin I kenned that."

"Is't? Then what wad ye advise me to dae?"

"Dae? Ask Maister Elliot to gie ye a hoose, and get married at ance."

"But, ye see, I canna dae that; for I—I hinna opened my mind to Peggy hersel' yet."

"Ye hinna! Then the suner ye dae sae the better."

"Man—I canna."

"Canna? What for?"

"I dinna ken—I'm feared she'll no hae me."

"Deil a fears o' her. She'll tak' ye like winkin'."

"I wuss I could think sae," said Jock, with a heavy sigh.

"Try her—just try her; and if I'm wrang it's gey funny."

"Oh, Wullie, man—I couldna dae it; my heart wad loup oot o' my mooth."

"Houts it wad loup back again when she said 'Yes.' Just gang doon tae Riggfit the morn's nicht and speak yer mind to the lass."

"Man, I tell ye, I canna dae it."

"The like o' that! What are ye frichtened for? Man, I didna tak' time to coont three straes when I asked Jenny to be my wife, but just gaed up to the hoose, got her oot to the stack-yard—gied her a kiss, tell't her what I wanted; heard her say 'Yes'—gied her anither, and married her in sax weeks. That's the way I did it, Jock."

"B—but ye maun hae had a guid idea that she liket ye?"

"To be shure I had. I hadna coorted her, kittled her, and kissed her a hunder times withoot kennin' whether she liket me or no."

"Ay—there's the difference. Gin I could but find oot as muckle wi' Peggy."

"Bless ma heart, ye'll ken hoo she looked and behaved when ye gied her a squeeze or a kiss. Did she lauch, and say, 'Let me alane,' as if she wantit anither?"

"Weel—the fact is, I hinna ventured to kiss her yet, or— or kittle her, or onything."

"Never kissed her!" exclaimed Willie in amazement. "Lord sake, what did ye dae whan ye gaed to see her?"

"No muckle. I said it was a fine nicht, and asked hoo the hens and the kye were gettin' on; and—and sic like."

"I declare I never heard the like o' that. Man, Jock, that wunna dae ava. As I said afore, gang down tae Riggfit the morn's nicht, get her by hersel', gie her a toozle and a kiss or twa. Ye'll ken in a minute by her e'e if she lo'es ye, and ye can just ask her aff loof."

"I couldna dae that an' stick me," said Jock, with a scared look. "The fact is, Willie, I maun ken gey weel that she'll no scorn me afore I daur venture on onything o' that kind."

"Lord sake, man, dae ye like the lassie?" asked Willie, eyeing his companion with a puzzled look.

"Like her! I just adore her."

"And wad fain tak' her roond the neck and gie her a smack?"

"I wad gie my half-year's wage for ae kiss."

"And what wad ye gie to sit beside her for an hour by the burn side, wi' yer airm round her waist, and her heid lyin' couthily on yer shouther?"

"Oh, Wullie, man, I think I wad dee wi' joy."

"Dee!—havers. It wad gie ye a new tack o' life. Now, ma man, just pluck up a speerit, gang doon the morn's nicht, and be naether blate nor bashfu', and I'se warrant ye'll come back to Braxton as blythe as a lintie."

Jock stood silent, a dawning resolution creeping into his heart, and showing itself in his anxious face. At length, with a sudden, desperate effort, he exclaimed—

"I'll dae it—as shure's death I wull."

Next morning Mrs Elliot was much surprised to find that Jock had gone to his work without eating any breakfast. The task he had resolved on caused him to pass a sleepless night, and all the day his thoughts were occupied by it. Having made the promise—and he felt now that he had been rash in doing so—but having made it he resolved to keep it, and having cast about in his mind for the easiest method of doing so, he resolved to get Bob Runciman to act as "black foot."

Bob was the "herd callant" at Braxton, and being a smart, obliging fellow, and discreet withal, more than one of the young men about the place had employed him as the medium for conducting a personal correspondence between them and their sweethearts. To him, therefore, Jock repaired, and made him understand what was wanted. Bob, who liked nothing better than a ploy of the kind, readily agreed to accompany Jock that night to Riggfoot, and while the lover remained outside, let Peggy know in a quiet way who wished to speak to her.

Behold them, then, in the gloaming on their way to Riggfoot, Jock dressed in his best, with a red rose in his button-hole, contrasting violently with the paleness of his face. Bob would insist on walking fast—much faster than Jock in his perturbation desired, and his heart gave a great thump against his ribs when his companion exclaimed cheerily—"We'll sune be there noo, Jock."

Bob was also disposed to be loquacious, but, as may be imagined, Jock was in no mood for conversation, answering his companion in monosyllables, or not at all. Bob, who was

naturally shrewd, soon divined the state of the case, saw Jock's perturbation, and resolved to have some fun by teasing him a bit. So with a "dunsh" of his elbow he began—

"I say, Jock."

"What?"

"Man, ye've gotten a braw lass for a sweetheart. I wuss I was you."

"Dae ye?"

"Ay dae I."

"What wad a bit callant like you dae wi' a sweetheart? Ye are sune eneuch at that wark five year after this. But ye—ye think Peggy Sheerlaw a braw lass?"

"Ay, and mony a lad forby me. It's weel ye've nicked her. It was real smart o' ye, Jock, to get in afore the lave."

"Dae—dae ye think ony o' the lads hae a notion o' her?"

"Lots o' them. But of coorse, sin' ye hae gotten her promise, it's a' richt."

"Weel, but ye see, Jock—I—the fact is—I hinna got her promise yet, and that's what bathers me."

"Losh! man, wull she no hae ye?"

"I dinna ken. I'm gaun to ax her the nicht, and—and—Lord! it's an awfu' job."

"An awfu' job, sure eneuch," said Bob. "Mind, Peggy is no an ordinar' lass. She may coont ye very upsettin', Jock."

"Just my ain thocht. I think, Bob, oo'l gang back."

"No, no. Try her, man, try her. Naething like kennin' the best or the warst at ance. Come on—yonder's the licht o' Riggfit kitchen window. Come on, Jock, and I'll sune get Peggy oot tae ye."

"Stop—stop a minute, Bob lad—that is—I'm thinkin' it's owre sune to—to—see her."

"Owre sune!" echoed Bob resolutely, "it's no that; it's past nine o'clock, and ye ken her maister wunna let her oot if it's later. We maun gang forrit this minute, or ye'll no see her the nicht."

Thus goaded on, Jock proceeded down the hill in anything but an enviable state of mind. He was in for it now, and clenched his hands and set his teeth hard together in the effort to screw his courage to the sticking place. At a short distance from the house he paused by Bob's direction, while the latter went forward to perform his part of the night's business. In a

period much shorter than Jock wished, he was back with the intimation that he had succeeded in his errand.

"She's comin' oot as sune as she pits on the tatties for the supper."

"Is she?" gasped Jock, a cold sweat breaking all over him, and a queer creeping sensation going down his back. "Hoo did she look when ye said that I had come to see her?"

"Awfu' cross," replied Bob, with a malicious grin.

"Oh, Lord! Gang back again, Bob, and say I'll see her some ither nicht."

"I'll dae nae sic thing. Ye *maun* see her now. Sae guid nicht wi' ye, Jock. I'll be in my bed lang afore ye come back," and Bob, with another grinning laugh, scampered off.

Jock had some wild thoughts of rushing after him, but with a desperate effort he o'ermastered the impulse, and heroically stood his ground. Scarcely had Bob disappeared up the brae when the faint sound of a door creaking on its hinges made his throbbing heart beat faster, and, when he discerned a figure glide past the end of the house and come towards him, he felt ready to drop. The figure was that of Peggy, happy with the hope that Jock meant at last to speak his mind. Mechanically the latter moved a step or two to meet her, but, do as he might, it was some moments ere he could articulate a syllable, and, when at last his tongue was a little loosened, all that he could say was—

"P—P—Peggy, is this you?"

"Just me, Jock," was the prompt response. "Hoo are ye the nicht?"

"I'm rale weel. Hoo—hoo are ye yersel'?"

"Brawly; I ne'er was better."

"Eh—I'm gled o' that (a pause). It's very wundy."

"Very. And it's awful cauld oot here on the road," hinted the maiden."

"So it is," assented Jock (another pause). "Hoo is the kye daein' noo, wuman?"

"Oh, just as weel as they used to do."

"And—and the hens?"

"The hens tae. They are layin' very big eggs the now."

"I'm gled o' that, Peggy. It's a grand thing a hen's egg."

There he stopped, and, silence again falling between them, Peggy broke in by giving another hint.

"We got the hay into the stackyard yesterday."

"Did ye? Is't a guid crap?"

"I believe sae. They hae built twa stacks at the back o' the hoose."

"Are—are they weel built?"

"Losh! what ken I aboot that?" returned Peggy, impatiently; "a' that I ken aboot them is that they mak' a fine beild on a wundy nicht like this."

"Ay—hay is a very warm thing. (Another pause). Yo—yonder's the stars; are nae they very bonny?"

"Oh, they are weel eneuch. Hech, but it's cauld."

"Dreedfu'," assented Jock, though the sweat was pouring over his face.

Again there was a pause, and it lasted so long that Peggy, despairing of getting him to understand, said—

"I'll hae to gang awa' in now—it's getting late."

"Ay—so—so it is."

"Guid nicht, than, Jock."

"Eh——"

"Guid nicht," and she began to move away.

"Oh, stop—stop a wee—I—I wad like tae hae a crack wi' ye."

"But, man, it's sae cauld—and if ye hinna onything particular to say——"

"Yes—I—I—hae—something—p—p—particular to say."

"Then had we no better gang round to the stackyard—into the beild?"

Jock assented, and, moving round to the lea side of the largest hay rick, she sat down, and down, too, sat Jock—at two yards distance.

"Weel, Jock, what is't?"

The awful moment had come now, and Jock made a desperate plunge into the subject by saying—

"Peggy, woman, what dae ye think o' me?"

"Troth, Jock, I think ye are no very weel enow."

"Ay—but—I mean—what dae ye think o' me a'thegither?"

"What a daft-like question. I canna tell ye that, Jock."

"Then—may I tell ye what I think o' you?"

"If ye like."

"I—I think ye are a rale nice lassie—a rale—a very rale, nice, lassie, and—and I've lang thocht sae—ye—ye're no ill pleased, are ye?"

"What wad I be ill pleased for?"

"For me daurin' tae say sae. But—there's mair to come—gin I could but get it oot—for, ye see—I—I—eh, Peggy, woman—I lo'e ye."

"And what for did ye no tell me this afore, Jock?"

"Because I durstna," cried Jock, the fountain of his heart overflowing at last, and a full stream gushing forth. "I kenned I wasna guid enech for ye, and I was feared ye wad think me impident and upsettin'. But, oh, Peggy, lass, I lo'e ye weel—nicht and day hae I thocht o' ye, and a thoosand times hae I wished that I could open my mind. And, noo that I hae dune it, Peggy, dinna scorn me. If I hae displeased ye, oh, say sae gently, and I'll gang awa'—but dinna speak disdainfu', for that wad kill me. It may be very daurin' o' the like o' me to speak to you o' love—me that's but a man within the hoose—but I couldna help it, and if I hae dune wrang I'll leave Braxton at the Martinmas, and never trouble ye mair. Speak, Peggy, lass—speak, and tell me, for, oh, I lo'e ye weel."

"I kenned that langsyne, Jock," said Peggy, in gentle, tremulous accents.

"Did ye—and ye—ye're no angert?"

"What would I be angert for?"

"And could ye—dae ye think ye ever could—lo'e me? Wull ye try?"

"I dinna need to try, Jock, for I lo'e ye already."

Jock sprang up and bent towards her. He saw she had turned her face full upon him, and in a very delirium of joy he sprang over the two yards which separated them, and clasped her rapturously to his bosom. Peggy gave herself freely up to his caress, glad at heart that he who had a place—and the only place—in her affections, had at length enabled her to acknowledge it without any breach of maidenly propriety.

Such was the happy issue of Jock Rippeth's Courtship. As to *results*, we shall discreetly draw a veil over those which took place on the instant, merely remarking that Peggy had no longer any reason to consider her lover "blate or bashfu." As for Jock himsel', Willie Harrower had predicted that he would return to Braxton "blythe as a lintie." That comparison fell far short of the reality. Jock went home "a new man a'thegither." His heavy burden of fear and despondency was gone. He had conquered his timidity, he had asserted his

manhood, he had confessed his honest love, and found that it was reciprocated ; in a word, he had proved beyond question the truth of the good old proverb, "Never venture never win."

THE FOXES' TAILS.

"Weel, Sandy," said the minister of a parish church, in a small fishing village on the east coast of Scotland, to his precentor, as he entered the vestry, after having preached what he thought a very learned and well-constructed sermon ; "Weel, Sandy, man, and how did you like the sermon the day ?"

"Eh ?"

"I say, how did you like the sermon ?"

"Oh, the sermon ; weel—a—a. The sermon ; od—a—I maist forget how I likit it."

"D'ye no mind the sermon, Sandy ?"

"Weel, I wadna jist like to say I didna mind it, but ye see

—,"

"D'ye no mind the text, then ?"

"Oh, ay, I mind the text weel eneuch—I aye mind the text."

"Weel, d'ye no mind the sermon ?"

"Bide a meenit—bide a meenit ; I'm thinking. Hoots, ay, I mind the sermon, noo ; ay, I mind it fine."

"What d'ye mind about it ?"

"A—a—ye—a—said the warl' was lyin' in wickedness."

"Tuts, man, ony fule kens that. What did you think o' the discourse as a whole ?"

"I thocht it was ower lang."

"Tut, tut. Weel, what did ye think o't in the abstract ?"

"The abstract ? Weel, I thocht the abstract was raither drumlie now an' then, as a whole, like."

"Man, d'ye understand yer ain language ? I ask ye what was your opeenion o' the nature—the gist—pith—marrow o' the discourse ?"

"Ay, jist that. Weel, it was—it was evangelical."

"Evangelical ! of course it was evangelical. Was't no more than that ?"

"Ou, ay, it was gey and conneckit."

"You thickhead! was the sermon good, bad, or indifferent? There, can you fathom that?"

"Oh, that's what you've been speirin' a' the time, is't? What for did you no speak plain afore? Weel, it was a guid sermon; a grand sermon. 'Deed it was the best I ever heard ye preach."

"Hoot, toot, Sandy, now ye're gaun owre far."

"Aweel, aweel, I never saw sae few folk sleepin' afore."

"So you think it was a good sermon?"

"Ay, it was a hantle better than the lave."

"I'm much obleeged to you for your opeenion, Sandy."

"You're perfectly welcome; but, at the same time, if you'll excuse me, I wad jist like to mak' an observation aboot the discourse the day, an' in fack, aboot a' yer discoorses."

"Ay, what's that?"

"Weel, it's raither a venturesome p'int to handle, but if ye'll forgie the freedom, I was jist gaun to say that in your discourse the day—we'll no gang ony farther than the yin the day—in the midst o't, like, when ye was on the tap o' an illystration, it struck me that every noo and then—but ye'll no feel offended at what I'm gaun tae say?"

"Say awa', man, an' I'll tell ye after."

"Aweel, it struck me every noo an' then, when ye were explainin' some kittle p'int oot o' the Scriptures, or when ye were in the heat o' an argument or that, it struck me that every noo an' then, jist occasionally, that there was maybe, frae tme to time, jist a wee bit o' exaggeration!"

"Exagger—what, sir?"

"Weel, maybe that's ower strong a word. I dinna want to offend ye. I mean jist amplification, like."

"Exaggeration! amplification! what the mischief d'ye mean, sir? Where got ye haud o' sic lang-nebbit words as these?"

"There, there, there! I'll no say anither word. I didna mean to rouse ye like that. A' I meant to say was that ye jist streetcht the p'int a wee bit!"

"Streetcht the p'int! D'ye mean to say, sir, that I tell lees? Answer me this—are ye sayin' this oot o' yer ain heid, or did somebody else put ye up till't? Did ye ever hear the laird say I was in the habit o' exaggeratin'?"

"I wadna say but what I hae."

"Did ye ever hear the elders say that I amplified or streetcht the p'int?"

"I wadna say but what they hae, tae."

"Oh! so the laird, and the elders, and the whole o' ye call me a leear, do ye? Weel, Sandy, it's maybe jist possible that, being obleeged Sawbbath after Sawbbath to expound the Word to sic a doited set o' naturals—for if I didna mak' ilk thing as big as a barn door, ye wadna see't ava—I say it's jist possible that I may hae slippit into a kind o' habit o' magnifying things, and, therefore, Sandy, I'll call upon you, if ever ye should hear me say another word oot o' joint to pull me up there and then—just give a sort o' a signal."

"Hoo could I gie ye a signal in the kirk?"

"You're sittin' jist doon aneath me, ye ken, so ye micht jist put up your heid, an gie a bit whistle like that."

"What? Whistle in the Lord's hoose on the Lord's day? I never heard o' sic a thing in a' my days!"

"Hoots, man, disna the wind whistle on the Sawbbath?"

"Aye; I never thocht o' that afore. Yes, the wind whustles."

"Weel, jist gie a wee bit soughing whistle like the wind, so that naebody can hear it but ourselves."

"Weel, if there's nae hairm in't I'll dae my best."

So it was ultimately agreed between minister and precentor that the first word of exaggeration from the pulpit was to elicit the signal from the desk below. Next Sunday came. The sermon had been rigorously trimmed, and the parson seated himself in the pulpit with a radiant smile, as he thought of the prospective discomfiture of Sandy. Sandy sat down as imperturbable as usual, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left. Had the minister only stuck to his sermon that day he would have done very well, and had the laugh against Sandy which he anticipated at the end of the sermon. But it was his habit, before sermon, to read a chapter from the Bible, adding such remarks and explanations of his own as he thought necessary. He generally selected such passages as contained a number of "kittle p'int," so that his marvellous powers of "eloocidation" might be called into play. On the present occasion he had chosen one that bristled with difficulties. It was that chapter which describes Samson as catching 300 foxes, tying them tail to tail, setting firebrands in their midst, starting them among the standing corn of the Philistines, and burning it down. As

he closed the description, he shut the Book, and commenced the "eloocidation" as follows:—

"My dear friends, I daresay you have been wondering in your minds how it was possible that Samson could catch three hundred foxes. You or me couldna catch one fox, let alone three hundred—the beasties run so fast. It takes a great number of dogs and horses and men to catch a fox—and they do not always catch it then—the crater whiles gets away.

"But lo and behold! here we have one single man all by himself catching 300 of them. Now, how did he do it?—that's the p'int, and, at first sight, it looks a gey and kittle p'int. But it's no sae kittle as it looks, my freends. We are told in the Scriptures that Samson was the strongest man that ever lived, but although we are told this, we are not told that he was a great runner. But if he catches these 300 foxes he must have been a great runner, an awfu' runner, in fact, the greatest runner that ever was born. But, my freends—and here's the eloocidation o' the maitter—you'll please bear this in mind, that although we are not told he was the greatest runner that ever lived, still we're not told he wasna; and, therefore, I contend that we have a perfect right to assume, by all the laws of logic and scientific history, that he was the fastest runner that ever was born, and that was how he caught the 300 foxes. But after we get rid of this difficulty, my freends, another crops up—after he caught his 300 foxes, how did he manage to keep them altogether? This looks almost as kittle a p'int as the other; to some it might look even kittler. Now, in the first place, bear in mind it was foxes that Samson caught. We do not catch foxes as a general rule in the streets o' a toon; therefore, it's mair than probable he caught them in the country, an' that he bided at a farm-house where there was a barn, and as he caught his foxes one by one he stapped them into the barn, and steekit the door, and locked it. Here we overcome the second stumbling-block; but no sooner have we done that than a third rock of offence louns up to tickle us. After he has caught his foxes—after he has got them all snug in the barn under lock and key—how in the world did he tie their tails together? There's a tickler. You or me couldna tie two of their tails together, let alone 300 of them, for not to speak about the beasties girnin' an' bitin' us all the time we were tyin' them, the tails themselves are not

long enough. How, then, was Samson able to tie them all? Ah! that's the question, and it's aboot the kittlest p'int you or I have ever had to eloocidate. Now, my freends, I maun tell ye that there are learned men who have written books o' foreign travel, and we can read their books. Among other places, some of these learned men have travelled into Canaan, and some into Palestine, and some few into the Holy Land, and these last-mentioned travellers tell us that in these Eastern and Oriental climes the foxes there are a totally different breed o' cattle altogether from our foxes—that they're great big beasts; and what's the most astonishing thing about them, and what helps to explain this wonderful feat of Samson's is, that they've all got extraordinary long tails. In fact, these eastern travellers tell us that these foxes' tails are forty feet long." (Sandy whistles).

(Minister pulls up)—“At the same time I ought to mention that there are other travellers, and later ones than the ones I have just been speaking about, and they say this statement is on the whole rather an exaggeration, and that the foxes' tails are never more than twenty feet long.” (Sandy whistles).

(Minister annoyed)—“Before I leave the subject altogether, my freends, I may just add that there has been a considerable diversity o' opinion about the length o' these animals' tails, so the question has come to be regarded as a moot p'int. One man, ye see, says one thing, and another another, and I've spent a good lot o' learned research in the matter mysel', and, after examinin' one authority and another authority, and putting one against the other, I have come to the conclusion that these foxes' tails, on an average, are seldom more than ten feet long.” (Sandy whistles).

(Minister, losing all patience)—“Sandy M'Donald, I'll no tak' anither inch aff thae beasts' tails gin ye whistle to the day o' judgment.”

BILLY'S ROSE.

BY GEORGE R. SIMS.

(Inserted by the Author's permission.)

Billy's dead, and gone to glory—so is Billy's sister Nell :
There's a tale I know about them were I poet I would tell ;
Soft it comes, with perfume laden, like a breath of country air
Wafted down the filthy alley, bringing fragrant odours there.

In that vile and filthy alley, long ago, one winter's day,
Dying quick of want and fever, hapless, patient Billy lay,
While beside him sat his sister, in the garret's dismal gloom,
Cheering with her gentle presence Billy's pathway to the tomb.

Many a tale of elf and fairy did she tell the dying child,
Till his eyes lost half their anguish, and his worn, wan features
 smiled :
Tales herself had heard hap-hazard, caught amid the Babel roar,
Lisped about by tiny gossips playing round their mothers' door.

Then she felt his wasted fingers tighten feebly as she told
How beyond this dismal alley lay a land of shining gold,
Where, when all the pain was over—where, when all the tears
 were shed—
He would be a white-frosted angel, with a gold thing on his head.

Then she told some garbled story of a kind-eyed Saviour's love,
How He'd built for little children great big playgrounds up
 above,
Where they sang and played at hop-sotch and at horses all the
 day,
And where beadles and policemen never frightened them away.

This was Nell's idea of Heaven—just a bit of what she'd heard,
With a little bit invented, and a little bit inferred ;
But her brother lay and listened, and he seemed to understand,
For he closed his eyes and murmured he could see the Promised
 Land.

"Yes," he whispered, "I can see it—I can see it, sister Nell;
Oh, the children look so happy, and they're all so strong and
well;
I can see them there with Jesus—He is playing with them, too!
Let us run away and join them, if there's room for me and you."

She was eight, this little maiden, and her life had all been spent
In the garret and the alley, where they starved to pay the rent;
Where a drunken father's curses, and a drunken mother's blows,
Drove her forth into the gutter from the day's dawn to its close.

But she knew enough, this outcast, just to tell the sinking boy,
"You must die before you're able all these blessings to enjoy.
You must die," she whispered, "Billy, and I am not even ill;
But I'll come to you, dear brother—yes, I promise that I will."

"Yes, I know it," answered Billy. "Ah, but, sister, I don't
mind,
Gentle Jesus will not beat me; He's not cruel or unkind.
But I can't help thinking, Nelly, I should like to take away
Something, sister, that you gave me, I might look at every day.

"In the summer, you remember, how the mission took us out
To a great green lovely meadow, where we played and ran about,
And the van that took us halted by a sweet, bright patch of land,
Where the fine red blossoms grew, dear, half as big as mother's
hand.

"Nell, I asked the good, kind teacher what they called such
flowers as those,
And he told me, I remember, that the pretty name was rose.
I have never seen them since, dear—how I wish that I had one!
Just to keep and think of you, Nell, when I'm up beyond the
sun."

Not a word said little Nelly; but at night when Billy slept,
On she flung her scanty garments, and then down the stairs she
crept,
Through the silent streets of London she ran nimbly as a fawn,
Running on and running ever till the night had changed to
dawn.

When the foggy sun had risen, and the mist had cleared away,
All around her, wrapped in snowdrift, there the open country lay.
She was tired, her limbs were frozen, and the roads had cut her
feet,
But there came no flowery gardens her poor, tearful eyes to greet.

She had traced the road by asking—she had learnt the way to go ;
She had found the famous meadow—it was wrapped in cruel
snow ;
Not a buttercup or daisy, not a single verdant blade
Showed its head above its prison. Then she knelt her down
and prayed.

With her eyes upcast to Heaven, down she sank upon the
ground,
And she prayed to God to tell her where the roses might be
found.
Then the cold blast numbed her senses, and her sight grew
strangely dim ;
And a sudden awful tremor seemed to seize her every limb.

“ Oh, a rose !” she moaned, “ good Jesus—just a rose to take to
Bill !”
And as she prayed a chariot came thundering down the hill ;
And a lady sat there, toying with a red rose, rare and sweet ;
As she passed she flung it from her, and it fell at Nelly's feet.

Just a word her lord had spoken caused her ladyship to fret,
And the rose had been his present, so she flung it in a pet ;
But the poor, half-blinded Nelly, thought it fallen from the
skies,
And she murmured, “ Thank you, Jesus !” as she clasped the
dainty prize.

* * * * *

Lo, that night from out the alley did a child's soul pass away,
From dirt, and sin, and misery to where God's children play.
Lo, that night a wild, fierce snowstorm burst in fury o'er the
land,
And at morn they found Nell frozen, with the red rose in her
hand.

Billy's dead, and gone to glory—so is Billy's sister Nell ;
I'm bold to say this happened in the land where angels dwell :—
That the children met in Heaven, after all their earthly woes,
And that Nelly kissed her brother, and said, " Billy, here's your
rose."

FATHER PHIL'S SUBSCRIPTION LIST.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

Father Phil was a parish priest, of free-and-easy speech, but greatly beloved by his simple flock. It was in a half-thatched and ruinous chapel, by the lone hill-side, that Father Phil was one Sunday celebrating mass. The worthy Father intended delivering an address to his flock from the altar, urging them to the necessity of bestirring themselves in the repairs of the chapel, which was in a very dilapidated condition, and at one end let in the rain through its worn-out thatch. A subscription was necessary, and to raise this among a very impoverished people was no easy matter. The weather happened to be unfavourable, which was most favourable for Father Phil's purpose, for the rain dropped its arguments through the roof upon the kneeling people below in the most convincing manner ; and as they endeavoured to get out of the wet, they pressed round the altar as much as they could, for which they were reproved very smartly by his reverence in the very midst of the mass, and these interruptions occurred sometimes in the most serious places, producing a ludicrous effect, of which the worthy Father was quite unconscious in his great anxiety to make the people repair the chapel.

A big woman was elbowing her way towards the rails of the altar, and Father Phil, casting a side-long glance at her, sent her to the right-about, while he interrupted his appeal to heaven to address her thus :—

" *Agnus Dei*—you'd better jump over the rails of the altar, I think. Go along out o' that, there's plenty o' room in the chapel below there."

Then he would turn to the altar, and proceed with the service, till, turning again to the congregation, he perceived some fresh offender.

"*Orate, Fratres!*—will you mind what I say to you, and go along out of that? there's room below there. Thru for you, Mrs Finn—it's a shame for him to be thramplin' on you. Go along, Darby Casy, down there, and kneel in the rain; it's a pity you haven't a dacent woman's cloak under you, indeed!—*Orate, Fratres!*"

Then would the service proceed again; and while he prayed in silence at the altar, the shuffling of feet edging out of the rain would disturb him, and, casting a backward glance, he would say—

"I hear you there—can't you be quiet, and not be disturbin' the mass, you haythens?"

Again he proceeded in silence, till the crying of a child interrupted him. He looked round quickly.

"You'd better kill the child, I think, thramplin' on him. Lavery. Go out o' that—your conduct is scandalous—*Domini vobiscum!*"

Again he turned to pray; and after some time he made an interval in the service to address his congregation on the subject of the repairs, and produced a paper containing the names of subscribers to that pious work who had already contributed, by way of example to those who had not.

"Here it is," said Father Phil, "here it is, and no denying it—down in black and white; but if they who give are down in black, how much blacker are those who have not given at all?—but I hope they will be ashamed of themselves when I howld those up to honour who have contributed to the uphowlding of the house of God. And isn't it ashamed of yourselves you ought to be to leave His house in such a condition—and doesn't it rain a'most every Sunday, as if He wished to remind you of your duty? Aren't you wet to the skin a'most every Sunday? Oh, God is good to you! to put you in mind of your duty, giving you such bitther cowl'ds that you are coughing and sneezin' every Sunday to that degree that you can't hear the blessed mass for a comfort and a benefit to you! and so you'll go on sneezin' until you put a good thatch on the place, and prevent the appearance of the evidence from heaven against you every Sunday, which is condemning you before your faces, and

behind your backs, too, for don't I see this minit a strame o' wather that might turn a mill running down Micky Mackavoy's back, between the collar of his coat and his shirt?"

Here a laugh ensued at the expense of Micky Mackavoy, who certainly was under a very heavy drip from the imperfect roof.

"And is it laughing you are, you haythens?" said Father Phil, reproving the merriment which he himself had purposely created, that he might reprove it. "Laughing is it you are—at your backslidings and insensibility to the honour of God—laughing, because when you come here to be saved you are lost intirely with the wet; and how, I ask you, are my words of comfort to enter your hearts when the rain is pouring down your backs at the same time? Sure I have no chance of turning your hearts while you are undher rain that might turn a mill; but once put a good roof on the house, and I will inundate you with piety! Maybe it's Father Dominick you would like to have coming among you, who would grind your hearts to powdher with his heavy words." (Here a low murmur of dissent ran through the throng.) "Ha, ha! so you wouldn't like it, I see. Very well, very well—take care, then; for if I find you insensible to my moderate reproofs, you hard-hearted haythens—you malefacthors and cruel persecuthors, that won't put your hands in your pockets, because your mild and quiet poor fool of a pasthor has no tongue in his head—I say your mild, quiet, poor fool of a pasthor (for I know my own faults, partly, God forgive me!), and I can't spake to you as you deserve, you hard-living vagabones, that are as insensible to your duties as you are to the weather. I wish it was sugar or salt you were made of, and then the rain might melt you, if I couldn't; but no—they naked rafthers grin in your face to no purpose—you chate the house of God; but take care, maybe you won't chate the Devil so aisy." (Here there was a sensation.) "Ha! ha! that makes you open your ears, does it? More shame for you; you ought to despise that dirty enemy of man, and depend on something betther; but I see I must call you to a sense of your situation with the bottomless pit undher you, and no roof over you. Oh, dear! dear! dear!—I'm ashamed of you—troth, if I had time and sthraw enough, I'd rather thatch the place myself than lose my time talking to you; sure the place is more like a stable than a chapel. Oh, think of that!—the house of God to be

like a stable !—for though our Redeemer, in His humility, was born in a stable, that is no reason why you are to keep His house always like one.

“And now I will read you the list of subscribers, and it will make you ashamed when you hear the names of several good and worthy Protestants in the parish, and out of it, too, who have given more than the Catholics.”

He then proceeded to read the following list, which he interlarded copiously with observations of his own ; making *viva voce* marginal notes as it were upon the subscribers, which were not unfrequently answered by the persons so noticed, from the body of the chapel, and laughter was often the consequence of these rejoinders, which Father Phil never permitted to pass without a retort. Nor must all this be considered in the least irreverent. A certain period is allowed between two particular portions of the mass, when the priest may address his congregation on any public matter : an approaching pattern, or fair, or the like ; in which exhortations to propriety of conduct, or warnings against faction fights, &c., are his themes. Then they only listen in reverence. But when a subscription for such an object as that already mentioned is under discussion, the flock consider themselves entitled to “put in a word” in case of necessity.

This preliminary hint is given to the reader that he may better enter into the spirit of Father Phil's

SUBSCRIPTION LIST

FOR THE REPAIRS AND ENLARGEMENT OF BALLYSLOUGH-
GUTPHERY CHAPEL.

PHILIP BLAKE, P. P.

Mickey Hickey, 7s. 6d.—“He might as well have made it ten shillings : but half a loaf is better than no bread.”

“Please your reverence,” says Mick, from the body of the chapel, “sure seven and sixpence is more than the half of ten shillings.” (A laugh.)

“Oh ! how witty you are. Faith, if you knew your duty as well as your arithmetic it would be better for you, Micky.”

Here the Father turned the laugh against Mick.

Billy Riley, 3s. 4d.—"Of course he means to subscribe again."

John Dwyer, 15s.—"That's something like. I'll be bound he's only keeping back the odd five shillings for a brush full of paint for the althar: it's as black as a crow, instead o' being as white as a dove."

He then hurried over rapidly some small subscribers, as follows:—Peter Heffernan, 1s. 8d.; James Murphy, 2s. 6d.; Mat Donovan, 1s. 3d.; Luke Dannely, 3s.; Jack Quigly, 2s. 1d.; Pat Finnegan, 2s. 2d.; Edward O'Connor, Esq., £2.

"There's for you! Edward O'Connor, Esq., a Protestant in the parish—Two pounds!"

"Long life to him!" cried a voice in the chapel.

"Amen!" said Father Phil; "I'm not ashamed to be clerk to so good a prayer."

Nicholas Fagan, 2s. 6d.; Young Nicholas Fagan, 5s.—"Young Nick is better than owld Nick, you see."

The congregation honoured the Father's demand on their risibility.

Tim Doyle, 7s. 6d.; Owny Doyle, £1.—"Well done, Owny na Coppal—you deserve to prosper, for you make good use of your thrivings."

Simon Leary, 2s. 6d.; Bridget Murphy, 10s.—"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Simon: a lone widow woman gives more than you."

Simon answered—"I have a large family, sir, and she has no childhre."

"That's not her fault," said the priest; "and maybe she'll mend o' that yet." This excited much merriment, for the widow was buxom, and had recently buried an old husband, and, by all accounts, was cocking her cap at a handsome young fellow in the parish.

Judy Moylan, 5s.—"Very good, Judy; the women are behaving like gentlemen; they'll have their reward in the next world."

Pat Finnerty, 3s. 4d.—"I'm not sure if it is 8s. 4d. or 3s. 4d., for the figure is blotted—but I believe it is 8s. 4d."

"It was three and fourpence I gave your reverence," said Pat, from the crowd.

"Well, Pat, as I said eight and fourpence, you must not let me go back o' my word, so bring me five shillings next week."

"Sure you wouldn't have me pay for a blot, sir?"

"Yes, I would—that's the rule of back-gammon, you know, Pat. When I hit the blot, you pay for it."

Here his reverence turned round, as if looking for some one, and called out—"Rafferty! Rafferty! Rafferty! Where are you, Rafferty?"

An old grey-headed man appeared, bearing a large plate; and Father Phil continued—

"There now, be active—I'm sending him among you, good people, and such as cannot give as much as you would like to be read before your neighbours, give what little you can towards the repairs, and I will continue to read out the names by way of encouragement to you; and the next name I see is that of Squire Egan. Long life to him!"

Squire Egan, £5.—"Squire Egan—five pounds—listen to that—five pounds—a Protestant in the parish—five pounds! Faith, the Protestants will make you ashamed of yourselves, if we don't take care."

Mrs Flanagan, £2.—"Not her own parish either—a kind lady."

James Milligan, of Roundtown, £1.—"And here I must remark that the people of Roundtown have not been backward in coming forward on this occasion. I have a long list from Roundtown: I will read it separate." He then proceeded at a great pace, jumbling the towns and the pounds and the people in a most extraordinary manner:—"James Milligan, of Roundtown, one pound; Darby Daly, of Roundtown, one pound; Sam Finnigan, of Roundtown, one pound; James Casey, of Roundpound, one town; Kit Dwyer, of Townpound, one round—pound, I mane; Pat Roundpound—Pounden, I mane—Bat Pounden a pound of Poundtown also—there's an example for you!—but what are you about, Rafferty? I don't like the sound of that plate of yours; you are not a good gleaner—go up first into the gallery there, where I see so many good-looking bonnets—I suppose they will give something to keep their bonnets out of the rain, for the wet will be into the gallery next Sunday if they don't. I think that is Kitty Crow I see, getting her bit of silver ready; them ribbons of yours cost a trifle, Kitty. Well, good Christians, here is more of the subscription for you."

Matthew Lavery, 2s. 6d.—"He doesn't belong to Roundtown—Roundtown will be renowned in future ages for the sup-

port of the Church. Mark my words—Roundtown will prosper from this day out—Roundtown will be a rising place.

Mark Hennessy, 2s. 6d. ; Luke Clancy, 2s. 6d. ; John Doolin, 2s. 6d.—"One would think they all agreed only to give two and sixpence apiece. And they comfortable men, too! And look at their names—Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, the names of the blessed evangelists, and only ten shillings among them! Oh, they are apostles not worthy of the name—we'll call them the *Poor Apostles* from this out" (here a low laugh ran through the chapel)—"Do you hear that, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John? Faith! I can tell you that name will stick to you." (Here the laugh was louder.)

A voice, when the laugh subsided, exclaimed "I will make it ten shillin's, your reverence."

"Who's that?" said Father Phil.

"Hennessy, your reverence."

"Very well, Mark. I suppose Matthew, Luke, and John will follow your example?"

"We will, your reverence."

"Ah, I thought you made a mistake; we'll call you now the *Faithful Apostles*—and I think the change in the name is bettther than seven and sixpence apiece to you.

"I see you in the gallery there, Rafferty. What do you pass that well-dressed woman for?—thry back—ha! see that: she had her money ready if you only asked for it. Don't go by that other woman there—oh, oh! So you won't give anything, ma'am. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. There is a woman with an elegant sthraw bonnet, and she won't give a farthing. Well, now, afther that, remember, I give it from the althar, that from this day out sthraw bonnets pay fi'penny pieces."

Thomas Durfy, Esq., £1.—"It's not his parish, and he's a brave gentleman."

Miss Fanny Dawson, £1.—"A Protestant out of the parish, and a sweet young lady, God bless her! Oh, faith, the Protestants is shaming you!"

Dennis Fannin, 7s. 6d.—"Very good, indeed, for a working mason."

Jemmy Riley, 5s.—"Not bad for a hedge-carpenter."

"I gave you ten, plaze your reverence," shouted Jemmy, "and by the same token, you may remember, it was on the

Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, sir, I gave the second five shillin's."

"So you did, Jemmy," cried Father Phil; "I put a little cross before it to remind me of it; but I was in a hurry to make a sick call when you gave it to me, and forgot it afther; and indeed myself doesn't know what I did with that same five shillings."

Here a pallid woman, who was kneeling near the rails of the altar, uttered an impassioned blessing, and exclaimed—"Oh, that was the very five shillings, I'm sure, you gave to me that very day to buy some little comforts for my poor husband, who was dying in the fever!" and the poor woman burst into loud sobs as she spoke.

A deep thrill of emotion ran through the flock as this accidental proof of their poor pastor's beneficence burst upon them, and as an affectionate murmur began to rise above the silence which that emotion produced, the burly Father Phil blushed like a girl at this publication of his charity, and even at the foot of that altar where he stood, felt something like shame in being discovered in the commission of that virtue so highly commended by the Holy One to whose worship the altar was raised. He uttered a hasty "Whisht—whisht!" and waved with his outstretched hands his flock into silence.

In an instant one of those sudden changes common to an Irish assembly, and scarcely credible to a stranger, took place. The multitude was hushed—the grotesque of the subscription-list had passed away and was forgotten, and that same man and that same multitude stood in altered relations—they were again a reverent flock, and *he* once more a solemn pastor; the natural play of his nation's mirthful sarcasm was absorbed in a moment in the sacredness of his office; and with a solemnity befitting the highest occasion, he placed his hands together before his breast, and raising his eyes to Heaven he poured forth his sweet voice, with a tone of the deepest devotion, in that reverential call to prayer, "*Orate, Fratres.*"

The sound of a multitude gently kneeling down followed like the soft breathing of a quiet sea on a sandy beach; and when Father Philip turned to the altar to pray, his pent-up feelings found vent in tears; and while he prayed he wept.

JOE AND THE GEOLOGIST.*

I'm a kintra chap, lads—born an' brocht up in Perthshire ; an' never wis in a big toon like this afore in a' my life, so maybe ye'll be thinkin' I'm jist a muckle fozzie turnip, but alloo me to say that I'm no sae green's ye think. Na, na, I ken brawly hoo many beans mak' five, an' if ye listen I'll tell ye a bit story that'll illustrate my nateral shairpness, besides haein' a' the advantages o' bein' true, every word o't—as share's death.

Weel, ye see, it wis ae het simmer's forenuin, when we were a' as busy as bees at a byke, hoein' tauties an' neeps, that an auld gentlemanly-lookin' chap, wi' a lum hat, white waistcoat, blue tie, an' gold specks, cam' in tae the yaird whaur faither an' I were thrang at the time pittin' up a load o' peats, an' comin' ower tae faither he said that he wanted some ane weel acquaint wi' the locality an' the roads to show him the way up to the hills.

We baith stopt an' took a good look at the man, an' at last faither said in his shairp, nebbly way when he's busy an' bothered wi' onything—

“I'm thinkin', guidman, ye've cam' to the wrang door ; we've a' something else tae dae than leave oor wark tae gang rakin' ower the hills on a day like this wi' naebody kens wha.”

The auld chap wisna a bit put aboot wi' this raither cool reception. He tak's a guid look at faither wi' his braid specks, cocks his heid tae a side as if enjoyin' a fine joke, an' gied a bit cheerfu' lauch, haudin' oot his silver snuff-box at the same time in the freendliest manner imaginable.

He said he didna want to hinder the wark, but he wid gie onybody that kent the hills a maitter o' five shillings to come wi' him an' carry twa wee bit leather bags that he held in his han'.

“Here ye are, Joe,” quo' faither to me, “pit doon thae divots, an' awa' ye gang wi' the gentleman ; gin ye mak' five shillings this day it's mair than ever ye wis worth at hame—aff ye gang.”

I let faither hae his bit joke, an' made nae words aboot it, but, gettin' a guid stoot stick in my han', awa' we startit, the

* Paraphrased from “Folk Speech of Cumberland.” By Alex. Craig Gibson, F.S.A. Carlisle : T. Coward.

auld lang-nosed mannie leadin' the way in fine style, an' muckle better than I could hae gien him credit for.

As we were spielin' the steep breist o' the brae, he gied me twa bit leather pokes to carry, an' thinks I to mysel', faith I'm gaun to earn my five shillin's gey cannily. I never thocht for a minute that he'd get onything on the hills to fill the pokes wi', but I was mista'en. He turned oot to be a suppler auld chield than ye'd hae thocht to look at his grey hair an' gold specks, for aifter we got up a bit he went spangin' owre burns, lowpin' owre hillocks, an' trottin' through bogs an' mosses, liker a muirlan' tup than an auld man o' saxty. Aifter a while, when we got amang the cairns an' boulders, he began examining ilka stane an' whinstane rock we cam' tae, an' then he took tae breakin' lumps aff them wi' a queer-shapit hammer he took frae 'neath the tails o' his coat, an' stuffin' the bits o' stanes intil the bags he had gien me to carry.

I kinna hauf jaloused before I had lang set oot that the auld fellow wisna a'thegither richt in the upper storey, but when he began to knap the corners aff the whin craigs I saw that he wantit at least tippence o' the shullin'.

At last I couldna help askin' him, in a jocular kind o' way—takin' my fun aff him, an' lauchin' in my sleeve at the auld fule—what queer notion had brocht him sae far up on the hills to look for bits o' stanes, when he could get as mony as he could cairry on the roads below, withoot the trouble o' speilin' the hills to get them.

He seemed to see something awfu' funny in this, for he went aff into a fit o' lauchin' that made his face as red as a biled lobster, an' then, peggin' awa' wi' his bit hammer at some ither bit stane that took his fancy, he told me that he was a jollygist.

Thinks I to mysel', my man, ye're a jolly jackass, an' dinna ken o't, but it mak's nae odds to me sae lang's ye pay me the five shullin's agreed on.

Weel, he keepit on at this feckless kin' o' wark till well on in the aifternuin, an' by this time he'd pang'd his leather pokes as fu's they'd haud wi' chips o' stanes. I hivna often had a harder day's darg aifter sheep than I had followin' that auld, greyheidit chap ower heichs an' howes carryin' his twa bit pokes o' trash; but, hooever, we got back to oor hoose jist aboot the gloamin', gey sair trauchled wi' oor wanderings.

Mither gie'd the auld jollygist, as he ca'd himsel', some

bread an' milk, an' aifter he'd haen a talk wi' faither aboot sheep-farmin', an' sic like, he peyed me my five shullin's like a man, an' tell't me he wid gie me ither five gin I'd bring his pokes o' stanes doon to Dunkeld by nine o'clock the next mornin'. He then set aff to walk to Birnam Hotel, an' next mornin', as sune's I'd gotten my parritch, I on wi' my bannet an' took the road wi' the twa leather bags owre my shouther, thinkin' to mysel' that I'd sune mak' a sma' fortune, an' retire into private life or a public-hoose, if a wheen mair jollygists wid tak' it into their crack'd heids to come oor way.

I had five miles to walk, an' it wis anither het mornin', an' I hadna gane far till I began to think to mysel' that I wis as great a fule as the auld jollygist to cairry broken stanes a' the way to Dunkeld, when I could get plenty at ony roadside for the liftin'. So I took an' shook the stanes oot baith the pokes, an' stapt on a gey bit lighter an' cheerier withoot them.

When I cam' near Dunkeld I sees auld Jamie Simpson sittin' on a stuil, knappin' stanes to mend the roads wi', an' I axed him if he minded me fillin' my pokes frae his heap.

Jamie was very ceevil, an' tell't me to tak' as mony as I liket o' them that wisna broken up sma'. So I began fillin' my pokes, tellin' Jamie at the same time hoo it wis I wantit them, an' a' aboot the auld jollygist.

I thocht the auld, croichlin body wid hae coupit aff his stuil wi' lauchin'.

He said my mither should tak' guid care o' me, for I wis owre shairp a chap to leeve lang. I thocht mysel' it wis raither a smairt thing o' me to dae, sae I wisna at a' displeased at Jamie seein' the point o' the joke sae weel.

The jollygist had jist got his breakfast when I got to Dunkeld, and they took me into the parlour till him.

He smiled like a biled tautie when I gaed in wi' his well-filled pokes, an' told me to set them doon in a corner oot o' the way. He then axed me if I'd hae some breakfast. I said I'd gotten my parritch, but I didna mind; so he tellt them to bring in some mair coffee, an' eggs, and ham, and toasted bread, an' stuff, an' I declare I gat sic a breakfast as made me think it was New Year's mornin'; a' the while the auld jollygist was gettin' ready to set aff in his carriage waitin' at the door for him.

When he cam' doon the stairs he gied me the ither five

'shullin's, an' pey'd for my breakfast, an' what he'd gotten himsel'. Then he tell't me to pit the leather bags, wi' the stanes in them, on beside the driver's feet, an' in he gat, an' lauched an' nodded to me, an' awa' he went, stanes an' a'. I never saw nor heard tell mair o' the auld jollygist, but I've often thocht there maun be precious few stanes in his kintra, when he wis sae pleased to get twa wee bit leather pokes fu' for ten shullin's, an' sic a breakfast to the bargain! It wud be a famous job if faither could sell a' the stanes at oor backdoor at five shullin's a pokefu'—widn't it?—aye, faith, wud it! Sae ye see, chaps, if ye fancy I'm a young man frae the kintra, an' ken naething about onything, ye're precious far mista'en, an' that's a that's about it.

GEORDIE TULLOCH'S DRINK O' SOUR DOOK.

BY JAMES NICHOLSON.

Tammas Tait, or Laird Tait, as the neighbours ca'd him, was a douce, weel-to-dae farmer, an' laird o' his ain bit farm till the bargain. His family consisted o' Eppie, his wife, and Jenny, his only dochter—a braw, weel-faured kimmer, and guid as she was bonnie. Geordie Tulloch was the servant-man, a strappin' youth, deft at the wark, an' wi' a merry twinkle in his een that spak' o' mischief to the lassies, for it acted on their sensitive hearts like a flash o' electricity. Being clever at a' kinds o' farm wark, he was a great favourite wi' the laird, while his cheery disposition an' readiness to help endeared him alike to Jenny and her mither.

Weel, ae bonnie day, aboot the end o' April, the laird and Geordie were thrang at the tattie-plantin', and the weather being unco warm for the season, the latter feelin' somewhat thirsty, said he wad hae to rin doon to the burn an' tak' a waucht o' water.

"Na, na," quo' the laird, "ye'll dae nae sic thing, for it's jist

leevin' wi' scurs an' powheids ; but I'll tell ye what, jist rin yont to the hoose an' tell Jenny to gie ye a guid drink o' sour dook, an' maybe a bite o' oatcake to tak' the cauld air affe't."

"Deed, laird," quo' Geordie, "I muckle fear Jenny 'll be spierin' if it's no something o' the packman's drouth that's fashin' me, but I'se gang an' see at onyrate."

On entering the kitchen he found Jenny alone, and busy at wark bakin' wheaten-meal scones ; and, suddenly seized with the spirit o' mischief, instead o' asking for a drink, he said—"Jenny, lass, ye'll nae doot be surprised when I tell ye that I'm here by your faither's orders to ask ye for a kiss."

"Oh, Geordie, Gordie!" quo' Jenny, her cheeks crimsoning, "I'm sure my faither ne'er said sic a thing."

"Weel, Jenny, an' ye dinna believe me, jist rin oot yersel' an' spier at him."

Ere Geordie could prevent her Jenny was oot at the door, and, seeing her faither in the distance, cried at the top of her voice—"Faither, am I to gie him't?"

"Ay, gie him't, to be sure," responded the laird. "An', fie, mak' haste, an' let him oot to his wark again."

Jenny, wi' a puzzled air, retraced her steps to the kitchen, though at a much slower pace than she had left it, while her beating heart sent the glowing crimson once more to her cheeks.

"Weel," quo' the unabashed Geordie, "is't a' richt?"

"Ay, sae it wad seem," quo' Jenny ; "but, for the life o' me, I canna un'erstan't."

"Aweel, Jenny, lass, here's the explanation;" an' ere she could prevent him, he threw his arms around her and began to hug and kiss her in the most approved rustic fashion. Jenny, meanwhile, struggling to get free, gave an involuntary scream, which had the effect of bringing another character to witness the scene, and that no less a personage than Eppie, her mither. She happened at the time to be snoddin' up the ben-en', or parlour, and, hearing Jenny's half-suppressed scream, made for the kitchen in her noiseless list shoes, like a cat after a mouse. Taking in the situation at a glance, she startled the pair by a stern and no less significant "Ahem!" followed by "Ay, ay, bonnie-like on-gauns for folk wha hae their wark to attend to. Jenny, ye cutty ! say what's the meanin' o' a' this?"

Geordie, by this time, had taken to his heels, or in all likelihood he would have been the first to come under the lash o' her

tongue. Jenny, thus left alone to explain, told her the unvarnished truth, while, with her floury hands, she re-arranged her disordered locks.

"A gey likely story, truly," quo' Eppie. "Tammas Tait's no the man to gie ony sic orders, to the scandaleezin' o' his ain flesh an' bluid, an' mair especially to a servin' man. Na, na, ye needna tell me ony sic story; but yer faither 'll sune be in for his twal' hours, an' then we'll hear the richts an' the wrangs o't."

Tammas had hardly steeked the kitchen door behint him when Eppie yoked him by saying, in rather peremptory tones—

"What for, guidman, did ye gang an' tell that fallow Geordie to rin awa' in to the hoose and ask a kiss frae Jenny there?"

"Ask a what!" quo' Tammas. "*Me* tell Geordie to gang an' dae ony sic thing! What puts sic nonsense i' yer heid, woman?"

To this Eppie replied by telling him the whole story of Geordie's delinquency.

"Weel," quo' the laird, "if that disna cove the gowan! Deil be on his impidence to say ony sic thing; a' that I said was that he was to rin in to the hoose, an' Jenny wad gie him a drink o' sour dook."

"A queer kin' o' sour dook," quo' Eppie, bitin' her lip to prevent lauchin' ootricht.

"An' as queer a kin' o' drouth," quo' Tammas, wi' a loud guffaw, in which his wife could not help joining.

"Hoot, toot, guidwife," quo' the laird, recovering his dignity, "it's nae lauchin' maitter, I can tell ye, an' it maun be put a stop to this very day, sae jist open ye the aumry, Jenny, an' han' me owre my cash-box." This peremptory order Jenny rather unwillingly executed, while Tammas, taking a small key from his watch chain, opened the box, and took out a roll of bank notes, saying as he carefully unfolded them—"The loon's fee is twal' pounds i' the hauf-year, an' there it's ready for him. True, it wants maist a month yet to the term, but that's neither here nor there, an' the suner we get redd o' him the better. Sae rin, Jenny, roun' to the hoose-en', and let him ken that he's wanted, an' that this very meenit; dae ye hear?"

"But, faither," Jenny ventured to say, "ye're surely no gaun to pit the lad awa' for sae sma' an affair? it was only fun on his part."

"Fun! sma' affair, lassie! dae ye imagine?—but be aff wi' ye at ance, an' hoy him in when I bid ye."

"But, faither," persisted Jenny, "a—a—I like him, an' wadna hae ye to pit him awa'."

"Oh, ye like him, dae ye? Weel nae doot that alters the complexion o' things—in your een at least, if no in mine—sae be aff, I tell ye, an' cry him in this very meenit."

Jenny saw there was no help for it, so with heavy step, and still heavier heart, she set out to obey the laird's orders. But when she got within sight of Geordie her heart was too full to speak, far less cry to him, so she waved her hand as a signal that he was wanted. Geordie saw and understood at once that there was mischief a-brewing, and so made up his mind for the worst. When he entered the kitchen, and saw the laird sitting with his cash-box before him, and a number of bank notes in his hand, he knew at once that his fate was sealed, so with cap in hand, and without saying a word, he resolved to await his sentence.

"Geordie Tulloch," began Tammas, in his sententious way, "there's yer fee up till the term. It wants a month o' the time yet, but that's neither here nor there; it'll gie ye the mair time to look oot for anither place. I needna tell ye what for I hae been forced to tak' this disagreeable step, as yer ain conscience will hae dune that already, an' I wad fain hope that this will be something o' a lesson to ye in the time to come, an' be the means o' makin' ye a wee thocht mair discreet in yer conduct. Sae there's yer siller; coont it, and see that's it's a richt."

Geordie said nothing, but took the proffered notes, which he slowly counted over, and then casting a last, longing, lingering look on Jenny, he put on his cap, and was about to turn away, when Tammas said—

"Stop! bide a wee. Ye hae been a guid an' faithfu' servant to me, Geordie, an' on that account I dinna want to be hard upon ye, sae, an' ye hae a min' to bide still, ye are welcome, but on this ae condition—namely, that ye tak' Jenny there an' mak' her yer wife. What sae ye?"

Geordie, sadly dumfounded, looked at the roll of notes he held in his hand, then at Jenny, standing with her apron at her eyes; then throwing the notes at Tammas, he exclaimed—

"Hae, laird, tak' back yer siller, and I'll tak' Jenny, wha is

worth a thoosan' o' yer creeshy bank notes ; that is, gin she will consent to tak' me. What sae ye, Jenny lass ?"

Jenny was too much overcome to reply in words, but she took his proffered hand, and returned its fervent pressure ; then, ere she could prevent him, he threw his arms around her, gave her a hearty smack, and on releasing her said—

"Mony thanks to ye, laird, for yer drink o' sour dook."

"Noo, noo, bairns," quo' Tammas, "seeing that maitter's settled an' dune wi', be aff to yer wark, an' lea' the soor dook to a mair befitting occasion. What sae ye, guidwife ?"

"Jist this," quo' Eppie, "it's an ill win' that blaws naebody guid ; an' gin ye're a' pleased, sae am I."

Geordie an' Jenny were soon made man an' wife, an' mair than happy in each other's love. And now that the auld folks hae gane to their rest, Geordie is noo Laird Tulloch, the faither o' a braw family o' sons and dochters, an' a thriving man to the bargain. And even yet, when he comes in frae the hairst, or hay-field, for a drink, Jenny, wi' a pawkie look, will say—

"Is't to be soor dook, guidman ?"

THE LAST SHOT.

A LEGEND OF THE INDIAN MUTINY.

BY J. D. REID ("KALEIDOSCOPE").

Three to ride and to save, one to ride and be saved—
That's the key of my tale, boys, deep on my heart engraved.
With death before and behind, through dangers many and nigh,
Four to ride together, and three of the four to die.

There was the Captain's daughter, a young and delicate girl,
With her baby face and shining eyes, and hair of sunniest curl ;
She looked like a beautiful flower, too slight to be even
caressed,
Yet never had hero braver heart than beat in that girlish
breast.

And then there was Sergeant Gray, a martinet old and grim ;
The worst of tyrants that ever lived was a lamb compared to
him ;
Ne'er-dae-weel Douglas next, a Borderer born and bred,
With a sin on his soul for every hair that grew on his hand-
some head.

And then there was Fighting Denis—Denis the stout of
heart,
Foremost in every row and brawl, skilled in the “manly art ;”
Take the three altogether, the truth is, old and young,
They were three o' the greatest scamps, boys, that ever deserved
to be hung.

“What was she doing, you ask, alone with fellows like these,
Down on the Ganges' bank, hid 'mong the mango trees ?
Well, she couldn't help herself, could only wait and pray,
And they, they were doing their duty as well as they knew the
way.

Slowly the red moon rose, and then the sergeant spoke—
“Pat, look to the horses' girths ; Graham, give the lady this
cloak ;
Now, Miss, be your father's daughter, our lads are close
below,
The horses are fresh, the road is clear, and we've only five miles
to go.”

Then spoke the Captain's daughter, and her voice was weak but
clear—
“I want you to promise, brave friends, while we're altogether
here,
That you'll keep the last shot for me—when each heart of hope
despairs ;
Better to die by hands like yours than be left alive in theirs.”

The sergeant cleared his throat, and turned his face away ;
Denis, the stout of heart, had never a word to say ;
And Douglas grasped his hilt with a look and gesture grim,
While he watched the face o' the girl with eyes grown suddenly
blurred and dim.

"Oh, you'll promise me, will you not?" the weak voice pleaded again,

"You will not leave me to them—you—soldiers—my father's men? For the sake of my mother in Heaven—and God and death so near—

Oh, father, father, *you* would, I know, if only you were here."

"I promise." "And I." "And I." The voices were hoarse and low,

And each man prayed, I ween, that the task he might not know,
As out on the plain they rode swiftly and silently—
Four to ride together, and three o' the four to die.

The sergeant's charger led with a long and raking stride,
And her Arab's lighter bound kept the lady by his side,
While hanging on either flank, the watchers, steady and strong,
Swept on through the clouds of dust that rose as the leaders
thundered along.

Fire to the right and left, fire in front and rear,
As the dusky demons broke from their lurking ambush near—
"Noo, Denis, boot tae boot—keep close between, you twa—
We've cut her a road through waur than this, an'—Charge!
Hurrah! Hurrah!"

As the lightning cleaves the cloud, as the tempest rends the oak,
The comrades headlong rush, the gathering miscreants broke;
Unharm'd through the yelling horde the Captain's daughter fled,
While thick and fast in fierce pursuit the Sirdar's horsemen sped.

Up on the crest o' the rise where Cawnpore's curse of blood
Hushes with horror yet the wide and rolling flood,
Douglas reeled in his saddle, and whispered brokenly—
"Gray, dinna let her ken, but it's near a' ower wi' me."

"Hit?"—"Ay, here in the side."—"Bad?"—"Aye bad, but—
pshaw!

I'll face yon hounds on the brae, it may gain ye a minute or twa—
Tak' my horse—ye may need it for her. Steady, there!—
woa, there, Gem!—

Dinna forget your promise—yon lassie's no for them."

An iron grip o' the hands—a mist o'er the sergeant's sight,
As he swiftly wheeled the horses, and vanished in the night ;
Then round to the nearing foe, under the starry sky,
Alone with his God and his own brave heart Grahame Douglas
turned to die.

On came Hamed, the boastful—who so sure as he,
With his Siva-charmed sword, keen-edged, against the Fering-
hee ?
Woe for Hamed, the boastful ! woe the mistake he made,
When he matched his sword 'gainst a Border arm, and the
sweep of a Border blade !

Then fighting it, thrust for thrust ; fighting it blow for blow,
Till at last, where the bank fell sheer to the dusky stream below,
He fell—a groan—a plunge—wave circles eddying wide—
And the ne'er-dae-weel was still at last 'neath the river's turbid
tide.

“Stretch to it, gallant Selim !—leap to it, Ned and Dan !
Well done, brave brutes ! Hurrah ! Let them catch us now
who can !”
On and on for life—for a higher, dearer stake—
For true men's chivalry—for a helpless woman's sake !

A sputter of fire on the right, a flame of fire in the rear,
And Gem leaped up and fell—another, and all too near
The hissing bullets came, and then the sergeant knew
His blood and life were ebbing away with every breath he drew.

Sore and deep the wound, but never a moan he made,
And, rising straight in his saddle, erect as when on parade,
“Pat, if you get in, report that Douglas and I are dead ;
Tell them we did our duty, and mind—your promise,” he said.

The maiden checked her horse with a quick, wild scream of
pain—
“Oh, Heaven, have pity !” she sobbed, as Denis seized her rein ;
Then, giving his last command—“Ride on !”—with impatient
frown,
True British soldier to the last, the brave old man went down.

Short and fierce the fight ; his sabre, hilt and blade,
Was red ere the foe the arm o' the grim old sworder stayed.
A fall—a faint “ Hurrah ! ”—a moan, and all is o'er,
And Sergeant Gray o'er the Queen's recruits will tyrannise no
more.

Oh, pale the maiden's face, but her brow was calm and clear,
Though never had woman yet such awful cause for fear ;
And Denis, the stout of heart, in his saddle turned to rise,
With the lurid glare of maddened rage in his kindly Irish eyes.

Swiftly he aimed and fired—every shot was sure,
And fierce the yells that hailed the fall of each dusky blacka-
moor,
Till sudden the maiden's voice came shrill in agony—
“ Oh, Denis, brave Denis, you promised you would keep the
last for me ! ”

Was it the glint of steel that flashed from yonder wood ?
Rose there hoarse commands in voices stern and rude ?
On—on—Oh, God ! so near—so near, and to fail at last !
On—on—in vain—there's only death remains now—hope is past.

Oh, pale was the maiden's face, her white lips moved in prayer ;
Then, with never a sign of fear, for the hero soul was there ;
With the virgin martyr's glory lighting her bonnie brow,
She laid her hand on Denis' arm, and gently whispered—
“ Now ! ”

The strong man shook 'neath the touch of those tiny finger-tips—
And—“ Say you forgive me, Miss ”—broke hoarse from his
ashen lips.
“ Forgive you ! Again and again ! You see I do not fear !
God bless you, gallant soldier ! Now, straight and sure—aim
here ! ”

She laid one hand on her heart, then clasped them o'er her head,
And into the darkened sky her latest look she sped ;
And Denis raised his arm with slow and deadly aim—
When all hell seemed leaping to meet them in thunder, and
cloud, and flame.

'Mid the smoke—'mid splintering shells that glare and shriek
and grate—
'Mid the battery's bursting blaze—'mid the rifle's flashing hate—
'Mid the pibroch's savage swell—'mid the trumpet's mad'ning
alarms—
The Captain's daughter fainted away in her frantic father's
arms.

While, with hurricane, roar, and rush, with clang of hoof and
steel,
With flame in each rider's eyes, and fire at each charger's heel,
With shouts that rose to the sky on vengeance-laden breath—
The British squadrons thundered by to the carnival of death.

Prone on his back lay Denis—Denis, the stout of heart—
Still as she for whom he had played a hero's part.
Dying—alone. What matter? Unhelped? The fight was
won.
He was only a common soldier—besides, his work was done.

The sounds o' the vengeful strife aroused death's drowsy ear,
He listened—rose on his elbow, and then with a whispered
cheer—
“Ho, Douglas, Gray—we've beaten that murderin' son of a
thafe!
I'm going—What matter?—Hurroo! Sure, the Captain's
daughter's safe!”

.
Only three common soldiers, only three common men,
Giving their lives for a woman, as men have again and again;
Only doing their duty, teaching this lesson anew—
Where'er true woman points the way true man will dare and do.

Then here's to the gallant three—rude, and wicked, and brave!
And here's to the Captain's daughter, the girl they died to save!
And here's to all true women, where'er they are under the sun—
Worthy the toast they well must be for whom such deeds are
done.

THE HOTEL BED.

BY ANDREW STEWART.

The hero of the following comical adventure was Mr Robert Johnston, tailor, Dundee. Bob, as he is commonly called, is well known for his whimsical oddities of character, and for his large development of the organ of self-esteem. Good at telling a story, in which he generally acts the part of hero, his workroom is much sought out by his customers, and by others who love to hear him descant upon the wonderful adventures in which he has figured. With your permission I will introduce him to your notice, and allow him to tell, for our amusement, one of his comical adventures.

Bob is seated, as usual, on his table by the window, with his hot "goose" beside him, busy laying the seam in the sleeve of a coat, and, in the midst of all the smoke and talk and laughter, he fizzes away with his damp cloth and hot iron, and talks and laughs with the best of them.

"Man, Bob," said Willie Rodgers, "here's Geordie Steenson, and he has never heard ye tell o' that comical adventure you had in Inverness last year. Will ye oblige the company by giving it once again?"

"Tuits," replied Bob, clinking down his goose. "I've tell't that story till I'm seick tired; will naething else please ye?"

"No, naething," replied Willie, "for I want Geordie to hear it; besides, it's a good story, an' ye ken a guid story's nane the waur o' being twice told."

"Weel, weel, sae be't. If ye're pleased, I'm content, so here goes."

"Ye see," began Bob, "it had been a lang promise o' mine to tak' the wife a bit trip to the Isle o' Skye—whaur the terrier dougs come frae, ye ken—a place she had aye a hankerin' to see, and had been craik, craikin' at me for years to tak' her to. Weel, it sae happent that I was up at a place ca'd Skreichancraw, awa' ayont Inverness, pairtly on business, an' pairtly on pleasure, an' bein' sae far north, it cam' intae my heid that this wisna a bad opportunity to write doon for the

wife to come awa' up to Inverness as sune as possible, an' we'd baith gang owre to Skye thegither.

"Weel, to mak' a lang story short, I cam' doon frae Skreich-ancraw to Inverness, an' met the guidwife at the railway station as arranged, an' as the day by this time was ower far spent to travel farther, we determined on stayin' there a' nicht, an' startin' fresh next mornin' for Skye.

"Aifter we had got dinner in a bit decent coffee-hoose, I took Maggie oot to see the uncós o' the Heelan' capital.

"About ten o' clock at nicht, jist as it was gettin' daurk, an' we were baith pretty sair forfouchten wi' daunderin' aboot, like a couple o' auld fules, we set oot to dae what should hae been dune at the very first—that is, to see aboot getting lodgings for the nicht.

"It wis a maist stupid-like thing a'thegither to hae forgotten this, and sae ye can judge o' oor consternation when we discovered that, on account o' some Heelan' gatherin' in the toon that day, a' the hotels were crammed frae flur to ceilin'—fu' to the bung, sae to speak—an' feint a bed was to be got for love or siller.

"Here wis a fine how-d'ye-do! Maggie wis gettin' as crisp i' the temper as an oatmeal bannock, and, I may confess, I wisna in the best o' tids mysel'.

"'What's to be dune?' wailed Maggie, puir body, turnin' up a maist peetyfu'-lookin' face. 'Here we are, I suppose, a hunner miles frae hame, an', waur than the moudiwarts, no a place to lay oor heids. It's a peety I ever left my ain cosy fire-en'.'

"'Deed is't,' said I, gey snappy-like—for, losh, there's naething like fatigue an' hunger for breakin' a body's temper. 'Ye're a fine traveller, I'm sure, makin' a sang aboot naething. If the warst come to the warst, we hae aye the police office to fa' back on, an' there's ae blessin', it'll no cost us muckle.'

"'O dear me!' wailed Maggie, 'that ever I should leave Bonnie Dundee to come to this o't, and to hear my ain man talkin' o' takin' me to a police office.'

"'Wheesht, woman,' said I, 'ye ocht to hae mair confidence in the resources o' yer man than gang on in that way. Unless ceevilization's a failure, an' humanity a humbug, I'll get ye lodgings the nicht, or perish in the attempt. Losh, ye used to be fond eneuch o' singin' yer "heart's in the Heelants," an' noo, when the rest o' yer body's in the Heelants as weel

as yer heart, yer like to eat my heid aff because I canna spread oot a feather bed for ye on the pavement. Come on,' an' wi' these words I drew her airm in mine, an' pulled her alang till we cam' to anither hotel.

"To my inquiries as to whether they had ony accommodation for twa puir weary travellers, I wis telt that they couldna even gie me a shelf to lie on, let alane a bed.

"'Weel, I dinna care a bodle,' says I, 'I hae walked as far the day as I care for, and here I pitch my tent for the nicht, an' if ye want to move the wife an' me oot o' this, ye'll better send roun' to the Castle for a company o' sodgers, for naething short o' that 'll raise me oot o' this chair.' Wi' that I papped doon on a stuffed chair in a corner, and was nearly asleep before ye could say Jack Robison.

"Seein' me sae determined, the servant went awa' to the maister, and at length he cam' in' an' surveyed the pair o' us. He evidently didna care aboot raisin' the slumbering lion within me, for, efter strokin' his chin a wee, he says—

"'Aweel, if folk will persist in staying here against a' reason, they maun jist be prepared to take what accommodation we can provide.'

"'Mak' yer mind easy on that score, guidman,' says I, 'jist you get us some place to stretch oor shanks for a nicht, an' if we dinna grumble you needna care. Isn't that fair aneuch?'

"'Weel, if ye're willin' to put up wi' onything rather than want, I'll see that a bed is made up for you of some kind in the bathroom. Will that do? as I have no other place to put you.'

"'A' richt, guidman, a bathroom or a bed-room; it disna muckle maitter for ae nicht, I suppose, whaur a body sleeps. Jist you hurry up, an' say nae mair, in the way o' apology, as the wife an' I are jist trauchled aff oor feet.'

"When we got up to our bedroom, as I may in courtesy ca' it, I fand it wee eneuch certainly, but I wisna gaun to grumble aboot that, seein' the trouble I had put the folk to in pittin' us up. Some bed boards had been hurriedly laid ower the bath, a mattress and bed placed on the tap o' these, an' as mony guid sappy blankets as we cared for on the tap o' a'. Dod, I thocht it was jist a capital bed, that micht hae ser'd the King o' Spades or the Jack o' Trumps, though Maggie turned up her nose at it a wee, particularly in regaird to its breadth, whilk

didna alloo much selvage room for rowin' aboot in, I maun admit.

" 'I wid like to ken what's in below thae boards,' quo' the wife, 'afore I trust mysel' to that bed.'

" 'The bath's below,' I cried, snappily, jumpin' in to get the place next the wa' for mysel', as I didna like the idea o' whummlin' oot durin' the nicht time.

" 'But there's maybe water in't,' persisted the wife.

" 'Weel, maybe there is, but ye can either look for yersel' or haud yer tongue an' let folk sleep.'

" 'Hoo can I look when ye're lyin' on the tap o' the boards?' she persisted. 'Come oot a minute and I'll sune see.'

" My only answer to this aggravatin' remark was a deep snore. I pretendit I had suddenly fa'en into the airms o' Murphy, an' steekit my een like's they had been nailt.

" 'There's some folk unco soun' asleep when they dinna want to hear,' said Maggie, slowly takin' aff her claes, but I never let dab, an' in a short time she put oot the caunle, an' crept in at my back.

" 'Lie ower a bit,' quo' she, viciously, giein' me a dunch the minute she had got her heid laid doon.

" That wis mair than I could endure, so I said, shairply, 'Wid ye hae me to gang through the wa'?

" 'I thocht ye were sleepin', guidman,' quo' she, wi' aggravatin' calmness.

" 'Sleepin'!' said I, my birse gettin' up; 'bless ma heart, ye're like Leddy Macbeth—ye hae murdered sleep. What in a' the worl' div ye want me to dae'?

" 'I want ye to lie ower, ye selfish monster that ye are.'

" 'I canna lie ower anither inch,' I roared, 'sae close up an' gang to sleep, for ony sake!'

" 'Ye canna lie ower, can ye no? Weel, I'll mak' ye!' an' wi' these words she stuck her shairp elbow in at the sma' o' my back, till I nearly yelled wi' pain. Withoot ettlin' ony hairm, I gi'ed her a bit push to mak' her lie still, when, losh! as sure's ocht, oot she fell wi' a smash on the fluir that perfectly alairmed me.

" In the midst o' the deep daurkness I heard an awfu' groan, an' thinkin' that maybe she had fa'en on her heid an' dislocated her neck, I sits up an' says, 'Whaur are ye, Maggie? hae ye hurt yersel', my dearie?'

“ ‘Dinna dearie me, you monster ! It’s muckle you care whether I’m hurt or no ; but I’m dootin’ my leg’s broken at ony-rate, an’ it’s gled ye’ll be at that, I suppose.’

“ ‘For guidsake, dinna speak that way, woman. Whaur are ye ? I didna intend tae tumble ye, an’ fine ye ken that. Whaur are ye, Maggie, my dear !’

“ ‘Oh, dear me, my leg ! my leg ! it’s broke ! What’ll I dae ? Can ye no ring the bell, an’ get somebody up wi’ a licht ?’

“ ‘I’ll sune dae that, Maggie, if I juist kent whaur to lay my haun’ on the bell-pull.’

“ ‘I saw the bell-raip,’ quo she, ‘hangin’ on the wa’, ower beside whaur ye’re lyin’—oh, dear ! oh, dear !’

“ ‘Wheesht, Maggie, woman,’ said I, a’ shakin’ ; ‘I’m graipin’ for the haunle. Whaur is’t ? Eh, here it is. Jist thole a minute, my dear, an’ I’ll hae some o’ the servants up at ye di—Mur !—owf !—oh, dear !—whit’s—whit’s—thi—this—guid life !—I’ll be—dro—oned !’

“The fact wis, I had pulled the haunle o’ the shooer bath abune my heid, an’ was subjected to a drenchin’ torrent o’ caul’ watter that nicht hae swamped Noah’s Ark, afore I kent whaur I was.

“I jumped up on the bed like’s a Brush electric machine had sent a current a’ through my body, an’ I danced like a wild Indian, a’ the time pullin’ the string in my bewilderment, an’ sendin’ doon a still mair devastatin’ deluge that was like to sweep me oot o’ existence.

“ ‘Murder !’ I shouted, catchin’ my breath, an’ no kennin’ what to dae in the daurkness.

“ ‘Oh, mercy ! mercy ! whaur are ye, Bob ? an’ what’s happened to ye ? Hae the floodgates o’ Heaven opened on you ?’ shouted Maggie, forgettin’ her ain sairs, an’ graipin’ aboot in the daurk for her guidman.

“I could only answer, ‘Help ! help !’ an’ dance aboot like a jumpin’ jack. At length the boards on the bed gie’d way, an’ wi’ a wild yell that nearly lifted the ruif aff the hoose, doon I fell heid ower heels wi’ a plunge into the bath below me, whilk had been left hauf fu’ o’ water in the hurry o’ makin’ up the bed.

“Juist as I sank a’ my length ower heid an’ ears in the water o’ the bath, wi’ the blankets a’ twisted aboot me, sae that I couldna pit oot a han’ to save mysel’, the door was burst open, an’ in rushed a terrified band, wi’ caunles, an’ pokers, an’ shovels,

and onything they could pick up in the hurry ; an' as soon as the licht cam' in, I'm tellt that Maggie boldly dived wi' baith her airms into the bath, an' fished up her man by the hair o' the heid, hauf deid, frae a dreepin' mess o' blankets, bowsters, an' linen sheets. But nae suner did she see me landed on the flair, bockin' my inside oot wi' the water I had swallowed, an' dreepin frae heid to fit like a hauf-drooned rat, than she set to the lauchin', an' she roared an' roared at sic a rate that the hale crood that jammed the doorway, an' lined the lobby, an' choked up the stair, yoked to the lauchin' as weel's hersel', till the very building, I'm tellt, shook wi' the lood uproar.

"It's the way o' the worl' for folk to lauch at ane in misfortune, but to hae the wife o' yer bosom startin' the chorus is sair to thole, an' it says muckle for the sweetness o' my temper that I swallowed, withoot sayin' a word, their cruel scorn—an' the big gless o' brandy the landlord brocht to me, an' even took as a compliment the observation of a commercial traveller, wha lent me a nice warm nicht-shirt, that I had gi'en 'im the best lauch he had enjoyed for a twalmonth."

MIKE O'ROYLE'S "FAITH."

BY JOHN YUILLE.

Mike O'Royle was a true-born Irishman.

When he first started cobbling in Dun——, eight or nine years ago, and any one came to have a patch put on, or their heels raised, Mike was sure to say, "Jist lave it an' I'll do it rightly." So invariable was this answer, that Mike soon got to be known as Rightly, and at the present moment dozens know Rightly who have never heard of Mike O'Royle.

Rightly's shop was the centre of village gossip, and every loungee in the place, from the parish minister down, might often be seen leaning over his door drinking in eagerly the latest "sensation."

Mike looked up from his work as we approached, pushed his spectacles up on his brow, and, after scanning our faces for an

instant, exclaimed, "Well, now, an' it's yourself, James ; but how are ye kapin' now ? By my word, thin, you're a different person altogether sin' I saw ye last."

"How that, Mike ?"

"Becaze the hair that was on yer face thin wis moighty scarce ; but come in and light yer pipes while I tell the wife ye're here."

"So you're married, then, Mike ?"

"Indeed an' it's married I am, but I don't know if I ever tould ye, James, how it wis I got married at all," and his large mouth gradually widened, until I began to feel anxious for the safety of his ears.

"Well, it wis five year afther I kem over—that's three year ago like, I wis courtin' Faith—that's me wife—an' had some notion o' bein' wed. Faith kep a cow, an' it wis somethin' to look forward to wis the cow. Well, sirs, I remember it as well as I do o' drinkin' that same cow's milk this mornin', that Mr Sorby, the minister, kem to my door, an' says he to me, after spakin' for some time, says he—'Faith brings many good things ; in fact, Mike, I don't see in your case what will be more towards your success in life than to get faith and keep it. Let faith guide your ways, and when the darkness of after years comes upon you, faith will be your only means of comfort and future safety.' Well, sirs, I felt me face burn like a fire. "But," says I, "what if Faith should die first ?"

He looked surprised-like for a bit. "Well, Mike, if you permit faith to die first, you're to blame for it. The short and the long of it is, if you knew the advantages of possessing such for yourself, and not depend on the priest, you wouldn't rest. Good-bye."

"Here's a go," says I to myself ; "how did he know I wis afther Faith, and what could he mean by sayin' 'twould be my fault if she should die first.' Well now, Faith," says I to myself, "I've thought a lot of ye, and yer cow, too, but I niver imagined the likes of all them blessin's wis to come through gettin' ye. By my troth, thin, but I'll see ye this verra night !" An' so I did. I screwed the gas down a peep, and ran round to the house.

"Faith," says I.

"Is't you, Mikey ?" says she.

"Yis it is, Faith, an' I thought as ye weren't busy anyhow,

ye might go round by the glen. I've got a quiet word to say to ye."

She wis ever a good lass, Faith, an' so, without kapin' me waitin', she dhrew on her shawl, an' we meandhered down the road to the glen. Well, me words clane left me, an' sure we had got to the glen afore I managed to say—

"Has Mr Sorby been seein' ye, or spakin' to ye, Faith?"

"What for?"

"Bekase he was clane mad wid me this afthernoon bekase I haven't got ye; an' d'ye know what I'm goin' to tell ye, an' it's his verra words, that you would guide my ways, an' brighten my life when the darkness of ould age comes upon me. Now, Faith, darlin', will ye name the day? I've nothin' to tempt ye, but if ye'll have me, I'll do by ye rightly, God help me."

"And is that all ye cam' so far to say, Mikey?" she said, so coyly.

Well, I wis so ashamed I daren't look up, so she said—

"Well, Mikey, dear, I'm yours whenever you like."

Next day I ran round to the manse to see afther the cries. I felt overjoyed jist, an' I walked right in without knockin' at all—the door bein' open, ye see.

The minister met me in the lobby, and, says he—

"Well, Mike, a fine day; but what's wrong, you look so put about?"

I could find no words, but at last I stammered out—

"Well, sir, last night, afther you were gone, I went an' I found Faith, and——"

"Bless His name!" he cried; and, without allowing me to finish what I was going to say, he took me hand an' shook it until his spectacles were about fallin' off his nose.

"You see I was right now?" he cried, smiling.

"Yis, sir, I do."

"You'll feel a different man now, Mike?"

"I do."

"Tell me how you feel. You know, Mike, I like to hear the experiences of every Christian on this particular subject."

I wis jist beginnin' to find a tongue, so I said—"Yes, sir, that's but nathral enough, you bein' a bachelor yourself, sir."

I thought he looked quare at me, but he axed me again to tell him how me mind wis feelin' undher this new experience.

"I don't know," says I, "if I can tell ye, sir. I niver felt the likes of it before—such a—such a——"

"Ah, I know," says the minister, with a wave of his hand.

"I jist hope that, with Faith to help me, I shall always feel so happy," I says.

"True emotions," says he. "That is how I feel, too, Mike. Ah! the reward is great, and the labour small."

"Labour!" says I; "there was no labour, sir."

"You had no struggle?" says he.

"Struggle!" says I.

"No doubt you wrestled hard?" says he.

"Wrestled! No, sir; I'm surprised at you puttin' that down to the likes o' me. The whole village knows I don't go in for anything rough. I tell ye it was mutual; she was ready wid her answer, for, says she, 'Yis, Mike, I'm yours whenever ye like,' an' that's why I came to you, sir, for a little explanation."

By this time he was on his feet, lookin' quare at me. I belave, sirs, he took me for mad, but he only said—

"What do you mean, Mike? You have a peculiar way of expressing yourself."

"Well," I answered, "that may be, sir, but it's as plain as the sun to myself, and yer own words is comin' thrue, for if I had known what it wid be I wouldn't have been without Faith so long."

"Ah! now I understand you; but, my dear Mike, you have such an act of personifying such graces as faith——"

"It's thrue you are, sir; there isn't one in the score has sich graces as Faith."

"It is heaven-born, faith is," says he, after thinkin' awhile.

"Now, sir, do you mane it? I hiv often tould her she was an angel, but I never reckoned on you sayin' so yourself."

"Who was an angel?" he cried.

"Faith."

"O no, Mike."

"Not an angel?"

"Certainly not."

"Well, sir, an' it's as well for ye that yer the minister, for if ye wasn't it 'ud be the last time ye said it. Look at her, sir, as she trips along on a nice spring morning, wid her clane short-gown and striped petticoat, carryin' her milk, while her cheeks is all aglow, an' she looks at ye so temptin' wid her blue eyes. If Faith's not an angel may I niver have aught to do wid 'em."

The minister stood rubbin' at his chin, an' eyein' me over his spectacles for a bit, an then, pattin' me shoulder, says—

“You had better go home, and think no more of this, Mike. Poor man, poor man!”

He took me for mad. “No,” says I, “I came to you detar-mint—wantin' some frindly advice, an' if ye'll not do it I can go to the parish minister; it's there Faith was seen by myself first ov all.”

“Oh, faith is everywhere, not confined to any one body, you know; faith is common property—free as the air.”

I kep' cool to all appearance, although my blood was boilin' at this; howsomever I nodded, and says, “It's all you know, for didn't Faith an' I make it up last night in the glen, and we're to be cried on Sunday.”

“Say that again, Rightly! what do you mean?”

I explained to him as well as I could that we were goin' to be married, and, as he had himself advised me so strongly yesterday, I had come to him to help me wid the papers.

I wish you had seen his face, gentlemen, it 'ud have kep' ye laughin' the next twelvemonths. An' when he saw it all he fell a laughin' like as his sides 'ud split.

I reckon he told the parish minister all about it, for on Sunday, I daresay, everybody wis dumfounded at seein' the minister burst out laughin' when he came to Faith's name; but if they had seen whit I saw in the Free Manse that day they wouldn't have wondered at all.

HUMBUGGING A GUIDE.

BY MARK TWAIN (SAMUEL L. CLEMENS).

Adapted from “The Innocents Abroad.”

I wish to say one word about Michael Angelo Buonarotti. I used to worship the mighty genius of Michael Angelo—that man who was great in poetry, painting, sculpture, architecture—great in everything he undertook. But I do not want Michael

Angelo for breakfast—for luncheon—for dinner—for tea—for supper—for between meals. I like a change occasionally. In Genoa he designed everything; in Milan he or his pupils designed everything; he designed the Lake of Como; in Padua, Verona, Venice, Bologna, who did we ever hear of, from guides, but Michael Angelo? In Florence he painted everything, designed everything, nearly, and what he did not design he used to sit on a favourite stone and look at, and they showed us the stone. In Pisa he designed everything but the old shot-tower, and they would have attributed that to him if it had not been so awfully out of the perpendicular. He designed the piers of Leghorn and the custom-house regulations of Civita Vecchia. But here—here it is frightful. He designed St Peter's; he designed the Pope; he designed the Pantheon, the uniform of the Pope's soldiers, the Tiber, the Vatican, the Coliseum, the Capitol, the Tarpeian Rock, the Barberini Palace, St John Lateran, the Campagna, the Appian Way, the Seven Hills, the Baths of Caracalla, the Claudian Aqueduct, the Cloaca Maxima—the eternal bore designed the Eternal City, and unless all men and books do lie, he painted everything in it! Dan said the other day to the guide—"Enough, enough, enough! Say no more! Lump the whole thing; say that Italy was made from designs by Michael Angelo!"

I never felt so fervently thankful, so soothed, so tranquil, so filled with a blessed peace, as I did yesterday, when I learned that Michael Angelo was dead.

It is human nature to take delight in exciting admiration. Think, then, what a passion it becomes with a guide, whose privilege it is every day to show to strangers wonders that throw them into perfect ecstasies of admiration! He gets so that he could not by any possibility live in a soberer atmosphere. After we discovered this, we never went into ecstasies any more—we never admired anything—we never showed anything but impassible faces and stupid indifference in the presence of the sublimest wonders a guide had to display. We had found their weak point. We have made some of those people savage at times, but we have never lost our own serenity.

The Doctor asks the questions generally, because he can keep his countenance, and look more like an inspired idiot, and throw more imbecility into the tone of his voice than any man that lives. It comes natural to him.

The guides in Genoa are delighted to secure an American party, because Americans so much wonder, and deal so much in sentiment and emotion before any relic of Columbus. Our guide there fidgeted about as if he had swallowed a spring mattress. He was full of animation—full of impatience. He said—

“Come wis me, genteelmen!—come! I show you ze letter writing by Christopher Colombo!—write it himself!—write it wis his own hand!—come!”

He took us to the municipal palace. After much impressive fumbling of keys and opening of locks, the stained and aged document was spread before us. The guide's eyes sparkled. He danced about us and tapped the parchment with his finger.

“What I tell you, genteelmen! Is it not so! See! hand-writing Christopher Colombo!—write it himself!”

We looked indifferent—unconcerned. The Doctor examined the document very deliberately, during a painful pause. Then he said, without any show of interest—

“Ah—Ferguson—what—what did you say was the name of the party who wrote this?”

“Christopher Colombo! ze great Christopher Colombo!”

Another deliberate examination.

“Ah—did he write it himself, or—or how?”

“He write it himself!—Christopher Colombo! he's own handwriting, write by himself!”

Then the Doctor laid the document down and said—

“Why, I have seen boys in America only fourteen years old that could write better than that.”

“But zis is ze great Christo——”

“I don't care who it is! It's the worst writing I ever saw. Now you mustn't think you can impose on us because we are strangers. We are not fools, by a good deal. If you have got any specimens of penmanship of real merit, trot them out!—and if you haven't, drive on.”

We drove on. The guide was considerably shaken up, but he made one more venture. He had something which he thought would overcome us. He said—

“Ah, genteelmen, you come wis me! I show you beautiful, O, magnificent bust Christopher Colombo!—splendid, grand, magnificent!”

He brought us before the beautiful bust—for it *was* beautiful—and sprang back, and struck an attitude.

"Ah, look, gentlemen!—beautiful, grand—bust Christopher Colombo!—beautiful bust, beautiful pedestal!"

The Doctor put on his eye-glass—procured for such occasions.

"Ah—what did you say this gentleman's name was?"

"Christopher Colombo!—ze great Christopher Colombo!"

"Christopher Colombo—the great Christopher Colombo. Well, what did *he* do?"

"Discover America!—discover America."

"Discover America. No—that statement will hardly wash. We are just from America ourselves. We heard nothing about it. Christopher Colombo—pleasant name—is—is he dead?"

"Oh, *corpó di Baccho*!—three hundred year!"

"What did he die of?"

"I do not know!—I cannot tell."

"Small-pox, think?"

"I do not know, gentlemen!—I do not know *what* he die of!"

"Measles, likely?"

"Maybe—maybe—I do *not* know—I think he die of some things."

"Parents living?"

"Im-posseeble!"

"Ah—which is the bust and which is the pedestal?"

"Santa Maria!—*zis* ze bust—*zis* ze pedestal!"

"Ah, I see, I see—happy combination—very happy combination, indeed. Is—is this the first time this gentleman was ever on a bust?"

That joke was lost on the foreigner—guides cannot master the subtleties of the American joke.

We have made it interesting to this Roman guide. Yesterday we spent three or four hours in the Vatican, that wonderful world of curiosities. We came very near expressing interest—sometimes even admiration—it was very hard to keep from it. We succeeded, though. Nobody else ever did in the Vatican museums. The guide was bewildered—nonplussed—he walked his legs off, nearly, hunting up extraordinary things, and exhausting all his ingenuity on us, but it was a failure; we never showed any interest in anything. He had reserved what he considered to be his greatest wonder till the last—a royal Egyptian mummy, the best preserved in the world, perhaps. He took us there. He felt so sure this time that some of his old enthusiasm came back to him—

"See, gentlemen?—Mummy! Mummy!"
The eye-glass came up as calmly, as deliberately as ever.
"Ah—Ferguson—what did I understand you to say the gentleman's name was?"
"Name?—he got no name!—Mummy!—'Gyptian mummy!"
"Yes, yes. Born here?"
"No! 'Gyptian mummy?"
"Ah, just so. Frenchman, I presume?"
"No!—*not* Frenchman, not Roman!—born in Egypta!"
"Born in Egypta. Never heard of Egypta before. Foreign locality, likely. Mummy—mummy. How calm he is—how self-possessed. Is, ah—is he dead?"
"Oh, *sacré bleu*, been dead three thousan' year!"
The Doctor turned on him savagely—
"Here, now, what do you mean by such conduct as this? Playing us for Chinamen, because we are strangers, and trying to learn! Trying to impose your vile second-hand carcasses on *us*!—thunder, I've a notion to—to—if you've got a nice *fresh* corpse, fetch him out!—or, by George, we'll brain you!"

THE DEATH-BRIDGE OF THE TAY.

BY WILL CARLETON.

The night and the storm fell together upon the old town of
Dundee,
And, trembling, the mighty firth-river held out its cold hand
toward the sea.
Like the dull-booming bolts of a cannon, the wind swept the
streets and the shores;
It wrenched at the roofs and the chimneys—it crashed 'gainst
the windows and doors;
Like a mob that is drunken and frenzied, it surged through the
streets up and down,
And screamed the sharp, shrill cry of "Murder!" o'er river, and
hilltop, and town.

It leaned its great breast 'gainst the belfries, it perched upon
 steeple and dome,
Then sprang on the shivering firth-river, and tortured its waves
 into foam.
'Twas a night when the landsman seeks shelter, and cares not
 to venture abroad,
When the sailor clings close to the rigging, and prays for the
 mercy of God.

The moon has come out, clad in splendour, the turbulent
 scene to behold ;
She smiles at the night's devastation, she dresses the storm-king
 in gold.
She kindles the earth with her cold flame, as if to her hand it
 were given
To light the frail earth to its ruin with the tenderest radiance
 of Heaven.
Away to the north ragged mountains climb high through the
 shuddering air ;
They bend their dark brows o'er the valley to read what new
 ruin is there.
Along the shore-line creeps the city, in crouching and sinuous
 shape,
With firesides so soon to be darkened, and doors to be shaded
 with crape !
To the south, like a spider-web weaving, there curves, for a two
 mile away,
This world's latest man-devised wonder—the far-famous Bridge
 of the Tay.

It stretches and gleams into distance ; it creeps the broad stream
 o'er and o'er,
Till it rests its strong, delicate fingers in the palm of the opposite
 shore.
But look ! through the mists of the southward, there flash to
 the eye, clear and plain,
Like a meteor that's bound to destruction, the lights of a swift-
 coming train !
O, cruel and bloodthirsty tempest ! we sons of humanity know
Wherever and whene'er we find you, that you are our faithfulest-
 foe !

You lurked 'round this bridge in its building ; you counted each
span and each pier ;
You marked the men's daily endeavours—you looked at them
all with a sneer ;
You laughed at the brain-girded structure ; you deemed it an
easy-fought foe,
And 'bided the time when its builders your easy-plied prowess
should know.
O, tempest ! feed full with destruction ! fling down these iron
beams from on high !
But temper your triumph with mercy, and wait till the train has
gone by !

Oh, whisper a word to the driver, that till morning the bridge
be not braved ;
At the cost of a night lost in waiting the years of these lives
may be saved !
On yon cheer-freighted train there are hundreds who soon be-
yond help will be hurled ;
Oh, whisper to them the dread secret before it is known to the
world !

'Mid the lights that so gaily are gleaming yon city of Dundee
within,
Is one that is waiting a wanderer, who long o'er the ocean has been.
His age-burdened parents are watching, from the window that
looks on the firth,
For the train that will come with their darling—their truest-
loved treasure on earth.
“ He'll be comin' the nicht,” says the father, “ for sure the hand-
writin's his ain ;
The letter says, ‘ Hae the lamp lichted—I'll come on the seven
o'clock train.
For years in the mines I've been toiling, in this wonderfu' West,
o'er the sea ;
My work has brought back kingly wages—there's plenty for you
an' for me.
Your last days shall e'en be your best days ; the high-stepping
youngster you knew,
Who cost so much care in his raising, now'll care for himself
and for you.

Gang not to the station to meet me ; ye never need run for me
more ;
But when ye shall hear the gate clickin', ye maun rise up an'
open the door."

So they sit at the southermost window, the parents with hand
clasped in hand,
And gaze o'er the tempest-vexed waters across to the storm-
shaken land.

They see the bold acrobat monster creep out on the treacherous
line,

Its cinder-breath glitters like star-dust—its lamp-eyes they
glimmer and shine.

It braces itself 'gainst the tempest—it fights for each inch with
the foe—

With torrents of air all around it—with torrents of water
below.

But look ! look ! the monster is stumbling, while trembles the
fragile bridge wall—

They struggle like athletes entwining—then both like a thunder-
bolt fall !

Down, down through the dark the train plunges, with speed
unaccustomed and dire ;

It glows with its last dying beauty—it gleams like a hailstorm
of fire !

No wonder the mother faints death-like, and clings like a clod
to the floor ;

No wonder the man flies in frenzy, and dashes his way through
the door !

He fights his way out through the tempest ; he is beaten, and
baffled, and tossed ;

He cries, " The train's gane aff the Tay Brig ! lend help here to
look for the lost !"

Oh, little to him do they listen, the crowds to the river that
flee ;

The news, like the shock of an earthquake, has thrilled through
the town of Dundee.

Like travellers belated they're rushing to where the bare station-
walls frown ;

Suspense twists the blade of their anguish—like maniacs they
run up and down.

Out, out, creep two brave, sturdy fellows, o'er danger-strewn
 buttress and piers ;
They can climb 'gainst that blast, for they carry the blood of
 old Scotch mountaineers.
But they leave it along as they clamber—they mark all their
 handpath with red,
Till they come where the torrent leaps bridgeless—a grave
 dancing over its dead.
A moment they gaze down in horror, then creep from the death-
 laden tide,
With the news, “ There's nae help for our loved ones, save God's
 mercy for them who have died ! ”
How sweetly the sunlight can sparkle o'er graves where our
 best hopes have lain !
How brightly its gold beams can glisten on faces that whiten
 with pain !
Oh, never more gay were the wavelets, and careless in innocent
 glee,
And never more sweet did the sunrise shine over the town of
 Dundee.
But though the town welcomed the morning, and the firth threw
 its gold lances back,
On the hearts of the grief-stricken people death's cloud rested
 heavy and black.
And the couple who waited last evening their man-statured son
 to accost,
Now laid their heads down on the table, and mourned for the
 boy that was lost.
“ 'Twas sae sad,” moaned the crushed, aged mother, each word
 dripping o'er with a tear,
“ Sae far he should travel to find us, and then he should perish
 sae near !
Oh, Robin, my bairn ! ye did wander far from us for mony a day,
And when ye hae come back sae near us, why couldna ye come
 a' the way ? ”
“ I hae come a' the way,” said a strong voice, and a bearded
 and sun-beaten face
Smiled on them, the first joyous pressure of one long and filial
 embrace ;
“ I cam' on last nicht far as Newport, but Maggie, my bride
 that's to be,

She ran through the storm to the station to get the first greeting
o' me.

I leaped from the carriage to kiss her ; she held me sae fast and
sae ticht,

The train it ran aff then and left me, I couldna get over last
nicht.

I tried then to walk the brig over—my head it was a' in a
whirl—

I couldna—ye know the sad reason—I had to go back to my girl !

I hope ye'll tak' kindly to Maggie ; she's promised to be soon
my wife ;

She's a darling wee bit of a lassie, and her fondness it saved me
my life."

The night and the storm fell together upon the sad town of
Dundee,

The half-smothered song of the tempest swept out like a sob to
the sea ;

The voice of the treacherous storm-king, as mourning for them
he had slain ;

O, cruel and blood-thirsty tempest ! your false tears are shed all
in vain !

Beneath the dread roof of this ruin your sad victims nestle and
creep ;

They hear not the voices that call them ; if they come they will
come in their sleep.

No word can they tell of their terror, no step of the dark route
retrace,

Unless their sad story be written upon the white page of each face.
Perchance that may speak of their anguish when first came the
crash of despair ;

The long-drawn suspense of the instant they plunged through
the shuddering air ;

The life-panoramas that flitted swift past them, with duties
undone ;

The brave fight for life in a battle that strong death already had
won ;

The half-stifled shouting of anguish the aid of high Heaven to
implore ;

The last patient pang of submission, when effort was ended and
o'er.

But, tempest, a bright star in Heaven a message of comfort
sends back,
And draws our dim glances to skyward, away from the laurels
of black ;
Thank God that, whatever the darkness that covers his creatures'
dim sight,
He always vouchsafes some deliverance, throws some one a sweet
ray of light.
Thank God that the strength of his goodness from dark depths
ascended on high,
And carried the souls of the suffering away to the realms of the
sky ;
Thank God that his well-tempered mercy came down with the
clouds from above,
And saved one from out the destruction, and him by the angel
of love.

MISTRESS PATIE'S GRAND COOKY-SHINE.

BY JAMES SMITH.

Ae day, about a year after his marriage, Patie Cauldshouthers cam' into his dinner as cauld an' as blae as a blawart, an' sat doun as usual to brose. It was naething but brose, brose, brose, frae mornin' till nicht. An' this wasna through the want o' siller. But the siller was a' wared on drugs ; for Mistress Cauldshouthers, honest woman, hadna been a week married when she complained o' a pain in her *richt* side—then in her *left* side ; syne she modulated into another key for the sake o' variety, an' that was her *nerves*.

She said the doctors ca'd it a chronic state o' things in general, caused by an owre anxious mind an' a fiery imagination ; an' Patie believed her.

Noo, the drugs were in black bottles on the tap-shelf o' a press, an' the press was aye lockit ; an' Patie never ventured to open that press ; for puir, delicate, deein' Mrs Patie was a Tartar.

Weel, as I was sayin', on this eventfu' day he sat down to his brose in solemn silence, for Patie was turnin' perfectly tired o' this brosy business.

He managed to gulp down aboot fifteen spoonfu' wi' a Gregory's-Mixture expression o' misery in his countenance, when he happened to look roond at the press, the door o' whilk was standin' open. Patie gied a sudden start in his chair, an' lookit again. What was't he saw, think ye? Shelf aboon shelf filled wi' the grandest confectionaries, an' twa-three weel-filled bottles that lookit unco like whisky, porter, and ale—an evident preparation for a grand cooky-shine on a gigantic scale!

Aha! The mist was suddenly dispelled frae Patie's een, an' the wrath o' an injured man swelled in his breast.

This was the quiet, demure, deein' woman, that durstna be angrily spoken to for fear o' giein' her nerves a shock, or fa'in' into hysterics, or fentin', puir body!

Patie ground his teeth, but said naething; an' pretendin' he'd seen naething, as she waddled with great difficulty to the fire, an' slyly drove to the press door wi' her fit, cryin', "Oh, thae pains—thae pains—thae weary pains!" he quietly lifted his hat, an' said he wadna be hame till late, determined to be back again in twa hours, an' confront her in the midst o' her hypocrisy.

Weel, aff he gaed; an' whiled awa' the time in a state o' agitation uncontrollable till the twa' hours had expired. Then cannily he slippit back to his ain hoose; but glorious—oh glorious *then* was the perfume that saluted his nasal organ, an' loud was the buzz, buzz, buzzin' o' voices that kittled his lug.

To open the door saftly wi' a pass-key, an' slip ahint an auld napery press that stood i' the dark passage, was the wark o' a moment. Then mountin' the press, he keekit through the sma' glass wundy at the tap o' the room door, an' there he saw a fine show for naething.

Upwards o' a score o' Luckies preparing to mak' themselves very comfortable indeed!

The table wad hae made a Cheenyman's mouth water. There was roastit chuckies an' saut-beef, fried pease-scones, cinnamon biscuits, something o' an elegant snawy colour in the Arabian style, Finnan-haddies, *à la* Mistress Patie, great rowth o' jeely an' jam, an' an excellent variety o' *tongue*.

The whisky was passin' freely roond, to gie them an appetizer;

tho' they little kent there was a far better ane at the back o' the door.

Ane o' the company, a Mistress Cockieleerie, wife o' a genteel spunk merchant in Skeech Square, had the sparklin' glass in her hand ; an' was sayin' wi' great animation—

"Here's yer very guid health, Mistress Cauldshouthers, no forgettin' Maister Cauldshouthers, simple, honest man ; an' lang may he work for a' yer comforts, my dear !" An' the glass vanished wi' a pech.

"The same to you, Mistress Cockieleerie," says Patie's wife, "no forgettin' Maister Cockieleerie an' a' the dear bairns, bless them ; particularly yer auldest laddie, that's the heir to the property, Mistress Cockieleerie ; an' may he be a comfort to ye in yer declining days, mem ; an' sell the very best o' spunks, wi' a single e'e to his mither's glorificayshin. Yours, Mistress M'Slaver ; yours, Mistress Fuffy ; yours, Mistress Curmudgeon ; —yours, an' yours, an' yours !" An' syne anither glass vanished wi' anither pech.

"Tak' it oot, Leddy Bowser, mem."

This was addressed to the only woman o' rank in the company. She was the ledly o' a Captain in the Coal Service. He commanded a frigate on the Canal between Port-Hopetoun and Port Dundas three times a week, an' was much admired for his knowledge o' dangerous navigation, especially when there was naething to be feared for. It was him that got the leather medal frae the Fresh-Water Sailors' Society, for savin', on a cauld dismal frosty mornin', fifteen hundredwecht o' coals frae a watery grave.

"Tak' it oot, Leddy Bowser ! what is't ye're feared for, mem ! it'll gie ye an appetite ! try a wee bit o' the cowkie."—(This was a daurin' attempt to speak genteel.)

Says Leddy Bowser, "O, Mistress Cauldshouthers ! hoo is it possible I can be happy here, when my dear Captain's on the roarin' main ? O woman ! woman ! he's maybe wreckit, at this moment, in the fathomless Gulf o' Slateford, hunders o' miles frae ony human habitayshin—without pervishins ! O, my feelin's—my feelin's !—Here's a' yer very guid healths again !" An' syne anither glass vanished, wi' anither terrible pech.

"Dear me, Mistress M'Grumphy," says Patie's wife, "what's the maitter wi' ye, woman ? ye're daein' naething at a'. There's plenty mair where it cam' frae. Tak' it oot, if *you* please—it's

jist a perfect medicine. Od, did ever ony mortal see the like o' that? Is't the guidman ye're feared for? Toots, woman! D'ye never try a touch o' the hystericals, noo an' then? Jist you try't, my dear; it's very easy, and costs naething."

"Mistress Snapitup, I'm glad you need nae pressin'."

"Mistress M'Whuppity, while I'm pourin' oot the tea, will you be sae kind as hand roond the fried pease-scones? I hope ye'll find them very fine. Try them wi' some o' the pickled beans, Mistress Funy, and ye'll find them perfec'ly delicious."

"Mistress Fuddlety, mem, hand roond the cowkies, if you please. I hope ye find the tea to yer taste, leddies?"

Every ane o' them cried "Excellent," though she'd forgotten to pit in the sugar.

"Mistress Cauldshouthers," says Mistress Cockieleerie, "if ye'll condescend to obleedge me wi' the sma'est saucerfu' o' that elegant white pottit-heid to gie the tea a relish, I'll tak' it as a personal compliment."

"White pottit-heid!" says Mistress Cauldshouthers, wi' disdainfu' dignity; "*blamange*, ye mean, mem!"

"What!" cried Mistress Cockieleerie, wi' an angry red face, "d'ye think I dinna ken black mangle when I see't? that's no the kind o' black mangle *I* use; it's mair like pottit-heid in a state o' transmogrificayshin!"

"Fy for shame!" says Mistress Slybreeks, "is that a' yer thanks for a neebour's kindness?"

"Kindness here, kindness there!" says Mistress Cockieleerie, angrier than ever, "I never tasted mair fusionless tea in my life. I think the sugar's awa' wi' the show-folk!"

"What impertinence!" says Mistress Patie, in a state o' high English; "what an intolerable specimen of pride, ignorance, and spunks! totally oblivious of the sublunary fact that the superfluity of the sugar neutralises the flavourality of the tea, and renders it superlatively obnoxious!"

At this grand outburst, every ane gaped in perfect astonishment; an' Mistress Cockieleerie, fairly crushed, an' no kennin' richtly what she was daein', cowpit a saucerfu' o' scalding het tea on a black-an-white kittlin under the table, wha gied an unmercifu' yowl o' pain.

Mistress Cauldshouthers, thinkin' this was dune through spite, discharged the elegant white pottit-heid in Mrs Cockieleerie's face; and that excellent woman retaliated by compli-

mentin' Mistress Cauldshouthers on the Roman nose wi' a Finnan-haddie, an' asked her hoo she likit *that*.

Syne Mrs M'Whuppity impeached Mrs Slybreeks wi' pocketin' a pease-scone, and Mistress Slybreeks ca'd her a falsehood, an' *they* fell a-fechtin'.

Mistress M'Slaver then cried, "What a shame an' disgrace!" An' Mistress Curmudgeon asked if it was *her* she meant. To whilk Mistress M'Slaver replied:—"If the shoe disna fit—ye ken yersel'," an' *they* fell a-fechtin'.

An' soon a' the Luckies were flytin', an' tearin' at ane anither's hair, when suddenly the door was opened, an' Patie entered the room, wi' a roar like a teegur in a wild beast show.

Oh, skreech! skreech! skreech awa', Mistress Cauldshouthers! skreech on! Serves ye richt, my leddy! An' weel micht she skreech; for there was something terrible in Patie's een she had never seen before.

The first thing he did was to open the wundy, an' throw their bannets, tippets, cloaks, an' shawls ower into the street; an' wild was the rush to the door, an' plenty were the clytes the maist o' them got, as they tumbled heids-ower-heels on ane anither down the stair. Then, when he had made a clean hoose o' the Luckies, he said, "I've fand ye oot at last, Mistress Modesty Langface! I've fand ye oot at last, ye puir miserable apology for a respectable sinner! That's yer pains an' yer drugs, ye smooth-faced, Roman-nosed deceiver! Hence frae my sicht, ye rank hypocrite; an' try if ye can catch *me* at yer brose ony mair."

Then she roared an' grat, but that wadna dae; then she grippit him by the knees o' the breeks, an' beggit a thoosand pardons, but that wadna dae; then she yelled, an' threw hersel' on the floor, turnin' up the whites o' her een like an expirin' drake at Christmas; but she micht as weel hae tried to fish for a red-herrin' in Liberton Dams.

For Patie buttoned his coat, took his stick in his hand, an' sayin' "Henceforth my name's Patie *Walker*!" he vanished frae her sicht, nae langer her slave; an' the wee shirt-an-dicky maker, wi' the Roman nose, saw him nae mair.

“UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.”

By W. DOUGLAS.

Jamie Watson is ane o' the sleepest heided men ye could get in a day's journey ; in fact, he is a lineal descendant o' the seven sleepers. He could sleep, if ance he got to his bed, frae early morn till dewy eve ; an', like the man wha went to his bed sober the first time for twenty-five years, could rise “nane the waur o't.” No that he is sleepy at his wark ; na, na. His great difficulty is to rise “in the morning early.”

For the lang period o' fifteen years his head—a great big square article—used to decorate the interior o' a tea shop in the Trongate o' Glasca. Though he was only licht porter and general skudgy there, frae the size o' his head he used to be nicknamed, “Heid Man o' the Tea Trade.”

At the end o' fifteen years the proprietor o' the tea shop failed —“accidentally on purpose,” Jamie says. Of course Jamie had to look oot for anither job. He went aboot for twa three weeks idle, but at last he got a job as gate-keeper in a foundry at twenty-five shillings a week. This was a rise o' half-a-croon on the pay he had in the tea shop, but there was ae serious drawback till't—he had to be up in the mornin' at half-past four, to be at his wark at half-past five—raether takin' the “rise” oot o' him.

When he tell't “the wife” he had to be up sae early she said—

“Jamie, I'm feared ye'll never wauken in this warl' at half-past four. I doot yer ower sleepy in the heid.”

“I ken am no guid at the gettin' up in the mornin', but if I was jist ance into the habit o't, I'm gey an sure I could dae it weel eneuch ; but I dinna ken vera weel hoo I'm to begin.”

“Ye maun hit on some plan,” said Leezie. “I don't like to ask ony o' the neebours, to bother them, but after a' I don't think ony o' them in the laund get up afore hauf-past five, and that's owre late.”

“Na, na, Leezie, we canna begin to fash oor neebours. The only way I see for it is for you to sit up a' nicht and wauken

me when the time comes. Ye can sleep a' day after that, if ye like."

The look o' astonishment on Leezie's face whan she heard this proposal was something to behold! Her wee black een got big, and the Roman nose spread oot as if it wad burst.

"Weel, Jamie, that is a guid ane," says she.

"I ken it's hard on you, Leezie, an' I'm sorry aboot it, but it maun be dune, or I may gie up the job a'thegither. I canna stay up a' night to wauken mysel'."

"You canna vera weel dae that and work a' day," said Leezie, fairly dumfounded wi' Jamie's logic. "Aweel, aweel, if it mann be it maun be, and I'll no quarrel wi' ye aboot it. I hae aye tried to be a guid wife to ye, and to dae yer biddin', but this is gaun to be the sairest trial o' a'."

"Hoots, wumman, yer no to think that. It'll no last vera lang, because I'll sune get into the way o' waukenin' mysel'. Ye can sit at the fire and dae yer sewin', and then gang to yer bed and sleep till breakfast time, after I gang oot. Besides, ye can sleep a' forenoon, if need be."

This being the plan adoptit, Jamie punched a square hole in the pillow and laid his heid down. Leezie got her knittin', and drew in the easy chair to the fireside, prepared to sit up the hale nicht. Aboot an hour after he had lain doon he waukened in an unco fricht, thinking he had sleepit in.

"What time is it, Leezie?" said he, in an alarmed voice.

"Tuts, man, it's only eleven o'clock. Ye hivna been sleepin' an hoor yet. I'm thinkin' it's yer ain snorin' has waukened ye."

"Na, na, it wisna that Leezie, ma lass," said Jamie, as he rowed himsel' owre on his ither side; "it's ma anxious mind did it—the anxious mind o' the new gate-keeper."

The wife, wi' this assurance, resumed her knittin' wi' increased admiration o' his wonnerfu' heid, but she didna keep lang frae sleep hersel'. She got drowsy wi' sittin' owre the fire, and aboot twal' o'clock fell fast asleep. They wad baith hae sleepit on till the usual time, seven o'clock, if an accident hadna waukened them. Aboot three in the mornin' the kettle, sittin' on the fire, which by this time was gettin' gey an' low, wi' the sudden sinkin' o' the cinders, capsized, an' the hot water scaddled Leezie's toe. She let a yell oot o' her like a steam whussle, knocked owre the easy chair, and then roared, "Jamie, Jamie, Jamie."

The square heid cam' oot frae below the blankets and said—
"Aye, aye, Leezie, I'll be up this minute."

Leezie wasna to be putten aff, but tell't him to rise, as she thocht she was killed; sae he got up, lifted Leezie, the easy chair, and the kettle. After rowin' an oily rag roon "the wife's" foot he went awa' to his wark, and that's hoo he was at the foundry the first morning hauf-an-hoor afore his time.

As "the wife" couldna sit up anither nicht after the terrible fricht she'd got, Jamie arranged to get an alarm clock.

He went to the clockmaker's and got a clock wi' the loudest alarm bell that was to be had; and when he came home he fixed it up on the wa' opposite the bed. It was weel that the wife took ill that nicht, or Jamie wad hae sleepit in, for the clock didna alarm him a bit. A big bumbee bummin' owre his heid nicht as weel tried to wauken him as the wee alarm clock. Jamie had to set his wits in order to see if he couldna fa' on some plan to wauken himsel'. The plan he fell on was a simple ane. He took the kitchen table, set a chair on it, and then put a three-legged stule on the chair, and on the tap o' a' he loosely fixed a big tea tray. The tray was ane o' the auncient kind that Jamie and the wife had got whan they were marrit. It wis made o' guid, strong, substantial sheet-iron, and wis about six feet square. He balanced it neatly on the stule—for his idea was that when the alarm weicht cam' doon it wad touch the edge and coup it owre; and he imagined that the bang of it fa'in' on the flure wad be sure to open his een.

It did open his een and nae mistak'. Next mornin' at hauf-past four to a meenute the weicht cam' doon and whummilt owre the tray, and it fell on the flure wi' a crash like a peal o' thunder or a volley o' arteelry. On the tap o' the tray fell the three-legged stule and the chair, and the shaking knocked aff nearly a' the dishes on the shelf.

Jamie sprang oot o' bed in the daurk, thinkin' there was thieves in the hoose, and, puttin' up "his guards," he bravely cried oot—

"Come on, come on, ye murderin', thievin' vagabonds, and let the delf alane;" while Leezie, wha had got up on her knees in the bed, cried oot—

"Oh dinna, dinna, for ony favour, hit oor Jamie on the heid; it's big eneuch already!"

Nae murderin', thievin' vagabonds comin' forrit on Jamie's

invitation, he sprachled aboot the kitchen, cuttin' his feet on the broken bowls, and kicking his bare shins against the ruined furniture, till he got the match-box, scartit a spunk, and lichtit the gas, when he saw the cause o' the disaster.

He lookit in dismay at the wreck o' his kitchen utensils, and then at "the wife."

"'Od, Leezie, this bates a'. It looks as if there had been a sma' earthquake here. It *is* an alarm clock—there's nae doot aboot that!"

Neither Jamie nor the wife could think o' riskin' anither awakenin' o' this kind. He didna ken what to dae. His plans had a' been failures. Leezie advised him to bring up Watty Tamson, a mechanic wha leaved doon the stair, as bein' a likely man to get him oot o' the difficulty, and Watty was brocht up accordingly.

"I ken brawly what ye want," said Watty, after Jamie had explained the situation. "Ye want, in the first place, to wauken yersel'; and, in the second place, ye want to wauken without noise, sae that ye'll neither frichten yersel' nor the wife, nor alarm the neebors. Weel, Jamie, I think ye couldna hae come to a better man than me to solve that problem. I can dae't!"

"Man, Watty, ye're a born genius—in fac', ye're a brick," said Jamie.

"Ma plan is an easy ane—quite a simple thing, but, at the same time, worthy o' a Stephenson or an Arkwright. Watter, Jamie—cauld watter—is the only silent waulkener I ken o'. I'll fix up the alarm clock in the bed richt abune yer heid, then below that I'll put a shelf. On this shelf is to rest a can—say the watterin' can—attached to the wa' by a lever. At hauf-past fowr the weicht o' the clock comes doon, touches this lever, and lets the can cant owre a wee bit, sae that twa or three draps o' cauld watter will come oozing through the rose an' fa' on yer face, and whenever ye fin' the cauld watter you'll wauken as sure as a gun."

Watty fitted up the clock, the shelf, and the lever that vera nicht, and waited till Jamie saw it in working order. Jamie went into the bed, and Watty set on the clockwark for an experiment, and it did the business as weel as if Watty had been pourin' doon a drap or twa o' watter himsel'. Jamie went to sleep that nicht in the full assurance that his troubles were now

at an end. He was sae happy and contented that he began to dream happy dreams. He thocht he was awa' frae the soond o' the foundry, sailing doon to Rothesay in the steamer, that the sun was shinin', and the waves lookit bonnie and blue, an' glitterin', and that everything was glorious.

At hauf-past four the clock ran doon, the weicht pressed neatly on the lever, and the watterin' can, nearly fou o' watter, paused a second as if takin' a thocht, and then went owre the shelf a'thegether, sousing baith Jamie and the wife completely. When Jamie fand the watter aboot him, he thocht the boat he was dreamin' aboot had sunk, and he struck oot for the shore. He thocht he was soomin' for his life. He got a grup o' Leezie's hair, and cried oot, "Keep up yer heid. I can soom wi' ma ae haund."

The kickin' and strugglin' broke ane o' the bearers o' the bed, and the pair fand themsel's on the flure. Jamie still swam awa', but his haund coming against the board in front o' the bed, he thocht he had got the haud o' a rock, and that he was safe at last.

"What are ye gaun on aboot, Jamie?" said Leezie. "D'ye ken that ye hev' dang doon the bed?"

"Eh, Leezie, is this no awfu'? I thocht I wis in a boat, and that it sunk, and I wis tryin' to save ye."

They baith got up, wrung the blankets and sheets, and got themsel's weel dried afore the fire. By the time a' this wis dune, Jamie wis hauf-an-hour late for his wark.

"Late again, Jamie," said the manager, in a rage. "I canna stand this ony langer."

"Neither can I," said Jamie. "I've haurdly been a week here, and I've had to pay nearly a' ma week's pay to wauken mysel'. There's ten shillings for mending the door kicked to bits by a hired policeman, seven and saxpence for an alarm clock, fowr shillings for a chair, three shillings for crockery; that's ten, seven, four, and three—twenty-four and saxpence expenses, and ma wages twenty-five! The wife and me'll no get fat aff saxpence a week! Na, na; I wad as sune try to flee as to get up in the mornin' at hauf-past fowr."

The manager wis amused at the tale o' Jamie's sad experiences, and, bein' a kindly man, didna gie Jamie his "lying time," though he wanted to get it. The manager tell't Jamie to get anither key for the door, and a man frae the foundry for a lang

time used to come and rouse him in the mornin', and lift him oot o' bed ; but Jamie has noo dispensed wi' the man waukenin' him—his heid has devised something guid at last. He lately invented an electric waukenin' machine, and it dis the business beautifully. It pulls the blankets aff him, strikes a match, lights the gas, and sets his morning coffee a bilin' ; and, if he disna get up, the machine gies him twa meenits grace, and at the end o' that time sends on a current o' electricity that's strong enough to mak' a dead man jump, lat alane a sleepy ane. He has ta'en oot a patent for it, and it's likely to be in great demand amang early-rising sleepy-heided folk, and maybe, ere lang, it'll mak' the fortune o' Jamie and the wife.

BIDDY MALOY'S LEG.

BY J. B. BARCLAY.

Biddy Maloy's leg was a long-standing sore. The affliction was not confined to any particular spot, but seemed to permeate the limb. Outwardly there was nothing the matter with it. It was a good thumping member, apparently as sound as a bell. But if howls are an indication of pain, that woman's agony was dreadful. Her husband Tim was a long-suffering mortal, and bore it patiently for some time ; but human endurance has its limits, and there came a time when Tim began to use profanities whenever the leg was mentioned, so that Biddy was forced to hold her moanings in check during her husband's presence in the family domicile. By this arrangement the children came in for a full share of their mother's troubles, but "use and wont" had long ago made the young Maloys callous to her afflictions. Yet, though dead to her sufferings, they were alive to her temper. An angry look made them tremble, and at a stamp of her foot they flew with the celerity of monkeys to do her bidding.

One day Biddy had a severe attack of sore leg, and in consequence her temper was in a high state of fermentation. Seated on a low stool, swaying her body to and fro, and hugging her afflicted member with both hands, she moaned—

"Oh, me leg, me leg. Ochone! me leg. I'll not be alive till mornin'—no, and troth, nor half till mornin'. Ochone! me leg. Childer, it's a dead woman your mother will be before your blessed eyes, and narry a one o' you sturrin' hand or fut to help me in me distress. Judy, you durty little drab, get up out o' that, quit tazin' the cat, and go to the press beyant, get the wee black bottle and run for a gill o' the best—for oh, me leg, me leg. I'll not be alive till mornin'—no, and troth, nor half till mornin'; but it's the sore leg, ochone. And, child, you can fetch me a half pound of steak and four butter biscuits, and a pot of jam—and run, for your mother's life—for oh, me leg's bad, an' I'm the poor, patient, suffering, miserable woman. An', Tommy, me lad, you can set down them cowld tatties, and that tail of a red herrin' to your father's supper—for oh, but he's the hard-workin' man."

There was a temporary lull in Biddy's lamentations, until the child made her appearance with "the wee black bottle," at sight of which her cries broke out afresh, and she rubbed the leg with one hand and held out the other for the remedy, crying all the while—

"Och, but it's the nasty stuff—och, but it's the bad stuff! Childer, be thankful you don't know what it is to suffer, and have to take that bad stuff. Ugh, ugh! it makes me shiver all over," she said, taking the bottle from her lips after "a long pull and a strong pull," which left but a small portion of its contents circling like a liquid ring round the bulge at its bottom. "Take it away, child," she cried, holding it at arm's length from her; "take it away. Och, but it's the bad, burnin' stuff. But, sure, that'll be a drop o' comfort for your father when he comes home. Take it away, and—oh, me leg! oh, me leg!—bring it again, child, bring it again. Och, but it's worse than ever, and I'll have to take more o' that bad, burnin' stuff. Ugh, ugh!"

"Sure, it's all gone," said the child, as she watched her father's "drop o' comfort" disappear down Biddy's throat.

"Yes, it's gone, child; take away the bottle. Your father won't miss it, for it's the bad, bad stuff, and he's the good, dacent, hard-working man."

"Mother, mother!" called Tommy from the door. "Here's father comin', and a man wid him."

"What kind o' man, Tommy lad?"

"A jintleman, mother ; leastaways, he's got a jintleman's old clo's on."

"Then he can just pack off the way he came, for the sorry a scrap he gets here."

"We're just in time, sur," said Tim, as he entered. "The leg's been bad again ; an' ye've been at the ould remedy, Biddy?" and he sniffed suspiciously round the apartment. "Step inside, sur, and see your patient. This is a moighty Purfessor, all the way from Dublin, Biddy, to cure your leg."

"It's jokin' me you are, now, Tim. Sure, you know as well as I do that me leg doesn't want curin'."

"That's a matter for opinion, Biddy dear. I've been debatin' wid myself for some time whether it would be better to get it cured right off, or to go on wid the slow but pleasant process you've been thryin' for years ; so I've settled it at last, an' here's the man that's to do it. You'll be aisy wid her, sur, for she's bad wid the narves when she's conthered."

The "moighty Purfessor" was a little, greasy-looking man, dressed in a very seedy suit of black. He carried a small saw under his arm, and a bundle of fearful-looking knives half-wrapt in dirty brown paper protruding from one of his side pockets.

"Good evening, mum," he said, removing his hat, and laying out the dreadful tools in a business-like manner.

"What's them for?" inquired Biddy, indicating the knives with her finger.

"Them's for your disaised leg, mum," answered the doctor.

"Me disaised leg, ye villain!" roared Biddy, in a towering passion ; "dare ye say me leg's disaised, ye durty-lookin' monsther? It's as good as two o' yours any day."

"It ought to be good anyhow," interposed Tim, dryly, "for it's sucked in a power o' good things. I'll go bail for that. But there's sorry a doubt about it, Biddy, your leg's been a long while bad, and the doctor here's come to cut it off ; them knives and the saw there are for that very purpose. Tell her how they work, sur—tell her how aisy it is, and how comfortable she'll feel afther it's all done."

"Well, mum," began the doctor, taking up a huge blade about the size of a small bill-hook, "this cuts clane round through the skin and flesh."

"Murther!"

"This other one divides the muscles."

"Murther! Murther!"

"This," taking up a saw, "divides the bone. And this little illigant one scrapes it all clane; and, sure it's all over before you can wink, sit, or cry."

"Murther! Murther! Murther! Oh, ye villains, you're going to murther me. Help, help! Will nobody help a poor, miserable woman that's going to be murdered?"

"Hould your row, Biddy," said Tim; "none o' yer tantrums; sure, cuttin' off a bad leg's not murtherin' ye. Why, woman alive, it'll be over in a twinkling, and you'll never know the want o' your leg, for I'll buy you an illigant pair o' crutches. Och, Biddy dear! it's beautiful you'll look on crutches! soget up on the table there; it's got to be done."

"Oh, Timothy, Timothy, and has it come to this? Ochone! but you're the heartless man to go and hack the legs off the wife of your bosom. Oh, Timothy, Timothy, that I should have lived to see this day!"

"Botherashun! Biddy, give over now, you're wastin' the doctor's precious time. Have you the sthraps ready, sur?"

"Sthrops! Sthrops! Sure, you're not going to bate me, Timothy?"

"Bate you; no, you goose, we're going to sthrap you to the table. Sure, it wouldn't do to have you sitting up, and running away wid a half-cut leg dangling after you like a broken stick. Are you ready now?"

"Oh, Timothy, you don't mane it."

"But I do."

"But there's nothing the matter wid me leg, Tim. Oh, do let me alone this once, and you'll never hear me say leg as long as ye live, Tim."

"You promise that, Biddy?"

"I do, Tim."

"And there will be no more cowl'd tatties and red herrin' tails for supper?"

"No more, Tim."

"And no more steak and butter biscuits devoured before I get home?"

"Never a one, Timothy."

"And no more gills o' the best, Biddy?"

"Arrah now, Tim."

"Hurrah! Thin we'll be the happiest couple in the whole world. Pay the doctor and let him go, Biddy. You can give us your little bit of a count, sur."

"That's aisy done," answered the doctor, as he rolled up his knives. "Four-and-six—and it isn't much for such a speedy cure."

"There's your money, and it's plenty for doin' nothin'," said Biddy, with a frown.

"Thank you, mum—good-bye, mum." As he spoke, the doctor closed the door behind him; but quickly opening it again, he popped in his head and called—"But I'd rather have wrought the operation on your leg, mum."

"Begone, you villain," roared Biddy, "or I'll be afther makin' an operation on you wid that same leg."

She made a rush at him, but the doctor slammed the door on his own nose, and they saw him no more.

ONE NICHE THE HIGHEST.

BY ELIHU BURRITT.

The scene opens with a view of the great Natural Bridge in Virginia. There are three or four lads standing in the channel below, looking up with awe to that vast arch of unhewn rocks which the Almighty bridged over those everlasting butments, "when the morning stars sang together." The little piece of sky spanning those measureless piers is full of stars, although it is mid-day. It is almost five hundred feet from where they stand up those perpendicular bulwarks of limestone to the key of that vast arch, which appears to them only of the size of a man's hand. The silence of death is rendered more impressive by the little stream that falls from rock to rock down the channel. The sun is darkened, and the boys have uncovered their heads, as if standing in the presence-chamber of the Majesty of the whole earth. At last this feeling begins to wear away; they look around them; and find that others have been there before them. They see the names of hundreds cut in the

limestone butments. A new feeling comes over the young hearts, and their knives are in their hands in an instant. "What man has done, man can do," is their watchword, while they draw themselves up, and carve their names a foot above those of a hundred full-grown men who have been there before them.

They are all satisfied with this feat of physical exertion, except one, whose example illustrates perfectly the forgotten truth that there is "no royal road to learning." This ambitious youth sees a name just above his reach—a name which will be green in the memory of the world when those of Alexander, Cæsar, and Bonaparte shall rot in oblivion. It is the name of Washington. Before he marched with Braddock to that fatal field, he had been there and left his name, a foot above any of his predecessors. It was a glorious thought to write his name side by side with that great father of his country. He grasps his knife with a firmer hand, and clinging to a little jutting crag, he cuts again into the limestone, about a foot above where he stands; he then reaches up and cuts another for his hands.

'Tis a dangerous adventure; but as he puts his feet and hands into those gains, and draws himself up carefully to his full length, he finds himself a foot above every name chronicled in that mighty wall. While his companions are regarding him with concern and admiration he cuts his name in wide capitals, large and deep, into that flinty album.

His knife is still in his hand, and strength in his sinews, and a new-created aspiration in his heart. Again he cuts another niche, and again he carves his name in larger capitals. This is not enough; heedless of the entreaties of his companions, he cuts and climbs again. The gradations of his ascending scale grow wider apart. He measures his length at every gain he cuts. The voices of his friends wax weaker and weaker, till their words are finally lost on his ear. He now for the first time casts a look beneath him. Had that glance lasted a moment, that moment would have been his last. He clings with a convulsive shudder to his little niche in the rock. An awful abyss awaits his almost certain fall. He is faint with severe exertion, and trembling from the sudden view of the dreadful destruction to which he is exposed. His knife is worn half-way to the haft. He can hear the voices, but not the words, of his terror-stricken companions below. What a mo-

ment ! what a meagre chance to escape destruction ! there is no retracing his steps. It is impossible to put his hands into the same niche with his feet, and retain his slender hold a moment. His companions instantly perceive this new and fearful dilemma, and await his fall with emotions that "freeze their young blood." He is too high to ask for his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, to come and witness or avert his destruction. But one of his companions anticipates his desire. Swift as the wind he bounds down the channel, and the situation of the fated boy is told upon his father's hearthstone.

Minutes of almost eternal length roll on, and there are hundreds standing in that rocky channel, and hundreds on the bridge above, all holding their breath, and awaiting the fearful catastrophe. The poor boy hears the hum of new and numerous voices both above and below. He can just distinguish the tones of his father, who is shouting with all the energy of despair—"William ! William ! Don't look down ! Your mother, and Henry, and Harriet are all here praying for you ! Don't look down ! Keep your eye towards the top !"

The boy didn't look down. His eye is fixed like a flint towards Heaven, and his young heart on Him who reigns there. He grasps again his knife. He cuts another niche, and another foot is added to the hundreds that remove him from the reach of human help from below. How carefully he uses his wasting blade. How anxiously he selects the softest places in that vast pier ! How he avoids every flinty grain ! How he economises his physical powers, resting a moment at each gain he cuts. How every motion is watched from below ! There stand his father, mother, brother, and sister on the very spot, where, if he falls, he will not fall alone.—

The sun is half-way down in the west. The lad has made fifty additional niches in that mighty wall, and now finds himself directly under the middle of that vast arch of rock, earth, and trees. He must cut his way in a new direction to get from this overhanging mountain. The inspiration of hope is in his bosom ; its vital heat is fed by the increasing shouts of hundreds perched upon cliffs and trees, and others who stand with ropes in their hands upon the bridge above, or with ladders below. Fifty more gains must be cut before the longest rope can reach him. His wasting blade strikes again into the limestone. The boy is emerging painfully foot by foot from under that lofty arch.

Spliced ropes are in the hands of those who are leaning over the outer edge of the bridge. Two minutes more, and all will be over. That blade is worn to the last half-inch. The boy's head reels; his eyes are starting from their sockets. His last hope is dying in his heart, his life must hang upon the next gain he cuts. That niche is his last. At the last gash he makes, his knife—his faithful knife—falls from his little nerveless hand, and, ringing along the precipice, drops at his mother's feet. An involuntary groan of despair runs like a death-knell through the channel below, and all is still as the grave. At a height of nearly three hundred feet, the devoted boy lifts his hopeless heart and closing eyes to commend his soul to God. 'Tis but a moment—there! one foot swings off!—he is reeling—trembling—toppling over into eternity. Hark!—a shout falls on his ears from above! The man who is lying with half his length over the bridge has caught a glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders. Quick as thought, the noosed rope is within reach of the sinking youth. No one breathes. With a faint convulsive effort, the swooning boy drops his arm into the noose. Darkness comes over him, and with the words "God!" and "mother!" whispered on his lips just loud enough to be heard in Heaven, the tightening rope lifts him out of his last shallow niche. Not a lip moves while he is dangling over that fearful abyss; but when a sturdy Virginian reaches down and draws up the lad, and holds him up in his arms before the tearful, breathless multitude—such shouting! and such leaping and weeping for joy, never greeted a human being so recovered from the yawning gulf of eternity.

THE RIDE OF JENNIE M'NEAL.

BY WILL CARLETON.

Paul Revere was a rider bold—
Well has his valorous deed been told;
Sheridan's ride was a glorious one—
Often it has been dwelt upon.
But why should men do all the deeds
On which the love of a patriot feeds?

Hearken to me, while I reveal
The dashing ride of Jennie M'Neal.

On a spot as pretty as might be found
In the dangerous length of the Neutral Ground,
In a cottage cosy, and all their own,
She and her mother lived alone.
Safe were the two, with their frugal store,
From all of the many who passed their door ;
For Jennie's mother was strange to fears,
And Jennie was tall for fifteen years ;
And while the friends who knew her well
The sweetness of her heart could tell,
A gun that hung on the kitchen wall
Looked solemnly quick to heed her call ;
And they who were evil-minded knew
Her nerve was strong and her aim was true.
So all kind words and acts did deal
To generous, black-eyed Jennie M'Neal.

One night, when the sun had crept to bed,
And rain-clouds lingered overhead,
Close after a knock at the outer door,
There entered a dozen dragoons or more.
Their red coats, stained by the muddy road,
That they were British soldiers showed.
The captain his hostess bent to greet,
Saying, " Madam, please give us a bite to eat ;
We will pay you well, and, it may be,
This bright-eyed girl for pouring our tea ;
Then we must dash ten miles ahead
To catch a rebel Colonel a-bed—
He visited home, as doth appear ;
We will make his pleasure cost him dear."
And they fell on the hasty supper with zeal,
Close-watched the while by Jennie M'Neal.

For the grey-haired Colonel they hovered near
Had been her true friend, kind and dear ;
And oft, in her younger days, had he
Right proudly perched her upon his knee,

And told her stories, many a one,
Concerning the French war lately done.
She had hunted by his fatherly side,
He had shown her how to fence and ride ;
And once had said, " The time may be,
Your skill and courage may stand by me."
So sorrow for him she could but feel—
Brave, grateful-hearted Jennie M'Neal.

With never a thought or a moment more,
Bare-headed she slipped from the cottage door,
Ran out where the horses were left to feed,
Unhitched and mounted the Captain's steed,
And down the hilly and rock-strewn way
She urged the fiery horse of grey.
Around her slender and cloakless form
Pattered and moaned the ceaseless storm ;
Secure and tight, a gloveless hand
Grasped the rein with stern command ;
And full and black her long hair streamed
Whenever the ragged lightning gleamed.
And on she rushed for the Colonel's weal—
Brave, lioness-hearted Jennie M'Neal.

Hark ! from the hills, a moment mute,
Came a clatter of hoofs in hot pursuit ;
And a cry from the foremost trooper said :
" Halt ! or your blood be on your head."
She heeded it not, and not in vain
She lashed the horse with the bridle-rein,
So into the night the grey horse strode ;
His shoes hew'd fire from the rocky road ;
And the high-born courage that never dies
Flashed from the rider's coal-black eyes.
The pebbles flew from the fearful race,
The rain-drops grasped at the glowing face.
" On, on, brave beast !" with loud appeal,
Cried eager, resolute Jennie M'Neal.

" Halt !" once more came the voice of dread ;
" Halt ! or your blood be on your head ;"

Then, no one answering to the calls,
Sped after her a volley of balls.
They passed her in her rapid flight,
They screamed to her left, they screamed to her right,
But, rushing still o'er the slippery track,
She sent no token of answer back,
Except a silvery laughter peal—
Brave, merry-hearted Jennie M'Neal.

So on she rushed, at her own good will,
Through wood and valley, o'er plain and hill.
The grey horse did his duty well,
Till all at once he stumbled and fell,
Himself escaping the nets of harm,
But flinging the girl with a broken arm.
Still, undismayed by the numbing pain,
She clung to the horse's bridle-rein,
And, gently bidding him to stand,
Patted him with her able hand ;
Then sprang again to the saddle bow,
And shouted, " One more trial now !"
As if ashamed of the heedless fall,
He gathered his strength once more for all,
And, galloping down a hillside steep,
Gained on the troopers at every leap ;
No more the high-bred steed did reel,
But ran his best for Jennie M'Neal.

They were a furlong behind, or more,
When the girl burst through the Colonel's door,
Her poor arm helpless, hanging with pain,
And she all drabbled and drenched with rain ;
But her cheeks as red as firebrands are,
And her eyes as bright as a blazing star,
And shouted, " Quick ! be quick, I say ;
They come ! they come ! away ! away !"
Then sank on the rude, white floor of deal—
Poor, brave, exhausted Jennie M'Neal.

The startled Colonel sprang, and pressed
His wife and children to his breast,

And turned away from his fireside bright,
And glided into the stormy night ;
And soon and safely made his way
To where the patriot army lay.
But first he bent in the dim firelight,
And kissed the forehead broad and bright,
And blessed the girl who had ridden so well
To keep him out of the prison cell.
The girl roused up at the martial din,
Just as the troopers came rushing in,
And laughed, e'en in the midst of a moan,
Saying, " Good sirs, your bird has flown ;
'Tis I who have scared him from his nest,
So deal with me now as you think best."

But the grand young captain bowed, and said—
" Never you hold a moment's dread ;
Of womankind I must crown you queen,
So brave a girl I have never seen ;
Wear this gold ring as your valour's due,
And when peace comes I will come for you."
But Jennie's face an arch smile wore,
As she said, " There's a lad in Putnam's corps,
Who told me the same a long time ago ;
You two would never agree, I know.
I promised my love to be true as steel,"
Said good, sure-hearted Jennie M'Neal.

BAILIE MIDDLETON'S CANVASS.

BY JAMES DOBBIE.

It has been questioned whether the majority of women who lately were made participators in the Municipal Franchise are grateful for the privilege thereby conferred upon them. The story of Bailie Middleton's canvass will show how the measure may yet become popular in a way that its promoters never contemplated.

The Bailie was a bluff, good-natured bachelor, somewhere about forty years of age, and was one of the most respected citizens of the burgh of ——. He had been a Town Councillor for several years, and had lately been elevated to the Magistrates' bench. Some weeks before the election of 1882 a solicitor in the town had intimated that he would contest the seat so long held by Bailie Middleton, and, as this gentleman had considerable influence, the Bailie knew that if he wished to retain his seat at the Council Board he must personally canvass every voter in his ward.

With a number of printed copies of his municipal address in one hand, and a roll of voters in the other, the Bailie begins his round of calls. Briskly he steps from door to door, smiling and joking with every one he meets. He is receiving more pledges than he at first anticipated, and consequently he is in the best of spirits. He has only one more voter to call upon, and, as he adjusts his eye-glasses over his nose, and reads the name on his roll, his face assumes a somewhat contemplative expression.

"Janet—Janet Laidlaw," he mutters to himself, "surely the name is familiar." And as he muses he recalls some nearly-forgotten episodes in his life. In a vague way he remembers that he was intimately acquainted with a Janet Laidlaw years ago. In fact, they had been sweethearts. For many months he had been a devoted worshipper at Janet's shrine, but in consequence of some slight misunderstanding between them a lovers' quarrel took place, and, as the Bailie had been a high-spirited lad in those days, he would never be the first to break the ice. "Pshaw!" he mutters, smiling at the remembrance of his youthful romance. Then he gave the door-bell a vigorous pull, in order that its ring might drive this romantic nonsense out of his head. Bailie Middleton was ushered into a room where sat a woman, still very comely, although she could hardly be called young. The Bailie merely glanced at her as he entered, but it needed no second look to convince him that the woman before him and his old sweetheart were one and the same. Miss Laidlaw rose as he entered, shook hands with her visitor somewhat nervously, motioned him to a chair, and then resumed her seat.

Of course the Bailie knew that if he wished to secure Janet's vote he must first make himself as agreeable as possible, consequently he began to talk about everything he thought likely to

interest her, and it was natural their conversation should drift back to old times and acquaintances of long ago.

The name of one of Janet's old friends having been mentioned, the Bailie had some trouble in bringing her to his remembrance, when Janet volunteered to show him her friend's likeness, which she had in her album. Of course it was then natural that the Bailie should ask permission to inspect Janet's stock of photos, and, of course, Janet graciously granted the request. Then the Bailie drew his chair close to Janet's side, and he turns over the pages of the album, while Janet tells him the name and other particulars regarding the likenesses.

But what has brought the Bailie to such a sudden stop? and why does Janet shyly turn away and gaze into the fire? On the page before him the Bailie sees his own photograph, taken while he was a young lad in his teens, while opposite him there is a likeness of Janet, which, he remembers, was taken at the same time. As he gazes on these photographs the timepiece over the fireplace strikes ten, and the Bailie thinks that now is a favourable time to ask if his companion will vote for him at the approaching election.

"Janet," he says, "of course you know what has brought me here to-night?"

Although not quite sure, Janet thought she had a pretty good idea of what had brought him hither. She, innocent woman, knew nothing of the privileges that had been conferred on women by recent legislation. She had not the slightest idea that women had now the same privileges as the lords of the creation in municipal elections, and she never dreamed for a moment that Bailie Middleton had come to ask for her vote. She thought he had come on a very different errand. She fancied the Bailie had now realised that it is not good for a man to live alone, and that, in short, he had come to ask her to share his lot.

"I have come to ask a favour from you," continued the Bailie. "I want you to pledge yourself to me."

"Pledge mysel'!" said Janet, gazing on her old sweetheart with the rekindled fires of true love lighting up her eyes. "Pledge mysel'! 'Deed will I that, Bailie; an' ye hardly need to ask me to do that."

"Thanks, Miss Laidlaw," said the Bailie, with an effort at dignity.

"Oh, Bailie! oh, John," said Janet, casting a reproachful

look at the Magistrate, "ye surely haena forgotten my name. Dinna be feared to offend me by ca'in' me Janet."

"Weel, Janet," continued the Bailie, "I may say there's no a man in the toon 'll attend to yer interests like mysel'."

"I ken that, John. Oh, ye were aye a couthie, thochtfu' man, an' it wis a bad day for us baith that ill-tongued clashes separated us."

"But Janet!—Miss Laidlaw!" cried the now dumfounded Bailie. "My good woman, I have come here simply to solicit —"

"My han', John," put in Janet. "Oh, I ken ye hae. There it is, John, an' my heart alang wi't;" and she threw herself into the Bailie's arms, and—yes, actually kissed him. "Oh John, John!" she cried, "I—I hae lo'ed ye a' alang, an' noo ye hae made me the happiest woman in a' braid Scotland."

What could the Bailie do? As he looked into those loving and confiding eyes upraised to his, he thought it would be cruel to undeceive her. And he never did so. Before many weeks had passed Janet had become Mrs Middleton.

THE BEADLE AND THE BREEKS.

BY W. DOUGLAS.

Mrs Mary Cameron, relict of Dugald Cameron, was a very important member of St Guid's Parish Church. She was chief speaker in the Maternity Association, and the ruling power in the Dorcas Society, and in both of these positions she distinguished herself as an energetic matron, and a worthy, tender-hearted woman.

About two years after the death of her much-respected husband the gossips of St Guid's began to whisper, in a confidential way, over their frequent cups of tea, that Mrs Cameron was surely forgetting herself entirely, because—whisper it softly—she had a longing matrimonial eye on—who do you think? of all the men in the world—Sammy Walker the beadle!

There was not the slightest foundation for this industriously

circulated suspicion. Mrs Cameron had not the slightest intention of throwing herself and her excellent income at the devoted head of the immaculate Sammy; but she had, out of the promptings of her own good nature, shown him much kindness, and the statement of the gossips, therefore, obtained as much piquancy from the misconstruction of these acts as to give them an agreeable relish.

Sammy the beadle was a "gaucy weel-faured, sonsy, decent, honest man," and rather delighted in hearing that the "well-to-do" widow had taken a notion of him. He was once or twice told, in a jocular manner, that Mrs Cameron was going to marry him, and with her fortune make a gentleman of him. On these occasions he would stick his thumbs in his vest pockets, spread himself out in all his vastness, and, with inimitable self-consciousness, sagaciously wag his Shetland-grey pow, and say—

"Aweel, ma freen', I dinna ken muckle aboot that; but though I say it, wha shouldna say it, she micht dae waur! She micht dae waur than marry me. Ae thing, however, I ken she canna dae, and that is, mak' a gentleman o' me; for the fact is—I'm ane already!"

One night when Mrs Cameron was overhauling her wardrobe, a thing she did periodically, a sudden thought seemed to suggest itself to her, and she rang the bell for her servant. "Maggie," she said, "gang doon to Sammy Walker the beadle's, and tell him to come up here, and I'll gie him a pair o' breeks that belanged to Mr Cameron. I see that the pair Sammy wears on Sabbath day when he carries up the buik look unco shabby."

Maggie looked at Mrs Cameron in unutterable amazement, but, as the order was quite distinct, she had nothing to do but to obey it, disagreeable though it was. Nevertheless, with maidenly modesty, she said—

"I'll dae that, mem, jist this meenute; but I dinna like to mention the word 'breeks' to the beadle."

"Say 'trousers', then, Maggie," replied the practical Mrs Cameron.

"That's nearly as bad. Wad ye hae ony objections, mem, to let me tell him to come up here and see ye on particular business? That wad dae jist as weel."

"Very well, Maggie; as you please. But run quickly, or Sammy will be out at some of the kirk meetings."

Maggie found the beadle out, but left word with his "next-door neighbour," who delivered the message when the beadle returned.

"I wonder, noo, what she can be wantin' wi' me?" quoth Sammy, when he received the message. "Maybe she has missed some o' her Bibles or hymn-books, or her cushion is no kept clean eneuch. But it canna be that, either, for I pay every attention to her pew masel'."

"No," said the neighbour, who was also a member of St Guid's. "I'm thinkin' it's naething wrang; but, frae what her servant said, it's 'something to yer advantage.' Ma opinion, Sammy, is that, if ye hae courage to propose, Mrs Cameron wad be quite willin' to tak' the name o' Walker."

"Dod, I've heard that afore," said Sammy, sticking his thumbs in his vest pockets. "Feth, I'll gie her the chance this very nicht, an', whether it's 'Ay,' or 'No,' I'll ken the meaning o' a' thae rumours that are gaun about."

Sammy at once went to Mrs Cameron's, where he was shown into the parlour, and kindly requested to be seated in the easy-chair. This kindness, of course, the beadle took to mean more than was intended, and he at once began to speak of some kirk matters. From that he deftly turned the conversation to the late Mr Cameron, and spoke of the admiration and respect in which he was held by all the congregation.

"It's a wonder," he continued, "ye ha'e never thocht o' takin' anither to fill his place. I've heard it said, in fact, that ye were gaun to change yer name shortly."

"Sammy, I'm surprised to hear ye talkin' that way. Ye shouldna mention sic stupid nonsense to me," said Mrs Cameron, reprovingly.

"Weel, Mrs Cameron, ye're a bonny wumman yet, and ye're young eneuch to marry again, and I dinna see onything to hinder ye——"

"That may be," said Mrs Cameron, smiling at the beadle's flattery, "but it's no likely to happen for a guid while."

"If ye got a dacent man, honest and true, Mrs Cameron, ye micht dae waur than brichten his hame wi' ane o' yer lovely smiles. An' ye ken ane or twa that wad be gled to hae ye. I needna mention ony names, but I ken ane masel' that's just daft about ye—an' that's in a humble eneuch position, and that daurna say a word to ye unless he got some encouragement frae

ye to speak oot, but I'll say this—he likes ye real weel, and wad lay doon his life for ye if need be."

This was just the beginning of Sammy's description of himself, and it is difficult to say how much eloquence he had yet in store for her, but Mrs Cameron flushed to the temples, as she suspected from his speech that he meant himself. This was a liberty not to be endured, and she acted promptly. She got up at once and rang the bell for Maggie.

"Bring the breeks, Maggie," she said.

The beadle could not divine the cause of the sudden change, and waited patiently the development of events, all his ready eloquence being put to flight by the matron's nervous manner.

"Here's the breeks," said Mrs Cameron bluntly, when these articles were produced, forgetting for the moment that Sammy was not aware for what purpose he had been sent, "and I hope they'll fit you."

"What am I to dae wi' them?" said Sammy, rising in bewilderment, and holding the unmentionables at arms' length.

"Wear them, of course," said Mrs Cameron; "I thocht they wad just suit ye."

"An' was it to insult me that ye sent for me?" said Sammy, with ill-concealed wrath. "Here, Mrs Cameron, tak' them back. I didna think ye wad insult me gratuitously."

"There's nae insult surely in making a present," replied the matron. "Hoots, man, tak' them and wear them. Mr Cameron never had them on, and they're the best that's made."

Sammy felt his beadle'ship dreadfully insulted, and made for the door. He, however, thought it necessary to have revenge, and therefore, drawing himself up to his full height, he carefully handed them back, and said—

"Here, wear them yoursel, Mrs Cameron," saying which he jammed his hat over his eyes and hurriedly rushed from the room, slamming the door behind him.

This course of events caused both of the interested persons considerable disturbance, a great deal of annoying reflection, and much unhappiness.

Mrs Cameron dreaded the circulation of a highly-coloured and sensational description of the scene amongst the gossips of St Guid's, and was very anxious to allay unnecessary talk, if she only knew how. Then she reflected that Sammy intended to ask her to be his wife, and the few words of appreciation to

which he had given expression came upon her with all the force of a surprise, and she soon convinced herself that he had much reason to feel insulted when he had come with that intention. She became very sorry for him, and argued with herself that she ought to make some reparation. She soon familiarised herself with the idea that Sammy needed a wife, for he had been a bachelor all his days, and began to think of herself in that position. Finally she came to the conclusion that Sammy ought to be pacified, and, as he was a likely man, and a good man, she would allow him greater scope next time he called. The result was that she wrote a polite note to him, sent him the objectionable article, along with other creature comforts of a domestic nature, and asked him to call again next night and hear her apology.

Sammy, though indignant, accepted the presents, and, as requested, called again. Mrs Cameron expressed her regret that he should have misunderstood the reason for her sending for him, and said that no insult was meant or intended. He might know she was above doing that to any one, and least of all to him, for whom she had, as he well knew, a great respect.

Sammy put his thumbs in the usual place, and graciously accepted the apology, while he apologised himself for his hasty anger. He had no reason to be angry, but he had come under a wrong impression, and that, no doubt, was the cause of his wrath.

An understanding having been come to in this way, Mrs Cameron invited him to take some supper, and Sammy, nothing loth, waited, and did justice to himself and to the supper, and everything looked bright again to the beadle. When the time came for him to leave, he got up and stood before Mrs Cameron with the utmost complacency, and said—

“You havena noticed, Mrs Cameron, that I hae on your valuable present! That’ll show that I don’t think ye hae insulted me, and see—you’ll be glad to learn that they fit me like a glove.”

“I’m glad of that, Mr Walker,” replied Mrs Cameron, “and I trust you will never think I meant to hurt your feelings.”

“Nay, nay, Mrs Cameron, let bygones be bygones; but to tell ye the truth, noo that I’m staunding in the late Mr Cameron’s clothes, I wish to guidness I had permission to staund in his shoes!”

"He never wore shoes," said Mrs Cameron, pretending to misunderstand him.

"I mean that I wad like to tak' his place, ye ken ! I never had a wife, and noo that I'm getting up in years, I'm beginning to feel the need o' ane sairly."

"It surely wisna because ye were blate to ask them. Ony man that can speak oot the way you do need never want a wife."

"Oh, no," said Sammy, "it wisna that. The fact is, I never saw the woman I liked better than yersel'."

Here he entered upon a long and enthusiastic description of her many qualities and virtues, and his warm admiration of them ; and after he had made his heart's desire plain to her, she gave him some little encouragement, and, strange to say, she, after a year's courting, consented to change her name to Walker.

Sammy is not a beadle now. He has given that up, and he is now a gaucy business man, and can be seen in the Royal Exchange every market day taking his place with the best of the merchants there. Those who knew the history of his courtship and marriage allege that Mrs Cameron acted upon the advice Sammy gave her on that eventful night, and in a metaphorical sense declare that "she wears the breeks." Sammy is, at all events, a very loving and obedient husband, and both are now highly pleased with each other, and live as happily as only two loving persons can.

ABOUT THAT DOG.

This was the cause of all the trouble :—

LOST.—On the 10th instant, a small Terrier Dog, with a brass collar upon his neck, and the tip of his tail gone. Answers to the name of "Jack." Five dollars reward will be given to the person who returns him to John Quill, No. 84 Rickety Row.

I inserted the above in the *Daily Flipflap*, in the hope that I might recover the animal, to which I was much attached.

The *Flipflap* goes to press at five A.M. At half-past six I was awakened by a pull at my door bell. I got up and opened the window. As I looked out I saw a man standing in my front yard with a mongrel dog tied to a rope. He gazed up and observed—

“Hello! Are you the fellow who lost a dog?”

“Yes, I am.”

“Well, then, I’ve fetched him,” said the man.

I explained to this wretched human being that my dog was a terrier, while his looked more like a log of wood with half the bark off, and propped up on four sticks, than a dog of any kind.

“Well, ain’t you a-going to take him?”

“I wouldn’t have him as a gift. And I want you to move on now, or I’ll call the police.”

“Now, I guess you think you’re smart, don’t you? I’d bust you over the jaw for five cents, I would. You don’t know a dog when you see him, you don’t,” and he went out after ripping the palings of the fence.

In about a half-hour there was another ring at the bell. I went down. There was a man with six dogs, of a variety of breeds.

“Wh—wh—which of em’s him, b—b—boss,” said this fellow, for he stuttered as if he would strangle on a small syllable.

“Neither of them.”

“Y—you said his n—na—name was J—Jack, d—didn’t you?”

“Yes, that’s it.”

“W—well, then, wh—wh—what d’ye call th—that?” says he, as he sung out “Jack,” and the whole six dogs looked and wagged their tails like a lot of spavined oxen in fly-time.

“Why, I call it confounded nonsense to expect me to take the whole six dogs because they’re named Jack. I don’t want to start a sausage mill, you understand. Mince meat isn’t in my line.”

“W—w—w—well, ain’t you going to take him?”

“Certainly not; do you suppose I am a gibbering idiot?”

“W—w—w—well, you sh—shan’t have him now if you want him. I w—w—wouldn’t trust a decent d—d—dog with a m—m—man like you, anyway.”

And the six canines fell into line, and trotted down the street after him.

I had not got fairly into the house before there was another ring. Seedy-looking man with a semi-decayed yellow dog. His ribs stuck out so, that he looked as if he had gorged himself with a spiral spring.

"You advertise for a dog, I believe. Well, I caught him round here in the alley, after a desperate struggle. Fine dog, sir."

"Well, I don't think he is. He looks to me as if he wasn't well. He is too ethereal for this world, young man, depend upon it."

"Not at all, sir. Only shedding his coat, sir; all good dogs do that at this time of the year. See that, sir," said this seedy Caucasian, holding the dog by the cuff of the neck. "See how he yelps; that's a sign of pluck; that dog would fight a million wild cats, he would, and lick 'em too, sir."

"Get out!" I exclaimed; and the dog put his tail between his legs and ran for the gate.

"See that, sir! see that!" said the man as he seized him, "that's a sign he's well trained; no raw dog behaves like that, I want you to know. Now, s'pose you fork over that five."

"Not much! I don't want him, my friend."

"You won't do it? Well, then, take him for seventy-five cents, and say no more about it. He's a valuable animal. You'll never get such another chance."

"I tell you I won't have him."

"Well, don't then," said the man, as he kicked the animal over on my flower-pots and broke three of them, while the brute dashed madly down the middle of the street.

Just then a big ruffian in a slouched hat came up with a bulldog, sprung in the knees, and lamenting the entire loss of his tail. When the ruffian spoke to him he wagged the whole of the last half of him.

"I've brought that there dog," was the observation made by the ruffian, "and I'll finger them there stamps, I reckon."

"My friend," said I, "that is not my dog."

"Yes, it is, though."

"But it is not."

"Don't I tell you it is? Didn't you say the tip of his tail was gone? Well, just look at him, will you?"

"Well, I won't have him, anyhow."

"You want to cheat me, do you? I'll fix you. S-sick him, Bull!" said this outrageous ruffian, as the dog flew at me, giving me barely time to get inside and shut the door on his frontispiece. I guess I squeezed the nose off that dog. But the man cursed me about five minutes, and then flung a brick at the door and went away.

In less than twenty minutes another ring. Small pock-marked man in a red shirt this time, and a speckled dog that looked as if he had been out without an umbrella when it was raining ink. Says this victim of the smallpox—

"You know that dog you advertised for? Well, here he is."

"Oh, pshaw!" said I, "you know that isn't my dog."

"Your name's Quill, ain't it?"

"It is," said I.

"Well, then, this here is the dog. He's the best ratter you ever seen. Sling them around like he was amusin' hisself, he does, and——"

"But he is not my dog."

"And he's a bully watch-dog. Look at him! Look at him, now—he's watching now! Why, he'll sit there and watch and watch, until he goes stone-blind, he will. He'll watch all night if you only let him. You never see a watcher like him. I'll jest chain him up while you go in and get the V."

"No, you needn't," said I. "I'll blow his brains out if you don't take him away."

"Well, say, stranger, I'm a little strapped to-day; jest lend me five on him till morning, will you? I'll pay you to-morrow."

"See, here, now, you just get out of here, or I'll take the hide off you," I said, for I began to get excited, you know.

"Aw! you ain't worth a cent, you actually ain't," said the pock-marked man, as he walked off, after clipping the dog over the head with one of my fence-palings, and then putting his fingers up to his nose.

Not a minute after up comes a man with a mastiff as big as a small horse.

"Say, boss, I want that five," was all he remarked, by way of introducing the subject.

"Well, you can't get it; and if you don't leave I'll call the police," I exclaimed in despair.

"Watch him, Zip!" said the man instantly; and the dog

flew at me, threw me down, and bit a slice of muscle out of my leg, and disfigured my nose for life. Then the assassin who owned him called him off, and went away laughing.

I didn't answer any more rings that day; but about four o'clock in the afternoon I looked out of the second-storey window, and the yard was full of men, with all kinds of dogs—black dogs, white dogs, yellow dogs, variegated dogs, flea-bitten dogs, dogs with tails, dogs without tails, rat-terriers, bull-pups, poodles, fox-hounds, spaniels, Newfoundlands, mixed breeds, pointers, setters, and a multitude of other varieties, all growling, yelping, barking, snapping, and jumping about, until there wasn't a flower-pot left in the place, and the noise was worse than a menagerie at meal time.

I haven't seen my dog yet. I don't want him either; I don't care if I never see another dog between this and the silent grave—I only wish that all the dogs from here to Alaska were collected into a convention, and had hold of that man with the mastiff, that they might gnaw on him until he hadn't a morsel of meat left on his skeleton. That is all I want in the dog line in this world.

THE EXERCEESE BOOK.

BY J. B. BARCLAY.

"Weesht, ye dee—ls! there's the meenister," Tam spoke in a loud whisper. The din was terrific, and the minister was near—even at the door; so near that he heard Tam's voice distinctly amid the children's noise and the low murmur that preceded the solemn silence which reigned within when he entered.

"That was an awful noise I heard just now," he said, looking reprovingly at the group of scared faces.

"Deed ay, sir; it was a most fearfu' din," answered Tam. "They're clean ower their mither, ye see."

"Possibly; but their father ought to have some control over them."

"An' so I have—my faith. I mak' them quiet enough when I begin."

"That I do not doubt; but I heard you use an extraordinary expression to silence them, whereas a gentle reproof, firmly spoken, would have sufficed."

"Ye might as weel speak gently tae Auld Nick himsel', sir. They're a most unruly lot."

"Perhaps you don't set them an example of good rule. Now, tell the truth, Thomas. Do you keep exercise in your household every evening?"

"Well, to tell ye the truth, sir, I dinna."

"That is wrong. Devotional exercise is not only a duty incumbent upon you, but it is also necessary for the proper instruction of your children in that which is right."

"But hoo on earth am I to manage, sir? I got but a scrimp share o' schulin, ye see, an' to spell through a page or twa is aboot the maist I can dae."

"Well, you could get an exercise book, and read a portion of it every evening. Don't you think it could be done, Mrs Gordon?" he said persuasively to Tam's better half.

"Oo aye, sir, as far as the book's concerned it'll be easy enough, for I'se hae ane the morn whan I'm in the market toon; an' I'll coont it weel waured siller gin it hae ony effeck on the din-breedin' brats."

"Thank you, Mrs Gordon. I am sure you won't forget to do your part, and if Thomas goes as heartily about it I have no fear of the result."

Tired and forfouchten, Mrs Gordon came home from the market town, and, from a huge basketful of miscellaneous things, she drew a neatly-bound book, and, handing it to her husband, she said—

"There's yer book, Tam; an' a gey ca'in' up an' doon through a' the book shops i' the toon I had ere I got it."

"Losh, 'oman! that's a braw book—reed skins an' goold letters. My troggans! that ane has cost a bonnie penny, I'se warrant. We maun hae a look at the teetle-page. What's this? 'Lessons in Manual and Platoon Exercise.' Manual an' Platoon. That'll be untranslatable Greek or Heebra, an' they've haen to pit it doon in the original. "Marching Evolutions." That'll be Darwin's theory that there's been sae muckle crackin' aboot this while back. 'Instruction in the use of

Arms and Accoutrements.' It seems to be an uncommon kind o' book, Jannet. We maun hae a yockin' at it this nicht whan a' the bairns are in aboot."

Evening came, and the Gordon family were gathered round the hearth listening with bated breath, while Tam with the book held close to the candle light was spelling his way laboriously through some explanatory notes in very small type.

"Confoond that sma' prent!" he said, "and it's merely explanations after a', as if folk couldna understand withoot explanations. I doot there's little to be made o' this, Jannet. We'll begin at the hert o't, amon' the big prent."

"Very weel, Tam, but see'n read wi' reverence, noo."

"We'll try, Jannet; we'll try. So here goes. 'Fall in.'"

"Fa' in—whaur?"

"The book disna say."

"Maybe the sma' prent 'll tell ye."

"Ye're richt again, Jannet; here it is. Ye a' stand in a row. You at the richt side, Jannet; you're biggest—an' a' the rest o' ye tak' places accordin' to your size. Aye, that'll do—noo. Eyes front."

"Een to the front. Whaur wid they be? Wid ye hae them ahent?"

"Dinna interrump' me noo. Attention."

"Weel, weel, dinna be nettled; we are a' listenin'."

"Mark time."

"What does the sma' prent say aboot that?"

"It says that ye a' lift your feet thegither, an' then a' set them doon thegither. Mark time—quick."

"Is that quick enough?"

"Oh, Lod, what a din! Halt—halt—stop, ye young rascals, stop, or, if ye dinna, I'll——. Guid gracious! this is waur than afore we had the exerceese book."

"Ca' awa', faither. Man, it's grand fun," cried wee Jock, a young rogue with a round, merry face.

"Fun, ye unprincipled pagans? What'll the meenister say?"

"Never mind the meenister, faither. Man, it's grand. Hoora! hoora! Mark time, billies."

"Confoond ye, if ye dinna stop I'll mark ye; an', what's mair, I'll mak' this the hinmost nicht o' the exerceese book."

"Oh, we'll stop, faither, we'll stop; but is there ony mair fine things i' the book?"

"Plenty. There's something aboot quick step, an' goose step. Geese are no very quick steppers, I ken that, but they're grand soomers. Then there's 'Right wheel,' an' 'Left wheel,' but whether they belang tae cart, coach, or barrow the book disna say. We'll gae ower the leaf, an' see what's what i' the next page. It seems to treat maistly aboot arms, but I'll read it ower. 'Manual exercise.' Ay, this is the exerceese noo. We've gotten past the introductory remarks at last. 'Attention.'"

"We're a' ready, faither."

"Advance arms."

"What are we to dae wi' them, faither?"

"Shove them oot."

Whereupon all the arms were shot out to their full extent, and held there pending the next order.

"Slope arms."

"Which way?—up or doon?"

"The book disna say. 'Advance arms.'"

"That's shove them oot agen, isn't?"

"Ay. Ca' awa' noo. 'Present arms.'"

"Wha till? Feggs, I'll keep mine," said Jock.

"Advance arms."

"That's fine. A'thegither, lads; shove them oot. Man, it's grand, faither."

"Trail arms."

"Trail arms—mercy me! what's that?" said Janet.

"Ah, but ye hae me noo."

"That's a queer kind o' exerceese, Tam."

"Weesht, 'oman; it maun be a' richt whan the meenister recommendit it."

"But dis't say onything aboot by order o' the General Assembly?"

"No that I see. Losh! 'oman, a'thing canna be ordered by the General Assembly."

"Ay, but maist o' things are, an' it gies them a kin' o' stamp, ye ken."

"It's a' richt, faither; the meenister's richt enough. It's a grand book. Ca' awa', man; it's grand."

"Maybe you're richt, laddie, and' maybe you're wrang; I'm

sure I canna tell, but we'll hae anither yockin' at it, an' see if we can get ony mair oot o' it."

"Platoon exercise."

"Pantiloon exercise—it'll be petticoat exercise next."

"Weesht, 'oman; you're oot o' a' reverence noo, 'Attention.'"

"Attention agen! It a' begins wi' attention."

"An' a very guid maxim; it's the best thing I see in the book. But I want nae mair interruptions; it spoils the sense o' the thing. Load—Mak' ready—Present—Fire——"

"Fire!—where?" cried Janet, looking round in wild alarm.

"Fire! Fire!" screamed the young Gordons, as they rushed pell-mell through the open door.

Fire! Fire! Fire! echoed down the village street, as heads were thrust from doors and windows in quick succession, and the dread alarm spread fast from house to house.

"Whar's the fire?" cried the stentorian voice of the burly blacksmith, as he issued from his smithy with two huge pails filled with water.

"At oor hoose," cried wee Jock Gordon.

"At your hoose, ye widdifa! an' wha set fire to your hoose?"

"I dinna ken, but my faither's stannin' i' the flure roaring 'Fire' like mad, yonder."

"Faith it's time he had help then, laddie. This way, my freen's—the fire's at Tam Gordon's." And away went the brawny smith, with a crowd of willing water-carriers at his heels.

The crowd rushed in with their buckets, to the utter amazement of Tam, who stood, book in hand, the very picture of astonishment.

"Whaur's the burnin'?" cried the smith, as he posed the pail, ready to dash the water on the imaginary fire.

"Burnin'. What on earth dae ye mean?"

"The fire, min, the fire. The hale toon en's roarin' your hoose's on fire."

"Then the hale toon en's wrang."

"Then what on earth gar'd a' thae young sinners o' yours rin doon the street roarin' 'Fire?'"

"Ah, but that's mair than I can tell. A' that I ken about it is, that I was haudin' exercise oot o' the new book, when Jannet gat oot wi' a skirl o' 'Fire,' and they a' ran oot roarin' like a wheen raised nowt."

"Is that the exerceese book in your hand?"

"Aye, an' a gey droll ane it is, tae."

"It's a grand ane—lat's see't. Oh, man, that's a book for drillin' sodgers. The fire's oot, my freen's. We'll gae hame an' lat Tam finish his exerceese."

UP THE LUM.

BY PETER GARDINER.

"Div ye ken this, Baba," said Tammas Parcel to the wife, as he sat ae nicht smokin' his auld black cutty at the fireside; "div ye ken what I'm gaun to tell ye?"

"No," replied Mrs Parcel, pausin' i' the middle o' her flair-scrubbin'; "bit I'll ken when ye dae tell me."

"Weel," said Tammas, "I hae jist newly completed, in my ain mind, a grand invention that'll mak' oor fortin yet. It's an invention for soopin' lums; an' yince I get it perfected, it'll do awa' wi' sweeps a'thegither."

"Aweel," said Mrs Parcel, "if ye can mak' sic a thing ye'll do a po'er o' guid to mony mair than me. For it's jist perfec' disgracefu' the way thae sweeps gang on. They never soop a lum hauf, an' it's ninepence an' ninepence every ither month or six weeks. Really I'm jist at my wit's end to ken hoo to ware the siller to the best advantage; an' ninepence a month—that's nine shillings a twalmonth. My faith! it wad nearly keep ye in buits a' the year roond."

"I'll no need to wear so mony buits yince my invention's kent to the warl'," said Tammas. "It'll no be then, Tammas gang here, and Tammas gang there; bit it'll be Mister Parcel this, and Mistress Parcel that, an' wha kens bit what I may be elected to the Toon Cooncil. We've waited a lang time, Baba, ma wummin; bit lang waited for aye comes at last." An' Tammas knocked the dottle oot o' his pipe wi' an emphatic crack on the table.

"An' whaur's yer inventory?" askit Baba.

"Ma *invention*, wummin, ma *invention*. It's in ma head," replied Tammas; "bit it'll no be there lang if I can help it." And he clawed his pow, as if he had the intention o' scartin' it oot.

"Bit what kind o' a thing is it ava?" asked Baba, risin' frae her knees, an' sittin' doon on a chair wi' the scrubbin' brush in her hand.

"Weel," said Tammas, "first o' a', I'm gaun to get a big roond brush like a sweep's, only made wi' some improvements o' ma ain, an' into that brush I'm gaun to fit a haundle three feet lang, an' on the end o' that haundle I'm gaun to fit a langish piece o' brass tube, wi' a hole in't to haud a pin—div ye see?"

Baba nodded her heid an' lookit wise, an' Tammas resumed.

"Weel, I'm gaun to hae, maybe, twa dizzen or mair—accordin' to the length o' the lum—o' three-fit rods, a' wi' brass tubes on ae end, an' holes for pins, an' syne, ye'll understand, that a' ye've got to dae is to pit the end o' ilka stick into the brass tube on the end o' the ither stick, an' aye keep pittin' in a pin, an' ye'll see noo that I can mak' a brush lang enough to soop a lum as high as the toon kirk."

"An' whaun div ye intend to start till't?" asked Mrs Parcel.

"Jist as sune's I can get the money for the materials. An' isn't awfu' to think I should be keepit back for want o' a pickle dirty siller? Eh! Baba, it's terrible the struggles a man o' genius has. Bit history 'll tell yet hoo Tammas Parcel, after years o' mental toil and poverty, invented his famous 'Patent Lum Cleaner.'"

Noo it wis maybe a month after this conversation that Tammas succeeded in finishin' his "lum cleaner," an' he proudly explained to Baba hoo to use it, but, as the fire was on, they didna try it up the lum. Hooever, Baba determined that she wad be up by the skreich o' day an' pit the powers o' her husband's invention to the test. Aweel, next mornin', as Tammas gaed oot to his wark—he's in a big printing office the noo—Baba yokit to the lum-cleanin' teeth an' nail. Wi' the help o' twa forks she stuck up an auld bedcover in front o' the fireplace, an' syne she untied the invention, an' pokit the brush up the lum. But somehow or ither in her hurry she got the parts a' mixed thegither, an', as Tammas' first trial was a geyan primitive kind o' thing, she lost a deal o' time in gettin' the pieces an' pins put in order again. Ae length o' rod was owre thick, anither was owre thin; ae pin was owre short, anither owre lang. Hooever, she wrocht awa', an' the soot cam' doon in clouds, an' her arms were as black as a sweep's jacket sleeves, but her heart was jubilant.

"My faith!" she said, speaking to hersel', "Tammas is a clever chiel', an' oo'll mak' siller oot o' this grand inventory, or I'm sair cheated." An' she stuck in anither twa rods an' reestled an' rummelled awa'.

"Eh! what a pack o' vagabon's thae sweeps are," she continued. "To think it's no twa weeks since it was soopit last, an' there's bagfu's o' soot comin' doon." An' in gaed anither twa rods, an' still she focht on.

"Bit I'll never hae them again—never! never! nev——"

At this minit something seemed to gie way at the tap, an' her haund cam' doon wi' sic a dash into the soot that it sent it flyin' in volumes roond her.

"A-chitch, a-chitch, a-chow!" sneezed Baba. "Etch, eh, etch! There's something wrang, surely."

An' certainly there was something wrang, for yin o' the pins had slippit oot, an' the brush, wi' hauf-a-dizzen rods on't, was stickin' in the lum. Fairly struck dumb wi' consternation, Baba sat doon on a chair, an' gazed vacantly at the fireplace; but, afore she had had time to collect her thochts, young Tam—wha delivers papers in the early mornin'—cam' in, an', bein' put in possession o' the facts, volunteered to gang up an' bring doon the missin' hauf o' the invention. Baba gruppit at the idea like a droonin' man at a straw, an' aff cam' Tammy's jacket, an' up he gaed. Noo, gaun up a lum's no jist exactly like clim'in' a pole, but Tammy's a plucky laddie, an' he stuck in his elbows an' knees, an' gruppit at the outshot bricks wi' his haunds, an' up he gaed, graipin' a' the time for the end o' the invention.

"Div ye no feel the end o't yet?" shouted Baba, up the lum.

"No yet!" yelled young Tam, doon the lum.

There was a pause, an' syne a muffled "Hooray!" greeted Mrs Parcel's ears.

"I've got it!" yelled the laddie, doon the lum.

"Weel dune, Tam!" shouted Mrs Parcel. "Haud on till't."

There was anither pause, an' a reestlin' in the chimney.

"What's keepin' ye?" cried Baba.

"There's something caught my gallowses, an' I'm stickin in the lum," roared the laddie. "Send for somebody to pu' me doon."

Baba flew to the door, an' roused the next-door neighbour.

"O! Mistress Carmichael," she cried, "rin for the mason roond the corner, or the sweep. Oor Tammy's stickin' in the lum."

Mrs Carmichael flew at yince, an' Baba flew back to the

chimney, an' divided her time by shoutin' words o' comfort up the lum, an' prayin', in a pitifu' voice—

"Dinna ye be feared, Tammy," she shouted. "O! Guid hae mercy on us a'," she prayed. "Mistress Carmichael's awa' for the mason," she shouted. "Especially on my puir laddie, up the lum," she prayed. "An' he'll bring his tools, an' cut a hole in the wa', an' get ye oot a' richt," she shouted. "Bring him oot as ye brocht Daniel oot o' the lions' den," she prayed. "The mason I'll be here the noo, ma bonnie laddie," she shouted. "O! spare my bonnie bairn, an' mettle Mrs Carmichael's feet," she prayed. "Keep up yer heart, Tammie, my bonnie laddie, an' I'll gie ye sixpence to yersel' on Saturday," she shouted. "O! if ye can mark the fa' o' a sparry, surely ye'll no leave my laddie to perish in the lum! Bring him oot, I carena hoo; whether ye send an angel to tak' him oot at the tap, or a mason to tak' him oot at the bottom."

At this moment the door flew open, an' Mrs Carmichael, accompanied by the mason, wi' a mell, a wheen chissels, an' a pinch or twa, made their appearance.

"What's up?" asked the mason, "what's up?"

"O!" cried Baba, "a' thing's up thegither. The inventory's up, an' ma laddie's up, an' I'm nearly daft."

The mason, wha was a lang, lean chiel', wha had suppit a guid deal o' peasemeal in his day, at yince threw aff his coat, an' disappeared up the lum, whaur he sune gat a haud o' young Tam's legs.

"Dinna be frichted," he cried up. "I'll sune pu' ye doon."

"A' richt," replied young Tam, wha seemed to tak' the affair very quietly; "pu' awa'."

"Ay!" shouted Baba, "pu' him doon. Never mind if ye disconsolate his legs. Legs can be amplificated again, bit a' the doctors in Edinburgh canna bring back the breath. An' dinna you greet, ma bonnie man, bit jist let the mason pu' ye oot, an' I'll gie ye a shillin' on Saturday."

Noo, whether it wis the shillin' or the mason I canna say, bit young Tam was gotten down wi' little fecht, bringing the Patent Lum-Cleaner alang wi' him.

Tammas Parcel is no in the Toon Coouncil yet, for Baba lichted the fire wi' the remnants of his great invention, an' they tell me that whenever young Tam wants tippence frae his mother he jist points his finger up the lum.

MY FIRST BAWBEE.

BY ARCHIBALD M'KAY.

O ! nane, I trew, on a' the yirth
Was happier than me,
When in my wee breck pouch I gat
My first bawbee.
I turned it roun' and roun' wi' pride,
Syne toddled aff wi' glee,
To wair, on something that was guid,
My first bawbee.

I met auld grannie at the door,
Quo' she, "Noo, Rab, tak' care,
Nae feckless whigmaleeries buy
When ye gang to the fair ;
A gaucie row or sonsie scone
Is best for ane that's wee—
Mind, muckle lies in how ye spen'
Your first bawbee."

But grannie's words were soon forgot
When to the fair I gaed,
And saw sae mony ferlies there
On ilka stan' arrayed.
I glowr'd at this, I glowr'd at that,
Wi' roving, greedy e'e,
And felt dumfounder't how to wair
My first bawbee.

Here apples lay in mony a creel,
A' tempting to the view ;
And plums and pears whase vera leuk
Brocht water to my mou'.
And there were tosh wee picture beuks,
Spread oot a' fair to see—
They seemed to say, "Come here and spen'
Your first bawbee."

I kent the ane wad gust the gab,
The ither tell me how

Cock Robin fell that waefu' day
 The sparrow drew his bow ;
 But baith, waesock ! I couldna get,
 And sae wi' tearfu' e'e
 I swithered lang on whilk to wair
 My first bawbee.

At length a wheedlin' Eerish loon
 Began to bawl and brag ;
 "Come now," said he, "my little lad,
 And try the Lucky Bag ;
 If you have but one copper got,
 For it you may get three—
 Shure, never venture never win,
 Come, sport your bawbee."

Thinks I, this is the vera thing,
 I'll mak' my bawbee twa,
 And syne I'll get the plums or pears,
 The wee bit beuk and a' ;
 Sae at the Bag I tried my luck,
 But hope was dang agee—
 A *blank* was mine, and sae I lost
 My first bawbee.

A tear can' happin' ower my cheek
 As sad I daunert hame,
 Wi' hunger rumbling up and doon,
 Like win' within my wame.
 I tel't auld grannie a' my tale—
 "Ye've gane far wrang," quo' she,
 "But muckle guid may yet come out
 Your lost bawbee."

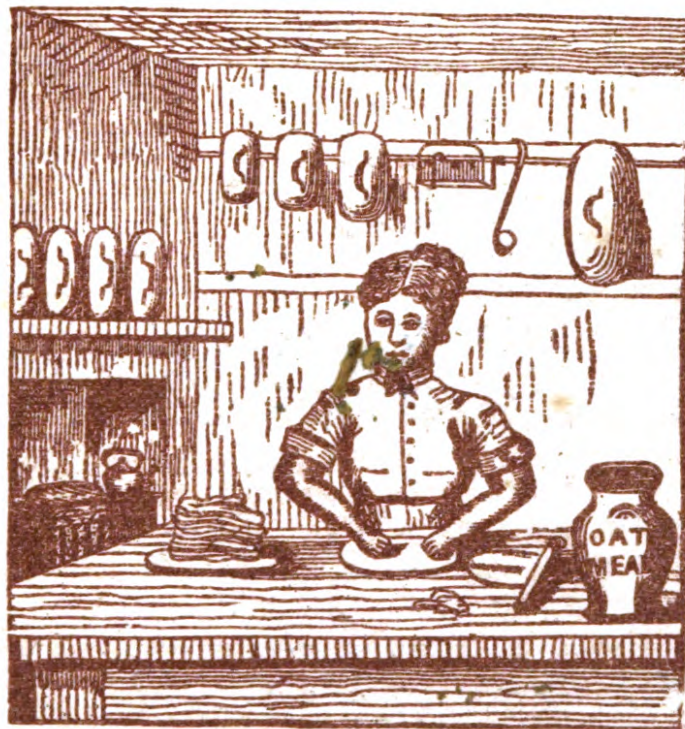
And true she spak'—my *loss* was *gain*—
 It lair'd me usefu' lair—
 It made me aft, sinsyne, tak' tent
 O' mony a gilded snare.
 And still when loons to catch the plack,
 Their fleechin' phrases gie,
 A something whispers, "Robin, mind
 Your first bawbee,"

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