

SAVED BY THE TWIST OF THE WRIST.



Prof. Homeblend finds a choice bit of rock.



Hears a sound and looks up. Thinks of a way to escape.

HOW THE DEAN GOT THE LYMPH.

HEATHER HA', Jan. 91.



DEAR MAISTER GRIP,—Like ither folk, ye've nae doot been terribly exerceesed about this Koch lymph business, but I'm writin' noo to break the news to ye that if the patients innoculated wi' the lymph the ither day turn oot ony way weel, then I'm gaun to tak' oot a patent for the Airlie lymph, warranted to kill or cure "a' the ills that flesh is heir to."

Ye see, it was after supper, an' an uncommon gude supper it was, sae gude that I tuk a waucht o' ceeder to wash it doon wi'; an' I was sittin' in my airm-chair wi' my feet in my stockin' soles on the fender, glowerin' in the fire an' twirlin' my twa thooms ower an' ower ither, first this way an' then that way. Indeed I felt sae weel-pleased wi' mysel' an' Ramsay Wright in partickler that I began croonin' a lay o' the times, which, I needna say, was my ain composition—here's a bit sough o't:

"Oh, the auld schule! the auld schule!
What though the rooms are wee;
When wild meddies are dwellin' there
An' grads o' Trinitee.
Traditions past an' auld-world caste
Still rule in class an' ha'!
But Ichabod is written there,
For Ramsay Wright's awa'!"

The last strain was just deein' awa' in a fine sympathetic tremolo that affectit even mysel' to tears, when just as I was beginnin' to dover awa' aff intill a cannie bit nap, the door opens, an' a great grey beard an' whiskers wi' a hat on tap o' them an' a pair o' sharp een oot below the hat, appears on the threshold.

"Gude preserve us, Geikie," says I, "what brings ye here at this 'oor o' the nicht?"

"Man, haud your tongue!" says he, comin' in an' drappin' into a chair fornent me, an' tilitin' back his hat. "My heart's broken!"

"Hoots! g'wa' wi' your havers," says I, amused at the very idea. "'Men have died an' the worms eaten them afore this, but not for love.' Wha is she?"

"Love! Ye auld fule; it's no love that ails me, it's onything but love, I solemnly assure ye. But whatever it is it'll kill me!" he roars oot, startin' to his feet an' pacin' up an' doon like an angry lion, wi' his airm lashin' about. "To think o' that Toronto Medical School—that vulgar trainin' shop for Yankee doctors daurin' to get ahead o' aristocratic auld Trinity like this." An' aff he set again, lashin' his tail—eh, I mean his airm—an' glowerin' as fierce as a hoolet, as if I was to blame for whatever ailed him.

"Lordsake, Geikie," says I, "what's adae?"

"Ramsay Wright's awa' to Germany for Koch's lymph, that's what's adae," he roars into my lug, as loud as if the lum were afire.

"But, dear me," says I, perfectly dumbfounded, "isna that a maitter for congratulation, to think there's sae muckle generous enterprise in Toronto, an' sic sympathy wi' human sufferin'?"

"To the deevil wi' their sympathy! I tell ye the hale thing was a plan to get ahead o' Trinity, but I'll see them a' handsome first. I tell ye what it is, Airlie, afore I let them get ahead o' me like that I'll——"

"Hoo does this lymph work?" I enquired, cawmly.

"Oh, you see it kills the tissue the bacilli feeds on and destroys the tubercules—weel, in fact, it's like a cat after mice. The mice are the germs that prey on the human system, an' this Koch lymph is, as it were, the double-distilled spirit of a thousand cats, and warranted to destroy these destructive vermin of the blood."

"Geikie," says I, wi' a grand flash o' inspiration, "gie me you hand. I'll guarantee to provide ye wi' a bottle o' lymph that'll beat Koch's a' to smash."

"But—but hoo?" he gaspit in blank amazement.

"Never you mind hoo," says I, "this was prepared by a chemist alder an' greater than Koch, an' in a laboratory that's gaun nicht an' day; year in an' year oot. It'll neither hae taste nor smell, but it's strong enough to kill an elephant if it finds it wanderin' aboot in the human system."