

# THE LECTURER'S DEPARTURE FROM LINKUMDODDIE.

(Continued from last week.)



**D**EAR GRIP,—When I got to Linkumdoddie it was half-past ten o'clock, an' the Provost said he was just thinking about rowin' up his watch an' gaun awa' to his bed, thinkin' I wasna comin'. He was a very douce, decent man, an' so was his wife, puir body, an' I maun say that she treated me extraordinar' weel. He said he had twa fine dochters, but they were oot at a pairty, an' just as he spak, in they cam'. Really they were twa o' the finest an' bonniest lassies I had ever clappit an' e'e on, an' if I had

been a bachelor I would hae said, as Jeames L. Hughes said to Miss Doctor Marks the ither nicht, that I would hae nae objection to marryin' them. The auld man, when I cam' in first, had ta'en me up tae a bedroom, an' said I could wash my hands an' gi'e mysel' a bit tosh up the time the wife was makin my tea, an' noo after I had haen a bit comfortable snack an' a crack aboot Canada wi' the lasses, the auld wife hands me a lichted cannel in a cannelstick an' I bids them a' guid nicht an' wussin' them a soond sleep, I opens the door o' my bedroom. Whether the window had been open or no, I dinna ken, but just as I opened the door the draucht blew oot the cannel, an' there I was, like Moses when the licht gaed oot. By guid luck, hooever, it was munelicht, an' no to mak' mysel' troublesome, I thoct I would just draw the blind up a wee an' retire to my couch, as the sayin' is, by the licht o' the mune. So I strips; but just as I was gettin' into bed, I sees a wee bit linen pock, a' floored wi' faltherals in red braid, an' at first I thoct that maybe it was a bit lunch my kind hostess had laid on my bed for fear I might get hungry in the nicht-time. But when I tuk it ower to the window an' examined it in the munelicht, what was this but a braw night-shirt wi' ruffles roon' the hands an' the neck, an' a' doon the whole length to the very tail.

I was fairly overcome wi' this token o' respeck, an' consideration for my comfort, for I could see it was a by ordinar braw piece o' nicht raiment, an' I'm sure, if there was a ne, there was a hunder sma' buttons an' button-holes in't. So I shakes the thing oot an' gets inside o't, but I think they maun thoct I was some kind o' a thin, lang haired poet, for it was sae ticht upon me that it gaed crackin' an' rippin' in twa-ree places when I lay doon in't. Hooever, I made mysel' comfortable, an' it bein' a great four poster bedstead, a' hung wi' red damask, I drew the curtains close to keep oot the mune, an' in twa meenits was sleepin', an' dreamin' that the elections were on in Toronto, an' Clarke was explainin' his reasons to me for — But here anither voice brak in on oor worthy Mayor's—a woman's voice—at that, an' says she:

"Did you ever see such a conceited duffer as that man? Why on earth did father get an ass like that to lecture on Canada?"

Wi' that my twa een flew wide open, an' here's me lyin' in the four poster feather bed wi' the curtains a' drawn

roond, an' the licht o' a cannel shinin' in through the chinks, an' twa women pooterin' aboot, an' yatterin' like magpies. Says the ither ane:

"I thought I would have died, the way he sat praising up Toronto; you'd think the country was an El Dorado of mineral wealth."

An' the ane that spak' first, she says:

"Fudge! These Yankees are the biggest liars on the face of the earth. I suppose Toronto is the capital of New York?"

"Oh! why, no! Don't you remember the ice palace in a picture? Well, that was in Montreal.—No.—Ontario is the capital; not Toronto."

"Well, anyway, it's in America, and it's all one."

By this time my knees were rappin' thegither, an' the hair on my head was stannin' oot like the skeleton o' an umbrella. I eased mysel' up an' keekit oot, an' there was a ne o' the lasses kaimin' oot her lang hair afore the lookin' glass, an' the ither ane was takin' aff her claes. What on earth was the meanin' o' a' this panyrammy in my room at this 'oor o' the nicht I couldna mak' oot, it really seemed to me as onjustifiable as their remarks.

"Ahem!" says I, gien a wee bit hoast like.

"Mercy! what's that?" says they glowerin' roond, an' catchin' a glisk o' my face keekin' oot atween the curtains, they oot o' the room as fast they could skelp, skirlin'—"Murder! burglars! thieves!" at the very tip-tap o' their lungs.

Of course I got up an' into my claes in a bonnie hurry, but I wasna half riggat, when in strides the auld Provost an' taks aim at me wi' a gun, ready to blaw my head aff.

"Pit doon that blunderbuss," says I, wi' great dignity. "I think it would set ye better to explain the meanin' o' this extraordinar' ongaun than to stand there cockin' yer auld roosty gun in a body's face."

"I—I—beg yer pardon," says he, drappin' the gun. "I thought it was a burglar. But what are ye doin' in this room? My daughter thought you were a burglar. And—and—what's that you have got on you? How dare you, sir, appropriate my daughter's night-dress for your own use?"

"Yer—eh—what?" says I, in perfect dumfoonderation.



## HIS TOUGHEST BATTLE.

*Current sporting note.*—Joe Hess, the reformed pugilist, has been matched to fight the Rum Cuss to a finish, one round every evening till further notice or a knock out.