

cloots that gaed flutterin' in the win' like signals o' distress, an' ran for hame. I seemed just like a bairn wi' a ghost after him; the farther I ran the faster I ran, till I got tae my ain door, and here wis the licht brigade at my heels. I gaed a yell o' rage at my tormenters, and wi' a loup I landed in the middle o' the floor. Janet sat spinnin' wi' a sma' wheel ahint the door; but no seein' her, and bein' nearly blin' wi' rage, I sent her reelin' to a corner o' the room, an' her wheel, like a velocipede, row'in in the ither. She (that's Janet) gaed a screech oot a' her ye could hear a mile, cryan wi' might and main, "murder." In cam the crood, expectin' to see what the Dominic caes a "tragedee." Noo, oor house hasnae a but and ben, an' so I had no place to flee to but up the lum, so I sat me doon and grat wi' vexation. Speakin' aboot mortification, and anger, and rage, an' a dizen ither feelings a' mixed the gither, an' fightin' wi' ane anither, like the deil in Pandemonium (as Milton wid say), an' ye can hae a faint conception o' my state o' sin and misery. Somebody wi' a freendly han' threw oor me a blanket, but I hav'na ventured oot o' the hoose since my shame till the day; and here's the machine (pulling it from under his plaid), an' whan I meet the loon that sold it to me I'll no leave a whale bone in his carcase. Speak to me about yere new-fangled things; there just inventions o' Saian's to mak' folks swear, an' storm, an' sin. That's a' truth I'm tellin' ye, and so mortified am I that I tauld Janet this mornin' that I would jine the volunteers to help to put daylight through thae rascals that ca' themsels' Feenians, or I'd awa' to the North-west, where there is a wee bit o' a Republic a *Reelan* and a spinnin awa by the side o' the tail o' the auld lion, just as a' experiment. Janet's een got fu' o' saut tears, and that gaed me change my mind. Speakin' o' Feenians makes me think o' auld times whan oor sodgers did wonders, at Waterloo, Sabastopol and India, and it seems that Canada is bringing up a stock no ahint them, if the killed o' thae daft rascals that's o'er the borders is ony evidence o' bravery, we have no need o' applan to "the ashes o' oor dead" for guid men, we have them on the Banks o' the St. Lawrence.

CHEMIST.—It is a fact, however, that the ashes of the heroes of battle fields have not only moved in their graves, but actually lived and moved upon the earth. Since nature performs its work in circles, the hardy rock or stubborn clay will turn into vegetable. The vegetable by consumption turns into animal, and that again returns to its kindred dust, to become stone or vegetable again. So the metamorphosis Ovid tells about is not more wonderful than the action of nature.

SANDIE.—Haud there; what's the meanin' o' that big word? Its enough to clobber a man.

CHEMIST.—It means *changes*.

SANDIE.—Than why in a' the yirth dinna ye ca' it that, after what I tauld ye aboot them muckle words? Did ye mean to say that I, Sandie, may yet turn into grass, and then intil an ox, for example?

CHEMIST.—Yes, the bones of many a hero who died at Waterloo was ground into bone dust and fattened the turnip-ground of Belgium and England, if reports do not lie. Those turnips fed beef, and this