



AN HEIRLOOM.

CRACKER—"How in thunder d'ye fellers kerry sich loads on yer backs?"

PEDDLER LEVY—"It vas an heirloom, mein frent."

CRACKER—"An heirloom? How d'ye make that out?"

PEDDLER LEVY—"Vell, you see, mein frient, ven Fader Abraham brought him up der children of Israel out hof Egypt he forgots to take him some horses, and dey had to carry der gloding, und der goats, und der synagogue und all on der packs for forty years, so dey gets dem aggustomed to it, und it has always peen like dot."

AIRLIE'S EXPERIENCE WITH CITY WATER.

HEATHER HA', *March 12, 1891.*

DEAR MAISTER GRIP,—It's an auld sayin' an' a true ane that "truth is stranger than fiction," an' I quote this here first an' foremost for fear ye may think that I'm sendin' ye a curn blethers instead o' the solemn facks o' the maitter. An' a very serious maitter it is, I assure ye, when the mortal remains o' a human bein' comes bit an' bit doon oot through yer watter tap. Ye see I had gotten my tea, an' I was sittin' comfortably smokin' my pipe afore the fire, wi' my heels reposin' on the mantelpiece (Mrs. Airlie aye lights a fire in the paurlor o' an e'enin', no for heat ye ken, but just for the cheerie look o't), an' I was glowerin' at the lowe bobbin' up an' doon, an' thinkin' what an extraordinary world this is, when Mrs. Airlie cries to me frae the kitchen:

"Come ere a meenit, Hugh."

"What is't?" I demandit, no very weel pleased at haein' my meditations broken in upon wi' her bits o' fykes, for women are just fu' o' them.

"The watter tap is stappit someway—it'll no rin."

"Turn it the ither way, woman," says I, thinkin' that, woman-like, she was likely turnin' it aff instead o' on."

"Oh, it's turned a' richt, but—oh, hurry, Hugh, here's an eel comin'!"

My feet just tuk a'e loup frae the mantelpiece into the kitchen, an' there was Mistress Airlie on tap o' the kitchen table grippin' her goon ticht in aboot her an' skirlin' wi' a' her micht, at something oozin' oot o' the watter tap.

"Tak' the axe till't, Hugh. Hurry an' cut it through the middle afore it gets oot; it's a snake!—a livin' snake!"

"Hoo d'ye ken it's a snake," says I, keepin' a respectable distance frae the thing. Whatever it was, it didna seem to be in ony hurry to come oot.

"Tak' the carvin' knife, Hugh; tak' the carvin' knife," says my wife, gettin' doon at the far awa' end o' the table.

"It would be nae gude without ye tak' haud o' the tail o't. I would hae nae purchase on't the way it's hingin'," says I.

"I'll dae anything if ye'll only kill the monster. Just think, Hugh, it might hae come oot in the nicht time an' crawled intae the bed, an' there would we been twa dead corpses the morn's mornin' an' folk sayin' we had killed ane anither."

The very thocht o' the neebors' tongues waggin' pat mettles intae my wife, an', seizin' a pair o' tangs, she grippit haud o' the tail o' the thing, while I gaed whang across its back wi' the knife. Instead o' cuttin', hooveer, the force of the whack brocht the thing plout!—richt into the sink, Mrs. Airlie an' me makin' for the door sae fast that oor heads collided, an' the first thing I kent the bluid was poorin' oot o' my nose, an' the watter at nae allowance oot o' the watter tap. What I said there an' then I've mair respect for mysel' than to repeat here—a man says a hantle he's no' responsible for when his wife an' he rap heads tegither. Hooveer, seein' that the thing lay still in the sink, I wipit the bluid frae my nose, an' we ventured cautiously on oor tip-taes to the sink that by this time was threatenin' to rin ower, an', screwin' up my courage, I raxed ower my airm an' turned aff the tap. The Thing was swirlin' aboot in the sink, an', anxious to secure the specimen, I whips doon the dipper aff the nail, an' wi' a'e clever dip I captured his lordship, an' Mrs. Airlie clappit a lid on tap o'm then an' there.

"Bring the sealin' waux," says I, in a tone o' command, an' instantly she stood afore me wi' the sealin' waux an' a lichted cannell in her hand.

"Noo," says I, "you haud baith o' your hands hard doon on that lid an' I'll drap the waux a' roond the edges o' the lid for fear the ferlie gets oot. This she did a' richt enough, but whether I was nervish or what, I canna say, but somehow the het waux drappit on my wife's hands instead o' the lid, an'——. I'll say nae mair. It disna dae to tell the public everything, an', besides, I've forgien her.

I pat the dipper in a box an' nailed it up, an' labelled it, "*Dangerous—this side up*," an' the next mornin', aboot ten o'clock I set sail up to the School o' Science wi' my specimen box below my airm, for a' the wairld like a sma' coffin.

When I got up to the tap o' the stairs my breath was clean awa', an' when I speired at a high an' mighty kin o' a chap they ca' Grahame, he telled me it didna suit his convenience for me tae see Professor Ellis the noo. Weel, I comes awa' doon the stairs an' comes oot an' sits doon on the step, when, lookin' up again, I sees a short, stoot, curly headed, black e'ed sailor lookin' fellow wi' his coat aff, squarin' up very scientifically to his michtiness, Maister Grahame. I couldna very weel mak' oot what he was sayin', but it soounded like "*Parla Madonna! blank—blank—blankity—blankireferous—sulphur an' blazes!*" It seemed to me as if he was tellin' the man to keep his ain place, so after he slippit awa', shakin' his fist in the man's face, I staps up again an' speired if there was any chance for me noo. He lookit fit to eat me, but, openin' a door, he roared oot wi' a tone o' authority that a kind o' surprised me, "Professor Ellis!"