THIRD EPISTLE.



Mr. Aiblie's sensible remarks on the Boundary Question—An adventure with a seeker after fresh air—How a party dance scandalized the honest Scotchman—The effect of eating too much ice-cream.

DEAR WULLIE,—Ye see I haena gotten awa yet ; I think I'll bide a wee an' see some mair o' this most extraordinar toon. No haein' very muckle tae dae this mornin' I gaed daunerin' doon amang the noospaper folk. They're awfu' sociable sort o' chaps, an' I never was sae dumbfooner'd in a' my born days as when I saw them a' crackin' quite freenly to ane anither. Gudesake! the way they blackguard ane anither i' the papers, wad gar ye think they wadna' come within a ten-acre park o' ane anither, and here they are just like brithers. Maybe they dinna attach the same importance to a bit lee or twa—as we dae ower the water. There's a great through-the-muir on the noo about some cheil they call Mowat, that's gane hame to

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