

SCOTTIE AIRLIE ABROAD.

[The writer of the Scottie Airlie letters has left Canada for a lengthened visit to Paris, France, from which gay capital we expect to receive regular correspondence in the familiar broad Scotch. The following is the first letter of the series, written *en route*.—ED. GRIP.]

NEW YORK, Jan. 19, 1888.

DEAR MAISTER GRIP,—



I F I'm here in Yankee-land ye may be sure it's wi' a weather-ee tae business, as Tam, (that's Mr. Tamson), says tae me, 'There's yer salary an' yer commission, sae lang's ye dae my business wi' the Parleyvoos ye can travel jist as it suits yersel.' Sae here I am at the Hotel Martin, amang a crew o' vociferatin' Frenchmen, the jolliest, maist contented set o' mortals I ever fell in wi'. They speak French tae me an' I speak

Scotch tae them. When they say "*bon jour*" tae me, I say "brawly, brawly;" an' when ony o' them sings oot "*Comment!*" I jist tell him I'll be there in a minute—raily it's wunnerfu' hoo weel we get on thegither.

But what I gaed through on ma way here wad draw pity frae the heart o' a stane. At the station I tak a ticket for New York, an' after sair scrammlin', got masel' an' ma valeese comfortably settled doon, when wha should I see but Mistress Airlie wi' the bairn in her arms fleein' through the depot like a crazy woman. Something cauld jist strak tae ma heart, for I thoct surely the hoose maun be burned doon, or something terrible maun hae happened tae bring her doon there, after me takin' sic an affectin' farewell o' her, an' promisin' never ance tae look cocke'd at a single French-woman a' the time I was awa. In terror I histed the car window an' roared oot.

"For gudesake! what's happened?"

"Oh, Hugh," she cried, "I'm jist like tae faint; I thoct I wad never get ye; there's a swatch o' the silk I want ye tae bring hame—bring ten yards—ye can fauld it up an' smuggle it ower in the croon o' yer hat. Be sure an' get the richt shade—an' dinna ye forget tae get the wholesale discoat."

The way I banged doon that car window wad lead ony onmarrit man tae think I was an onmitigated tyrant; but the sympathetic coontenances o' a' the elderly men in that car was nae sma' consolation tae me in that 'oor o' trial.

For a couple o' 'oors we dirled awa on oor journey an' I didna think I ever suffered sae muckle in sic a short space o' time. Richt fornent me were a couple, either new marrit or gaun tae be; for sic ongauns ye never saw in a' yer born days. I canna say—tae gie the deil his due, that *she* was sae bad; but as for the fellow, onything mair saft an' embecile I never again houpe tae witness. He wad get his airm roon the back o' the seat, an' then it wad slide doon roon her neck—an' then he wad glower intill her face like as gin he was short sighted an' was lookin' for a mote in her e'e, an' then his face wad come sae close tae hers that I was glad tae hoost an' mop aff ma face wi' ma pocket neepkin' tae haud mae burnin' blushes.

I never in a' ma life was sae thanklu' as when we got tae Suspension Brig', an' had tae slit intil anither car. The conductor was a rale ceevil fellow, an' speered gin I wad ha'e a sleeper—in fack he advised me strongly tae hae ane; they were only twa dollars, he said, an' I cud sleep a' nicht.

I thoct it wad be guid policy tae sleep a' nicht, seein' there wad be a strong needcessity for me bein' wide-awake when I got amang the Yank's next mornin'. Accordin'ly I was ushered intill a grand room—a' polished walnut an' selver an' plush, wi' fine damask coortains hinging doon roon the sides whaar the beds were. Weel, I doon wi' ma valeese, an' I aff wi' ma coat an' waistcoat, an' was jist lootin doon tae lowse ma shoon, when ma e'e happened tae licht on the frill o' a black satin goon an' the tae o' a very feminine fit keekin' oot below the coortains that hang frae ma high berth. I never said wan word but wi' fire in ma e'e I silently marched up tae the black waiter, an' seizin' him by the cuff o' the neck I hauled him forrit an', pintin' tae the woman's fit, I says till him, "What dye ca' that? What kind o' a premiskus scoondrel d'ye tok me for, when ye stowed that black satin goon an' thae twa feet in below ma bed-coortins? D'ye no ken that I'm a decent marrit man, travellin' for Tam Tam-



son's wholesale warehooose? ye ugly black deevil!" An' I shuk him like a rat. Jist then the conductor cam' in—an' I explained the trick the darkie had played on me, when tae ma onmitigated surprise he tauld me that that berth belonged to a lady wha was travellin' tae New York, an' that mine was on the tap storey! There was naething for it but tae resign masel' tae ma fate—but afore I clamb up intae ma bed I got anither terrible scaur.

At first I cudna' think what it was aye flashin' red past the car window, but lookin' close, what was it but shooers o' red-hot stparks an' junks o' burnin' firewood! Quick as thoct, an' jist as I was, I flew tae the car doors an' yelled tae the driver tae stop the train. "Stop the train! Yer lum's-a-fire! Are ye a' deaf?" I roared—but a' in vain, though the sparks were fleein' past in shoors an' ra'nin' doon on the very tap o'me. "Mind your own business, will you," was the first answer I got frae a gruff voice in ane o' the births. "The train is an hour behind time, and they are firin' up to get ahead again. That's nothing. You must he a precious green-horn, and no mistake."

It was very humiliatin' tae be set doon on in this mainner, but the Yankees, they neither fear God nor regard man, as far as I can see: for when I got intae the transfer coach they rattled my bones ower the stanes, jist as if I had been ane o' Tam Hood's paupers awa tae the buryin' grund, instead o' your respektit correspondent,

HUGH AIRLIE.