



Q. E. D.

"Our artist tries to illustrate the absurdity of our present costume—indeed the absurdity of concealing the native beauty of our form under any costume whatever, by exhibiting his horse clothed as a modern masher."—*Punch*.

SCOTTIE AIRLIE MOVES HOOSE.

DEAR MAISTER GRIP,

I'm no a man that's gien to swearin', but when I luck back on the events o' the past week I've come tae the conclusion that ilka man, hooever quiet an' peacably inclin'd he may be, has a deevil within him that only needs a proper waukenin' up to convince him that his evil tendencies are in the majority, an' a' his supposed gude qualities are a delusion an' a snare, the product o' a diseased fancy fathered by self-conceit. A' this an' a hantle mair has been revealed tae me in the bitter experiences o' movin'. An' I've come tae be o' opinion that thae auld ministers wha were aye haudin' forth about the inherent wickedness o' human nature, maun hae flittit pretty often. What we moved for is a mystery tae me yet, but when mistress Airlie begins to find faut wi' this an' that an' the tither thing about a hoose, makin' great mane ower the very things she used tae praise about the hoose when she tuk it first, then I say naething; I ken what's comin', there's naething for't but tae sing sma', let ma jaw drap, an' submit tae fate. Waes me! hoo apt we are tae laugh at an' mak' licht o' ither folks' trials an' sufferin's, till the same trials come tae oor ain door an' then we begin whustlin' laich in till anither tune. Hoo often hae I roared an' laughed at the comic descriptions o' onfortunate paterfamilias pittin' up stove-pipes, an' thoct sic idiots they maun hae been tae be incapable o' puttin' up a wheen stove-pipes without gaun stark mad ower the thing—the very simplest thing in the world. So I thoct ance—but sin' that time we dreed ma ain weird wi' stove-pipes. The last three movin's—we move every year' ye ken—Mistress Airlie aye got a man, a tinsmith, an' paid him fifty cents for takin' down the stove an' pittin' it up again, but this time I said I wad be hanged if I wad gie fifty cents to onybody for doin' a sma' five meenits job that I cud dae better masel; fifty cent pieces, I telt her, werna lyin' round on the streets for the shovelin' up, an' if she didna practice a wee mair economy we'd hae the bailiffs in afore we kent whaur we were. Thae fallows that tuk fifty cents for pittin' up stove-pipes were naething but a pack o' robbers gaun roond makin' a fortune off

silly feckless folk. Mistress Airlie just gaed aboot the hoose wi' a caum smile on her face a' the time I was lecterin' aboot pittin' up the pipes, but little did I think the airftu' limmer was just bidin' her time.

"Noo," says I, "I'll tak' doon the stove-pipes afore I gang tae work, an' ye can daud them an' hae them a' ready for me gin I come hame tae ma denner."

"Yer denner," says she, "hoo can I cook yer denner if ye tak' the stove-pipes doon?"

"Weel, then," says I, "I'll just tak' ma dinner doon toon, it'll just be a quarter."

"A' richt," says Mistress Airlie, quietly, "the bairn an' me can fend." I thoct there was a wee lair o' sarcasm in her voice, hooever, I micht be wrang. Weel, hame I came an' brocht a waggon wi' me tae move the things roond the corner tae the new hoose.

"Tea ready?" says I, steppin' in quite briskly.

"Tea?" says Mistress Airlie, "hoo can I mak' tea without a fire. If ye had left the stove-pipes up till the hinner end ye micht hae haen baith denner and tea, but ye ken it's you that's rinnin' *this* movin', no me."

—Losh! but I was mad—but as the carter was standin' there wi' open moo swallowin' every word, I sang dumb. We got the things oot fairly weel, till it cam' tae the stove, an' then, just as I was liftin' it up wi' the carter, I canna tell hoo the thing happened, but it slippit an' doon it cam' richt on ma muckle tae. Man, I thoct I wad hae fainted. I had tae sit doon for twa-ree meenits till I got aff ma boot, an' afore ye cud say Jack Robeson that tae was swelled up like a diseased tatie. I cudna get the boot on again, so I had tae row the tae up in a clood an' get an auld sock on't an' hirple aboot the best way I cud.

"I'm thinkin' the wife'll hae tae gae ye a lift wi' the stove," says I tae the carter, "I dinna think in the state my muckle tae's in it wad be safe for ma tae tackle it again for fear o' lock-jaw."

The fallow jist glowered at me. "If *you* canna lift it, I'm sure a woman canna," says he; "I can get a man for a quarter tae gie me a lift wi' the stove an' the heavy things, an' you can tak' it easy then." Weel, he set oot for a man an' got one, but the least he wad come for was fifty cents. Again that caum smile illuminated ma wife's face, an' somehow it made me mad. I thoct I wad get oot o' the road, sae I hirpled awa' ower tae the new hoose an' opened the door an' got ready for the things. A' passed off brawly without onything mair than the ordinar' confusion o' movin', exceptin' when that tobawccy chawin' carter came sailin' in wi' ma best silk hat stuck on top o' his muckle red head, sayin', "here's your Sunday go to meetin' hat, boss." But what cud I expect; he had nae reverence in him. Weel, I thoct I wad try an' get even wi' Mistress Airlie, so I put on a tone o' authority an' says I tae the men we had hired, "Ye'll better pit up the stove noo afore the Mistress comes."

"The stove," says he, "I didn't come here to pit up no stoves, I cam' to help to lift the furniture."

"Yes, but ye should help a' ye can," says I slyly.

"D'ye see ony green in my ee," says the impudent fallow, an' wi' that in steps Mistress Airlie wi' the laddie in her arms.

I'll hae tae leave the rest o' this ower to neist week, I'm that tired wi' the memory o't.

"A MOTTO."

Those who trust us educate us.—*George Elliot*.

Those who trust us we educate.—*The Gentle Stock-broker*.
L. L.