

an' brimstone unless he was very familiar, an' accustomed to  
thae things at head-quarters. Aboot the electric licht I'm sair  
mistaen if that's nae the invention o' some ither deil's buckie,  
way that licht gangs fizzin' an' snortin' is extraordinar, the  
very silver mune lucks as gin she had the jaundice, when she  
lucks'doon. But I maun stop, for if I pit ony wecht they'le  
charge me anither three bawbees for postage. Yer brither,

HUGH AIRLIE.

