

HUMOROUS READINGS.

AN ELECTRIC TRIP TO LONDON.

It has been told of the inhabitants of a certain village in a remote district of the Western Highlands, that they were either so tenacious in preservation of old customs, or so ignorant of current affairs, that they continued to pray for the health and prosperity of George IV. long after they were blessed with the incomparably better and more exemplary reign of good Queen Victoria.

Our village, however, was hardly just so far behind the age, though it could not by any means be cited as a particular example of intelligence, as I shall proceed to show.

Chirsty and John Macpherson were a couple of the queerest bodies in the village. John was a quiet, harmless, retiring sort of a creature ; but his wife, a boisterous, billowy, flippant sort of an individual, was continually bringing him into all kinds of ludicrous plights, and, of course, they soon became a popular pair.

About Chirsty especially there was a curious natural fondness to be big—big in her own estimation and in every other body's—and few there were in the village with any patience at all who who were not well drilled into her genealogy from the Covenanters downwards.