

con-cate-ration o' circumstances as disastrous tae the mortals in that viceenity as want o' sleep an' onleemited profanity can weel mak it. Noo—for me to confess tae profanity wad only be tae gae masel' awa' for nae end whatever, but I winna deny that I did furnish a practical illustration o' hoo circumstances can demoraleeze even a man like me. An' nae wonder! it was a sicht tae demoraleeze ony man. Tae see ma wife when I got hame frae ma wark in a state o' temporary insanity, fleein' an'



FRESH FROM COLLEGE.

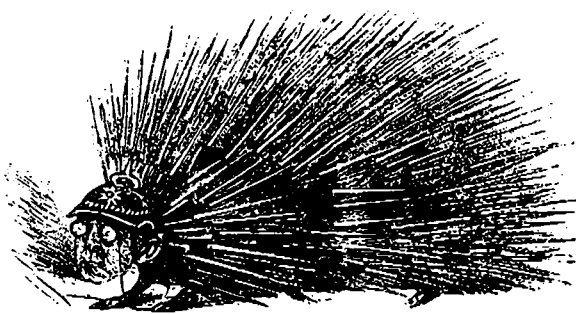
*Ethel*—I think Henry George is just a dear, good man.

*Maud*—Why, Ethel, for shame! He's a horrid Nihilist, isn't he?

*Ethel*—I don't care what he is. He is in favor of the "Single Tax," and I believe that is the only thing that will bring bachelors to their senses!

whurlin' roon an' roon the house like some dancin' der-vish, flaffin' an' flappin' a bath towel at airms length abune her head, an' only bringin' up oot o' breath at the end o' the sixth roond, by landin' me a whussle i' the e'e wi' the corner o' the towel, an' turnin' ma een like Jeremiah's, intill rivers o' water, an' ma head intill a fountain o' tears. Stang wi' the pain ma first impulse was flee an' throttle her for daurin' tae tak sic a leeberty as tae flap a clot in ma face like that, but the look o' horror an' astonishment depicted on her countenance when she saw me staunin' on the door-step haudin' a'e ee, an' glowrin' at her oot o' the ither, convinced me that the assault was perfectly onintentional as regarded me, at ony rate. An' then when she caumed doon a wee, an' dighted aff the great blobs o' sweat aff her broo, she cam tae a bit, an' the hale thing cam oot. It was the flees. "I'm just driven clean crazy wi' the brutes," she said, "they're in the butter, an' the sugar, an' the milk, they just scunner me, an' I'm sure they'll be the death o' me yet." At that vera meenit, a man in a white linen duster cam by, an' seein the open door he set up the most onearthly yell ever heard outside Bedlam. "Gudesake!" says I, "Anither loonatick?" but I fand that he was like the bagpipes, he soounded better a wee bittie aff. Sae when he got doon the street a bit, I could hear what he was sayin'. He was sellin' "Floie paper—two for five! catch 'em all alive. Floie paper! foine floie paper!" "Its flee paper he means," said Mistress Airlie, wi' a look there was nae mistakin'—an' takin' the hint, I set oot after the man an' strak a bargain wi' him, gettin' sax sheets o' flee paper for ma quarter. Hame I cam, on murderous thochts intent; an' after gettin' ma supper that nicht, we gaed through the solemn ceremony o' spreadin' oot the flee

paper in sheets through the hoose, an' watchin' wi' great delight, an' sometimes a wee thoct o' pity, the way the wee black fiends were trappit. Sae, anticepatin' great comfort frae the flee-paper, we retired tae oor chaumers, remarkin' that gin Pharaoh had only haen the gumption tae hae invested in a dollar's worth o' flee paper, the Israelites nichtna hae gotten aff at the time they did. But waes me! "The best laid schemes o' mice an' men gang aft a-gee!" At the solemn oor o' midnicht—"that oor o' nicht's black arch the key-stane"—I was waukened oot o' ma comfortable sleep wi' the awfuest scufflin' an' tearin' an' thuddin' noise, an' the soond seemed tae come up frae the parlor. In an instant I was bolt upright in ma bed—an' shakin' up ma wife, wha I think maun be ane o' the seven sleepers. "D'ye no hear thae burglars doon the stair there, woman? Get up this meenit an' see what a' the steers about. Wha's that makin' that noise doon there?" I roared doon the stove-pipe hole. "I just gie ye fair warnin', that gin ye dinna get oot o' there ye thievin' vagabones, I'll fire richt doon this stovepipe hole." "What is't, Uugh?" said Mistress Airlie, waukenin' up at last. "What is't," I yelled in a fury, "a fine time o' day this tae be speerin' what is't after leavin' me tae the mercy o' a parcel o' murderin' vagabones in league nae doot wi' the police, for the extermination o' a' decent folk frae aff the face o' the earth. Don't stand there glowrin' in the munelicht, but rin doon an' see what it is they want." At that meenit there was a fearfu' crashin' o' glass, that made ma wife jump till her feet an' grab the first steek o' claes she cud lay hands on. "There noo!" says I. "What d'ye ca' that? That's a bonnie like ruction tae be haudin' in a decent man's hoose at this oor o' the nicht, canna ye luck sharp an' see what—" but the word was taen oot ma mou. At that meenit we heard a scuffin' soond on the stairs an' a something that was neither beast nor body cam dashin' an' tearin' intae the room wowin' an' wurrin' like a' possessed. It ran in under the bed an' wurred there a while, an' then it rowed oot an' lap up on tap o' the bed, ma wife an' me by this time, viewin' the



FANCY PORTRAIT OF VON MOLTKE.

performance frae the tap o' the bureau, whaur we had taen refuge frae the on-oonderstandable horror, that was tearin' like a cyclone across the carpet. Ower and ower it rowed an' tore an' wurr'd, raising the hair o' my head fairly tae a stiff perpendickler; till, after raxin oot her neck a wee, an' takin' a lang glower o' the object, ma wife burstit oot intill what I considered at the time, an' sitll consider, a most onbecomin' fit o' laughin'. Laugh! she laughed till she laughed hersel' doon aff the bureau, an' grabbin' the onearthly object, she said, "Its