

Tam again speaks (in strong voice)

"Turn to the left!"

Tibby interposes, "Bairns stan' up at yer faithers *left* han' an' be guid, *whisht!* de ye hear," (say awa noo Tam.)

Tam once more *gives the words* "quick-march."

Tibby somewhat confused, mutters "my! what's that ava?"

"Right about wheel!" (shouts Tam.)

Tibby earnestly exclaims—"Deer forgiee me!—Weans gang roon about the wheel—(But a dinna understan' this exercise o' oors.)" Say awa Tam. Whihst bairns!

Tam clearly pronounces "shoulder erms!"

Tibby reaches for the tangs meditatively saying "what an awful wye o' exercise this!—Guidness guide us, the mons witchet!—Tam can ye no get doon on yer knees an' pray for yer wife an' weans like yer honest freen Sandy Cameron?—That was na the wye he did it ava, a canna understan' this fur exercises?"

At length Tam got down on his knees, but not up to what ought to come next, he (as a preliminary) cleared his throat—repeatedly scratched his head and finally began: "O———O!———" (and then turning to Tibby, half whispered) "I dinna ken what to say." Tibby earnestly responds "Dear mon will ye no say awa, have ye no the buik." Tam once more intently looking on the book almost shouted "Aye I hae it noo—Whor hae we to gang te?"

"Where?" whispered Tibby, "Where the dragon shud ye gang but ben to bed wi yer wife and weans!—Will ye no say awa there? Bless me! *will ye say awa!*"

But Tam being now come to a total stand still (or kneel still), and at a loss for anything to come next—in utter despair turns another time to the book, and turns over a new leaf and cries out in a commanding voice "Present!—Fire!"

Tibby now positively in little less than a rage starts to her feet and cries out "Tam are ye mad—*Tam* what *dae* ye mean?"

"Its *a'* in the buik!" retorted Tam, vigorously scratching his (apparently confused) head. Its the wye it's in the buik *certain!*