



THE HANDSOME CAB;  
OR, CUPID IN THE EXHIBITION HORSE RING.

### SCOTTIE AIRLIE MOVES HOOSE.

DEAR MAISTER GRIP—

"Noo," says I, (tae resume ma story o' yon movin' that I begin'd last week) "the first thing ye dae is tae get that bairn awa tae his bed oot o' the road."

"If you'll put up a bed I will," says she quietly.

Note.—When Mistress Airlie's quiet there's a storm brewin', sae I said naething mair, but aff wi' ma coat, rowed up ma sark sleeves an' got the stove settled in its place.

The pipes had tae gae up through the bath-room an' I got them a' in without the least trouble, an' as the pipes rose, ma speerits rose wi' them, till I got them successfully through the hole i' the ceilin'. I was just aboot tae remark tae Mistress Airlie that I didna ken what folk made sic a cary aboot pittin' up stove-pipes for—but I thocht I wad keep that for a craw after I was through, an' I'm glad noo that I had the sense to restrain ma'sel. Sae delighted was I that I gaed awa up the stair whistlin', tae get up the second story o' pipes. But a'though I noticed that caum smile never left Mistress Airlie's face, I never saw anything like the slick way thae pipes slippit in tae one anither, an' noo I had just tae fit in the elbow and slip it intae the wa', when I discovered that the last joint was a wee thocht ower long, an' that I wad hae tae get a short length. But I tuk anither view o' the situation, and it struck me that if I were tae ram doon the a'e length intae the ithe I might manage that way, sae I rrammed the elbow doon on the last length an' was just gi'en them a final clap when doon cam the hale caboose in the kitchen flure wi' a rattle like thunder! What I said baith below an' above my breath up there, when I heard that rattle, was naeboddy's business; its me that'll hae tae account for't; but Mrs. Airlie tuk gude care tae be oot o' the road when I cam doon the stair. Pittin' a stoot heart till a stay brae, I set tae wark tae get them a' in again, but I verily

believe they were bewitched, for in the tummel they a' got mixed an' de'il a one o' them cud I get tae fit. Sometimes I wad get a length atween my knees an' then I wad tak anither one an' I wad see an' coax them a wee, an' they would gang tegithor rail nicely, a' but a wee bitie at the joinin'. Weel, I wad fix that by slippin' in a knife, and then I wad think now it's in this time, when I wad find it had squeezed oot in anither place, an' in tryin' tae remedy that oot they wad flee the hale way roon, an' there I wad be as far north as ever. That was ma experience wi' maist the hale o' them, an' it was naething but the strength o' pride an' spite that gart me persevere till ten o'clock at nicht—for that was the 'oor afore I got them fixed up as far as they were afore they fell doon. This time I tied them up tae the ceilin' wi' wire tae mak sure that catastrophe wadna happen again. But still there was the problem o' the half length tae be solved. I glowered an' glowered at that elbow, but naething could mend matters but a half length. It's bad enough tae pit up stove pipes on an empty stammack, but when it comes tae sawin' them across in order tae get a half length a man's morality gets geyin' far through. A' the shops were shut, sae I cud get none to buy, but up the pipes had tae go—sae I got haud o' a file an' tried tae file the length through, but the man in the next hoose cam fleecin' in, in a toorin' passion, an' telt ma if I didna stop that infernal noise he wad hae ma packed off in the patrol wagon. Then I got haud o' a pair o' nippers an' I began wrenchin' aff the top o' the stove-pipe bit by bit; it tuk ma a stricken 'oor, but I persevered, an' belyve ma labours were crooned wi' a ragged half length. But sic anither bisness tae get it in! Ma head was like to split, ma stammack was a muckle empty cave, ma fingers were a bleedin' an' stingin' an' I cudna see oot o' my een for soot. Hooever, about midnight I got them in at last, an' doonstairs I gaed. Mistress Airlie had pittin' up ane o' the beds an' had lain doon wi' the laddie an' fawn asleep! That was the unkindest cut o' a'! Hooever, she got up an' we lichtit the fire an' had gotten the kettle biled, an' the tea made, an' the table set, an' I was just rasin' over the stove for a chair tae sit doon in comfort, when ower gaed the stove, kettle, teapot, stove-pipes an' a', in one "red burial blent!" No, I didna swear this time, I was past swearin'; I just stood speechless a wee, an' tae mak matters worse, ma wife ran tae the tap and threw a great basin o' water on the fire, settin' up a reek an' a stour that wad hae chockit auld clotie himself!

"Look here," says I sternly; but I got nae further, for wi' a flash, Mistress Airlie turned upon me; there was no caum smile there noo—the storm had burst.

"Aye, look here," says she, "an' look there pointin' to the stove, "when a man's idiot enough tae set up for a professional in a thing he kens naething aboot, the sooner he's sat upon the better. An' when a man cracks aboot tradesmen bein' robbers and plunderers for getting paid for de'en their work properly, an' then spends five 'oors in carsin' an' swearin' an' bangin' aboot the hoose an' settin' up a stove tae sit on twa feet instead o' four, its a' I want tae kew aboot him. Noo, tie up that tae o' yours in a cauld water cloot an' aff ye go tae yer bed, for it'll tak ye three days wages tae mak up for the damage ye've done. Three days! aye, a month; for luck at that! Some o' thae red cinders hae rowed over intae the drawer that hauds the best claes an' yer best black coat's ruined. I telled ye tae lift that drawer oot o' the road, but ye were in sic a state o' excitement at the thocht o' savin' that fifty cents ye cudna hear me. "An' sae she gaed on, lashin' me without mercy, till in desperation I