



WHAT THEY ALL GO FOR.

Mother.—Well, dear, did you have a successful hunt for arbutus?

Daughter.—Yes, ma, Gus and Harry proposed within fifteen minutes of each other.

Mother.—I'm glad you had such a pleasant afternoon among the flowers. Your sister must go next time.

AIRLIE'S REMARKABLE DREAM.

DEAR MAISTER GRIP,—The comfort o' ha'e'n yer fireside tae yersel! The comfort o' gawn hame tae yer ain hoose i' the e'enin' withoot the fear o' yer mither-in-law afore yer eyes! Hech, mon! I just felt that saft, an' in sic a pure an' heavenly frame o' mind after the exit o' the auld leddy, that after ma wife had rowed up the clock an' gane awa up tae her bed, I actually grew poetical, an' rasin' ower for pen, ink an' paper, I sat doon, intendin' to write oot a skreed o' the finest poetry ever written in ony language. Feeguratively speakin' ma fit was in the stirrup; I was maist in the saddle—Pagawsus was champion' the bit an' pawin' tae be aff, an' careerin' awa on the hichts o' Parnassus—the ink was in ma pen, ma heid cockit, ma e'e fixed on a cobwab i' the nor-wast corner o' the ceilin', makin' believe it was the muse an' me castin' sheeps-een at her like. Ideas flashed across ma brain like electric gleams loupin' frae horizon tae horizon; I shifted ma e'e frae the cobwab tae the paper—I tuk anither stölm o' ink, in anither meenit I nicht hae made masel immortal an' a fit subject for anniversary resurrectionists, but at that supprime moment a saft, warm hand was laid kindly on ma shoulder, an' a kindly Scotch voice said, "Dinna!"

As oot flew the licht in auld Alloway kirk when through the window the immortal Tam encored the dancers on that eerie stage, sae vanished the licht o' poesy frae ma mind at that solemn word; in a moment a' was dark, an' turnin' ma head, I saw by the flaffin' lowe o' the fire—"BURNS!"

"Lord bless me!" says I, jumpin' up in nae sma' fricht, for wha could mistak that manly feegur, that pooerfu' broo, the wunnerfie smile o' that eloquent dark e'e.

"It's only me, Airlie," says he kindly; "sit doon, man, sit doon. I've just pairted the curtain that hings atween

us, an' oot for twa-ree meenits tae gie ye a word o' freenly warnin'. Dinna do't, Hugh! Dae anything but that! Hap yer heart up weel oot o' sicht, keep 'thochts that breathe an' words that burn' for a less thankless world; droon oot that divine fire that burns but not consumes; bid the angel within you be silent, for, ane let her voice be heard an' woe betide ye gin ye dinna ever after lead an angel's life! Luk at your humble servant, wha was fule enough tae write a bit sang oot o' the fulness o' his heart, for Scotland an' for humanity. What a reward is mine! Mair than a century an' a quarter sin I had dune wi' this puir earthly clay; sin I settled the last score wi' the judge o' a', an' yet, an' yet, ahint that curtain that hings atween the leevin' here an' the leevin' there, I can hear the yearly wranglin', the wurrin' an' growlin' o' the human jackals that are never tired o' gnawin' at ma puir defenceless banes. Lord, man Airlie! canna they let me lie? Canna they find enough tae dae in this busy age o' your's withoot aye howk howkin' awa at ma grave? Canna they let the folk sing ma sangs withoot yearly remindin' them that the author was a drunkard, an' a blackguard, an' a monster o' licentiousness? Oh tae be as mythical as Shakespeare, or as auld as ma freen Homer inside the coortain there! an' the meanness o' the thing is, that there's nae gettin' even wi' sic critics. There's nae chance o' *their* dust bein' rakit up year after year—they may sleep in peace; sic desecration is reserved only for the grave o' genius, for the spirits wha come to earth but ance in many centuries, an' wi pens dipped in their ain hearts' bluid, make us laugh or greet at will; wha hae gien the world the purest intellectual pleasure, an' whose sangs come ringin' doon through the dusty din o' the ages, pure an' sweet as the lilt o' the lairrock, i' the dewy dawn o' a simmer mornin'. Na! na! Airlie, gin 'after life's fitful fivvir' ye wad sleep weel—dinna daur tae prove yersel a genius—gude nicht!" Wi' that he raised his hands, an' liftin' some inviesible coortain, he lookit doon an' stappit ben!

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"Bless me, Hugh! what dy'e mean sittin' there snorin', wi' the cat on yer shoulder—gin ye dinna gang tae yer bed at nicht hoo are ye gaun tae get up i' the mornin'?" Such was the question ma wife put tae me as I opened ma een an' saw her stannin' in her nicht goon in the doorway. An' heavy was the sich I gae as I got up an' shuk aff the cat—but I didna tell ma wife o' ma dream—there's nae use castin' pearls afore—eh—weel. Yours truly,
HUGH AIRLIE.

COLONEL BOWSER encountered a distinguished-looking stranger in the smoking car, and after sitting with him for a time opened conversation by saying:

"Pardon me, sir, but are you not a devotee of some of the sciences?"

"Yes, I follow a very difficult profession."

"Of what nature, may I ask?"

"Well, it is my profession to improve the human understanding."

"How, pray?"

"Well, if you must know, I am a chiropodist."

COUNT TOLSTOI, the Russian novelist, has turned shoemaker. In this country, to judge from current literature, a great many shoemakers have turned novelists.
—*American Exchange.*