

SAVED BY THE TWIST OF THE WRIST



Tries it—a precipice close at hand—



And succeeds.

"Airlie," says he, "ye're a genius. Gie me the stuff an' I'll e'en try it without lettin' on whaur I got it. Trinity for ever! hooray!

"I'm no that fu', that very fu',  
But just a twinkle in my e'e;  
Sae Koch may crawl, an' the Chancellor blaw,  
They canna get ahead o' me."

The Dean sings very weel, maist as fine an' hard as mysel'.

"But you'll be askin' a fortune for this lymph o' yours. Trinity, ye ken, has nae Government grant like that common Toronto schule, an'—hoo much do ye want, Airlie?"

"No a bawbee," says I, risin' to the full height o' the situation. "No a bawbee for what may be sic a benefit to sufferin' humanity. A'I steepulate for is this: If your experiments on thae puir wretches turn oot weel, then you'll simply declare it to be Airlie's lymph."

"Certainly—certainly," says the Dean, his voice vibratin' wi' joy an' gratitude, "you an' me an' auld Scotland will share the glory."

Wi' that I takes a bit bottlie an' slips awa ben into the kitchen' an' turns the water tap, an' fills the bottle

wi' city watter an' corks it up ticht, an' seals it wi' red sealin'-wax.

"Here," says I, comin' ben again, "here's yer genuine magical lymph. That lymph, sir, is composed o' the dooble-distilled essence o' cats, dogs, an' gude kens a' what. I've sealed it up as ye see, for the sperit o' the dissolved animals is sae strong an' fu' o' life that if I didna seal them in the cork would never be able to keep it doon."

Geikie just made a glam for the bottle an' hugged baith me an' it in his airms till I thocht he would worry me.

"Airlie," says he, fairly greetin' wi' joy, "ye've saved me! ye've saved Trinity! Ramsay Wright can bring a pot o' lymph noo if he likes—I'm first—an' by the time his comes it will be *stale*, STALE, STALE! Hip-hooray! Hooch! Kooch!" An' wi' that he ups to his feet an' to the tune o' money-musk begins dancin' the Hielant fling! I sat till I could sit nae langer, the mettle in his heels infeckit mine, an' then wi' a responsive "Hooch!" I tuk the floor forment him, an' there we linkit at it for twa mortal 'oors, Geikie's airms wallop in roon an' roon his head like the sails o' a win'mill.

The first thing that stoppit us was Mrs. Airlie openin' the door an' glowerin' in in the greatest alairm.

"Hugh Airlie! are ye oot o' yer mind? Dancin' there at this 'oor o' the nicht. Didna I tell ye that ceeder would rin to yer heid?"

"But it's no ceeder, my dear," says I, sittin' doon an' lookin' around, "it's Koch's lymph oot o' the tap. Whaur are ye, Geikie?"

"Geikie! What are ye haverin' at? Man, Hugh, I'm just ashamed to think ye would disgrace yersel' wi' ceeder like that," she said, helpin' me up oot o' my chair. I lookit roond to apologize to the Dean, but he, pawky loon, had fled as soon as Mrs. Airlie cam' in, an' of course I wisna gaun to let her ken about oor transaction, so I let her oter me up the stair, an' said naething.

Yours lymphatically,

HUGH AIRLIE.

