

shown then, tae."

"What for?"

"Because then they wad hae seen that their Lordships up in Lunnon ca'd themselves ma' obediend servants'."

"Losh, Jeems, but you maun be a great man, an' unco proud this day."

"Ay; ooman, there's an awfu' responsibility connekit wi't; the wecht o' Atlas was naething till't."

"Wha was Atlas?"

"A man that carri'd the world on his shoulders."

"Whaur did he bide?"

"I dinna ken."

"But hoo did he get it on on his shoulder."

"Lifted it, tae be sure."

"But whaur did he carry it."

"What gars ye speirs so many questions, ooman? The man didna bide in oor parish."

"Wha tell'd you about him?"

"I heard the minister and the dominie crackin' about him ae nicht."

"Then it maun be a' true?"

"Of course it's true."

"Losh,—but he maun hae been awfu' strong—waur than Samson—bur hoo he got in below't I dinna ken."

"Ye sudna fash yer heid about things ye dinna ken. The man didna speir your leave."

"Will he be leevin't yet?"

"I dinna ken, an' I dinna care."

"Because it wad be an awfu' thing gin he let it fa'. Whaur might we row till'?"

"Gaug awa' tae yer wark, an' no domineer folk."

So Elsie had to be content; but this new theory explained fully to her tides and eclipses, for, of course, "the man wouldnae hold it very steady," and she also thought some person was displeas'd with him, "for she saw them throwin' stars at him ae nicht."

"Great, however, was the perplexity to Jeems of the ledgers, abstract and cash books, and numberless forms and compulsory clauses, and had it not been for the friendly advice of the dominie and minister, Jeems' official letters might not have been so pleasant.

"Sic a wark," said he, "aboot naething ava. Could they no hae just said—Hoo muckle hae ye paid awa' an' hoo muckle in haun'?"

The transference of the schools caused some discussion at first, also the resignation of the oldest teacher for the question was where to get another.

"Advertees," said Tamson.

"Advertees!" said Jeems. "Od, d'ye no think I hae plenty tae dae? A' the responsibeelity fa's on me."

However, it had to be done, and, eventually, Jeems put the best face on the matter. Elsie declared—

"Schule Board wark wasna canna, for she couldna get her man tae his bed in decent time o' nicht for it."

A teacher was at last settled on; but the Board chose first to see him and examine him.

"Hoo lang hae ye been a teacher?" asked Jeems.

"Ten years, sir."

"An' hae ye got weel on?"

"Yes, sir; I have been a successful teacher, and have high certificates."

"Whaur d'ye come frae?"

"Monquhitter."

"Whaur's that?" asked Geordie Anderson.

"Ow, ye gomerall," said Jeems, "that's whaur my mither was born."

"But whaur is't?" persisted Geordie.

"It's in Aberdeenshire," answered the Chairman, while Jeems whispered, "I think he'll dee."

"Can ye read Latin?" asked Jeems.

"Ye'll no hae a buik wi' ye?"

"Yes, sir; here is Horace."

"Let's see't."

This made the others stare. Was it possible that Jeems had really been studying Latin? Evidently, for he coolly turned up a page and bade the candidate read.

The candidate guessing from the looks of all present that it was only a dodge, resolved to dodge too, so with a smile he began—

"Dulce et decorum, est pro patria mori." (It is good for a child to be punished by his father.)

"Exactly," said Jeems. "What's the word for father?"

"Patria."

"Ow, ay—patriarch! What's the word for punished?"

"Decorum."

"Ay, that gars us think o' rearin'; that's what a' bairns dae when they're punished. I houp ye'll punish them weel."

"Certainly, sir, when they deserve it."

"Weel, I think ye are just the man for us," and the rest, who were all impressed with Jeems' learning, of course agreed, and Jeems was highly satisfied with the way in which he had managed to examine the candidate.

"Weel, sir, we'll appint ye, but dinna staff the bairns' heids wi' geography, about elephants in Greenland, and mermaids [by the bye, I had an uncle visited wi' ane about the Gulf o' Mexikay, or someway in India, at onyrate]; dinna fash wi' that stuff they ca' grammar—just readin', writin' and countin'—an' mind tae thrash them weel."

The candidate thanked them, and asked if the school was provided with time-tables, registers, &c.

"Ow, ye can buy a time-table across the road for three baw bees,

The candidate explained what was meant.

"Ow, my man, just gang on wi' yer wark and we winna fash ye."

On being shown its necessity by the Code, he exclaimed in perplexity—

"Od, that beats a'! I thoct the Code was to explain the Act, but I can mak neither heid nor tail o't. Do ye ken what's meant, young mon?"

"Yes, sir."

Then just get them tae yerself, for I hae a most obstreperous lot o' wark devolv'in' on me, and a most prodeceegious responsibeelity."

The board having now got into working order, we shall leave them, and if you asked Jeems about it now he would say—

"Ow, we're getting on fine; the books were an awfu' wark at first. The wee paperies that were tae be distribein't was done by Elsie rowin' then roon' teas and sugar, sae that was easy, but hech! it's an awfu' responsibeelity, an' I dinna ken hoo it's a' to end."

It is good in fever and much better in anger to keep the tongue clean.

To be able to bear provocation indicates great wisdom; to forgive it, a noble mind.