

He'll never be Happy
till he gets it!!



BUT HE GENERALLY GETS WHAT HE REACHES FOR.

"I say how dare you come into this room and dress yourself in what you found here?" he demandit.

I couldna speak. My brain gaed roond like a whirlmagig, for lookin' about the room for the first time, I saw the terrible mistak I had made—I had come in to the wrang room!

The cauld sweat brak oot on me when I explained hoo the caunel blew oot, an' hoo I got into bed in the mune-licht, an' arrayed mysel' in the braw ruffled nichtgoon. The Provost hooever tuk it a' as a grand joke, an' shewed me into the next room twa doors farrer doon, an' biddin' me gude nicht, left the caunel burnin', and steekit the door ahint him.

Did the man really expect me to sleep after sic an episode as that? Did he really expect me to stand up an' deliver my lecture afore thae twa dochters o' his after sic an experience as that? The thing was onpossible, an' I just made up my mind there an' then to shake the dust o' Linkumdoddie aff my feet, an' so I dressed mysel' an' got ready to tak' the road as sune as a' the hoose was asleep. I think it maun hae been twa o'clock in the mornin' when I opened my room door an' keekit oot, an' by the soond o' snorin' frae a' quarters, I thoct noo was my time to mak' my exit.

I wasna very sure about the geography o' the hoose, but I thoct if I got the length o' the dinin' room I could navigate mysel' some way or ither to the front door, or maybe get oot o' a window. Onyhoo, oot I was determined to get, so I blaws oot my caunel an' slips awa' doon the stair into the dinin' room. There I fand mysel' in total darkness, for the blinds were doon an' the shutters shut, an there was naething for it but to graip my way through the best way I could. So, wi' my twa hands spread oot afore me, I'm feelin' my way along through the furniture when my hand lichts on a human face, an' the next meenit the most onearthly screams got up, the hale hoose waukened, an' the auld man an' his blunderbuss

cam' tumblin' head-foremost doon the stair in his hurry to get to the scene o' action. The lassies, no' carin' to gang back to the bed I had lain in by mistak, had made up a bed for themsels on the sofa in the dinin' room, an' there they were, soond sleepin', when my cauld hand lichted on them. Hoo I got oot o' that hoose—whether it was by the door, or the window, or the lum—is a mystery to me yet. Indeed, the first thing I kent I was sittin' in a carraige o' the midnight express at half-past twa in the mornin', an' oot o' the window I saw the mune awa' doon in the west, lyin' on her back, an' lookin' as if she had lauched herse to death at the way I ran frae the Provost's hoose to Linkumdoddie station.

Yours truly, HUGH AIRLIE.

A SONG OF CHRISTMAS.

(LEFT UNFINISHED ON ACCOUNT OF PRESSURE OF BUSINESS.)

.....dawn
.....morn,
.....sing,
.....ring.
.....holly,
.....jolly,
.....snow,
.....mistletoe.
.....earth
.....mirth,
.....beef,
.....relief
.....fire,
.....higher,
.....flagon
.....snap-dragon
.....Heaven,
.....given,
.....poor,
.....door.