



AN UNDESERVED REPUTATION.

SMILEY—"How did you like my friend Wilkins? I understand he called on you the other evening."

MISS SHARP—"I thought you said he was an easy-going fellow."

SMILEY—"So he is."

MISS SHARP—"He wasn't when he was here."—H. B. S.

HOO THE LECTURE CAM' OFF.

HEATHER HA',

November 10, '90

DEAR MAISTER GRIP,—If ye ken or hear tell o' anybody that wants a lecture delivered on "Canada as a Field for Emigrants," ye micht gie them a hint that there's a partickler freend o' your ain, a Mr. Airlie, that's a capital hand at that kind o' thing, an' wha, in fact, has a lecture a' cut an' dried an' ready for shakin' oot at a moment's notice. Ye see it's no that there's anything wrang wi' the lecture; on the contrary, I consider it's a maisterly effort an' weel worthy o' preservation as a curiosity, but it sae happened that ane or twa circumstances happened the nicht afore its delivery that I lament to say put the deliverin' o't clean oot o' the question. Ye see, the Provost o' Linkumdoddy, whaur I was to gie my lecture in, invetted me to tak my supper an' spend the nicht in his hoose at his ain expense, because if he paid half-a-crown for my bed an' a shillin' for my breakfast at a hotel oot o' the public funds, he would be liable to be hauled up for misappropriation o' the taxpayers' money, an' mair than that, he would hae to summon a meetin' o' the toon council afore he could even get the grant o' the half-crown. So rather than spend twa oors o' stormy wranglin' an' abuse, an' hae nae end o' dirty linen a' washed an' hung up to dry in the local press, to say naething o' the way his wife an' dochters would be ostraceezed in society aboot the scandalous extravagance, he decided to be at the loss himsel if I would be content to tak pot-luck wi' him an' his family. I thankit him an' assured him he would get faur mair than the worth o' half-a-crown in the honor o' haein a distinguished man like me under his roof, an' indeed if a fair balance was struck even after three meals had been eaten, I wouldna wonder if there shouldna be something comin' to me. I let the Provost clearly see that it was *me* that was conferrin' the favor, an' no him. If a man doesna respectk himsel, naeboddy else will.

Although I set oot early in the mornin' intendin' to arrive at Linkumdoddy aboot the time the Provost would be sittin' doon to his dinner, it was eleeven o'clock at nicht afore I arrived at my destination; a' on accoont o' the ridiclous system o' railway traivellin' they hae there. I never saw the like o't. I thoct I deteckit a blink o' devility in the clerk's e'e when he took the price o' my ticket, so I made up my mind that I would keep a' my wits aboot me on the journey. We hadna gotten ony farther than the first station when in comes a man wi' a band aboot his cap an' demands my ticket.

"But, my man," says I, "I'm no through wi't yet. I'm gaun to Linkumdoddy."

"Doesn't matter—show me your ticket."

"I'll let ye see it—but ye'll no get your fingers on't," says I, an' I oot wi' my ticket. Weel! afore ye could wink, he snaps the thing oot o' my fingers, nicks a hole in't, flings it into my lap an' oot an' bangs the door right in my face! Ma certy! but I was mad.

I was that mad that I got up an' shook my fist at him oot o' the window for an impident rascal, but he paid nae mair attention to what I was sayin' than though it had been the wind blawin' by the door.

At the next station twa-three minutes farther along, in comes anither ane, rather a ceevil spoken fellow.

"Tickets, please," says he—but I never let on.

"Your ticket, sir—show your ticket, please," he says again.

"What for?" says I.

"Tickets checked here, you know," says he quite pleasantly.

"Oo! in that case," says I, "I'm perfectly willin'." An' I takes oot my ticket. But for a' his fair tongue disn't he tak anither nick just as the ither ane had done. I didna like to tell him what I thoct o'm, so I waited till we cam' to the next station—when I had a' my speech ready if anither outrage o' the kind was attempt it. But nae ticket was asked for there, nor yet at the next ane, but at the next, in comes anither chap an' he taks oot twa nicks richt below the ither twa. I said naething; my mind was made up; silence, ye ken, is golden. When the train drew up at the next station a brisk wee fellow staps aboad, an' says he—

"Tickets—tickets—quick! only twa minutes here." When I hears that I staps on to the platform an' mairchin' up to the office—I demandit to see the superintendent o' the railway.

"The superintendent! Why he's in London," says the man.

"I thoct that," says I. "When the cat's awa the mice may play. If he was here mindin' his business the clerks wouldna be gaun roond nick, nick, nickin' travelers' tickets till they're like a section o' a collander. What's the meanin' o' conduct like that?" I demanded. "D'ye no see that by the time I get to my journey's end if they gang on nick, nick, nickin' like that there'll be nae ticket left to show at the end an' I'll hae to pay my fare ower again. Nae doot they thoct they had a greenhorn frae the mountains to deal wi', bu' I can tell ye, sir, they've made a great mistake, for I'm nae less than the man that's gaun to lecture on 'Canada as a Field for Emigration' this very night in Linkumdoddy."

"Linkumdoddy!" said he.

"Deed ay! Linkumdoddy," says I. "What are ye glowerin' at?"

"You'll no get to Linkumdoddy till eleeven o'clock at nicht now, your train's aff."

"Aff! without me? Ye dinna daur tell me to my face that ye let that train awa till I was ready?" I roared oot,