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SOME ODD STORIES.

INTERESTING INCIDENTS RELATED BY ALFRED R. CALHOUN.

The Honor of McGregor, a Scotch Gardener—The Sacred Law of the Gaelic Clans—A Life Taken and a Life Saved.

There was in my father's employ an old Scotch gardener named McGregor, and my delight as a child was to attend the old man in his work, while he told me stories of the Highlands, and particularly of the fierce fighting clan whose name he bore and of whose exploits he felt so proud.

It was and ever had been the pride of the McGregor clan that they had always been true to themselves, and that to avenge a wrong to the humblest—if any could be humble where all were equal—the most powerful stood ready with his claymore and his life.

In Dumbarton there lived, when Ronald more McGregor was chief (more is a Gaelic word meaning big or great), a family of position, but numerically small, named Lamont. The Lamonts were rich and held up their heads above their Highland neighbors because that they were "bookmen"—that is, they could read and write—while the bearded and killed Mc Gregors looked upon such accomplishments as beneath the dignity of soldiers, and only suited to priests and carpet knights.

Kenneth Lamont went over from Dumbarton, on the Clyde, to Luss, on Loch Lomond, and he brought with him a servant and two horses, and announced his purpose to hunt the red deer from the Troasachs to Loch Katrine, nor ask the consent of Ronald more McGregor.

One night as young Lamont and his servant were returning to their camp they met two of the Mc Gregors. Daggers were drawn in the dark, and in the short, fierce struggle that followed the servant and one of Lamont's assailants were killed.



STOOD FACE TO FACE.

Hearing others coming to aid the Mc Gregors, Lamont, with the red dagger still clutched in his right hand, fled into the hills till he saw a light far in front, and he knew that it marked the abode of one of the clan whom he so bitterly hated and whose territorial rights he had so recklessly set at defiance.

Lamont sprang through the open door of the house and stood face to face with a girl of surpassing beauty. At the same instant a tall, bright eyed man entered the room, and the fugitive recognized the Chief Ronald more McGregor.

"I was attacked to-night in the hills," cried Lamont, "and to save my life I killed a man—it may be of clan McGregor. Here in the house of the chief I claim the protection of his roof and sword."

"And you shall have both," said the chief, then hearing near by the flying steps and the pasting of swift runners, he motioned to his daughter to take the stranger into an adjoining apartment.

An instant after, six men, with drawn claymores in their hands, stood before McGregor more, and one of them gasped, but the fugitive could hear him.

"The Lamont of Dumbarton this night killed your son in the hills and we have pursued him hither!" The chief smote his forehead and staggered back as if he had been struck a powerful blow, then, quickly recovering himself, he said to his followers:

"I amont is now innocent my roof, and my word is pledged for his life." Knowing full well the sacred law of the Gaelic clans, the men did not attempt to argue, but bowed their heads, sheathed their claymores and went back to bring home the body.

with the king that led to the withdrawal of Argyle's marauders and the release of the chief and his clan from the ban of outlawry.

As must have been anticipated, Kenneth Lamont subsequently married Jeanette McGregor, the beautiful daughter of the chief, and within a month he was formally adopted into the clan.

A "L'yal" Farmer. After the battle of Prairie Grove in Arkansas six Union officers and the same number of Confederates met under flag of truce at Camp Hill to arrange, in accordance with the cartel in existence at that time, for the exchange of prisoners.

The officers on both sides appeared in their best uniforms and ranged themselves on the opposite sides of a table. They had just completed the purpose of their meeting when an old gray bearded farmer, clad in a butternut suit, came in, and addressing himself to the Confederates he said:

"I want a pass powerful bad." Some one attempted to explain to the old man that he was in the wrong shop, but being somewhat deaf he paid no heed, but continued with great earnestness:

"Don't be skeered to give me a pass, stranger. I'm 'lyal, I am. I've got my truce at Camp Hill here, and I got sold forage to Mr. Lincoln's folks—and got paid for it too. So you see that ain't no discount on my 'lyalty."

"Look out, my friend," laughed Colonel Wilkins, as he pointed to the Confederates at the other side of the table. "You had had better be careful what you say about 'lyalty.' Can't you see that these gentlemen are southern officers?"

"The old man's hand trembled as he read just his spectacles and made a critical inspection of the men in gray uniforms. At length he began in great perplexity to stammer out his explanations.

"Will you inform me," asked a Confederate officer, "who paid you for your age?" The old man wiped his spectacles, walked to the foot of the table and in great perplexity surveyed first the blue side and then the gray. Then he laid his hands on the table and said, with an oath:

"W'al, gentlemen, go on and fight it out among yersel's. Me and my ole wom an reckons ez how we ken live in any d—d kinder government you choose to build, or in no government at all. And it does look powerful like ef that's w'at we're a-comin' to!"

An Honest Beggar. Mr. Solomon Fletcher—his many intimate friends call him Sol—is a well to do New York broker. When clothed in his customary calmness he is not distinguished for his generosity, and he particularly dislikes beggars.

Recently Mr. Fletcher had a great run of luck, and by way of celebrating the event he invited a number of fellow brokers to enjoy a little Delmonico dinner at his expense.

The wine was of the best and abundant, and Mr. Fletcher felt particularly amiable and generous when, at midnight, he went down to the street to look for his carriage. As he stood beaming at the electric light an old mendicant approached with pleading eyes and extended hand. Anxious to make others as happy as he imagined himself to be the broker took some small change from his pocket and handed it to the beggar.

With profuse thanks the old man with drew, and a few minutes afterward he hurried back and handing a coin to Mr. Fletcher, he said:

"Parlon me, sir, but you must have made a mistake. You intended, no doubt, to hand me a quarter, but this is a five dollar gold piece." For the instant the broker was thoroughly sobered by this extraordinary exhibition of honesty and his dormant generosity sprang into sudden vigor.

Putting the gold coin into his vest pocket he pulled out a roll of greenbacks. Selecting a ten dollar bill he said, as he handed it to the old man, "Take that for being so honest, my boy."

"My neighbor, tied a knot in my horse's tail, and I want ter had de law on him," said Si Jackson, an Onion creek dandy, to Lawyer Gouge. "Hand over five dollars," said the lawyer. Si did so cheerfully.

A SIMPLE TALE.

But It Wasn't So Simple When He Told His Wife. If there is one thing more than another calculated to throw a man into a gnashing-of-the-teeth and tearing-of-the-hair condition, it is his attempt to give the wife of his bosom an account of some ordinary affair, to which she listens after this fashion:

He—Oh, my dear, I must tell you something Jack Burroughs told me today when he was here. She—Where did you see Jack Burroughs? He—Oh, we went to luncheon together, and— She—How did you happen to go out to luncheon together? He—Well, we didn't exactly go out together. I met Jack at the restaurant, and— She—What restaurant? He—Calloway's, and Jack— She—How did you happen to go to Calloway's? I thought you always lunched at Draper's? He—I nearly always do, but I just happened to drop into Calloway's today, along with Jack, and— She—Does he always lunch at Calloway's? He—I'm sure, my dear (a little sharply, though I don't know if he does or not. It makes no earthly difference if— She—Oh, of course not. (Hastily) I just wondered if he did, that's all. Go on with your story.

He—Well, while we were eating our soup, Jack— She—What kind of soup? He—Oxtail. Jack said that— She—I thought you disliked oxtail soup? He—Well, I don't care much about it, but— She—How did you happen to order it if you didn't care for it? He—Because I did. (Severely.) But the soup has nothing to do with the story.

She—Oh, of course not. (In arieved tone.) I never said that it did. I don't see why you should get cross over a simple question. Go on. He—Well, while we were eating our soup, I saw a woman and her wife come in, and— She—They did? He—I have just said so. She—Well, you needn't be so cross about it. He—They came in, and— She—Is she pretty? He—Pretty enough. Jack bowed and— She—Does he know them? He—Well, now, do you suppose he would have bowed if he hadn't known them? I declare if I— She—How was she dressed? He—How should I know? I never looked at her dress. What I was going to tell you was that— She—Did they sit near you? He—Yes, at the next table. And while they were ordering Jack said that they— She—Couldn't they hear him? He—Do you suppose (severely) that Jack would have no more sense than to let them hear him talking about them. Look here, now— She—James, if you can't tell a simple little incident without getting into a passion you'd better keep it to yourself. What did Jack say? He—He said that Mrs. Hildreth's father was opposed to the match, and— She—How did he know that? He—Great Caesar! There you go again! She—James, will you please remember that it is your wife to whom you are speaking, sir? He—No other woman could drive me raving, distracted, crazy, asking silly questions about— She—James! He—Every time I try to tell you anything you begin, and you— She—James, rising with dignity and saying stiffly, I do not propose listening to any such insulting remarks, and— He—You never listen to anything. That's the trouble. If— She—When I ask you a simple question you— He—I'd say "simple!" You've asked me a million "simple" questions in the last half hour, just because I was going to tell you that Jack Burroughs said that— She—I do not wish to know what Mr. Jack Burroughs said, if you cannot tell it respectfully. I shall have my dinner sent to my room, since it is so painful for you to eat with an idiot! (Retires scornfully, while he narrowly escapes an attack of apoplexy.)—London Tit-Bits.

Legal Complications. "My neighbor, tied a knot in my horse's tail, and I want ter had de law on him," said Si Jackson, an Onion creek dandy, to Lawyer Gouge. "Hand over five dollars," said the lawyer. Si did so cheerfully.

Having got the money the lawyer said calmly, putting it in his pocket: "My advice to you, my colored friend, is now to go and untie that knot in your horse's tail."—Texas Siftings.

A Shrewd Fool. An old gentleman, a resident of New York city, and who in his early manhood visited Sir Walter Scott, at Abbotsford, tells the following good story apropos of the Wizard of the North.

We took a walk one evening just as the sun was setting, and although I was young and active, and Sir Walter middle aged and noticeably lame, it taxed me to keep pace with him.

He came to a halt on a hill back of the house and was about to call my attention to different points in the scene before us, when the panting of a man near by attracted our attention.

I turned in the direction of the sound and saw a ragged young man, with a face unmistakably idiotic and the shred of a woman's bonnet on his head in lieu of a hat.

"Ah!" said Sir Walter gleefully, and he winked to me to note what followed: "here is my ain gude friend Sandy McIntyre, the wise man. And whither are ye gangin, Sandy?"

"I'm out huntin for goold and siller, Sir Walter," said the idiot, with a horrible grimace. "I want to be rich, unco rich!" replied the fellow. "Well, I'll tell you what I'll do, Sandy." "Tell on, Sir Walter."

"I'll gi' ye a thousand goold pounds if you'll let me kill you." "Na, na, Sir Walter," said the fool like a flash. "I'll compromise wi' ye." "I'll compromise?" "Yes, I'll let you half kill me for half the money." ALFRED R. CALHOUN

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