

THE ANCIENT HIND.



SCENE: CROSS ROADS NEAR STONEHAVEN.

OLD MAN, *much bent, with hard work as much as with age—his eye still keen as he looks up—discovered hobbling slowly along, leaning heavily on a stick.*

Enter YOUNG MAN *from South, with bundle and stick.*

OLD MAN.—Aye, that's a fine mornin'.

YOUNG MAN (*A little crustily*).—It is.

O.M.—Ye'll be for the toon o' Aiberdeen?

Y.M.—Yes a've come from Glaski—lookin' fur a job. A believe they're busy in the ship-buildin' yards.

O.M.—Ou, aye; I widna winner. Things dae tak a bit spurtie noo an' than. So they wid need. It's little I ken about it; bit I wid 'a thocht there wid 'a been mair wark about Glesca than up in Aiberdeen. It's a hellifa toon yon!

Y.M.—Glaski, do ye mean?

O.M.—Na; Aiberdeen.

Y.M.—Hoo's that?

O.M.—Jist sit ye doon than, an' I'll tell ye a' about it. Here's a fine green placie. Am thinkin' ye'll be yonder in gweed aneuch time, an' ye're lookin' gey sair awa wi't about the feet.

(They sit down on a bank by the roadside.)