

OLD MAN (*Continuing*).—Weel, ye ken, Aiberdeen's a sma'er place than the like o' Glesca or Edinburgh, an', considerin' that there's sic a hantle o' fowk aye comin' thrangin' in fae the country a' roon about, there's nae muckle ootlat; so the go-ahaid billies they get tir't o't, an' clear oot. There's an awfa lot o' Aiberdonians ging abroad, man; an' they tell me that London's jist fu' o' them. An' some wye or anither they aye manage tae get the best jobs tee. They're siccar kin' o' lawds, ye see; an' as for siller, man, it's a thing they wid jist sell their sowls for. An' then they're sharp—loshtie me, man, aye!—they're as gleg's sae mony hawks.

I gaed in there last year in the month o' November: there wiz jist naething—nae a han's turn—tae dae here, an' I thocht I micht manage to pick up something there. I min' I gaed awa without ony siller wi' me. There hid been a flist wi' Geordie's wife—aye, that's my son—he's first horseman at the Mains there. I haena been able tae get onything tae dae for a lang time—ye see I'm some sair fail't for rig'lar wark—an' I've been bidin' wi' them this twa year come Mairtimas, an' my aul' umman she's wi' my dother Elsie, doon the wye o' Bervie. Weel, iz I wiz sayin', I hid a bit kick-up wi' Geordie's wife. She hid been bungin' about the hoose for a gey whilie, an' hid been treatin' me wi' terrible little ceremony, till ae day she clean fell oot upo' me.

“Sittin' about,” says she, “amon a body's hans the hail day, smockin' intae the verra pot, sclyterin' an'