

In a short time in comes Mr. West, wi' a piece of lowing paper in his hand, that he had got frae the next door to licht the shop; and nae sooner did Donald see him than he ax'd him for his note.

"What note, honest man?" said Mr. West.

"The note, the auld scounrel, your grandfather, stole frae me," quo' Donald.

"My grandfather!" answered the ither wi' amazement, "I am thinking, honest man, ye hae had a glass owre muckle. My grandfather has been dead for sixteen years, and I ne'er heard tell till now that he was a sief."

"Weel, weel, then," quo' the Heelandman, "I don't care nathing about it. If he's no your grandfather, he'll be your faither, or brither, or your cousin."

"My faither, or my brither, or my cousin!" repeated Mr. West. "I maun tell ye plainly, frien', that I hae neither faither, nor brither, nor cousin of any description, on this side of the grave. I dinna understand ye, honest man, but I reckon that ye hae sat ower lang at the whiskey, and my advice to ye is to stap hame and sleep it aff."

At this speech the Heelandman lost a' patience, and lookit sae awfully fierce, that anco or twice I was on the nick of coming forrit and explaining how matters really stood; but curiosity keepit me chained to the back shop, and I just thoct I would bide a wee, and see how the affair was like to end.

"Pray, wha are you, sir?" said Donald, putting his hands in his sides, and looking through his specks upon Mr. West, like a mad man. "Wha are you, sir, that daur to speak to me in this manner?"

"Wha am I?" said the ither, drapping the remnant of the paper, which was burnin' close to his fingers. "I am Saunders West, manufacturer in Hamilton—that's what I am."

"And I am Tonalid Campbell, piper's sister's son to his Grace the great, grand Duke of Argyle," thundered out the Heelandman, wi' a voice that was fearsome to hear.

"And what about that?" quo' Mr. West, rather snappishly, as I thoct; "if ye were the great, grand Duke of Argyle himsel, as ye ca' him, I'll no permit you to kick up a dust in my shop."

"Ye scounrel," said Donald, seizing Mr. West by the throat, and shaking him till he tottered like an aspen leaf, "div ye mean to speak ill of his Grace the Duke of Argyle?" And he gied him anither shake—then, laying baud of his nose, he swore that he would pu't as lang as a cow's tail, if he didna that instant restore him his lost property. At this sight I began to grow a' ower, and now saw the necessity of stapping ben, and saving my employer frae farther damage, bodily and itherwise. Nae sooner had I made my appearance than Donald let go his grip of Mr. West's nose, and the latter, in a great passion, cried out, "William McGee I tak ye to witness what I hae sufferit frae this bluid-thirsty Heelandman! It's not to be endured in a Christian country: I'll hae the law of him, that I will. I'll be whuppit but I'll hae amends, although it costs me twenty pounds!"

"What's the matter?" quo' I, pretending ignorance of the haill concern. "What, in the name of Nebuchadnezzar, has set ye thegither by the lugs?" Then Mr. West began his tale, how he

had been collared and weel nigh thrappled in his ain shop. Then the ither tauld how, in the first place, Mr. West's grandfather, as he ca'd Nosey, had stolen his note: and how, in the second place, Mr. West himsel had insulted the great, grand Duke of Argyle. In a word, there was a desperate kick-up between them, the ane throeping that he would tak the law of the ither immediately. Na, in this respect Donald gaed the greatest lengths; for he swore that, rather than be defeated, he wad carry his cause to the House of Lords, although it cost him thertty pounds sterling. I now saw it was time to put in a word.

"Houts-touts, gentlemen," quo' I, "what's the use of a' this clish-ma-claver? Ye've baith gottin the wrang sow by the lng, or my name's no William McGee. I'll wager ye a penny-piece, that my monkey Nosey is at the bottom of the business."

Nae sooner had I spoken the word, than the twa, looking round the shop, spied the beastie sitting upon the shelf, grining at them, and putting out his tongue, and wiggle-wagging his walking-stick ower his left elbow, as if he had been playing upon the fiddle. Mr. West at this apparition set up a loud laugh; his passion left him in a moment, when he saw the ridiculous mistake that the Heelandman had fa'en into, and I thoct he would hae bursted his sides with even-down merriment. At first Donald lookit desperate angry; and, judging frae the way he was twisting about his mouth and rowed his een, I opined that he intended some deadly skaith to the monkey. But his gude sense, of which Heelandmen are no a'thegither destitute, got the better of his anger, and he roared and laughed like the very mischief. Nor was this a'; for nae sooner had he began to lauch, than the monkey did the same thing, and held its sides in processely the same manner, imitating his actions, in the maist amusin' way imaginable. This only set Donald alauching mair than ower, and when he lifted up his neive, and shook it at Nosey in a gude humored way, what think ye that cratur did? Odds, man! he took the note from his pouch, whare it lay rowed up like a baw, and, papping it at Donald, hit him as fairly upon the nose, as if it had been shot out of a weel-aimed musket. There was nae resisting this. The haill three, or rather the haill four, for Nosey joined us, set up a loud laugh; and the Heelandman's was the loudest of a', showing that he was really a man of sense, and could tak' a joko as well as his neighbors.

When the lauchin' had a wee subsided, Mr. Campbell, in order to show that he had nae ill wull to Mr. West, ax'd his pardon for the rough way he had treated him, but the worthy manufacturer wadna hear o't. "Houts, man," quo' he, "dinna say a word about it. It's a mistak' a'thegither, and Solomon himsel, ye ken, whiles gae'd wrang." Whereupon the Heelandman bought a Kilmarnock nicht-cap, price eleven-pieco ha'penny, frae Mr. West, and paid him wi' part of the very note that brocht on the ferly I hae just been relating. But his gude wull didna end here, for he insisted on taking us a'—Nosey among the lave—to the nearest public, whare he gied us a frien'ly glass, and we keepit tawking about monkeys, and what not, in a manner at anco edifying and amusin' to hear.

So ends the story of the monkey.