

the warl' like a kirk skailin'. I haena' been sae dumfooner'd sin' the day we lost oorsels on the Broomielaw brig.

The folk here are terrible ignorant though. Ye see I lost my pocket neepyin, an' bein' in sair distress, I just daunnert intil ane o' the shops on King-street, an' speert at the coonter-happer gin he had ony pocket-neepyins for aboot tippence ha' penny or so. The creatur' just glowred at me an' says he "Beg yer pardon." I tellt him there was nae offence that I was awaur o', but I jist wantit a pocket-neepyin. Wad ye beleint—the muckle cuif was that ignorant, that he didna ken what a neepyin wis! I tuk pity on the puir benighted moudie-wart, an' explained that a neepyin was a cloot for blawin' a man's nose in. Weel then, aff he ran, an' back he cam again wi' a bit muslin about sax inches square. Losh! I was mad. "What the deevil d'ye ca that?" "A handkerchief." "That's no the kind I want," says I, "I want ane o' the great big red anes, wi' black an' yellow spats in't. Ye see," says I, "we're gaun up to Turtle Mountain to tak up lan', an' I need something that'll no need washin' till we get there." He said that I wad be apt to tak considerable land up wi' me, if I didna wash afore we got there. "Weel noo," says I, "gie me three bawbee's worth o' bools." "Bools?" says he, "what's that?" "'Od just bools," says I, "bools for the bairns to play at the boolholes wi'." "Haven't any," says he. "D'ye ken whaur leears gang tae when they dee," says I very solemnly, "did ye ever hear tell o' Annanias an' Sapheery? Hoo *daur* ye stand there an' tell me sic a lee to my face, an' that box fu' o' bools there richt afore ye" "Bools," says he, "these are marbles." "Weel! weel! then I forgie ye, but ye see I come frae a ceeveleezed kintry whaur they ca' them bools," an' sae I cam awa. I'll tell ye mair neixt week,—aboot a' the ferlies we see here. Yer brither,

HUGH AIRLIE.

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