

## THE ANCHOR AND CHAIN

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kilts. He's a little divil of a dandy then, I'm tellin' you. Never a lad o' the city can match un, by the Lord! Not match my little Dannie! Clap eyes," says he, "on good ol' little Dannie! Lord save ye, but of all the young fellers you've knowed he's the finest figger of a lad—"

"Uncle Nick!" I cried, in pain—in pain to be excused (as shall be told).

"Hush, lad!" croons he. "Never mind!"

I could not help it.

"An' talkin' about outfits, Tom," says my uncle, "this here damn little ol' Dannie, bein' a gentleman, haves his *best*—from Lon'on. Ye can't blame un, Tom; they *all* does it."

'Twas all hands t' the pumps for poor Tom Bull. "Dear man!" he gasped, his confusion quite accomplished.

"An' *paid* for," says my uncle.

Tom Bull looked up.

"'Tis all," says my uncle, solemnly jerking thumb down towards the bowels of the earth, "paid for!"

Tom Bull gulped the dregs of his whiskey.

By-and-by, having had his glass—and still with the puzzle of myself to mystify his poor wits—Tom Bull departed. My uncle and I still kept to the stall, for there was an inch of spirits in my uncle's glass, and always, though the night was late and stormy, a large possibility for new company. 'Twas grown exceeding noisy in a far corner of the place, where a foreign