

tae ane anither that the boss could pey aff the Cran if he wid only tak on aul' M-Gintie tae dae the liftin'—the policeman tellin' me tae move on fin I wid stan' up tir't an' daz't at a thrang street corner winderin' faur I wid turn neist—I say ye may ken fat it wiz for me tae be gyaun throu a' this durin' the day, an' then tae ging tae the Soshlist meetin' at nicht an' hear a couthy an' true word said about the oonemployed an' puir cratures o' a' kin kin'.

Bit man, it grew awfa sair tae bide i' the toon. The Kinnairs got doonricht snottie, an' I saw at last at I needna expeck tae get ony kin' o' a job at I could keep mysel at. So I hid to come awa back tae Steenhive again. I gaed tae the Peerhoose, an' they took me in; bit I wis tell't 'at my faimlie wid hae tae pey for me. An' in a day or twa the governor cam an' tell't me' 'at my sons thocht it was a maist contrairie thing 'at I sud persist in gyaun intae the Hoose fin they were wullin' tae beir a han' wi' my "keep" at Geordie's, as they had been deein' this while back. Geordie hid aye heild oot tae me 'at he only got a feow shillins fae them noo an' than; bit on inquiren' I fun' oot 'at they hid been gie'in twa shillins the piece riglar every week atween the aul umman an' me. Fin I learn't this, thinks I—I'll pit anither pin i' yer niz noo, my yalla customers. I pretendit 'at I wiz awfa weel suitit wi' the Hoose, an' wisna nane on for leavin't. I kent it wid cost them mair to keep me there than to keep me outside, an' I thocht I micht