

AN AMERICAN TRAMP IN SCOTLAND.

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BY
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CHAPTER I.

HARD TIMES, ROCKS.

THE times have been pretty tough of late, neighbor, pretty tough; and no mistake. What's getting into the country, anyway; is it going to the dogs entirely? It looks that way; it looks that way. I have never seen the times the way they are now and may I never see 'em that way again, for it's awful; awful's no name for it.

There has been a panic on, or, as some folks calls it, a financial depression, and it has been playing hades with things in general. Banks and business houses have been busting up, the work-shops have shut down, railroads and other things haven't been paying divvies, the working-people aint got no work—tell you what, things is in pretty bad shape. Those who have got a little money laid up are sticking closer to it than fleas to a yaller dog, for they don't know how soon they'll go broke or whether they'll ever be able to earn any more. Instead of living on fizz and red-headed ducks they have come down to chuck-steak and kidney-stew, and the little poorhouse over the hill is looming up in their visions. Their's is a bad case—a bad case. Guess we'll have to pass the hat around for them. The working-folks have been living on wind and scenery mostly, and such chuck as the city authorities hand out to them, and they are the ones who suffer most. Many a one has got so down-hearted that he jumped over-board; and many a one feels like doing it, but he don't do it, and why, I don't know. We are all

living in hopes of something better, and hope that the times will get better soon, for they have been bad so long that some kind of a change must come. We have waited for it over three years now, and that is a pretty long time to wait when you come to look at it. Three years of misery, of woe, of starvation and of raggedness, is three eternities. What brought on this measly panic, I'd like to know? Some say it was one thing and some say it was another, but most people say politics done it. I guess they're right, too, for it was politics. Politics be darned, say I. What good is it anyway? Every four years we have to put a lot of chumps in office, and they rob us, and when the four years is up they git fired, and we have to put in a lot of other chumps, and they get worse than the others. The party that is in says the party that is out won't let 'em do what they want, and the party that is out says that the party what is in is a set of horse-thieves, cut-throats and robbers. May the whole crowd of them be blown. Between the two of them the people are suffering and they don't know what to do. The people are mighty patient though, and stand it all like drum-majors. It's a wonder they don't kick and kick hard. Some of the politicians better look out, though, for when they do kick the fur will fly. Mind now, I'm a telling you.

This, ahem—financial depression, has been having a mighty bad effect on me, I kin tell you. See what it has done for me, will you! It has knocked me out of house and home, threw me out of a job, and for years I have been a bum, a vagabond—call me anything you like. I have gone hungry and bare,

have slept in barns and out-houses, I have been what you might call insective, I have worn a shirt for months—well, let us not go too deep into details. My friends say I wont work. Do you hear that? They say I won't work. Holy smoke; me not work! And me praying for it every day as hard as I can and looking for it, and hoping every minute I'll get it. Me not work? But that's the way with folks; when a man is down they all jump on him and haven't a good word to say for him. Because he looks like a bum they say he is a bum, and give him a bad name. Well, never mind; every dog has his day, they say, and perhaps this dog will have his'n some day. Stranger things than that have happened. Me not work, hey? Hold on now, and I'll tell you where I have been to look for work. I have traveled through York State, through Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Injany, Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, Montana, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, Californy, New Mexico, Arizona, Texas, Louisiany, Missouri, and almost every State and Territory in the Union, but wherever I went the times was hard and the cry was "no work and no money." The condition of the country is awful. The farmers aint gittin nothing for what they raise, the store-keepers aint selling nothing, there aint no money in sight, the working people is mostly idle and things is at a standstill. Everyone is in the dumps. Kin I git work when no one else aint got it? Kin I?

I suppose you think I travelled in Pullman sleepers and dining cars while sashaying around the country, but if you think that, you are laboring under a slight mistake. I didn't. I hoofed it over

the railroad ties, and when no one was looking I shinned on top of the cars; I rode the brakes and bumpers and tried to get along the best way I could. What did I do for grub? Why, rustled for it, of course. What else? I didn't stop at no hotels. Catch me starvin, though, when chuck can be had for the askin. I lived on "hand outs" mostly, and when I couldn't get them I lived on wind and scenery. Many a time I nearly starved and went without grub for days, but when I couldn't stand it any longer I told people so, and they helped me out. I mixed in with other bums along the road, and what they had they shared with me; and when I could get an odd job here and there I took it, so you see I am no professional vag, anyway.

Oh, what adventures I have had; and if I were to tell you all about them you wouldn't believe me, but they're true, every one of them. I got pretty well acquainted with the Digger Indians; I was pretty thick with the Mormons; I was a cowboy for awhile; I worked in brick yards, on the railroads, on the streets in some of the larger towns out West, around private houses, and turned a hand at anything to earn an honest dollar. I didn't earn many of them, though. Mighty few; mighty few. I had a hard time of it getting over the Rockies. It was late in the fall when I set out on my trip, and the weather was getting pretty chilly. I wasn't dressed warm and I made most of the trip over the Rockies on top of a freight car. When the train got up pretty high the wind blowed like the old Harry and it whistled through my carcass as if I didn't have a bone or a bit of flesh in my body. I clung to the car

and held on for dear life, for if I hadn't, I would have been swept off. I layed that way twenty-four hours nearly, and when I got the chance I skinned off of that car in a hurry, I kin tell you. It was a fast train and I was nearly dead when I lit. One night I jumped a freight in Wyoming and rode the brakes. It was a cold, clear night, and the braky got onto me. He told me to come off the perch and took my coat from me. That made the night a darn sight colder for me. It was on the prairies, miles from nowhere, the air smelled keen and frosty, there wasn't a house within miles of me, there wasn't a tree anywhere, and only sage-brush and a clump of willows was around. There was a smell of dead leaves in the air that made me think of dead folks, and I got mighty lonesome. "Oh, if I was only out of this," thought I, "or if it was only daylight." I heard some crashing in the trees and sage brush near by and I didn't know what to think of it. I heerd wolves and cayotes and other varmint making noises around me and I felt pretty lemoncholy, I kin tell you. "My time's come," thought I. I didn't say a word but just sat down on the track and waited for the varmint to come for me. They didn't come, so I got tired of waiting for them. It was too cold to sit there, and as I was freezing, I up and runs. If the varmint had come for me I dont know what I would have done. Skedaddled all the harder, I guess. I found my coat the next morning miles from where I had been bounced from the train, lying on the railroad track where the brakeman throwed it, and I guess he had no use for it. It may have been too lively for him.

The cowboys in Wyoming treated me first rate. They gave me a job as herder and I stuck to it for awhile. The first night they put me on, they gave me a big bunch of cattle to herd. There must have been a good many hundreds in the bunch, and one of the cowboys loaned me his ulster and pony and his weapins. But I had no use for the weapins. This was near Rock Spring or Rock Creek, Wyoming. It was a fine moonlight night and the cattle thought they might as well get up and graze a little. They did so and I had to ride around them to keep them from straying away. There was so many of them though, and it took me so long to ride around them that by the time I got where I started from the leaders had wandered further and further away. I shouted and whooped and yelled, but it was no use. They didn't give a cuss for a tenderfoot like me. I got scared, so I rode back to camp, woke up the sleeping cowboys and told them what the difficulty was. There was some pretty tall cussing then but they didn't blame me but dressed in a hurry, saddled their ponies, mounted and rode away after the cattle with me after them at the tail end. One homely looking critter in the shape of a steer was leading the others astray, and when he saw the cowboys coming for him he elevated his tail and ran like a streak, with the cowboys after him full tilt. Such a whooping and yelling there was, but the steer only ran the harder. One of the cowboys says, says he, "I'll fix that son-of-a-sea-cook," and with that he out with his rope, uncoils it, throws it and it lights over the horns of the steer. The pony who knew what was coming braced himself for the shock, and when the

rope tautened, over went the ornery brute of a steer flat on his back with a jar that shook the earth. He got up and shook his head as if he wanted to know where he was at or what struck him. Perhaps he thought it was greased lightning or that the rope was loaded. Anyway, the throw took the ugliness out of him and he came along with the rest of the cattle as meek as a lamb.

Some folks think cowboys are tough citizens. Well, they aint. They are as free-hearted a set as you will find the world over, and if they can do you a good turn they'll do it every time. They will give you anything they've got and you are as welcome to it as the sun that shines. Of course there may be bad citizens among them, but you will find mean cusses everywhere. As a rule they are a hard working, tip-top set of fellows, and as I said before the best they've got aint too good for you. I didnt stay with them long for I couldn't stand the ridin'. That's out of my line of business. Some people may think it's easy to rope a steer. Let 'em try it. It's a business, that has to be learnt from the ground up and it's a hard business learning. Many are brought up to it from boyhood.

Utah is a bang-up country and the Mormons is fine folks. I've been with them and I know 'em. I've been in Salt Lake, Nauvoo, Ogden and other Mormon cities, and the Mormon cities is way on top for beauty. The streets are as wide as four city streets, and along them on both sides are thick shade trees. Creeks rush by the sidewalks with a noise like thunder, for they come straight down from the mountains and are as clear and cold as ice.

The houses are wide, roomy and old fashioned and smell rustic like, and each house is set in a large garden of its own in which is fruit trees and shade trees, and it's a great country for apples. Mormons like apples and cider and ladies. The Mormons came originally from Denmark, Sweden, Norway, England and some other northern European countries, I believe, and they are cute fellers. You can't coon 'em. The law says they dassent have more than one wife but they have 'em just the samee. They catch 'em on the fly and get tied to 'em, or "sealed," as they calls it. If a Mormon has money he can get all the women he wants and he can keep 'em too. I wonder if he takes in the mother-in-law as well? If he does, I guess he has a pretty lively time of it. One mother-in-law of the right sort can make it powerful interesting for a feller, but a whole bunch of 'em must be kind of paralyzin.' Excuse *me!* I wouldn't mind having a wife or two, one for every day and one for Sunday, but if the mother-in-law is thrown in, I pass. I aint so dead stuck on women as all that. The Mormons were very kind to me for they gave me work and plenty to eat, and paid me up to the handle, so I cant kick, but kin give 'em a good recommend. Their State is a fine one and they have it cultivated to the ninety-nines. The soil is very rich and they can grow anything and everything, and the scenery is truly beautiful. Beautiful aint no name for it. They have fine mountains and rivers and lakes and valleys and sich, and it's a real paradise. Next to Californy it's the finest State in the Union. The Mormons knew what they were doing when they lit

on it. Anyone who has been in Utah will tell you I aint stretchin it.

I wasnt dead stuck on Nevady or Arizony or New Mexico, but I was on Utah and Californy. Nevada is all prairie and bare mountain, Arizona ditto, and New Mexico ditto, but in the last two States there is deserts that would make any man tired. I had all I wanted of them, riding through 'em, for I nearly choked with sand and died with thirst, and it was hotter there than where Nickie lives. I'll bet Nick wouldnt mind living there.

Californy though is *the* State. Now you're shoutin.' My langwidge aint able to describe it. I aint hefty on describin', so Californy git's me. It's fine, superfine, elegant—what more kin I say? Squashes grow there as big elephants, grapes grow there as big as peaches, peaches grow there as big as mush-melons, turnips grow there as big as bushel-baskets, and beets ditto, radishes grow there as big round as your arm, and as for pears, plums, apricots, oranges and sich, you know what they are. Trees grow as big as a row of houses, bushes look like trees and the land is running over with milk and honey. Some folks may think this is a fairy tale, but it aint. It's the naked truth, so help me. Why would I lie? I dont own no land there and I aint gittin paid for booming the place. As for gold the mountains is full of it, and all you have to do is to find it. The Californians are the best people on God's footstool. There aint none like 'em. Havent I been with 'em? Dont I know? If I dont, who does? I didnt get any "hand outs" there, but sat down to the table with the hired help and we lived

there. We dined on chicken, all kinds of meat, biscuits, butter, salmon, coffee, tea, pie, cakes—oh we lived there. And when night came I hunted up the dry side of a hay-stack and slept there all night without a shiver, although it was winter. Yes, give me Californy. It's the land of tramps and flowers. What flowers and tramps has to do together I dont know, but they are there in Californy, thick as bees.

Every true Californian welcomes a stranger with open arms whether he has got money or not, and if he aint got no money he is all the more welcome. They are mighty good to the stranger, no matter what his color, race or religion is, and their houses is always open to him. I was in San Francisco, Sacramento, Marysville, Los Angeles and other cities and they are beaunts; beaunts aint no name for it. San Francisco is a frisky place—perhaps a little too-frisky for quiet, Sunday-go-to-meeting folks, but she's the capital of the slope and gay folks rush there from all over.

Some of my little adventures with other knights of the road might make powerful interestin' reading, but this piece of work is written for another purpose, so I'll have to let up. The knights are slick ones, I'm a telling you, and what they dont know aint worth knowing, though they dont say much to outsiders. Git 'em in a corner all by themselves though and you'll find they know this country like a book from end to end, and why shouldnt they? Aint they travellin over it all the time? They know it from Maine to Californy and from Minnesoty to Texas, and they kin spin yarns till you cant rest. And all their yarns is true, too. A hobo wouldnt

lie unless he's got an object, and if it's only information you're wantin' he'll give it to you straight.

As I was a telling you, I travelled over the country myself a little and I seen a few things, but I cant tell all about 'em here. I never knew this country was so big till I travelled over it and I tell you what she's a corker. You kin travel for days and days over one State and see nothing but prairies and prairies and prairies till you git tired of 'em, and then you kin wander over other States and see nothing but sand and meshskeet bush and cactus; you kin hoof it over mountains for months in some States till you git tired, and then you wont see the end of them. Yes, it's a great country, a great country, and no mistake. If I was President of it, I'd scoop it all in and light out. I'd take it to Yurruup with me maybe and live on the proceeds for awhile.

I seen so much of it that I got tired of it and I made up my mind I'd go East again and see how the times was there. They was hard and no better than before; nary bit. Work was hard to git and money was tighter than ever, so I thought I'd light out again somewhere. Travelling is a disease that's mighty hard to shake, and once you git it, it sticks to you, but if I could git steady work somewhere I wouldnt think of travelling no more. Odd jobs though are the best I could do.

I have hearn 'em say that Yurruup is a mighty fine place, so I guess I'll go there. I kin work my way there, I'm told, by working down in the coal-hole on a ship, or feeding cattle, but them kind of jobs dont suit me. Feeding cattle is all right but I dont know

about feeding 'em on a ship. I never been on a ship and I dont know how I'd stand it. If they dont soak a feller too heavy for the price of a passage over I may work till I git enough money and go. What I'll do when I git on the other side I dont know, but I suppose I'll find all about it when I git there. I'll travel for one thing and see the country, and if I kin strike a job I'll take it, and if I cant I'll have to git along without it and rustle for grub as I have done home. Some fellers tells me I'll git jugged if I travel in the old country without money, but I dont believe 'em. They're kiddin. There's many poor folks and bums over there and why dont they git jugged? Say, I've travelled, I have, and you cant coon me. I've been through the mill and I know what's what. I never was in the old country, of course, and aint got no friends there, but I kin git troo all the same. Why not? I've got friends at home and what good is they to me? That's what I want to know. If a feller what kin travel through the United States and kin live on wind and scenery cant travel through the old country, then he's a tenderfoot and better stay home with his mammy. If I make up my mind to go, I'll go, and all hell wont stop me. Ef I go to England maybe I'll call on old Queen Victorey and see how she's gitten along, for they tell me she's gitting old and feeble. I dont know her personally but she's a good woman they say, and I'll drop in on her just for luck.

I may take a run over and see his royal nibs the Keyser William, who aint no slouch when it comes to fighting and sparring, and if I happen to be around I may call on that Dago King, King Hum-

bert, ef it's meal time, and on the Saw of Roosia, too. I may call when dey's least expecting me. There's lots of jukes and grand jukesses over there and I may call on 'em all too. If I go I'll have a rip-snorting, raring, tearing good time of it, yer kin bet on that, and I'll make things hum.

CHAPTER II.

PACKING MY SARATOGAS, ETC.

SAY, stranger, New York aint no slouch of a place, there cant be no mistake about that. Its a big city, a fine city, a city full of people, and you kin go there anyday and see a big crowd of people rushing one way and a bigger crowd rushing the other way, and you'd think there was a prize fight on or a dog fight or something like that, but its that way all the time. People are always in such a hurry that they haven't got time to say good morning to you, kiss me foot or anything else, but they give you a look and rush on and say nothing. It isnt a jay-town, and if you take the New Yorkers for jays you'll git left for they are fly, and no mistake. Ghost stories dont go with them for they've heern 'em before and you've got to work or git out. If you cant git work that's your funeral but not their'n. It's a hard city but it's a great one and it's got all the conveniences. It's got lodging-houses and joints till you cant rest, and if you aint got the price of a lodgin' you can sleep in a waggin, in an arey-way, in a cellar or any other place that's handy. No one will disturb you if they dont see you, but keep your eyes peeled for the coppers, for if they see you they will slap your feet with a big stick they carry, and some of 'em hits hard. I have been in New York before but it's different now from what it used to be. At one time it was a real lively place and a fellow could have more fun there than he could shake a stick at, but

now it's got kind of pious-like and people have got so solemn that they ask you to drop in at noontime to pray with them. The Bowery, Chatham Square, and the Sixth Avenue used to be a rip-snorting lively place and life there was pretty rapid, but things aint what it used to be, not what it used to be by a long shot. The dance-houses and concert-halls are all closed up, the fast-houses aint there no more, the theaters where a fellow could go in and see a show for nothing and get a beer for a nickel is gone too, and the whole city is different from what it used to be, although its all there and more of it. Even the Bowery aint what it used to be. There's a song they've got up now which says:

"The Bowery, the Bowery
They say such things and they do such things,
On the Bowery, the Bowery,
I'll never go there any more,"

is a lie, a blamed lie, for they dont do anything strange on the Bowery, and they dont say nothing strange on the Bowery, the Bowery, not any more anyway. The whole darn street has got so sober-like, so good and so respectable that if it wasn't for the piles of Hebrews there, you'd think it was Sunday. Hebrews and Dagos are thick there, and the street is full of high-toned stores that look as if their owners were millionaires. Maybe they are, for I dont know that they aint, for they look that way anyway. I remember the time when you could get a haircut on the Bowery for a nickel with a schooner of beer thrown in, but now a haircut costs ten cents and if you ask for a schooner they'll tell you to go and buy one. No, the Bowery's gone down hill

there cant be no two ways about that. When I was there before you could get a schooner for a nickel, with pigs-feet, tripe, bologney, pickles and sich thrown in, but now you dont git nothin' but the schooner, and if you want any grub you have to pay for it. New York is going down hill I'm a tellin you, and it aint what it used to be, not by a long shot. Chicago is getting ahead of it mighty fast, and no wonder. They aint so good and pious there. New Yorkers get huffy when you say Chicago to them but what good does that do 'em? Chicago is getting ahead of them and they cant expect nothing else the way they run things nowadays. They wont even let a feller do a little spieling nowadays, for they've closed all the dance-halls, and when a fellow goes to a dance with his chippie, he has to hold her at arms-length and mustn't say prunes to her. I dont think even the chippie likes this, but what kin she do? It's my opinion that New York is going to the dogs and it ought to. The people there are on the grab for money, and that's all they care for. If you've got money you're somebody, and if you aint got none you're nobody. The old clothin' fellows on the Bowery if they think you got money, will drag you in, and when they find out you aint got none they'll kick you out. If you go on Broadway and aint well dressed the coppers will dog you and take you for a thief, and maybe run you in. What kind of a way of doing business is that?

One day I went down to Bowling Green, which is opposite Castle Garden, New York, to find out what a ticket to Yurruap would cost. I strolled around careless-like, keeping my eyes peeled for steamship

offices, and pretty soon I came to the Anchor Line office, when I stopped and gazed at the signs. While I was gazing, a seedy-looky chap comes up to me, and says he :

“ Say, pardner, do yer want to go to Yurrupe? I kin sell yer a ticket.”

“ The hell you kin,” says I ; “ Where did you get it ?”

“ Who, me ?” says he ; “ Why, I works for a ticket agency.”

“ What ticket agency ?” says I.

“ A ticket agency around the corner,” says he.

I didn't take no stock in him but to jolly him, I says to him, says I : “ What's the fare to Yurrupe ?” He grinned and says, says he : “ What part of Yurrupe ?” (He pronounced Yurrupe different from me.)

“ What difference does that make? Aint the fare to Yurrupe all the same ?” says I.

“ Not by a jug-full,” says he, “ it aint. I kin take yer to Liverpool for twenty-five dollars, and that's dirt cheap.”

“ Twenty-five dollars,” says I, “ What do you take me for, John Jacob Astor ?”

“ I dont know nuthin' about that,” says he, “ but I kin take yer ter Liverpool cheaper ner anyone else, and yer'll git bang-up grub going over and a tony bed ter sleep in, and yer'll be over there before you know it ; our ships go fast.”

“ I aint saying nothing against that, pardner,” says I, “ but I aint going over just now.” With that I shook him. The darned fakir ! If I'd have bought a ticket from him, I guess I'd never seen Yurrupe. I watched him till he turned the corner

and then I sneaked over to the Anchor Line office. When I got in the office I asked a gent who was sitting at a desk behind the counter "what's the fare to Yurrup, boss?"

"What part of Yurrup?" says he.

"Any part," says I.

"We kin take you to Glasgow, Belfast, Liverpool or Londonderry for fifteen dollars," says he, "and to other places at very low rates."

"That's pretty cheap," says I, "when you've got the money, but I aint got the money just now."

"What did you come here for then?" says he.

"For information," says I.

"Oh! that's it!" says he. "Well, come here when you've got the money, and we'll take you to Yurrup in good shape."

"All right," says I, "I'll do it, ta ta!"

By scrimpin' and savin' I saved up twenty dollars in the course of time, and with that sum I presented myself again one fine day at the Anchor Line office, and had another little talk with the gent

"Well, boss," said I, "I've got the money this time; I guess I'll go to Yurrup."

"Where do you want a ticket to?" said he in a business like way.

"Lemme see, now," said I, "where did you say I could go to for fifteen dollars?"

"To Belfast, Liverpool, Glasgow or Londonderry."

"Where does the ship land?" said I.

"She lands at all of them places."

"No, I mean how far does she go?"

"She goes to Glasgow."

"That's the last stop?" says I.

"Yes," says he.

"And the fare is fifteen dollars?" says I.

"Yes," says he.

"Here's your money then," says I; "give me a ticket" I dont know no one in Belfast or Londonderry or Belfast or Glasgow, and it's all the same to me where I land, but while I'm travellin' I might as well go the limit."

The gent took down my name, pedigree, etc., and soon had a ticket made out for me. He next asked me if I didn't want any British money, and I told him I did—five dollars worth. He fired a lot of silver coins on the counter for me, but what their value was I didn't know. I felt kind of skittish about them, but I kind of thought they wouldn't flam me in such a place, so I raked the coin in my pocket and said nothing. I was about to leave the office, but I thought to ask the gent:

"When does the ship sail?"

"To-morrow morning at nine o'clock, from the foot of West 24th Street, North River," said he.

"What's the name of the ship?" says I.

"The Furnessia," says he.

"All right, boss, I'll be there," says I.

I suppose because I looked seedy he took me for a drinking man, for he says to me before I got out:

"You'd better be there on time, young feller, for if you dont you'll get left. The ship waits for no man."

"I didn't ask her to wait for me, did I?" says I, kind of huffy like. "I'll be there on time and dont you forgit it." With that I clears out.

Well, I had gone and done it—blowed in all my

money for a trip to Yurrup. Was I happy after I done it? Cant say as I was particularly, for I was kind of oneasy-like at the thought of leaving my own country, and I didn't know how I'd find things on the other side. Some of my mates was jollyng me all along about the old country, and telling me things to take the notion out of me. I acknowledge I was a litle bit uneasy just then, but I knew that that feeling would wear off when I got on the road for I've felt that way before before starting out on a trip. I said I blowed in all my money. Excuse me. I take that back. I didn't. I had fifteen cents in American money left. As this would be no use to me in the old country, I concluded to spend it. I invested five cents in a schooner, and ten cents in a hunk of bologney which I thought would be a good thing to take along with me on the voyage as a kind of bracer or tonic in case the ship's grub didn't agree with me. I would have liked to take along some mustard, too, to take away the taste of bad vittels, but where was the mon? Never mind; I guess we kin pull through without mustard. Them's luxuries, anyway.

The next thing on the bill of fare was to pack up. I owned seventeen saratogas, two band-boxes, a green parrot and a dirty white poodle; nit! I'm no dude, and when I travel I dont carry a lot of traps with me. I am too old a hand for that. When I go travelling I carry nothing except what I kin pick up along the wayside. I didn't expect to pick up anything going over the ocean, but there's no telling what a fellow may stumble over. I didn't take a thing with me except the bologney, and that was

tied up in a brown paper parcel with a string around it.

I didn't sleep much that night. Visions kept floating through my mind about the old country, about the ship, about home, about my friends and other things, and I only took cat naps. I was afraid I'd lose the ship. I didn't want to lose her for that would have made me feel worse than anything. To make sure of her I got up as soon as it was daylight, and washed my face and combed my hair, and then read the paper for awhile. I left my lodging long before six o'clock and it was a cloudy, raw morning, and the streets were deserted except for stray dogs that were playing with each other, and all the people were still in bed sleeping. A saloon or two was open, but the stores were all shut tight and you'd think the city wasn't inhabited. I took my time and wandered down to the river where the ship was. I got to the pier a little after six o'clock and though it was early there was a lot of emigrants there, waiting to get on board. I mixed in with the gang and waited too. I didn't have no baggage with me, and some of the emigrants took me for a pick-pocket, I guess, the way they looked at me. I wasn't dressed up like a dude like some of them, but I felt that I was as good as they were, so I let 'em scowl and stare. To judge from the brogue of some of these people, I knew they were Irish and some of them were Scotch, and some maybe were Russian, for they talked in a foreign lingo that I couldn't understand. They weren't Dagoes though, I'm sure of that, for I can tell Dagoes when I see 'em by the way they talk with their hands and the way they look. I can tell Irish

too, but I ain't so sure of Scotch. The Scotch is quiet-like and dont say much. The Scotch lingo is something like Irish, but it ain't the same. There's more of a accent to it, I guess. I'd call the Irish lingo a brogue, but the Scotch is an accent. Lots of emigrants was there that morning, large as life and standing around impatient-like, waiting to go on board. The pier was a great big one, maybe 500 foot long and pretty broad, and it was all covered over with a roof. There was piles of boxes here and there till you couldn't rest, and barrels and crates and bales and sich. If I had all the money they was worth I'd travel all over the world. It was kind of cosy-like under that shed, for outside the weather was raw and nasty, but here it was nice and comfortable. They wouldn't let me in the shed until I showed my ticket, but as soon as I showed it, the shed-boss who was dressed in a blue suit with brass buttons, looked at me grave-like and told me to go in. I suppose he was wonderin' what a cuss like me wanted to go travellin' for. Pooty soon I got tired of standing around, so I walked along the shed taking in the sights. I couldn't see much of the ship, for the shed was walled in and there was only two open doors where I could see a part of the ship. I seen a long gangway at the tail end of the shed that connected with the ship, and as I seen some passengers go on board that way, I followed them. When I walked up the plank to the ship, an officer stopped me and asked me if I was a cabin passenger. "Of course I am," said I. "Let me see your ticket," said he. I showed it to him and he told me to git down again and go where the steerage passengers

was. I didn't want to git into no argument with him just then, for there was too many people around. But wasn't I a cabin passenger as well as the rest? My ticket said "third cabin." I had to walk down the plank again. Some people when they wear brass buttons and epulets, likes to show their authority and I guess this chap liked to show his'n. I would have liked to talk to him, though. Bye-and-bye I sees the emigrants making a grand rush for the plank, and up they goes on board the ship, so I got in the push and goes up with them. When I got on deck a young feller in a white jacket and a peak cap says to me, says he, "Are you a married or single man?" I didn't know as it was any of his business, so I looked at him and says, "What do you want to know for?"

Says he: "Come young fellow, dont give me no langwidge; I want to know if you are married or single?" There was others behind me waiting to be talked to, or talk to the young fellow, so I cut it short and says to him: "Well, young feller, if you want to know very bad, I'm single." "All right," says he; "You go forward to the quarters for the single men."

"What's that?" says I.

"Forward of the main hatch," says he.

I didn't know the difference between a main hatch and a chicken hatch, but not to keep the crowd waiting, I followed some of the others to the narrowing part of the ship. "Where's the main hatch, boys?" says I to a lot of sailors who was working like sixty slinging a lot of trunks down a hole. One of them winks his eye to the others and says. "It's in the fok'sel; do you want it?"

"No," says I, "I'm looking for the quarters for single men."

"Why didn't you say so in the first place?" says the jacky. "What are you axin for the main hatch for? You follows your nose till you gits to the bows and then you sees a companionway, down which you goes, and then you'll see the place you're looking for."

"All right," says I, "thank you, mate."

The deck was all heaped up with boxes, bags, trunks, steamer-chairs, ropes, chains and other things, and it was a pretty tough job to git' along over them, but I finally managed to find the place I was looking for. It was a stairway that led down into the steerage. It was the darndest, orneryiest looking stairway that I ever seed, for it was straight up and down and housed in above the deck by well-fitted, water-tight boards, over which there was a sliding-hood or cover. Along the stairway ran a rail which one could catch hold of going down so as not to fall and break his neck, and on each step there was a rough brass plate to prevent one from slipping.

CHAPTER III.

STEERAGE TO GLASGOW.

As soon as I tried to go down that stairway, there was trouble, trouble of the worst kind. I didn't get down more then half a dozen steps or so when I smelled something queer. I looked around to see what it could be, for I never smelled nothing like that before, but I couldn't see nothing out of the way. It was a mighty queer smell, kind of low and soft like, but it was penetrating, mighty penetrating. The fust thing I knowed it ketched me in the throat and I began to chaw and spit like I was chawing tobacco, and pooty soon I began to git shakey in the pins and I got so weak you could have knocked me down with a feather. Gosh a'mighty, thinks I, what does this mean? I didn't eat ner drink nothing strange this morning, and I dont know what's gittin inter me. The smell kept gitten stronger and stronger, and I kept gittin weaker and weaker. Tears riz in my eyes, a lump riz in my throat, and the more I tried to swaller the harder the lump got. The fust thing I knowed it came up and I was sick, mighty sick. "Oh Lordy! Lordy!" thinks I, what did I want to come on board a ship for? I might have knowed it wouldn't agree with me. Why didn't I stay on dry land where I was brought up; oh, what a fool I was to come here. If I am sick now what will I be when I gits in the ocean. By gosh! guess I'll turn tail and scoot before it's too late. On second thought I kind of thought I wouldn't do that for my friends would have had the laugh on me. So

I made up my mind I'd stay if I died for it, and I kind of felt as if I would die.

Bye-and-bye I gits a little better, so down I crawls to the bottom of the stairs and sits on the last step where I puts my head in my hands and grunts like a bear with the belly-ache. While I was sitting there, down comes a jacky, airy-fairy fashion, like he was dancing on eggs, with a big black pan in his hands, in which was biled meat, taters and gravy, all of which was smoking hot. When he sees me and sees what I done, he gits hopping mad and wants to know what I means by mussing up the the ship like that, and why I dont go up stairs. I ketched a good whiff of the vittels just then and I answered the cuss by firing away worse than ever. He dont say no more but scoots like the devil was after him. Oh, pardner! I was feeling bad; mighty bad. The heart was took clean out of me. I never felt that way before. When I gets a little better I makes a sneak for another stairway, for I has to go down another stairway before I kin git into the cellar or steerage, as they calls it. It took me some time to git there, and when I did git there, I stands there a winking and blinking like a caged owl, for I couldn't see nothing it was so dark, and pooty soon a steward gits onto me and comes forward to give me the glad hand and to tell me to make myself to home. When he gits close up to me. he stops and looks at me silent-like, for I guess he sees there's something wrong with me, but he dont say nothing; he only says to me, "come with me young feller, and I'll gee ye a bairth" He kinder spoke something like that. He was a middle-aged

man and was kinder well built, and he had side-boards and a soft way about him. I follows him and he shows me to a bunk which was in a room near the stairway. I didn't like the looks ner the smell of the steerage, so I didn't stay there no longer than I could help, but I makes tracks for the deck again where I could see daylight and git some fresh air. When I gits on deck again, I sits down on the railing of the ship and looks around me. I was feeling pretty bad at the stomach but the fresh air soon fetched me around again all right.

There was a tremenjus racket going on all around me on the ship and on the wharf, for there was sailors working on deck, pulling and hauling and singing hee-hee, ho-ho, and there was passengers coming on board with their hand-bags and other truck, and trunks was being lowered into the hole which never seemed to git full. On the wharf carriages and wagons kept coming and going, fakirs was dancing around and trying to sell things, and there was a good deal of noise and to-do. From the looks of things you'd think a circus had come to town or a lion had broke loose, and I had a mind to go on the wharf to get a better view of things, but I thinks to myself, thinks I, perhaps they wont let me on board again, so I better stay where I am. When nine o'clock comes around we gits ready to start. A nice-looking officer climbs on a little deck in the front part of the ship, and he tells a lot of mugs on shore to unhook a big rope that holds the ship to the wharf, and the mugs do it, but they git careless-like and throw the rope overboard and it falls into the water, but a lot of jackies on board ketches it

and hauls it on board singing ho-ho, hee-hee, in great fashion. Them buggers can't sing a little bit. The next thing on the bill of fare is, the gang-planks is hauled in and then we's loose from the shore. The only way we kin git ashore now is by jumpin, but I wouldn't want to jump. The skipper of the ship now stands over the deck on a high platform, and he hollers down to the engineer in the coal hole, "I say Pete, let her go!" or something like that, and Pete lets her go, and the fust thing we know the wharf commences to move away from us. I wonder where it's a going to, but by gosh, its us that's moving and not the wharf. "We're off for Yurup," cries I to myself. "Hurray! Hurray! Hurray! Tiger!" I guess I kin travel to Yurup as well as the next man. Some of the passengers didn't seem to be feeling good just then for I could see them sniveling and blubbering, and I guess they was sorry to leave their home and friends. They waved their handkerchiefs and cried good-bye! good-bye! and they tried to smile but I could tell they was feeling bad. While this was going on, all of a suddent there comes a ripping, roaring, tearing crash, and I thought the biler bust, and was for making a flying leap overboard, but it was only the ship tooting her horn. What a hair-raising noise it made. Gee-whiz! it sent the shivers down my back and almost scared the life out of a lot of pigeons that scooted away as if old Nick was after them.

We was off for Yurup now; off for fair. Hooray! Hooray! Hooray! Tiger! Over the river! ta-ta! The ship pointed her nose down stream and it wasn't long before she was scooting along at a tre-

menjus rate. She was a mighty fine ship and she could go like a streak if she wanted to, I could easily see that, and it made me laugh to see all the little tugs and the other ships scramble to git out of her way, for they knowed if they didn't they'd git runned over sure. "Better git out of the way there little dogs, for if you dont there wont be nothing left of you! Scoot!" The scenery around there was too fine, truly beautiful, I may say. On one side was Hoboken and Weehawken, and on the other side was New York with its piles of piers which was strung along the river front, and a lot of tall buildings stood up behind 'em. We passed Castle Garden where the greenhorns used to land, and then we came to the statute of Liberty which stands large as life on an island in the river. The statute is a tremenjus piece of work—tremenjus—and it's so tall it almost breaks a feller's neck to look up at it. The Frenchman what made it done a mighty slick job, for there aint nothing like it in this country. Miss Liberty stands on a pedustel, and the pedustel itself is as tall as the mast of any ship, and taller. Miss Liberty herself is taller ner the pedustel even, and even one of her hands is so big that twenty men could sit in it. I aint stretchin' it. In the crown on her coconut away up is a lot of little windows through which a whole crowd of people kin look out, and she's that holler inside people kin go in her and git clean up to the little windows. I've been in the statute and I went way on top, but I wouldn't do it again. It's too much like work. There's too many stairs to climb—about 1,100 of 'em We sneaked past Brooklyn, South

Brooklyn, Governor's Island, Bay Ridge, Fort Hamilton, Fort Richmond, Fort Lafayette, Staten Island, South Beach, Bath Beach, and then we came to Coney Island, the dizziest place in North America. I can't give Coney Island the go-by without saying a word for it. It's a hot place, Coney is, and I've been there more than onct. Me and my Sunday gal onct took in the ephelant, the merry-go-round, the streets of Kighro, the shoot-the-chute business, the swings, the hammer that hits the weight that goes up, the fortune teller, the coon that lets you hit his nut with a baseball for a nickel, the frankfort-sassage man, the dance halls, the free-and-easy's, the fakirs—say, Coney Island is a hot place I'm a telling you. I couldn't drag my chip away from it. She was dead stuck on it and wanted to live there. But now I was leaving it, and may be forever. Good-bye, old Coney; if I dont see you again. Hello!

After we past Coney Island we came to Sandy Hook which is a piece of land shaped like a hook, only it's sandy, and that was the last land we came to. We couldn't see nothing else now except sky and water. To tell you the truth I ain't dead stuck on that kind of scenery, for I likes to see something more solid. I ain't a romantic cuss and I likes to see the sea but only when I'm a little ways off from it about a mile; and I dont like to git too close. I was a little too close just now to suit me. Some of the funny papers says that hobos gits skittish when they sees water, but that ain't so; leastwise it ain't with me. I likes water but not too much of it. Look at this lay-out, will yer? Nothing *but* water. Well, I hope I won't git drownded in it. Suppose

our boat gits afire or goes down what will become of me? Go down and feed the eels and crabs? Oh, Lordy, Lordy; I hope nothing like that will happen. I would rather git hanged ner drowned any day, for I want to be buried on dry land. I looked at some row boats on the ship and supposed that in case anything happened to the ship we would have to go in them. What, git into one of them little things in the ocean! Not on yer life. I'll stick to the ship, boys, no matter what happens. I hope nothing will happen but things is mighty oncertain on the ocean, for one kin read in the papers every day about ships going down.

I turned away and took a look at the ship to see what *she* was like. The fust thing I seen was two big thick masts, that stuck away up on high and to which there was tied sails and rope ladders and up which jackies could climb. Away up high was a lot of ropes strung from one mast to the other so as to hold 'em together and keep 'em from falling overboard. Then there was on deck besides the masts a meat-house where they kept meat, and two cute little light-houses where they kept lights burning all night so as no other ship would bunk into us. In the middle of the ship was a lot of cabins which was roofed over, and in 'em lived the ship's officers, the engineers, purser, chief steward and barber, for over every door there was a sign which said who lived there. This was on one side of the ship. On the other side there was a kitchen, bakery, pantry, vegetable room, where they peeled the vegetables, and a boiler room. All these cabins was roofed over, and they was as snug as a bug in a rug. The

officers was all right, but how about the crew? They lived down a hole in the front part of the ship right under what they calls the bows, and poor jackie had to sleep in a bunk like a Chinaman, one over the other. Jack thinks his boodoir is a fine one, but I'd rather bunk in a haystack on the prairies any day. The haystacks dont rock, anyway. We passengers wasn't housed any better then Jack. We slept in bunks Chinaman-fashion too, and I can't say as I liked it. When I sleep I likes to be alone, so as I kin kick and snore if I wants to. The bunks was nothing but bare boards put together coffin-fashion, and in 'em was a straw mattress that had lumps in it, a straw pillow and an army blanket. There might have been other things but I didn't feel none, ner ketch none of 'em, and maybe there wasn't none. Leastways I didn't look for none. One chap that slept in the same room as I did was a Polander, and he was dead stuck on garlic and onions, and he kept eating 'em all day long except at meal times, so it's no wonder the steerage smelt bad.

The deck was all right, but I'd rather be able to chase myself around the block on shore than be on it. There was a sort of alley-way or sidewalk on each side of the deck where a feller could shassay back and forth, and a high railing so that no one could tumble overboard. Over the deck was them rowboats I was telling you about, and I got shaky every time I looked at 'em. A good strong wind was blowing out here though, and I was gittin hungry. I didn't eat nothing since yesterday, for what I eat that morning didn't stay with me, and I

wondered how long it would be before it would be meal time. It was about noon now. Pooty soon I got so hungry I could have tackled a horse, and visions of table-de-hot dinners began to float around me. I thought of running the gantlet of them stairs again, but I could have gone through fire and water just then for a meal's vittels. When the dinner-bell rung yer oughter have seen me scoot down them stairs. I didn't take time to walk down, I just dropped down. All the others made a grand rush at the same time, and we all landed with both feet. When I landed in the steerage, I looked around for the table-de-hot, but nary table-de-hot did I see. There was two little bare tables there which wasn't set, and a bench on either side of them, and that was all. "What does this mean," says I to myself, "ain't we going to git no dinner?" Nary sign of grub, plate ner anything was there. There wasn't no tables to sit down to either, only jusc them two and there wasn't any room except for about a dozen people or so. "Hello!" thinks I; "where are we going to eat?" I seen some of the other fellers go in their rooms and come out with dishes, so I thinks maybe there may be some in my room too. In I goes, and sure enough in my bunk I sees layin' there a knife, fork, spoon, cup and wash-basin. I brings 'em all out, and gits ready for what's comin' "What's the basin for?" says I. "Soup!" says one of the boarders to me. "Soup in a wash-basin, hey!" says I. "Why don't they give us a water-pitcher to drink it out of?" The knife, fork and spoon was as fine a collection of bricky-brack as I ever laid eyes on. They was a good many

years old and had seen better days, but they was still willing to do duty even if they wasn't very able. They was made of pewter and looked as if they had been through a war. The cup was made of delf and was a scabby article, but it was all there. The basin was made of delf too, and you couldn't have broke it if you had hit it with a sledge-hammer. I wonder how much this job lot of eating things cost? I wouldn't have given a nickel for the lot. We stood around quite awhile with our bricky-brack, seeing what was going to happen, and we was gittin all-fired hungry. Bye-and-bye two stewards meanders down stairs carrying in each hand a bucket, which looked like a swill-bucket, but in one of the buckets was soup and in the other praties. One of the stewards had a string slung around his neck to which was tied a long, black pan in which was biled beef. The feller with the soup came to us first and filled our basins with soup. It was pea soup they dished out to us and it was pooty good, only there wasn't no peas in it. I couldn't ketch a single pea, although I tried. I fished and fished but nary pea. "How's this," thinks I, "pea soup and no peas in it?" When I eats all the soup and gits to the bottom, maybe I'll find the peas. When I gits to the bottom, I sees something there that looks and feels like yaller mud, and it tastes like peas "Pea-paste!" as I live! thinks I. "By gosh! I never knowed that peas was so dear before." Why, in this country they feed hogs on peas in some places.

After we gets through with the soup, the other duck comes around and fires a handful of praties and some slabs of meat at us. The praties was

biled with their jackets on, and was mealy, and the meat was good. Every man got all he could eat and if he wanted any more all he had to do was to holler for it. There was over a hundred of us chaps in the steerage, but there was only room at the table for about a dozen of us, so the rest of us had to stand up and eat or eat squatting like a turk on the floor. If the floor had only been clean it wouldn't have been so bad, but it was greasy.

The first meal was a good one, but bye-and bye the grub kept gitting worser and worser, and finally it got so bad we couldn't eat it at all. The meat got too rich for us, so we chucked it overboard, and the praties got to growing so small, that if they kept on growing that way we wouldn't be able to see 'em at all. The eatin' was tough. So as you will better understand all about the grub, I'll tell you what we got to eat at the different meals. For breakfast we got coffee, bread and butter, and once or twice some swill they called porridge. Tough eatin' the porridge was, and I'd hate to pizen my dog with it. The coffee was handed around already sweetened and milked, and I don't think sugar sweetened it ner milk colored it. As for the coffee itself, it didn't taste like coffee but like warm water. I don't like to slander no one, leastwise the cook, but if that bugger had cooked for the cowboys, he wouldn't have come out alive. They would have skinned him. The bread sometimes was good and sometimes it was bad. And as for the butter, say pardner, excuse me ; I pass. It was bull butter of the worst kind, and you could smell it a yard off. For dinner we had soup, meat and praties, except

Friday's, when we had fish. The fish they called ling, and it was a cheap sort of salt-cod, and I eat some of it once, but never again. It was so salty it made me drink like a fish, and I didn't git over my thirst for three days. If I only had a keg of beer with me it wouldn't have been so bad, but beer was twelve cents a bottle on board, which was too high-toned for me. On Sundays we had some sort of dough for desert what they called plum duff, but there wasn't no plums in it, and it tasted like sawdust. This concoction was made of stale cake or bread, I guess, and it had a big raisin in it here and there, but it was mighty dry eatin'. It tasted something like Washington pie, only Washington pie is richer. For supper, or tea as they called it on board, we got tea, bread and butter. The tea tasted better than the coffee, but it was mighty weak stuff and it was colored and sweetened like the coffee. Sometimes we also had what they called marmalade, which was something like apple-butter, but it was bitter stuff and puckered a fellers mouth like persimmons. I guess it was made out of penny oranges, which was bitter as gall.

CHAPTER IV.

THE STORM—SEASICK.

There was quite a gang on the ship, and most of them was Irish, but not a few of them was Scotch, and there was several who was Roosian and German, and one or two was Fins or Laplanders I guess, though I wouldn't take an affidavy on that, but they looked like it and talked like it. As the ship was going to stop in Ireland and Scotland, that's why there was so many Irish and Scotch aboard, but what the Laplanders and other foreigners was doing there I don't know. Maybe they had to git to them countries to git home. There was a big crowd of men, women and children aboard, and they all seemed to be as happy as a pup what's chasin his own tail. They didn't seem to have no cares, but I'll bet it took many of 'em a long time to save up the money they was spendin'. There was some pretty decent folks there, but some of 'em looked like pretty mean cusses, for they never spoke to no one, never laughed, and kept to themselves. Some of the Irish had a slick Irish brogue about them, and the way some of 'em spoke would make you feel good all over, for it rolled off so rich and easy-like. I guess they must have been Corkonians, for I've hearn 'em say that Corkonians speaks the purest Irish. I guess all the Irish was going home to the old Dart to see if it was all there. Some was going home to stay maybe, and some only to visit, for many of 'em I guess was Irish-American citizens. The Irish is all right. Some of 'em comes over to

this country and gits to be politicians, some gits to be policemen, some gits to be head-porters in big hotels, and some gits in jail. If it wasn't for booze the most of 'em would be all right. They are thick in this country and gits along well. You don't ketch no Irishmen going around picking up cigar-buts on the streets, fishing out rags from ash-barrels, paradin with a monkey and hand-organ, and chasing around the markets picking up rotten fruit and vegetables, but they works, they does. The rest of 'em ought to come over here from Ireland and grow up with the country, for theres room for 'em all and more too. They won't have to live on buttermilk and praties like in the old country, and on pea-soup without no peas in it, but as soon as they gits here they'll git good chuck. I know some chaps what just landed here from the old country that lived on praties and buttermilk in the old country, and when they got a job in a big hotel here and got roast goose and chicken onct a day, they kicked and wanted to know if the boss took 'em for hogs. One chap got some pratie-salad for dinner one day, and made a kick because the praties was cold. The Irish is all right. There was a lot of pretty Irish gals on board, but they wasn't allowed to live with us bucks in the steerage, which was a bad thing for us and a healthy thing for them maybe, but we could talk to them when we ketched 'em on deck, and they wasn't proud and let us talk to 'em. But some of 'em seemed to care more for the cook than they did for us, because the cook gave 'em good things to eat. Oh, some Irish gals is fly, I'm telling you. There was one Irish chip on board and she

was a corker. She was always dressed very genteel in black and she was handsome, plump and tall and white-like, and you'd think she was the Dukess of Tipperary or something like that, for she held her head away up and wouldn't travel with no scruff or bums like me, but only with well-dressed folks. She was pooty and she knowed it. Some of the dudes on board almost broke their necks trying to shassay back and forth with her, and she let 'em too. She looked at me onct with a kind of far away gaze, but I wasn't thinking of trying to shassay with her. I wasn't dude enough for her, I guess. I never seen so many Scotch folks before as I seen on board. There ain't near so many Scotch folks in America as there is Irish, and you dont see many of 'em together at one time, except at the Caledonia games or some Scotch picnic, or something like that. They is quiet folks and don't say much, but they take their'n out in thinkin'. They is sociable, and will take a drink with you if you ask them, but they ain't a rarin, tearin, cussing set. They is quiet, but if you git 'em mad they'll fight like a coyote what the dogs is onter to. You don't want to monkey with 'em. Their langwidge gits me though. What do they mean when they calls you bony? Do they mean you is skinny? Many of the Scotch folks I seed is skinny, but do they think every one is skinny? I've hearn 'em say other words too, like soonie, braw, apley, ajee, blin, kanny and sich, and it made me laugh. They talk the Gaylck, I'm told. Some of 'em on the ship talked the Gaylick, and I wondered if the Gaylick is the same as Hebrew? Pears like it. Those I heard

speaking the Gaylick spoke like as if they had a bean or something in their throat. That's the way some sheenies speak. There was one Scotch chippie on board, and she took my time. She was a beaut and no mistake. She had a figger that was supple as a willow, and she had a face like the full moon. She was mighty quiet and shy-like, and didn't say much but sat around and read a book and looked out on the sea. Oh if I only had the nerve to brace her, I would have liked to talk to her. I was kind of stuck on her. She didn't seem to take no stock in no one though, and perhaps she wouldn't take none in me, even if I was a foreigner and an American, and native born to boot. While laying around there, I heard her speak to a lady onct and she spoke slow and kind of sad-like. Her voice was so mournful it made me feel kind of lemoncholy. It made me think of the Sierras in Californy where the woods is awful sad and lonely, and where the wind when it hums through the pines make mighty sad music. Say, did you ever pick up a shell at the seashore and put it to your ear and hear how it moaned and moaned? Didn't it make you feel sad like as if you was wondering what you was living for anyway? Well, that's the way I felt when I heard that Scotch gal's voice. Why was she so sad and mournful-like? Did her feller go back on her or did her uncle die and forgit to leave her anything in his will? I had a mind to ask her, but she might have told me to mind my own business. It was on a Saturday when we left New York, and the weather wasn't very fine, for the skies was cloudy and I thought every minute it would rain. When we gits

out in the ocean a piece, it did rain, and the rain didn't take time to fall down, it just throwed itself down in solid sheets. The ocean looked black and mean, and I didn't like to look at it. I just loafed around deck hunting for a dry spot, and I would have gone down in the steerage only it smelled so. The other passengers went down and stayed there, but what they was doing down there I dont know. I guess they went to bed and laid off. I didn't know what to do to fill in the time. I just loafed and smoked and loafed. A feller couldn't go to no saloon there, or chase himself around the block or do anything, so the time passed slow, mighty slow. I just waited for supper time to come around, and after I eat that, I went on deck again and waited for bed-time to come. I bummed around till about ten o'clock and then went to bed. I had to sleep with my clothes on for there was no place to put 'em, except in the bunk, and I didn't like to do that because I thought maybe there was some Scots Grays in it, like I heard one Scotch chap call bugs.

The next day, Sunday, was fine, truly beautiful, I may say. The storm passed away during the night, big, thick, white clouds that looked like wads of cotton-batting hung in the sky, and the sky was as blue as the blue eyes of a gal I once seen—an awful light blue. Every man, woman and kid on the ship was on deck that day, and they shassayed back and forth till they got tired. We had plum-duff for dinner to-day, and I wasn't stuck on it. Sailors is dead stuck on it, but them buggers don't know what good grub is. Praties and meat is good enough for them.

On Monday the clouds gathered again, and though it didn't rain, the weather made a feller feel gloomy. It was blue Monday anyway. We seen a little pilot boat this morning early, dipping and bowing away out here in the ocean, and it made me seasick to look at her, she rolled and pitched so. The waves wasn't very high and our boat didn't rock at all, but this one did, awful. What was she doing away out here? Looking for a job? Well, she didn't git none from us anyway, for we gave her the go-by in mighty short order. Pilot-boats goes by steam now, I heard one of the passengers say, but this one didn't. She better go home, or where she kin see land, for if a storm comes up there wont be nothing left of her. Why, she wasn't no bigger hardly than a yot. Go home there, go home, I'm a tellin' you, little boat, or you'll git in trouble. How I put in that long day, blest if I kin say. I just loafed, that's all. I was gittin' mighty tired of loafing, and the days was gitting as long as six months.

When Tuesday come around, I heard some of the passengers say we was gitting close to the banks, and I was glad of that, for I wanted to see a little land. A chap told me the banks wasn't land but water, and I took him to be one of them smart alecks what likes to make game of people, but I found out afterwards he wasn't kiddin'. I was keepin' my eyes peeled for the banks, but I couldn't see none. It got to be mighty foggy all of a suddin, and the fog was so thick we couldn't even see the water, so pooty soon the ship begins to slow down, and toot her horn like a good feller. We came mighty near running over something, for almost alongside of us

we could hear the bell of a ship ringing, and we just ketched the sight of a sail as she went by. Close call, by jiminy! If she struck us or we struck her, where would I be now? You dont ketch me in no ships again in a hurry. It's too risky!

On Wednesday it was still foggy, and I was git-ting mighty tired of sea-voyaging. I couldn't do nothing but loaf and eat and sleep. On deck I couldn't see nothing, the fog was that thick. Along in the afternoon a wind sprung up and chased the fog away, and that was a good thing, for now we could see something anyway, and the skipper could figure out where he was at.

Holy smoke! look at that, will you? A lot of fishes about as big as a big shad was going by the side of the ship like a streak, and their sides was all colors—green, blue, yaller, etc. Holy smoke! what a crowd of 'em, too. And can't they scoot though, my! my! They seemed to be in a mighty big hurry to git somewhere, like they had a business appintment, and some of 'em jumped out of the water and tumbled over the others to git there first. Right after 'em came a great big fish, bigger ner a halibut, and some of the passengers said he was after the little buggers, and wanted to eat 'em. The sun-of-a-gun! So that was his game, was it? I hoped he wont git 'em. The little fishes wants to live as well as the big ones. Oh, if I only knowed what he was after, wouldn't I have liked to plunk him. The son-of-a-gun. After this circus was over, we seen a lot of whales spoutin near the ship. They just flipped over and shook their tails at us, as if to say, "kiss me foot!" They was big buggers and knowed

enough to keep away from us. They just kept spoutin and spoutin at a safe distance. There's mighty queer things in the sea, ain't there? When you look at the sea sometimes you wouldn't believe there's anything in it, it's so cam-like and smiling. It's deceivin though, I'm telling you; mighty deceivin and you can't depend on it. It dont take much to git its back up, and when it does git it up, look out. About two o'clock that day the wind begins to git stronger, and it soon blowed hard. Big black clouds began to gather in the east, and they comes nearer and nearer and gits blacker and blacker. Oh, Lordy! there's a storm coming up, and a bad one, too. Think's I at first, I better go down and git out of the way, but then if the ship goes down I'll git drowned down there first. Guess I better stay and see what's going to happen. I goes to the mast and sits down there, and when I looked around I says to myself, says I, "I guess I'm a goner. No ship kin come out alive through that storm." The clouds was now right over us, the waves was high as mountains, and their tops was hiss in and spittin like a cat what's cornered by a dog. "Oh, Lordy! Lordy! this is awful. Oh, why did I come? This is the end of it, I'll never see dry land again. Good-bye all! good-bye!" Oh, you ought to have heard how the wind was a carrying on! It was yelling like a parcel of Piutes what's scalped a feller and is dancing around him crazy as bed bugs. The mast inside was a gruntin and a groanin like it was sick, and the rope-ladders where the sailors goes up was swinging tremenjus, and away up there was a roarin like thunder. The ship now, which was pretty

steady before, began to keel over first to one side and then to the other, and then she jumped up and down like a crazy man. I was too scared to move, and I was gitting seasick. Oh, mercy! mercy! See them waves, will you! See 'em jumpin' and dancin' and spitting! Its awful; awful! This ship is like a fly in a basin, and ain't got no show at all. See her make a jump up like she was trying to ketch something, and when she misses it, ker-swash down she goes back into the water like a tub, and shivers and groans. Then she almost touches the water with one railing, and when she misses it, she keels over to the other side ter see if she kin make it over there. Oh, my poor stomach; I'm awful sick. I fires away but I dont dare to move. The decks is all wet and slippery, and the spit leaps over on board in sheets; and I guess the first thing I know the ship will turn turtle. Well, good-bye. Guess I'll go down stairs and go to bed, come to think of it. I goes down stairs and goes to bed, and covers up, feeling mighty bad. It was awful down there. There was no air, and it smelled like a slaughter-house. The ship was creakin' and groanin', satchels and other things was slidin' around, and after I got in my bunk it was all I could do to lay there, for I was nearly spilled out more than once. I had a splitting headache and I wasn't caring much whether school kept or not. Ships is awful things! awful! If any man ever ketches me in a ship again, he kin call me anything he likes. I just laid there all that day and night, and cursed myself for going to Yurruup.

Thursday the storm was worse than ever, and I

was afraid to go up stairs. I didn't git up for meals even, for I was clean off my feed. My room-mate was chawin' garlick and onions same as ever, though, and nothing phased him. He didn't miss a meal no more than did some of the others. Oh, I wish I could be like them.

Friday the storm was still a blowing, and I was so weak I asked my room-mate to bring me a hunk of bread, for I didn't have the nerve to git up and git it myself. He done so.

Saturday it was the same like the other days, and I was gittin as thin as a shadder, and I begun to feel that if this thing lasted much longer there wouldn't be much left of me. I never was so done up before. I just lay there pale and dead like.

Sunday it was just the same, only not quite so bad, and I lay there and wondered if I could stand so much without dyin'. I guess I've got a good consteetootion. Even the smell of grub made me sick. The steward came in and made me git up, and when I got on deck he brought me some soup, and give me some big crackers to chaw on. Only for that I wouldn't be here, I guess. I was almost done for. "Aha!" says I to myself; "you will go to sea, will you? This will learn you a lesson, you idiot!" I was mighty quiet and humble like, and didn't have no bad word for nobody.

Monday being the next day, and the ninth day out, we was told that we would see land some time during the afternoon. That helped to keep me alive, and as I stood so much, I guess I kin hold out a day longer. Oh, pardner, was you ever in love, and did you ever make an appointment to meet your

gal on the corner the next day, and do you remember how slow the time passed till you could see her? That's the way I felt while waiting to see the land once more. I was like a cockroach on a hot stove. I was clean off and didn't know where to go or what to do. I counted the hours, and every hour was like six months. I was sleeping in my clothes for over a week, I wasn't half-washed, I was sick, sore, down-in-the-mouth and feeling bad all over.

The next day, Monday, come; and I was that anxious I riz at daybreak and crawled on deck, for I wanted to keep my business eye open for the land, and I wanted to see it the first thing. Maybe we'll see it sooner than we expects, thinks I. The clouds was breaking away now, and the weather was gittin a little clearer. So I lays low on deck and says nothin. No land in sight. When dinner time comes around, I goes down and eats a little just to keep the circulation going, but I eats mighty slow so as to make the time pass quick. After dinner I goes on deck again and keeps my eyes shifting around for land. All the other passengers was on deck, too, and about two o'clock we all sees a fog along ways ahead of us, and one of the jackies who was on deck told us that was land. I thought he was foolin and felt like cussing him for trying to make game of a poor feller, but bye-and-bye I sees something like pretty tall mountains rising above the fog. It *is* land! It *is* land! So help me goodness, it *is* land! Thanks be to God! I felt like gitting up and shoutin' hurray! hurray! hurray! but I was too weak, so I just laid there and felt good all over. I kin tell you I felt good. Colum-

bus must have felt good when he first seen the land, but I'll bet a nickel he never felt as good as I did when I seen the land. It was almost too good to believe that it was land I saw. When we came nearer to it we could see plainer that it was land, and then I was satisfied, and felt so happy that I could almost have blubbered. It was like putting new life inter me, like being elevated by a drop of good whiskey. I felt away up, I'm a telling you. And the land we saw, they told us, was Ireland. Kin you believe it? The old Dart herself. My! my! where am I? Am I dreaming? Is this me or somebody else? No, it can't be me. It was too good to be believed. I'm mighty glad I'm alive ter see it. So that's Ireland, hey! well, well, well! May I be blowed! I couldn't see nothing but mountains on the land, and I wondered where was the cities and the people, but I couldn't see nothing like that. As the mountains was right ahead of us, and we couldn't sail through 'em, I guess they turned the ship up north, and we kept sailin' and sailin' for hours along the mountains, but the longer we sailed the more mountains did we see. They was pretty tall to look at and not a thing growed on 'em, but they was great big tall rocks. Sometimes they curved-like inter the land, and I thought maybe we'd sail inter some creek, but we didn't; we kept straight on. About five o'clock we got in pretty close to the shore, and then we sailed in between an island, what they called Tory Island, and the main land, and we sailed so close to the island we could see it plain. There was a light-house at one end of it, and then a lot of prarie land

with little patches of farms on it, and at t'other end was a pile of tall rocks or mountains, the funniest I ever seen. They was all cut up by the waves, and was all kinds of shapes. I couldn't take my eyes off 'em, they was so queer. Wish I had a picture so as to show you how they looked. A little while later we found we was out of the ocean and in a bay, and pretty soon we anchored off a place they called Menville, where the Irish passengers was going to git off. A little tug came up and took 'em off, and they wasn't sorry to go, I kin tell you. Wish I was going too. After they and their baggage gits off, we hists the anchor on board again, and off we scoots fer Scotland. I hearn 'em say we would git ter Scotland the next morning bright and early. I didn't sleep much that night, I kin tell you, for it was like laying on needles and pins, I was that anxious. Lo and behold you, by the time I was awake next morning, we was right up close to the land in Scotland, and when I knowed that I jumped out of bed and rushed up stairs to see what the land looked like. We was laying off a place they called Greenock, which is in Scotland, near Glasgow, and it's quite a place. One of the Scotch chaps aboard told me it's celebrated for ship-building and for sugar refineries, and also because a gal died there what was called Highway Mary what a pote named Mr Robert Burns was stuck on. He said it was more famous for that than any other thing. He was kiddin, I guess. What, famous, because a chip died there! Not on yer life! Yer can't coon me like that.

CHAPTER V.

THE DEBUT IN SCOTLAND.

The place we was now in was a kind of bay, which was about three miles wide, but how long it was I don't know, for I couldn't see the end of it, as it stretched away along the land further than I could see; but it was a good long one, you can bet on that. The head of our ship was anchored off Greenock, and her tail was pointed to a lot of hills on the opposite shore, which a Scotch chap on board told me was the Highlands of Scotland. So, them is the Highlands of Scotland, hey? My! my! ain't they grand! They was pooty tall and round-like, and they was mighty bald on top and lonely, and they stretched away as far as the eye could see. Nothing growed on them that I could see, for there was nary sign of a bush, tree ner anything; but they made the place look kind of wild and romantic. They wasn't near as high as the Sierras in Californy, but they were about as high as the foothills of the Sierras; but someway they didn't make a feller feel lonely like the Sierras or the Rockies do. But, to tell you the truth, pardner, I wasn't feeling very romantic just then. I was hankering after a good square meal more than scenery, for it seemed to me like I hadn't eaten a square meal in six months, and my head was that wrong I didn't know whether I was on the ship ten days or ten months. I was kind of twisted, and kin you blame me? It seemed to me like I didn't have no innards at all, no gizzard, no heart and no nothing, and I was just aching to

git on dry land. Scenery is very nice to look at when youv'e got your belly full of good chuck and kin lay off on your back somewheres and take it all in, easy like, and then turn over and take a snooze ; but a feller don't hanker after it when his system's out of whack and his mind ain't right.

About ten A.M. I notices a little steamer shoot out from a dock at Greenock, and she makes a bee-line for us, as if she was going ter run us down. If we wasn't so big, and she wasn't so little, you might have thought that she was going to run into us, but when she got within about a hundred yards of us she slowed a little to show that she wasn't thinkin of suicide just then. One of the jackies said she was comin to take us ashore. She was, hey! Well, she couldn't take me too quick, I kin tell you that. Ef I kin only git my feet onto dry land once more, yer'll never ketch me on the water again, not if I kin help it. I knowed before I started that water wouldn't agree with me, but I didn't know it would make me feel as bad as I did. When the little steamer came up close I took a squint at her, and I kin truly say I never seen nothing in the shape of a boat like her. She was about as high as a tug from the water, and she was long and narrow and painted black. She was a little side-wheeler, but she could go mighty fast. She wasn't pooty, but oh, my! Well, that's what I wanted ; something that could go and wasn't traveling on its shape. She came up alongside of us and hitched on, and yer ought ter have seen us cattle scoot on board of her. Did yer ever see a lot of cattle make a shoot out of a kerrell? Well, that was us. I was in the

thick of the bunch, and was as hot as any of 'em to git on board the little steamer. After the passengers and their baggage was all aboard there wasn't room enough ter sling a cat in, but I was willing to swim ashore as long as I got there. "Toot! toot!" says the little steamer, and off she pops for the land. "Good-bye, old Furnessia, good-bye! I've haven't got nothing against yer, but I'm glad to get rid of yer" We leaves the old ship behind, and in ten minutes or so the little black witch of a steamer humps herself into her dock at Greenock. She lands at a place they calls the Princess Pier, which is a long stone street, like a Mississippi levee, that slopes up from the water, and on top of the levee stands a fine big building, which is the Castle Garden of Glasgow. All the emigrants lands there. As soon as the gang plank is thrown out we all makes a break for dry land, and I felt shaky when I struck it. It seemed ter me I never was on dry land before. A lot of people was standing around on the levee taking a look at the kind of queer fish we was, and there was also a lot of cabbies there, who stood by quite respectable like and put their hands to their caps and didn't say a word. If them was American hack-drivers they would have tumbled over each other to grab people and rush them into their hacks, or they would have been shouting till they got black in the face, "cab! kerriage! hack!" A lot newsboys was there, too, trying to sell the Glasgo Morning Nip and the Daily Bladder, and they was shouting for fair. Their language was peculiar, mighty peculiar. I couldn't make out a word they were saying, for their accent was too rich for me.

As soon as them little buggars clapt their eyes on me they knowed I was a greenhorn, and they began to yell to each other to git onter me, and they yelled and jeered. I had a mind to give some of them a hist in the breeches, but its no use foolin with kids, for the more you fools with 'em the worse they git. I walked on like as I didn't hear nothing, but I seen some grown folks looking at me and smiling, too. I never knew before that there was anything funny about me.

We emigrants was steered into the custom-house to git our baggage examined and to see if we smuggled anything ashore. We was put into a long room, and we all had to stand by our baggage. Custom officers went around very quiet like and sized people up carefully, and they didn't say nothing but just looked. One chap asked me kind of off-hand like, like he didn't care a cuss, "where's your baggage, young feller?" and I told him kind of shaky-like, "I ain't got none." He just eyed me, and turned on his heel and walked off. I didn't smuggle nothing ashore, so help me. A jackey on board asked me to take a pound of tobacco on shore for him, but another chap what I asked about it told me I might get into trouble, so I didn't take it. I didn't want to git in no trouble with no one. After the baggage was examined, a door at the other end of the pen was opened and then we emigrants made a rush into a place what I soon seen was a railroad depot. It was the funniest depot I ever seen. It was a big one, but it was mighty foreign-looking. On tother side, as you went in, it was a blank stone wall, with nothing on

it except queer foreign advertisements, and on this side was queer-looking waiting rooms, a place they called a buffet, another place they called a luggage room, a telegraph room, &c. There was railroad tracks there, too, and something on 'em that looked like cars. When I looked at them things and seen they was cars, I stared at them like a pig what's got its head ketched between two fence rails and can't move and kin only stare. Call them things cars? Well, may I be blowed! Hold me, pardner, hold me! I'm going ter faint. Say, they was nothing but stage coaches, strung together on a lot of car wheels, and there was no bumpers there, no brake-beams, no blind baggage, no vestibules, no nothing. When I seen them my jaw fell. How am I going ter travel around the country if there ain't no brakes, no place where you kin git on top of the cars, no bumpers and no blind baggage even? The heart was took clean out of me. I was terrible disappointed. I was sorry before that I left home, and I was sorrier now. Oh, if I had only knowed how things was beforehand you wou'dn't have ketched me in Yurruup. If I had the mon. I'd go straight home again, but I hadn't. The passengers all made a break for the cars and I followed 'em, for I didn't want to git left in a strange town. We was all going to Glasgow, which was 25 miles from Greenock, a chap told me. Six passengers was in the car I was in, which was all it would hold, and some of the other passengers was rushing around the depot like cockroaches in distress ter see which car they was ter get in. When all was set the conductor tooted his horn, a bell clanged, the engine squeaked like a

rat, and off we was for Glasgow. The engine looked like a toy, but she could go like a streak. She yanked us through about half a dozen tunnels, which was dark as a pocket, and yet there was no light in our car. That would be a good place to go through a feller if he had money, I thought to myself. When we came out of the tunnels we clatter-clattered through the country as if the devil was after us. On our left side was hills and on our right side was a plain, with a river rolling through it. I asked a Scotchman sitting next to me what river that was and he said "the River Clyde." "You mean the Clyde River, don't you, neighbor?" says I; "No," says he kind of gruff-like, "I means just what I says; they calls it the River Clyde." "Foreigners don't know much," says I, to myself, when they puts the cart before the horse like that. How would that sound if you said the River Mississippi, the River Ohio, the River Missouri, &c.? I'm sorry I come. I guess me and the foreigners won't agree no more then me and ships do. We scooted along the River Clyde for quite aways, and we passed some mighty ornery-looking villages with jaw-breaking names and some pretty decent looking towns. We also seen green fields, cow pastures, medders, woodlands; and on we clattered like an old tin pan for about an hour till we rolled into a mighty high-toned station in Glasgow what they called St. Enoch Station. We was at our journey's end. Was I happy? Can't say as I was. I was beginning to git shaky about foreign countries, for they wasn't what they was cracked up to be. I read about 'em in books, but they wasn't nothing like that at all.

The books don't tell what they do to you on the ships, how the sea ketches you, the way foreigners talks and acts, &c. If I had enough money I would have scooted home llke a streak. "All out for Glasgow!" is the cry, and out I goes.

I thought Glasgow was quite a place, a kind of big country town, but when I seen it I wilted and got scared. May I never live to eat another meal if it ain't as big as New York and maybe bigger. Gee whiz wasn't I surprised when I seen it. No one told me it was so big. When I come out of the station and looked around me, I felt like a baby what's just opened its eyes in a new world. I didn't know where I was at. The houses was different, the stores was different, the people was different, the streets was different, even the purps was different. They all was Scotch. Oh, Lordy! what's going to become of me in this strange place? Where shall I go? Who will I speak to? What will I do? The people that went by looked at me as if I was a monkey in a menagerie, and they could tell immejately that I was a foreigner. Some grinned and some just stared and some was wonderin perhaps how I got loose. I didn't say nothing, though, but just went on and minded my own business. The stores and the names on them took my time. A store that I would call a butcher-shop they called a flesher; a place that a civilized American would call a dry goods store they called a drapers; what any decent American chap would call a gent's furnishing store they called a haberdasher, &c. Say, am I standin on my head or my feet? I can't begin to tell you how surprised I was

ner how queer I felt. I seen cars go by what had three horses harnessed to 'em abreast, and mighty fine big horses they was too. On top of the cars was seats, and you kin believe me or not, but I seen ladies jump on and off the cars while they was in motion and they lit graceful, too. Then there was big, lumberin' omnibusses till you couldn't rest, drug by big horses too, and little bits of carriages drug by Shetland ponies that wasn't knee-high to a grasshopper, and in the little carriages sat big men that was able to carry the Shetland ponies, cart and all. And then there was queer looking carts that they called "sweet milk carts," and I was wondering if they had any sour milk carts too; and then there was queer looking butcher carts and baker wagons; and there was trucks too, that was just like the "floats" they have down in New Orleans. I never seen such queer rigs. The cops what I seen, at first I thought was soldiers, for they had on helmets that was strapped under their nose and short capes, but they was fine big fellers, and I hoped none would tackle me. Even the purps that was sashaying around in the streets had a foreign look, and you could tell in a minute they wasn't American. Everything was Scotch. The names on the stores was Scotch, people talked Scotch, they dressed Scotch, they wore Scotch caps, they laughed Scotch, they had Scotch ways, and they was Scotch all over. I was in the tony part of Glasgow now, and the stores around St. Enoch station was way up. The show windows was decked out fine and there was mighty fine fruit stores there, fish stores, bookstores, restaurants, dry-good stores, variety

stores, clothing stores, etc. I looked in some of the store windows and I seen that there was a darn sight more in the windows then there was in the stores, for the stores was narrow and there wasn't no shelves there to speak of. When I looked in some of the restaurant windows my teeth watered, and I kind of remembered that I needed a square meal in my business, and needed it bad. The restaurants around there was a little too tony for me though, so I kind of thought I'd make tracks where there was less plate glass and less high-toned vittels and cheaper prices. With that idea in my mind I lights out bravely for some eating-joint what's suitable for a poor feller like me.

CHAPTER VI.

GITTIN' A SQUARE MEAL.

While sashaying around the Glasgow streets in the neighborhood of the St. Enoch railroad station I got lost the first thing, for the streets were short and wound around in such a way that I soon found myself in the same place I started from. This happened twice, and I began to think I was a tenderfoot of the worst kind. All the streets around there was kind of high toned it seemed ter me, and I wanted to git where they wasn't so high-toned. I didn't like to ask no one, for I didn't like to let on that I was a tenderfoot, and I didn't want to git in with no bums around there by asking questions. After floundering around for quite a while I come to a high-toned street what they calls Argyle street, and say, it was a beaut. There was the grandest shops there I ever seed, and the whole street on both sides was full of 'em' as far as you could see. Oh what nifty clothing stores was there, and dry-good stores, and book and pictur stores, and jewelry stores, and candy stores, and tobacco stores, and hat stores, &c., and the windows was piled thick with goods. I couldn't help looking in 'em they was so fine. The clothing stores especially got ter my collar button, and if I only had the mon. I would have gone inter one of 'em and bought a nice suit of clothes. They was awful cheap. You could have bought a dude-like tweed suit, and a loo-loo too, I'm telling you, for twenty shilling, which is five

dollars, and a fine pair of britches for two dollars. Oh, I felt bad because I didn't have the mon. to spare. I only had five dollars and I didn't want to blow all that in for clothes. I wanted ter go in one store and buy some tobacco but I seen in the window that it cost eight cents an ounce, and that was the cheapest; eight cents an ounce! Holey Geerusalem! Say, pardner, I kin git two ounces for a nickel at home, so what would I wanter be payin 8 cents an ounce for it for? Eight cents an ounce, hey! Too steep! They called their tobacco by mighty queer names; there was Bailey Nicol Jarvie, Arymatic Mixture, Tam O'Shanter, Starboard Navy, &c., and it all looked nice, but I made up my mind I'd take it out in looking, for how did I know I could earn any money in that strange country. Better hold on ter what you got till you sees how the land lays, thinks I. I meanders along Argyle street feelin' as queer as a feller what's landed in another world. There was a tremenjus traffic on that street—tremenjus. There was that many rigs of all kinds, you couldn't cross the street without almost gittin' runned over, and the sidewalks on both sides was jammed with people. I never knowed there was so many Scotchmen alive, and Scotch women, too. The woods was full of 'em. When I seen the way some of 'em looked and the way they tailed I almost died laughin. Aint there funny folks in this world? Say, pardner, yer kin believe me or not, some of the Scotch gals is peaches. They's mostly blonds, though lots of 'em is brunetts, and they makes a feller feel good all over ter see 'em. Everyone of 'em has got a accent, and its a strong one

too. Guess I'll have to scrape up an acquaintance with some of 'em. The only thing about me is, I'm kind of bashful in coming forward. I keeps on walking and walking and soon comes to a museom, in front of which was big pictures, and there was some kind of a hand-organ playing inside. I wants ter stop and take it all in, but the crowd pushes me on and I don't git no show. Museoms gits ter my collar button every time, especially when there is cow-boys there and double-headed calfs and sich things. I seen a cow in a museom onct what had two heads and two tails. Beat that, will yer! Pooty soon I comes along a great big stone tower that stands right on the sidewalk, only the walls is hollowed out so as to let people pass through. It was an old timer and looked like it was built before the flood. It made me think of Nights--them kind of fellers what used to go riding around on horse back dressed in armor and did fighting, and rescued chips in distress. I guess there's no Nights nowadays in Scotland. I seen fellers there though in what they calls kilts, but no Nights on horse-back. When I goes through that tower I gits to a pretty broad street, down which I walks and keeps my eyes peeled for a restaurant. I sees some there, but they all looks too high-toned fer me. This big broad street I now come to they called Saltmarket street, but I couldn't see no salt-market on it, ner any other kind of a market. There was a lot of second-hand clothing stores there though, and I was expectin to see sheenies there and puller-ins, but the chaps what run them places was Scotch. I seen one sheeny place there and that was all. You don't see no second-

hand clothing stores in this country what aint run by sheenies—mighty few. One Scotch chap tackled me on the street when I went past his place and asked me if I didn't want ter buy a nice suit of clothes. I asked him if he trusts. He said no, and that settled it. We couldn't do no business. Around Saltmarket street, there was a lot of little streets, and alleys that twisted in and out like a corkscrew, and in 'em was a fine lot of bricky-brack houses in which poor folks lived. This was the spot I was looking for. Now for a restaurant, thinks I. Sure enough, on one of the little streets I spies a place where there is a sign, on which it says, "Working-man's Dining Room." That was the place I was looking for. I'm a working man, aint I? I works when I gits a job. The building was of white stone and was broad and had two-show windows in the front of it, in which was vittels of all kinds. In one window was big cakes like flap-jacks, only they was bigger and thicker and was called "scorns." They was sold for two cents each, and they's mighty fillin, I can tell you, for I've tried 'em; but there's soda in 'em, and that works a feller. Then there was biskits in that same window and cakes of different kinds. In the other window was big jints of meat, hog meat done up in different ways, some kind of dumpling they called meat puddings, &c. I licked my chops when I seen all this layout. There was a bill of fare in the window on which it said that tea was 2 cents a cup, coffee ditto, porridge and milk ditto, sandwiches 3 and 4 cents, eggs 2 cents, ham and eggs 16 cents, broth 2 cents, pea soup 2 cents, potato soup 2 cents, beefsteak pudding 4

cents, sassage 2 cents, collops 4 and 6 cents, (I guess the painter made a mistake and ought to painted scollops instead of collops) dessert puddings 2 cents, fish suppers 8 and 12 cents, tripe suppers ditto, &c. Grub is pooty cheap in Glasgow, thinks I. "Lemme see now," says I to myself, "what'll I tackle?" While I was thinking the thing over a lady comes up ter me and speaks ter me. She was poor but she wasn't bad looking, and she was dressed Scotch-like, with a plaid shawl thrown over her head. Pardner, yer kin believe me or not, but if she didn't ask me to take her in and treat her to a square meal, you can shoot me. I couldn't understand a quarter what she said, but I could make out what she wanted. I began chinning her and she comes up close to me and then I smells that she was full of Scotch bug juice. At first I was going to ask her in, but when I smelt the booze and knew she was more ner full of it, I made up my mind I wouldn't. I says to her, "I am busted, old gal; only for that I'd take you in." She didn't understand me, but kept jabberin away, and the first thing I knowed she called me a bully. That got me off. I says to her: "See here, old gal! Don't git too gay, now, and begin calling names. I aint bullying you, am I?" She didn't know what I was saying, but she saw that I was getting huffy, so she began to jabber harder than ever. I was gittin tired of her blarney by this time, so I sneaks in the restaurant and lets her stand there.

The joint was a queer one and wasn't nothing like an American one. There wasn't one long room in it with a lot of tables and chairs in it, but the

place was divided off into little rooms with wooden partitions, and in each room there was a rough wooden table without no cloth on it, and a rough wooden bench, which was narrow. There wasn't room enough hardly to stand in in one of them little rooms except at the door what opened into it, but it was private like. A feller could go in there and shut the door and eat all alone if he wanted ter. If a feller don't like company that's the kind of a joint ter go into. I went in and sot down at the table in one of the rooms. I wasn't expectin company, but I got it just the samee. I hadn't no more then sot down when the lady what tackled me outside of the joint opened the door, come in and sot down alongside of me. I was that flabbergasted for a minute yer could have knocked me down with a feather. The lady began to talk to me, but I told her I couldn't understand Scotch. A young waiter gal came in and asked me what we was goin to have. I told her there was no *we* in this business and that I was alone, but she didn't believe me. "Didn't this lady come in with you?" asked she. "Not on your life, she didn't!" says I. "I don't know her." The waiter asked the lady if I was her escort, and she said yes. That got me clean off, and I made up my mind that I wouldn't be bull-dosed inter paying for no grub for her. The waiter sniffed at me, but I didn't give a cuss. I didn't want to git in no trouble with wimmen the first thing when I landed in Scotland. I wanted ter see how the land laid first. I asked the waiter to bring me some pea soup. When she went away to git it I told the boozy chip alongside of me she'd

better get up and dust, for I wouldn't pay for no grub for her. Do you think she'd go? Not her. She could sit there as long as she liked though for all I cared. You wouldn't ketch no American chip actin like that with a teetotal stranger. An American chip *would* take no for an answer, but this one wouldn't. In a few minutes the soup was brought in ter me and I tackled it. It was good and there was lots of peas in it, and while I was eatin it the boozy chip kept up her chinnen and got me tired. I asked the waiter to fire her and she done it. The chip went out talking Scotch to herself, but she could have talked French for all I cared.' I generally picks my company, I does. I was kind of mean, I know, but that chip was too fresh. If I got in with her I might have got slugged the first thing, and I aint taking no chances. She might have been a married woman for all I knowed, and might have had a husband around. It kind of upset me, but I began to git sorry that she got fired. After I eat the soup the waiter came in again and asked me if I wanted anything else. "Yes," says I, "give me some corn beef and cabbage." The gal stared, That was one on her, I guess. "Haven't you got none?" says I. "No," says she. "How about a beef stew," says I; "haven't you got that?" "No," says she. What kind of a joint was this, anyway? No corn beef and cabbage, no beef stew, no nothing. "What have yer got?" says I. The gall rattled off a lot of things and finally I says to her, "bring me some roast pork." She fetched me in a lot of salt pork scraps with plenty of skin on 'em and fat, but nary potato, bread, butter, vegetables

ner anything else. A fine layout this for a hungry man Scotch restaurants is on the bum if they is all like this, thinks I. I tells the gal to bring me in some bread, potatoes and butter, and then I sails in and winds up with what they calls a beefsteak pudding, but what we calls a beefsteak pie. I had to pay extra for the bread, butter and potatoes, and I found out afterward that's the way they do things in all Scotch restaurants. I paid 12 cents fer the meal, but I didn't enjoy it much on accouot of that chip. She had a pretty big nerve ter brace me like she did, but maybe she was hungry and I oughter have opened my heart ter her. I felt bad, but anyway she had no right to call me names, and me a teetotal stranger to her, too. I paid up and skipped.

CHAPTER VII.

LOOKIN FER A FURNISHED ROOM.

After I come out of the eatin joint I lit my pipe, indulged in a sociable smoke and made tracks fer Saltmarket street again. I stumbled on ter it without knowing it at first, and walked along it fer a few blocks until I struck the Clyde river. Excuse *me*, the River Clyde, I ought ter say; nothing like calling things by the proper name. When I come clost to the Clyde river and looked down inter it I mighty soon seen that its name was mud. Its color was a very dark chocolate, and if that aint the next best thing to mud then I don't know what is. The river was about as wide as the Erie canal, and it was fenced in on both sides with square stone embankments that was pretty high up and looked down on the water. There was at least half a dozen bridges slung across the river that I could see, and they was pretty far apart, and some of 'em was of stone, and some of 'em was iron. All of 'em though, was mighty fine, and must have cost a lot of money. Near the bridge that I first come to, at the end of Saltmarket street was a big park what they called the Green, and I was stuck on it as soon as I seen it. It was built fer workingmen and was a kind of playground more ner anything else. It was nearly two miles long and over half a mile broad, and there wasn't very many trees ner flowers in it. Working chaps met there and played football and tennis and other games,

and did stunts on trapezes and listened to the band play, and it was just my style exactly. "I guess Glasgow'll suit me," thinks I. I went through the park and seen a monument that was sot up for a sea-fighter what they calls Lord Nelson, and also the most high-toned and finest water-fountain I ever seed. It was great, and no mistake. It was all full of life-size figgers of Americans and Yurrupeans, and Asia people and Africans and Australians, and big basins to hold water was there, one over the other, that got smaller as they got near the top. It was a mighty slick piece of work. I'm a tellin you. There was plenty of benches in the park to sit down on and lots of gravelled walks, a music-stand and an out-of door gymnasium, and near the Clyde river in the park was a stone house which was mighty neat and in which a humane society lived. It said so on a sign on the building. I was beginnin' to like Glasgow first-rate. After I seen all of the park I wanted ter, I made up my mind to go and hunt fer a furnished room. I have slept in lodgin houses and other joints at home, but I found out that if you hires a furnished room somewheres by the week or month and pays cash down fer it in advance, you kin save money and git along better. I had no trouble to find my way out of the park, (some Glasgow folks calls it the Common, and some calls it the Green) and come out by the river again. I crossed a bridge what they calls the Albert bridge and come along a row of dirty-looking houses facing the river. I seen a to-let sign on one of 'em, so in I goes through a long hallway what's all paved with stone and finds a stairs at the back, up which I goes. The stairs

was all of stone with no railings and winds up and around like a corkscrew. I never seen no hallway and no stairs like that before. I rings a bell at one of the doors on the first landing and a lady comes to the door, and when she sees me she don't open the door wide, but stands there between the jamb and the end of the door and stares at me.

"Good-day, ma'm," says I to her, very perlite-like.

"Good-day, sir," says she, staring.

"Have you got any furnished rooms ter let, here?" says I.

"I hay ae room ter rent," says she, in Scotch.

"Kin I look at it?" says I.

The lady kind er hesitated and looked me over, and didn't seem ter be anxious ter rent the room. After a pause she says ter me: "Ou eye, yer kin come in and look at it." In I pops and she shows me a nice big room with a table and chairs in it, but nothing else.

"I want a room to sleep in, lady," says I; "I don't want no dining-room."

"This is a bed-room," says she, and with that she opens a china closet in the room in which was a bunk. Holee Geerusalem! a bunk in a china closet! what did the dame take me for; a Chinaman? Say, yer don't ketch me sleeping in no closet when I pays my money fer a bedroom. Not on yer life. I didn't like that kind of a layout fer a cent, but I didn't let on to the dame that I didn't like it; but I says:

"It's a mighty fine room; how much do you charge for it?"

"I ginerally rents it to two," says she, "and I gits 12 shillings a week fer it." (That's \$3.00 per week; too high-ke fluked fer yours truly.)

"Have you got something fer about 3 shillings a week?" says I.

The lady looked at me with contempt and says: "What do you take this place for—a tramp's lodging house? Where do you come from, the noo?" says she.

"The noo, the noo," thinks I to myself; what does she mean by that? That's one on me.

"Who, me?" says I. "Oh, I comes from New York. I just landed," says I.

"'Pears like it," says she." "What did you come to this country for?"

"Who, me?" says I, kind of flabbergasted, seeing she suspicioned me; "oh, I come here looking for work."

"What's your trade?" asks the lady.

"Oh, I work at odd jobs; anything I kin git ter do."

"Yer a Yankee, aint you?" says she.

"No, I aint," says I, "I'm a Westerner."

"Ou eye," says the lady, as if she didn't know what I was talking about.

"Yer know what a Westerner is, I guess, don't yer?" says I, kind of perlite-like.

"Yer needn't be guessin' arour here," says the lady, mad as blazes, and she slams the door in my face. I was flabbergasted. I didn't say nothing to insult the lady that I knows of, did I? I was that surprised yer could most have knocked me down with a feather. Foreigners is queer folks, thinks I. They

gits insulted and huffy fer nothing. I slunk off like a dog what's been whipped, with its tail between its legs, and went to look somewheres else fer a room. They was all too high in price what I seen, and I seen 2 dozen of 'em or more, and more than one of 'em had the bed in a closet. I made up my mind I wouldn't sleep in no closet fer no price. Why, in America I kin get a mighty fine room fer a dollar a week, and if I kin get one here fer that price, I oughter be able to git one in Scotland fer 50 cents, for things is much cheaper in Scotland then in America, I was told. I kept on huntin and huntin till I got tired, and the cheapest room I could find was fer a dollar a week.

Finally, I makes up my mind ter take the next room fer a dollar a week that I could git, that is, providin I don't have to sleep in no closet. I travels up a street what they calls Main street, and then I gits twisted and turns off a street what they calls Rutherglen Road. Along this street is a theayter, what they calls the Princess Theayter, and right opposite to it I seen a sign what said furnished rooms. Up I hustles through another stone hallway, (all the houses has halls like that,) and up the corkscrew stairs, and rings the bell. A young lady of about thirty comes to the door. I tells her what I'm after, and she tells me I kin have a room in her house, if I wants it, for a dollar a week, pervidin I'll share it with an actor. I was willin to sleep with an actor pervidin it was no female one, and the landlady told me that the actor was away on a vacation just now and would wouldn't be home for two or three weeks. the meanwhile I could sleep alone, she said. That

just suited me, for in two or three weeks where would I be? Over the hills and far away, maybe, or in the poor house. I plunked down four shillings and took the room. It was a pretty nice room for the money, for there was a big table in it, an arm-chair, two other chairs, an iron bed with a lumpy feather mattrass, two mighty thin pillows and plenty of covering. There was two windows in the room that looked out in the back, and the room was worth the mon. It was the best place I struck yet for the price. I stripped off my clothes and took a bath in the wash basin, and then made myself ter home. Nothing like looking fer what yer wants till yer finds it, thinks I, even if it does cost a little more than you expects.

CHAPTER VIII.

GLASGOW.

Say matey, Glasgow aint no slouch of a place ; there can't be no mistake about that. It kivers more territory then New York city, and they tells me it's got over a million inhabitants. I don't doubt it. It's got streets and streets till yer can't rest, and the streets is full of people and thousands and thousands of shops and horses and waggins and houses and big buildings and fine edifices—say, it's great. The houses ain't like the houses in this country, for they is all of stone and three-story high, and underneath 'em is stores. The houses is all so much alike though, that you gits tired of 'em, and on top of 'em is a lot of tile chimbleys of all sizes, that looks like the pipes in a hand-organ. A hundred years ago, they tells me, Glasgow had about 50,000 people, and now she's got a million and over, counting in the suberbs. Don't take my word for it though, for I'm only tellin you what they told me. It's a great place for business and for shipping and fer manufacturing and fer making iron and steel and coal, and fer wholesale houses, and fer capital, and fer banks, and fer shipping, and fer railroads, &c. The people there is in for the dough, though, worst than the blue-bellied down-East Yank you ever seed. They is hustlers, but they seem ter take things more easy-like than Americans. They don't rush by like they was half crazy, but they takes their time ter eat and ter sleep, and they

is always ready ter talk ter yer. The country jakes what lives in the towns around Glasgow, when times is hard down their way, comes ter Glasgow ter hunt fer a job; the hay-seeders in the country comes ter town ter sell their stuff and buy goods; the jay dudes comes ter town ter buy their duds; the gals comes ter town to buy their finery; the dukes and dukesses comes ter town ter buy their diamonds and jewelry; the country boys comes in ter blow in their dust and have a good time, and Glasgow is *the* place in Scotland. I wasn't there a day before I seen that. What took my time though, more then anything else, was the shops, the names of the streets and places, the sea gulls and crows that flies around in the parks in the heart of the city, the looks and talk of the people, &c. The stores aint like American stores at all, for they looks different, and is fitted up different in every way. They aint so long and wide, but they is smaller and more dingy then American stores. They knows how ter display their goods in fine shape though, I kin tell yer. Yer kin believe me or not, I seen gooseberries there that was as big as walnuts, currants that was as big as hazelnuts, strawberries that was as big as a little hen's egg, purple grapes that was almost as big as a plum, &c. They sell fruit there by the pound, and vegetables, too, I guess. The meat in the provision stores, I seen, made me stare, it was so fine. They've got hams and bacon there that is a yard wide, and no kidden either. It's all solid meat and no fat. The Belfast bacon, what comes from Belfast, Ireland, is the finest meat I ever seen. Next comes the Ayrshire breakfast bacon, which is

nice, too, but it don't come up to the Irish bacon. The meat is pretty salt in price, for it costs from 20 cents a pound up, and it's a little too rich for poor folks, so they eats American meat, which they say aint good and is cheap. They also eats bologny sarsages made of meal of some kind, and porridge and fish, and oatmeal and short bread and scorns and sich. Fish is cheap there and mighty inviting. Yer kin git a big bloater herring for 2 cents, or yer kin go in a restaurant where they makes a specialty of what they calls fish suppers and git a square meal of fish and fried peraties for 4 cents. More then one fish supper I eat, and I kin say they is away up in G. They's rich. They don't give you no bread ner nothing with 'em, only fish and peraties, but they's mighty fillin. They give their fish queer names in Scotland. They've got haddock and cod and ling and hake and halibut and lemons (not fruit) and plaice and megrins and salmon and grilse, &c., and when I seen the names of some of their candy I nearly died laughing. They had what they calls voice pastils, toffie balls, filshells, pomfret cakes, chocolate bouncers, frosty nailrods and sledge hammers, but I didn't see no railroad spikes ner rails. Holey Geerusalem! sledge hammers and bouncers, hey, and nailrods! It pays ter travel.

The stores was fine, but there was so many of 'em I wonder how they all made out. Lots of the streets was very high-toned, and there was lots of tony stores in 'em, and some of the streets had what they called arcades in 'em, which was passageways covered over where people could stop when it rained without getting wet. The Scotch is up to snuff,

I'm a tellin yer, and they knows how ter make money rain or shine.

Most of the people in Glasgow is Scotch, but there's lots of Irish, a few dagos, and some Germans and some Jews, and a few Scandinavians, &c. Some of the dagos has queer little shops there where they sells soft drinks, ice cream and candy, and some of the Germans keeps fish supper places. and the like, and the Jews run different kinds of stores and talks Hebrew with a Scotch accent, for some on 'em was born in Scotland. But most of the people is Scotch. I found the Glasgow folks as a rule mighty quiet and civil people, but they was keen on the trade and was full of business from the word go. The poor folks like their booze, and I seen more drunks in Glasgow to the square inch then I ever seen anywhere else to the mile. Men and women get as full as a goat and needed the whole street ter navigate in. Even young gals, (they calls 'em lassies there) liked their booze, and was pretty bold and brazen. They would just as lief tackle a feller what they didn't know on the street as not, and they don't know what shame is. Most of the lassies was mighty engaging, and a feller had all he could do ter steer clear of 'em.

Since I come back ter America I seen in a paper that there's more bastards born in Scotland than in any other country in Yurrap. I don't know if it's so, but it was in the paper, anyway. I seen lots of cripples in Glasgow, and I asked my landlady why there was so many of 'em, and she said that it was the fault of the Glasgow water, which is too pure and healthy. I guess she was givin me a game.

The Clyde river is a great place. In some places it's so deep that ocean liners kin go in it, and in other places its so shaller that yer kin almost wade acrost it. There's one place along it what they calls the Broomielaw, which is a district where all the excursion boats land that sails to the Hebrides Islands, the west coast, up the different lochs, (which means lakes,) and to a thousand places in Scotland and Ireland; and my landlady told me that some of these steamers is famous and has been writ about in songs and stories. I don't think she was kiddin this time. She told me, too, that a feller kin cross over to Ireland for a dollar, and that he kin make mighty long trips in them excursion boats for 2 shillings, (25 cents.) I seen some posters on the walls what said that, too. The Clyde is a great place for ship building. I guess they builds ships there better and cheaper ner anywheres else, and that may be why they get so much ship building ter do. There is ship yards there till yer can't rest, and iron foundries and shiprights and ship blacksmiths and ship painters and ship carpenters and junk shops, &c. It's a great place.

CHAPTER IX.

DANCING IN DER GREEN.

I went ter sleep early after my first day's wandering in Glasgow, and I tell you it felt good ter sleep with my clothes off, after havin been in the ship ten nights and ten days with 'em on. I got up late the next morning and was feeling as spry and chipper as a spring colt. I forgot all about the ship, for my mind was full of other things. After gitten washed and dressed and going out for a four-cent breakfast, (bread and butter and coffee,) I came home again and chinned with my landlady. She seen that I was a foreigner and a greenhorn, so she was mighty kind ter me, and kinder posted me like about things. She told me that Glasgow was a great place for parks, and that there was about a dozen of 'em in the city, and big ones, too, and with more abuilding. She said there was the Queen's Park and the Botanic Gardens, (which is a fine place full of flowers,) and the Green or Glasgow Common, which I was in, and the Kelvin Grove Park and the Alexander Park and the Maxwell Park and the Maryhill Park and the Springburn Park and the Phoenix Park and the Possil Park, and the—say, there was parks till you couldn't rest. She said there was going to be music in the Green that afternoon, and dancing, too, and as it was a free show and as I knowed where the Green was, I made up my mind ter take it in. As it was only morning now though, I could take in other things first. I crossed the Victoria Bridge

near Main street, and then got in Stockwell street, which is a business street full of business houses and shops, and in a pooty lively district. I looked in the store windows and never got tired of it, there was so many queer things there to see. They had books in one window what they called "penny dreadfuls," which was on the dime novel order, what kids likes to read, and as my smoking tobacco was nearly run out, I made up my mind ter go inter a store and buy some. I goes in and asks for a ounce of English birds-eye, and a gal in there what was waiting on me takes down a jar from the shelf and weighs an ounce in the scales for me. Then she tucks it in a paper bag, and I asks "how much?" "Four pince," says she, (8 cents,) and laughs at my accent, and I takes it and scoots. When I comes out I sees a young gal drunk not far away from the tobacco store, and she was so far gone that she couldn't stand up. She was only about 18, and she wasn't bad-looking, and another gal was trying to brace her up so as she could walk. She couldn't do it, though. The people what went by never so much as looked at her, but I steps up and takes in the free show. The gal what was leading the drunken one turned on me, mad as blazes, and asks me 'ef I never seen "ah lawsie drunk?" "No," says I, "I never seed *ah lahsie* as drunk as that," and with that I scoots, fer I didn't want ter git into no trouble.

I went through the heart of the city and came acrost some fine public buildings and a public square what they calls St. George's Square. It was full of statutes of Queen Victorey, Prince Albert, and a chap named Watts, and potes and inventors, and it

was all real fine. Then I wandered through a lot of streets till I gits lost and gits all-fired tired. My landlady told me I oughter take in the cathedral and a burying ground what they calls the Necropolis, so after I gits rested a little I goes on a still-hunt for 'em. I comes upon the cathedral after losin my way half a dozen times, but I find its no great shakes after all. It's a plain stone building that looks like a big church, and its old and gray and dirty-looking, and that's all. There's lots of open ground around it, but I've seen ground before and wasn't stuck on it. The Necropolis is a burying ground on a high hill, and it's pooty. Along the street it's a wild and tangled park, but as you goes up the pebble walks you gits up pretty high and kin look down on the city and see a whole lot of it. There's graves and fine monuments up there, and away up is a peak on which is a statute of John Knox, the reformer. I don't like ter go in bone yards, they makes me sad, so down I goes again. My landlady told me I oughter go, and that's why I went.

After seein the graveyard I came back toward home by ther way of the Gallowgate street, which is a pretty broad street, full of shops, and I was wondering why they calls it Gallowgate. Is there a gallows on it? I looked but I couldn't see none, ner no gates either. Not far from the Gallowgate street I seen a big stone building what they called the tolbooth, but which is nothing else then a jail, and I give it a wide berth. I seen jails before, and I ain't stuck on 'em. I meanders down through Argyle street once more and takes in the sights. I walked

around till I got tired and then went home for a rest.

Along in the afternoon I wanders down to ther Green ter see if it's green, and ter see the music and dancin. There was a big crowd there, and yer ought ter have seen the kinds of people that was there, and how they talked and dressed. It was like takin in a comic opera, only the people was dressed funnier then in the opera. The most of 'em was poor folks, and they was stuck on the dancin, and their remarks was funny enough to make a horse laugh. They wasn't rambunktious, though, and wasn't on the fight, but they was sociable-like, and was mighty willin to talk ter yer if you talked to them. Somehow or nother a feller feels quite ter home when he is in Glasgow. The people is friendly and sociable and likes to stand around on the street corners and chin and gossip, and even the women likes ter do that. I done a heap of standin around and chinnin while I was in Glasgow.

When I gets in the Green a little ways, a chap was handin out programmes to everyone fer nothing, so I took one. Here is what it said :

“Glasgow Green.”

“Govan Police Pipers and Dancers.”

“March, Glendaruel Highlanders; Strathspey, Marquis of Huntley; Reel, The Auld Wife Ayont the Fire; March, Brian Boru; Strathspey, Sandy King; Reel, Abercairney Highlanders; Dance, Reel o'Tulloch; Waltz, the Pride of Scotland; Dance, Highland Fling; March, Loch Katrine Highlanders; Strathspey, When you go to the Hill; Reel, Over the Isles to America; Dance, Sword Dance; March, 93d's Farewell to Edinburgh;

Strathspey, Kessock Ferry; Reel, Mrs. McLeod's; Slow March, Lord Leven.

A. HUTCHEON, Pipe Major."

"Dolphin Choir."

"Glee, Hail, Smiling Morn; Part song, Rhine Raft Song; Part song, Maggie Lauder; Part song, Let the Hills Resound; Scottish medley, introducing favorite airs; Part song, We'll hae nane but Hielan Bonnets here; Part song, Hail to the Chief; Part song, the Auld Man; Part song, Awake Æolian Lyre; Part song, Night, Lovely Night; God Save the Queen.

THOMAS WARD, Conductor."

How is that fer a high-toned programme? Isn't it great? Thet's what I said when I seen it and read it. Say, I'm going ter take in a picnic now. Sh! don't say a word. The chaps what was going ter do the dancin was a lot of Highlanders rigged up in long stockings, but they didn't have no pants on, and you could see their bare legs. I blushed behind the ears when I seen 'em, but I kind of got stuck on 'em. They's well-built chaps, and was broad across the shoulders and strong and wiry and active. I've always heern 'em say that Highlanders kin fight like Billy be damned, and I'm willin to believe it. I'd hate to tackle one of 'em. The Highlanders was to do the dancing on a small board platform over the Green, I seen, and the Dolphin Choir, which was made up of young gals and young fellers, was to do the singing between the acts while the Highlanders was resting from the dancin. I tried to git up clost to where the dancin was to go on, but I couldn't git within 150 feet of it, there was such a jam. Everyone was crazy ter see the dancin.

I got crazy, too. I can shake my foot, myself, ef I have ter, but I aint no perfeshional at it.

While I was standing there in the push waiting for the Highlanders to make their appearance I heerd a yelpin and a wailin far away down in the park, almost near the entrance, and when I looked I seen it was the Highlanders a comin, and they was playing the bagpipes. When they came up nearer the people fell back and opened a lane for them, so as they could pass through, and they marched through, stepping out as brave and bold as a turkey cock, and tweedle-leedin on the pipes like good fellers. They didn't look to ther right ner to ther left, but they just marched and marched, with their heads up and with strides that was a yard long. Their kilts waved from side to side like a gal's what's marchin with sojers in short dresses, and you could tell that them chaps would just as lief fight as eat if you got 'em mad. Oh, they was fine! They didn't seem ter give a cuss fer nobody, but they stepped out and would just as lief run over you as not if you got in their way. I guess that's why the mob hustled and give 'em plenty of room. Them wind bags they was playin on though, got me tired. They gave me the belly-ache, and I don't think there's no music in 'em, ter speak of.

It's all a wild skirl and a yelping, and some Scotch people calls 'em doodle-sacks, which is a good name for them, for its all doodle, doodle, squeak, squeak, squeal. It goes agin my grain and makes me feel like goin and layin down somewhere and dyin. Say, if I had a dog what I thought anything of, and if I wanted to punish him fer doin

somethin mean that he done, I'd bring him around and make him listen to one of them doodle-sacks, and if that wouldn't make him lay down and die nothing else would. And what do you think them bare-legged Highlanders was a playin while they kept marchin and marchin around? It was "Where, oh where, has my little purp gone; where, oh where kin he be?" It made me that tired I wanted ter go and lay down somewhere; and they kept *on* playin it till my hair riz, and I got that nervous I didn't know what ter do. I thought of committin suicide by jumpin inter the Clyde (which wasn't fur away,) but I thought of the Humane Society there and that they might fish me out, so I changed my mind. That tune got me off, and they kept playin it and playin it and *wouldn't* let up on it. Won't they never git tired of it? If I'd a-knowed this I wouldn't have come. I don't see no fun in watching a lot of bare-legged chaps marching around and playing an old tune that I knowed all about when I was a kid. Darn them doodle-sacks, anyway!

When the Highlanders, with their sacks, finally gits tired of marching they goes ter their platform, and now we'll see something, thinks I. The mob closes up eager-like, and cranes their neck and stands on their tiptoes. The sacks begins ter skirl and tune up and the dancin will begin. The Highlanders did the dancin—one, two and four at a time—and it was great. Them chaps could shake a foot and no mistake. The bags shrieked, the mob howled, the Highlanders yelled—say, my hair riz so that I thought my hat would drop off. Everyone got plumb crazy. The worst of all was the

shrieks and yells of the Highlanders. Oh, they was wild fellers. They was like a passel of Sioux or Comanche Indians what's dancin the war dance. Yer ought ter have seen the women there; they was crazier ner the men. You would have thought they was lunatics. Some of the reels and strath-peys and flings was grand. Ah, matey, I tell you the Scotch kin dance, and don't you forgit it. There aint none like 'em. They is as light on their feet as a feather, and they's soople and active and wiry, and kin dance till the cows come home. The singing of the glee club was good, but the mob didn't think as much of it as they did of the dancin. I'll never forget that dancin; it was great. Them sacks makes mighty discouragin music, but its good fer dancin, I guess. When I came home my landlady asked me how I liked the dancin, and I told her I was dead stuck on it. It was one of ther best free shows I ever took in fer the price.

CHAPTER X.

TAKIN' IN A SHOW.

I kinder made up my mind I'd stay in Glasgow about a week, and then I'd light out and see ther country. I bummed around the streets and talked ter some of the Scotch chaps and they told me that I'd get pinched if I stole rides on the railroad cars, and that the only way fer me to do was to hoof it. They told me that the cities aint far apart like they is in America, and that the roads is good everywhere. I'd ruther ride ef I could, of course, but ef I can't, I kin hoof it. I've walked 30 miles a day many a time out West, and I kin do it again ef I have ter. I wanted ter see a little more of Glasgow, though, before I left, and I had some pretty good times there around what they calls the Coocaddens and around the Saltmarket and around the slums in Corbals and other places. If yer knows the ropes in Glasgow yer kin have more fun then yer kin shake a stick at.

I didn't look fer no job there, and why should I? Didn't I have money in my pocket? What's the use of working when you got money. When I aint got no money chat's the time I hustles. Lots of fellers in Glasgow seemed ter like Americans, and wanted ter know all about America. Some ignorant cusses called me a Yank and made game of me to show off before their mates, but that didn't rile me. I

got as much fun out of them as they did out of me ; so it was about a stand-off. Some chaps took me ter be a millionaire in disguise and thought all Americans is rich, but I told them that there is as many poor chaps in America as there is in Scotland.

One thing they've got in Glasgow is mighty handy and that is public water-closets in the streets. At lots of places a feller kin go in one without pay-in nothing, and they is all made of iron and there's plenty of water in 'em, and they is put up by the city. There is plenty of theayters in Glasgow, too, and public gardens and open-air panoramas, and open-air gymnasiums in the streets fer kids ter do stunts on, and musuoms, and its anything but a jay town. Its right up to date ; yer kin bet your life on that.

The third night I was there I made up my mind ter take in a show. I like theayters first-rate, and when I got money its hard to keep me away from 'em. I likes variety shows the best, fer a feller kin go there and see a little of everything, and kin see dancin and singing and tumblin and 'little plays, &c. I likes ter go in places too where a feller kin see villians and heroes what rescues pretty gals and marries 'em after, and blood and thunder, but I likes variety shows the best. In some places you kin go in and smoke and drink and see ther show at the same time.

I went to the Gayety Theatre, which was a long way from where I lived, and I got lost onct or twict while looking for it, but I finally got there all right. I paid six pence (12 cents) fer a seat in the gallery, and when the door was opened I gits in the push

and hustles up stairs. The stairs was all of stone and twisted round and round and up like a corkscrew. There was so many of 'em that I had ter stop and blow off steam several times before I got to the top, and when I landed on the top I was dead tired, and my legs was heavy as lead. It was worse than climbing up the statute of Liberty. The seats was hard, wooden benches without backs, and the longer you sat on 'em the harder they growed. We was up that high we could have touched the ceiling with our hands, and away down below us was what they called the stalls and balcony. On all the lower floors there was boxes all around the theatyre what they calls stalls. That's the right name for them, stalls, for they is about big enough to hold a good-sized billy goat, and that's all. They is made of plain boards, is boxed in away up to a man's neck on all sides, except the back, and a feller kin look through a window what aint got no glass in it and see what's going on. It's like a long, thin dry goods box, long end up. People pays to go in 'em, but I'd rather pay to keep out of 'em. A chap in there looks like he's caged. A feller kin see strange things when he aint got no gun. A little kid in livery came around hollering out *program*, (with the accent on the pro,) and I told him to give me one. He charged me a Scotch penny for it, which is two cents. Perhaps printing is dear in Scotland, thinks I. Here is what was printed on the program: "1—Overture, La Puits d'Amour (Balfe), Band; 2—Mr. Tom Robinson, Baritone Vocalist; 3—Drew and Alders in their specialty act, Old-Fashioned Times; 4—Mr. Billy Seward, Negro Comedian; 5—The Alaskas, (Jim

and Walter,) comic horizontal bar experts; 6—Mr. Chas. Bignell, London Comedian; 7—Miss Maggie Rimmer, child actress, and the Forget-Me-Nots, vocalists and dancers; 8—Selection, Yeoman of the Guard, (arranged by C. Godfrey, Jun.); 9—La Loie Fuller, serpentine dancer; 10—The Jees, in their musical oddity, Invention; 11—Athas and Collins, in their refined specialty act; 12—Mr. Charles Cassell, comedian and descriptive vocalist; 13—National Anthem, God Save the Queen.”

When the time come for ther show ter begin, the band begun ter play a tune, which was so long drawn-out that I got tired waiting for it ter take a rest and almost fell asleep. When it did take a rest we all braced up fer ther show to begin. No. 2 was Mr. Tom Robinson. Mr. Robinson was dressed in black store clothes, with a claw-hammer coat and biled shirt, and he had a nice gold watch chain which he kept fiddlin while he was singin. The gent could sing, but I didn't think he was any great shakes at it. I heerd better more ner onct. No. 3 was Drew and Alders, comedians. One of these chaps come out dressed like a lady, and I thought he was a lady till he opened his mouth ter sing and then he gave hissself away bad. The comedians got off a lot of funny business, but blest if I could see where the fun came in. Their fun was too foreign-like ter suit me. I guess I aint eddicated up to foreign fun yet. No. 4 was Billy Seward, negro comedian. Say, pardner, did you ever see a nigger what's got a cockney accent? No? Well, this nigger had. It gave me a pain. He was a London chap, a Britisher, dressed up like a nigger, and he

tried to make people believe he was a darky. He dropped his aitches more ner onct, and I wanted ter go off somewheres and lay down and die. I felt bad. Ther chaps around me nearly died laughing, but I couldn't laugh. I felt more like cryin. Holy smoke! A nigger what talks British! If that feller ever comes to America he'll git mobbed ef he tries ter sing. No. 5 was the Alaskas, comic horizontal bar experts. They was nothing but turners, and mighty poor ones at that. I've seen better ones in the Atlantic Garden on the Bowery, in New York, where you kin go in fer nothing and git a beer fer a nickel. They couldn't do any hard stunts, and they wasn't even funny. This is a snide show, thinks I. I'm sorry I come. No. 6 was Chas. Bignell, the London comedian, and he had a lot of ginger and talent about him, and I guess he must have been a London favorite, for the audience went wild over him. They laughed and they roared, they stomped and they yelled, and they called him out half a dozen times, and he came out every time and sang some more for them. I heerd a queer noise down in the parquet, like as if a feller was smotherin, but it was only a Scotch hayseeder laughing. I never heerd a laugh like that before. I heerd a noise like that onct when I was dreamin about ghosts, and the shriek they gave woke me up. Mr. Bignell was a good one, but he couldn't make me laugh. It don't take much to make me laugh, but blest if I seen anything here yet that could make me. They finally gives Mr. Bignell a rest, and he skinned out gracefully, bowing and smiling. No. 7 was the Forget-Me-Nots, two chips what I took ter be Scotch, but

when they begun ter sing nigger songs and dance plantation dances, they gave me a worse pain then I had before. They was good-looking, but they was away off their trolley when it come to nigger dancin and singing. They wasn't in it a little bit. No. 8 was a intermission, and then come a piece by ther band. No. 9 was La Loie Fuller, the serpentine dancer, and she was an American, the first American I seen in Glasgow. It done my heart good ter see her. But what was she doin with a foreign handle to her name? that's what I want ter know. Aint an American name good enough for her? Fuller had been ter Paree, I guess, and they gave her a French handle there. Why don't she shake it outside of Paree? My countrywoman was all there, large as life, right side up with care, and she could shake a foot with any of 'em. The stage was darkened when she came on, the lights in the theayter was put out and she sprung on the stage like an angel without wings. Oh! Ah! Ou! Wasn't it pooty? She had big white skirts on what she throwed around her promiskis-like, and blue and yaller, and red and lots of other kind of lights fell on her when she danced and made her look mighty fine. It reminded me of the Fourth of July, when sky rockets and romin candles and blue lights and other things go up. Sizz! boom! ah! After I seen Fuller I went home, for I didn't take no more stock in the show, and the seats got too hard for me. Scotch theayters is nice, but they want ter git up better shows than that if they wants any more of my money.

CHAPTER XI.

MR. BURNS, THE POTE.

Say, pardner, it wouldn't do fer me to tell yer all about Scotland without sayin something about Mr. Burns, the great Scotch pote. If I was ter tell yer how much the Scotch folks think of him yer wouldn't believe me. Believe me or not, *I* says ter yer that streets in all the different towns what I been in in Scotland is named after him, public squares is named after him, beer saloons is named after him, stores and a whole district of country is named after him, societies and lodges and eating joints is named after him, and the whole country is stuck on him. And just because he writ potry, too. We don't make no such fuss over potes in this country, and the woods is full of 'em, here. *I* never knowed that a pote is such a great chap till I landed in Scotland. Its the truth I'm telling yer, the chaps there is willing to die fer him, the chips sigh for him, the babies cry fer him, the purps ki yi fer him; there's potry fer you, and truth, too. Why would I lie? What object have I got? If I knowed potry was such a paying business I'd go inter it myself. Maybe you think I can't write potry? Try me and see. How is this fer a sample :

“I had a little purp,
 Her name was Sallie Ann,
 And she would only foller me
 And wouldn't foller no other man.”

Now, that's what I calls potry and its true, too ; but the little bitch is dead now. If I knowed where she is I'd put that over her grave. I think it must pay ter be a pote, judgin from the way the Scotch folks is stuck on Mr. Burns. Since I come home I have been reading some of his potry, but I'm blest ef I kin understand the most of it. There's too much Scotch in it fer my nut.

I read that pome about Tam O'Shanter and his gray mare, Meg, and I could make out some of it, but not all. Tam, as I kin make it out, was a chap what liked his booze, and one night when he was pooty full, he rid home on his cayuse in a storm and come by a graveyard where he seen spooks and devils and goblins. One of the spooks, an old witch, made a break for Tam, (which means Tom, I take it) because he made game of her, and tried ter ketch hold of him, but she missed her grab and ketched a hold of the nag's tail instead, which come off at the rump. Say, do yer think I'd believe a ghost story like that? That's a little too strong fer me, I borried a book of Mr. Burn's pomes and I want ter show you the kind of stuff he writ. Here is a pome what he calls "Amang the Rigs o' Barclay."

"It was upon a lammas night
 When corn rigs are bonnie,
 Beneath the moon's unclouded light
 I held awa to Annie ;
 The time flew by wi' tentless heed,
 Till 'tween the late and early,
 Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed,
 To see me through the barley.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
 The moon was shining clearly ;
 I set her down, wi' right good will,
 Among the rigs o' barley.

I locked her in my fond embrace,
 Her heart was beating rarely ;
 My blessings on that happy place,
 Among the rigs o' barley !
 But by the moon and stars so bright,
 That shone that hour so clearly,
 She aye shall bless that happy night
 Among the rigs o' barley.

I have been blithe wi' comrades dear,
 I hae been merry drinkin ;
 I hae been joyful gathering gear ;
 I hae been happy thinking ;
 But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
 Tho' three times doubled fairly,
 That happy night was worth them a'
 Among the rigs o' barley."

Now, let's us go inter this thing a little, so as we kin understand it. The first thing I want ter know is, what kind of a night is a lammas night? I never heerd of such a kind of a night in all my born days. When the corn rigs were bonnie, beneath the moon's unclouded light, he skipped away for Awnie. I kin understand that all right; that's plain enough. The time flew by wi' tentless heed, hey? I pass. I know what he means when he says the time flew by, but when he gets in "wi' tentless heed," I aint in it. Mr. Burns next says, although it was between the late and early, Awnie agreed with small persuasion to see him through the birley. There, now, look at that, will you? Although it was past midnight and the moon was a shining, this chip is

ready ter go inter the birley with the pote. Now, that shows yer what potes is. They mean bad. I always had an idee they was no good and now I know it. "The sky was blue, the wind was still, the moon was shining clearly, so he sot her down wi' right good will, amang the rigs o' barley." Wasn't she able to sit down herself? What did *he* want ter sot her down fer? "I locked her in my fond embrace, her heart was beating rarely," &c. Say, I guess I better not go too deep inter this thing cause I might git inter trouble. I don't like ter slander no one, but this thing looks bad.

Further on the pote says: "I hae been blithe wi' comrades dear, I hae been merry drinkin, I hae been joyful gathering gear, I hae been happy thinkin." Lots of fellers in Scotland told me that Mr. Burns liked his booze, so I kin believe what he says about drinkin. One chap told me that Burnsie went on a big drunk one night when it was cold, and laid out all night and ketched a cold and died from it. Don't take my word for it; I'm only telling you what they told me. If it's so, potes don't know much. What does he mean when he says he was joyful gathering gears? He was a hayseeder, I know, a plowman, and whose gears did he go around gätherin? It's a wonder he wasn't ketched at it. He must have been one of the boys and no mistake. Here's another little pome that's worth takin in:

O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad;
 O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad;
 Tho' father and mither and a' should gae mad,
 O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.

But warily tent, when ye come to court me,
 And come na unless the back-yett be a-jee ;
 Syne up the back-style, and let naebody see,
 And come as ye were na coming to me.

O whistle, &c.

At kirk or at market, where'er ye meet me
 Gang by me as tho' that ye cared na a flie ;
 But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e,
 Yet look as ye were na lookin at me.

O whistle, &c.

According to the pote here was another chip that was dead stuck on him. She was so dead gone she didn't care a flea whether her father or "mither" or everyone else went mad, as long as she could see him and look into his bony black e'e. A likely yarn, that! Tell that to the marines; I don't believe a word of it. Potes are darn liars, anyway; yer can't believe half what they says. Now, this chip, according to the pote, tells him to shin up the backway because the old man was around with a shot-gun and the bull-dog was loose, but what she means by the back-yett being ajee, blest if I know. She aint talkin about horses or cattle, is she? She tells the pote next that wherever he meets her, whether at the kirk or in the market, he mustn't tip her the wink, but play dead. That shows she was a fly chip. Mr. Burns writ lots of potry, and I kin say its good what I kin understand of it. There is a pome about two purps what's talking to each other, a rich man's dog and a poor man's, and you'd die laughin to read it. The poor man's purp is grumblin about the poor grub he gits, and the rich man's says the liven's too high fer him, and so they git wrangling and scrap. Then there's a mighty

nice little yarn about a hayseeder (the pote calls him a cotter) comin home of a Saturday night after his week's work is done, and the pote tells what they do and say to home at his house. It's very natural-like. Then there's a fine little pome about a mouse what the pote turned up out of the ground when he was plowin, and that's the time he got off that sayin about the best laid schemes of men and mice going a jee. Mr Burns was pooty smart, I kin tell yer. Yer couldn't coon him. I can't understand, though, why everyone in Scotland is so dead stuck on him. There's lots of fellers in Scotland to-day what kin write potry and good potry, too. Why don't people run after them? You would be astonished how the people run after Burnsie, although he's dead and buried this long while. They say he was dead stuck on the wimmen and booze, and that some of his gals had twins. That's a pretty tough yarn and I don't know whether to believe it or not.

You remember that chip I was tellin you about what was buried at Greenock, where I first landed in Scotland, and what was called Highway Mary? Well, she was one of Burns' chips. Whether she had twins or not I don't know. While sashaying around the country in Scotland I took in what they calls the Burns Country down in Ayrshire, and that's where the pote was born and lived and was buried. The Burns Country is a big district, and is full of towns and cities and villages, and just because that was Burns' stamping ground the country itself is worshipped. Strangers travel there from all over the world, and thousands go there every week.

Maybe you don't believe this, but it's true. Burns was born in the backwoods near a town what is called Ayr, and his house is there yet, large as life, but it's no great shakes. It's no bigger than a lumberman's shack, and it's made of stone and is got a sloping roof. Burnsie was born in the kitchen in a china closet, and it was warm as toast there, but the old folks was mighty poor. The old man ploughed and did chores for a living, and Burnsie done the same. When he got old enough he began to write poetry while he was ploughing, but the old man kicked and told him he better tend to business better. Burnsie didn't, though, but kept on writing poetry. It was so good that some friends of his helped him to get it printed, and every one got stuck on it. The gals got that crazy for him, he had all he could do to keep 'em away from him, and some of them he couldn't keep away with a cannon, and the first thing they knowed they got in trouble. Burnsie took to drink to drown his woes, and it's no wonder, for big brothers and fathers went gunning for him, and made life dead weary for him. Poor fellow, that's what he got for bein a pote. Well, Burnsie writ lots of songs and fine pomes, and then he got a job somewheres as a excise inspector, but he couldn't keep it, because he got too Republican-like and spoke out in meeting. He was made of the right stuff, though, and was very sociable and good ter everybody. All ther poor folks loved him, even if some of 'em did go gunning for him. In his house near Ayr there's a lot of trinkets that belongs to him, and I seen 'em, but what good is they? I didn't take much stock in 'em. There's a cant there

that he owned that a New York lawyer named Kennedy got hold of somehow, but he gave it back, and it's now in the Burns Cottage, as they calls his house. The cane is like those yer kin toss fer on Coney Island, three throws fer a nickel, and I wouldn't give a quarter for it. I don't know why Kennedy give it back after he got it, for most New York lawyers that I ever knowed of will never give back what they once gits their claws on.

Not far from the house is a big monument what they put up for Burnsie, and it's a beaut. It cost thousands of dollars. What good does them things do though, after a feller is dead? Burnsie would have been happier when he was alive if the chips had let him alone, and he wouldn't have taken to booze so much, but would have been kinder on the kag more. Twins and chips is enough ter drive any man ter drink. Why don't we worship no pote in this country like Scotch folks worship Burns? Aint we got none good enough?

CHAPTER XII.

HOME AGAIN.

Well, pardner. I can't tell you all about my travels in ther old country, for this book would git too long and you would git tired of it, so I will wind up by sayin that I took in the town of Paisley, in Scotland, where they makes the shawls and where Clarks and Coats have their big spool cotton factories, and then I lit out for Edinboro, the capital of Scotland, which is a fine big city, and then I traveled up the Highlands to what they calls the West Country, and took in Lake Lomond and Ben Lomond and lots of towns and villages, and had all kinds of adventures. The Scotch hayseeders, crofters they calls 'em there, is a queer lot, and I worked for some of 'em for my board, but they didn't seem ter have no money. If they had any I didn't see the color of it. I got through the country as quick as I could, and after takin in the Burns country, I lit out fer Ireland. Yer kin get there fer a dollar, and after takin in a part of Ireland I got a job in the pantry on a steamer and came home. I was mighty glad ter git home again, I kin tell yer, for I was homesick among the foreigners more than onct, but they is good folks when you comes to know 'em right.

THE END.