

A CUP-TIE REPRISAL.

HE looked ruefully towards a retreating tramcar from which he had just been ejected. "Keep yer blanketty caur!" he shouted spitefully. Turning abruptly he headed straight in my direction. Not exactly straight. He had one or two tacks to port and starboard and then, in a manner, precipitated himself on me.

"Did ye ever ken the like o' that?" he said, endeavouring the while to find a lost pipe. I told him I never did. The grieved expression he wore melted at once into one of almost childlike confidence. He spoke slowly and, but for a slight difficulty in timing his consonants, clearly.

"Ye see, it was like this," he went on, "I was jist tellin' them hoo Ness scored the goal that bate Aberdeen when the conductor comes in an' says quite crabbit-like: 'pey up!'"

"'No' sae nippy, lad!' I says to him, an' then I handed him a shullin' sayin', in the wey o' a joke: 'first caibin to Shettleston!' He haunded me a tuppenny ticket richt enough, but only fourpence chynge. I luks at the fourpence kind o' sympathetic like, ye ken, an' I says to him says I: 'Ye're awfu' scrimp wi' yer chynge, young fella!' Man, I tell ye, his birse got up at yince. He was an Aberdonian ye see; I sune faund that oot. 'Young fella!' he yelled at me; 'I'll young fella ye!'"

"'Well, auld fella,' I says to him.

Language! Ye never heard the like, an' I ken. I served my time in Dubs's, an' I've been at sea, an' oot

in France as weel. The words I hivna heard may be said, as the sayin' is, no' to exist. There was an engineer in the auld Furnessia could swear a hale day on end in four languages withoot repeatin' himsel'—Whaur's that pipe o' mine?—Ah, weel, it disna maitter, this guerd I'm tellin' ye aboot could bate that engineer owre the back. When he calmed doon a bit I says to him quite civil like: 'an' whit about my tanner?' Wi' that he shoves his face richt up against mine's, shootin' oot his neck like, an' says: 'whit tanner?' So I says to him—ye see, there wisna an inch between his face an' mine—I says, 'It's my tanner I want, no' a kiss under the mistletoe!' Man, he was fair bleezin'. By this time the folk in the caur were a' lauchin', so I followed it up wi' a sly yin: 'Forbye that,' I said, 'yer face may be usefu', but it's no' exactly whit I wad ca' ornamental.' Ye should 'a seen 'im. An' min' ye, I believe he's a merrit man. He looked it onywey. Of coorse, love's blin', they say, an' it's a guid job; yon yin's wife wad need tae be deaf tae. But I shune let him ken I was staunnin' nane o' his nonsense, so I opened oot on him. I've a nippy tongue when I get startit."

Here my friend squared his shoulders as far as they would square, for he was rather undersized both ways. The long recital seemed, however, to have given a new lease of oral courage.

He continued: "'Conductor o' a caur!' I said, 'weel I'm no' a conductor, but if I was, I wad like to mak' a drum o' yer big fat heid!' Wi' that I drew oot to gie him a clout on the jaw like, but I tripped owre a wummin's basket an' fell. Mebbe it was providential in a wey. At ony rate, when I got up he says to me, he says: 'whit are ye gaun tae dae noo?' Whit could

I say? There was my twa pun o' links that I was takkin' hame to the wife lyin' on the flair, an' a big Airedale guzzlin' them up before my very een. Whit between the loss o' the tanner an' the loss o' the links I can tell ye I was fair seek. Maybe I ca'd him something I shouldna; at ony rate, it was then the row startit. Of coorse, ye couldna expect an Aberdonian to tak' it lyin' doon, an' them jist bate by Partick.

" 'I'll tanner ye,' he says tae me; ' an' I'll report ye,' I says to him. An' then when I was jist gaun to write doon his number, he shoved me aff the bloomin' caur and telt me to go to hell; an' that's the wey I cam' aff at Glesca Cross."

A green car approached. "Hey, boy, are ye for Shettleston?"

"Ay."

"That's me!" he said as he scrambled aboard: "guid auld Partick Thistle, three-twa—eh lad?"