

IV.

THE "AYES" HAVE IT.

"O IT'S you, Mrs Scott?"

"Ay!"

"I thocht it wis you when I saw ye comin in."

"Ay!"

"Ye've been in the toon?"

"Ay!"

"I see by your parcel—wha's is it?—Oh, it has nae name."

"Naw!"

"I aye get ma hats in the Co——."

"O ay!"

"Of coorse ye get a better selection in the toon."

"Ay!"

"I wis jist sayin' to oor John the ither nicht that your Maggie wad be nane the waur o' a new hat."

"O ay!"

"They're no' lang or they gang oot the fashion noo-a-days."

"Naw!"

"There's an awfu' rin on blues this year."

"Ay!"

"Ye can pick up rale guid bargains in the toon if ye keep yer een open."

"Ay!"

"I seen some quite nice yins in Argyle Street the ither day at three-an'-eleven."

"Ay!"

"Did ye come on the caur at Queen Street?"

"Naw!"

“ They’re no’ puttin’ their names on the pokes noo-a-days.”

“ Naw! ”

“ Quite richt tae; it wis jist an advertysement.”

“ Ay! ”

“ I wis hearin’ that your Peter’s got a job.”

“ Ay! ”

“ Wull it be at his tred noo? ”

“ O ay! ”

“ That’ll gie ye mair money amang yer fingers.”

“ Ay! ”

“ Ye’ll no’ be grudgin’ yer lodger leavin’ ye sae much noo? ”

“ Naw! ”

“ Lodgers are nae better than they’re ca’d.”

“ Naw! ”

“ Yon yin o’ mine’s is daft.”

“ O ay! ”

“ Ye ken whit’s her latest? ”

“ Naw! ”

“ She wants a bath every mornin’, an’ her workin’ in a landry tae.”

“ O ay! ”

“ I shune put that nonsense oot ’er heid. ‘ A bath! ’ says I—‘ s no’ for soomin’ in.’ Mind ye, I suspected her whenever I saw her; I thocht she wad be yin o’ thae bath-in’ kind—a clerkess, ye ken, at least she ca’s hersel’ that; I wid ca’ her a checker.”

“ Ay! ”

“ I jist askit her—‘ are ye no’ healthy that ye want a bath every mornin’? ’ ‘ Wance a week,’ I says—‘ an’

yer lucky!—ye see, I've to trail a' the things oot every time she goes in."

"Ay!"

"An' wance a week's often enough for ony dacent wumman—that's whit I say."

"Ay!"

"Forbye that, the watter's that slow in runnin' awa'—is yours like that?"

"Ay!"

"Thae scheme hooses is a' the same!"

"Ay!"

"Of coorse you're better aff than me, wi' Geordie at the plumerin'."

"Ay!"

"Yon yin o' mine's wad cut his fingers if he tried tae tak' the paper aff a jeely jaur."

"Ay!"

"Of coorse he's weel behaved; I must say that."

"Ay!"

"It must be an awfu' thocht never kennin' hoo yer man'll come hame."

"O ay!"

"Ay, it's you that kens that, Mrs Scott."

"Imphm!"

"Ah weel, I'll get aff here, and cut through the lane."

"Ay!"

"I'll see ye at the shewin' meetin' next week?"

"O ay!"

.

There were eavesdroppers. Another speaker gaily entered the lists.

"That yin didna get much chynge for her sixpence frae you, Missis!"

"Naw!"

"A fair scunner I wad ca' 'er."

"Ay!"

"Her an' her weel-behaved man!"

"Ay!"

"She wad pick the teeth oot o' a corp, yon yin wid, if she could."

"Ay!"

"O, you're gaun aff tae, are ye?"

"Ay!"

"I thocht ye were gaun a' the wey?"

"Naw!"