**CHAPTER XI (11) x**

**In the "Cairraige an Shelts"**

Noo in order tae richt unnerstaun fit hid happened in the howf, it’s necessar tae gae back tae the meenit fin Mr. Mervel first cam intae view o Mr. Huxter's windae.

At thon exack meenit Mr. Cuss an Mr. Buntin wir in the parlour.They wir seriously luikin intae the fey happenins o the mornin, an wir, wi Mr. Hall's blissin, makkin a thorough raik ben o the Inveesible Cheil's gear. Jaffers hid hauf gotten ower frae his faa an hid gane hame in the care o his kindly friens. The fremmit cheil’s skittered claes hid bin taen awa bi Mrs. Hall an the chaumer redd up. An on the brod unner the windae far the fremmit cheil eased tae wirk, Cuss hid fand near at aince on three muckle buiks in manuscript nemmed "Diary."

"Diary!" quo Cuss, pittin the three buiks on the brod. "Noo, onywey, we ‘ll larn somethin." The meenister stude wi his hauns on the brod.

"Diary," repeatit Cuss, dowpin doon, pittin twa volumes tae support the third, an openin it. "Mph--nae nemme on the fly-leaf. Scunneration!--code. An nummers."

The meenister cam roon tae luik ower his shouder.

Cuss turned the pages ower wi a face o a suddenty disappyntit."I'm—och scunnerin! It's a code, Buntin."

"There’s nae diagrams?" speired Mr. Buntin. "Nae picturs throwin licht--"

"See fur yersel," quo Mr. Cuss. "Some of it's mathematical an some of it's Russian or some sic leid (tae jelouse bi the letters), an some of it's Greek. Noo the Greek I thocht ye -"

"Of coorse," reponed Mr. Buntin, takkin oot an dichtin his glaisses an feelin o a suddenty verra uncomfie--fur he’d nae Greek left in his harns wirth spikkin aboot; "aye--the Greek, of coorse, micht gie’sa clue."

"I'll finn ye a placie."

"I'd raither keek ben the buiks first," quo Mr. Buntin,still dichtin. "A oweraa luik first, Cuss, an syne, ye ken, we can stert raikin fur clues."

He hoastit, pit on his glaisses, settled them pernickity like, hoastit again, an wished somethin wid happen tae jink the seemin certain exposure. Syne he tuik the buik Cuss gaed him in a easy-ozy mainner. An syne somethin did happen.

The yett opened o a suddenty.

Baith cheils lowpit forcey-like, luikit roon, an wir thankfu tae see an occasional reiddish face aneth a furry silk hat. "Tap?"speired the face, an stude glowerin.

"Na," quo baith cheils at aince.

"Ower the ither side, ma mannie," reponed Mr. Buntin.

An "Please steek thon yett," spakk Mr. Cuss, roosed-like.

"Aa richt," quo the incamer, as it seemed in a laigh voyce fremmit kind frae the rochness o its first speirin. "Richt ye are," quo the incamer in the former voyce. "Staun clear!" an he vanished an caad the yett tee.

"A sailor, I jelouse," quo Mr. Buntin. "Droll bodies, they are. Staun clear! indeed. A seafarin spikk, referrin tae his gettin back oot o the chaumer, I expeck."

"I dauresay aye," reponed Cuss. "Ma nerves are aa lowse the-day. It gart me lowp--the yett openin like thon."

Mr. Buntin smiled as if he hidnae lowpit. "An noo," quo he wi a sough, "thon buiks."

Somebody sniffed as he did sae.

"Ae thing is siccar," quo Buntin, ruggin up a cheer neist tae thon o Cuss. "There certainly hae bin verra fey things happenin in Iping durin the hinmaist fyew days--verra fey. I canna of coorse believe in this gypit inveesibility story--"

"It's daft," quo Cuss--"daft. Bit the fack is that I saw--I o a certainty saw richt doon his sleeve--"

"Bit did ye--are ye siccar? Suppose a keekin glaiss, fur instance--dwaums are sae easy vrocht. I dinna ken gin ye hae iver seen a really gweed conjuror--"

"I winna argy again," quo Cuss. "We've threwshed thon oot, Buntin. An jist noo there's thon buiks--Ach! here's some o fit I takk tae be Greek! Greek letters o a certainty."

He pyntit tae the mids o the page. Mr. Buntin reiddened slichtly an brocht his face nearer, makkin on tae be ficherin wi his glaisses. O a suddenty he becam awaur o a fey feelin at the scruff o his neck. He ettled tae heist his heid, an met an immeevable resistance. The feelin wis a fey wecht, the grip o a strang, stinch haun, an it forced his chin pouerfu tae the brod. "Dinna meeve, wee cheil," fuspered a voyce, "or I'll blooter ye baith!" He luiked inno the face o Cuss, teetle his ain, an ilkie ain saw a horrifeed echo o his ain peely wally bumbazement.

"I'm sorry tae haunle ye sae rochly," quo the Voyce, "bit it canna be helpit."

"Fan did ye larn tae keek inno an investigator's private maitters," quo the Voyce; an twa chins strukk the brod thegither, an twa sets o teeth chittered.

"Fan did you larn tae brakk the private chaumers o a misfittit cheil ?" an the heid stottin wis repeatit.

"Far hae they pit ma claes?"

"Lippen," quo the Voyce. "The windaes are snibbit an I've taen the key ooto the yett. I’m a rael strang cheil, an I hae the poker nearhaun--mairower I’m inveesible. There's nae the slichtest doot that I could kill ye baith an win awa richt easy gin I wintit tae—d’ye unnerstaun? Verra weel. Gin I lat ye gae will ye promise nae tae try onythin glekit an dae fit I tell ye?"

The meenister an the sawbanes luikit at ane anither, an the sawbanes pued a face. "Aye," quo Mr. Buntin, an the sawbanes repeatit it. Syne the wecht on the necks saftened, an the sawbanes an the meenister sat up, baith verra reid in the face an shooglin their heids.

"Please bide dowpit doon far ye are," spakk the Inveesible Cheil. "Here's the poker, ye see."

"Fin I cam intae this chaumer," gaed on the Inveesible Cheil, efter haudin the poker tae the pynt o the neb o baith o his veesitors, "I didnae expeck tae finn it occupeed, an I expeckit tae finn, as weel as ma buiks o myndins, an ootfit o claethin. Far is it? Na--dinna staun. I can see it's gane. Noo, jist at the meenit tho the days are rael hett eneuch fur an inveesible cheil tae rin aboot sterk, the evenins are rael jeelin. I wint claes—an ither hoosin; an I maun as weel hae thon three buiks."