**CHAPTER XXV 25x**

**The Huntin o the Inveesible Cheil**

Fur a whylie Kemp wis ower speechless tae makk Adye unnerstan the faist ferlies that hid jist happened. They stude on the lobby, Kemp spikkin faist, the unca bindins o Griffin aye on his airm. Bit sune Adye stertit tae grip somethin o the maitter.

"He’s gyte," quo Kemp; "nae human. He’s pure selfish. He thinks o naethin bit his ain profit, his ain safety. I hae lippened tae sic a story this mornin o coorse self-sikkin... He’s skaithed cheils. He’ll kill them unless we can hinner him. He’ll cause a stee. Naethin can stop him. He’s gaun oot noo --roosed!"

"He maun be catched," spakk Adye. "Thon’s siccar."

"Bit foo?" skreiched Kemp, an o a suddenty becam stappit wi notions . "Ye maun stert at aince. Ye maun pit ilkie free cheil tae wirk; ye maun hinner him leavin this airt. Aince he wins awa, he micht gae throwe the kintraside as he wints, killin an skaithin. He dreams o a reign o fleg! A reign o fleg, I tell ye. Ye maun set a luikoot on trains an roads an ships. The garrison maun help. Ye

maun wire fur help. The anely thing that micht keep him here is the thocht o recoverin a pucklie buiks o notes he coonts o wirth. I’ll tell ye o thon! There’s a cheil in yer polis station--Mervel."

"I ken," quo Adye, "I ken. Thon buiks--aye. Bit the gangrel...."

"Sez he hisnae them. Bit he thinks the gangrel his. An ye maun hinner him frae ettin or sleepin; day an nicht the kintra maun be asteer fur him. Maet maun be lockit up an snibbit, aa maet, sae that he’ll hae tae brakk his wey tae it. The hooses aawey maun be barred agin him. Heiven send us cauld nichts an rain! The hale kintra-side maun stert huntin an cairry on huntin. I tell ye, Adye, he’s a danger, a wrack; unless he’s preened an caged, it’s frichtfu tae think o the things that micht happen."

"Fit mair else can we dae?" speired Adye. "I maun gae doon at aince an stert

organisin. Bit foo nae cam? Aye, ye cam tae! Cam, an we maun haud a kinno cooncil o war--gar Hopps help--an the railwey managers. Ma Certes! it's urgent. Cam alang--tell me as we gae. Fit mair is there we can dae? Pit thon gear doon."

In anither meenit Adye wis leadin the wey doonstairs. They fand the front yett ajee an the polis cheil staunin ootbye glowerin at teem air. "He's gotten awa, sir," quo ane.

"We maun gae tae the central station at aince," quo Adye. "Ane o ye gae on doon an get a cab tae cam up an meet us--faist. An noo, Kemp, fit mair?"

"Tykes," reponed Kemp. "Get tykes. They dinna see him, bit they whiff him. Get tykes."

"Gweed," spakk Adye. "It's nae ordnar kent, bit the jyle officials ower at Halsteid ken a cheil wi bluidhounds. Tykes. Fit mair?"

"Mynd," quo Kemp, "his maet shaws. Efter ettin, his maet shaws till it’s digestit. Sae that he’s tae hide efter ettin. Ye maun keep on raikin. Ilkie buss, ilkie quaet neuk. An pit aa wappons--aa gear that micht be wappons, awa. He

canna cairry sic ferlies fur lang. An fit he can wheech up an strikk cheils wi maun be hidden awa."

"Gweed again," quo Adye. "We ‘ll hae him yet!"

"An on the roads," reponed Kemp, an devauled.

"Aye?" speired Adye.

"Poodered glaiss," quo Kemp. "It's coorse, I ken. Bit think o fit

he micht dae!"

Adye sookit the air in sherp atween his teeth. "It's nae sportsman-like. I dinna ken. Bit I'll hae poodered glaiss gotten ready. Gin he gaes ower far...."

"The cheil's becam inhuman, I tell ye," quo Kemp. "I am as siccar he’ll set up

a reign o fleg--sae sune as he’s gotten ower the feelins o his escape--as I’m siccar I’m spikkin tae ye. Oor anely chaunce is tae be aheid. He his cut hissel aff frae his kind. His bluid be on his ain heid."