**The Eyn**

Sae eyns the tale o the fey an coorse experiments o the Inveesible Cheil. An gin ye wid larn mair o him ye maun gae tae a wee howf nearhaun Port Stowe an spikk tae the maister thonner. The sign o the howf is a teem boord barrin a hat an buits, an the nemme is the title o this story. The maister is a wee an creashie wee cheil wi a snoot o cylindrical makk, wiry hair, an a fitfu reidness o face. Drink weel, an he’ll tell ye weel o aa the ferlies that befell him efter thon time, an o foo the lawyers tcyauved tae dae him ooto the treisur fand on him.

"Fin they fand they couldnae pruve fas siller was fas, I'm dashed," quo he , "gin they didnae ettle tae makk me oot a dashed treisur trove! Dae I luik like a Treisur Trove? An syne a cheil gaed me a guinea a nicht tae tell the story at the Empire Music 'Haa - jist tae tell em in ma ain wirds--barrin ane."

An gin ye wint tae cut aff the flow o his myndins faist, ye can ayweys dae sae bi speirin gin there werenae three manuscript buiks in the story. He admits there wir an gaes ontae explain, wi assurances that aabody thinks he his them! Bit fegs! he hisnae. "The Inveesible Cheil it wis tuik them aff tae hide them fin I cut an awa fur Port Stowe. It's thon Mr. Kemp pit fowk on wi the notion o me haein them."

An syne he draps intae a thochtfu state, watches ye sleekit-like, breenges aboot nervous wi glaisses, an sune leaves the bar. He’s a bachelor body--his likins wir aye bachelor, an there are nae weemen fowk in the hoose. Ootwardly he buttons—it’s expeckit o him--bit in his mair necessar privacies, in the maitter

o galluses fur example, he still makks eese o towe. He rins his hoose wioot originality, bit wi a rowth o gweed mainners. His meevements are slaw, an he’s a deep thinker. Bit he his a reputation fur wyceness an fur a cannie thrift in the clachan, an his kennin o the roads o the Sooth o England wid threwsh Cobbett.

An on Sabbath mornins, ilkie Sabbath mornin, aa the year roon, while he’s steekit tae the ooter warld, an ilkie nicht efter ten, he gaes intae his bar parlour, cairryin a glaiss o gin feintly melled wi watter, an haein plunkit thon doon, he snibs the yett an examines the blinds, an even keeks aneth the brod. An syne, bein satisfeed o his alaneness, he unsteeks the press an a kist in the press an a drawer in thon kist, an takks oot three volumes bun in broon leather, an plunks them solemn like in the mids o the brod. The happins are weather-worn wi a smachrie o fooshty green--fur aince they bed in a sheugh an puckles o the pages hae bin washed bare bi fool watter. The maister dowps doon in an airmchair, staps a lang clay pipe slawly--gloatin ower the buiks the whyle. Syne he pulls ane tae him an unsteeks it, an sterts tae study it--turnin ower the leaves back an forrit.

His broos are wuvven an his lips meeve sair-like. "Hex, wee twa up in the air, cross an a fiddle-de-dee. Michty! Fit a body he wis fur harns!"

Sune he relaxes an leans back, an blinks throwe his rikk ben the chaumer at ferlies inveesible tae ither een. "Stappit wi secrets," quo he . "Winnerfu secrets!"

"Aince I win a haunle on them--Lordsakes!"

"I wouldnae dae fit he did; I'd jist--weel!" He sooks at his pipe.

Sae he faas intae a dwaum, the undeein winnerfu dwaum o his life. An tho Kemp his backspeired unceasing-like, nae human body save the maister kens thon buiks are thonner, wi the subtle secret o inveesibility an a dizzen ither fey secrets screived thonner.An nane ither will ken o them till he dees.