

the meetin' couldna gang on without me."

"An' dae ye think that he'll be forrit the nicht?"

"What forrit?" asked John.

"The deevil," said Janet.

"Aweel, its likely, for he's maistly there every nicht we meet in some shape or form. But what are ye speerin' sic questions at me, Janet?"

"Weel, ye see, John, I'm sair vexed tae hae tae tell ye that the bra' wab o' druggit, which cost me mony a weary day and nicht's spinnin', which wasna lang hame frae the weavers, has been stoun awa' by some vile, ill-disposed body, an' sure the deevil kens something about it, an' I wad tak' it as a great favor if ye wad speer at him the nicht wha stole it."

John scratched his head, looked grave and said: "Its a serious bisness, Janet, but whomsoever, I'll venture tae speer at him; but as he disna, for orner, come among us till atween twal an' ane o' the the clock I'll nae can tell ye the nicht what he says aboot it, but ye can step owre the morn's mornin' an' I'll let ye ken."

"Thank ye," quoth Janet, and away home she went.

On the morrow with a heart trembling between hope and fear, she went over to John's house, and whenever she saw his face she felt sure he had a message for her, and that there was something serious coming. In a half whisper she said:

"Was he forrit, John?"

"Aye, deed was he," replied John.

"An' did ye speer at him?"

"I did that," said John.

"An' what did he say?"

"A'weel," said John, giving a furtive glance around him, as if he was half conscious of the presence of some one that was not to be trifled with. "A'weel, afore I tell ye I maun gie ye the caution I.e gied tae me, an' that is, that I'm only to tell it tae anither ane, but nae ane is tae tell it tae twa, for if thae dae, there's nae sayin' what wull happen tae us a." John was a knowing man and thus surrounded the

whole thing with an air of mystery. He then said "that the wab o' druggit wasno oot o' the village, in fac' it wasna verra far frae her ain hoose, an' if them wha took it awa didna bring it back in four-an'-twenty oors their hoose wad tummel doon about their lugs an' smother every ain o' them, baith auld an' young."

"Gude preserve us a'," said Janet, "I wad raither loss ma wab o' druggit than see that comin' on onybody."

After getting this message from John Janet went away, and we may be sure, did not rest till she told her next neighbor what the deevil had said, who, we may be equally sure, told it confidently to some other, and in this way was soon known through all the village, and of course, reached the ears of the thief, with what results will be seen.

Janet went to her bed that night as usual, but did not sleep much. There was a strange kind of uneasiness and fear about her. She had some misgivings of conscience about seeking the devil's aid, even to recover her lost web of druggit. Moreover, her fear was mixed with a kind of anxious wonder, as to what was to come out of the mysterious business. She rose in the morning while it was yet dark, and as she was going to the well for water, on opening the door—which opened inward—something tumbled in at her feet, which made her bound backward and exclaim: "Lord preserve us a', what's that?" On recovering from her fright she ventured forward, and, to her surprise and joy, found it was her lost web of druggit.

I need hardly say that the thief on hearing the message purporting to come from the nether regions, and wishing to avoid such a dreadful doom, made haste to restore the stolen goods. It would appear that the making of a petticoat had been cut off the web, but fear led the thief to roll it up with the rest, so that it was returned entire, if not whole. As soon as Janet had got her breakfast over and her dishes washed up, she went away to see her friend John and tender him her thanks,