

There was a consultation, an assurance given, and received.

"Now, Glenkens!" cried Zip, "you, Paul Wester, pull! Over with you!"

And the little horse lifted himself over the black water as easily as he would have overleaped a tiny brook in the daytime with the certainty of better pasture on the farther side.

"Now," said Zipporah Katti, "give me back the candle. It ought to be not far from here." And leaving the main cave to narrow into a mere black chink in the rock, she turned sharp to the left up a pathway where the tool of men must certainly have aided nature. It was as rough a flight of steps as ever Paul trod, and the marvel of it was that in all the history of the village of Orraland not one of the boys had ever thought of following this side-track. But for this there was a reason.

The tale of the wandering piper who had wagered that he would play his pipes till he came to the Devil's Cauldron, a deep pit on the edge of the granite hills half-a-dozen miles inland, had scared the boldest of them. This piper (so ran the legend) had been heard playing his pipes underground for fully two miles. "Roy's Wife of Aldevalloch" was the tune. But when two miles were accomplished, with a wild shriek of the chanter and a last fearsome bray of the drones, the end came. Pipes and piper, tune and player were alike engulfed. No more was heard or seen of this tempter of Providence. Some blamed the water kelpie, some a concealed crevasse, some the foulness of the air. But at any rate the laurels of the vanished piper remained green all along Solway-side, and no one has had the courage to follow his footsteps for fear of the terrors which the cave holds in its belly.

But Glenkens, his head in the apron, followed with docility the nervous brown hand on his mane. And as for Paul, he once more held aloft the candle and marched chest-forward like one who leads a forlorn hope.

There was no longer any doubt about it. It grew