

new snare of his for the purpose of entrapping and carrying off some of their number.

A post-mortem examination followed. But even that sad evidence of mortality failed to convince some of the more stubbornly superstitious. The late Dr. Sloan, who took part in the examination, told me that after it was over, and when he emerged from the little cottage, a group of old colliers who had been patiently waiting the result outside came up to him with the inquiry, "Doctor, did ye fin' his feet?" It certainly had not occurred to him to make any special investigation of the extremities, and he confessed that he had not, though surprised at the oddity of the question. He inquired in turn why they should have wished the feet particularly looked to. A grave shake of the head was the only reply he could get at the time; but he soon found out that had he examined the feet, he would have found them not to be human extremities at all, but bearing that cloven character which Scottish tradition has steadily held to be one of the characteristic and ineffaceable features of the "deil," no matter under what disguise he may be pleased to appear.

And even when the grave had closed over the wasted remains of the poor sufferer, people were still seeing visions and getting warnings. His ghost haunted the place for a time, until at last the erection of a tombstone by the parishioners with the inscription already quoted, written by the parish minister, slowly brought conviction to the minds of the incredulous. Many a story, however, still lingers of the kind of sights and sounds seen as portents after this sad tragedy. I shall give only one, told to me by an old collier, whose grandmother was a well-known witch, and who himself retained evidently more belief in her powers than he cared to acknowledge in words. Not long after