

The Wedding of Kate Carnegie

By Ian Maclaren.

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PART I.

City folk are apt to catch fire hotly over some social incident, and in a week to forget that it had ever happened, which is to us an unenviable evidence of superficiality, but Drumtochty may itself be investigated, and continued therein, without rest and without haste till the last grain of gold was rescued from the quartz, and had passed as current coin into conversation. It took exactly six weeks to sift the details of the marriage engagement and to settle its significance, and then the Glen was at liberty to deal with the arrangements for the marriage, about which there was much speculation and various opinions. Some took for granted that Kate would be married in the gallery of the Lodge, under the coats of arms and strange beasts, by Dr. Davidson, with perhaps his friend of Kildrummie assisting, to add dignity; and in this assumption they rested on the customs of the parish, which were that the minister should perform the marriage ceremony in the kitchen, cleared for the occasion, and that after a feast in the better room, at which Dr. Davidson used to tell at least two of his best stories, the happy pair should go in the quiet of the evenings to their new home, or in special cases to Edinburgh for three days, which were spent in visiting the castle and Holyrood. Others, full of historical research, and tenacious of tradition, reminded the Kirkyard that the last daughter of the Carnegie house had been married in the Episcopal (commonly called the English) chapel at Perth by a bishop of Jacobite blood, and in the presence of twenty odd families of the Highland border, and there was much debate whether Carmichael would begin his new life by passing under the pretorial yoke, and also whether the General could ask the people of his faith to see the last Carnegie married to a Free Kirk minister. There were those, however, who reminded their neighbors that the minister could not be married anywhere save in his own church, and that in such a case the Free Kirk would come and officiate in a body; and when evidence for this theory was demanded, its advocates fell back on the analogy of a minister's funeral, which rite of all such rites was conducted in a church. As a marriage and a funeral were the two great functions of the Glen, and both were of a festive character, this contention carried conviction, and the Free Kirk folk were much lifted.

While the Glen were following the various courses open to the parties concerned and giving a decision, being in the end quite captivated by the funeral precedent they themselves had a happy inspiration in the Tochtie woods, and having picked up the General at the Lodge, came down the near road, soft and grassy, in such open delight, that Peter Robertson the grave, meeting them at the wright's, speculated whether the bank might not have come into its own again. They found the Doctor in his garden and presented themselves before him suddenly—there was a hedge which lent itself to a secret approach—and refused to sit down or hold ordinary converse with him until he had made a promise.

"Are you engaged on the tenth day of August, Dr. Davidson?" Kate held him with lifted forefinger, while the



THEY FOUND THE DOCTOR IN HIS GARDEN.

General and Carmichael seemed to say: "You know what a girl she is!" "For if you are, take notice that you must break the engagement, and be at my service." "So the day is fixed, and your days of freedom are coming to an end. Miss Catherine, and we must all bundle into Perth, I suppose, and see you married in state." "It would serve you right if I did go so ready to give up your duties, if Dr. Davidson has conscientious objections to marrying an Episcopalian to a Free Kirkman, then we must seek for another person," and Kate turned to her following in despair. "Do you really wish me to perform the service?" "I do," said Kate, "for one; whom else would I have than our own dear Padre, who has never refused a certain wilful girl anything since she came to Drumtochty?" "And I do," said Carmichael, "for another, because of the kindness a certain Free Kirk minister has received in the Manse of Drumtochty." "Of course I do, Davidson, you know that, for the sake of auld lang syne," concluded the general. "You have all done me much honor," and they could see that the doctor was touched. "You will not judge me exacting if I make a suggestion. I suppose your idea, Jack, was to have the ceremony in the gallery of the lodge, when more than one of your house has been married in past days?" "Yes, Kit and I thought the gallery

much solemnity, "you have had many masterly ideas within your province, but this is without doubt the finest; did you work hard at it?" "It came sudden, Doctor—John was vastly flattered—"this morning, after a night of meditation, about five o' slippit down the Kirk an' surveyed the place frae the precentor's desk. The hale parish cam in afore me in a mangle-mangle, just like a herd o' cattle, an' a' thocht the job was impossible, when as sure as a'm stannin' here, Doctor, a' saw Burnbrae in the brieft o' the left across frae Drums- bough, whar he used frae sit, an' Ika Free Kirker made for his seat, just like ows for their stalls."



"THE OTHER MATTER IS MAIR DELICAT."

me mention it. Div ye think it's likely?" John's voice took an awful note, and the Doctor looked distinctly anxious—"that the Free Kirk Beadle 'ill want the act as colleague?"—this with a sore effort.

CONFESSION ALL 'ROUND.

An Incident That Happened Once in Prohibition Kansas.

From the Detroit Free Press. "I've had lots of experience in prohibition towns, but here's one which happened to me in Kansas," said the Southern drummer, as he lighted a cigar, the train having come to a standstill by a washout. "One of my customers invited me up to his house for supper. When I got to his place he introduced me to his wife and their one son. Before we went down stairs he took me aside. "Perhaps you'd like a little something," he said, "but don't mention this to the wife or my son."

RECEIVED HIS REWARD.

The Soldier Who Used Snow for a Bath Was Promoted.

From the Youth's Companion. In the Crimea, during the winter, General Canrobert was in the habit of going about among the men of his command, incognito, to see what they were about, and to encourage and encourage the soldiers if they needed encouragement. One morning, on one of these tours, he came upon a young conscript who had stripped himself to the waist and was bathing his body with handfuls of snow. "That's an odd sort of soap you're using," exclaimed the general. "Oh, it's good enough," said the soldier. "You see I'm young, and more than that, I'm a Lorraine from Nancy, and a fellow-provincial of General Drouot, who shaved himself with snow on the march from Moscow, you know, with the mercury thirty degrees below freezing. The old fellows in my company, you see, bother me, and make fun of me because I haven't any beard, and since I can't shave out of doors, like Drouot, I have to do this to show those old fellows that I'm no more afraid of the cold than I am of the enemy."

THE BEST TEN SHORT POEMS.

Text of the Works of Genius to Which the New York Sun Accords the Palm.

When in disgrace, When I consider how my light is spent Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide, And that one talent which is death to hide Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent To serve therewith my Maker, and present My true account, lest he returning chide: "Both God exact day labor, light desire, I fondly ask; but patience, to prevent That murmur, soon replies: "God doth not need Either man's work or his own gifts; Who best Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best; His state Is kings; thousands at his bidding speed, And rest not on their end and ocean without rest; They also serve who only stand and wait." —John Milton.

On His Blindness.

When I consider how my light is spent Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide, And that one talent which is death to hide Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent To serve therewith my Maker, and present My true account, lest he returning chide: "Both God exact day labor, light desire, I fondly ask; but patience, to prevent That murmur, soon replies: "God doth not need Either man's work or his own gifts; Who best Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best; His state Is kings; thousands at his bidding speed, And rest not on their end and ocean without rest; They also serve who only stand and wait." —John Milton.

Bannock-Burn.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled, Scots, wham Bruce has after led, Welcome to your sorry bed, Or to victorie!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;

See the front of battle lower; See approach the war-cry's power— Chains and slaverie!

Who will be a traitor knave?

Who can fill a coward's grave? Who will look a slave to day? But let them turn and fly!

Who for Scotland's King and her Freedom's sword will strongly draw,

Freeman stand or freeman fall, Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!

By your sons in servile chains! We will drain our warmest veins, But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!

Tyrants fall in every foe! Liberty's in every blow! Let us do, or die!

Hohenlinden.

On Linden, when the sun was low, All black was the sad-colored snow, And dark as winter was the flow Of Isar, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight

When the drum beat at death of night, Commanding fires of death to light The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,

Each horseman drew his battle-blade, And furious every charger reared To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven;

Then rushed the steeds to battle driven; And louder than the bolts of heaven, Far dashed the red artillery.

But redler yet those fires shall glow

On Linden's hill of crimson snow, And brighter yet shall be the flow Of Isar, rolling rapidly.

This morn'g, but scarce you level sun

Carriest the sun clouds, rolling din, Where furious Frank and fiery Hun Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens: On ye brave,

Who rush to glory or to grave! Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave, And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet!

The snow shall be their winding-sheet; And every turf beneath their feet Shall be a soldier's sepulchre. —Thomas Campbell.

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