

Robert led in Mollie, a vision of white in her long trailing gown and floating veil. Every neck was craned to see, and every heart rejoiced with both bride and bridegroom.

The brief ceremony was soon over, and they were out in the street again; the carriages bowling in a long procession to Greystone; the crowd to hurry to Loch Tulchan on foot. For all were guests to-day. Beside the loch big marquees had been erected, and there employees, tenants, and townspeople alike were being entertained. The contractors had everything ready, and the carriage which was to bear Sir Lyall and Lady Galbraith on the first stage of their honeymoon was to come round that way, so that the bride might turn on the water.

It came at last—one of the Castle Morven carriages this time—and when Lyall helped his wife to alight, the cheers that rent the air might have been heard a mile away. And when the little ceremony was over and she stood looking down at the people who had been so much to her, and at the man she loved standing by her side, she saw them all through a mist of happy tears.

“I don’t know why so much has been given to me,” she said.

But Lyall thought he knew.