

GABLE ENDS.

A SILLER WEDDIN'.

I'll wager, Wullie, ye didna ken 'at Betty an' me wis mairit again. I dinna ken whether it's a' right or no. I'm whiles thinkin' it maun be juist anithir o' thae lawyure's dodges. But it seems, by what Mrs. Jamieson wis tellin' Betty the ither day, that after ye hae been mairit five an' twenty year' ye hae tae mak anither weddin'.

I had niver heard a' the like afore, an when Betty cam hame an tell't me that we had tae "hae anither weddin'," I wis speechless, dumfoondered; for I thoct she wis gaun ree a'thegither.

"Na, Betty, woman," I says at last, layin' doon me paper, "what's wrang wi ye?"

"Sandy," says she, "there's naethin' at a' wrang wi' me. It's as true as deith 'at I'm tellin' ye--we hae tae be mairit ower again."

"Mairit ower again?" I says. "My certy but that's a bonny story! Warn a we mairit firm an' fast by auld Donald Anderson, him 'at's deid noo this ten year' syne?"

"Aye."

"An' didna I gie him his hauf-a-croon when he wis dune wi' the job?"

"Aye."

"An' didna I gie ye the marriage certificate i' yer ain keepin'?"

"Aye."

"Weel, an' what mair d' ye want than that, Betty?"

"Aye, but Sandy," says she, "dinna ye ken 'at next Wednesday we will hae been mairit five-an'-twenty year'?"

"Aye," I says still lookin' at her vera curiously.

"Weel, ye may be thankfu' I gaed ower tae Mrs. Jamieson's this mornin', or it's vera likely baith o' us wad hae suffered wi' thae lawyures. Mercy me, I kenna what the worl's comin' tae at a'."

"Betty," I says, "I'll niver believe sic nonsense. There's auld Sandy Tamson an' his wife, Meg, 'at's been mairit weel nigh this forty year', an' they haena gotten mairit again; an' Donald McNab, an'

Wullie Campbell, an' hauf a dizen ithers, wha haena gotten mairit again."

"It maun be a new law," says Betty, "for David M'Phee, it seems wis mairit again last Thursday, because him an' Lee-zie had been mairit five-an'-twenty year'."

"Weel," I says, "it maun be some quirk o' the law, or else David M'Phee wad niver hae gotten mairit again: for I'm sure he disna think ower muckle o' auld Leezabuth. It's a wunner he didna be aifter ane o' Sandy Tamson's dochters, or some o' the ither douce neebor lassies."

"Hoots man!" says Betty, "ye dinna understan' it at a'. Ye canna marry onybody but yer wife."

"I see nae great use o' haein' a weddin' then," I says. "I'm thinkin' I'll hae tae see the meenister aboot it, however. Surely he kens a' thae things. But it maun be a graun affair, Betty, afore they ca't a siller weddin'. I doot it'll cost a bonny penny."

"Losh, Sandy," says Betty, "ye maun ken every ane 'at's speirt has tae bring a siller present. Cheenie winna do at a min ye—but siller. Certies I'm thinkin' we'll hae tae speir a gude when o' oor freens."

"Certainly, Betty," I says, "or they'll maybe no think it vera neeborly o' us."

"It's no that," says Betty: "the mair we speir, the mair presents it'll be."

But tae mak' a lang story short, I at last set oot for the meenister's. Noo, ye'll no hinder him tae be awa' for a fortnicht's veesit wi' his aunt. an' so I wis forced tae gang tae anither meenister wha sometimes occupees oor poopit when oor ain meenister is awa'. I askit him if he had iver heard o' sic a thing as a siller weddin'. He said he had. So then I tell't him 'at Biddy an' me were tae hae ane on Wednesday, but as oor ain meenister wis awa', I wad be muckle obleeged tae him if he wad perform the ceremony.

"Ceremony!" says he, "ye dinna need ony ceremony, man."

"Losh me! nae ceremony!" I says. "I'm dootin' ye're no vera orthodox." "Ye see it wadna be valid without a ceremony," I says, an' wi' that I left him.