

CHAPTER VIII

HOW NICOL PLENDERLEITH SOUGHT HIS FORTUNE ELSEWHERE

Now, at last, I am come to the end of my tale, and have little more to set down. It was on a very fresh, sweet May morning, that Marjory and I were married in the old Kirk of Lyne, which stands high on a knoll above the Lyne Water, with green hills huddled around the door. There was a great concourse of people, for half the countryside dwelled on our land. Likewise, when all was done, there was the greatest feast spread in Barns that living man had ever seen. The common folk dined without on tables laid on the green, while within the walls the gentry from far and near drank long life and health to us till sober reason fled hot-foot and the hilarity grew high. But in a little all was over, the last guest had clambered heavily on his horse and ridden away, and we were left alone.

The evening, I remember, was one riot of golden light and rich shadow. The sweet-scented air stole into the room with promise of the fragrant out-of-doors, and together we went out to the lawn and thence down by the trees to the brink of Tweed, and along by the great pool and the water-meadows. The glitter