

**THE TWIN LADDIES:
OR, A HOME IN
MID-LOTHIAN**

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The twin laddies: or, A home in Mid-Lothian by John Douglas

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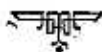
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JOHN DOUGLAS

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THE TWIN LADDIES.





THE YOUNGSTERS HELD AN INDIGNATION MEETING.



THE TWIN LADDIES:

OR,

A HOME IN MID-LOTHIAN.

BY THE

REV. JOHN DOUGLAS,

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THE TWIN LADDIES.



CHAPTER I.

WILLIAM BRUCE left his home in a town not far from "The Heart of Mid-Lothian," one fine summer morning, to see what his men were about. As he went along the street he was hailed by an acquaintance with the mysterious words—"Hie, William! What is it?" William knew by the question that his friend must have heard of an event that had taken place since they parted the day before, but gave him no answer.

"Tell me, man, what is it? Is it a laddie this time?"

"No," said William.

"Another lassie?"

"No."

"It surely canna be twa lassies?"

"No."

"I have it now. It's twa laddies—twin laddies!"

"Yes, that's it at last," replied William, with a pleased smile.

His friend laughed heartily as he slapped him on the back, shook him by the hand, and warmly congratulated him on the happy occasion, not forgetting to ask kindly and particularly for Mrs. Bruce and her twins.

Their arrival made a great stir in Mr. Bruce's snug little cottage. Friends and neighbours came to see them, but Granny Wallace was there to guard the sacred chamber against all intruders except a privileged few. It was amusing to see the faces, and hear the comments, of the three sisters of the twins, when permitted to come in softly, kiss their mother, and look at the "funny wee creatures" lying beside her.

They were well enough pleased with the elder and the bigger of the two, with his dark hair, his chubby cheeks, and dimpled chin; but they were in ecstasies over his brother, with his lint-white hair, his black eyes, and his nicely shaped nose and mouth.

The twins were duly dedicated to God in baptism, the names given them on that occasion being Colin Winton and Edgar Wallace—the one after his paternal, and the other after his maternal, grandfather. By and by there arrived other little Bruces, to the number altogether of eleven—six girls and five boys.

In due time the twins, in their fourth year, were sent

to an infant school. The annual examination, which was held in a church, gave Colin an opportunity of distinguishing himself. The building was crowded with the children and their friends. The master was asking the scholars many questions about "liquids," and said—"Can anyone give me the name of any liquid that has not yet been mentioned?" The silence that followed was suddenly broken by Colin shouting out, with all his pith, and at the top of his voice:

"Fusky's a 'ikid!" How whisky got into his head at all, Colin doesn't know to this day. He just remembers the burst of laughter and applause that followed his exclamation.

Colin and Edgar acquired the usual facility of all "naughty boys" of falling into "scrapes." Whether Colin was more unlucky in getting into them, or Edgar more adroit in getting out of them, this is certain, that Colin was decidedly more unfortunate in such matters than Edgar ever was.

One instance will suffice. Their mother resolved one day to take them on a visit to Granny, who lived about three miles away. Having dressed them, she went to prepare herself for the journey.

It so happened that two men were opening up a deep drain in the lane behind the house. The boys must needs go out to see this interesting operation, and Master Colin,