

Kit Kennedy

BY S. R. BROCKETT.

CHAPTER LIV.

WALTER MAC WALTER MEETS MARY BISSET.

When she came to herself Lilius found that she was supported in arms which clasped her firmly about the waist. Her head lay on someone's shoulder. This was very strange, yet somehow, as the buzzing in her ears ceased, she seemed to find herself in some strangely familiar place. She felt an incurious content steal over her. She was quite ready to stay where she was for ever.

"Mother," she said, "is that you?" But even as she said it she knew that her mother was not there.

Then her eyes opened upon a world of dazzling whiteness, upon the blue of a brilliant sky infinitely removed.

Then her eyes lighted upon Walter Mac Walter. He was standing above her looking at her as she had seen him do last night. She shrieked aloud. "Oh, take him away—do not let him come near me!"

Then a voice spoke in her ear, a voice she knew, yet could not remember whose it was. It said, "He will never come near you any more."

She perceived that two men whom she had never seen held her husband by the arms, while her son Kit, very hale and strong, stood behind with a strange, alert, triumphant look on his face.

But the voice behind belonged to someone else.

"Who are you?" she faltered, trying weakly to turn her head.

"Lilius, I am your husband!" said Christopher Kennedy, laying her gently back on the grass and looking down into her eyes.

Joy does not kill, as the story-books aver. Perhaps for the reason that when it comes suddenly and unexpectedly like an angel from heaven, it is not at first believed in.

Slowly Lilius became aware that the elder of the two men who held her husband was speaking. The sense of his words seemed to come to her from an infinite distance.

"Listen, Walter Mac Walter," he was saying. "You know me. You have known me all my life. I am Daniel Bisset, brother of Mary Bisset, your dead—your murdered wife."

Walter Mac Walter tried to thrust his guards from him, but they held

him fast, Hoggie Haugh hanging upon his arm with the grip of a giant, and Kit Kennedy standing behind ready to assist in case of need.

"Yes—murdered," said Daniel Bisset, solemnly. "We suspected it before. We know it now. From the place from which Mary Bisset fell you would have thrown Lilius Kennedy to-day, even as twenty years ago you sent my sister to her death."

"Lilius Kennedy!" The words came scornfully from the lips of the baffled madman.

"Aye, Lilius Kennedy, no other," said the Classical Master, coming forward—for his charge was now sufficiently recovered to sit up and (after the manner of women) begin to arrange her hair. "She is my wife, not yours. Alexander Strong, of Edinburgh, has found poor Nick French whom we thought dead. He has kept the original marriage lines of Christopher Kennedy and Lilius Armour. So long as I thought her happy I would never have come forward. I would have kept myself where she would never have known. But now—"

"It is a lie—a lie—a devil's lie!" cried Walter Mac Walter furiously, foaming at the mouth.

Then Daniel Bisset spoke again. "It is a truth which the judges of the land will believe, as they will believe the witness of us four men—when you, Walter Mac Walter, are tried for the attempted murder of Lilius Kennedy and the accomplished murder of Mary Bisset, my sister and your wife!"

With a quick access of maniacal strength the prisoner cast his guards this way and that from him. Even then he would have sprung upon Lilius but for the shining tube of a revolver which looked at him from the right hand of the Classical Master. He heard his guards rushing at him from behind. With a quick swing he turned, dashed between them, knocked Kit down flat on his back, and ran along by the edge of the cliff in the direction of the gate at which he had left the black mare tethered.

But at the first dip of the ground, in a little sheltered hollow, he came upon a girl sitting. She held her hat in her hand as if enjoying the winter sunshine, and as he ran towards her she rose with a startled look on her pale face.

The maniac stopped dead in his career with a strange gasping cry. "Mary Bisset! In God's name, Mary Bisset! Touch me not. Out of my way, fiend!" he shouted.

And swerving to the left to avoid the wraith of his victim, he stumbled upon the imminent verge of the cliff and fell outward and forward. He clutched at nothing as he fell, and as it were wrenched himself round, till his distorted face looked up at the accusing phantom who had confronted him so startlingly. That face vanished like a falling stone.

And from below there came an agonized cry of "Mary Bisset! Mary Bisset!"

Then silence.

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God," said Christopher Kennedy, Senior, with some pride. "I have been appointed Classical Master at the Edinburgh Athenaeum. It is not a great school, but it is better on that account for one so long out of practice. Lilius and I have taken a house, and we start work after the holidays. Daniel will be near us."

Mary Bisset was infinitely distressed that Lilius would not consent to receive any of the inheritance of Walter Mac Walter.

"I am not his widow. I never was your father's wife. I will have nothing that ever belonged to him. It is yours by right and by gift. But if you put my father and mother back in the Dornal they will die happy."

And so it was arranged, Rob and Betty jointly and severally agreeing to work the farm for them.

"But I would like to see the Rob or the Betty that will mak' me ither than mistress o' my ain hoose," said Kit's grandmother.

"Fegs," said Willie Gilroy, who had come to see them comfortably settled, "ye are o' the same mind as my wife."

"What, Willie, ye are never married again?"

The Sheriff's officer admitted the accusation with a shake of his head. "Wha' is't, Willie?" cried Betty Landsborough, who was naturally much interested.

"It's just Meg Patterson frae Clairbrand."

"But she's surely no young. Willie, hoo auld is she?"

"God kens," said Willie. "I misdoot she'll never dee recently, this yin. I think I'll hae to shoot her!"

Kit found Mary in the renovated drawing-room of Kirkswald. She was looking prettier than ever before, though very simply dressed. But the radiance of her eyes seemed somehow to fill the room, even as once it had filled Kit's heart under the Edinburgh gas-lamps.

He took her hand and bent his head towards her.

"What is it, Kit?" she said.

"You are a great lady now," he said, very low. "You are the owner of all this!"

The pretty girl was silent a little, looking up at his drooping head with a singularly sweet smile. Then she went a little nearer to him.

"Ask me if that's all, else I'll go."

"No, no," she said at last.

Then Kit asked, and found that there was.

(The End.)

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He Understood.

Dad (angrily)—"You're the devil's son, child! Do you understand?"

Son (meekly)—"Yes, father, I understand."

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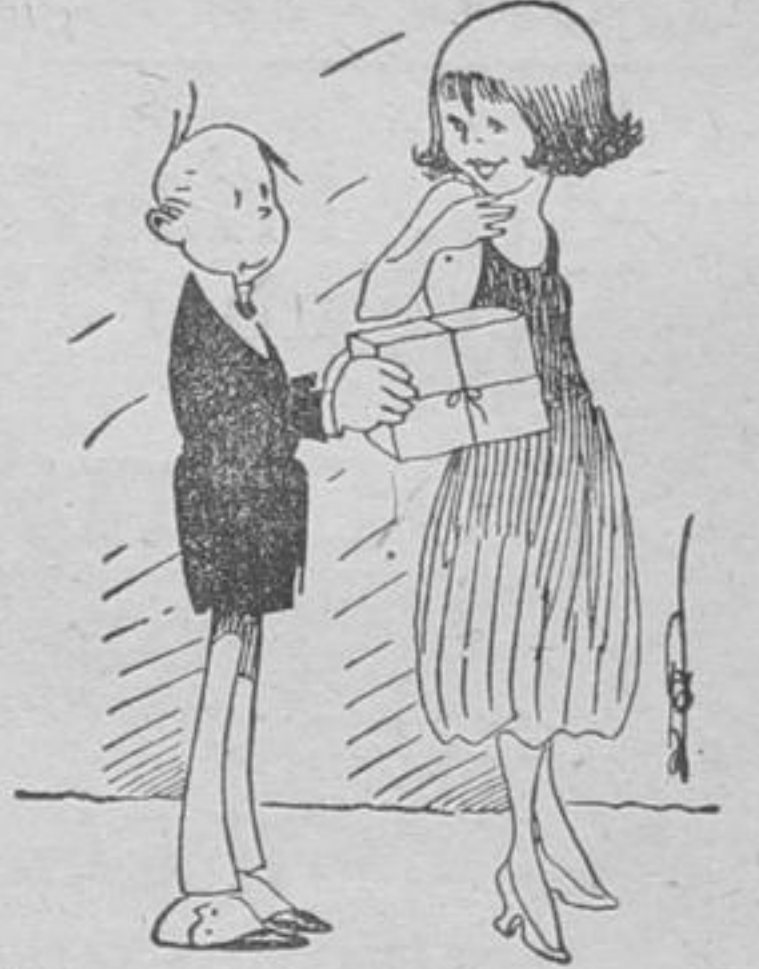
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King Fulfills Promise By Reading Bible Daily.

A short time ago the newspapers printed a cable despatch from London to the effect that George V. reads one chapter of the Bible daily. This is keeping a promise which he made to his mother, Queen Alexandra, in 1881. If he has taken the authorized version in sequence, commencing with the first chapter of Genesis and reading one chapter each day, it would mean that he has read the Bible through thirteen times and has a good start on the fourteenth reading. It would take him a little more than two years and six months to read the Old Testament and three years and sixty-four days to read both Testaments.

Probably, like all other readers of the Bible, King George has his favorite passages. Undoubtedly he has read the Bible through from cover to cover at least once, not missing a single word. Having done this he would be at liberty to select his favorite passages and read them again and again.

It was an excellent habit which Queen Alexandra instilled in her son. If a king can find time to read a chapter of the Bible daily surely any other person can. It is an excellent example to the millions of persons who owe their allegiance to him. There is no more majestic prose or majestic poetry than that found in the Bible. In these days the Bible ought to be good reading for kings and for commoners as well. For an English king the English version is especially good reading.



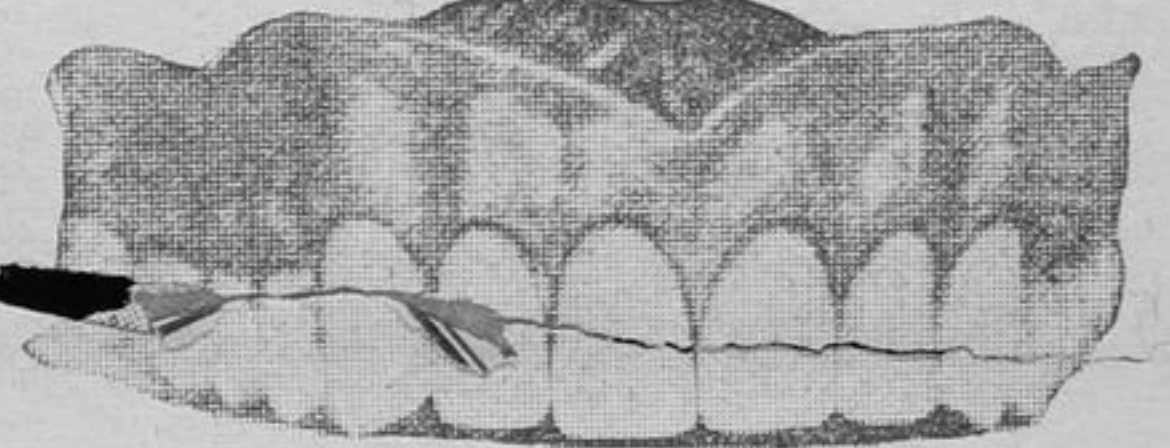
Hubby—"Here's something I bought you for Christmas. I hope it fits."
Wifey—"If it don't I'll have a fit."

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If powerful electric lights strung over a barren lawn can force grass into rapid growth, why should not similar treatment make hair grow on a bald head? Dr. Andreas Christian claims that bald heads may be covered, and beards coaxed on clean-shaven faces by the use of strong artificial light.

Observe always that everything is the result of a change, and get used to thinking that there is nothing nature loves so well as to change existing forms and to make new forms like them.—Marcus Aurelius.

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