

self, Kit returned the stare with interest. The stranger spoke first.

"Kit! In the name of all that's wonderful, is it you?"

The schoolmaster stared into the handsome frank face, too bewildered at first to speak.

"Robert Liddel!" he said at last, "I cannot believe it! How strange that we should meet here."

The stranger's right hand went forth and grasped Christopher's with a grip of iron.

"A little older looking, but the same Kit I used to know, as I stand here," said he a little quickly.

"What brings you here? and where is Sara?"

"What brings you here, Robert?" said the schoolmaster, answering his question with another. "We thought you had died, or forgotten us abroad."

"Haven't you heard," said Liddel, "I came into a fortune, and bought Glentarne? My mother was a native of D——."

"Indeed!" No other word could Christopher Kenyon utter, so intense was his amazement.

"Come into the house, Kit," said Liddel; "and we can talk over old times. I want to know how you happen to be here, and all about you and Sara. She will be married now, I suppose?"

All these questions Christopher answered sitting with his friend in the library of The Castle, and it was long past the tea hour when he went back to the schoolhouse. He returned alone, but Liddel was to follow later in the evening.

Sara was leaning over the gate looking up and down the road, wondering what was keeping her brother; and when he came up she saw that he looked unusually excited.

"Where have you been, Kit," she said, holding open the gate. "I was thinking of going up to Cluny to seek you. Have you been there?"