

LADY KILDARE

Or, the Rival Claimants.

CHAPTER XI. Continued.

He longed to say more. The fact that he was speaking to the husband of the Lady Kathleen—to the man who stood in the place he had desired—almost maddened him. He felt an impulse to fall upon him then and there, and destroy him. But Kathleen's piteous eyes were lifted to his own. Kathleen's pale and quivering lips were an expression of wild entreaty, and he could not resist her silent prayer.

Choking back all expression of his despairing anguish, he turned and caught his lost love to his breast, raised kisses on her brow and lips, and then dashed out of the room.

A few minutes later, Kathleen heard him speeding away on his horse at a wild gallop.

Then, suddenly breath of strength, she flung herself down upon a sofa, giving way to a wild burst of despair.

Bassantyne, still standing near the door, watched her with a cynical smile.

After a little he advanced toward her, and sat down in an arm-chair near her.

"How you love it at fellow, Kathleen!" he observed. "What strange creatures women are! I remember when you loved me like this—"

"I never loved you as I love Barry Treham!" cried the Lady Kathleen passionately.

"Never!"

"A pleasant confession for a husband to listen to," said Bassantyne, with a discernible gleam in his sinister eyes. "Discoed pleasant, I may say. And yet I remember well when the color came in your cheeks at my words, when your smiles came and went like stray sunbeams, and when my vows of love brought the light to your blue eyes! And I remember, Kathleen, when that stately head of yours used to rest on my shoulder—"

"The Lady Kathleen interrupted him with a gesture of haughty scorn and loathing.

"Don't remind me of a folly that makes me utterly hate you!" she cried. "I despise myself when I remember that I once loved you. Love! It was not love, that fleeting, girlish fancy! Love! It is a profanation of that sacred word to apply it to that short-lived folly of mine! I never loved you!"

"Did you not? I was miserably deceived then," said Bassantyne placidly. "Indeed, I have been flattering myself that you gave me the dearest of your heart to Treham, I having described its first strength and freshness. I was about to convey that impression of mine to my lord, but he saved me the trouble by his impetuous and highly tragic departure."

"What is a childish fancy compared to a woman's passionate tenderness and love?" asked the Lady Kathleen, with keen and bitter emphasis. "You have compelled me to acknowledge you to the world as my husband but my heart has one master, and he is Lord Treham. I love him as I never deemed myself capable of loving. And I am tied to you!"

"You are, indeed. And that being the case, I propose to install myself here at the castle. Mr. Carroll, the Kildare chaplain, expressed to me yesterday his surprise that I should retain my bachelor lodgings at Ballycastle. I explained my proceedings on the ground of this confounded trouble of the Lady Nora, which would excuse anything, I think. But this morning it seems to me desirable that I should install myself here!"

"However desirable it may seem, it is impossible!"

"I do not know that word impossible," said Bassantyne coolly. "A wife should know her husband's will as her law. The truth is Kathleen, I fancied I saw a detective lounging about over at Ballycastle this morning. At any rate, it was a man with very curious and inquiring eyes. It is true my disguise is good, but I don't want to risk anything. You will have to give me shelter!"

"If the detectives should find you, they would capture you, and send you back to Australia!"

Bassantyne smiled grimly.

"They might," he said. "But the day I am captured, my Lady Kathleen Bassantyne, will be the sorriest day of your life. I shall declare to the world our romantic story. I will render England, Ireland, and Scotland impossible residences for you! Just think how it would sound to have people gossiping over what you and I know! Think how people—your fashionable friends and friends—Kathleen would gloat over the epithets that would attach to my name—conspirator, gambler, convict, and worse!"

"Worse!" cried the Lady Kathleen, with dilating eyes.

Bassantyne bent nearer to her, smiling like a demon.

"I forgot to say," he whispered, fixing his eyes on hers, "that when I robbed my 'master,' out there in Australia, he had the audacity to resist me. And as a desperate man will overlook any obstacle between him and freedom, you will understand that a conflict followed. You can guess the rest."

The Lady Kathleen shrank from the man in horror.

"You murdered him!" she whispered pathetically.

Bassantyne glared at her like a tiger.

"Never speak that word again!" he hissed, looking around him fearfully. "Do you hear? And now, Lady Kathleen Bassantyne, you understand why I want a refuge. If you don't want your husband to die on the gallows, you must protect me!"

Kathleen nodded further and yet further from her enemy, as if from a leper. Her wide staring eyes dilated yet more widely in her horror and terror. She looked at him with a fascinated gaze, as one who is charmed by some horrible serpent.

"I brought my valet with me, and my luggage," said Bassantyne, with another fearful glance around him. "They are down in the boat in which I came. Of course, if it was a detective I saw over at Ballycastle, he could not penetrate my disguise. And no one would dare suspect the husband of the Lady Kathleen Connor of being an escaped convict. I shall be safe here. You had better go to Lady Nora and tell her that you want your bridegroom with you. Go now! I will await your return here!"

With that look of stern horror frozen on his lovely face, the Lady Kathleen arose and uttered to the door. She groped a moment blindly for the door-knob, then opened the door and passed out.

Bassantyne went to the bay window at the end of the drawing-room and overlooking the lawn, pushed up one of the sashes and looked out.

His keen, bold eyes scanned the beach, speedily discerning on the shore the sailboat in which he had come. A man was standing in his boat, leaning carefully against the mast, and watching the castle with a fixed and intent gaze.

The lace curtains screened Bassantyne from this man's glances. The Lady Kathleen's husband watched him silently for a little while, until her ladyship returned.

"Well?" he said, as she came slowly and feebly into the room.

"You can stay," said Lady Kathleen coldly. "The Lady Nora consents to give you shelter for my sake."

"You have not told her?"

"Would I proclaim my own disgrace?" cried Kathleen haughtily.

"Nora knows that it is a mystery, but she doesn't know what it is, thank heaven. I may be doing wrong to admit you to her presence, but I want you to keep your distance from her. I would betray you to the doom you merit!"

"Jealous, eh? I shall be careful, my sweet Kathleen. And so I can stay?"

"Yes; you and your man. Chambers will be made ready for you in the nearest part of the castle."

Bassantyne bowed in a mockery of gratitude, and parted the window curtains, leaning out. Then he waved his handkerchief fiercely. The man in the boat returned the signal in kind.

"Tis my friend and valet, Murple," he said. "He understands from my signal that we are to stay. Let his room be near mine. We have been chums in adversity, and I would like him to share my prosperity. He is a good fellow, is Murple, and though not exactly a gentleman, yet he knows a great deal. He is educated for a doctor."

"Did you not better go to him?" suggested Lady Kathleen. "Our interview ends here. And you will be kind enough to remember that our interviews hereafter will be to the presence of others."

She did not wait for an answer, but swept from the room.

Bassantyne stared after her, uttering a low whistle. Then, with a darkening face, he leaped out of the window, and strode swiftly across the lawn toward the beach and his waiting ally.

CHAPTER XII. HOMELESS.

The account of the Lady Kathleen Connor's singular and romantic marriage was copied from the Belfast papers into the principal Irish and English Journals, and afforded food for gossip in the fashionable circles where her ladyship had shone a star of the first magnitude.

Letters from old friends, admirers, and suitors came pouring in with a few costly bridal gifts. The latter were put away unopened; the letters were read, but unanswered. The Lady Kathleen could not yet cloak her terrible despair and anguish with smiles.

Cold and grave and silent, she moved about the stately rooms of Kildare Castle like a shadow. Her snowy complexion had a dead pallor about it now. A stony look filled the lovely azure eyes. No smile came now to the sweet mouth. She looked like one upon whom some deadly blight had fallen.

In the course of a week after the marriage announcement, the Lady Nora received a letter from one of her guardians, Mr. Michael Kildare, inquiring who was this Bassantyne, and why the Lady Kathleen's marriage had been so hasty, not to say clandestine. Nora replied to the letter rather vaguely, seeking to satisfy her guardian's curiosity without gratifying it.

And indeed she knew nothing herself concerning her step-sister's husband, beyond the fact that he was in some way involved in the mystery of Kathleen's past, and that he held Kathleen in his power.

Bassantyne and his fellow-fugitive were safely installed in adjacent rooms in a remote part of the castle, and in these secluded quarters spent much of their time.

Murple, also with the castle servants in the servants' hall. Bassantyne took his meals with the Lady Kathleen and Lady Nora who treated him with bare civility, and saw him at no other time. He was like an outcast or a leper, and he felt his position keenly. A dozen times a day his heart swelled with a suffocating rage, and he promised himself, with terrible oaths, full vengeance upon his proud young wife.

"I shall make all right yet," he would say to himself, with a deadly, dangerous glitter in his eyes. "It's her turn now. It will be my turn by and by."

This resolve, so fearful in its significance, filled him, even in his worst moods, with evil satisfaction.

As the days wore on, Bassantyne banished his fears of pursuit, and persuaded himself that his disguise was perfect, and that he had nothing to apprehend from detectives. He even decided to his own satisfaction, and that he had been alarmed without cause, and that the man he had seen at Ballycastle, and believed to be an emissary of the police, was some harmless countryman or tourist.

The two weeks of grace, as they might be called, which had been assigned to the Lady Nora thus slipped away.

The day for the return of the rival claimant of Kildare castle came at last.

The day was one of those bright, mellow October days when the bare sense of existence is a great joy. The leaves were softly dropping from the trees in the elm-arched avenue, and fluttering down upon the smooth, wide drive. The sunshine was unclouded, sweet, and invigorating. The breeze was light and warm.

The drawing-room windows overlooking the sea were open. Out on the broad channell white sails were gleaming in the sunshine. The seagulls were rising and dipping on their long, slender wings, and their cries now and then rose discordantly through the air.

But the drawing-room was not yet tenanted. The Lady Nora was upstairs in the little sea-parlor, listlessly looking out upon the white waters. Her bright young eyes were yet grave and proud in its expression, yet it had never looked more piquant than now.

She had determined that Redmond Kildare should never know what it cost her to relinquish to him the grand old home she had been taught to believe her own. She had no hope that her rival's claims would be disproved, and had made up her mind to the worst.

Yet she had arrayed herself as if for a triumph. Her slender figure was habited in a close-fitting robe of sea-green silk, which trailed upon the floor. A graceful overcoat and voluminous sash completed her costume. Her corsage was out in the square, Pompadour fashion, revealing a section of her snowy neck, from which her round, slender throat protruded proudly. She wore a necklace of magnificent emeralds, and bracelets of emeralds gleamed on her round, white arms, bared to her elbow. Her hair was worn flowing to her waist, and was drawn back in careless waves from her white forehead, and concealed by a bandeau of shining emeralds.

She was standing here alone when her ears caught the loud sounds of the expected arrival.

She was still standing there when, some minutes later, the door softly opened, and Mr. Michael Kildare came gently into the room.

The young Lady Nora turned and welcomed him with a sudden light in her dark-brown eyes and a sudden glow on her cheeks.

"My poor darling!" cried the Dublin lawyer, coming forward and embracing her. "I expected to find you sorrowing and distressed, but you are as brave as a young lioness."

Then, catching the gleam of the emeralds in her shining waves of hair, he stepped back abruptly and surveyed her, exclaiming in an altered tone.

"You look like a young queen, Nora."

Can it be that you are expecting to defeat Redmond Kildare?"

"I mean if I am defeated that he shall not know how much pain my defeat costs me," replied Nora steadily. "My jewels are my own, Michael. They belonged to my mother, and no one can take them from me. Is Sir Russell come?"

"Yes; they are all below. Prepare for the worst, my poor darling! The case is so very plain that there will be nothing but folly in going to law. Yet you must decide for yourself, after hearing what additional facts have been brought to light. And remember, Nora, that my heart and my poor home are open to you in this extremity."

"I will remember."

"You will of course decline any invitation the Lady Kathleen may extend to you to accompany her to Ballyconner," said Michael Kildare softly. "Her strange marriage shows that she is not a fitting guide and counselor to a hot-headed, enthusiastic, impulsive young girl like you. I had great confidence in Lady Kathleen, but it is justly forfeited. The only person you may be very wealthy and highly connected, but I consider that Lady Kathleen has lowered herself by a marriage with him. She might have wedded a duke. And so, Nora, I wish you to consider your connection with your step-sister at an end. I have already seen Lady Kathleen, and requested her to leave Point Kildare to-day."

The Lady Nora's cheeks flushed hotly.

"How dared you?" she cried haughtily. "Kathleen is my best friend. Poor, poor Kathleen! You don't know how she needs me—you don't know how I need her!"

"She told me herself that she intended to go to-day," said the Dublin lawyer deprecatingly. "She told me that Ballyconner was no place for you. Be reasonable, Nora, my poor girl. Kildare is no longer yours; and it is not better that I should bear the pain of dismissing your guests? It would have been too hard a task for you."

The Lady Nora made a gesture expressive of a terrible heart pain. She turned from her kinsman, looking out of the window.

Michael Kildare was profuse in his apologies and protestations. He was so humble, so deprecating, so distressed, that Nora looked at him with a forced smile, and begged him to no longer distress himself.

"You forgive my seeming officiousness, Nora? Then let us go down to the drawing-room. Your guests are awaiting you there."

He gave her his arm. She placed her hand lightly upon it, and they left the parlor, proceeded down the grand staircase, and entered the drawing-room.

The Lady Kathleen was there already, being anxious to give her young step-sister the comfort and support of her presence in the trial before her. Bassantyne was conspicuous by his absence.

The young Lady Nora paused near the door, taking a brief survey of the new comers.

Her chief guardian, Sir Russell Ryan, stern and terrible as a storm, came forward to meet her. Nora greeted him warmly.

Mr. Wedburn, Sir Russell's lawyer, then advanced gravely, and shook hands with the Lady Kathleen.

A humble, decent-looking couple stood in the background. Nora conjectured these to be Mr. and Mrs. Dox, the foster parents of Redmond Kildare.

Two other persons made up the group. One of these was Redmond Kildare. The other was a lady, deeply veiled, who had just reclining in an easy-chair, and whose sumptuous silk dress lay in heavy folds on the floor.

Redmond Kildare came forward to greet the Lady Nora with an exultant smile. He had the glorious air of a hero, and already felt himself master of Kildare.

"I am charmed to see you, my fair cousin," he said, extending his hand to Lady Nora. "Care seems to have touched you lightly. The young girl would have refused to give him her hand, so deep was her aversion for him, but that so many eyes were on her."

At this juncture a veiled lady arose and came forward with a certain grace, her garments trailing, and her costly Indian shawl half falling from her rounded shoulders.

She flung back her veil, revealing a handsome elderly face, framed in with puffs of gray hair. She must have been very beautiful in her youth, and her bold black eyes, although insistent in their expression, had still the brightness and luster that must have charmed her admirers a quarter of a century before. Her cheeks were deeply rouged, and the hand of art had been called in to darken and make shapely her perfectly arched eyebrows. An easy, insolent smile sat upon her well-lined lips. Her manner was imperious, overbearing, and supercilious.

Redmond Kildare offered this lady his arm, and led her nearer Nora.

"Lady Nora," he said, with a triumphant gleam in his eyes, "permit me to introduce you to my mother, your aunt, the Countess of Kildare!"

"So this is my niece," the exclaiming in a falsetto voice, the daughter of my late husband's younger brother. My dear, I am glad to see you!"

She imprinted a kiss on the girl's white cheek, and Nora recoiled from her as if it had been the salutation of a serpent.

"We will proceed to business," said Sir Russell Ryan, conducting his ward to a seat. "My dear Lady Nora, we have made full investigations of Redmond Kildare's claims during the past fortnight. We have examined church registers, and found his certificates to be copies of the genuine entries. There is no question but that the late Lord Redmond Kildare was legally married to Madeline Bonham, who is here present!"

"Not the slightest question!" said Mr. Wedburn emphatically. "There are two witnesses living. The clergyman who performed the ceremony is also alive, and has been visited. His testimony is clear, distinct, emphatic, and to the point. He positively and fully remembers marrying Lord Redmond Kildare to Miss Bonham."

(To be continued.)

THE THREE MASSES.

Why Priests Are Allowed to Offer Them on Christmas Day.

On Christmas day priests are permitted to say three Masses. Petrus (not vobis) says the practice has for its authority Pope Pius IX. (A.D. 1854-1858) Many writers affirm that this Pope is the author of the practice, but a search in Migne's Cursus for the epistle itself thus appealing from Telephorus mutilated to Telephorus entire, makes the result the same; the latter makes not even the remotest reference to three Masses or even to two. What it does say is that priests may celebrate Mass in the middle of that "holy night" of Christmas, and so sing that angelic hymn, "Gloria in Excelsis" when the angels sang it. This shows how assertions were repeated from age to age until they became a venerable tradition.

The Epistle of Telephorus is not worth the quoting even for the night Mass. It is a very dubious claim, and the decretal from Pius IX. is a supposition, and one of those for which Canon Law is beholden to the Pseudo-Isidore, Marini, Benedict XIV., and all modern authors reject it. Can an answer, then, be given to the question as to when the custom of saying three Masses first obtained? Not by a fixed date. An account of its most likely origin, founded on the best authority that may

be seen quoted in either of the two works just named, will perhaps interest our readers.

From the most ancient times it was customary to celebrate the Sacred Mysteries twice, even thrice, on the greater feasts. Thus, two Masses were said by the Pope on St. Peter and Paul's day, one in the Vatican, and the other in the Basilica of St. Paul; on Easter day, also, two were said, one in the night of the Holy Saturday, and the other on the morning of Holy Saturday, the other at the usual hour; on Holy Thursday there were three celebrated: one for the reconciliation of penitents, one for the consecration of the oils, and the third in the day of the feast; on Christmas day, doubtless, there were two celebrated, one at night, at the hour of Christ's birth, and the other in the day as usual after Three. Perhaps one honored Jesus as man, the other as God; the Gospel of the two Masses lent themselves to this idea. Thus, in Gaul, the Bishops celebrated two Masses on Christmas day, until the Roman rite, and with it three Masses, was introduced under Charlemagne. Under St. Gregory the Great, the custom of celebrating three Masses was introduced in the sixth century. His words, still read at the night of the feast of Christmas, are familiar to priests. They are thus admirably rendered by the Marquis of Bute: "By God's mercy we are to say three Masses to-day, so there is not much time left for preaching."

The third Mass (the second in point of order) originated, doubtless, in Rome, for a local reason, in the fourth century. Thus, at Rome, after the Diocletian persecution, the noble lady Apollonia, built a church for the precious body of her friend, St. Anastasia, who had been martyred under Diocletian. This was the "statio ad S. Anastasia," and her anniversary being the 25th of December, the difficulty of keeping her "station" without robbing the greater feast of its two Masses was solved by interposing at the church between the two for the Lord's birth, that is, about dawn in aurora. The Pope said, or rather sang all three as he said on St. Peter and Paul's day; indeed the Pope's Masses on Christmas day are found in the Roman order for St. Mary's Major, at midnight, St. Anastasia's at dawn, and St. Peter's for the day Mass.

Hence the commemoration of St. Anastasia on Christmas day is made, not at the third, but at the second Mass; a testimony of its origin when the practice extended from Rome to Gaul and elsewhere. At first, only Bishops sang these three Masses, gradually priests were allowed the privilege, but no dates can be quoted for the changes. At present, as we know, they need not be sung, and may be said without even an interval between, in the daytime, by every priest, just as the night hours may be said any time between the midnight.

CHRISTMAS BLOOD LETTING.

Riot, Barroom Affray, Drunken Murders.

Augusta, Ga., December 25. Officers Williams and Crawford went to arrest some drunken negroes to-day. The latter resisted, disarmed the policemen, and beat them badly with their clubs. The police were reinforced, and had a dozen negro ringleaders were locked up in an engine house. A large number of citizens, white and black, collected and great excitement prevailed. The prisoners were removed later to the jail. When officers started for the jail with the prisoners a difficulty occurred between a negro and several whites. First blood was shed. One negro was killed and another wounded. All is quiet to-night.

STONINGVILLE, Ind., December 25.—Geo. Easton and John Douglas indulged in a Christmas drunk and were ordered out of Geo. Burck's saloon. Burck then locked the door. They tried to kick it in and Burck fired at them with a double barreled shot gun, wounding Geo. Easton's head and fatally wounding Douglas.

SAVANNAH, December 25.—A riot occurred to-day at Jessup, 57 miles south of Savannah. Two whites were killed, two others seriously wounded and several negroes are reported killed. The Georgia Hussars sent two detachments of men to-night and more trouble is apprehended.

NEW ORLEANS, December 25.—Last night in a drunken row William Bolton shot and killed John Schaefer. To-day Geo. Zelig ordered James O'Keefe and another man to leave his premises. O'Keefe refused to go. Zelig shot him dead.

At Memphis, Tenn., a negro, supposed to be Daniel Watkins, was shot dead and another was killed under the Burnside bridge early this morning. To-night Street Car Driver Pinkston was stabbed and instantly killed by an unknown negro.

TAHLEQUA, Ind. Ty., December 25.—In a quarrel last night David Williams was shot and killed in a barroom.

FARIS, Texas, December 25.—Leo Connor, aged 25, was shot and killed last night by Chris Holt in a quarrel.

LEBANON Mo., December 25.—James Carter aged 17, included on a Christmas party last night. A quarrel followed and he was struck on the head with a stone and killed instantly.

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