

lough to-night. I have just left her at Arraghvanna, though her place is here."

Lyndon grew ghastly pale, and with difficulty repressed a strong expression of his consternation. He stood silent, because he had nothing to say. The priest regarded him with somewhat sorrowful eyes, remembering his father, the good Sir Tom, and wondering how it came that so noble a man should have begotten so craven a son.

"You did wrong to entice the poor girl away," he said, at length. "And as you have made her your lawful wife, I fail to see what object was to be gained by the secret flight."

Lyndon eyed him keenly; but Father O'Hagan preserved an expression of face which baffled Lyndon's rather limited powers of discernment.

"She had no right," he said, sullenly, "to return without my knowledge or permission. In the present desperate condition of my affairs it was most important that all should be concealed. You cannot have heard, of course, what has happened," he added, almost cagerly, grasping at what would give him a brief respite from the priest's cross-questioning, and enable him perhaps to formulate some line of conduct. "A man has turned up claiming to be my half-brother who was drowned in the Lough over twenty years ago. Until that matter is settled it would be disastrous to bring forward any further complications. I told Kitty so. She promised to remain quietly in Glasgow until I told her she might join me here."

"She is your lawful wife?" asked the priest in a steady, judicial voice, determined to bring Lyndon to the point. The young man shifted uneasily from one foot to the other, and he wished he dared bid the