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great door was closed for the night, Father O'Hagan had not to wait long for admittance. He was relieved to hear that Lyndon was at home, and while he awaited him in the library he pondered much on the vicissitudes of life. Had Father O'Hagan been of a literary turn of mind he could have filled a volume with his unique experiences in Glendalough. But he had no such thoughts or ambition. His memory was his only notebook—he was turning its pages now, and recalling all he had known of the Lyndons. From his interesting reverie he was recalled by the entrance of Tom Lyndon himself. He looked apprehensive as he returned the priest's salutation. The man who has deviated from the straight path, and who has grievous sins of committal to answer for, is not usually enamoured of priestly intervention. He feared that Father O'Hagan's visit could only have ominous import.

"You are a late visitor, father," he said, with attempted ease of manner. "I hope you are not in trouble of any kind?"

"Not on my own account, Mr. Lyndon," he answered. "And it strikes me that you scarcely need inquire my errand, which concerns Kitty Rooney, or, to speak correctly, your wife, Mrs. Tom Lyndon."

At this Tom Lyndon looked thunderstruck, and for the moment could not utter a word.

He saw that it would be futile to deny any knowledge of Kitty, as Father O'Hagan undoubtedly possessed authentic information which enabled him to speak with authority.

"I don't know what you mean, father," he said lamely. "Please explain yourself."

"That is easily done. Kitty came back to Glenda-