



CHAPTER XLI

THE BITTER END



DIRECTLY he was without the door Father O'Hagan took out his watch, and by the glow from the kitchen window studied its face. It was now nine o'clock, an hour considered late in that primitive parish, too late to make a call unless on some urgent errand. Father O'Hagan felt that the errand was urgent ; therefore, after a moment's consideration, he turned his steps across the fields to the Park of Ballymore. He knew every inch of the way, and could have found the wicket gate blindfold. For the moment his mind was set at rest concerning Kitty and her people. For a few hours at least they would be entirely occupied with each other. But, when morning dawned, no man knew what might happen ; and it was well to be prepared for any emergency. Father O'Hagan wished to see Lyndon, chiefly to satisfy himself regarding the validity of Kitty's marriage. That from every point of view was the matter of chief importance to him and to others at the moment. There was plenty of lighted windows in the old house, and, though the