

angrily spurned
on the carpet
on his face,
and, knowing
away swiftly,
rung from the
ed themselves
wly down her



CHAPTER XL

THE LOST LAMB



NOTHING was yet known, of course, in Glendalough or Rathdrum about the impending changes in Ballymore. Those interested kept their own counsel—until the time should be ripe for the publication of affairs. The most engrossing subject of talk and conjecture in Glendalough was still the disappearance of Kitty Rooney. Father O'Hagan was sorely puzzled over it. There were times even yet when he doubted Fletcher's strongly-expressed convictions that Lyndon alone could throw any light on that strange event. He was sitting in his study late one evening, and it oddly happened that he was quite alone in the house, his housekeeper having gone to Kildare to see her dying sister, when he heard a low tap at the door. He went at once to open it, holding his little bronze candlestick with its flickering light high in his hand so that it fell full on the figure standing within the quaint porch. His hand shook and his voice faltered as he uttered an exclamation of surprise, almost of dismay. For, unless his eyes strangely deceived him,