

CARROLL O'DONOGHUE.

CHAPTER XXIV.

VIOLETS SECURE A HORSE.

Tighe was sitting early the next morning and ready for his visit to old Ned Maloney. With many an affectionate...

"I heard a queer story about him," said Tighe, dropping his voice to a whisper that brought his eager listeners close to him...

"Oh, we'll do it, Tighe," spoke up all the voices at once. "I'll be a noble act," resumed Tighe a Vohr...

"I'll be a noble act," resumed Tighe a Vohr; "an' tell the other neighbors, so that when you all together waylay Mr. Canty..."

"You needn't be afraid, Tighe," spoke up a couple of voices; "he's always been a purty civil to you."

"You never can trust a miser," was Tighe's reply, as with a friendly farewell, responded to by hearty God-speeds, he departed.

The miser, seated in the doorway of his shop, was awaiting his expected visitor. A greasy coat, buttoned up to conceal his shirtless bosom, hung upon his spare form...

beclouded with the absurd stories in which horses, devils and ghosts were mingled in strange and terror striking fashion...

"I thought we were going to Tralee," he said, halting within a step of the door way...

"Well, maybe yer common sense would tell you how far out of the town we are," hoveked Tighe...

"That was a shrewd way of detecting whether Arty Moore, Ned Maloney's groom, was too faithful to the miser's interests to be bribed into betraying them."

"Tighe pretended to be unmoved for a few seconds; then he seemed to yield only for the sake of the dependent family."

"I'll swear to be true to Mr. Maloney's interests," he moaned, "but I'll swear solemnly I will answer the groom."

"Very well, then; you're not to answer any one a single question about the horse, save that you're his groom, an' nothing more; you're neither to tell the name of the baste, who is his owner, nor to take that to ride him; if he could by himself be a rider, he would demand such information, you're to refuse to give it, both now, durin' these few days after the race, and till after the race is over."

"I do willingly," was the earnest answer. "The table to which the baste was led was hardly as comfortable as the one from which he had been taken, but at least it was sufficient for the proper housing of the steed; and the sight of old Maloney's bank notes, that Tighe ostentatiously displayed, made the owner of the stable, which was annexed to a little shebeen, very willing to make every addition in the way of provender."

"I had an interview with me mother, Corney. "Did you now?" Mr. O'Toole imbibed

from his glass, the rosy color of the liquor perhaps helping to make the blush which came into his wrinkled face.

"I did that, Corney; an' you were mised; yia, Corney, you were mised; be the mother an' the son."

"Not in preference, Mr. Carmody," broke in the little man, with dignity, "because I didn't ask her in time."

"I beg yer pardon, Corney, that's what Tighe's 'an' in time, Corney, when the tale godness of yer noble heart becomes fully known to her, an' she has her eyes opened to all that she missed when she tuk Timothy Carmody in preference to yerself."

"The thruth, Corney," responded Tighe, with the energy of conscious virtue; "yis yis spake the thruth. Lies is bad ivery way, an' a pretty good one so far, an' I have a wife and family depending on me."

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to still further surprise and delight the soldier by an exhibition of his skillful horsemanship. Garfield was in an ecstasy of joyous anticipation; he could hardly wait for the exhibition to be concluded, and until Tighe and himself were in the silent open country again, on their return, when he burst forth:

"I feel as if I owe you an apology, my friend, for my past distrust of you; yes, I own, I—becoming more frank as he looked into Tighe's wondering and apparently artless eyes—'that until this morning I did not entirely trust you; there was a lurking doubt which I could not explain to myself that perhaps you were deceiving me; but this morning, I believe you really now, and I thank you for my near!'"

"That's always the way," responded Tighe; "them that's innocent is suspected, an' them that's guilty escapes."

"I did not forget, Mr. Carmody," resumed the soldier, "my promise to you, and out of gratitude I shall fulfill it this very day. I hope I shall be so successful for you as you have been so far for me. Come to the barracks to night, and I shall have an answer for you."

"I'll drink, Tighe, to your mother's health."

"To the future Mrs. Toole," responded Tighe a Vohr. Corney was in a high state of the highest satisfaction—pleased with himself, with his visitor, and with his surroundings; and Tighe, in the same happy state, judged it would be a very good time to broach the true object of his visit.

"I don't know, my boy, how I'll bring myself to do that. I never bring myself to do that. I never bring myself to do that. I never bring myself to do that."

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"Mr. Maloney desires Mr. Canty not to go down to Dhrummacool to see his horse, 'Charmar'; the animal is kind of touchy, and won't bear looking at, nor trial. On the morning of the race Mr. Maloney'll have him here in time."

"You had better not," answered Corney, turning upon him with an air which he meant to be intimidating but which was only a most laughable assumption of fierceness.

"Indeed!" sneered Corney; "pray who are you who have been deputed to direct my movements?"

"Who am I?"—all the little man's spirit was aroused; the blood of the princely O'Toole tingled in his veins, and gave courage and animation to his words.

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CATHOLICS OF SCOTLAND.

BY THE REV. ANNEAS McDONNELL DAWSON, LL. D., F. R. S.

At length, in March, 1893, Mr. McDonnell obtained the sign manual for a grant of land to every officer and soldier of the Glengarry regiment, whom he should introduce into Upper Canada.

Mr. McDonnell landed in Quebec in 1808 and was immediately appointed to the mission of St. Raphael, Upper Canada. A remarkable incident occurred at his landing.

What happened in consequence may well be alluded to as showing the extraordinary powerful physique which characterized the Highlanders of a generation or two ago.

These chaplains' strength and courage were not inferior to his stature. Later, when bishop at Kingston, which was at that time a hot bed of Orangism, he called upon together with his Vicar General, Mr. William McDonald.

On arriving in Upper Canada Mr. McDonnell presented the credentials to the Lieutenant Governor of the Province, and obtained for his followers the land allotted to them according to the Sign Manual.

He took up his residence in the County of Glengarry, and had there his chief dwelling place for a quarter of a century.

Having seen our Catholic Highlanders, securely and permanently settled in Canada, we go back a few years and find an English gentleman, Sir John Hippesley, who was a member of Parliament in the country, notably endeavoring to establish diplomatic relations between the courts of Rome and Great Britain.