WO

CARROLL O'DONOGHUE

CHRISTINE FABER Authoress of "A Mother's Sacrifice," etc. CHAPTER III.

CARTER'S PROPOSAL Clare O'Donoghue acted strangely after the departure of the visitors ; she avoided Nora, and continued to wear such an unsually thoughtful and preoccupied air, that had not Nora herself been deeply absorbed in curious thought about those same visitors, she would have wondered at Clare's manner.

Poor Clare ! she was strangely unhappy and remorseful—unhappy that the very memory of the admir-ing and deferential notice of the handsome officer should still linger in her mind, and remorseful that she had suffered him to leave with-out according him a more generous unhappy and remorseful-unhappy pardon. Her cheeks burned with scorn against herself, and she went about the little household duties, which she voluntarily performed, with a fierce energy born of her own disturbed mind.

timid rap, but a bold, peremptory signal that proclaimed the right to demand an entrance. Clare opened to the new-comer, but started back with an expression of alarm in her countenance

"Good day, my dear," said a oarse, thick, blustering voice. Maybe I'm not as welcome here as I ought to be, seeing the start now? you gave when you saw me; but I'll forgive you in consideration that to con things'll be better in the future.

The speaker ushered himself into the apartment—a powerfully-built, coarse man, with a large, round, red face, and little, gray, constantlywinking eyes. He was dressed in flashy garb and wore a massive gold chain pending from his velvet surtout.

Clare had regained her self-possession, and with it her wonted spirited manner. "To what are we indebted, Mr. Carter, for this early indebted, Mr. Carter, for this early Tralee was to detain you for a month or more."

"So it was, my jewel, so it was; but business of more importance came up last night, and brought me down here today. I must see Miss McCarthy privately for a few moments; so do you just send her to me, and keep out of the way yourself for a little while." that you are well known there. understand, and well received by even the officers; and what is this which Clare O'Donoghue tells me of

Clare drew herself erect. "I shall do no such thing, Mr. Carter-leave you alone with her to insult her by another proposal of Carter, your assurance and preten-sions do not rise to such a summit marriage-never! It is my duty, in my brother's absence, to protect as that ! Miss McCarthy, so I shall be present at any interview you may have with much to do to restrain an insulting slightly. We have no secrets from each retort. other

hair of Miss McCarty's head, but help them in their plans. And as help them in their plans. And as help them in their plans. And as for the other matter," assuming a supplicating look and tone, "can supplicating look and tone, "can your reverence blame me if my heart where many another heart

Nora, and Mr. Carter threw him-self into a chair and began to pull sundry papers from his pocket. I will make her a lady, father ; she

"It's tough business," he mut-tered, "but I'll have to do it; and, faith, if that doesn't bring her to her senses, I'll——" His soliloquy was abruptly ended by the sudden nd mindless of the days is perhaps your "Never, sir!" burst from the priest in righteous indignation; and noiseless entrance of Miss McCarthy. She stood before him in such exquisite beauty and queen-liness of air that he became discon-certed, and utterly forgot the speech he had properd for the store of the second spectrum of the spectrum o certed, and utterly forgot the speech he had prepared for her.

"Get up, Mr. Carter; such a deepened during their conversation, position ill becomes you, and know. while they walked together, added once for all, I fear your threats as to the singular interest awakened to the singular interest awakened by the two lovely Irish girls he had so recently left, seriously disturbed him. He looked abroad on the fair little as I regard your promises. Send us out, if you will, on the cold charity of the world; its charity will be warm and tender compared to the fate of being your wife. Do land, mellow with sunshine, and felt again all those emotions which had so stirred his soul an evening or two before. He summoned his native pride to his aid, his loyalty to that country of whose people and your worst. I have no feeling for you other than pity for your poor, shrunken, sinful soul."

She turned her back upon him and walked in her queenly way toward the door. Discomfited and enraged, but neither humbled nor daunted, Mr. Carter rose and strode whose prowess he was wont to vaunt, and he strove to persuade himself that his fealty to the British crown was undiminished. after her.

The sea-breeze fanned his face, and that it might cool his fevered brow, "Mind," he said hoarsely, he lifted his cap and walked with it in hand along the shore. There was not a person in sight, nor a habitation; bold rocks lined the way; and impelled by the wild feeling within his own breast for a kneel to me, Nora McCarthy." She had gone from the room, wilder and more completely isolated scene,

rugged declivity, and walked where without even a glance at him. He clutched the papers, still in the sea almost touched his feet. Now picking his way over clumps

his hand, like a madman, and darted from the cottage. A tall, of damp sea-weed, now springing from bowlder to bowlder, and again Another knock sounded at the dignified form in the plain black cottage door; this time it was no garb of a Catholic priest was appausing to peer into some cavity in the rocks, the officer came suddenly proaching. "Why, Carter, what in the world

upon a man sitting idly on one of is the matter with you!" spoke up the hearty voice of the pleasant-faced clergyman, as the two met: "you seem so flurried, and I thought this part of the country wasn't to see you for a while yet: the stones. A long gray overcoat covered his person, while a widebrimmed, low-crowned hat almost entirely concealed his features. The officer halted in some surprise. "Halloo, stranger!" saluted the wasn't to see you for a while yet man, looking up from under his slouched hat; "how do you come in what has brought you down here Carter doffed his hat, and strove this place ?'

"I'm on my way to Cahircivcen," was the reply, "and I turned a little out of the road to enjoy this wild to conceal the evidence of his late passion.

"I came here, your reverence, in the interest of the O'Donoghues." "Ah !" said the priest, with a peculiar intonation of yoice; "let scenery of yours." "Ah! it is grand, is it not?" and the speaker jumped nimbly up. us hear what your great concern in their welfare would do for them this time. I fear your interest in "Perhaps you have come some distance, and are fatigued," he continued. "We of the coast here them is taking a very peculiar are always provided," drawing, as

macohol.'

"Dhrommacohol !" the man in the gray over-dress repeated eagerly. in some instances; but there are strange stories about you lately. How did you become on such inti-Yes; and it was my good fortune to meet there two of your lovely countrywomen." "Their names !" mate footing in Tralee garrison,

"Miss O'Donoghue, and Miss Mc-Carthy. For an instant the anxious ques-

clambered

the

tioner touched his hat as if in his your proposal of marriage the other day to Miss McCarthy? Surely, eagerness he would have thrust it entirely back from his head, but he suddenly recovered his caution and dropped his hand to his side again.

"Which do you prefer; which to you was the lovelier of the two?" Carter winced beneath the sarhe asked in a voice that trembled

"Miss McCarthy is the lovelier, but I prefer Miss O'Donoghue." "I got a footing in the garrison "Easy, my darling, easy, and listen to me. I'm not the villain you'd make me. I'll not hurt a hair of Miss McCarty's head, but I must speak a few words to her privately. Lust toll her, and as for the other matter, according to the garrison that I might serve the boys in the places about—that I could warn them when there was danger, and help them in their plans. And as for the other matter, according to the plane of the serve the boys in the so of relief from the questioner, and his voice was steadier as he answered: "I do not admire your taste; the whole country rings with Miss Mc-Carthy's beauty and goodness. "I grant you that," said the nglishman "but to me, there was went where many another heart Englishman something indescribably charming in the spirit of Miss O'Donoghue.

"Oh, aye! she has enough of spirit; the whole parish is aware of that." "You seem to know them intim-

than ever consent that she should become your wife." Carter could no longer control himself. "Then that roof which covers her now shall shelter her no ly bows, while his florid face deep. more. She shall go out the pauper "feach Cahirciveen before nightfall. ened in hue, and his stammering that she is, she and Clare O'Donog-that she is, she and Clare O'Donogefforts to say something were so hue—I have here the tool of evic-violent that the perspiration rolled tion." He shook one of the papers I would be myself your guide, but I i would be myself your guide, but I violent that the perspiration rolled from his forehead. "I understand that you wished to see me alone," said Nora coldly : "may have not the papers "My home shall be open to "The pray state your business briefly." Exasperated by her hauteur, Mr. Carter recovered somewhat from his confusion. Wiping his face carefully, and drawing repeated like eyes winked furiously, he responded : "State of the papers "My home shall be open to "Anter, for my past trust in you. I but followed the reliance which hat good man, Cairn O'Donoghue, now gone to his rest, placed in you; but when I pledged myself to be ever the friend and adviser of his motherless children. I did it, deem, The strange man looked about

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

"I heerd the whistle," spoke up the new-comer, "just as me heart was growin' onaisy that I didn't hear it afore." The spoke up but laughingly; and "it was only when Miss Barrett asked, almost tearfully, what she really was going to do, that Miss English explained

"I couldn't give it sooner, Tighe, for a little after I arrived here a soldier came this way on his road to seriously. "I'll tell you what I am going to soldier came this way on his road to Cahirciveen. I deemed it best to be friendly, and he stopped awhile. Then I wanted to give him time to be well gone." "Average of the stopped to be sold to the stopped here on my way to the church. I am going to have three Masses said in honor of the Sacred Heart, and—and I'm going to trust Our Lord." du. answered Tighe, "he's Miss Barrett thought this folly

Aye Miss Barrett thought this folly and rashness, but felt that it would be wicked to object; so she said nothing, except to remark perfunc-torily, when Miss English rose to go, that she wished she would not hurry away; and then, with big tears on her cheeks and a sharp pain in her heart, she stood at her door and watched her friend pass quickly down the quiet street in the direc. of the blackguards, I suppose, that's up there now at Cahirciveen-didn't I hear all about it an hour go? Sure the queen has full ews o' yer escape, an' these fellows ago? have been sint to Cahirciveen to arrest you, bad scran to thim! Mebbe this one that you've been talking to has his suspicions about down the quiet street in the direction of St. Philomena's Church.

you, an' that it's back he'll be comin' with a lot more o' the scurvy pates." "I don't know, Tighe, but he seemed a right good fellow." "Ah, masther dear, you can't thrust any o' 'em—tail an' bide, they're all the same, an' the sooner you're out o' this place the Miss English went directly to the parish house and left her offering for Masses with the pastor's sister; and afterward, utterly penniless, she slipped into the church to make a little visit to the Blessed Sacra-

you're out o' this place the "Any time, Tighe, only I must see Nora before I fly for good; I must see her tonight, then I shall be as prudent as even you can wish me to

be. "Tatther an' ages! was there iver the bate o' this?" and Tighe in his vexation almost danced upon the rock. "Would you be puttin' yer neck in the halther afore it's made for you? You can't see her tonight; sure they'll be havin' scouts from the regiment in ivery direction, an' it'ud be as much as yer life is worth to go near Dhrommacohol. Och, masther dear, put yoursel' once more under me biddin'; the boys is waitin' beyant wid a boat, an' we'll smuggle you to Amerikay. Sure I'll tell Miss McCarthy on me bended knees o' the love you have

for her, an' how you thought o' her day an' night." "It won't do Tighe, my faithful fellow, it won't do. Nora McCarthy lish is so wound about my heart that I must have one sight of her, however brief, and one sound of her voice to give me nerve again." Tighe gave a vigorous thrust to his

battered *caubeen*, and dashed his hand over his eyes. Manage this for me," continued

the speaker, 'as you have managed many another affair for me. Under cover of the darkness I can steal to Dhrommacohol, see Nora and my sister for a few moments, and then. Tighe, my faithful, tender Tighe, I will do whatever you wish."

There was no resisting that appeal, accompanied as it was by the winning look of eyes that had all a woman's softness in their depths, and Tighe hung his head a answered with a crestfallen air : and

Sure it's well you know I can't refuse when you ax in that way but it's to your death you'll be goin'. Ah then, when I followed goin'. you to that far counthry, an' you made your escape from the prison there, did I think you'd be as onthractable as this? But niver moind,-I'll sthrive me best manage it, an' if you're ketched, an' you have to die, why then, Tighe a Vohr'll die alongside o' you." TO BE CONTINUED

THREE DOLLARS LEFT

By Florence Gilmore in St. Anthony Messenge Both women looked very grave by the time Miss English finished her not to look too radiantcould be persuaded to teach them, explanation, and there was a minute's silence before Miss Barrett she said, laughing in spite of her efforts to appear dignified and not too eager.

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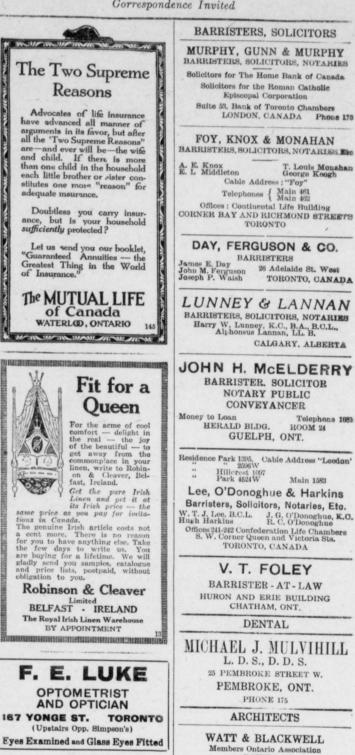
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ment. She said her beads, not without many distractions, and rose from her knees, after a quarter of an hour, not feeling as cheerful as she had determined to be. Slowly and rather listlessly she passed down the aisle, and was about to dip her fingers into the holy water font when an overdressed woman touched her on the arm, and said, in a loud whisper, "Oh, Miss English, I'm so ashamed of myself! It occurred to me a few minutes ago, when I saw you kneeling before me, that I never paid you for the centre piece you embroidered for me. I hate to think how long ago it was, but I forgot all about it. Ten dol-lars were the price proceed is 200

lars was the price, wasn't it ?" And when Miss English nodded, too much surprised and pleased to find her tongue, the woman slipped two five dollar bills into her hand.

"I-Oh, thank you!" Miss Engfaltered; and her eyes filled tears. "You don't know how with tears. "You don't know how much ten dollars means to me now, she added tremulously. "I am glad you did forget to pay me before." She did not say, what was the truth, that she had long before

lost hope of ever getting the money. "I forgot all about it, although I remember that you did remind me once or twice." the woman said,

rather carelessly. As Miss English reached the outer door she met Mrs. Van Dorn, who accosted her, with a little exclamation of satisfaction. "I was think-ing of you this morning and wonder-

ooks as happy as you do.

ing where I could reach you," she said; and added, almost enviously, It's a pleasure to see anyone who "Oh, I am happy !" Miss English exclaimed, holding the ten dollars close, in her small, ungloved hand.

"I see that you are !" Mrs. Van Dorn said kindly; and then, after a slight pause, she began apologetic-ally, "My little girls know nothing about sewing and I do not know enough to teach them properly, but I want them to learn to sew well I have been wondering, Miss English—you sew beautifully, and I have been wondering if you would be willing to teach them, and per-haps my sisters' children, too.

know that ordinarily, you do not do this kind of thing, but your work is so exquisite that I hope I can persuade, you to undertake it this time." "I"-Miss English was trying

READING

think]

lips the other day; to do so would be criminal on my part, and its isten to such utterances, knowing asyou do that I am the affianced of Carroll O'Donoghue'''

Carter wiped his face again—a very necessary proceeding, for the perspiration was streaming from it. "Hear me," he said; "if you refuse me this time, not even a roof shall cover your head. I have here the papers which shall drive you and that hoyden, Clare O'Donghue, if you accept, you shall i and that hoyden, clare o Donognue, out on the charity of the world; if you accept, you shall be a lady, with all that your beauty and your own sweet self are entitled to; you shall do what you will, only marry me, Nora McCarthy."

He was down on his knees before her, a task which the tightness of his clothes and his own large form rendered awkward and somewhat difficult

The girl shrunk from him, her lip curling with intense scorn, her eyes flashing out their horrified loathing.

eyes winked furiously, he ever the friend and adviser of the ponded : Yes, my dear Miss McCarthy, I would be as true to your responsi-tion the deep store and the deep store and improduced and adviser of the store and the store and improduced and the store and the

ungraceful, despite its ill-fashioned, almost grotesque garb. A shaggy overcoat, much too long and wide,

flapped about his person, and a battered hat comically fastened on happed about his person, and a battered hat comically fastened on the side with a loose knot of what had once been a gay colored ribbon, but which was now of the dingy hue the bet itself commend his bod

but which was now of the dingy hue of the hat itself, covered his head.

the matter, he went briskly on. Strange thoughts warred in his mind. The unaccountable impres-sion produced by the first sight of Father O'Connor, and which had

Emboldened, Mrs. Van Dorn un-olded her plan. "I was thinking Miss English smiled bravely, and neither of them noticed if there was folded her plan. "I was thinking a little quaver in her voice, as she that a class of ten or twelve little a little quaver in her voice, as she

she sometimes said, in excuse. Miss English had just confided to briskly on the path above. The strange man looked about him on every side, far out to sea. him on every side, far out to sea. had none in prospect; that, after paying her week's board in advance, paying her week's board in advance, her friend that for more than two months she had hai no work, and dream that to anyone a few dollars

a few moments. It was Miss she went and bought twenty-five Barrett who spoke first, after glanc-cents worth of ice cream; then hur-Barrett who spoke first, alter glatter ing apprehensively into Miss English's face. "Mary, you don't seem to be half as much worried as you should," she said, in a tone of roproach. The second secon

as well as I that I cannot live on air and water. I've done what I could;

dollars and cents would sector innut at ease. "Promise me, Mary, that you will never go hungry," she pleaded, "You know I always have enough to share it with you." "You're as kind as can be, but I have no intention of being hungry," Miss English answered, gratefully



3

Secrets



THE TIRE SENSATION OF 192