

CARROLL O'DONOGHUE

CHRISTINE FABER
Author 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 unusually 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 admiring and deferential notice of the handsome officer should still linger in her mind, and remorseful that she had suffered him to leave without according him a more generous pardon.

Another knock sounded at the cottage door; this time it was no timid rap, but a bold, peremptory signal that proclaimed the right to demand an entrance.

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

The speaker ushered himself into the apartment—a powerfully-built, coarse man, with a large, round, rufous face, and little, gray, constantly-winking eyes.

Clare had regained her self-possession, and with it her wonted spirited manner. "To what are we indebted, Mr. Carter, for this early visit? I thought your business in 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."

Clare drew herself erect. "I shall do no such thing, Mr. Carter—leave you alone with her to insult her by another proposal of marriage—never! It is my duty, in my brother's absence, to protect Miss McCarthy, so I shall be present at any interview you may have with her. We have no secrets from each other."

"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 McCarthy's head, but I must speak a few words to her privately. Just tell her, and see if she doesn't consent herself to the interview."

Clare reluctantly ascended to Nora, and Mr. Carter threw himself into a chair and began to pull sundry papers from his pocket. "It's tough business," he muttered, "but I'll have to do it; and, faith, if that doesn't bring her to her senses, I'll—"

"Get up, Mr. Carter; such a position ill becomes you, and know, once for all, I fear your threats as 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 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 after her.

"Mind," he said hoarsely, "you told me to do my worst, and I'll do it. I came here today prepared to shield you and those you have your heart in, but now both you and they shall feel the weight of my anger. Maybe one day you will kneel to me, Nora McCarthy."

Why, Carter, what in the world is the matter with you?" spoke up the hearty voice of the pleasant-faced clergyman, as the two men; "you seem so furried, and I thought this part of the country wasn't to see you for a while yet; what has brought you down here now?"

"I'm on my way to Cahirciveen," was the reply, and I turned a little out of the road to enjoy this wild scenery of yours."

"Ah! it is grand, is it not?" and the speaker jumped nimbly up. "Perhaps you have come some distance, and are fatigued," he continued. "We of the coast here are always provided," drawing, as he spoke, from the pocket of his overcoat a small canteen, and proffering it to the officer.

"I got a footing in the garrison that might serve the boys in the places about here. I could warn them when there was danger, and give them information that would help them in their plans. And as for the other matter," assuming a supplicating look and tone, "can your reverence blame me if my heart went where many another heart in the country would go if it only dared—to lovely Nora McCarthy?"

"Never, sir!" burst from the priest in righteous indignation; "sooner would I read the burial service over Nora McCarthy's coffin than ever consent that she should become your wife."

"My home shall be open to them," replied the priest, "and may Heaven forgive me, Morty Carter, for my past trust in you. I followed the reliance which that 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, deeming that you, as their legal guardian, would be as true to your responsibilities. If through my too simple trust in you I have unknowingly permitted you to do them any wrong, may God forgive me, and may He forgive you, Morty Carter!"

"Pray, Mr. Carter, spare yourself; I cannot and shall not listen to such language as fell from your lips the other day; to do so would be criminal on my part, and it is criminal in you to compel me to listen to such utterances, knowing as you do that I am the affianced of Carroll O'Donoghue."

"This must be the way he meant," soliloquized Captain Dennier, as he paused in some perplexity at the head of a path leading directly to the shore; "he said I could walk along the strand for a mile or more before making a turn; and at length having settled the matter, he went briskly on. Strange thoughts were brisling in his mind. The unaccountable impression produced by the first sight of Father O'Connor, and which had

deepened during their conversation while they walked together, added 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 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 whose prowess he was wont to vaunt, and he strove to persuade himself that his fealty to the British crown was undiminished. The sea-breeze fanned his face, and that it might cool his fevered brow, 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 wilder and more completely isolated scene, he clambered down the rugged declivity, and walked where the sea almost touched his feet. Now picking his way over clumps of damp sea-weed, now springing from boulder to boulder, and again pausing to peer into some cavity in the rocks, the officer came suddenly upon a man sitting idly on one of the stones. A long gray overcoat covered his person, while wide-brimmed, low-crowned hat almost entirely concealed his features. The officer halted in some surprise.

"Hullo, stranger!" saluted the man, looking up from under his slouched hat; "how do you come in this place?"

"I have come from Dhrummacol." "Dhrummacol!" the man in the gray over-dress repeated eagerly. "Yes; and it was my good fortune to meet there two of your lovely countrywomen."

"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 Dhrummacol, see Nora and my sister for a few moments, and then Tighe, my faithful, tender Tighe, I will do whatever you wish."

"I won't do Tighe, my faithful fellow, if you'll do. Nora McCarthy is so sound about my heart that I must have one sight of her, however brief, and one sound of her voice to give me nerve again."

"I do not admire your taste; and the whole country rings with Miss McCarthy's beauty and goodness."

"I grant you that," said the Englishman, "but to me, there was something indescribably charming in the spirit of Miss O'Donoghue."

"You seem to know them intimately," said the officer. "Every one about here knows them," was the somewhat evasive reply. "And now let us drink their healths."

"I know that you do," Miss English said gratefully. "But you must not even try. You're almost as poor as a little church mouse like me."

"I heard the whistle," spoke up the new-comer, "just as my heart was growing so uneasy that I didn't hear it afore."

"I don't give it sooner, Tighe, for a little after I arrived here a 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."

"I don't know, Tighe, but he seemed a right good fellow."

"Tatter an' ages! was there iver the bate of this?" and Tighe in his vexation almost danced upon the rock. "Would you be puttin' yer neck in the halter afore it's made for you? You can't see her tonight; sure they'll be havin' scouts from the regiment in iver direction, an' it'd be as much as yer life is worth to go near Dhrummacol. Och, master dear, put yourself on me, more under me biddin'; the boys is waitin' beyant wid a boat, an' we'll smuggle you to Ameriky. 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."

"I won't do Tighe, my faithful fellow, if you'll do. Nora McCarthy is so sound about my heart that I must have one sight of her, however brief, and one sound of her voice to give me nerve again."

"I won't do Tighe, my faithful fellow, if you'll do. Nora McCarthy is so sound about my heart that I must have one sight of her, however brief, and one sound of her voice to give me nerve again."

"I won't do Tighe, my faithful fellow, if you'll do. Nora McCarthy is so sound about my heart that I must have one sight of her, however brief, and one sound of her voice to give me nerve again."

"I won't do Tighe, my faithful fellow, if you'll do. Nora McCarthy is so sound about my heart that I must have one sight of her, however brief, and one sound of her voice to give me nerve again."

"I won't do Tighe, my faithful fellow, if you'll do. Nora McCarthy is so sound about my heart that I must have one sight of her, however brief, and one sound of her voice to give me nerve again."

"I won't do Tighe, my faithful fellow, if you'll do. Nora McCarthy is so sound about my heart that I must have one sight of her, however brief, and one sound of her voice to give me nerve again."

"I won't do Tighe, my faithful fellow, if you'll do. Nora McCarthy is so sound about my heart that I must have one sight of her, however brief, and one sound of her voice to give me nerve again."

"I won't do Tighe, my faithful fellow, if you'll do. Nora McCarthy is so sound about my heart that I must have one sight of her, however brief, and one sound of her voice to give me nerve again."

but laughingly; and it was only when Miss Barrett asked, almost tearfully, what she really was going to do, that Miss English explained seriously.

"I'll tell you what I am going to do. I stopped here on my way to the church. I am going to have three Masses said in honor of the Sacred Heart, and I'm going to trust Our Lord."

"I don't know, Tighe, but he seemed a right good fellow."

"I don't know, Tighe, but he seemed a right good fellow."

"I don't know, Tighe, but he seemed a right good fellow."

"I don't know, Tighe, but he seemed a right good fellow."

"I don't know, Tighe, but he seemed a right good fellow."

"I don't know, Tighe, but he seemed a right good fellow."

"I don't know, Tighe, but he seemed a right good fellow."

"I don't know, Tighe, but he seemed a right good fellow."

"I don't know, Tighe, but he seemed a right good fellow."

Protect Your Wife and Children

By suitable provisions in your Will, safeguarding the principal sum of your estate. We will be glad to confer or to correspond with you in regard to your Will free of charge.

The Capital Trust Corporation

10 METCALFE ST. OTTAWA 174 BAY STREET TORONTO

The Two Supreme Reasons. Advocates of life insurance have advanced all manner of arguments in its favor, but all the "Two Supreme Reasons" are—ever will be—the wife and child. If there is more than one child in the household each little brother or sister constitutes one more "reason" for adequate insurance.

Let us send you our booklet, "Guaranteed Annuities—the Greatest Thing in the World of Insurance."

Fit for a Queen. For the sake of cool comfort—delight in the real—the joy of the beautiful—to get away from the commonplace in your linen, wear to Robinson & Cleaver, Belfast, Ireland.

Robinson & Cleaver. The Royal Irish Linen Warehouse BY APPOINTMENT BELFAST - IRELAND

F. E. LUKE. OPTOMETRIST AND OPTICIAN. 167 YONGE ST. TORONTO (Upstairs Opp. Simpson's) Eyes Examined and Glass Eyes Fitted

Secrets. of wonderfully dainty, appetizing dishes are brought to light in our new cheese recipe book. Request yours to-day.

Spreads Like Butter. Ingersoll Packing Co., Ingersoll, Ont.

Casavant Freres. CHURCH BUILDERS. ST. HYACINTHE QUEBEC

PILES. Do not suffer another day with itching, bleeding or protruding Piles. The only surgical operation required. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and afford lasting benefit.

THE CHOICE OF FRIENDS AND READING. Your family is worth the best you can give it. You desire for their enjoyment the best house, the best food, the best clothes that you can afford.

FITS. Send for free book, giving full particulars of French's world-famous preparation for Epilepsy and Fits—simple home treatment. Over 30 years' success. Testimonials from all parts of the world; over 100 in one year. Write at once to FRENCH'S REMEDIES LIMITED 3407 St. James' Chambers, 25 Adelaide St. E., Toronto Ontario. (Cut this out.)

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS MURPHY, GUNN & MURPHY BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES

FOY, KNOX & MONAHAN BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES

DAY, FERGUSON & CO. BARRISTERS

LUNNEY & LANNAN BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES

JOHN H. McELDERRY BARRISTER, SOLICITOR

V. T. FOLEY BARRISTER - AT-LAW

MICHAEL J. MULVIHILL L. D. S., D. D. S.

WATT & BLACKWELL Members Ontario Association ARCHITECTS

Millson, Burgess & Hazelgrove REGISTERED ARCHITECTS

St. Jerome's College Founded 1864 KITCHENER, ONT.

FUNERAL DIRECTORS John Ferguson & Sons 180 KING ST.

E. C. Killingsworth FUNERAL DIRECTOR

K&S Supreme Cords THE TIRE SENSATION OF 1927 WILL BE YOUR CHOICE FOR 1928