



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXVI. MONTREAL, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1875. NO. 1

JUBILEE BOOK, CONTAINING INSTRUCTION ON THE JUBILEE, AND PRAYERS RECOMMENDED TO BE SAID IN THE STATION CHURCHES; To which is prefixed the Encyclical of His Holiness POPE PIUS IX. For the ARCHDIOCESE OF TORONTO, containing the PASTORAL OF HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP LYNCH. For the DIOCESE OF LONDON, containing the PASTORAL OF HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP WALSH. For the DIOCESE OF HAMILTON, containing the PASTORAL OF HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP GRINNON. For the DIOCESE OF OTTAWA, containing the PASTORAL OF HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP DUHAMEL. For the DIOCESE OF ST. JOHN, New Brunswick, containing the PASTORAL OF HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP SWEENEY. For the DIOCESE OF ARICHAT, containing the PASTORAL OF HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP MCKINNON. For the DIOCESE OF MONTREAL, containing the PASTORAL OF HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP BOURGET. EACH DIOCESE has its Separate JUBILEE BOOK. Per Copy, 10c. | Per Dozen 80c. | Per 100 85 D. & J. SADLER & CO., 275 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

NOBODY'S CHILD. Alone in the dreary, pitiless street, With my torn old dress, my bare, cold feet, All day I have wandered to and fro, Hungry and shivering, and no where to go, The night's coming on in darkness and dread, And the chill sleep heaving upon my bare head, Oh! why does the wind blow upon me so wild? It is because I am nobody's child. Just over the way there is a flood of light, And warmth and beauty, and all things bright; Beautiful children in robes so fair, Are carolling songs in rapture there. I wonder if they in their blissful glee, Would pity a poor little beggar like me, Wandering alone in the merciless street, Naked and shivering with nothing to eat. Oh! what shall I do when the night comes down, In its terrible blackness all over the town? Shall I lay me down 'neath the angry sky, On the cold, hard pavement, alone, to die? When the beautiful children their prayers have said, And mamma has tucked them snugly in bed; No dear mother ever upon me smiled: Why is it, I wonder? I'm nobody's child! No father, no sister, no mother, not one In all the world loves me, o'er the little dogs run When I wander too near them—'His wondrous to see How everything shrinks from a beggar like me! Perhaps 'tis a dream; but sometimes when I lie Gazing far up in the dark blue sky, Watching for hours some large, bright star, I fancy the beautiful gates are ajar. And a host of white-robed, nameless things Come fluttering o'er me in gilded wings; A hand that is strangely soft and fair Caresses gently my tangled hair, And a voice like the carol of some bird— The sweetest voice that was ever heard— Calls me many a dear pet name, Till my heart and spirit are all aflame.

A SHOT AT TWELVE PACES; OR, A DUEL WITH THE TIGER. "A Prussian officer killed in a duel, I see," said Galton, laying down the Times. "Every man who fights in a duel is a fool who's better off of the world than in it," said Dormer, laying down the law. "And the seconds are worse than the principals; they share the folly and not the danger," said Bingham, taking up the strain. "Gently, gently! Sweeping censure is always unjust," said Morley, taking up the speaker. "Heyday, Morley! You are not a duelling man, are you? You never left the Rue de la Paix to walk in the Champ de Mars, surely?" "Well, I was very nearly a second once." "Very nearly! Didn't the fight come off?" "No." "How was it? A very decided challenge, I suppose, and then the principals fought—why, eh?" "No, no; the principals were in serious earnest, I assure you." "Then the authorities interfered and stopped the fun, perhaps?" "Wrong again. Not a soul threw the least obstacle in the way of the meeting." "Well, how was it, then?" "Why, the fact was, that when we got to the ground—but perhaps I'd better tell you the whole story." "By all means," said Galton. "Silence, gentlemen. Silence, there," Monsieur roared. And accordingly Monsieur recounted the following: "When I was shooting in India, one morning received a letter, expressed in some such terms as these: 'DEAR MORLEY—I have a little shooting party on, and want your assistance. Come as soon as possible to Harrison's bungalow, we will make all arrangements there, and you can go and call on O'Flaherty at once.' 'I was going to shoot of course.' 'I'm going to shoot O'Flaherty.' 'Shoot O'Flaherty! What are you going to shoot him for?' 'Why, didn't you understand? He told me I'd got chawbercules.' 'And so this precious note of yours,' said I, producing the epistle, 'was to tell me that you're going to fight O'Flaherty?' 'Faith! and you may say that,' replied O'Dowd. 'I thought I'd put it delicately.' 'By Jove! you put it so delicately that I thought it all referred to tiger shooting.' 'And did you so?' said Dennis, with some pride. 'Begad! I always was a neat hand at letter writing.' 'But you're not serious, I hope, O'Dowd,' said I. 'You don't really mean that you intend to shoot O'Flaherty?' 'I'll be shot if I don't,' returned O'Dowd, very decidedly. 'He told me I'd got chawbercules in my lungs.' 'And there was very little doubt that O'Flaherty was right. A few years afterwards the fact became fatally evident. Death and P.M. examination put it beyond all question. But even if there had been no grounds for it, the idea of shooting a man for such a reason as this was absurd.' 'My dear fellow,' said I to O'Dowd, 'this must not be allowed to go on. I don't consent to act as

herty at once. We are going to have a shot at large game for a change. Don't delay a moment. In these cases the scent should be followed, while it's warm. The fellow's a big brute, and shall not escape me, if I know it. He's caught a Tartar this time. We'll put an ounce of lead into his carcass before he's twenty-four hours older, or I'm not yours, ever, "DENNIS O'DOWD." "A tiger by Jove! I thought. A tiger at last." "I had been waiting for weeks in the hope of getting a shot at the tiger, and had been repeatedly tantalized with reports of one being somewhere in the neighborhood. The jungle came down to within a very short distance of the place where I was staying, and the country looked the very ideal of what a tiger country should be; but I had never had the luck to get a shot at one yet, although for some time past there had been rumors that a tiger was about. He had been seen here, and heard of there; he had carried off a sheep in one place, and a bullock in another; but still no one had been able to find out anything as to his actual whereabouts sufficiently definite to make it of any use of our going after him. But now, thought I, O'Dowd must have got the bearings of the beast pretty accurately. I could have wished that Dennis had been a little less flowery and 'tropical' in his account, but he always was a funny dog; the drift of his letter was clear enough; and if the tiger's having caught a Tartar was not a mere figure of speech, the animal must be a very fine one. The part about O'Flaherty puzzled me a little; it had always struck me that he and O'Dowd were by no means warm friends; O'Flaherty was always chafing O'Dowd, and O'Dowd always vowing vengeance against O'Flaherty. But it was all fun, perhaps; and O'Flaherty was a great hand at tiger shooting, I dared to say. At any rate, hurrah for the tiger! And I hurried off to Harrison's bungalow, where I found O'Dowd, with an expression of the utmost determination upon his face, drinking pale ale as if he meant it. "Well, O'Dowd," said I, "we're to have a shot at him at last, are we?" "That we are," said he, "or I'll post him." "Post him! Post a tiger!" O'Dowd was still at his jokes. "Well! And when is to be?" I asked. "I won't have it delayed longer than to-morrow morning," answered Dennis. "You must go to O'Flaherty at once, and if he prefers this evening—faith! all the better." "Oh! it depends upon him, does it?" said I. "Well, of course it does," said O'Dowd, "to a certain extent; but not later than to-morrow morning, mind. And now I'll tell you all about it." "Aye, let's hear all about the gentleman," said I eagerly. "He's been playing with us long enough. We'll put a bullet in his hide now!" "That we will, my boy," returned O'Dowd. "Now just listen to me. As I was walking up here last night, I met him sauntering— " "What! You met the beast, you say?" "And you may call him a beast," said O'Dowd. "He was that for certain. He'd had too much; I'll take my oath of that." "Glutted with carnage," I muttered. "I could see it at once," continued O'Dowd; "I took his measure at a glance." "Well, said I, anxious to know his size, and— " "And I could see that he'd had a deal more than a taste of the cratur, though he carried it off in such a mighty easy way." "Carried it off easily, did he?" said I; "a sheep or a bullock, of course. What! he was off with it to his den, no doubt?" "No doubt," said O'Dowd; "he generally finishes his evening in his own den, the insatiable thief. Well, when he saw me, he came towards me, roaring— " "Roaring! Came towards you!" I exclaimed. "By Jove! you took it very coolly. Didn't you run?" "Run?" said O'Dowd, as if uncertain whether to be offended or not; "will you please to be serious, Morley. This is no joke! I'm telling you." "No joke! My dear O'Dowd, I should think not, indeed. What did you do?" "When he saw me, I tell you, he pulls his cigar out of his mouth— " "Eh! What? Cigar?" "And comes towards me, roaring out. 'What are you doing out o' bed, O'Dowd? Go home with you. You've got chawbercules in your lungs. Go home!'" "The tiger said, I gasped out. "Tiger! What are you after, Morley?" "Who said you'd got tubercle?" "Who? Why, O'Flaherty?" "Oh, confound O'Flaherty! I said. 'Why the plague are you always bringing his name in? Tell me about the tiger.'" "What tiger?" said O'Dowd, "In the name of mystery, what tiger?" "Why the tiger were going to shoot, of course." "I'm going to shoot O'Flaherty." "Shoot O'Flaherty! What are you going to shoot him for?" "Why, didn't you understand? He told me I'd got chawbercules." "And so this precious note of yours," said I, producing the epistle, "was to tell me that you're going to fight O'Flaherty?" "Faith! and you may say that," replied O'Dowd. "I thought I'd put it delicately." "By Jove! you put it so delicately that I thought it all referred to tiger shooting." "And did you so?" said Dennis, with some pride. "Begad! I always was a neat hand at letter writing." "But you're not serious, I hope, O'Dowd," said I. "You don't really mean that you intend to shoot O'Flaherty?" "I'll be shot if I don't," returned O'Dowd, very decidedly. "He told me I'd got chawbercules in my lungs." "And there was very little doubt that O'Flaherty was right. A few years afterwards the fact became fatally evident. Death and P.M. examination put it beyond all question. But even if there had been no grounds for it, the idea of shooting a man for such a reason as this was absurd." "My dear fellow," said I to O'Dowd, "this must not be allowed to go on. I don't consent to act as

your friend in such a case as this. It would be a different matter if he'd given you the lie, or— " "Given me the lie," said O'Dowd. "Didn't he tell me I'd got chawbercules, when I have n't anything of the kind. Isn't that giving me the lie, to all intents and purposes; giving me the lie in the throat as deep as to the lungs, as Shakespeare says, eh? Once for all, will you undertake the matter?" "I'd rather be excused," I said. "Very good," said O'Dowd; "then I wish you a good morning. I'll go and call on O'Grady." "O'Grady! The most determined fire-eater in the empire, if he called on O'Grady it would end in a fight as certainly as doomsday. If I undertook it, we might perhaps come to some arrangement; so, with much reluctance, I told Dennis that he might command me. "I knew you'd never spoil sport," said O'Dowd. "Now, look here, Morley, you get at once to O'Flaherty, and give him to understand that I require— " "For heaven's sake, my dear O'Dowd," said I anxiously, "don't be too hard upon him. Put it as peaceably as you can." "Just what I'm going to do," said O'Dowd. "You go to O'Flaherty, and tell him that I require a written apology, which must contain a confession that he was drunk at the time of speaking, and a declaration of his full belief that I've no more got chawbercules than he has. If he declines to give this, I expect immediate satisfaction. I can't put it more peaceably than that, now, can I?" "I certainly thought it possible, but as O'Dowd adhered to his own opinion, that did no good at all. So, armed with this peaceable message, I took my way to O'Flaherty, whom I found lazily sitting upon a cane-bottomed chair, and surrounded by soda-water bottles. "Ha! Morley," said he, "delighted to see you upon my conscience. Will you take a peg? No! You'd better. I've done little else ever since I got up. Well, yes, I was a little sprung last night; just a drapple in me, as that Scotch fellow says in his infernal brogue. Begad! looking back upon last night's proceedings reminds me of those dissolving views, where each picture gets misty, and runs into the next." "I suppose, then, you have no very distinct recollection of the people you met last night, have you?" I inquired. "Faith! no," said he; "my memory might be clearer." "Well, the fact is, I'm come upon a very unpleasant mission. You don't remember meeting O'Dowd, do you?" "It's O'Dowd you mean?" said O'Flaherty, thoughtfully. "Begad, then, I don't!" "Ah! You did meet him," though, and he says you insulted him greatly!" "And did I insult him?" said O'Flaherty, taking up a soda-water bottle. "That's mighty curious. How did I do it?" "Well, it seems you said something about his having tubercle of the lungs and he does not like it. He's rather touchy about his chest, you know." "Aye, I know. And did I tell him that?" "Yes, you told him that he'd got tubercle; and he took the speech so much to heart that I am come from him to say that he expects an apology." "Begad, and were you told to say that?" "I was, indeed; and I'm sure, my dear fellow, you must see how extravagantly absurd we shall all make ourselves if this affair proceeds any further. Every mess-room in India will be laughing at the Tubercle duel. I am sure you must perceive the truth of this, and the absolute necessity of putting a stop to it at once. By Jove, sir, we shall never hear the last of it till the day of our death." "You may say that, indeed," said O'Flaherty, laughing. "Faith, it won't be only O'Dowd who'll be troubled with chawbercules, will it?" "No, that it won't. It's not generally considered an infectious disorder, but it will infect us at any rate," said I. "Change of air will be the only thing for us," said O'Flaherty. "Then, look here, my dear O'Flaherty," said I, pushing a writing-case towards him; "just scratch two or three lines to say that last night you were, as you've just said, troubled with a drapple in your 'ee; and you may add—'It's as well to do the thing handsomely while you are about it—that you have perfect faith, ha! ha!—perfect faith in the integrity of O'Dowd's lungs. Come, what do you say?" "Pop went the soda-water." "That," said O'Flaherty. "That! Explain, please!" "That's all the apology that you'll get from me." "But, my good sir, if you don't ap—explain in some way, O'Dowd insists upon fighting!" "And by the blessed Saint Patrick," said O'Flaherty, his speech becoming ten times more Irish than before at the mention of the national pastime—and by the blessed Saint Patrick, I'll honour my fancy. If it's fighting he means, I'll fight him with all me soul—with all the pleasure in life, begad. Ye can't fight Tim O'Flaherty into an apology by telling him that fighting's the alternative, I promise ye." "Fright you," said I; "I never dreamed of frightening you. But reflect for a moment upon the absurdity of the whole affair. Come, old fellow, stretch a point, and save us from universal ridicule." "Faith, not I," said O'Flaherty; "the prospect don't trouble me at all to speak of." "Then you decline to apologize altogether?" "There, if you haven't stated the case exactly." "Then I've no resource but to ask you for the name of your friend, if you really will not be persuaded to— " "I can't really undertake to be persuaded, my dear friend. Are you going? Well, good-bye. I'll send some one to call upon you in a twinkling." "Dugested exceedingly, I took my leave, and returned to my quarters. The idea of two fellows shooting at each other for no better reason than that one had accused the other of having diseased lungs, was so confoundedly ridiculous, that setting aside the unpleasantness of being engaged in an affair of this kind at all, I would have given anything to be able to wash my hands of it. But what was to be done? When the two principals—both of them Irishmen—were resolved on fighting, what could stop them? Perhaps O'Flaherty's friend, who would, of course, be of my mind about the serious

farce in which we were compelled to act, might be able to hit upon some means of getting out of it. I would see what could be done when he arrived. It was really such utter nonsense, that a peg was the only thing to restore a fellow's quantity after two such interviews. "Before I had finished the peg, O'Flaherty's friend made his appearance. He was unknown to me. We both bowed. "Mr. Morley, I believe." "Upon my life, another Irishman; and my hopes of a peaceable termination to the affair took flight at the very sound of his voice. "Allow me to introduce myself—Lieutenant Doolan—the Regiment, I come from Mr. O'Flaherty." "Oh, yes," said I, affecting to have been momentarily forgetful of that little matter. "Very happy to make your acquaintance though I could wish it had been under pleasanter conditions." "Not at all," said Mr. Doolan, in a tone of the most perfect contentment; "not at all. It's not myself that's going to quarrel with the conditions." "This might be only politeness towards me, but I thought it sounded much more like satisfaction at his mission. "Mr. O'Flaherty has, no doubt, instructed you fully as to how the matter between himself and Mr. O'Dowd stands." "Quite so, quite so," said the lieutenant. "Then I feel certain, Mr. Doolan, that you must agree with me that this affair cannot be allowed to proceed." "Doolan simply stared. "You can scarcely avoid feeling," I continued, "that the cause of quarrel is too slight for us to permit our friends to peril their lives about such a trifle." "Thrill!" ejaculated Doolan. "Now, can't we hit upon some method for bringing to a peaceable issue a business which, if proceeded with to the end at present proposed, must as I'm sure you perceive, bring nothing but ridicule upon all engaged in it?" "Faith, then," said Mr. Doolan, warmly, "I perceive nothing of the kind. Hark ye, Mr. Morley; I came here to arrange peaceably the time and place for this meeting, and not to dispute about the rights and wrongs of the matter, or to question the good sense which no doubt induced both the gentlemen to take the fair and honorable course which they have taken. May I beg, sir, that you will enter, as soon as you conveniently can, upon the rate business for which I am here." "There was nothing for it but to pocket the olive, and do as the lieutenant wished. Time and place were agreed upon, and Doolan rose to take his leave. As we were shaking hands in the most friendly manner, I said, "By the way, Mr. Doolan, I must not forget to tell you that I have nothing at all in the shape of a duelling pistol; perhaps you are better provided." "Make yourself perfectly easy about that, Mr. Morley," said Doolan, who would no more have been without hair triggers than hair brushes; "I never travel without the pacemakers. As a reward" And Mr. Doolan took his departure, after receiving my assurance that I would call upon the surgeon, and make sure of his attendance upon the ground. "I cheerfully undertook to do this, as I was determined that, at any rate, the surgeon should not be an Irishman, and I had some hopes that he might be able to suggest some way out of the difficulty. Accordingly, after writing a couple of lines to O'Dowd to say that I had arranged everything, and to inform him of the time and place, I set off once to look up the surgeon. His name was Hale, a thoroughly scientific man, devoted to his profession, and as little likely as anybody to have any sympathy with the romantic folly of the duel. I found him at home, in remarkably good spirits, as doctors generally are, and engaged upon a paper for the Lancet upon the subject of gunshot wounds. "How are you, Hale?" said I. "How do, Morley?" said he. "What's the matter? Anything wrong with you? You look rather out of sorts. Digestion wrong, or what is it?" "Oh! there's nothing the matter with me," I said; "don't flatter yourself. I want your help, certainly, but not for myself. You'll be wanted about half past five this afternoon at— " "Eh! said Hale. "You don't mean to say that Mrs. " "No, no," said I, "nothing of the kind—quite the reverse, indeed. No, the state of the case is this: O'Dowd has taken umbrage at something O'Flaherty has said, and has insisted upon calling him out." "Ah, that's it," said Hale, his eyes brightening; "and you'll want me upon the ground in case of accident. Certainly, with all my heart. Pistols, of course—with a glance at his manuscript—nothing like pistols. You may depend upon me, Morley. You may be quite certain that I shall be there." "The villain was evidently in want of an illustration to prove some confounded theory of his own with regard to bullet wounds. His glance at the manuscript betrayed him. "No, but look here, Hale," I said, "the affair ought not to be allowed to go on." "You think not," said he, as if entertaining the very gravest doubts as to the wisdom of my opinion. "Certainly I think not; and you'll think so, too, when you hear the case. Last night O'Flaherty, when slightly screwed, charged O'Dowd with having tubercle of the lung." "And a most insolent thing to say, too, though it's a positive fact all the same. In vino veritas, and no mistake. But still, a man with any respect for himself, can't allow his lungs to be thrown in his face in that way without taking notice of it. And so O'Dowd demands an apology, or a meeting, eh?" "Just so. He insists upon an apology, and it's really too absurd—a declaration from O'Flaherty, that the charge brought against his lungs was quite unfounded." "Quite correct," said Hale, "and this declaration O'Flaherty is, of course, unable to make. His statement was a perfectly true one, and he can't unmake it without telling a falsehood. Upon my word, if you can see any way, but one out of the difficulty, you are cleverer than I." "Believe you are all gone mad, I said, vexed beyond bearing. "There's not a creature who will look at the thing in a calm and reasonable manner.

Why, do you realize, sir, that just for a ridiculous word from a drunken man a valuable life may be lost?" "Ah, very sad, very sad, indeed," replied the doctor, coolly; "but it can't be helped. The matter is gone too far now to be stopped. A meeting is absolutely necessary for the honor of the parties, and—laying his hand casually upon the MS., and speaking in a thoughtful manner—"and may be of infinite service to the cause of— " "He broke off there, but he meant 'the cause of science,' I'm certain, confound him! He was devoted to his profession was Hale. "Half-past five, at Harrison's bungalow, if you please, Mr. Hale," said I, coldly, and walked out of the room, the man of science following me to the door, and assuring me, in the cheeriest and friendliest manner, that I might depend upon him absolutely; that he would sacrifice any number of patients sooner than not be present; and that he would be certain not to forget his instruments. "I had done my best. I had called upon Common Sense to help me, but Common Sense was nowhere to be found. I had appealed to the Dread of Ridicule, but it slept, and could not be awakened. I had asked Science to lend me a hand, but Science wanted both of here to seize her own opportunities. There was no resource now but to let the matter go on to its bitter end. "In affairs of this kind, you know it is not etiquette for the parties to go in company to the battle-ground, as pugilists do to a prize fight. We must go separately to what Bell's Life would call a likely spot, and meet there with distant politeness. As we had to drive a good way to the place pitched upon by Doolan and myself—an open space, well known to us all, a little way into the jungle—it was agreed that O'Flaherty and his second should go on an hour or two in advance, taking their rifles with them, in order to pass the time with any sport that might fall in their way, and that I, with my principal and the surgeon, should follow at the stated time. All of which happened as arranged. The respondent and Doolan departed early in the afternoon, designing to lunch at the rendezvous; and shortly before six, the appellant Hale, and I followed, drove to the outskirts of the jungle, and strolled through the trees to the place. "Here we are," said Hale; "trust to our time; but I don't see our friends." Euphemism for enemies. "They've been here very lately," said O'Dowd, pointing to the relics of a luncheon scattered about on the grass; "and, faith, they've made mighty free with the eatables." "The end of a feast, most decidedly," said Hale; "so are quite ready for the beginning of a fray." "They'll make their appearance in a minute or two, no doubt," I said. "They're having a shot at something in the jungle, perhaps." "The crack of a rifle a short distance off seemed to confirm my words. "They might have taken both rifles with them, then, I'm thinking," exclaimed O'Dowd, pricking up O'Flaherty's, which lay on the grass. "We were standing about O'Dowd, examining the rifle, which was loaded, and Hale the pale ale bottle, which were all discharged, when we were surprised by seeing Doolan running towards us with every appearance of extreme terror. "What's the matter?" we all shouted. "Here!" he cried. "Come here. Bring the rifle. O'Flaherty's been carried off by a tiger!" "Now, Morley," said O'Dowd, "you've got your wish at last. Come along!" "And we all set off running towards Doolan, who had stopped and was loading his rifle. "Did ye hit him, Phil? did ye hit him?" said O'Dowd, when we reached the lieutenant. "Hit him, is it?" said Doolan. "No, faith! I daren't try. I fired, in hopes of frightening him. Come along! He jumped on us from behind, as we were sitting on the bank there, caught poor Tim by the shoulder, and trundled off with him, never saying a word, as if six feet two were nothing to spake of at all. Come along! We were hurrying after him all the while. 'I jumped up, picked up the rifle: 'Stop, ye thief!' I called out, 'or I'll shoot you!' He gave a wag with his tail, the beast, as much as to say, 'Shoot away; you daren't hit me for fear of killing Tim; and begorra, I'll make myself safe enough for the matter of that. And at the word the cratur chucked poor Tim on to his back, as a fox does with a goose, and away he went again—come along!—safer than ever, for I could see more of O'Flaherty now than I could of him, bad luck to him! and I wished I'd shot at first. I daren't touch the trigger for the life of me, now, you understand; so I followed till he stopped, after a bit, and lay down with Tim before him, and then I shot, not at him, for fear of killing Tim, but in the hopes of frightening the brute. But sorra a bit did it frighten him; it only made him gnash his teeth, and Tim was between 'em, you'll recollect. So then I ran back for the other rifle, and met you, and—and I have a care now, we can't be far off him, unless he's eloped with Tim again, which the saints forbid, for it's a mighty unpleasant way of travelling." "He had not eloped with Tim. He was still lying, where Doolan had left him, with his mouth so close to poor O'Flaherty's ear, that he looked as if he were whispering into it. What was to be done? The very thought of firing into him across O'Flaherty made my hand shake. We all stood still for a moment or two, staring at the tiger and his victim. "Now then, who's going to shoot?" said Doolan. "Somebody must, or faith poor Tim will be minced veal before he knows where he is. But I'll be hanged if it's me that's going to do it. You're the best shot, Dennis." "Shoot, O'Dowd," said I. "I daren't for the life of me." "Faith it's a risky shot for certain," said O'Dowd; "but if we stand here and do nothing, there'll be no chance for him at all. Now hark ye, gentlemen, he said, throwing up his head and looking tubercle or not, a thoroughly fine fellow. You all know I'm sure, that though I was anxious enough to shoot O'Flaherty, standing opposite me at twelve paces, I'd be the last man in the world to take advantage of him now. All right—all right. There, that's enough! Upon me now! Then I never thought otherwise for a moment. Look here, now. Give