

CARROLL O'DONOGHUE

CHRISTINE FABER
Author of "A Mother's Sacrifice," etc.
CHAPTER XXXV.
CARTER FOILED

"It's a fine garment intirely!"
The compliment was addressed to
Captain Dennier's cloak, and it came
from the lips of Tighe a Vohr.
He took it down from its place
on a temporary rack, shook out its
ample folds, incased his own person
within it, and strode about the
room with evident pleasure.
It was large enough to cover Tighe's
whole person, the officer being a
much taller man, and Tighe a Vohr
folded it about him with intense
satisfaction.
The material was
black cloth, but that was hardly as
heavy as its somber look would
seem to imply, and Tighe was all
the better pleased that it was en-
tirely devoid of decoration. He took
it off at last, and gave it fresh,
critical inspection, the result of the
latter being announced in a low-
toned soliloquy:
"Somewhat, it's a very dun color,
an' I think it's spotted in various
places"—though at the same time,
to Tighe's disappointment, his eyes
were telling him that the cloak was
as black and free from stains as
it could well be. "Yis," he con-
tinued, "it's me bounden duty to
see after me master's property, an'
it'd be a cryin' sin to let a fine
garment loike that go to ruin for
the want o' a little touchin' up.
Now, there's Sandy Bevel, as foine
a hand at clanin' thim things as
there's to be had in the four coun-
ties,—he'd do it for a thirline, an'
as he's in a distressful way, it'd
be a charity to get the bit o' work
for him; besides, on me way to
Sandy's wid it, I nadn't scruple to
use it a little while for me own
convenience."
He awaited impatiently Captain
Dennier's coming, and the officer
was hardly well within the room
when Tighe confronted him with the
cloak on his arm, at the same time
bursting into so ridiculous and
lengthy an account of the condition
of the garment, and the anxiety it
caused him when he realized that
morning for the first time his grave
responsibility regarding his master's
wardrobe, that the latter burst into
a hearty laugh than had passed
his lips for weeks.
"Whin did you discover all
this?" he asked, when his mirth
had subsided.
Tighe answered: "Awlike ago,
whin I gev the things belongin' to
you a more ca'ful luk than usual;
an' me heart got sorrowful, whin
I kem to this, to see it spilin' the
way it is,—slightly shaking the
garment as it hung on his arm,—
you see, captain, it tuk me eye
intirely, be rayson, as we say here
in Ireland, o' its bein', so 'fobol,—
that manes plinty,—it's so loike
yerself, yer honor,—big an' boun-
tiful; an' Sandy Bevel'd have it
lukin' loike new in no time."
"Really, Tighe, I don't see any-
thing the matter with the cloak;
I have not worn it so much, and
it is quite good enough."
"Captain Dennier took it from Tighe,
much to the latter's reluctance, and
shook out its ample folds.
"Whin, beggin' yer pardon, but
where's yer honor's eyes—don't you
see the patch o' brown jist beginnin'
to come out loike a—loike a—
Tighe experienced his usual perplex-
ity for a moment,—loike the down
on a gander's back; an' don't you
see a spot there where the rain
ketch'd it the night you were out
wid Captain Crawford afore he went
away; an' don't you see another
spot as if it might be wine yer
honor spilled?" Tighe's finger,
moving over the surface of the
cloak, was keeping time to the
rapidity of his tongue; "an' don't
you see—
"Stop stop!" interrupted the
officer, laughing; "I declare I see
nothing of what you are so earnestly
pointing out, but I suppose the up-
shot of it all is that you want me
to have the cloak cleaned by this
friend of yours?"
"If yer honor'll consent to that,
I'll take it as a great favor intirely,
both on the part o' me friend, an'
for the savin' o' the cloak itself."
"Very well, Tighe, do as you
choose."
"An' moight I make bould to ax
another favor?" Tighe was salaam-
ing very profoundly.
The officer waited with an amused
smile to hear the boon.
"I'm invited to spend the evenin'
wid Mr. Sutton, one o' the wardens
in the jail, an' as he's to have a few
friends, it'll be a merry-makin' I'm
thinkin', so I'd loike to get the
night off, yer honor; but I'll be
back bright an' airy in the mornin'."
Captain Dennier gave the per-
mission, and Tighe, having thanked
him in his own absurd, though
eloquent fashion, turned away to
his duties with a somewhat light-
ened heart.
The evening arrived, and Tighe,
with the cloak neatly parcelled, went
in search of Garfield the latter
kindly proffered to accompany Mr.
Carmody, and together they re-
paired to the jail.

himself the most enjoyable boon
companion it had ever been Mr.
Sutton's chance to meet. "I de-
clare, Mr. Carmody," he said more
than once, when one of Tighe's
humorous stories had convulsed him
with laughter, and made the tears
course down his cheeks, "you are
the pleasantest fellow I have ever
met, and I am happy to be acquaint-
ed with you."
The clock struck ten, and Garfield
reluctantly rose to depart.
"it's too devilish bad," said
Sutton, "that you must go; but
I don't mind so much since I shall
have Mr. Carmody's company
another hour or two. You say he
can stay till twelve?"
"Yis, and then—" Garfield
drew Sutton aside and told him in a
low voice of Tighe's request.
"You couldn't choose a better
night," responded Sutton, who was
too much under the influence of
the liquor he had imbibed, and too
favorably impressed by Tighe a
Vohr, to care to pitch his voice in as
low a key as Garfield had used;
consequently Tighe had little diffi-
culty in hearing. Sutton continued:
"A strange piece of business has
been going on here these few days
back—there's hardly a warden in
the place that isn't bribed by a man
they call Carter.—Tighe's hearing
grew painfully acute; it seemed as
if the words, though they were only
spoken in an ordinary voice, were
shouted in his ears,—and, what's
more, there won't be a man on duty
in the vicinity of the jail yard
tonight."
"Wha't's that for?" asked Gar-
field.
"Tha't's more than I'm allowed to
tell," replied Sutton, "and it's more
than I quite understand; but you
see that it's enough to satisfy you
how easy it will be for me to grant
your friend's request."
Garfield had a dim idea that there
was premeditated treason at the
bottom of the suspicious informa-
tion just volunteered, and that
Sutton himself was not lightly
implicated in the bribery of which
he spoke; and for a moment the
usually slow-thinking soldier was
stirred by an impulse that prompted
him to warn the authorities of the
plot which might be hatching under
their very eyes. But in that same
instant he thought of Tighe's
strange request to visit the jail
yard, and at such an unwonted hour
—might not Tighe a Vohr himself
be concerned in this mysterious
affair? and to inform upon such
a matter would be perhaps to inform
upon one who had already served him
well, and who might again, from
his extreme wit and shrewdness, be
exceedingly useful. The latter
thoughtful sufficed to stifle his consci-
entious scruples, and he concluded
to let affairs take their own turn.
Bidding his companions good night,
he took a hasty departure.
Jolly Ned Sutton, and the no less
jolly Tighe a Vohr, grew more con-
versational and more communicative;
Tighe pretended to pour the stric-
test of confidences into the ear of
the warden, and the latter in
return, the more intoxicated he
became, the more freely he imparted
all that he knew of Morty Carter's
transactions with the jail officials.
By the time that the clock was on
the stroke of twelve Tighe a Vohr
was in complete possession of every
thread of Carter's web of treachery.
Sutton just retained sobriety enough
to conduct his guest to a side pas-
sage leading to the yard. "You
need have no fear," he said in his
drunken whisper; "there's not a
pair of eyes to light on you, nor
won't be for a half hour yet."
The night was dark enough to
throw heavy shadows in corners,
but beyond the latter there was
sufficient light to plainly reveal
outlines, and Tighe's rapid but
careful survey convinced him of the
truth of Sutton's statement. He
longed to venture a request to be
shown to Carter's cell, imagining
that the warden was in a sufficiently
maudlin condition to grant the
favor; but something, he could
scarcely explain to himself what,
checked the asking of the boon, the
words of which were twice upon his
lips, and he determined to trust to
some other favorable accident.
Sutton departed, and he was alone.
Not a sound could be heard, not a
shadow crossed his vision save those
that obscured the angles in the
walls. He softly unwrapped his
parcel, and shaking out Captain
Dennier's cloak, folded its ample
proportions about his person. Then
removing his hat, he bent the rim
in such a way that it formed an excel-
lent cover for the upper part of his
face. These arrangements satisfac-
torily completed, he stationed him-
self against a part of the wall
where the shadows lay deepest,
standing so motionless that he could
not be distinguished from the dark
mass of stone against which he
leaned; and he watched and
listened.
Minutes passed; they were like
hours to the faithful Tighe a Vohr;
he fancied he could hear the beat-
ing of his own heart, and ghoul-like
forms seemed to start out of the
recesses into which he sought to
peer. Then alarming suspicions
shot into his mind:—what if Rick
of the Hills was playing him false;
perhaps throwing him upon a wrong
scent in order to make the infamous
success of Carter more sure? But
the remembrance of Sutton's infor-
mation seemed to falsify his fears,
and, just as he was fiercely argu-
ing down his doubts and alarms, there
was the slight noise of a carefully-
opened door directly opposite to
where he stood, and some one
stepped quickly and noiselessly

forth. Too surely Tighe a Vohr
recognized that lithe, straight,
hunched figure, standing in un-
certainty and gazing upon every
side of it. He sprung forward;
Carroll also, in alarm at the sudden
and rapid advance of a form which
he deemed to be that of an enemy,
sprang back, and then recovering
his presence of mind, braced him-
self for the encounter.
"Master dear! don't be afeered
—it's only mesel'—Tighe a Vohr!"
and Tighe flung back enough of the
cloak to reveal his person.
"Tighe, my faithful fellow!" and
young O'Donoghue, in the ardor of
his joy, could not be content with a
pressure of the hand; he threw his
arms about his affectionate follower
and strained him to his breast.
There was a sudden sound; they
sprung from each other's arms, and
looked up to behold something dark
falling through the air down almost
at their feet; it was a rope. Carroll
hastened toward it, but Tighe inter-
cepted him.
"Back to yer cell, master dear,
for yer loife; there's a plot afoot to
capture you agin; that's why I'm
here—to purvine you thryin' to
escape this night."
"Whin, Tighe, do you think I
would disappoint the brave fellows
who are waiting for me outside?"
"Och, master dear, will you
listen to rayson this once, an' go
back whin I tell you—the biggest
danger you iver were in is afore
you now!"
"No, no Tighe, I must at least
make the attempt; let me go"—as
Tighe held him,—see, they are
shifting the rope"—as the coil at
their feet began to move;—"they
wonder where I am. And I must
make this venture, if only out of
gratitude to him who so nobly
planned all this."
A sudden light flashed on Tighe's
mind and he said in an agonized
whisper: "Oh, wha't! I say to
Mr. Carther at all! sure I'dn't he
lave it to me vintirely to get
you back to yer cell, somehow?
He discovered that his plan for
tonight was found out; but as he
discovered it too late to give you
warnin' himself, so his last depend-
ance was on me. He didn't mane
me to tell you all I'm sayin' now,
for some reason o' his own, but he
lift it to mesel' to get you quietly
back; sure I tried, an' you
wouldn't go; but mebbe, now that
you underhand it, you'll go!"
A light suddenly flashed from the
opposite side of the jail. Tighe be-
came desperate.
"Master dear, will you go? be all
that iver held sacred an' howly,
go—go afore you get us all into
trouble, the b'ys outside'll be shot
afore yer eyes, an' Carther, an' the
whole o' us. Go, an' I'll climb the
rope to thim."
He seized it, and was ready to
swing himself aloft. Still Carroll
hesitated undecided, and puzzled.
"Fly, master dear!" wildly
urged Tighe.
"Master dear," Morty Carter directed you to do
all this?" Carroll said.
"Would I be here if it wasn't for
his doin's?" answered Tighe, even
in that moment of anxiety and
suspense congratulating himself on
the truthfulness of his reply.
Carroll turned back into the
passage from which he had
emerged, and Tighe a Vohr
climbered up the rope to the top of
the wall, from whence, having
secured the rope under a projection
of the parapet, it was no difficult
task to swing himself lightly down.
He was received with silent
welcome by four of "the boys,"—
the general term for those who
were bound in that secret effort for
liberty—and hurried into a close-
covered vehicle which stood in wait-
ing. His person entirely covered
by the cloak, and his hat drawn
carefully over his face, together
with the darkness, effectually con-
cealed his identity. He crouched
in a corner of the vehicle, and
immediately a voice called tremb-
lingly forth:
"We are discovered! you took
too long in getting him over the
wall—they are after us! Tell Tim
to drive like the devil!"
The supposed prisoner and his
rescuers were all within the con-
veyance huddled together, and the
driver whipped up the horses and
dashed for the suburbs of the town.
But it was too late; mounted
guards pursued them, followed by
armed authorities. On dashed the
vehicle, on raced the guards, till a
pistol shot at last fell one of the
beasts, and the conveyance, brought
to a sudden halt, was surrounded.
"Don't fight, by's," said Tighe,
feigning huskiness, that his voice
might not be recognized, as he saw
his companions preparing to make
a desperate resistance; "I'll give
mesel' up." Still feigning huski-
ness, and careful to allow no part
of his muffler to reveal his person,
he cried to the first guard who,
pistol in hand, thrust himself into
the vehicle; "I surrender—I'll go
back peaceable!"
There were twenty to one of the
brave rescuers, so that resistance
would have been vain; all were
speedily overpowered and borne in
triumph back to the jail. Tighe
kept his cloak closely folded about
his person, and his head bowed low
on his breast; no one spoke to him,
as if his very captors, exultant
though they were, felt a sort of
pity for his unhappy situation.
Confusion and clamor seemed to
reign within a portion of the prison,
and where a short while before all
was darkness, numerous lights now
shone. Tighe, with his four com-
panions, was hurried into an official
apartment, and confronted with

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By Florence Gilmore in Rosary Magazine
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From beginning to end there was no
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So the blow fell at last. Many a
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