

# A MIDNIGHT CALL

By JOHN AUGUSTIN O'SHEA

"Maynooth, sir," said the grey-haired priest, "is an excellent institution, but do you know that it is comparatively modern, dating from 1709. Previous to that period no Irish Catholic could be educated for the sacred ministry in his own country without incurring the penalty of death or transportation."

"Dear me! you don't say so, exclaimed the Englishman. "I confess that is news to me."

"It is true, pitifully true, nevertheless," and turning to the door of the little parlor, which was pushed open by a neatly-dressed, roddy, middle-aged woman, the speaker added, "Well, Biddy, what's your report of the night, now?"

"No better, Father Michael, it is as cold as charity, and the old woman upstairs is plucking more of them geese."

"Thank God, we have shelter over our heads, anyhow," said Father Michael in his soft kindly voice. "Gentlemen, there is an Irish proverb, 'Face the sun, but turn your back to the storm.' As we have no sun we must only face the fire, but that should be no trouble to you, Captain Esmond, for you are a soldier."

"A feather-bed soldier, I am afraid, your reverence. My service has been confined to London, Windsor, Aldershot, and thereabout. I have never seen a shot fired in anger."

"And I hope you never may, for peace is better than war. And so you had small luck with the gun to-day?"

"The diabolical was, Father Michael, said the captain's companion and host, Tom Canty, the son of a neighboring landowner, who had invited his friend over to see what Ireland could furnish in the way of sport. As Biddy was leaving after having replenished the fire from a basket of turf, the priest asked her if there was any sign of Father Tim."

"Sorra a sign yet, Father, but sure he's that stout and hearty that he won't mind the night that is in it. I'm thinkin' the first sign of his coming will have will be his crook on the hall-dure. The snow is so thick you couldn't hear a footstep on it."

"Then, gentlemen, as the night is so wintry and Ardavan so far away, I must insist on your taking a shake-down under the soggart's roof. I don't relish our English visitor going away with a false notion of Irish hospitality. Remain, I beg of you. It will be a novel experience for you, Captain Esmond."

"Your reverence is too good. I shall be most happy to accept your invitation and thank you for it," said the guardsman cordially.

"If that curate of mine were here and you were really anxious to get back, I wouldn't mind sending the gig with you, though upon my word, on second thoughts, it would be cruel to put a dog out of doors such a night as this."

"And truly it was a bleak night. The earth was covered with a momentarily rising carpet of white, and the snowflakes were whirling and tossing in keen, gusty windsweeps from the mountain. It was very cold, and the stars shone with that steady, clearly-defined brilliance that presages a duration of severe weather, and inside the thatched, one-storeyed presbytery—only they call it by a more homely name in Munster—the temperature was favorable to cosy chat, and what the Italians term "the sweetness of doing nothing." Everything was cheerful and tempting. The bog-deal on the top of the peat crackled merrily. It was justly the spot to loll in an arm-chair, and indulge in half-dreamy interchange of ideas in the intervals of darning and dancing the slippered right foot over the left knee, so that Master Tom Canty, who knew when he was comfortable as well as any mortal in the barony, was not slow to join in accepting the parish priest's invitation.

"That's right," said Father Michael with undisguised pleasure at having persuaded the pair to stay; "you are generous to relieve an old man's loneliness. By my word, I shouldn't be at all surprised if that unfortunate mate of mine did not come home till morning. He's a willing, dear fellow, and it's rarely he gets the chance of meeting an old college chum. He was educated at Paris, gentlemen, so I suppose he's enjoying a shanabus. He'd be a fool if he ventured out under this Siberian sky, and, besides, the mare must be dead tired. My own Rosamond, Captain, is undergoing a course of treatment for the last few days in the hospital of our vet at Ballycoppal."

"Doing Banting, I take it," said Canty. "My dear Esmond, if you were only to gaze upon what Father Michael calls his Rosamond, you would say its name should be Falstaff. It is as fat as a partridge. That's the beauty of being attached to the Church."

"You're welcome to your joke, Tom; sure it's the least the hard working, gentle, intellectual landowners

who do not get quarter enough out of the people, should have their bit of badinage at the expense of the indolent, arrogant, ignorant, opulent priesthood."

The Englishman enjoyed the quiet anecdotal irony, and recommended his friend "to be satisfied with the lesson he had received—those who challenged others to spar should not object to cross-counters."

"Neither do I," said Tom laughing, for the priest's raillery did not affect him, his father being the best landlord in the county, and indeed Tom himself was as great a pot of the Rev. Michael O'Leary as if he were a member of his book instead of being a disciple of the legally-gratified creed.

"As I was saying before Biddy interrupted us for our advantage, Maynooth is all very well in its way, resumed the priest, taking up the thread of his discourse at the point where our story opened, "but it lacks the charm of antiquity. I like walls with the ivy clusters on them. Give me grand old Louvain."

"Aren't you prejudiced in favor of Louvain?" put in Master Canty.

"Of course I am, and why shouldn't I be? Was I not educated there? Is it not my Alma Mater, and where could you find as fair a city in thriving Brabant? I love it for its old world calm. It is essentially an asylum of scholarship, and there are fine sights there in noble Gothic buildings—all they knew something about architecture before the railway engine screamed. Look at the roof-loft in the cathedral, and the paintings by the old masters. A martyrdom of St. Erasmus by Hemling, and a Holy Family by Quentin Metsu, for example, are splendid, and the carved pulpit by—I forget what's his name Believe me, Louvain is a glorious place!"

"They say they brew the best beer in all Belgium there," ely interjected the irrepressible Tom; "almost as good as the Clonakilty wrestler."

"Truth, I wouldn't doubt you to have found that my youthful investigator," said Father Michael, "but books have more attraction for me than beer, and I prefer to sit in admiration before a canvas made beautiful by a Van Eyck or a Rubens to blushing with shame at a nose unadorned by strong drink. That's the wrong sort of flesh-tinting. By-the-by, Captain, have you ever tasted our Irish potheen?"

"Esmond, remember Panch's advice to those about to marry—'Don't. You wouldn't care for it. It is rough and heady, and has a raw flavor of the soil that shocks the eye palate. The partiality for potheen, like that for absinthe, is acquired."

"Experto crede," said Father Michael.

The Englishman was busy hiding away a half-born laugh at the paradox of the simple old priest, who had been inveighing against liquor, asking him his opinion on a most potent one, presumptively as a preliminary to asking him to taste a sample of it. He did not understand how hard it is for an Irishman to reconcile his personal convictions of what is wholesome in practice with his almost irresistible racial prompting to do every honor to his guest, and make everything agreeable to him while he has his legs under his table. The captain saw the difficulty, and, after the fashion of the true gentleman, declined to make the acquaintance of the potheen.

"Master Tom Canty," said the priest, "you have been vexing my soul with your irresponsible frivolities almost since the day I first was introduced to you, or rather you to me, and that was before you came to the use of reason—if you have come to it yet—and I impose as a penance on you to sing us a song now to pass the time until Father Tim returns, when I shall hand you over to his tender mercies, and you know what that means."

"Spare me, Father Michael! Anything before that; and, although my pipes are rather lanky, the natural effect of tramping in the bottoms all day long, I'll attempt a stave on one condition."

"What's that?"

"That you sing us a song yourself, supposing it is only 'MacKenna's Dream' or 'John McGoldrick's Trial for the Quaker's Daughter.'"

"Agreed. But, if I am to oblige you, I think you may allow me the choice of the song, or, if it comes to that, of the recitation I shall give. My singing days are over."

"That must be granted at the very least," chimed in the Englishman.

"At your orders, Father Michael," said Tom, "the more particularly as I am in a minority of one. Here goes, then."

And without the customary cough he started with that admirably tuneful and unctuously humorous lilt, the son of a Protestant Bishop, "Father O'Flynn," and such is the force of honest intent and the spell of a desire to please—far and away superior to the power of voice on graces of act—that he had his audience unconsciously swelling the chorus and responsively echoing to the emotional note of healthy droilery and pathos, for there is a pathos in the outwardly whimsical verses.

When they had ceased applauding Canty, the venerable pastor, apologizing for hurrying on the theme to him so dear, said they must let him off with a recitation of some lines written upon the subject of the Irish ecclesiastical establishments of Europe by a fellow priest in America.

Captain Esmond thanked the clergyman for the treat he had offered them by his most interesting conversation which to him, he owned, was a delightful surprise. He would no longer look upon the Irish priest as he feared he had previously. The guardsman was too delicate to admit that the mental picture he had formed of the order was based more on the "surplined ruffian" of hostile newspapers than Lever's Father Loftus or Bowen's Father Tom. The P.E.'s and C.C.'s of Ireland to his imagination were all sour, vulgar, contentious, bug trotting, fire brands, a cross between a howling Derwish and a Monk of the Sorow, and here the first priest he had the privilege to meet at his own fireside was refined, scholarly and gracious, with the easy bearing of the man accustomed to good society, and manner that would grace a court.

"Anything stirring at this end of the parish of late, Father Michael?" inquired Canty.

"No, we have been very humdrum, but I fear the playboys are getting up a fight between the Blackbirds and the Magpies."

The Englishman stared. "I have heard of cocks and quails fighting for a wager," he said, "but never before of blackbirds and magpies—the mag certainly is pugnacious."

"Ah, 'tis not the innocent birds we are talking of, Captain, but a pair of fictions which call themselves by the name for no reason that living man can explain. They fight periodically, not for a wager, but for the fun of the thing." The fun of cracked skulls and bruised limbs is more than I can understand. They're the scandal of the parish and the plague of my existence. But come, Master Tom Canty, I detect the billywinkles in your eyes, and as it is nigh hopeless to expect Father Tim now, what if you were to go to room?"

"I beg your reverence's pardon, but to tell the truth, I am rather drowsy after the day's pottering about, and I think my friend, Esmond, wouldn't object to mooring in Blanket Bay himself."

"As you please, I shall ride for lights. You may trust to Biddy that the beds are well aired, and if you take my advice don't give any directions about being called in the morning, but have out your honest sleep. There's nothing so refreshing as 'tired nature's sweet restorer.'"

"Is the nightcap on the table in the passage as per usual, Father Michael?"

"Dear me, Tom, you don't mean to say you wear a nightcap, you Sybarite! 'tis a most unhealthy habit," said Esmond innocently.

"That's my private opinion, too, Captain," said the priest, smiling; "but the nightcap that rascal Tom is alluding to will never chase the hair on his pate or protect his ears from a draught."

Preceding his guests, Father Michael ushered them to their respective bedrooms, the suggest, as in courtesy bound, being reserved for the stranger, and bade them good-night.

Before preparing for his couch, the priest told Biddy that it was useless to wait for the curate. In case Father Tim should arrive he was not likely to want anything, and if he did he knew where to get it without her aid, and, besides, she would have to be up early in the morning, as he wished her to get ready a little breakfast for his guests. A few savory rissoles, an omelette, and, if possible, a jelly made of Carrigreen moss—that would be a treat for the English gentleman—would answer to a nicety. Recollect her reputation was at stake. The visitors would not be staying—the wish was to be particular there was nothing to disturb them—until after he had celebrated Mass and he could join them at table.

The warning not to disturb the guests was unnecessary. Within ten minutes they were as sound as the Seven Sleepers under the influence of that best of opiates—vigorous exercise in the fresh air. Father Michael wrote a few lines and left them on the hall table for the edification of his curate in the event of his returning in the small hours. They were to this effect:

"Timotheus, my bouchaleen bawn, I have given your cubiculo for this night to a Saxon—penance for your leggardeness. Try how a noose on the sofa will suit your disease. Terry will make up the fire for you. Avoid noise as much as possible; but if you will fall out of bed, do it 'aisy,' I beseech you.—M. O'L."

The pastor was fatigued and inclined to journey into the Land of Nod himself, but he had a habit of reading a chapter from some pious book, "Challoner's Meditations" or "Thomas a Kempis," before he sought his pillow; so he trimmed the lamp and sat beside the fire after his household had retired. As he reclined in his easy chair, in meditation, the open volume in his hand, nature asserted itself, his chin dropped on his breast,

and he incontinently fell into a doze. Perhaps the moaning of the wind noted as a lullaby. When he awoke it was late on the stroke of midnight—a very late hour in a remote county district. The fire was low. He rose, and in the spell of silence between two guests it seemed to him that he could overhear a dull repeated sound as if it were the rhythm of a horse's hoofs upon the snow. Could it be the curate returning? No, he had a gig, and there would be a crunching of wheels, however faint. He had all most dismissed the impression as mere fancy when the muffled sound grew more distinct. It was that of a galloping horse, and it was approaching his cottage. Suddenly there was a stop, and the rustling tick of gravel lightly thrown against glass caught his attention. He put on his brette, enfolded himself in a cloak, lowered a sash in the great four-paneled window and peered into the cold night. The air was biting, and the snow still sloping down in feathery shafts. A peasant was outside standing beside a horse. The quick puffs of breath, steaming from its nostrils showed that it had been hard ridden.

"A sick call?" inquired the priest in a whisper, muttering that the answer should be given in the same subdued tone.

"Yis, yer riverence," said the peasant, respectfully lifting his round hat, "a very urgent war."

"I wish you people would manage to fall ill on more reasonable hours. Where is it?"

"At K. Murty Feehily's."

"What? Seven good miles away, at the Binkler's Cross, and over a mountainy road at that? There's no one in but myself, and have no trap."

"Oh! For the love of God, Father Mickie, don't refuse. It is a case of life or death."

"Very likely, every collie is that. And who is the patient? Is the faction-fighter laid by the heels at last?"

"That same, yer riverence, he was lying senseless and speechless as when I left the house. He got an unlucky blow, or a fit, or something."

"I wonder you don't say he got a fairy blast. If he is senseless I can do nothing. You should have sent for the doctor."

"So we did, yer riverence, another of the b'ys rode over to the dispensary for Doctor Magner. Don't refuse to come, Father Mickie, it was the missus sint me; she's distracted, an' sure if yer's too late itself to an'nt the master, yer'll bring consolation to her. It would be an act of charity."

"Talk about charity comes finely out of the mouth of a customer like you, routing an old man at this un-holy hour with an invitation to catch his death of cold. Aren't you, Paddy Morrisey?"

"Yis, yer riverence, sure, didn't you baptize me an' confirm me, and didn't I take the pledge from you the other day?"

"Well, Morrisey, you scamp, as you haven't broken the pledge yet, and as Missus Feehily is one of the kindest and best creatures in the parish, I suppose I must go; but mark me, if anything happens me I'll turn you into a wool-pack and send on a voyage to the Red Sea. But how am I to get to Feehily's?"

"There you are, yer riverence," said the peasant pointing to the horse, "the saddle is waiting for you an' Maureen pating to be off. No need to change the stirrup-leathers, we're of a height, saving yer riverence's favor. Oh! she's a beauty, an' ken in a thrille less'n a half-hour, an' she's good to take the finest horse man in Munster to the Cross within an hour from my leaving it, an' hardly turn a hair."

"Come round to the porch and stop your orating," and the priest shut the window and went to the door to admit his client, that scamp, Paddy Morrisey, who was really as decent a "gay looking youth" as ever tended an "ailing comrade or footed it to jig polkogue." Father Michael instructed him to fasten a morsel of raw beef to the bit, and asked him had he any hints as to the temper of his mount—he himself had not been across a saddle for ten years and had lost his hand, gone rusty generally in short.

"Give her the head, yer riverence, she won't stand whip or spur, an' indeed she doesn't want them. She's all heart; she's a r-lar priest's horse."

"Does that mean she's fond of saying her prayers?" asked Father Michael.

"No, yer riverence," said Paddy, grinning; "she never came down yet. Her knees are as sound as the Rock of Cashel."

Having induted himself into a cotswome, gloved himself, and tied a muffler round his throat, the aged priest got on Maureen's back with the help of Paddy (whom he recommended to wait till he came back, leave the hall-door on the latch, and make himself happy at the kitchen hearth), pressed his knees into the sides of the willing beast, shook the bridle, and she was off like a bolt.

His errand gave him strength. He was made young again by the sense of labor in God's cause—that of the relief of the suffering and comfort of the afflicted.

Long Murty Feehily was a strong farmer—that is to say, one in a well-to-do position—so dwelt close to the Tinker's Cross. He was leader of the faction of the Blackbirds, partly by virtue of inheritance, and partly

because of his pluck and immense physical strength. On this particular night he was returning from a byro, some quarters of a mile distant from his house, where he had been admiring some fine stallions, when he was overtaken by a blow of a large stone from behind on the head. Effectually the man had done its work. He was deprived of consciousness, he closed his eyes, he was attacked with shivering, his breathing was slow, and his pulse weak, his face had become as white as the overhanging snow.

In the condition he was discovered by one of his servant boys, who was deputed to see what was delaying the master, and was alarmed by the gleam of the stable lantern, which had been dropped on the ground after the treacherous assault. The boy leant over him and asked him to recognize him. The only response was a transient opening of the eyelids. A shout for help brought a group of fellow domestics from the farm-house, and the big man was carried home and put to bed, and messengers despatched hot-foot for the priest and the doctor.

Mrs. Feehily was a self-reliant woman and a model nurse. She did not go into hysterics, but set about doing the best she could for the good man, and, considering that she had never heard of an ambulance class, much less attended one, her treatment was remarkably sensible under the circumstances. She freed Murty's neck and chest from the restraint of clothes, raised his head, placed a wet towel across his temples and hot-water bottles to the soles of his feet. His body being excessively cold, she piled blankets on him, and then she knelt beside the bed and prayed with a rigid countenance, but a heart full to overflowing.

Dr. Magner was prompt in arriving, and in a quick, methodical manner, without trace of fuss, examined the patient. He soon discovered a dent in the skull, but could not pronounce whether it was the result of a fall or a blow. He called loudly "Feehily," and the prostrate man opened his eyes for a moment.

"You gave him no spirits?" he asked.

"No, doctor, I was afraid until you came," said Mrs. Feehily.

"You acted properly. Go and make some beef-tea; he will want that as soon as he comes to his senses. In the meantime the room must be darkened, and the place kept very quiet. It is a mere nothing, at least to a strong man like Murty; he'll get over it."

As a fact, it was a case of concussion of the brain, but that, when uncomplicated by compression or laceration, is rarely, if ever, fatal especially in Munster.

An increase of temperature and a twitching movement of the limbs indicated to the doctor that his patient was on the eve of rousing himself from the collapse induced by his wound, and he hastened his progress by applying a strong mustard poultice to the back of his neck. In a few minutes another symptom, which is the surest guarantee of recovery, supervened, and Murty woke up semi-conscious, but troubled by a headache, and asked the doctor where he was, how long he had been there, and how he had been brought there. The medical man soothed him by the assurance that he was among friends, that he had received a hurt, but that no serious harm was done, he would be all right shortly, but he must be still as a mouse, not leave the bed, and pay strict attention to what Mrs. Feehily ordered, "and by the same token, here she is with a bowl of beef-tea which you are to swallow."

Murty, who was still feeble and somewhat dazed, was propped up by pillows, and eagerly partook of the nourishing beverage which luckily had been in the house, and needed only to be warmed. His brain gradually cleared and he was perfectly sensible by the time Father Michael, on the spirited Maureen, which had realized Paddy Morrisey's boast, drew up to the gate of the homestead. The snow-mantled priest was met at the door by Dr. Magner, who playfully scolded him for not having sent the curate on the errand on such a night, but was lost in admiration when he learned that the zealous old man had ventured out in Father Tim's absence sooner than run the risk of leaving one of his parishioners unprotected by the rites of the Church on a possible death-bed.

To the priest's inquiry how Murty received the concession, the doctor replied that that was a mystery; he was disposed to think that it was from an unexpected blow, and he had his suspicions—in short, party feeling was rife in the district, and there were rumors that a pitched battle between the Blackbirds and the Magpies was in preparation. The presumption was that Murty had been treacherously assaulted by some of the rival faction, but he may have had a fit and sustained the injury by falling on a sharp stone. The priest gravely shook his silvery locks and entered the house, where he was greeted with an affection almost reverential, and offered the seat of honor by the fire that was blazing on the broad kitchen hearth, and pressed to have something to warm him after his chilly, trying ride.

"The master was much improved, thanks be to God, and would be a world the better for his reverence's presence—Heaven bless him for coming out in such weather as this!"

"This is a bad business, I fear," said the priest in an undertone. "Murder may have been meant. The worst of it is if the evidence of that stone leaks out prematurely there will be reprisals, and the feud that has long been smouldering may get a new lease of life and flare as fiercely as ever. Keep your own counsel, Magner, and warn that boy to be chary with his tongue. I must drive over to Ardavan to-morrow and have a serious chat with Mr. Canty, he is one of the most prudent and sagacious magistrates in the county as well as being the most popular. And now, good night, or rather, good morning."

"Surely you are not going to brave the road so soon again?"

"Duty compels me. I have to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice at nine. See, the moon is rising and the snow-fall has ceased."

"At least you'll take my covered car," urged the doctor, "and let my man go with you. He can come over in the morning. I am stopping here to-night."

"Thanks, thanks, I prefer to ride; the exercise will warm me, and that splendid mare of Feehily's will carry me across the mountain in less than no time."

Maureen, who had had a white drink in the stable, and was fresh and almost skittish, was brought round, his reverence was helped to his seat, and set off on his lonely journey, proceeding at first at a smart foot-pace. He had gone but a couple of hundred yards when a sturdy figure, emerging from the shadow of the roadside hedge, confronted him and murmured, "A word with you, Father Mickie, if you please."

It was Tom Hogan, the leader of the Magpie faction.

"Are you aware of this night's work?" sternly demanded the clergyman, naming in Maureen.

"I am, an' that's why I want to spake to yer riverence; but first tell me how is Murty Feehily?"

"At death's door, you wretched being! It will be only by God's mercy he will get over this cowardly assault."

"God grant he may get over it," said Hogan earnestly, sinking on the snow.

"I thought you were his enemy. You or some of your murderous gang are suspected of inflicting the injury that is likely to rob his young children of a father and leave his good wife a widow."

"Before Heaven I swear that I had neither hand, aid, nor part in the assault. Tom Hogan never struck anybody a foul or mane blow, and the man's face flushed hotly and his form seemed to dilate. "Murty was my enemy when he was on his feet and could meet alpeen with alpeen in the noonday, but when he's on the bed of weakness an' pain I would I unmy against him, nor would I against any wan. I am no midnight assassin, but I know who flung the stone."

"If you do, why do you not give him up to the police?"

"If ever there was a case where I would be tempted to disgrace myself an' turn shag it is this; but I can tell what I know without dishonour or detriment to anybody. The law has no grip of him that did the harm."

"Do not be too sure of that. Name him, sir I command you, as you value the peace of your immortal soul."

"It was Lanky, Tymman, the omad-haul."

"That poor wiles creature!" exclaimed the astonished priest. "What could have impelled him to this act? Are you certain of what you say?"

"Certain as that the moon is shining. He told me so himself. You see, Father, we gave him the bit and the sup and the kind word always, an' it appears some wan at the Cross made game of him, an' between his grudge at that an' his eye for us, he thought he couldn't do a bigger service to me than by injurin' Murty. He laid in wait for him, an' when the dirty deed was done he kem rushing back and woke us up wid his wheelin' and capetin' as if he had done a great action. 'Ha!' he yelled, 'I've levelled him, he's cotched it, he'll never down a Magpie agin!'"

"And where is he now?"

Father Michael declined to have any refreshment; he had to say Mass in the morning, and it was long past midnight. At the moment, Mrs. Feehily came out of the bedroom looking much brighter, her husband having regained strength from the beef-tea, and now speaking quite lucidly.

The priest entered the room and had an interview with the patient. He was with him for a quarter of an hour. Into what passed within the privacy of that confomre between confessor and penitent we have neither the right nor the desire to penetrate.

While Father Michael was inside something had occurred bearing on the problem of the indentation in the skull. A servant boy returning from the byre had stumbled against a big jagged flint at the spot where Murty had fallen, and picked it up. As it rested loosely on the snow and was covered with blood and hair, the inference that it had been thrown at his master was inevitable. He was a shrewd fellow, and did not mention his discovery to Mrs. Feehily, but he confided his secret to the doctor. That gentleman in his turn led Father Michael to a corner for a whispered consultation.

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"It was Lanky, Tymman, the omad-haul."

"That poor wiles creature!" exclaimed the astonished priest. "What could have impelled him to this act? Are you certain of what you say?"

"Certain as that the moon is shining. He told me so himself. You see, Father, we gave him the bit and the sup and the kind word always, an' it appears some wan at the Cross made game of him, an' between his grudge at that an' his eye for us, he thought he couldn't do a bigger service to me than by injurin' Murty. He laid in wait for him, an' when the dirty deed was done he kem rushing back and woke us up wid his wheelin' and capetin' as if he had done a great action. 'Ha!' he yelled, 'I've levelled him, he's cotched it, he'll never down a Magpie agin!'"

"And where is he now?"

"And where is he now?"