

In Memoriam.

Veres dedicated to the memory of the late Miss Maggie Meagher...

Dear friend! I know this world is kin, And all are friends...

TALBOT. THE INFAMOUS IRISH POLICE SPY.

BY JAMES J. TRACY.

CHAP. XVIII. Our friend Larry was one of those against whom information had been lodged.

When the police had descended, Larry put his head out of the mouth of the bag...

"I can never get him downstairs," muttered Tom. "Just then a loud, commanding voice at the foot of the stairs was heard."

"Well, I once could easily do it. I could carry two sacks of flour, one under each arm; but you know I'm getting old, and what was the reason you treated me so badly the other day in the tap room?"

"Forgive and forget, like a Christian. Sure a gamin would sit at a poor creature hunted by the police."

"Well, pull in your old white head now and I'll try to carry you." Larry did as he was told. Tom caught hold of the mouth of the bag, and stooping down, fixed it on his back.

"Is Larry in?" asked the first officer of her Majesty who made his appearance. "Don't ask me about Larry," said the old man, assuming an angry tone.

"Where is he now?" asked the officer of the law. "He's dancing and singing in the public-house, to be sure. I saw him there about one half-hour ago. He was then dancing and fighting. He seems born to fight and dance. A mighty head boy he is. He's not at all like his poor father. The other day he got into a row with some neighbors, and he broke, with one blow of his stick, three teeth in Jack Daly's mouth, fractured Tom Murphy's arm, and sent Mike Nolan's pipe flying through four panes of glass right into both the eyes of a poor man who was singing in the street. He could do more real damage with his stick than any four men could do with swords or bayonets. I often heard him say that his stick had more music in it than a fiddle. I believe him with all my heart."

The chief took the precaution of leaving a guard at Larry's house. Two youthful

Advice to Consumptives.

On the appearance of the first symptoms, as general debility, loss of appetite, pallor, chilly sensations, followed by night-sweats and cough, prompt measures of relief should be taken.

Given up by Doctors. "Is it possible that Mr. Godfrey is up and at work, and cured by so simple a remedy?"

"I assure you it is true that he is entirely cured, and with nothing but Hop Bitters; and only ten days ago his doctors gave him up and said he must die."

police were stationed in the room with old Bohan. These gentlemen endeavored to look strict and dignified. They seemed to rise fully to the height of their situation. They would not condescend to exchange even one civil word or glance with the old man who sat in the room in which their duty kept them.

"The peders are a fine body of men," said their companion to himself, but loud enough for the ears of the guards; "the country would be gone to pot only for them. The young ones are not so sharp as the old ones, for they don't know how to get their names up. The old ones, I go bail, will go to the place where they are sure to find their game, but they never can catch any mortal soul. I don't know what they want of poor Larry. I hope they won't put him to jail. Wasn't I the foolish old fellow to tell them where he is; but, perhaps, he's not there now. No he's not, either, for I remember now he told me he was soon going to the pawn with his vest. The poor boy is gone altogether of late."

"Do you hear that?" whispered one of the policemen to the other. "Larry is gone to the pawn. I'm sure we could catch him there."

"Let us go over there after him." "Would we be back before the others?" "To be sure we would."

"We must first search the house for him. Perhaps, after all, he is hiding somewhere upstairs."

As the two left the room Bohan followed them with a heavy heart and a troubled spirit. He feared much for Larry, but he feared more for himself. The zealous and ambitious young policemen searched every room and every crevice in each room. They were especially careful to look under the beds and up in the chimneys. Poor Larry trembled in the bag as he heard their footsteps coming nearer and nearer to the attic. But who can describe his terror when he knew they were really in the garret with him?

"There is no one here," cried both policemen, as they glanced around the empty garret. "What's in that bag in the corner?" one of the policemen asked the old man.

"Chaff," said he, with a smile, "it's only a bag of chaff we took out of our tick the other day. Wouldn't you like to go and examine it?" The old man laughed at some curious ideas that seemed to cross his mind.

Larry could curse the old man for giving them the invitation to examine the stuff. "Let us examine it," said one, "perhaps there are some pipe-heads in it."

Larry trembled; he thought of surrendering himself into their hands. They were almost within reach of him when he heard the angry voice of the chief, calling them to the doorway. The strict orders of the constabulary required them to obey instantly. So Larry was safe for the moment.

When the police had descended, Larry put his head out of the mouth of the bag to take a little fresh air and to take the advice of the venerable Bohan. What a picture he was. His hair stood straight up, and had been well powdered by the flour of the bag; his eyes were almost jumping from their sockets; to use a moderate expression, his mouth opened like a doorway. Bohan, on seeing him, could not forbear a laugh.

"For mercy's sake, Tom, have pity on me. How can I get out of here?" "I don't know of any way under the sun."

"Couldn't you carry me downstairs and into the street on your back?" asked Larry, in a pleading tone. "Well, I once could easily do it. I could carry two sacks of flour, one under each arm; but you know I'm getting old, and what was the reason you treated me so badly the other day in the tap room?"

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"How can I answer that? Who said that no one was drinking over there today? I'm sure I took a good drop there bright and early this morning. What do you say to that, I'd like to know?"

"You must have been drunk when you gave us information," said the chief, in his own peculiar way. "No, I was not drunk when I gave you information, and I'm sorry for it."

"You are an old, confirmed sinner," said the witty sergeant, with a comical smile, as he curled his red moustache. "I am sorry that we are not able to bag the fox this time," said a grizzled young member of the force, who delighted much in classical allusions.

"Attention!" roared the chief. "In an instant his men formed orderly ranks. "Eyes—right!" "Eyes—left!" "Left!" "Right—about—wheel!" "Quick—march!" There were a few of the magic expressions used to awe and mystify the crowd of civilians who dared gather around Larry's humble abode. The police proudly marched away, and left the streets to idlers and to night.

At the new Richard's danger the gentle and loving heart of Katie O'Donohue was pierced with keen grief. Everything seemed to change in her eyes. The heavens that could in former times fill her soul with rapture, the sight of the river calmly flowing that could bring her sweet and happy thoughts, the woods and meadows that had almost a magic influence over her, lost completely their charms for her. Sorrow looks through tearful eyes, and sees plainly all the stains upon the face of nature, all the clouds upon human life.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever," sang sweetly, but sorrow does not think so. She believes that a thing of grief is a grief forever, and she cannot be persuaded out of her belief. Katie herself was a thing of beauty, and now "all the lovelier," but little comfort did her beauty bring her.

"And he has gone away, perhaps, forever," she murmured softly and sadly, while the tears rolled down her cheeks. "He has fled away from those he loved—from his father and mother, and Maurice and Ellie, and from me. Oh, if I could see him for one short moment, if I could only tell him that I would ever think of him, ever pray for him, ever love him. If he had only come and told me that he would think of me, that he hoped to come back to see me even after years I would feel so happy, so contented."

For a few minutes she gazed in silence at a picture of the Mater Dolorosa that hung upon the wall. The sorrow depicted upon the Virgin Mother's face was now more visible to her than ever. She thought she saw the tears flow; the cheeks seemed to grow paler and paler; the brow seemed to swell with the bitterness of thought. A feeling of compassion began to take possession of her heart, her own tears dried up; she felt the sweetness of sorrow for another's wound.

"Ah, my Sorrowful Mother," she exclaimed, throwing herself upon her knees, joining her hands before her breast, and fixing a steady eye upon the painting. "What is my grief when compared to thine? Thy sorrow is above all other sorrow. Give me strength to stand at the foot of thy Cross. Intercede for me to thy Divine Son."

She then took from her pocket a small book, and began to recite the Rosary for Richard's welfare. She had faith, and firmly believed in the power of prayer. She often cited for Richard the words of Tennyson: "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of. Wherefore let rise like a fountain for me night and day."

Happy are they whose hearts are bound together by a common grief, and who, in prayer, are united in spirit, near in holy communion with the Son of God and His Immaculate Mother.

While Katie prayed, with eyes fixed on the painting, the rays of the sun, which had just come from behind a dark cloud, pierced the windows and fell in a stream of golden light upon the sorrowful face of Our Lady. Then did she have a vision of celestial beauty. She seemed to catch a glimpse of loveliness not of earth. A feeling of tranquility, "like a fragment of a golden calm of heaven," stole over her soul. Her own beauty, too, increased to such a degree that she seemed a messenger from on high, a radiant Eulalia, or a glorious Agnes.

During all this time there were things said and done in the cottage worthy of notice. Father and mother and Mr. Power joined in prayer to console the afflicted family. The good priest was deeply affected by the grief and trouble of his friends, his spirit and gloom friendship is tested. False friends will quickly disappear from your circle when the sun of prosperity sets for you; but the true friends will stand by you, and closely to you, will become the more devoted to you when they see you in poverty, or suffering, or trouble.

Mrs. O'Connell, with tears in her eyes, and Mr. O'Connell, looking sad and lonely, sat in the parlor with their kind pastor, and their old friend, Mr. Power. "How good you are, Rev. Father, and you, too, Mr. Power, to come and see us in our trouble," said Mrs. O'Connell with a look full of gratefulness.

"Poor Richard," said the priest, "how deeply I feel for him. Dear and innocent boy he is! I dread a few months ago, the wickedness and treachery of this world, and now he is the victim of its deceit. Good soul, his only ambition was to relieve our poor country, to free her from her deplorable state of slavery, misery, and poverty. May God forgive those who deceive him by cunning words and fine promises of freedom for Ireland, who led him in his youthful ardor into danger and then betrayed him."

"May God forgive them," said Richard's parents with true Christian charity. "Who is the traitor yet known?" asked Mr. Power. "He is not yet known," all answered. "I'm sure," said Mr. Power, "I do not like to judge any man, but I suspect one of betraying the boys. There was a very dangerous looking stranger with whom Richard alone seemed to be thoroughly acquainted, and in whom I never put much trust. He was always so mysterious in his movements, that there was something wrong about him. I remember well the first time I saw him, it was a beautiful evening in May. Poor Richard, and myself, were standing on the bridge talking, when, towards night-fall, the stranger, wrapped up in a large overcoat, approached us and gave Richard a letter. I did not like the appearance of the man, nor do I yet put much faith in him."

Many were the guesses in Carrick as to the name of the vile wretch who had given information. With the exception of a few, all guessed the wrong name. Those who had hit upon the right one were afraid to make their surmise known, unless to their nearest, dearest friends. To say aloud and in public, the true name of the traitor would be a dangerous thing, for he had many friends in town and in the country districts who would sooner die than suspect him.

"What has become of Tim the Prophet?" asked Mr. O'Connell. "He has not been around here for several days. The last I saw him he took me to the woods, and was going to Templemore, and that he would be back soon. I hope the poor fellow has not been arrested."

"Alas, no one can be safe now," said Mr. Power. "Who are Maurice and Ellie, Mrs. O'Connell?" asked Father O'Donohue, after a slight interruption in the conversation. "They are both gone to the chapel to make their daily visit to the Most Blessed Sacrament," responded Mrs. O'Connell.

"Oh, Father, it would do you good to see what a woman who drove a cart, who has struggled on in poverty there, and even up to this day the walls are merely plastered and the seats for the multitude are of the most primitive kind. A record of all the miraculous cures is kept by the priests, and you find on inspection that the old man who had lost the use of his limbs who had been suddenly healed; a stupid old man, who has not any gift of expression, and can only swing the axe and use his restored back in hard labor as he stops between the strokes of his axe and starts at you. Then, again, I find the man who has been relieved, and so the church has struggled on in poverty there, and even up to this day the walls are merely plastered and the seats for the multitude are of the most primitive kind. 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