

CARROLL O'DONOGHUE

CHRISTINE FABER
Author of "A Mother's Sacrifice," etc.

CHAPTER XX.—CONTINUED

"Father O'Connor!" interrupted Tighe, his face and attitude expressing his thrilling interest in the artlessly-told tale.

"Yes; do you know him?" questioned the boy.

"I have seen him," answered Tighe evasively, not knowing how prudent it might be for him to say more until he had heard the conclusion of the story.

"Well, I went out to see the gentleman, and he seemed pleased with my looks, for he gave me the note at once, and said to me what you told me before. And now I'll rest."

He was very tired; not even the tea which Corney had more neatly prepared than would have been deemed possible from his slovenly surroundings, and of which the injured boy largely partook, seemed able to delay even for a moment the lethargy into which he sunk.

Judging rightly that repose would benefit him most, Tighe partially closed the curtains again, and left the bedside. He motioned to Corney, "They say all's fair in love and war," he whispered, "as I'm at war with old Carther there, can't be any harm in readin' this?"

He opened the paper and put it into Corney's hand. The latter seemed to take a similar view of the case, for without any hesitation he softly read:

"Rick: I have decided to go to Dublin and the sooner I go the better it will be for my own interests. I promised Ned Maloney a fortnight ago that I'd be down there in time to bring his horse, 'Charmer,' up here for the race that's coming off next week; but I can't do that now. He'll have to bring the horse up himself. Show him this note, and tell him to have no fear. Joe Canty is booked to ride him, and it will be time enough to have the horse in Blenner's stable the day before the race. Tell him the stakes are all right, and that we have heavy backers. And do you, Rick, keep sober, and when I return, be prepared to do what I told you. Yours, MORTIMER CARTER."

Tighe jumped to his feet, his features undergoing a series of most comical contortions, which were intended to express his intense satisfaction and delight. It was with difficulty he refrained from giving utterance to a loud, wild cheer, the manner in which he usually manifested his joy. "Be the powers, but the saints themselves are helpin' me; was I iver in such luck afore! Corney, don't you see how I'll manage now? You'll write a note to Mr. Maloney, Ned Maloney, the old miser, immitin' this hand-writin' as if it kem from Carther, an' you'll mention me in it; you'll not say a word o' Rick o' the Hills, but you'll jist bid old Maloney to give up the horse to me care, an' I'll bring him up here, an' stable him till the race comes off; an' tere an' ager, but that'll be the end o' it. Knock the soight out o' Morty Carther's eyes when he hears o' it; are you comprehendin', Corney?"

Corney nodded.

"Well, do you set to work at once at the writin', an' I'll run down to the quartermaster an' tell him to inter his horse an' his rider as quick as he pleases. But what'll be the name o' the horse?"

"Timothy," suggested Corney.

"Timothy!" contemptuously echoed Tighe, "that's too small entirely. No; we'll give him one o' the classical names out o' the history o' Ireland—a name that manes somethin'."

"Brian Boru," ventured Tighe.

"That will do," answered Corney, then he continued, "An' the name, be mesel! Timothy O'Carmony; for there's nothin' like havin' an O' or a Mac afore the first letter o' yer name; it gives one a big feelin', a sense o' importance."

Corney nodded, and Tighe, having satisfied himself that the boy was peacefully sleeping, departed on his errand, followed by Shaun. Scarcely an hour elapsed when the bark of the dog in the passage leading to Mr. O'Toole's chamber announced Tighe's return. He was in the same state of joyful excitement in which he had departed, having seen Mr. Garfield, and having delighted that gentleman with the tidings he had brought, and he had received in return from the grateful quartermaster an assurance that the latter would make every effort to afford Carroll O'Donoghue an interview with his friends.

"An' now, have you the note ready for old Maloney?" asked Tighe.

"I have," answered Corney, proceeding to read from a half sheet of letter-paper:

"Mr. Maloney: I have decided to go to Dublin, and the sooner, the better it will be for my own interests; consequently I won't be able to go down for the horse as I promised, but I send you, in my place, Tighe a Vohr, and you know as well as I do the devil a better judge of horse flesh in the country. He will bring 'Charmer' up here and see that it is properly stable. Joe Canty is booked to ride him, and the stakes are all right. Have no fear, for we have heavy backers, and let Tighe have the horse at once. Yours, MORTY CARTER."

"Be me sowl, Corney, but the loike o' you for a letter writer isn't in the country!" and Tighe gazed with delighted admiration at the little man. "Me mother missed it entirely," he continued, "whin she didn't become Mrs. O'Toole."

Corney was violently wiping his face to cover his blushing delight.

Tighe continued: "But it'll be in me power, an' that afore long, to place afore her eyes all that she lost whin she took Timothy Carmody!" and Tighe's voice suddenly assumed an indignant energy.

Mr. O'Toole was in a glow of pleasure from the bald crown of his head to the soles of his ungainly feet.

Tighe moved to the bed to look again at the boy. He was still sleeping, a slight hectic flush on his cheeks, and the rest of his face as white as the bandage which bound his head.

"He's as purty as a picture," said Tighe softly to Corney, who had also noiselessly approached. "An' you'll moind him well, Corney; av course, if he should get worse, you'll have to call in one o' them nurthin' docthors; an' I suppose, too, the moind he can stir at all he'll be for makin' his way to Father O'Connor. Thry an' kape him anyway till I get back."

Corney promised; indeed the little man to use one of his own expressions, was so wedded to Tighe's interests now that he would spare neither time nor labor in his service.

"Supposin' Maloney should refuse you the horse," said Corney, as Tighe stood on the threshold ready to depart.

"Supposin' he did," repeated Tighe, "do you think his refusal'd bother me?—not the laste bit. I went through bolts an' bars afore whin I was in a loike scrape, an' now that I know old Maloney has a horse in trim for the race, an' that old Carther is safe in Dublin, the devil himsel' wouldn't atop me gettin' possession o' the baste for the day o' the ride."

"Will you stable him at Blenner's?" asked Corney again.

"Faix, I will not," was the reply. "Is it stable him where the eyes o' iver sportin' man in the town'd be on him, an' mebbe to have somethin' thrapserie to show them the decavin' game I'm playin'? No Corney; I have more gumption than that. I'll stable him outside the town intirely, where no one'll be the wiser, an' where I can go iverly day an' get acquainted wid him, an' find out his wake pints, an' larn if he has any tricks. An' there's another thing, Corney, I'll have to attend to, an' that's Joe Canty. He'll be expectin' the horse, I suppose, an' tather an' ager! mebbe he'd be goin' down to old Maloney's to have a look at the baste, if he hasn't gone already. Well, I'll venture on a settlement wid him this way: I'll make it my business to see him after I've seen old Maloney, an' I'll tell him that the horse'll be to the fore on the mornin' o' the race; that old Maloney is a quare sort o' old man, an' the devil a lie in that—an' so perticler about his horse that he won't leave it out o' its own stable any sooner; an' that he's so crass, an' so cantankerome, he won't have anybody comin' down here to look at the baste, swearin' if they do that he won't let it run. I'll tell all this to Mr. Canty, at the same time makin' it appear that I'm thrusted intirely by Carther an' Maloney, an' if all that doesn't do, I'll depend on me natural wits for another invention." He paused as if in some indecision, resum'ing in a moment: "The thing that bothers me most jist now is how I'll get the dress for the race—the cap, an' the jacket, an' the toggerly that makes a man look as if the wind was taken out o' him; but I'll think o' that on me way. Good-by, an' take care o' the boy."

He hastily departed with Shaun at his heels.

CHAPTER XXI. THE MISER OF DIROMMACOULD

Mr. Maloney, or "ould Ned Maloney," as he was called by man, woman, and child, from his antiquated dress, which for a quarter of a century had never changed a seam nor a cut of its fashion, was the only real miser of which the little village of Dirommacould could boast. Money was his idol, and money he worshipped to the exclusion of every other affection, natural or acquired. Neither Mass nor meeting ever saw him; the poor feared him, and the neighbors whose dealings forced them into contact with him regarded him as a sharp, shrewd, hard man. Reports spoke of him as being some what better educated than most of his class, yet he was never known to invest a half-penny in even a newspaper. The latter he borrowed when he could, and when he was unable to do that he resigned himself to the privation. He had never married, and his few kinspeople had been long since laid at rest in Kilboroglin churchyard. He lived alone, spending his time, the people said, in counting the gold and the pound notes which he had made in former days by running illicit stills and smuggling foreign goods. Some good people were wont to cross themselves when they met him, as if he were the Evil One himself, and the poor said he would never die on his bed. Old Ned smiled grimly when he saw and heard these evidences of the regard in which he was held, but all produced no change in him. The only person for whom he seemed to care was Father Meagher; he shrank from meeting the priest, and when the latter would force his presence, as he often did, upon the miser for the purpose of rebuke or exhortation, the old man would fawn on his knees, cross himself, and swear that he'd repent before he died. The horse had come into his possession by means entirely in accordance with Ned's hard practices. The owner of the animal, a neighbor of Maloney's, and in desperate straits for money, ventured to appeal to the miser for a loan; it was refused but Ned, with his habitual cunning, where a matter involved a question of gain to himself, and in view of the races which marked certain portions of the year, offered to buy the horse. There was no alternative for the unfortunate owner, and a bargain was at length made which left old Ned Maloney in possession of as magnificent a racer as there was any stud in the county. To everybody's surprise he built a better stable for the horse than he had a house for himself, and he actually hired a groom that the animal might be kept in fine condition. To Mortimer Carter, whose frequent visits to Tralee, and whose intimate acquaintance with the sporting characters of the day were generally known, Ned Maloney addressed him self in order to negotiate for the entering of his horse in the coming race. There was little difficulty in accomplishing that, but a serious trouble remained—to procure a good rider. Joe Canty, an admirable horseman, but a dare-devil and a bravo, was already engaged to ride for the English soldier, Garfield, Carter, however, brought his wits and his money into action, and Canty was secured for the horse. The miser, tempted for once from his wonted extreme parsimony by the largeness of the sums which Carter and other bettors had staked upon the horse, bet a considerable amount himself, as well as opened a betting-book; and it was with extravagant signs of satisfaction that he frequently in imagination footed the amounts which were to swell his already well-filled coffers in the event of "Charmer's" success.

Such was the man to whom Tighe a Vohr, accompanied by Shaun, was quickly wending his way. The abode of the miser was as antiquated and ill looking as himself. A general shop in which he drove hard bargains with those who were forced from some necessity to deal with him formed the entrance to the abode; and back of this in a dingy room he cooked, ate and slept, though in addition to his shop he owned a good-sized and well-stocked farm. On Tighe's entrance he came hurriedly forth from the dingy apartment.

"How do you do, Mr. Maloney? Glory be to God, but you stand it well to be lookin' so young at yer toime o' life!" and Tighe seized the miser's not over-willing hand and gave it a hearty shake.

Mr. Maloney was a tall, powerful man, with a stoop in his shoulders, and iron-gray hair framing a hard, massive face. He had black, glittering eyes, set deep under eyebrows that met so heavily and arched so little like a pair of spectacles, a continuous line across his forehead, his thin lips were partly stretched over projecting tusk-like yellow teeth, and his prominent cheekbones, and triangular-shaped brow made up a face at once remarkable, sinister, and repulsive. His age might be sixty, or more, but the giant frame gave evidence of vigor enough to mark a much less waned period of life.

Fortunately for Tighe, there had never been any unusual intercourse between himself and the miser; though he knew the old man as well, and disliked him as thoroughly as any one in the village, still out of an indolent good nature, or perhaps because opportunity had been wanting, he had never betrayed in the miser's presence any of the tokens of dislike of which others were so lavish in an occasion, when a mere lad, with his wonted obliging disposition, he had even rendered some trifling service to the old man, and it was noticed ever after that the latter's manner to Tighe a Vohr was marked by more civility than usually characterized it. Now he answered with a slowness which betrayed his excessive caution, and which evinced his indifference to Tighe's compliment to his looks:

"Thank you, Mr. Carmody, I'm pretty well."

Tighe drew forth his note. "I've been in Tralee, this while back," he said, holding the note between his fingers, "watchin' the course o' the bet's on the race that's comin' off next week, an' if yer horse don't win, Mr. Maloney, there'll be a power o' losers."

The miser's glittering eyes began to grow in brightness. "You don't mean to say, Mr. Carmody, that there's such a number of backers?"—even his voice had quickened.

Tighe saw his advantage and pursued it. "I do that, Mr. Maloney; an' betune you an' me, an' all the I heard from Mr. Carther about yer horse, the devil a show the others'll have alongside o' him at all."

"How many are entered for the race, Mr. Carmody?"

That was an item of information with which Tighe had singularly overlooked providing himself, but without a moment's hesitation he answered: "Now, since Rody Crane's filly is withdrawn, it leaves foive; yis, I think it's foive that'll run, includin' yer own. But I was

forgettin': Mr. Carther sint me down wid this to you." Proffering the note.

The miser took it to a dim, greasy lamp, and read it apparently more than once.

"I suppose Carter knows best," he said, returning to Tighe; "he says you will stable him properly, but I wouldn't trust him without his groom, I shall send the groom with him."

"Very well, Mr. Maloney," answered Tighe, apparently quite satisfied, though the groom was an accession of which he did not dream and for the disposal of whom he was sadly puzzled.

"I shall have him ready for you to-morrow mornin'," the miser resumed; "will that be time enough?"

"Oh, yes; answered Tighe carelessly, continuing after an instant's pause: "Do you know the man that's to ride, yer horse, Mr. Maloney—Joe Canty's he called?"

"No; I have never seen him, though I was expecting him down next week to see the horse; but I suppose it will be more convenient for him to have the horse in Tralee. I understand that he is a very fine horseman."

"The devil a better, but—" Tighe's fertile brain was hard at work, and he would prevent Joe Canty's visit to Mr. Maloney?

THE SOB OF THE VIOLIN

It was a cheap lodging house, where as many as two or three families sometimes occupied one room or cellar, and perhaps took boarders. Newly-arrived emigrants who could not speak English, or who had little money, often came here, and, if circumstances were very likely remained. The more ambitious and energetic soon went in search of better quarters.

Pietro was the name given by one of these new arrivals, and though the clothing he wore was evidently coarser than that he was accustomed to, yet it was so much better than his surroundings that the other lodgers looked at him askance. The morning after he came the proprietor went to him.

"What is your business?" he asked abruptly.

Pietro did not even look toward him. They were standing by the door, and the eager, restless eyes were scanning the people in the street.

"I paid you my lodgings last night for a week," was the cold answer.

"Yes, I know," with less aggressiveness in the voice, "but I help my countryman to make start. If you hand organ man, I have hand organs to rent; if you grind a knife or sell a fruit or work-a-day, I have grindstone and push cart, and I know where hire you out. I help my countrymen."

"Thank you. But I do not need your assistance." The proprietor frowned angrily, his small black eyes studying his lodger with open suspicion. Pietro's fingers were long and white, and there were no unwashed accumulations upon his neck and face and behind his ears, as was the case with other lodgers; and then he talked pure American, better than he himself, who had been in the country ten years.

"Got a more money to pay?" he demanded.

"We will see at the end of the week," was the absent reply.

Pietro's thoughts were so evidently preoccupied with the street that the proprietor turned away, his back to the lodger.

"Well-a," he snarled back, "you better be careful. The p'lice court be close by, and they watch sharp."

That evening a reporter was walking along the sidewalk, his eyes open for local color. Opposite the lodging house he suddenly paused.

The low, yearning cry of a violin was floating out, falling now almost to a wailing, and then rising, and finally, imperiously, sweeping all before it, until one's very soul demanded to be released to go in answer: It was not the work of an amateur or even of a professional player, but of a master, such as may be heard at rare intervals uptown, but never on Elizabeth Street. The reporter listened until the last note died away in a low sob, and then went into the lodging house. But the player was sitting at an open window in an upper room and would not be disturbed.

All through the night the sobbing wail and the imperious entreaty lingered in the reporter's brain, at his desk in the Park Row office, in his own lodging house, and finally entering into his dreams, and finally, imperiously, sweeping all before it, until one's very soul demanded to be released to go in answer: It was not the work of an amateur or even of a professional player, but of a master, such as may be heard at rare intervals uptown, but never on Elizabeth Street. The reporter listened until the last note died away in a low sob, and then went into the lodging house. But the player was sitting at an open window in an upper room and would not be disturbed.

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him. Again the reporter tried to interview him, and again was refused.

After that, whenever he went to the Italian quarter in the evening, the violin was sure to be playing the same exquisite love song, but always at a different part of the street. And no matter how important his engagement or limited his time, the reporter paused to listen to the master hand, until the music died away in its last low sob.

One day he went to the manager of an opera.

"Look here," he said, "there's a fellow down on Elizabeth Street who can play better than anyone in your employ. It may be worth your while to see him."

The next evening Pietro played on a corner where there was a great deal of passing. The two listened until the last low note had died away, and then sought him. In the manager's face was an expression of amazement.

"Where do you play?" he demanded.

"In open windows, on the sidewalk like this."

"But, great seot! you cannot earn much."

"I do not ask anything."

"Well, then," an eagerness coming into the manager's voice which he did not attempt to conceal. "I will give you \$50 a week to come and play for me."

Pietro shook his head.

"I left a thousand lire, two hundred dollars, to come here," he answered.

He rose from the box on which he had been sitting, tucked his violin under his arm, and was turning away when the manager's hand was upon his shoulder.

"Wait a minute," he said earnestly. "I want to have a little talk. Come in here. And you also," to the reporter.

They were at the entrance of an upstairs restaurant, and after a moment's hesitation Pietro allowed himself to be drawn in. At the table the manager gave him his card.

"That is my name," he said.

"Now, I want you to play for me, and you can make your own price."

Pietro glanced at the card, his eyes brightening a little as though in recognition.

"Yes," he observed, "I know you. You brought Caruso to America. Caruso told me about it. You are a good manager to work for."

"What!" And there was wonder in the manager's eyes. "You know Caruso, and playing here on Elizabeth Street? Do not understand, but you will name a price? No?" at the positive refusal in the other's face. Then at least you will tell me why? Believe me, I am your friend. I am the friend of any man who can play like you do. Is there no assistance that I can give?"

For some moments Pietro's eyes remained cold; then he threw out his arms suddenly, passionately, letting them fall heavily upon the table. The two men looked at each other. It was like the last sobbing notes of the love song.

"Yes," he said drearily, "there is no reason why I should not tell. I have tried and failed, and now it does not matter. It was only that I did not like notoriety—but even that does not matter now. In my own country I loved a girl named Francesca. We were betrothed; but I did not dare to tell her people, for she was noble and I was not, and I had no money. I loved music, and went away and studied and in time began to earn money, and at length I made a great engagement for two years and went to England and France and came to America. When it was over I was rich, and went straight to Italy and bought a castle, and then went for Francesca."

He was silent for some minutes, his head drooping upon his hands. At length he went on in the same dreary voice: "She was gone. Her people had lost money and her mother died, and her father had bought her to America. I followed and found her father had died here on this street, and Francesca had disappeared. That is all, only the little love song I play is one she used to like. I have never heard the song played by anyone else. When Francesca hears it she will know I am near, and will come."

The manager had been regarding him closely.

"Your face seems half familiar," he said, "but I do not seem to recall the name Pietro."

"It is not my name," listlessly. "I took it to save annoyance. But the name does not matter. Now I will go."

"Why can you not play for me, a few nights at least," urged the manager. "You can still continue the search."

"I shall not play any more, except as I do now without price, until I find her," was the answer. "I have played the song at every Italian corner on this street, but there are some of my countrymen in other parts of the city. I shall not give up the search until I have made the violin cry her name on every block in New York."

A month later there was a benefit at this manager's theatre for the sufferers of a fire on Elizabeth Street. As soon as it was announced, Pietro went to the manager.

"I will play for this, if you like," he said.

"Good! What name shall I put on the bill?"

"Just Pietro."

So "Pietro, Violin," went on the posters, and when he appeared on

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