

CARROLL O'DONOGHUE

CHRISTINE FABER
Authors of "A Mother's Sacrifice," etc.
CHAPTER XVIII—CONTINUED

"Could I have a private word with yer honor?" Tighe whispered to him.
The quartermaster scowled for a moment, but reading in the expressive sparkle of Tighe a Vohr's eyes that something of importance lay behind the request, he led the way to his own apartment.

"I understand that yer honor's in trouble because of the bet you med on Rody Crane's filly the other day."

The quartermaster seemed to be astonished.
"You see, yer honor, I heard all about it today, an' I sez to mesel': it's a burnin' shame to let a rale nice spoken gintleman loike Mr. Garfield be put down an' taken clane in be such a set o' rones as Jack Moore an' the b'ys that's wid him. So I think I can find a way to help yer honor. If yer had another horse to inter, an' a rider for him, would it make it all right?"

"It would; but where is another horse to be had? I've scoured the county for one, but it's no use; and the rider—that is as difficult to find in this cursed county."

Tighe gave a knowing and expressive wink. "Leave it to me, Mr. Garfield, for purvidin' you wid a horse, an' a rider, too, an' the devil a better animal in the county than the one I'll get unless I'm unsuccessful intirely. Didn't I make good me word afore—didn't I tell you I'd write a letter for you an' bring you an' answer—an' didn't I do it—I ax yer honor, didn't I do it?"

"Yes; so far as bringing me an answer was concerned; but that is all that has come of it. The widow continues the silence and the coldness which in her letter she besought me to maintain. Really, if it was not her express wish, I should demand once if my letter had offended her."

"Do not," said Tighe, in frantic earnestness, his very soul in terror for the possible consequences to himself of such a proceeding. "I'll tell you a bit o' a saycrest: she has a scapegrace o' a brother, Jack Moore, as wild a devil as iver led in a steppchase or danced in a fair, an' wid all his wild ways she jest thinks the loike o' him niver was seen, an' she's afreed to displace him in one mortal thing; well, for some reason or other, he doesn't loike you, and he'd be death on his sister if he thought she'd as much as give you one sweet look. Now I have good cause to know that the same lady does loike you, an' she likes you better for the way you're actin' at the present time, makin' yersel' agreeable to her wishes. Do you see now; do you comprehend intirely all I'm sayin' to you?"

asked Tighe with much the same manner and voice he might have used to Shaun.
The dazed Englishman nodded; he was too mystified to know whether he ought to be pleased or angry, or puzzled, or all three together.

"Well, thin, this same Jack Moore wouldn't care if he destroyed you this night, the villain, an' it's a laughin' stock he wants to make o' you, as well as to win yer money; but if you'll abide by me directions, I think we'll defate him, the thafe o' the world. Tell me now, will you do just as I say?"

The mystified Englishman again nodded.
"Will, promise me that you won't be obthrudin' yersel' on the widow's notice, that you won't go nix nor nigh where she is till the race is over. Will you promise that?"

A third time the bewildered Englishman nodded.
Tighe gave a grunt of satisfaction. "Now tell me how many days afore the lists will be closed; I mane when would it be too late for you to inter the name o' a horse in the place o' Rody Crane's filly?"

"The day after tomorrow," replied the soldier, at last seeming to arouse to a correct understanding of the case.
"That's short time," said Tighe, "but how and iver we'll try. And now,"—changing his voice from its tone of authority to one of humble entreaty—"mebbe yer honor wouldn't refuse me a bit o' a favor. I'll not ax it till after I've secured the horse an' the rider."

"What is it, Mr. Carmody?" asked the quartermaster.
"It's to get a pass for me, some way, that'll admit three people into the jail to see that poor prisoner that was brought up here from Dhrummacol the other noight. They're friends o' his, an' two o' them the purtiest ladies you iver laid eyes on,—me heart ached intirely when I seen the grief they wor in becaise they wouldn't be let to see him. Now, Mr. Garfield, I'll put it to yersel': if it was yer own case an' the Widdy Moore was breakin' her heart to see you, wouldn't you be thankful, yer honor, wouldn't the sintiments o' yer heart rise in gratitude to the one that would bring her to visit you in yer lonely cell?"

That appeal did touch a tender spot in the quartermaster's bosom; imagination pictured the fair Mistress Moore paying him such a visit, and for the bliss of that he would have been willing to endure the dreariest confinement. He was evidently softened, and he answered kindly:
"Perhaps I can manage it. One of the officials of the prison is a warm friend of mine, and if the visit be made at night, and be kept quite secret, I think it can be arranged. But the visit must be made at night, and be kept entirely secret."

"Any perdition at all'll be agreed to," said Tighe, meaning condition, and gleaming from the soldier's stare that he had made an error of speech; but without attempting to correct it he continued: "An' now I'll be takin' me lave, Mr. Garfield, but you'll see me tomorrow noight, an' mebbe afore, an' I thrust, it's good news I'll be bringin' you."
And before Mr. Garfield could collect his wits sufficiently to ask the numerous questions which rushed to his now thoroughly awakened mind, Tighe had disappeared.

CHAPTER XIX
DISAPPOINTED

Back to Dhrummacol! nothing else was left for the three sorrowful hearts that had come up to Tralee that morning, hoping, trusting, praying. Their hope had been disappointed, their trust had proved vain, their prayer had been unanswered. Father Meagher, for sake of his despondent charges, assumed a cheerfulness it was impossible for him to feel, and he spoke in reassuring terms of what Tighe might be able to achieve. But all had little effect. The silence and the pallor of his companions told too surely that there was little decrease in their doubts and their apprehensions.

As they turned the corner of a street on their way to the station they were met by Morty Carter. The surprise and the repugnance to the meeting were mutual, and Carter drew back, this time with no feigned emotion, but with a start of embarrassed and painful astonishment. Father Meagher, his first impulse of bitter indignation toward the traitor passed, followed the example of his divine Master, and presented a not unfriendly smile to the miscreant. But there was a sternness in the priest's eye and an accent in his voice which spoke volumes to Carter, and made him wince despite all the bravado he in a moment assumed.

"I am glad to see your reverence," he said, bowing with a fulsome air, "and the young ladies—" the latter, though so deeply veiled that not a feature could be discerned, had averted their faces—"I came here to try to gain admission to the jail, to see Mr. Carroll, but I have been sternly refused."

Father Meagher could control himself no longer. "Morty Carter," said he, looking with withering contempt at the wretch before him, "are you plotting more treachery; have you not betrayed our poor boy sufficiently that you would see him to cement your infamy?"

Carter strove to return the steady look of the priest, but his eyes fell; he tried to assume the defiant air which had borne him through on previous occasions, but somehow the sight of those veiled figures, and one especially, the taller of the two unnerved him; it was with a crestfallen air he answered:

"Your reverence is prejudiced against me, so it would be little good to speak in my own favor; but one day, perhaps, when these black reports about me are proved wrong."

"To be entirely true, Carter," interrupted Father Meagher, "you will appear as you are, and we shall know what a viper we have nourished. Good day."

He turned shortly, his companions following him, and Mortimer Carter was left to his own dark and vengeful thoughts.

The dim little chapel with its silence and solitude formed Nora's consolation and rest, and to it she hastened when, after weary hours of dusty travel, the little party had arrived at home and she could steal away unnoticed. The hour was late; and Clare, unusually fatigued in body and mind, went immediately to her room. Father Meagher sought his niece. She was putting the last touches to her kitchen work, and the cleanly-swept floor, the old-fashioned dresser just under the light where its array of burnished tins and polished ware were brought into resplendent view, with Moira herself, fresh and winsome as a spring blossom, formed a picture exceedingly pretty. The clergyman was the more disposed to think it fair, and to be much pleased with his niece, because of her obedience regarding Tighe a Vohr. With a pleasant compliment on the neat appearance of the room, a remark so unusual from him that Moira started, he called her to him.

She obeyed, blushing and delighted.
"I understand that Tim Carmody has been here," said the priest.
"Has been," she answered, half faltering, and with her air of delight changing to one of some anxiety and fear.

"Oh, you need not be afraid," spoke the clergyman quickly, in order to re-assure her. "I have found out all about it from Tighe himself,—we met him in Tralee—and I was much pleased to hear of your obedience; you absolutely refused to speak to him, I believe."

She immediately regained her confidence and her vivacity. "I did, uncle; I would not say one word to him, because you forbade me to."

"So he told me; but I did not mean, my dear child, to enjoin absolute silence upon you; I desired you not to receive his attentions, not to permit him to become your suitor, but I had no intention of wishing you not to speak to him—that would be unkind and uncharitable. But God will bless you for the strict obedience you thought it your duty to practice. And now I am happy to say that the poor fellow has done us good service; he has lost neither time nor thought in serving poor Carroll."

In her delight at her uncle's unwonted praise of Tighe a Vohr, Moira quite forgot her caution; she burst out eagerly:
"Did he tell you, uncle, about that dreadful paper with Mr. O'Donoghue's name on it? He gave it to me to read, and—"

"Give it to you to read?" interrupted the priest, who had supposed that her absolute silence which Tighe reported meant also an utter absence of even usual civility on her part, an idea which now seemed to be disproved by the fact of her acceptance of the paper from Tighe in order to read it. "And you read it," continued the priest, "and still no communication passed between you and Tighe? I cannot understand this."

"I do, I do," answered Nora; "and it should be her loving task to labor for him and to comfort him."

"Thank you, Miss McCarthy; those are the sweetest words I have heard for many a day; if I wasn't the sinful creature I am, I'd bid God to bless you, but such words from me would only be a mockery."

"A moment, Rick," besought Nora. "I would say another word to you. I feel that this case which you have so touchingly described is your own, and I fancy that I can understand and try to help you in the wandering habits we have so censured, your impatience, your distaste for labor,—all have been due to this harrowing grief. I pity you my poor fellow, but a brighter day is coming; you will claim this long-lost, ardently-loved child; she will bound to your arms, and with her you will be once more happy."

He had clasped his hands over his eyes, and she saw, by the violent trembling of his form, and the tears which trickled between his fingers, the grief that he could not repress.
"You know not what you ask, Miss McCarthy," he said at last, looking at her.
"I do, Rick, I do, and I want your promise,"—stepping lightly on the loose stones so that she could be nearer to him, while at the same time she extended her hand—"N't my hand to lie in your innocent palm," he replied, "I'll promise without that."

"He turned quickly, jumped into the road below, and walked rapidly away.
Nora went to her couch with strange thoughts amid her own grief and anxiety; she had sympathy to spare for the poor wretch with whom she had so recently parted, and for whom before she slept she offered many an earnest and fervent prayer.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE DOCTOR'S DOUBTS SETTLED

It was long after midnight and bitterly cold as two men with their overcoats buttoned to the chin and their breath freezing on the fur collars, picked their way along a dirty and dimly lighted street near the river front. Evidently theirs was legitimate errand, for, when they turned a corner and suddenly faced a policeman, this guardian of the law touched his cap and passed them by with a respectful salutation. They were two men who met often—met in homes of sorrow over which the angel of death was brooding—met almost daily in the church where the one stood at the altar and the other came to the Communion rail. They were two men whose names were held in love and benediction by the thousands to whom they ministered—Father Timothy Casey and Doctor Thomas Reilly.

"The former needs no introduction nor the latter either for though he may not be known to the reader by name, he is the type of Catholic physician, which, thank God, is found everywhere throughout the land. Natural talents, hard study, and wide practice had made Doctor Reilly one of the most skillful of his profession, but still he was a poor man. The dwellers in many a poverty-stricken home could tell where the doctor's money went, and those who approached him ask-

ing him to exercise his skill in any way not sanctioned by the law of God, could testify, if they would, concerning one source from which the doctor's money never came. Though not a priest, how priestlike was his devotion to duty, how priestlike his respect for those human beings made to the image and likeness of God, to whom he ministered, how priestlike the charity with which he cared for their bodies, and, as far as in him lay, also for their immortal souls!

When Dr. Reilly was "on the case" Father Casey had no misgivings, for full well he knew a messenger would come in ample time to summon him when his priestly ministrations were needed. When the good priest responded to an emergency call among "ought-to-be's" and "fallen-aways," and as happened on the night of which we write, he found Dr. Reilly there, he experienced a sense of relief which none but a priest can realize. On the night in question he had searched out the house number on the dark street and climbed a rickety stair, expecting to find the sick room in disorder and squalor, filled with gaping or scowling spectators where he would encounter untold difficulty in hearing the patient's confession or arranging the most essential things for the administration of Holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction. Imagine his relief when he was met at the door by Dr. Reilly, who had prepared table and crucifix and candles at the bedside, and, now, by a few authoritative words and still more by his manly example, taught the bystanders how to conduct themselves in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament.

With all that, it had been a trying case for both priest and doctor, and they welcomed the clean, frosty air like a benediction, after the stifling atmosphere of the death room since they had been "Father Tim," said the doctor, slackening his pace with the evident intention of enjoying a good chat before they parted, "there's a doubt that's been pesterin' me for some time past, and I make the resolution to put it to you and have it settled at the first opportunity." Father Casey waited for the doubt to take the form in words.

"Twas the widow Rahilly we buried last week," continued the Doctor, who had the happy faculty of putting his thoughts into concrete examples. "You said that if you had known her condition you would have given her Extreme Unction long ago."

"Yes, I had been bringing her Holy Communion three times a week since she had that fall, but I knew nothing of the fatal complications which had set in some time ago. Had you informed me of that fact when you first noticed it, I should have anointed her at once."

"There's where my doubt comes in."

"I understand you well enough," the Doctor could not be hurried; he would state a case in his own way—"that when one is going to die, he should be told of it, so that he will understand clearly that it is his last chance to set his accounts in order before the final reckoning. The widow Rahilly, good as she was, should be no exception to the rule. When I saw death approaching I told her plainly, and she was none the worse for it. I understand, too, that when poor, negligent Catholics are dying, they should by all means receive not only Communion and confession, but Extreme Unction also, for as you once explained to me, it sometimes happens that they receive Communion and confession without the proper disposition, and still the after-effects of Extreme Unction, coupled with an act of contrition in their last moments, save them. But here is my doubt: In a case like that of the widow Rahilly, who confesses often and receives Communion several times a week, why are you so anxious to give her Extreme Unction, and that two or three months before her death?"

"Which is your doubt, why I should wish to give her Extreme Unction two or three months before her death, or why I should be anxious to give her Extreme Unction at all?"

"Both. But let us take them one at a time. Why were you so anxious to give her Extreme Unction at all?"

"Because," said the Doctor, "she is receiving Communion so often. And Communion is the greatest of all the Sacraments; in fact, Communion is receiving God Himself, who is the Creator of the Sacraments. Since she is habitually receiving the greatest of all the Sacraments, I do not see why you should be so anxious to give her a lesser Sacrament."

"Because you intended to go to Communion often, you would not be willing to omit Baptism, would you, Doctor?"

"Certainly not, but—"

"Because you were going to receive Communion often you would not be willing to enter the marriage state without receiving the Sacrament of Matrimony?"

"No, I should not. But yet I scarcely see the parallel."

"Parallel or no parallel," said Father Casey, "here is the fact: God is the Author and Giver of all grace. He decides how He will give His graces. He gives many and great graces through the Sacrament of Matrimony. So also doing

him to exercise his skill in any way not sanctioned by the law of God, could testify, if they would, concerning one source from which the doctor's money never came. Though not a priest, how priestlike was his devotion to duty, how priestlike his respect for those human beings made to the image and likeness of God, to whom he ministered, how priestlike the charity with which he cared for their bodies, and, as far as in him lay, also for their immortal souls!

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