

CARROLL O'DONOGHUE

CHRISTINE FABER

Authors of "A Mother's Sacrifice," etc.
CHAPTER XVI
SHAUN OBJECTS TO DUBLIN

There was unusual excitement in Captain Crawford's apartments; that officer in exultation, entreaty, reprimand, reproach, menace, most in a breath, and Tighe a Vohr in whines, and wails, and supplications, and ludicrous apostrophes,—the latter delivered in comical asides to imaginary listeners could all be heard distinctly in the passage leading to the rooms, and Captain Dennier, on his way thither paused in astonishment at the uproar which greeted him. When he entered a curious sight presented itself. Tighe was on his knees, surrounded by hat boxes, opened valises—the contents of which were indiscriminately mingled with those of a dressing-case lying inverted near—numerous boots and shoes, a full military equipment, together with every possession, private and personal, of the gallant captain. He seemed to be endeavoring to arrange them as commodities are placed in a fair, and the captain, in despair as to how his packing should ever be done in time for his hasty departure, was striding up and down the room in anger, while at the same time he was forced to be amused at the comical appearance of his valet, and more than all, by the ludicrous observations of the latter. Tighe's absurd remarks were intended to mollify the officer's temper, and to apologize for Tighe's natural awkwardness and blunders; and they were so extremely ludicrous that the captain found it impossible to be seriously indignant.

"Sure you told me to pack up," pursued Tighe, putting the box of blacking with ferocious haste into the dressing-case, and placing on top of it indiscriminately brushes, combs, collars and cuffs, all that he could crowd into the spaces without regard to adaptation or neatness; and as his master was at the further end of the room, the performance passed unobserved. "An' in Ireland, here," he continued, working for dear life, "we pack up by putting everything in the middle of the fire, just to see what we've got, an' after that it's easier to stow them into the holes an' corners, an'—"

He was interrupted by Captain Dennier's entrance.

"What do you think of it?" asked Captain Crawford, coming to meet him, and pointing to Tighe, who pretended to be too busy even to lift his eyes to the new-comer.

"That's the way he is about my packing," continued the officer, "after leaving me in a pretty lurch beside; what do you think—he positively refuses to come with me to Dublin, alleging that the climate wouldn't agree with his dog!"

"An' it wouldn't," spoke up Tighe from the depths of a valise; and Tighe fairly trembled as he imagined the consequences. It was with many an anxious, though covert, glance that he watched the officer, when the latter, having arisen from his slumber, began hasty preparations for departure, and every resource which Tighe's natural wit and humor suggested he unhesitatingly employed to divert his master from remembering the paper which had been given into his charge. But at the very moment of departure, when Tighe was shouldering a couple of valises, and Captain Dennier's valet, now transferred to Captain Crawford, was bearing sundry small boxes to a vehicle in waiting below, the officer said suddenly:

"By Jove! I was forgetting; what did I do with that paper of Dennier's?"

The valises on Tighe's shoulder required re-adjusting just then—it became necessary to remove them from their position, and to shake and smooth them out, after which he looked back to see if he had carefully tried, all of which maneuvering elicited no very gentle expressions from Captain Dennier's valet, who was impatient to have the luggage on the vehicle.

"Be aisy, man," said Tighe a Vohr, assuming a careless, jovial air, though his heart was beating like a trip hammer. "Fair an' smooth in a day never lost yet, an' there'll be time when you're in yer grave, an' the tip end o' yer toes turned up to the roots o' the daisies; arrah! have patience!" as the English servant, now thoroughly provoked, tried to hurry matters by attempting to take one of the valises. Do you think that I'll let the captain run the risk o' havin' his traps spilled out on the street afore his eyes, an' nayther me nor Shaun there to help him?"

And Tighe, in his assumed indignation, stood upright, and ventured to give a broad look at Captain Crawford.

coke, and which he was to transfer to Captain Crawford for final delivery in Dublin. Though Tighe strained his organs of hearing, he could only distinguish unconnected words; he fancied he heard the name of Carter, and directly he saw Captain Dennier pass to the hand of his friend an envelope out of which the latter took a carefully folded paper. He opened and perused it, then replaced it in its cover. Tighe, with his wonted sharpness, made a shrewd and lucky guess as to what might be the contents of the document. "Oh, all ye howly saints that's mentioned every day in the calendar," he mentally prayed, "help me now—help me to get hold o' that paper!"

The conference of the captains ended, Dennier left the apartment to send his own valet to facilitate Tighe's awkward packing, and Crawford, divesting himself of his coat and boots, threw himself upon the bed for a brief slumber preparatory to his sudden and unbidden journey. Tighe's eyes grew in size and shone like stars. He had seen his master deposit the envelope containing the all-important paper in some pocket about him, but whether in the inner breast pocket of his coat, or a recess closer to his person, he was unable to tell. With many a fervent mental prayer, and with noiseless motion, that he might not disturb the now soundly sleeping officer, he seized the coat and conveyed it to the inner room. He knew that he should recognize the envelope from its peculiarly shaded color, and there, as if the help he had invoked had indeed been afforded him, the first thing he drew out of the breast pocket was the identical envelope; fortunately it was still unsealed—he could substitute something for its contents which he was about to pilfer. Garfield's letter to the Widow Moore was carefully placed in an inner pocket of his own; he brought it forth; it occupied paper enough to swell the envelope to the size it had been with Carter's document within it, and disposing of it in place of the article which he now abstracted, the envelope was restored to the pocket from which he had taken it; the coat returned to its former position, and Tighe himself bent once more to his packing, chuckling as he thought how the government authorities, instead of receiving the valuable information they expected, would be in possession of his own ridiculous production to the Widow Moore.

Still Tighe was troubled with misgivings; he wasn't sure that it was the right paper, after all; he was only depending on his own shrewd conjectures, and they might be wrong; then, also, Captain Crawford might read the document again, and finding a love epistle where he had before perused valuable information of the proposed Irish Republic, he would instantly guess the perpetrator of the theft; and Tighe fairly trembled as he imagined the consequences. It was with many an anxious, though covert, glance that he watched the officer, when the latter, having arisen from his slumber, began hasty preparations for departure, and every resource which Tighe's natural wit and humor suggested he unhesitatingly employed to divert his master from remembering the paper which had been given into his charge. But at the very moment of departure, when Tighe was shouldering a couple of valises, and Captain Dennier's valet, now transferred to Captain Crawford, was bearing sundry small boxes to a vehicle in waiting below, the officer said suddenly:

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The gentleman had been searching his pockets in anxious and impatient haste; but now, simultaneously with Tighe's look, he drew the envelope forth. Tighe shook so violently that he had to cover his agitation by exclaiming: "Faith I think it's a magram (a sort of ague) I'm gettin'!"

Captain Crawford was turning over the envelope, reading the superscription,—which, had Tighe been able to read, would have satisfied his doubts at once—and soliloquizing: "Yes; that's it." Then, without disturbing the contents, he sealed the envelope and put it carefully back in his breast pocket.

Tighe's magram suddenly disappeared, and extraordinary strength and energy returned to him; he felt as if he could have carried the barracks on his back, so relieved and so buoyant were his spirits; and it was with the very heartiest of adieus, not however, without a dash of pathetic humor, that he, attended by Shaun, saw the officer finally depart.

CHAPTER XVII
TIGHE A VOHR'S MOUTH-PIECE

Rat-tat-tat-tat! It was a knock so loud, and so prolonged, and made with such a peculiar tattoo on the door, that Moira Moynahan paused in her work of sweeping the kitchen floor in no little consternation; then, chiding herself for her cowardice, she went, broom in hand, to admit the applicant. Tighe a Vohr was at Shaun at his heels stood before her, but he looked so unlike himself in his servant dress that even while she gave a little scream of delight, her look expressed surprise, and some alarm, at his changed appearance.

"Don't mind; I'll explain it all to yer satisfaction," he said, with an air of apology and a rueful look at himself, as he entered the house, Shaun closely following him. "But first tell me how you are,"—extending his hand, and looking as if he would like to accompany his inquiry by a more endearing token of his regard.

The proffered member was refused, and Moira, drawing back from him, put her apron to her face, and began to rock her body to and fro like one in violent grief. Tighe seemed speechless with astonishment; he rolled his eyes, scratched his head, looked at Shaun (who appeared to be as puzzled as his master,) and at last, as if he must take some desperate measure, he approached Moira and attempted to pull the apron from her face. She only held it the closer, and seemed to be crying the more violently.

In the name o' common sense, Moira, what is the reason o' all this? if it's mad wid me you are for stayin' away so long, why have I out at once, but don't be actin' in that outlandish fashion."

She dropped her apron; to Tighe's renewed surprise not a trace of a tear was to be seen; then she put her finger on her lip and shook her head in a most woe-begone way.

"What is the matter?" broke out Tighe, fast losing his temper. Still her finger pressed to her lips and her sorrowful shake of the head was his only answer.

"Well, may I never, if it isn't enough to make a saint swear; here am I goin' through thick an' thin to prove me affection for you, sufferin' meself to be dressed up till there isn't a kangaroo in Australia but'd be ashamed o' me for company, an' this is the threatment I receive. Moira Moynahan, you're loike the rest o' yer sex, a purty deceavin' female that has no mortal sin in life but to destroy the hopes an' the hearts o' the innocent, unsuspectin' male kinder. Come, Shaun," looking ruefully at the dog, "we'll take leave a place where there's no welcome for us."

Moira sprung after the animal, throwing herself on her knees beside it, and clasping her arms around its neck.

"Tell him, Shaun, that I can't speak to him; I'm forbidden by uncle to receive any attentions from him because uncle says he drinks, and he wouldn't make me a good husband; but oh, tell him, Shaun, that I love him just the same."

"Whew!" prolonged and shrill, came from Tighe's lips, an ejaculation by which he intended to express how clearly he now understood the matter. Then he called the dog to him, and throwing himself beside it in precisely the same manner as Moira had done, he said:

"An' tell her, Shaun, that me love for her'll never die—it's burnin' up on the increase ivy minute; tell her I've her kapsake yet, —releasing his grasp of the dog for a moment to take his caresses from the chair on which it rested, and to point triumphantly to the now somewhat ragged, as well as faded, bow at the side. "Tell her,"—putting the hat down, and resuming his embrace of Shaun,—"that I manfully resisted ivy attempt to put another carben on me head, an' tell her I'll continue to resist till her own fair fingers will give me a better remembrance. Tell her all that, Shaun, an' tell her that while there's life there's hope, an' that Father Meagher'll be brought round yet."

He turned the dog about so that it faced Moira, and the latter calling him, he walked leisurely to her, his head down, and his tail between his legs, as if his canine dignity was suffering from the undignified task which he was compelled to perform.

"This I must be off instantly, an' I'm overtake him. It's little use I'm afeard their journey will be—the master is too strictly guarded. I've been all this toime thyrin' to make me way to him, an' I haven't laid eyes on him yet. I were only been able to find out whereabouts in the jail he is; but, please goodness,"—he was approaching Moira and talking eagerly to her, while she bowed her face on the dog, and spoke from the depths of his hairy neck:

"Oh, Shaun, why don't he speak to you, and not be trying to lead me into temptation this way? he knows I mustn't say a word to him."

Tighe stopped short, impatient and annoyed.

"It's aisy, seein' yer uncle was niver in love, Moira, or he'd not be subjectin' us to sich cruelty as this," He whistled to Shaun. "Tell her, Shaun, that I have a docymint here that old Morty Carther intended to betray the master wid, as well as iver so many more o' the boys, an' as she has the book larrah, she'll read it for you, Shaun, an' I'll listen."

He put the paper in the dog's mouth, and signaled him to take it to Moira. Encircling the animal with her arm, she held the paper before him, and read with little difficulty all the crinating evidence which it contained, her cheek flushing and her bosom swelling, as she realized the dreadful consequences which possession of that paper by the English government would bring to the devoted fellows whose names it contained.

"Tather an' ages, but that'd be a cincher for the old scoundrel, Morty Carther!" ejaculated Tighe. The interview was ended at last by mutual protestations of undying love, all told to the dog, and by embraces of the latter, from which the puzzled animal, who had never before been the object of such ardent attention, was evidently glad to be free. Out on the road, he recovered his spirits, frisking by Tighe's side, and barking with delight at the very birds soared far above him.

"What's that for an unmanly dog!" rebuked Tighe; "it's heavy-hearted you ought to be, an' not carryin' on in that light fashion, whin the master's shut up widin four bare walls an' debarred from a sight o' thim he loves!"

But Shaun seemed to know that the reprimand was given more as a vent to Tighe's own troubled feelings than as a positive injunction which must be obeyed, and he continued his sportive movements till an obliging carman gave his master and himself a lengthy lift to Tralee.

Tighe's first anxiety was to find his friends who had started that morning from Dhrommachoot. He judged that they would sojourn at some hotel in the town, and to one of the best of these he hastened. The bar was surrounded by a group of idlers, amid the latter a good sprinkling of redcoats. All seemed an to be fraternal terms, from the well-to-do farmer, flush with the success of a recent sale, hobnobbing over a social glass with a roystering townsman, to the reduced Irish gentleman holding animated parley with one of the officers. Tighe assumed his leisurely, half-fops manner; too wary to make open inquiry for recent arrivals, he hoped to gain his information by his usual shrewdness. A group composed of sporting men and officers were discussing some subject of the turf with loud animation. Suddenly one of the latter said:

"I tell you, Garfield is in sorry plight."

The name made Tighe pause in his apparently aimless saunter.

"He shouldn't have been so d—d quick," was the response from one of the sporting men. "He wouldn't listen to a friend's hint, or he might have been saved his money and his honor."

"Well, he hasn't lost them yet," said the first speaker.

No; but they are as good as lost; the horse that he bet on has become disabled, and the rider that he engaged has been bought up by the other side."

MOTHER HEART

Jim Morrissey settled his lean sinewy length into the near-mahogany arm-chair in Mrs. Dinelli's front parlor and looked searchingly into the face before him.

It was a study well worth while. Ruth O'Neil had the same sea-blue eyes, milk-white skin, and dusky hair that had been the pride of her mother's mother, the first Ruth, when she came to America sixty years before.

Those blue eyes that sparkled so often with merriment, that misted sometimes with tenderness, tonight were dark pools of troubled thought.

Twice she had started to speak and twice she had checked herself abruptly. Presently Jim Morrissey laid his hand upon the little white one that clutched the arm of the rocker, and asked:

"What is it, dear?"

With a quick effort at self-control, Ruth answered rather breathlessly:

"I signed my contract today."

The man settled back into his chair again and looked at the girl in bewilderment.

"I can hardly believe you. Is it possible, Ruth, that you expect to go on teaching?"

She nodded, not trusting herself to speak.

"I know it's a common practice for girls to keep on working after they have married. But I'll say I'm unalterably opposed to it. And Ruth, dear, he added with a sudden little rush of tenderness, "I wouldn't have asked you to be my wife, you know, if I couldn't take care of you."

He stopped there, expecting her to make the next move.

Ruth raised her head in a quick little movement of distress.

"I know, Jim."

"Then why is my sweetheart harboring such a notion?"

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