

**CARROLL O'DONOGHUE**

CHRISTINE FABRE  
 Authors of "A Mother's Sacrifice," etc.  
**CHAPTER XLII.—CONTINUED**

She paused, but it was only because emotion threatened to overpower her.  
 "Cease, Miss O'Donoghue, I beg of you!" and the officer's voice was as tremulous as her own had been; "you misjudge, you wrong me!"  
 Her lips curled contemptuously. "Wrong you!" she straightened herself, and drew back from him.  
 "A single word from you to the governor of the jail would have won for us the favor we craved—an interview with my brother. I knelt to you for it, Captain Dennier, but you refused—surely, to one who holds such stern ideas of duty, the feelings of those who are crushed by that relentless principle can make little difference."

She turned slightly from him, and pressed her clasped hands to her forehead; it was throbbing wildly from her painful excitement. He watched her a moment in silence, as if he would fain read something in that forbidding deportment which would not chill entirely the hope still within him; but nothing appeared—evidently she was only waiting for him to end the interview.

"Miss O'Donoghue,"—the sadness in his voice thrilled her—"I see that the opinion which you first formed of me has remained unaltered, and I feel now that no explanation, no entreaty of mine, can change it. Be it so! I shall cease to urge you, and I shall detain you only to say that I could not leave Ireland forever without at least endeavoring to prove to you that I acted in the sad affair of your brother reluctantly, and but in accordance with my duty. Because that duty compels me so bitter and so constant a sacrifice of my feelings, I am about to resign my commission in her Majesty's service."

"Resign your commission!" she turned to him, her dignity, that was almost hauteur, the scornful curl of her lip, suddenly vanished, and in their place delighted surprise and interest. The spark of hope still within the officer's breast kindled into flame; again he approached her, and again he ventured to extend his hand.  
 "May I dare to hope that my resignation will be regarded by you as a sort of atonement for the misery I have so unwillingly caused; and in future years, when time has closed the wounds now so painfully open, will you extend to me the charity you now refuse?"

Clare was silent, but she could no longer refuse her hand; she gave it to him, though apparently with some reluctance, while at the same time she averted her face to conceal its painful color. She was a sad puzzle to herself; admiring, nay, more, secretly esteeming this man, who had committed no fault save that of stern devotion to his duty, flattered by his deference, and the too evident regard with which she had inspired him, and withal feeling that, because he was her country's foe by birth and principle, she must maintain toward him the cold demeanor which she had first assumed, the struggle between her inclination to meet him with his own frank kindness, and her desire to be true alone to her own stern idea of duty, was excessively painful. Possibly he read much of her inner strife, for he dropped her hand after a moment's warm pressure, and waited in silence. She would be strong, she would be faithful to the patriotism which it was her pride to avow, and calling to mind Nora McCarthy's noble spirit of sacrifice, she determined not to be less self-immolating.

"Captain Dennier"—her voice was tremulous from her inward struggle—"truth compels me to admit that I honor and admire the spirit you have shown, but my sense of duty forces me to say that I cannot regard you as the friend you would be considered—to me you are still my country's foe, and my brother's captor."  
 She sought to meet his eyes with a steady gaze of her own, but they dropped before his sad thrilling look.

"Then, Miss O'Donoghue, I have only to say farewell!"  
 He turned away without again extending his hand, but the sadness of the tone in which his last words were uttered had pierced her through.  
 "Captain Dennier!" His name had burst from her in the wild gust of remorseful feeling, and its tone too plainly told of the unmaidenly warmth of her emotions; but the next instant she would have given worlds to be able to recall it. He turned, and read in her trembling confusion more than sufficient to give him renewed hope of your determination, Miss O'Donoghue," he said; "you will accord me that which I crave; you will let me bear from Ireland the promise of at least your future friendly regard?"

"No, no!" she waved him back, maidenly shame alone asserting itself; and then overcome by her conflicting emotions, she burst into tears.  
 The officer, utterly unversed in feminine moods, was too unskilled to read in that very grief a favorable sign; he was deeply distressed, and when he watched her a few moments, as if he could endure the scene no longer, he said; "Miss O'Donoghue, I beg of you—"

"It is nothing, sir," she interrupted, ceasing to weep, but keeping her handkerchief to her eyes; "pray forget my weakness, and as you have already said, so do I now say, farewell. I hear Father Meagher entering; he will receive you." She went from the room leaving him too saddened and too bewildered to attempt to detain her.  
 Father Meagher entered almost immediately, and in his genial, hearty way he welcomed the officer; the latter was too much under the influence of his recent feelings to be able to respond in the same cordial manner, but the priest, without affecting to notice it, proceeded in his own hospitable fashion to make the young man perfectly at home.  
 "You must remain to dinner," he said; "nay, no denial,"—as he saw Captain Dennier about to murmur a polite refusal; "you must tell our Dhrommacol fare this once."  
 The captain still courteously declined, and murmured something about Tighe, and the time of the next mail-car.  
 "Well, then, that settles it," said the priest; "for Tighe has taken the liberty of going on an exhibition of his own—I met them on the way to his mother's, and he begged me to make an apology to you, and to say that he expected to be back before you would have time to miss him. So you see, captain, you are forced to remain, for having once experienced Tighe's inimitable protection, you would find it difficult to get along without him."

TO BE CONTINUED

**THE DOVE OF PEACE**

After the murky skies of England it seemed to Kate and Trevor that they were in an afternoon of Paradise when they reached San Remo. Neither brother nor sister had been in Italy before, and the dress, customs and language of the people were as novel and attractive to them as the brilliant landscapes and cloudless weather. From Milan to Genoa they lived already in their surroundings, letting their eyes wander from snow capped peaks to verdant slopes, groves of orange and lemon trees, stately palms, and then forests of live trees till finally the enchanted road between flowering camellias on one side and waves softly kissing the coast on the other, brought them to their destination.

"The religion, too, is in keeping with it all," remarked Kate, who though a Presbyterian, inclined to ritualism. "The statues and crosses that peep from among the leaves are the final note of harmony in the picture. Such buoyant temperaments, under such a wealth of natural loveliness, could not relish the harsh tenets of our cold Protestantism. Their ardent nature demands expansion, in religious processions, flowers, incense and vociferous hymns."  
 "How about the Irish, then?" asked Trevor. "They are what, I suppose, we call fanatic in a land where it rains two days in every three of the whole year! So I cannot agree that climate effects religion everywhere."  
 "Perfectly true," she assented, delighted to have aroused his interest. "How fascinating it will be, when we have acquired a better knowledge of their language, to go among the people and compare their views with those of their class we know at home! I don't feel as if I ever wanted to get away from this joy and splendor. Just listen to the ravishing orchestra! Half the charm is to guess that behind the screen of plants the good souls are playing in their shirt-sleeves. They all belong to the poorer class. Trevor! Let us settle here."  
 "I have no objection," he said vaguely, his mind already elsewhere, for the cloud she feared had again closed in upon him.

"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?" she quoted to herself in the solitude of her room, to answer, with discontent, that she evidently could not, for Trevor's fits of depression came ad went as if he had not left Shropshire with its sorrowful memories. If only her own cheerfulness did not desert her! How ungrateful he was for the many blessings that remained to them! He was growing selfish. She, too, had lost a brother, and in such a way.  
 "No, no," she broke off her thoughts hastily. Never must she forget the greater burden of poor Trevor. How pathetic was his care for her! How gentle, how loving he was! She would devote her life to him.

"Is there anything in the world to compare with this?" she exclaimed as they were walking on the magnificent "promenade des Anglais," after viewing the little town and the vast sweep of sea. She pointed out the Villa Ziria, with its Imperial souvenirs. Here it was that Frederick III. of Germany learned that his throat disease was incurable, and, nevertheless, hastened home to take up the sceptre of government for as many weeks as were still allotted to him. A noble and inspiring example.  
 "He felt he had a duty to perform, no doubt," said Trevor, when Kate recalled the episode. "Perhaps he, too, was not loth to die. Is it a bright vista, the possibility of interminable years? Why do you think you can change me, Kate? I am what I am."  
 "You are not for a moment what you think you are!" she retorted. "But I am afraid you will spoil my enjoyment of this lovely spot. Do you really wish that we stay on here, Trevor?"  
 "Most certainly, Kate. We could find nothing better."  
 "You must agree in a heartier tone than that, or I'll start you off again. Just tell me the flaw here, if I have it."  
 "The table d'hôte," he said abruptly. "I don't want to make acquaintances, if anybody addresses me I shall be rude."  
 "No, dear, you won't! You could never be rude, we know. But there will be no occasion to try. It is recognized by now that we wish to keep to ourselves, though I am persuaded it would be so much better for you, Trevor, to mix with your fellow-creatures and divert your mind from yourself. To get away among strangers was our goal. But where is the use if we cannot get away from our own thoughts? Dear boy, do not shut conversation? These people have also griefs and preoccupations, and hearing of them may do us both good. Who, in this life, is without trouble?"  
 "When I am back at work," he said drearily, "perhaps I shall feel better, and behave better. I am sorry for you, Kate; but if you only followed your own inclination and paid less heed to me it would make me—less guilty towards you."  
 She took him at his word, and that evening chatted pleasantly with the white-haired French woman and her pretty niece at an adjoining table. In spite of himself Trevor could not help being interested; and

when he perceived that the young girl avoided further intercourse with them, or with the rest of the hotel inmates, his sympathy was aroused and he showed her that he respected her wishes. The aunt was garrulous and supplied most of the conversation, frequently dropping into French, which delighted Kate, who found herself developing linguistic knowledge that had lain dormant since the schoolroom.  
 The hazards of a long excursion together revealed to Trevor that Mdlle. Bouteux courted solitude in order to study for an examination at the Sorbonne. The holiday, on which her family had insisted, was a drag on her work, and she stole as much from it as her aunt's vigilance allowed. The serious bent of her mind appealed to him just then when distractions and amusements were loathsome, and he ventured to offer assistance with her studies in English literature. Soon he grew accustomed to watch for her in the narrow not over-clean alleys of the old San Remo whither few visitors found their way, and which the French girl threaded daily in her passage to the little church that crowns the hill.

Thus they came to talk of religion, and to discuss the idea of different natures demanding different ways of expressing religious feelings. He discovered that she was better acquainted with some aspects of English literature than himself, and she grew quite animated in developing her theory that it was a question of individual character, and not of national and climatic, with regard to forms of worship.  
 "You must read Martindale's 'Life of Benson.' After reading the set, well-ordered life of an English clergyman of your Established Church, he goes to Rome and let his big heart and rich intellect run riot in chants, pageants, incense, and even, as he phrases it exultantly, defiantly—'among idols!' He cannot have his fill of pomp and imagery to satisfy his soul-longings to adore his Maker with all his senses, and all the created objects within his ken. Yet he was resigned to do without much of what had so appealed to him in his own country where conditions imposed restraint, and opinions as well as circumstances are not conducive to exuberance of display. The Church knows variety and that is why she is all things to all men—"

She broke off suddenly, noting the bitter, doubtful expression of his face. The sordid and melancholy youth had excited her compassion from the first day she saw his sister's efforts to dissipate his thoughts and awaken his interest in his surroundings. His silence at the present moment caused her to avoid allusion to religious subjects in their future conversations. She became aware, however, of his frequent presence in the little church. He followed her in her morning climb to Mass, and knelt behind her, timidly offering his company on the homeward descent from "old San Remo" to San Remo by the sea.

The intimacy progressed so greatly and surely to complete trust on either side, that on the eve of her departure, finding her pensive, and strangely sad, Trevor's heart overflowed, and the inevitable burst of confidence came. Her soul and brain were so well poised, her judgment so sound in all things, he felt that he owed it to himself to bring his secret burden of sorrow to her knowledge.  
 "Your society has meant snatches of peace and comfort to me," he began, as they sat together on a bench overlooking the sea. "But you would shrink away if you knew all about the criminal beside you!"  
 She glanced at him, startled; but then said gently:  
 "I do not think so. God alone is our Judge, and which of us on this wide earth has not sinned?"  
 "Few, however, as I have," he answered in a low voice. "I am cursed for ever. Like Cain, I have slain my brother!"  
 "Oh, how sad!" was her exclamation. "Poor boy! Poor boy! How sad for you! I am sure you never meant to hurt him!"  
 She laid her hand impulsively on his sleeve. Her spontaneous sympathy overcame him, and it was some time before he could continue.  
 "Of course it was an accident; but remorse pursues me. We were fencing. Both got heated, I think. There were some savage lungs, and then suddenly he was on the floor, pierced through the side. 'Hold me up, Trevor!' he said, and that was all. There was an inquest."  
 "How you must have suffered," she said after a while. "But God knows it all. He will send you comfort in His own time."  
 "Are you not shocked, horrified?"  
 "Who could be anything but full of pity for you both? It might have been you, as it was he. Surely no reproach attaches to you. Even if you were guilty of carelessness—it is all blotted out, if you have confessed it, and done penance?"  
 "You forget I am not a Catholic. I have never been to confession."  
 Then, indeed, her compassion was great. She reflected, and wondered whether he might, nevertheless, unburden his soul to a priest, and get a blessing.  
 "I have often longed for such a confidant," he admitted. "I am obsessed by the remembrance of all the unkind things I ever said or did to him since we were boys together. I look on myself as a monster for

**CHAPTER XLII.**

MRS. CARMODY'S LATIN LETTER

The dinner at the little pastoral residence passed more pleasantly than Captain Dennier had anticipated; Clare presided at the table, and save for her heightened color, and a certain involuntary nervousness of manner, there was nothing to betray her recent agitation. She was studiously polite to the young officer, but her courtesy was cold as well—all the colder because she was obliged to confess to a secret pleasure at his presence. She loathed herself for her weakness, and sought to atone for it by putting into her manner all that she dared of repelling dignity.  
 The young man felt it, but was too happy in being so near her to permit her coldness to cast an entire cloud over him. The witchery of her manner, the grace of her person, the charm of her low, sweet voice, all were about him, and it was only by an effort that he could keep himself attentive to the clergyman's genial conversation, and by a still more earnest effort that he could contribute to the innocent pleasantries with which the warm-hearted priest enlivened the meal. But he strove to do his part, and once he met the soft brown eyes opposite, turned upon him with involuntary admiration.  
 "So you are fully determined to resign your commission and to quit Ireland?" said Father Meagher, when the dinner was nearly ended; "may I ask to what quarter of the world you will set your face then?"  
 Clare seemed to hang upon the expected answer for a moment, then suddenly remembering herself, she dropped her eyes to the plate, and colored still deeper.

"My destination will rather depend upon Lord Heathcote," Captain Dennier responded. "He is my patron, and I shall possibly guide my future movements by his counsel."  
 The priest became silent, and the meal being finished, Clare was glad of an excuse to retire; she left the gentlemen over their cigars, and hurried to her own room, which she did not leave until summoned to say farewell to the young officer.  
 The adieu, save for the pressure of his hand as he held her passive fingers for a moment, was as cold upon his part as it was upon her own; and not even a glance betrayed to the clergyman the depth and the agony of the feelings that swelled in the two young hearts beside him. Captain Dennier departed, accompanied by the escorts with whom he had arrived that morning, and Clare was forced to hear from Father Meagher a panegyric on the young man's noble qualities.  
 "I have rarely met," said the priest, "such an excellent character; his devotion to principle is remarkable!"  
 "So, also, was his relentless cruelty to my brother!" spoke up Clare sharply; she spoke thus in order to hide her remorse for her coldness to the officer—a remorse which the clergyman's praise of the young man made all the keener.

Father Meagher looked up surprised and pained. "Why, Clare! I thought you had learned more Christian charity—Carroll himself would laud this young soldier; and even your unforgiving wrath ought to be appeased by the fact of his intended resignation. He intimated to me that he had told you the cause."  
 "Christian charity!" she repeated; "I see in him only the one who has caused my brother's imprisonment—who has refused me the favor for which I knelt—whose principles are against the poor, struggling, intrahled Irish!"  
 She left the room before Father Meagher could utter a word of the indignant reprimand which rose to his lips, and looking toward the door, which she had not closed behind her, she said to herself: "Human nature is difficult to understand, but feminine human nature defies all finite intelligence."

He turned to repair to his study, but he was summoned, before he reached it, to meet Mrs. Carmody. She was in quite a flutter of excitement, drawing a letter from the folds of her shawl and proffering it with a low courtesy to the priest.  
 "Tighe says it's a letter in Latin yet reverence, addressed to me, and I'm up to have you read it."  
 "A letter in Latin!" repeated the priest, looking very much astonished; "why, what learned correspondent have you, Mrs. Carmody, to be addressing you in a dead language?"  
 "Faith, yer riverence, I couldn't tell you, if I was thinkin' from now till the harvest; nor do I know 'tho'd be writin' to me at all, much less in such a queer, outlandish way as that."  
 "Well, we'll soon see, Mrs. Carmody," and the priest drew the missive from the already opened envelope, his face breaking into a broad smile as he glanced his eye over the contents before reading aloud. "Did Tighe tell you that it was in Latin?" he asked, looking up.

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