

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

The Shower.

The landscape, like the sad face of a child, grew curiously blurred, - a hush of death fell on the fields, and in the darkened wild the sycophant held its breath.

CARROLL O'DONOGHUE.

CHAPTER XXIX.—CONTINUED.

"Faith, it's supernatural since you have, Shaun, to be underhandin' every word I say! Look at that now, Corry, the way he tuk it the milt! I said his name! They say an' that's no lie, but they say as much as I can't get it in the mind of the two-legged animals that have the impudence to be christenin' thimself's 'min.' An' an assertion with which Mr. O'Toole fully agreed, and to which he certified by patting the dog very affectionately. "Write the note, Corry," urged Tighe; "it might be as well for me to have it, in case I can't get seein' Carther at once. Niver mind bein' particler," - as he saw Corry making the same elaborate preparations as he would for the initiating of a more important epistle; "You'd be wally wastin' yer book lacin' an' big words on the loike o' him - he's not worth o' them, Corry."

"But Mr. O'Toole would not permit his literary reputation to suffer, even in so trifling an effusion as a brief note, and he wrote as follows:

"Mr. CARTER. - I would like the privilege of your personal and individual presence for a few minutes; I have a communication of business to make to your private ear which is of the most valuable and highly important consequence and necessity.

"TIGHE A VOIR" - "You gev him too many fine words," said Tighe, turning the note between his fingers with evident dissatisfaction; then catching sight of Corry's disappointed look - or there was nothing which so touched the little man's feelings as disparaging criticisms of his literary efforts - he artfully added: "I was forgittin', Corry - didn't me mother once tell me as how it was possible for you to write anything else but fine big words, be ye?"

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persistently after the man in you dey me."

And Tighe, whose object was to delay the policeman until he could gather a crowd, among whom he might be some of that class whose impulsive daring is as ready to attempt a rescue of one who appeals to their sympathies as to defend themselves, began a series of mad ravings about his odd costume, - now stopping to brush the dust from his shoes, and causing the angry officer to stoop also, for the latter would not relinquish his hold for an instant; then straightening himself with a sudden jerk which sent his head into no pleasant collision with the face of his captor, and increased not a little the latter's growing indignation, and all the time talking loudly and ludicrously about Mrs. Drummond and Mrs. Rankin. His scheme succeeded perfectly; a crowd was speedily gathered, much to the officer's anger and disgust. The latter would stand it no longer; he drew out his baton to compel Tighe to move on. Tighe clung to the railing which ornamented the entrance of Hoolahan's public house, bawling at the top of his voice in most piteous accents: "Will you let me be murdered by a, afore yer eyes - an' I the wrong man! Oh, he's killin' me intirely!" as the policeman, in a rage rendered ungovernable by the pushing and swaying in which he was subjected by the crowd, struck Tighe a Vohr, but without even touching him, for Tighe had a peculiar way of evading blows, no matter how well directed. The officer rattled for help; but before it arrived the crowd had forced Tighe from his grasp and covered his retreat into Hoolahan's, making it appear, however, as if he had escaped round the corner of an adjoining street; in that direction, when the aid arrived for which the policeman had signalled, all the officers hastened.

Mr. Andrew Hoolahan, the good-natured proprietor of the public house into which Tighe had been hurried, had been a witness of the scene from the first, and his sympathies, which it was no difficult task to awaken, were all in favor of Tighe, whose droll figure and still droller badinage of the officer had afforded him more than one hearty laugh. "But they'll more than likely come back and search this place too, when they find they are unsuccessful beyond," he said to Tighe, who stood within one of the main rooms that opened from the main apartment, a ludicrous picture of wonder and dismay.

"I wouldn't mind that," answered Tighe, "purvidin' I could see Mr. Carther first. I have a note here for him, an' it tells him there's loife an' death dependin' on me seein' him."

"Mr. Carther is not here now, but I know where he is, and I can send your note to him. Let me have it," - and the easy, good-natured Hoolahan extended his hand.

The officers were returning - they were at the very door, loud and angry parley sounding, as they seemed to encounter some opposition. "Away with him to the kitchen," some one suggested, alluding to Tighe, "and the wimble folks there'll contrive to hide him." Tighe was hurried down by a back stair; the next instant he heard the tramp of the officers in the room he had left.

The "wimble folks" in the culinary department of Mr. Hoolahan's establishment fully sustained the reputation which had been given them, and Tighe's own artful tongue, as he told a most cunning story of touching distress, made them eager to save him. In a few moments he was arrayed in female dress, with his brown curls pushed out of sight under a white cap, and he was set to work beside one of the scullery maids, whom in an instant he had excited to fits of laughter by his droll and absurd remarks.

The search, all the more vigorously prosecuted that there seemed to be a reasonable attempt on the part of the police to respect the law, reached the kitchen; but there was nothing in the scullery maid, who stood, dish in hand, viewing with open mouth and great, staring eyes the whole performance, to excite any suspicion, and disappointed and discomfited, the officers were forced to leave, placing, however, a close watch upon the house.

"Begorra, we managed that beautifully," said Tighe to the laughing women, when the policeman had retired; "an' now, if you've no objections, I'll maintain me priant disguise till Mr. Carther comes. I have strong suspicions that wain I whisper a few words in his ear he'll put a dacent int to the whole thing." And Tighe washed dishes and peeled vegetables, and turned his hand to the divers employments of the kitchen with such wonderful dexterity, at the same time convulsing his companions with laughter by the ridiculous stories which he told without ceasing, that one and all expressed unfeigned regret at being obliged to lose his company, when word was at length brought that Mr. Carther was up stairs, and awaiting the person who wanted to see him.

"I'll see him the way I am," said Tighe, "to divert suspicion; for mebbe it's a couple o' platers he has at his elbow to arrest me, since they couldn't find me a white ago." And he departed in his female costume, his awkwardness in managing the skirts the cause of no little laughter, while he was at the same time followed by the good wishes of those of whom, during even his short stay in the house, he had, by that rare winning power so natural to him, made warm and earnest friends.

Morty Carter was in a fit of ungovernable rage; he had heard the circumstances of Tighe's arrest and escape, the evidence of which was before him in the guard placed about the house, and he was maddened to think that Tighe had again overreached him, as well as amazed at Tighe's impudence in sending him a written message, the bearer of which said that the sender of the note was waiting at Hoolahan's. "You're a parcel o' fools!" he said to the policeman; "the fellow's here in the house - I hold this note from him." And then he sought leisurely, amiable Andy Hoolahan.

"You ask me more than I can tell you, Mr. Carther," said Andy, who, for special honest reasons of his own, was not over partial to Carther. "The note was left here by some party or other to be given to you and I sent it to you."

"But the party who left it, Mr. Hoolahan - describe him, sir," persisted Carther.

Mr. Hoolahan slightly frightened himself. "Mr. Carther, I believe you are asked in that note to meet here the person that wrote it; I'll send word that you're waiting to see the party, if you'll stay beyond into that room, please."

That was the utmost Carther could gain, and inwardly fuming and swearing, he obeyed. In a few minutes there was a very timid, gentle tap at the door, and to Mr. Carther's loud and not over pleasantly spoken "Come in!" there entered, not, as Carther fully expected to see, Tighe a Vohr, but a stout, good-looking, rosy-cheeked Irish girl, a trifle taller than the medium height, and with her hands hid in her apron. She kept her eyes down in a very bashful way, and spoke as if she was afraid of the sound of her own voice, at the same time maneuvering to get in the shadow of the room: "I'm sint by Tighe a Vohr," she began in a voice which, though strongly affected by the brogue, was pitched too low and in too fine a key to bear an accent of resemblance to Tim Carthy's deep, rich tones.

Mr. Carther, stupefied with surprise, did not answer.

"I'm his swateheart," she continued, "an' I'm aware o' the trouble he's in; an' I am aware, too, o' another thing; - she took a step forward - "I'm aware o' the doymint you gev Captain Dennis that Captain Crawford took on to Dublin to Lord Heathcote - I'm aware o' all that."

Mr. Carther jumped in his horrified astonishment; he had thought that transaction a secret between himself and the authorities to whom the paper had been delivered.

The speaker continued: "You didn't tell that to Carroll O'Donoghue when you got to see him in the jail; you didn't tell it to the boys beyond that thrusted you so - that wouldn't suit yer threacher purpose; but there'll not be wantin' others to tell him all, unless you wither draw this charge again Tighe a Vohr, an' let him go free."

"Wait for me here, an' I'll see if I can find him."

She departed from the room, trying to walk the floor till daylight shone through his uncurtained window, and then she threw herself, partially dressed, on the bed; he had forgotten to lock his door.

"How long are you going to stay that way?" asked Rick impatiently, as the minutes passed and Carter gave no sign of coming out of his gloomy retreat. "I have you decide the business you want me to do at once. I got tired waiting for you to come back, and I got more tired with the craving want of my heart for Cathleen." A look of agony came into his pinched and haggard face; but it was lost upon Carter, who shook himself erect and began to finish his toilet, answering carelessly:

"Sit down, Rick, and I'll talk to you as soon as I'm dressed and the breakfast is sent up - we'll have it here - so that there'll be no greedy ears to take in what we're saying." He rang the bell, and gave an order for what sounded to his hungry visitor as suspicious meal, not forgetting to include a bottle of whisky.

Over the meal, and after the imbibing of a glass of the liquor, Carter seemed to recover his spirits. He was particularly good natured to his guest, pressing him to eat, and frequently replenishing his glass. At length, when both had done ample justice to the repast, and both, apparently well satisfied, leaned back in their chairs, Carter said: "Well, Rick, there is only this one piece of work between you and Cathleen. If you succeed in it she shall be yours, with money and property to boot. But there must be no flinching, no maudlin sentiment about the matter - you must do the task clean and well."

"I'll try," - the response was given with a determined effort to make it calm and steady, but despite all, the voice shook, and the tone had a mournful, touching cadence. He leaned across to Carter, a slight flash, caused by his rising emotion, lighting his worn cheeks, and his eyes staring a look which made Carter involuntarily shrank. "I didn't think I could do it when you asked me - it went against my soul; but Cathleen rose afore me - Cathleen as she used to be when her little arms were round my neck, and her eyes looking into mine; oh, God! I couldn't stand it." He stopped suddenly, and draining his head on the table, sobbed like a child.

Carter looked on unmoved.

The burst ceased, and in a few moments Rick resumed: "My heart grew so wild with longing for her that I felt I could go to hell to see her; and since no other way will touch your stony heart, Carter, I'm bound to try to engage again in your dirty work, and to sell myself body and soul to the devil for the sake of Cathleen. But how do I know?" - he seemed to be seized by a sudden and horrible fear, for he sprung from his chair and stood glowering at Carter - "that you'll not deceive me? how do I know that when I've served up my evening work, you'll give me the knock which will bid me signalled for entrance when he personated Tighe's sweetheart, and having entered with the same cast down, and bashful air, and hiding of his hands with a handkerchief in lieu of an apron, he approached Mr. Carter. A sudden light broke on the latter's mind; he recognized the air, the gait; he identified them with those of his previous visitor, and in his discomfited astonishment he sprung from the chair into which he had thrown himself. "May the devil fly away with me if it wasn't Tighe a Vohr all the time!"

"The same, an' no lies," responded Tighe; "an' now there's no use in cryin' over spilt milk; best up like a man, unthier the difficulties afore you, an' listen while I tell you where to find old Maloney's horse. To-morrow at twelve o'clock be at Dick Courty's shebeen - you know where that is; you'll mate there Arty Moore, Maloney's groom; you'd better tell him all the villany is found out, but that we've been pardoned in consideration o' restorin' the best innards lately. That's all now, Mr. Carther, but mind you, if you neglect attendin' to this - bakin' the papers he held - for this is only writin' for it, an' I'm all'otely to be arrested till I have the charge properly withdrawn; if I say, you should never split milk; best up like a man, unthier the difficulties afore you, an' listen while I tell you where to find old Maloney's horse. 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