

**The Shower.**  
The landscape, like the face of a child,  
Grew curiously blurred, as a hush of death  
Fell on the fields, and in the darkness wild  
The sphery held its breath.  
No wavering glimmer-work of light and shade  
Displed the shimmering surface of the look—  
The fringed ripples in their amusements  
Of willows thrilled and shook.  
The sudden day grew darker, and anon  
Dim flashes of pent anger lit the sky—  
With rumbling wheels of wrath came rolling  
On the storm's artillery.  
The cloud above put on its blackest frown—  
And then, as with a vengeful cry of pain,  
The lightning snatched it—ripped and flung  
It down.  
In raveled strands of rain—  
While, transfused by some wondrous art,  
Bowed with the thrifty lilies to the sod—  
My empty soul brimmed over, and my heart  
Drenched with the love of God!  
JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

**CARROLL O'DONOGHUE.**

**CHAPTER XXIX.—CONTINUED.**

"Faith, it's supernatural since you have, Shaun, to be underhandin' every way I say! Look at that now, Corry, the way he took it! I said his name! They say animals have no brains, but the devil as much intelligence among some of the two-legged animals that have the impudence to be christenin' themselves." 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 to see to have it, in case I can't get seen." Corry, as he saw Corry making the same elaborate preparations as he would for the initiating of a more important initiate; "You'd be wiser wastin' yer book lacin' an' big words on the loike o' him—'he's not worth a bit o' him, 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 give 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 forgettin', Corry—didn't me mother once tell me as how it was impossible for you to write anything else but fine big words, be reason of the great store o' learnin' you got in yer youth?"

Mr. O'Toole was beaming again, and explaining to Tighe the mysterious and wonderful power which a big word had of placing the writer in a very important and exalted position before ignorant folk.

"Tis, but could Carter know well that I never got beyond pot books—no, then same wouldn't be in me head now, 'cuz the weather drivin' him in with a stick that he broke over me knuckles. How an' iver, I'll try me luck; so good-bye, Corry, an' take good care o' Shaun."

The dog, fully comprehending the situation, stood with drooped head, and tail meekly between his legs.

"Is it to Hoolahan's you'll go now," questioned Corry.

"Straight, Corry; I'll walk there as quickly as I didn't fall in me bones that there was a *have us corpus*, or some other law thickery, backed up mebbe be a signpost o' the loife guards, after he, I'll say for Mr. Carter, an' then if he's there, I'll send him this bit o' note, an' I'll wait for his answer; you see I wouldn't loike to face him first without havin' him loike—drawin' him out, as we do when we're arguin' for the unsuspicion 'little fishes'—an' I think the contents, which to me mother's mind would do you credit, Corry, will be just the bait for Mr. Carter; he's very shrewd, an' he's very cunning; this same old Carter, but I'll circumvent him agin. Good-bye."

He was off, whistling as he went lightly down the stair, and Shaun, mournfully resigned to circumstances which behaved as cruelly to him, took to a corner, where he saw Corry O'Toole's enticements could not allure him.

Tighe's fears of some action of the law being issued against him were fully confirmed; within five paces of Hoolahan's spacious public house the strong hand of an officer was laid upon his shoulder, accompanied by the words: "You are my man!"

"How do you know I am?" returned Tighe, facing the policeman with the utmost coolness, and assuming his most stolid expression.

"Come, now, none o' that!" and there was a firmer grip of Tighe's shoulder; "you are Timothy Carmody, otherwise known as Tighe a Voir." The policeman was a sharp fellow, and he knew his business; he was neither to be bullied nor cajoled from his purpose. "I have a warrant here for your arrest, and I've been watching for you all day; yes, you answer to this description!"—diving one hand into his pocket and bringing forth a folded paper, while with the other hand he held Tighe.

"A description o' me?" echoed Tighe, in well feigned stupid astonishment; "is it in arrest ye are?"—while the officer opened the paper. "Read it aloud, an' I'll never hear meself described afore, an' I'm curious to know whether they could all about me good looks. Now do you know there was Mrs. Drungollan that lived beyond Murranskilly, as fine a woman as iver stepped into two shoes, bairn! she was a trifle above the weight."

persistable afther the maulin' you give me."

And Tighe, whose object was to delay the policeman until he could gather a crowd, among whom 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 *mat'rales* 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. Drungollan of Murranskilly. His scheme succeeded perfectly; a crowd was speedily gathering, 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, hawling at the top of his voice and 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 to which he was subjected by the crowd, struck Tighe a Vohr, but without even touching him, for Tighe had a peculiar and very successful way of his own of eluding 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 back rooms that opened from the main apartment, a ludicrous picture of wonder and dismay.

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

"He's 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 wimin folk 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 wimin folk" 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, his brown curls pushed out of sight under a white mullin 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 treasonable attempt on the part of the scullery maids to rescue him, was fruitless; 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," he 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. Carter comes. I have strong suspicions that when I whisper a few words in his ear he'll put a daunt in 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. Carter was up stairs, and awaiting the person who was to see him.

"I'll see him the way I am," said Tighe, "to divert suspicion; for mebbe it's a couple o' palters he has at his elbow to arrest me, since they couldn't find me a while 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 among them, 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 seek me more than I can tell you, Mr. Carter," said Andy, who, for special honest reasons of his own, was not over partial to Carter. "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 Carter.

Mr. Hoolahan slightly straightened himself. "Mr. Carter, 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 Carter 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. Carter's loud and not over pleasantly spoken "Come in!" there entered, not, as Carter fully expected to see, Tighe a Voir, but a stout, gruff-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 Voir," 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 Carmody's deep, rich tones.

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

"An' I'm 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 give Captain Denier as that Captain Crawford took on to Dublin to Lord Heathcote—I'm aware o' all that."

Carter 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 withdraw this charge agin Tighe a Voir, an' let him go."

"Who are you?" that knew so much" demanded Carter, thrown completely off his guard by his angry astonishment and the numerous fears which suddenly tormented him. To have an entire distrust of him spring up in the Fenian circles, to some of which he was still cordially admitted as one of the most powerful supporters, would ruin his future purposes; and he had Carroll O'Donoghue told of his last treachery in furnishing such a document to the government might undo all that he had effected during his interview with the prisoner.

It was under the influence of such fears as these that he turned with fierce energy to demand of the speaker who she was. But the latter had drawn back again abashed, her head down, and her hands concealed by her apron.

"Please, sir, I could you afore I was Tighe's swateheart, an' it's for his sake I'm makin' bold now. If you'll let Tighe go free, I'll ingage that yer swateheart'll be sat enough, an' will do for you; an' he'll get his horse back; an' be the reason o' that consideration, mebbe you could make the old sinner be satisfied too, and not do anything to Tighe for takin' his horse the way he did. Will you do all this, Mr. Carter?"

Carter paced the room, stopping at intervals to clasp both of his hands over his face and to groan, then to cast a long, puzzled look at his visitor; but he could make nothing of the appearance, bashful, and yet determined, young woman. "How did you obtain all this information?" he asked at last, standing before her.

"That's maybe here no there, Mr. Carter; mebbe Tighe told it to me, an' mebbe he didn't; mebbe me own observation found out a great deal o' it, an' mebbe it didn't. But do you answer me question, Mr. Carter, and not be kappin' me from me work. They're waitin' for me in the kitchen."

"And what can you give me for my secrets will be kept? Women are not noted for their silence, and you are a woman," said Carter.

There was a low laugh from the woman in question; it startled Mr. Carter, bringing a strangely puzzled look into his face—surely he had heard that laugh before; but his visitor was saying in very earnest tones: "You'll have to take me word for that, Mr. Carter, or not wish, which ever you loike best; for I can't give you no more word; an' I'll be so grateful to you for relasin' Tighe that I'd cut me tongue out afore I'd spake a word to hurt you—an' Tighe bid me say the same thing to you; he'll not reveal a word if you release him."

Again Carter paced the room. Did he refuse to yield to this proposition, the gain to him after all would be little compared to the jeopardy in which his future plans might be placed; he would have the darling satisfaction of seeing Tighe a Voir punished, and of proving to his friends of the course how he had been the victim of a cunning trick; but, on the other hand, Carroll O'Donoghue might be made to believe him the traitor he was, and he might be ignominiously expelled from the haunts to which it was his advantage to resort. His prudence counseled him to accept the terms and trust to the promise which was offered. The pledge to restore the horse to Maloney would, he felt, satisfy the old man, and prevent him making any charge against Tighe; and to his friends of the course he could pretend to turn the whole into a good joke, feigning that his innate good nature and compassion for Tighe a Voir caused him rather to suffer his own loss than prosecute the poor fellow. He stopped again before his visitor. "I would like to see Tighe a Voir—to treat with himself."

"You can't, then, until you've agreed to oil I ask; for Tighe'll not come nixt at night; you must give him a nixt mornin' writin', a pledge to withdraw this charge immediately, an' until you get the guard that's around this house taken away; then Tighe will come to see you."

Without replying, Carter went into an adjoining room, and speedily returned with three or four lines written on a paper, which he proffered to his visitor, saying at the same time: "I have sent up to the police barracks to have the guard taken away; and now, how soon shall I see Tighe? I must know when Maloney can have his horse."

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

She departed from the room, trying to affect a true mincing style; but there was something so awkward and constrained about her movement that, had not Carter been absorbed in reflection, with his hand to his face, he must have thought it all very strange. To Mr. Hoolahan she immediately went, proffering the paper which she had received from Carter. "Read that, please, Mr. Hoolahan; I'm not a very good hand at the book larin', an' somehow the power o' understandin' writin' has a fashion o' goin' out o' me head altogether."

Hoolahan, who had been breaking his heart laughing from the very first glimpse he had caught of the strange female couple of hours before in the kitchen, and who laughed heartier now, as he looked at the quizzical expression on the strange creature's face, and felt that a very clever trick was being played on Mortimer Carter, took the paper and read:

"TO THE SCRIP INSPECTOR OF POLICE: I hereby withdraw all the charges which have been preferred by me against Timothy Carmody, otherwise known as Tighe a Voir. MORTIMER CARTER."

The strange female nodded her head with evident satisfaction. "Thank you, Mr. Hoolahan; an' now mebbe you'd be able to inform me if he sint to have the guard taken away."

"He did that, for I sent the order for him."

"Thank you, Mr. Hoolahan, an' I'll not forget the favor you done me this day. I'll go now, an' put on me own proper dress; for these wimen's skirts are very handy to manage."

Having arrived in the kitchen, he gave an account of his success which, while it was humorous, and seemed straightforward and truthful, yet it afforded his listeners no clue to the true facts in the case, further than that it was his playing a trick on Carter that had made the latter procure a warrant of arrest, and now it was the playing of another trick on the same gentleman which had effected the withdrawal of the warrant.

The account caused successive roars of laughter, and as the women assisted Tighe to doff the feminine garments which had been put on over much of his own clothes, thus giving the apparent female a very *embellished* look, and taking some of the mystery out of the whole, there might have been remarkable, they assured him of their regard for him, begging him to be a frequent visitor, and entreating him never to wait for a meal's victuals while they were to the fore in good hearted Andy Hoolahan's kitchen.

neither himself nor any friend he might happen to want give him the slightest aid in his work, and he expressed himself with becoming gratitude, and with hearty pressures of the hand, which became a most significant squeeze when he held the fingers of the little scullery maid beside whom he had been set to work, he departed a second time to Mr. Mortimer Carter.

Having given the young timid, gentle knock which he had signalled for entrance when he personated Tighe's swateheart, 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 girl; the girl, he identified them with those of his previous visitor, and in his discomfited astonishment he sprang from the chair into which he had thrown himself. "May the devil fly away with me if it wasn't Tighe a Voir all the time!"

"The same, an' no lie," responded Tighe; "an' now there's no use in cryin' over spilt milk; hear up loike a man, unthir the difficulties afore you, an' listen while I tell you how to find out Maloney's horse. To-morrow at twelve o'clock be at Dick Courry'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 horse immediately. That's all now, Mr. Carter, but, mind you, if you neglect attendin' to this"—baking the papers he held—"for this is only writin' for it, I'm still loikely to be arrested till I have the charge properly withdrawn; if I say, you should over spill milk; hear up loike a man, unthir the difficulties afore you, an' listen while I tell you how to find out Maloney's horse. 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