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Carroll O'Donoghue

A Tale of Irish Struggles of 1886 and Recent Times

by CHRISTINE FABER

Continued from last week

Chapter XLIX.

Peace To A Storm-Tossed Soul.

Father O'Connor did not reply for a moment; his eyes sought the floor, and his lips moved as if in prayer; at last he looked up. "Yes, Rick, since you so desire; and now tell the story as clearly as you can."

He tightly closed the little parlor door, took from the pocket of his sontane a small tablet and pencil, and as Rick proceeded with his tale, marked down sufficient to enable him to repeat the account. On its conclusion Rick sat with flushed face and folded arms.

The priest arose: "Rick," he said, and his voice had startling clearness, "thank God from your heart for this night's work. He has already pardoned you, and He would even now give you an earthly reward for your act of justice, late though you have performed that act. Cathleen your Cathleen—is within your reach."

"Great God, what do you mean?" The poor startled creature was up from his seat, his wild eyes turned appealingly on the clergyman's face, and he was gasping for breath.

The priest said softly: "You shall know in a moment;" and then he left the room, returning shortly, and leading by the hand the beautiful boy whom he had called Bartley. "Tell," he said to the wondering lad, "all that you know about Cathleen Kelly,—this person here thinks he too knows her, and he would like to hear you speak of her."

An exquisite smile broke over the boy's face, he needed no pressing to accede to the request, for instantly and artlessly he poured forth all that his own ardent affection for Cathleen prompted—her sisterly kindness to himself—to her was owing his own unusual intelligence,—her charity to others, her constant gentleness all was told with a candor and earnestness which must have carried conviction to the most unbelieving mind. Rick could not restrain his emotion, he held his clasped hands before his face, but the tears trickled through his fingers.

"Perhaps, after all," he said brokenly, "it is not she—not my Cathleen."

"It is, Rick,"—the priest's hand was upon Rick's shoulder—"I have other reasons than Bartley's story for knowing that the Cathleen he speaks of is your Cathleen; and you shall be speedily convinced, for in company with this lad you shall go to her,—now that he will have some one with him, I think perhaps he will be strong enough to make the journey."

"I will, father; indeed I will!" said the boy joyfully.

"But even though I should recognize her," resumed Rick, mournfully, "she will not know me, and she may refuse to acknowledge me."

"I think not," answered the priest; "Providence, who has dealt so mercifully with you, will not now imbitter your cup of happiness just as it is at your lips. Besides, you will carry to her a letter from me, and you can the record of her baptism."

Wild hope once more flooded the heart of the excited man; in his joy he dropped on his knees at the feet of Father O'Connor. "Father, have you forgiven me?"

For an instant the priest's eyes were turned upward; then they fell with their wonted kindly look on the kneeling supplicant, as he answered: "When God forgives, of what have I, the creature, to complain?"

Rick bent over the hand he grasped, and bedewed it with his tears. "Nora," he said, when his emotion calmed sufficient to let him speak,—"how shall I quiet her anxiety?"

"I shall attend to that," answered Father O'Connor; "give yourself no concern, Rick, save to thank God for His wonderful goodness to you. To-morrow I think you and Bartley can begin the journey."

For the first time in twenty-seven years, Rick knelt that night before he went to sleep, and the next morning, for the first time in twenty-seven years, he attended the holy sacrifice of the mass. Three hours after, having been provided with a bountiful breakfast, and comfortably equipped by the thoughtful kindness of Father O'Connor, he accompanied by the delighted Bartley, began his journey to Cathleen.

Chapter L.

A Happy Meeting.

Unhappy Nora! it required all her heroism to endure without repining the hard lot she had imposed upon herself. Never to see Carroll again—to have him die without hearing from him one last word, without catching one farewell look! her heart swelled, and its icy weight grew heavier. She sought to busy herself with her own light labor, in the hope of winning at least temporary forgetfulness of her sorrows; but the needle fell unheeded from her hand, and she dropped unconsciously into the most melancholy reveries. Sympathetic Mrs. Murphy endeavored in her kindly way to cheer the unhappy young creature, whose mysterious grief—for she knew nothing of Nora's antecedents—won her deepest pity; but she soon learned to feel that the greatest kindness she could show the young lady would be to leave her to her own reflections. So Nora divided the day between visits to a neighboring chapel, fruitless attempts to work, and in the evenings, choosing that time because she thought she would be less remarked, a stealthy walk to the jail. On one of these occasions she was seen by Tighe a Vohr, who had spared neither time nor labor in the search he had been requested to make: thus far he had been unsuccessful, owing to his efforts having been made in places not so respectful as Mrs. Murphy's abode. His first impulse, when he was sure of the identity of the veiled girl, was to rush to her and give vent to his delight by an extravagant greeting; but something prompted him to restrain himself, and he caught Shaun, lest the dog, having no reason for restraint in his case, might be less discreet. At a safe distance, and with a command which kept Shaun quietly by his side, he followed Nora; he noted the house which she entered, and then he hastened to the "Blennerhasset Arms" to report to Captain Dennier, between whom and himself a series of communications existed regarding the efforts which both had been quietly making for the discovery of the missing girl.

Nora, unsuspecting, and absorbed in her unhappy thoughts, little dreamed of the surprise which was on the next day to greet her. She had just returned from her stealthy walk to the jail, and was vainly endeavoring to busy herself with her work, when the knocker affixed to Mrs. Murphy's hall door sounded loudly. It put the good lady herself in somewhat of a flutter, but it did not affect Nora—she was so sure that it bore no reference to her. There was the bustle of more than one person entering, the sound of more than one pair of feet upon the stair, and before she could even rise from her seat, Clare O'Donoghue, conducted by delighted Mrs. Murphy, who recognized her visitors as those who had twice before called to learn of Nora's whereabouts, had rushed across the room, and was wildly embracing her.

"Nora, darling, at last! how could you be so cruel, but we found you now, and we shall never let you go again!"

Her happy tears would let her say no more; and even Father Meagher, who had followed Clare, and was now standing with outstretched hands waiting his turn to welcome and be welcomed, showed traces of emotion. Mrs. Murphy was weeping copious tears of sympathy.

For Nora,—her tired, sick heart could no longer resist an affection which was so delightful; she yielded herself at last to all its refreshing tenderness, and she sobbed in Clare's arms.

Mutual explanations at length followed, and while the visitors discovered the depth of that sacrifice which would have completed itself at the risk of an utterly broken heart, Nora had to learn that her discovery was due to the faithful Tighe a Vohr, and not, as she had supposed, to Father O'Connor. She had also to learn of Captain Dennier's noble kindness, and more than all, to hear that she was to accompany the party that evening to see Carroll. The information was sufficient to send the blood in a mad glow to her face, and to cause her to tremble so that Clare, beside whom she sat, felt the tremor; she threw her arms more warmly about Nora, and whispered:

"You are Carroll's affianced, remember; nothing can undo that bond—nothing!"

The words with which Nora would have repeated her resolution not to disturb Carroll's last days died upon her lips; she had not the strength to complete her self-imposed sacrifice now, and she silently yielded. But it was in vain that they attempted to control her resolution of remaining with Mrs. Murphy to await Rick's return—in vain they used every entreaty to persuade her to return to Dhrommacohol at least for the time of his absence; her determination was firm with regard to the place of her present abode; and then Clare, with equal firmness, declared her intention of remaining with Nora, appealing to Mrs. Murphy for accommodation; and the latter lady gave delighted assurance of her willingness and ability to grant the request.

Mr. Dennier's influence, vigorously exerted as it was, was powerless to win all he craved for his friends. The governor of the prison was under too strict a change to be able to throw open Carroll's cell as often as the young ex-officer hoped—and this visit, and perhaps one more before the final parting, was all that could be anticipated. Thus it was with the saddest emotions that the little party of three left Mrs. Murphy's for the jail.

It needed no words from the unhappy prisoner to convince Nora of the unchangeableness of his affection; the fond, devoted, yet agonizing look that he turned upon her, the thrilling touch of his wasted hand, spoke more eloquently than a thousand utterances, and she nestled by his side happy and rested for the moment in being so near him, and yet broken-hearted at the thought of that fate which was so soon to snatch him from her. For the first few moments but little was said—the dreadful shadow of that approaching doom overhung them all, and restrained for a time even the words that Father Meagher would speak; but at last the interchange of final thoughts and sentiments began, and Carroll anticipating the clergyman, himself reverted to the traitor, Morty Carter.

"I attempted to tell you of his perfidy," said the priest, "that you might be on your guard; but you would not listen!"

"I remember," said Carroll, putting his hand wildly to his forehead; "I remember," he repeated, his voice showing how much that painful memory cost him, "and oh, I understand it all!"

"Tell me, my boy,"—the priest stood up, putting his hand affectionately on Carroll's shoulder,—"what are your feelings for this poor wretch—can you forgive him?"

The prisoner's hand sought the crucifix within his bosom. "With this, father, before my eyes"—holding up the image which he drew forth,—"and remembering that a greater than I was betrayed before me, I have learned to forgive him."

"Thank God!" the kind old clergyman's eyes were moist with the earnestness of his thanksgiving, and Nora too looked up with humid, grateful glance.

The time allotted for the visit was short, and hardly had the full tide of loving confidence begun when the turnkey was at the door signaling for the visitors to come forth. They tore themselves from the prisoner, turning again and again from the threshold to look fond, mournful adieus; but the door of the cell at last shut them out, and the poor captive was left to resume that intercourse with Heaven which alone made him resigned to his fate, and strong to suffer.

(To be continued)

Canandaigua.

Prayers were said Sunday for John Donovan of Albion, Mrs. Leo Brady of East Rochester and Ambrose Hogan.

The Reading Circle is making a study of the Crusaders.

Masses this week for Thos. Dugan; Father Clark, Frank Figeuscher and All Souls.

New mouments have recently been erected on the Ford and Nolan lots in our cemetery.

Little ones baptized last Sunday were Virginia Agnes Murphy and Dorothy Vernona Hill.

The Sodality and Children of Mary will receive next Sunday. The school collection for November will be taken up.

Affairs at the Lisk Canandaigua' chief industry are shaping themselves favorably for a return of prosperity. Meanwhile the dollars of our daddies are rolling a trifle more nimbly and the panic itself is experencing a panicky feeling.

The pew diagram proof will be ready for inspection Sunday.

The new Sacred Heart Calender and Almanac for 1909 has been supplied to the promoters distribution among the members.

The Ernia Hoss minstrel Thanksgiving night at the Opera House is sure to draw a crowded house. It will be a clean creditable Irish entertainment.

Miss Catheryn Lynch of Rochester expects to form a class in Elocution and latter organize a dramatic circle among the young people.

Last Monday evening Walter Bently Ball of Rochester gave a delightful entertainment in his "Longs of the Emerald Isle."

Our Agent

Mr. A. Herman will call on subscribers in Honeoye Falls, Lima, Avon, Mt. Morris, Geneseo and Dansville, Watkins, Corning and Elmira.

Women Not as Strong as Men.

"Women are not on the average but half as strong as men," said Dr. Sargent, the director of athletics at Harvard, in a lecture recently. "Their lung capacity averages but 100 cubic inches, while that of man is 240 cubic inches. In nearly every instance," he said, "where women excel in sports of the rougher or more masculine sort they have either inherited or acquired masculine characteristics."

For the Music Room.

No piano can possibly be heard to advantage in a room which is either heavily curtained or is overcrowded with furniture. A good plan to insure the correct temperature of the room in which the piano stands is to keep a growing plant there. So long as the plant thrives you can tell that any changes of heat and cold there may be are not sufficient to affect the instrument.

Taxation in Japan.

The Japanese people, according to a Tokio newspaper, pay the heaviest tax per person in the world. The Tokio paper asserts that heads of families are taxed one-fifth of their income. By way of comparison it may be said that an American pays out in taxes about one-thirty-third of his income. In addition the American will earn about five times as much as the Japanese.

Weekly Church Calendar

Sunday November 22—Gospel, St. Matt. xxiv, 15-35—St. Cecilia, virgin and martyr.
Monday 23—St. Clement I, pope and martyr.
Tuesday 24—St. John of the Cross, confessor.
Wednesday 25—St. Catharine, virgin and martyr.
Thursday 26—St. Peter of Alexandria, bishop and martyr.
Friday 27—St. Leonard of Port Maurice.
Saturday 28—St. James of La Marche, confessor.

Around the Globe

Catholic News From Many Places

By the will of Joseph J. Callahan, of Newburg, N.Y., the estate, which amounts to $25,000, is left to the College of St. Francis Xavier, New York. Mr. Callahan was a bachelor and about eighty-five years old.

The next meeting of the Catholic Educational Association will be held in Boston on July 6, 7, 8, 1909. There will probably be another department made in the association—a High school department in addition to the others.

The death of Cardinal Mathieu at London and of Cardinal Salvador Casanas y Pages at Barcelona brings the vacancies in the Sacred College to fourteen, thus making it more probable that the next consistory will be held in December for the creation of new cardinals. Reliable Vatican authorities consider it certain that two American cardinals will be appointed at that time.

The will of Mary J. Kelly, who an employment agency in West Twenty-first street, New York City, was filed in the Surrogates' office on Oct. 29. The instrument contained bequests aggregating $84,000. She directed that not more than $1,000 be expended for her funeral and that $2,000 should be used for masses for the repose of her soul.

Very Rev Owen B. Corrigan, who succeeded the late bishop Curtis as vicar-general, will be consecrated titular bishop of Macra on Jan. 1[illegible]. The ceremony will take place in the Cathedral. Cardinal Gibbons will officiate. The new office and title will not take Bishop-elect Corrigan from Baltimore. He will be auxiliary-bishop to the Cardinal.

By the will of the late Mrs. Emily R. Lushy, of Baltimore, Md., the University has bequeathed the residue of her estate. The estimated value of her bequest is between $150,000 and $200,000. During the summer months the University received $4,750 from the estate of the late Patrick R. Sullivan, of Boston, and $736.99 from the Winifred Martin estate. Rev. Joseph S. Gallen, of Baltimore, Md., founded a scholarship for the benefit of the archdiocese of Baltimore.

Now that the late, Dec. 15, has been settled upon for the installation of Bishop Muldoon as bishop of the new diocese of Rockford Ill., the people of Rockford and also of Chicago are planning receptions, testimonials and demonstrations in his honor. In Chicago the priests and laymen and members of many societies in which the bishop took an active interest, are making elaborate preparations for farewell receptions and banquets, the dates for which have not yet been set.

As a token of gratitude to Dr. J. B. Murphy and Dr. A. R. Edwards of Mercy hospital, Chicago, who operated upon him for appendicitis more than a year ago when his life was despaired of, Bishop Dunne, of Dallas, Texas, has presented to the hospital two fine portraits in oil of the physicians, each of whom has received a duplicate of his picture. The portraits were made by Rev. Leo Gregory, a Benedictine friar of Oklahoma, who enjoys the distinction of having painted the present Pope, being the only artist of the present century whose canvas has been hung in the Vatican.

Hugh Kelly of New York, a prominent Catholic and head of one of the biggest sugar manufactories in the world, died last Saturday. He was born in Chicago in 1858, was graduated from the College of the City of New York with high honors and was later honored with the degrees of master of arts and doctor of laws by Fordham. In 1871 he entered the West India trade, and in 1884 established the house of Hugh Kelly & company. He [illegible] very successful in designing and constructing several of the [illegible] and most modern sugar cane [illegible] tories in Cuba, Porto Rico and Santo Domingo and was one of the best known merchants in this industry.

News From Ireland

Antrim.

The tenants on the Faytes [illegible] tion of Lord Antrim's [illegible] offered, to purchase their holdings at 17 years for second term [illegible]

The Finance Committee of the Belfast Corporation and Sir Samuel Black, the Town Clerk of Belfast, who is retiring, have agreed after a consultation [illegible] that Sir Samuel's retiring [illegible] ance should fixed be at [illegible] his present salary, or $2,000 [illegible] annum. A pretty good old [illegible] pension.

Armagh.

Some very serious damage has been done to the crops throughout the country by a heavy [illegible] fall that continued for two [illegible] recently.

A large quantity of flax, as well as portion of the mill itself and [illegible] stable adjacent, the property of John McMahon, Milltown, near Keady, were destroyed by fire, Oct. 27.

Cavan.

Miss Carthy has been appointed to the position of nurse in [illegible] cock dispensary district by the Bailieboro Guardians.

Philip Coniskey, letter carrier of Bailieboro, has been presented with an Imperial Service [illegible] by King Edward for long service as postman.

Joseph Flian, R. C., [illegible] Union, met with an accident while riding his bicycle on [illegible] 14, and sustained such injuries that he died on Oct. 16.

Derry.

A brief visit was paid [illegible] herafelt recently by the [illegible] Dr. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] His Lordship [illegible] Sisters of the Immaculate [illegible] ception, and [illegible] Walsh's Hotel, left [illegible] drive in the locality.

While an old woman [illegible] Mary Jameson, aged [illegible] lived alone near [illegible] Derry, was being [illegible] Mr. Harnsel, [illegible] Coleraine, as to her [illegible] for a pension under the new [illegible] she complaining of [illegible] faint and giving two or [illegible] gasps, expired immediately.

Donegal.

A report received in [illegible] Oct. 1[illegible] stated that [illegible] skipper and owner of one [illegible] fleet of [illegible] engaged in the [illegible] Killybegs, County Donegal [illegible] drowned [illegible]

Married—[illegible] man Catholic Church, [illegible] Strabane, by the Very Rev. [illegible] McGroarty, only son of [illegible] John McGroarty [illegible] Glenswilly, [illegible] daughter of [illegible] phil, Claudy, County [illegible]

Down.

Francis Greenway, U. D. [illegible] Newcastle, has been [illegible] a magistrate for County Down.

The Department of Agriculture has sanctioned the appointment of Mr. W. D. Davidson, [illegible] as itinerant instructor [illegible] culture for County Down.

Died—Sept. 30, at his [illegible] dence, Woodlawn, [illegible] John Young third son of [illegible] Robert Colwell Annadale [illegible] Down. Oct. [illegible] at his [illegible] sidence, 25 Bridge [illegible] Brian Gerard, son of [illegible] Mary Mulagh.

Fermanagh.

As the result of a fire [illegible] tensive workshop and [illegible] store have been destroyed [illegible] Derrychara Lane, [illegible] where George Hynes, [illegible] contractor had carried on [illegible] ness. The engine and [illegible] belonging to the Urban Council were promptly at work to extinguish the blaze, which [illegible] to a stable belonging to a [illegible] named John Cassidy, and a [illegible] was also destroyed. the [illegible] get it out being unavailing [illegible] to the flames and [illegible]

Send in your job printing [illegible]