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Carroll O'Donoghue

A Tale of Irish Struggles of 1888 and Recent Times
by CHRISTINE FABER

Continued from last week

Chapter LVI

Carter Confronted With His Guilt.

"I felt it," said Father Meagher, jumping up with all the alacrity of a young man, and seizing the dergyman's two hands.

"My brother!" exclaimed Nora, every vestige of color flown from her face, and her large eyes looking larger and unnatural in the intensity of their wild stare. "Father O'Connor my brother, and Captain my brother also—surely it is a dream!"

She did not seem to be so impressed by the fact that Lord Heathcote was her father, as that she was the sister of the two young men, and it required Father Meagher's assurances, and Father O'Connor's affectionate iteration of all that he has told, and Clare's joyfully weeping congratulations, to convince her of her singular relationship.

"Do you swear to these statements?"

It was the interrogatory put by Lord Heathcote to Mortimer Carter, with Dennier as the solitary witness. Not a ruffle appeared in Carter's manner, not a deepening of his florid color, not even an instant's dropping of his eyes, but with all the assurance of well-imitated conscious rectitude, he stood firmly drawn to his full height, and his face expressing a bold triumph as he answered in a distinct, ringing voice:

"I do, my lord, swear most solemnly that all which I repeat to your lordship is a short time ago in the presence of those who were there assembled is most assuredly and unqualifiedly true."

"Allow me to remind your lordship," interposed Dennier, "that the oath of a traitor is of little worth—this man must have already perjured himself many times in the deplorable service in which he has been engaged, so that it required little effort for him to take a false oath now."

Carter affected to bear in silence the scathing imputation, waiting respectfully for Lord Heathcote to speak. His lordship said quietly, after he had turned over nervously some papers on the open cabinet before him:

"You have expected, I believe, as your reward for recent information a sum of money sufficient if I mistake not, to purchase the estate of the prisoner, Carroll O'Donoghue?"

"I have had your own assurance of it, my lord," answered Carter, his eyes beginning to sparkle.

"Well, Mr. Carter," the nobleman arose, and placing his hands with a careless gesture behind him, bent his sternest look upon the miscreant. "Perhaps you are already aware that her gracious Majesty, the Queen, has pardoned recently some of these Fenians?"

He spoke very slowly, as if he would give his listener ample time to comprehend:

"Feeling grateful for the care which was given to my children by this O'Donoghue family, I have interested myself in behalf of the doomed prisoner; the result of my efforts reached me today—it is an entire pardon of Carroll O'Donoghue, and an order that his estate be purchased and restored to him."

The florid color of Carter's face changed to purple, becoming so deep that it threatened to end in an alarming blackness; the veins in his forehead and neck swelled—he was obliged to loosen his collar to give himself air.

"My lord," he gasped, "you do not mean that I am to lose my reward—I toiled for it night and day!"

"I regret, Mr. Carter," said the nobleman ironically, "that you are so little the Christian as to desire your reward at the expense of a fellow creature's life—so diabolical a spirit would in-

dicate deliberate error in the matter of your sworn statements."

Carter bit his lip until the blood came in his effort to repress his baffled rage. "Am I, then, to have no reward for my work in behalf of the government, my lord?" he asked, his voice husky and trembling.

Lord Heathcote answered quietly: "None, Mr. Carter, save the testimony of your own conscience."

He touched the bell; an attendant entered, and baffled, discomfited, humbled Carter was obliged to leave the room without uttering another remonstrance.

The nobleman turned to Dennier, the anguish which he had striven to repress showing so painfully in his face that the young man could not bear to look at it. "Walter," he said, speaking with difficulty, "I shall do every justice to you all save that of making any public acknowledgment—my wealth shall be at your disposal: it will enable Maria to bring a dowry to him to whom she has already given her heart; it will place within your reach affluence for the lady you would wed; and it will give to this young priest, to whom my heart yearns, though I cannot yet entirely believe that he is my son, enough to enable him to dispense his charities. For myself, my failing health has made me think for some time of resigning my onerous position—

I shall now do so, and returning to England, I shall bury, in a life of quiet and retirement this heart which has sustained so many shocks."

"Father!" The young man knelt beside him. "Since your own voluntary act will give to her I would wed the protection of her brother and her home again, I ask no more. I shall devote my life to you, and my brother and sister will, I doubt not."

"Cease!" interrupted the nobleman, with something of his old sternness. "You do not understand me, Walter, his voice softened. "I shall go away without seeing again those who remind me of that unhappy, that guilty past, I shall bury myself in a solitude which they must not disturb. If you, the sole one whom Maria left to me when she took her guilty flight, if you choose to cheer my declining years, I feel they will be few—I shall accept the sacrifice; understand, I place no restriction upon you as much of the talk being told as may be necessary to make people know that my daughter is not the child of the degraded man who claims her as such. I only ask that my name be spared!"

"Do not fear, father," answered the young man somewhat bitterly, "in the pain which must result from the thought of the guilt which you still believe adheres to our mother, there will be little disposition to mention your name."

"Well, go now," said the nobleman wearily. "You say that you promised to join your friends—and come to me in the morning. I shall leave for London tomorrow."

Dennier took a hasty adieu, and hurried to the hotel, where his friends so impatiently awaited him.

What a greeting was his—what a welcoming upon every side as he stood, one embracing Nora, the other hand clasped tightly in both of Father O'Connor's, and directly in front of him Father Meagher and Clare, and the whole party too excited, and too wildly joyful to do more than look at each other and give vent to their feelings by incoherent exclamations, he also gave himself, for the moment, entirely up to that unrestrained joy. He would not tell them yet of the sadness which repressed his own heart—instead, he would whisper first into Clare's ear the story of her brother's pardon, and the restoration of his property. She repeated aloud the delightful tidings, and then, while joyous excitement again reigned, she seized his hands and cried her grateful tears upon them. He could not restrain the impulse to stoop and whisper:

"Have I made amends for all the past, Miss O'Donoghue?"

Nora blushed, and was silent. There was one cloud, however, on the happiness of the little party—the absence of Dennier, or Walter Berkeley, as they all now called the young ex-officer. Carroll yearned to welcome him, and even Tighe a Voler, who had been favored with an embrace from this young master as warm as any the latter had bestowed, wondered to himself why the Englishman kept away at this time, when he was so attentive to the little party before they started on that mysterious journey to Dublin. And in the visit that he contrived to make to Corry O'Toole, before they all started for Dhrumscocol, he had given Corry a graphic account of as much as he knew of the wonderful events which had happened, he concluded by saying:

"Captain Dennier—Mr. Berkeley, I mean,—how can you ask—and her beautiful eyes turned upon him with a look which thrilled him.

At length Dennier's communication was entirely made—Lord Heathcote's determination and his own resolution. To leave them on their return to Tralee in order to congratulate Carroll on his wonderful good fortune! How Clare paled and quivered and then for the first time he read the reciprocation of his passion. He extended his hand while he ventured to whisper:

"Clare—I may call you so this once—you will sometimes think of me—you will pray for me—you will hope with me that one day in Heaven itself will interpose to stand for me—"

She broke from him to conceal her painful blushes, but he had read more than enough to convince him of a very blissful fact. He bade them all adieu, confiding in his newly-found relatives to each other's care; and promising to write speedily, he tore himself away, hurrying to the quarters of Captain Crawford, though it was long past midnight.

Around the Globe

Catholic News From Many Places.

Right Rev. Thomas W. Wilkinson D.D., Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle, England, and a convert to the faith, celebrated on December 23 the sixtieth anniversary of his priesthood. He is eighty-three years old.

Rev. James E. Cassidy, rector of St. Mary's Cathedral, Fall River, Mass., has announced the receipt of a donation of \$1,000 from M. G. D. Borden to a fund of his—your for the erection of a day nursery in memory of the late Bishop Stang.

Brother Chrysothem, superior general of the Xaverian order, has returned to Baltimore after a tour of inspection in the West, and is stopping at Mount St. Joseph's College. Brother Leader accompanied him on the tour. Brother Leader said the inspection showed that all of the institutions of the order were in excellent condition. Some difficulty has been encountered, he said, in obtaining sufficient men to fill in the work. At present the order has about 250 Brothers and 25 institutions.

Chapter LVII

The Return To Dhrumscocol.

Never was there a more grateful heart than that of Tighe a Voler when he learned of Carroll's pardon; it was only his respect for Father Meagher, the rector of the good tidings, which prevented him from throwing his cap up to the ceiling of the hotel parlor, and shouting aloud, as it was his body squirmed with contortions expressive of his efforts to contain his joy, and the moment he found himself below stairs in the servant's quarters, his comical gyrations and antics through which he put shame, relieved his overburdened heart and convulsed the domestics with laughter. He had one anxiety, however; how should he ever wait the return to Tralee assured by the evidence of his own eyes that his young master was once more free. The party, however, were already preparing for their return, and in a few hours all were once more on their whirling journey.

On their arrival at Tralee they found Carroll's release still delayed by some preliminaries required by the law, but a couple of days sufficed for all arrangements, and Carroll O'Donoghue, emancipated, but a free man at last, was in the midst of his friends. No eye could remain dry, no heart without a wild palpitation, as they looked into his dear face, and felt that he had been rescued from the jaws of death itself. They would not wait to tell him, there in the private apartment of the governor of the prison; the wonderful circumstances which had brought about his release, but in a private parlor of "Blanner's," whether they were immediately driven from the prison, and over a repeat of which all were too excited to partake the wonderful, wonderful story was told to Carroll.

"And so my lady-love," he said playfully to Nora, or Marie, as she was now called by her friends, "turns out to be a real lady after all—the daughter of a nobleman, why, it is like one of the romances we used to read in our childhood."

There was no occasion during this jubilee year of 1888, says "Home," and the prophets are already predicting that the present may be deferred until the March of 1900. So it may—March is as likely a month as any other, and there is not so urgent a necessity for holding a consistory for many months to come. It is true that there is an unusually large number of vacancies in the Sacred College, and that there are a great many new Bishops to be consecrated, but the Bishops can rule their sees without this formality, and the Curia, even under the new rule and with the extra pressure of work entailed by them, is in no immediate danger of additions to the number of its Cardinals.

On December 15 Pius X. signed a decree in virtue of which Pius Colin, founder and first general of the Most Holy Sacrament, has been declared Venerable. An interesting fact about the latter candidate for beatification is that he was a classmate of a fellow student of the late Pius Colin, who occurred as he was in 1875, at the age of eighty-six, he already numbers some spiritual sons, whose claims for the honors of the altar are far advanced. Among these are Blessed Peter Chaves, Protomartyr of Oceania; the Venerable Marcellino Champagnat, founder of the Brothers of Mary, and the Venerable Julian Egidio, founder of the Fathers of the Most Holy Sacrament.

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News From Ireland

The Death of a Lady.

The death occurred at Limerick, on Jan. 7, of Susan O'Hagan, aged 46 years. She had been in the service of the Earl family, Earl of Downshire, for many years, and was a member of the Downshire Arms Hotel, No. 65 years.

A meeting of the District U. L. Division Executive Council was held on January 12, at the Hotel Victoria, in the Falls and Dublin. The meeting was presided over by the Rev. Fr. J. J. O'Connell, and was attended by a large number of members. The business of the meeting was of a routine nature, and consisted of the reading of reports and the election of officers for the coming year.

John O'Connor, a well-known member of the Executive Council, was elected president of the division for the coming year. The meeting was adjourned until the next meeting of the Council, which will be held on the 19th inst.

The Death of a Lady.

The death of a lady occurred in the city of Dublin on the 19th inst. The lady was a member of the Executive Council, and was well-known to the members of the division. She was aged 65 years, and had been a member of the Council for many years.

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