

THE LEFT-SIDE MAN

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The Left-Side Man by Margaret Blake Robinson

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MARGARET BLAKE ROBINSON

**THE
LEFT-SIDE MAN**

TO
NANEEN HERSELF
THIS BOOK IS
DEDICATED.

MAY 1944

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THE LEFT-SIDE MAN.

BY

MARGARET BLAKE ROBINSON,

Author of "Souls in Pawn," "A Reporter at Moody's," Etc.

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**ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS**

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THE LEFT SIDE MAN.

CHAPTER I.

HESS HUMPHREY'S LUDKEN.

IF you go to Castlemullin you must take the Great Southern and Western Railway from Dublin and change at Mallow for the little Kerry town among the hills, and if you go there to-day you will find it just the same sleepy-looking hamlet it was in 1877. This year is always referred to in the town as the year Parnell began to fight in Parliament, "jest about the time Jude Mac's min was cutting the turf." It was one day in July, several months after that interesting occurrence, that Maurice Casey, public house keeper and jarvey, was drowsing over his own half door. No one was in the shop and it seemed as if no one was in the town, so quiet and calm and lifeless-looking was everything. The long wide main street was shining in the sun, partly with the limestone gleam of the cobbles and partly with its own brightness, for Castlemullin was none of the dirty provincial towns, foreign tourists find in every conceivable corner of Ireland. In the post office two coun-

trymen were lazily discussing the telegraph instruments, while "Tip the Wire" as the operator was irreverently called, was explaining to them the mysteries of the new strange-looking receiver and transmitter, the meaning of the marks on the ticker, and the length of time it would take to send a message to Dublin. Into all of this quiet a yell of "Stop in the Queen's name" rang through the place, and when the mad gallop of a horse was heard added to this, the two men in the post office ran out into the street and Maurice Casey stopped swinging on his half door and opened his mouth.

"Be jabers, that young scut is at it again," he cried, staring down the street along which an Irish gig was being driven wildly by a young man who was intent on whipping a dashing looking bay horse, and on watching a jaunting car loaded with four policemen in hot pursuit.

"Who's at it again, Maurice?" cried Casey's wife, running from behind the counter, and falling over a sleeping dog in her haste to get to the door.

"Cahal Desmond, of course," was the answer; "he's the biggest scamp this side o' Limbo. Be cripea. He's run over Bess Humphrey; the divil's own blood is in that bucko." Instead of replying, Mrs. Casey ran to the town pump, where everybody else was running, and where poor old Bess Humphrey the piemaker was lying, a stunned and sorry looking figure. The fugitive in the gig had pulled up his horse, and quite unmindful of the police at his back, was lifting the old woman from the pavement.

"Somebody go for Doctor Nolan," he puffed rather than spoke, for his breath was coming in short snorting gasps.

"Yes, and you come with me, Mr. Desmond," said Acting Sergeant McFadden, tapping the young man on the shoulder, while an unstriped policeman moved closer to him