CHARLES DICKENS

She still walked wildly to and fro. At length, stopping abruptly before him, she said,

"Is he near here?" "He is. Close at hand." "Then I am lost!"

"Not lost, widow," said the blind call him?"

with a shudder. 'Very good," he replied, crossing

his legs again, for he had made as friend.' though he would rise and walk to "As you please, widow. His presence is not necessary that I | not one. live; to live we must eat and drink; travel home when he has gone down expecting your return.

titute I am?" she retorted. "I do when the bright moon is peeping fall very far short of twenty pounds, not think you do, or can. If you through the boughs, and looking down widow." had eyes and could look around you upon the other that lives in water. softened by your own affliction, small money for which she works an answer, I must have time." friend, and have some sympathy with so hard and used to shed so many mine."

as he entered,-

ten to me. This is a matter of busi- me. Speak again, I'll listen to you it not enough that you have made ness, with which sympathies and sen- if you talk all night. and thus the case stands.-If you are very poor now, it's your own than most men, and you and he being linked together in a common cause, he naturally looks to you to assist him. He has boarded and lodged with me a long time (for as I said just now, I am very soft-hearted), and I quite approve of his entertaining this opinion. You have always had a roof over your head; he has always been an outcast. You have your son to comfort and assist That's brave!"
you; he has nobody at all. The ad-

She was about to speak, but he checked her and went on. 'The only way of doing this is by making up a little purse now and "You hear this, mother?" cried "He is gone." then for my friend; and that's what Barnaby, turning to her with delight. "Gone!" he cried, starting up.

He bears you no malice that I know of ma'am; so little, that if it lay shining at our feet. Why do way did he take? although you have treated him harsh-ly more than once, and driven him, I you toil from morning until night?" which was about him. "You must out c regard for you that I believe, even if you disappointed him now, he would dow? consent to take charge of your son, added, "not made up yet?" and to make a man of him.

He laid a great stress on these wered, "apart."

"He is a likely lad," said the blind poses, and not ill-disposed to try his here till I come back. Now, widow." fortune in a little change and bustle, if I may judge from what I heard of into the little garden, where they and find some new abode. his talk with you to-night.—Come. In stopped. a word, my friend has pressing necessity for twenty pounds. You, who a half breathless manner, "and well promised change. In another min can give up an annuity, can get that sum for him. It's a pity you should here." he troubled. You seem very comknow where to apply for it; a post must have our rights, widow." will bring it you-Twenty pounds!" She was about to answer him again

"Don't say anything hastily; hurry. Night's coming on, and if spoken, widow." I don't sleep here, I shall not go far. Twenty pounds! Consider of it, ma'am, for twenty minutes; give each

but again he stopped her.

these parts.' way to the door, carrying his chair ing his fortune. But! you needn't tears, she roused Barnaby, who jumpwith him. Then seating himself, under a spreading honeysuckle, and what you would say; you have hinted His clothes were few enough, and stretching his legs across the at it once already. Have I no feel-to carry Grip was a labor of love. threshold so that no person could ing for you, because I am blind? As the sun shed his earliest beams pass in or out without his know- No, I have not. Why do you expect upon the earth, they closed the door pipe, steel, and tinder-box, and be-gan to smoke. It was a lovely even-why should you? Is the hand of The air was fresh and filled with a time of year, when the twilight is most beautiful. Pausing now and then to let his smoke curl slowly off, and to sniff the grateful fragrance off, and to sniff the grateful fragrance of the state of the flowers, he sat there at his him, who can barely live on the few dogs—the ugliest of them all—came ease—as though the cottage were his halfpence that are thrown to him in bounding up, and jumping round him a proper dwelling, and he had held streets, than in you, who can see, in the fulness of his joy. He had to undisputed possession of it all his and work, and are not dependent on bid him go back in a surly tone, life—waiting for the widow's ans- the mercies of the world. A curse on and his heart smote him while he did wer and for Barnaby's return.

CHAPTER XLVI.

bread, the sight of the pious old pil- affliction. The true charity and jus- companion and a faithful friend grim smoking his pipe and making tice of rich to poor, all the world cast off. Barnaby could bear no himself so thoroughly at home, ap- over!" wallet as a scarce and precious article, tossed it carelessly on the table, his former manner. and producing his bottle, bade him lead to something. The point, wisit down and drink.

For I carry some comfort you

The water stood in Barnaby's eyes as he coughed from the strength of the draught, and answered in the af- blind man.

firmative. "Drink some more," said the blind that

'Often!" cried Barnaby. "Never." "Teo poor?" returned the blind that reason." man with a sigh. "Ay. That's bad. Your mother, poor soul, would be some money out upon a bench be be sustained, but because in this happier if she was richer, Barnaby." side them. "Count." be sustained, but because in this source of consolation there is some Why, so I tell her-the very thing Why, so I tell her—the very thing I told her just before you came tonight, when all that gold was in the sky," said Barraby, drawing his chair nearer to him, and looking eagerly in his face. "Tell me. Is there any way of being rich, that I could find out?"

"Six," said the blind man, listenting thing. We have reason to believe, of the divine spirit; something of that goodness which detects amidst our own evil doings, a redeeming quality, something which, even in our fallen nature, we possess in common with the angels, which had its being in the old time when they trod

'Any way! A hundred ways. "Ay, ay?" he returned. "Do you say so? What are they? Nay, mo-"Do you ther, it's for your sake I ask; not mine;-for yours, indeed. What are

The blind man turned his face, or man, calmly; "only found. Shall I which there was a smile of triumph, to where the widow stood in great "Not for the world," she answered distress, and answered:

out

to eat and drink, we must have mon-ey—I say no more."

to rest. I am away in the woods before the day has reached the shaking his head, "though of the ful-"Do you know how pinched and des- shady places, and am often there lest weight that were ever coined,

tears. As I lie asleep in the shade The blind man snapped his fingers I dream of it-dream of digging it up in heaps, and spying it out, hid--Beside the question, ma'am, be- den under bushes and seeing it spar- week, at the same hour, but not to side the question. I have the soft- kle, as the dewdrops do, among the the house. Wait at the corner of the est heart in the world, but I can't leaves. But I never find it. Tell me lane." live upon ft. Many a gentleman where it is. I'd go there, if the "Of course," said the blind man. lives well upon a soft head, who journey were a whole year, because I with a crafty look, "I shall find you would find a heart of the same know she would be happier when I there?" quality a very great drawback. Lis- came home and brought some with Where else can I take refuge? Is

timents have nothing to do. As a The blind man passed his hand rificed my whole store, so hardly mutual friend, I wish to arrange it in lightly over the poor fellow's face, a satisfactory manner, if possible; and finding that his elbows were "Humpy!" said the blind man, afplanted on the table, that his chin ter some consideration. "Set me rested on his two hands, that he with my face towards the point you choice. You have friends who, in case of need, are always ready to help uou. My friend is in a more destitute and desolate situation leaned eagerly forward, and that his whole manner expressed the utmost interest and anxiety, paused for a minute as though he desired the wi
"It is."

"On this day week at sunset. And dow to observe this fully, and then think of him within doors. For the

made answer: "It's in the world, bold Barnaby, places like those you pass your time away, turning his head from time to

to boot, in a month, than he could here in all his life—that is, if he had "Mother!" a friend, you know, and some one to is the matter? Where is the blind advise with.

"You hear this, mother?" cried man?" 'Never tell me we shouldn't heed it, must have more talk with him. Which 'Surely. 'surely. Is your mind," he slowly

"Let me speak with you," she ans-"Lay your hand upon my sleeve," leave this place to-morrow." latter words, and paused as if to find out what effect they had produced. said Stagg, rising from the table; little garden, mother!" said Stagg, rising from the table; little garden, mother!" "Yes! To-morrow morning at sun-

fortable here, and it's worth that Stagg retorted. "He has a regard in another, wild again, then he was much to remain so. Twenty pounds, for you, and will respect me the fearful of what she had said to pr widow, is a moderate demand. You more (if possible) for your praise. We vent his wandering abroad that nigh

"that a word from me"you blind man calmly after a long pause. end that he might be ready on might be sorry for it. Think of it a "Do I know that a word from you morrow, he soon fell fast asleep little while. Twenty pounds—of other people's money—how easy! Turn sition of the dance of life? Yes, I His mother did it over in your mind. I'm in no do. What of that? It will never be but sat behind him, watching. Every

> "You are sure of that?" speak," he added hastily; "I know ed up gayly at her summons.

peared to surprise even him; the He paused a moment when he had and waved his playmate home, more so, a that worthy person, in- said these words, and caught the burst into tears. stead of putting up the loaf in his sound of money, jingling in her hand.

dow?" "First answer me one question," be said. "Taste that. Is it she replied. "You say he is close terated the recollection of it. either from her own mind or from his, for

"Being close at hand, widow, it the wealth of the whole wide world. would seem he has," returned the "I mean for good. You know

don't taste anything like that often, dow, that his making a longer stay power we have of finding some germs there might have had disagreeable of comfort in the hardest trials must consequences. He has come away for ever occupy the foremost place; not

"Six," said the blind man, listen-

made from ripe fruit with the finest tonics added. by physicians all over the world for constipation, biliousness, headaches, &c. e me more good than any other Liver and Kidney dicine I ever used. Mrs. W. E. CARSON, Fort William, Out. At druggists-50c a box.

"These have been scraped together the earth, and lingers on it yet. stress, and answered:

and laid by, lest sickness or death pity.

...hy, they are not to be found should separate my son and me. They | Fow often, on their journey.

"For such a sum, as you know. on this poor place, you would have As I walk along, I try to find, among I must write to a distant part of pity on me. Oh! let your heart be the grass and moss, some of that the country. To do that, and receive 'Two days?'' said Stagg.

"More." "Four days?"

"A week! Return on this day

a beggar of me, and that I have sac-

present, good-night." She made him no answer, nor did the merry world, not in solitary he stop for any. He went slowly in, but in crowds, and where there's time, and stopping to listen, as if noise and rattle." he were curious to know whether he "Good! good!" cried Barnaby, rubbing his hands. "Yes! I love that. dows of night were closing fast Grip loves it too. It suits us both, around, and he was soon lost in the gloom. It was not, however, un-"-The kind of places," said the til she had traversed the lane from vantages must not be all one side. blind man, "that a young fellow end to end and made sure that he You are in the same boat, and we likes, and in which a good son may was gone, that she re-entered the cotmust divide the ballast a little more do more for his mother, and himself tage, and hurriedly barred the door

said Barnaby. "What

said the blind man, not go out to-night. There are Have you no answer, wi- ghosts and dreams abroad. "Ay?" said Barnaby, in a frightened whisper.

"It is not safe to stir. We must

age, bold Barnaby. We'll talk more rise. We must travel to London; lose man, thoughtfully, "for many pur- of this; I've a fancy for you. Wait ourselves in that wide place-there She led him out at the door, and other town—then travel on again,

Little persuasion was required You are a fit agent," she said, in reconcile Barnaby to anything that represent the man who sent you ute, he was wild with delight; in "I'll tell him that you said so," another, full of grief at the prospect and full of terrors and strange que "Rights! Do you know," she said, tions. His light-heartedness in end surmounted all his other feelings "Why do you stop?" returned the and lying down in his clothes to the

His mother did not close-her eyes breath of wind sounded in her ears like that dreaded footstep at the door "Quite-so sure that I don't come or like that hand upon the latch, here to discuss the question. I say and made the calm summer night pound a minute; that's a fair allow- we must have our rights, or we must night of horror. At length the welance. I'll enjoy the air the while, be bought off. Keep to that point, come day appeared. When she had which is very mild and pleasant in or let me return to my young friend, made the little preparations which for I have an interest in the lad, and were needful for their journey, and With these words, he groped his desire to put him in the way of mak- had prayed upon her knees with many

lodge, he taok from his pocket a me, being in darkness, to be better of their deserted home, and turned ing, of that gentle kind, and at that Heaven more manifest in my having thousand perfumes. Barnaby looked no eyes, than in your having two? upward, and laughed with all his

you! You who have five senses may so. The dog retreated, turned with be wicked at your pleasure; we who a half incredulous, half imploring have four, and want the most import- look, came a little back, and stopped. When Barnaby returned with the ant, are to live and be moral on our It was the last appeal of an old

> "Oh, mother, mother, how mourn-"Well?" he cried, quickly resuming ful he will be when he scratches at the former manner. "That should the door, and finds it always shut!" There was such a sense of home in the thought that though her own eves overflowed she would not have obli-

more, and as he shook his head

CHAPTER XLVII.

In the exhaustless catalogue of only because it supports and up-"Listen," said the widow, telling holds us when we most require to thing, we have reason to believe, of

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by stay-at-homes, my good have been pur hased at the price of the widow remember with a grateful riend."

much hunger, hard labor, and want heart that out of his deprivation in that basket, lazy hound?"

By stay-at-homes!" cried Barnaby of rest. If you can take them—do—

Barnaby's cheerfulness and affection "Grip, Grip, Gri plucking up his sleeve. "But I am on condition that you leave this place sprung! How often did she call to Grip the wicked, Grip the knowing Now, there you mistake upon the instant, and enter no more mind that but for that, he might |-Grip, Grip, Grip, "cried the raven, know of. But both he and I must I am often out before the sun, and into that room, where he sits now, have been sullen, morose, unkind, far removed from her-vicious, perhaps, and cruel! How often had she cause and an his simple nature. Those feeble powers of mind which rendered all have tea. him so soon forgetful of the past, save in brief gleams and flashes .even they were a comfort now. The world to him was full of happiness; in every tree, and plant, and flower, in every bird, and beast, and tiny without much fear and trembling insect whom a breath of summer wind laid low upon the ground, he which he nad no sooner done that have made her sorrowful, this poor time eying the gentleman with sur

with thankfulness and love. rom the hoard she had told into the screwing it off upon the spot. blind man's hand, the widow had o two persons of their frugal habits, goodly sum in bank. Moreover they outside an alehouse door, or in a vilens of a mansion of the better sort, nd scores, who would have given nohing in charity, were ready to barain for more amusement from the alking bird.

on his shoulder and his mother fol- collation would be acceptable. owing, begged permission at a trim | Barnaby and his mother walked on, lodge to go up to the great house, on either side of the gentleman on at the other end of the avenue, and horseback, who surveyed each o voice and with more oaths than the ed to exercise his horsewhip, the wioccasion seemed to warrant to have dow ventured to inform him in a it opened directly.

'Wha hast thou got here?" said the that her son was of weak mind

gentleman angrily, as the man threw the gate wide open, and pulled of hi hat, "who are these?"

beggar woman

The widow answered with a cour sy that they were poor traveliers. Vagrants," said the gentleman vagrants and vagabonds. Thee wisher to be made acquainted with the cage dost thee-the cage, the stocks, and the whipping-post? Where dost come from?

She told him in a timid manner, for he was very loud, hoarse, and red-faced,-and besought him not to be angry, for they meant no harm and would go upon their way that From moment.

"Don't be too sure of that." plied the gentleman, "we don't low vagrants to roam about this I know what thou wan'ststray rinen, drying on hedges, stray poultry, eh? What hast

"Grip, Grip, Grip-Grip the clever whom Barnaby had shut up on the approach of this stern personage. Both 'I'm a devil, I'm a devil, I'm a defor comfort, in his strength, and hope vil, Never say die, Hurrah, Bow wow wow, Polly put the kettle on we'll

> 'Take the virmin out, scoundrel,' said the gentleman, "and let me see

Barnaby, thus condescendingly addressed, produced his bird, but and set him down upon the ground had delight. His delight was hers; Grip drew fifty corks at least, and and where many a wise son would then began to dance, at the same for Cataloga ight-hearted idiot filled her breast prising insolence of manner, screwing his head so much on Their stock of money was low, but side that he appeared desirous of

The cork drawing seemed to make withheld one guinea. This, with the greater impression on the gentle ew pence she possessed besides, was man's mind than the raven's power of speech, and was indeed particularly adapted to his habits and capacity and Grip in company; and when they He desired to have that done again nust otherwise have changed the gui- but despite his being very peremp ea, it was but to make him exhibit tory, and notwithstanding that Bar naby coaxed to the utmost, Grip lage street, or in the grounds or gar- turned a deaf ear to the request, and preserved a dead silence.

"Bring him along," said the tleman, pointing to the house. But Grip, who had watched the action, anticipated his master, by hopping on One day-for they moved slowly, before them-constantly flapping his and, although they had many rides wings, and screaming "cook!" meanin carts and wagons, were on the while, as a hint perhaps that there road a week-Barnaby with Grip up- was company coming, and a small

show his raven. The man within was them from time to time in a proud inclined to give them admittance, and and coarse manner, and occasionally was indeed about to do so, when a thundered out some question, the tone tout gentleman with a long whip of which alarmed Barnaby so much in his hand, and a flushed face that he could find no answer, and, a which seemed to indicate that he had a matter of course, could make him had his morning's draught, rode up no reply. On one of these occasions to the gate, and called in a loud when the gentleman appeared dispos-

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An idiot, eh?" said the gentleman, looking at Barnaby as he spoke. And how long has he been an low voice and with tears in her eyes, idiot?"

(To be Continued.)

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