

BARNABY RUDGE

By CHARLES DICKENS

"Thank you," returned the other. "Shall we walk as we talk? The damp falls rather heavily. Well, as you please. But I grieve to say I can spare you only a very few moments."

"In God's name, not to-night!" Seeing that he lowered his weapon, and that he would not thrust in turn, Sir John lowered his.

"I would," said Mr. Haredale, "you had spared me none. I would, with all my soul, you had been in Paradise (if such a monstrous lie could be enacted), rather than here to-night."

"You told me—it must have been in a sort of inspiration"—said Sir John quite deliberately, though now he dropped his mask, and showed his hatred in his face.

"Disguise it as you will, you mean denial. Denial explicit or reserved, expressed or left to be inferred, is still a lie. You say you don't deny. Do you admit?"

"Once more," cried his opponent, wildly stamping on the ground, "although you tear me from my better angel, I implore you not to come within the reach of my sword to-night. Oh! why were you here at all! Why have we met! To-morrow would have cast us far apart forever!"

"You yourself," returned Sir John, suffering the current of his speech to flow as smoothly as if it had been stemmed by no one word of interruption, "publicly proclaimed the character of the gentleman in question (I think it was in Westminster Hall) in terms which relieve me from the necessity of making any further allusion to him. You may have been warranted; you may not have been; I can't say. Assuming the gentleman to be what you described, and to have made to you or any other person any statements that may have happened to suggest themselves to him, for the sake of his own security, or for the sake of money, or for his own amusement, or for any other consideration—I have nothing to say of him, except that his extremely degrading situation appears to me to be shared by his employers. You are so very plain yourself, that you will excuse a little freedom in me, I am sure."

After a few seconds they grew hotter and more furious, and pressing on each other inflicted and received several slight wounds. It was directly after receiving one of these in his arm, that Mr. Haredale, making a keener thrust as he felt the warm blood spouting out, plunged his sword through his opponent's body to the hilt.

"Attend to me again, Sir John—but once," cried Mr. Haredale; "in your very look, and word, and gesture, you tell me this was not your act. I tell you that it was, and that you tampered with the man I speak of, and with your wretched son (whom God forgive) to do this deed. You talk of degradation and character. You told me once that you had purchased the absence of the poor idiot and his mother, when (as I have discovered since, and then suspected) you had gone to tempt them, and had found them flown. To you I traced the insinuation that I alone reaped any harvest from my brother's death, and all the foul attacks and whispered calumnies that followed in its train. In every action of my life from that first hope which you converted into grief and desolation, you have stood, like an adverse fate, between me and peace. In all, you have ever been the same cold-blooded, hollow, false, unworthy villain. For the second time, and for the first, I cast these charges in your teeth and spurn you from me as I would a faithless dog!"

Not another word was spoken on either side. They crossed swords, though it was now quite dusk, and attacked each other fiercely. They were well matched, and each was thoroughly skilled in the management of his weapon.

With that, he raised his arm, and struck him on the breast so that he staggered. Sir John, the instant he recovered, drew his sword, threw away the scabbard and his hat, and running on his adversary, made a desperate lunge at his heart, which, but that his guard was quick and true, would have stretched him dead upon the grass.

CHAPTER THE LAST. A parting glance at such of the actors in this little history as it has not, in the course of its events, dismissed, will bring it to an end.

In the act of striking him, the torrent of his opponent's rage had reached a stop. He parried his rapid thrusts, without returning them, and called to him, with a frantic kind of terror in his face, to keep back.

Two days elapsed before the body of Sir John was found. As soon as it was recognized and carried home, the faithful valet, true to his master's creed, cloped with all the cash and movables he could lay his hands on, and started as a finished gentleman upon his own account. In this career he met with great success, and would certainly have married an heiress in the end, but for an unlucky check which led to his premature decease.

"Not to-night! not to-night!" he cried. "Listen to me," said Mr. Haredale. "Listen to me," said Mr. Haredale. "While you rail?" inquired Sir John.

Many months after the re-establishment of peace and order and even when it had ceased to be the town talk, that every military officer, kept at free quarters by the city during the late alarms, had cost for his board and lodging four pounds four per day, and every private soldier two and twopenny-half-penny; many months after even this engrossing topic was forgotten, and the United Bull-Dogs were to a man all killed, imprisoned, or transported; Mr. Simon Tappertit, being removed from a hospital to prison, and thence to his place of trial, was discharged by proclamation, on two wooden legs.

"You will take notice, sir—if you can discriminate sufficiently—that I have taken the trouble to deny nothing. Your discernment is hardly fine enough for the perusal of faces, not of a kind as coarse as your speech; nor has it ever been, that I remember; or, in one face that I could name, you would have read indifference, not to say distrust, somewhat sooner than you did. I speak of a long time ago—but you understand me."

For seven years afterwards he remained, at the strong intercession of his friends, comparatively quiet, saving that he, every now and then, took occasion to display his zeal for the Protestant faith in some extravagant proceeding which was the delight of his enemies; and saving, besides, that he was formally excommunicated by the Archbishop of Canterbury, for refusing to appear as a witness in the Ecclesiastical Court when cited for

that purpose. In the year 1788 he was stimulated by some new insanity to write and publish an injurious pamphlet, reflecting on the Queen of France, in very violent terms. Being indicted for the libel, and (after various strange demonstrations in court) found guilty, he fled into Holland, in place of appearing to receive sentence, from whence, as the quiet burgomasters of Amsterdam had no relish for his company, he was sent home again with all speed.

central quarter, he quickly made a very large connection, and on levee days was sometimes known to have as many as twenty half-pay officers waiting their turn for polishing. Indeed his trade increased to that extent that in course of time he entertained no less than two apprentices, besides taking for his wife the widow of an eminent bone and rag collector, formerly of Millbank. With this lady (who assisted in the business) he lived in great domestic happiness, only checked by those little storms which serve to clear the atmosphere of wedlock, and brighten its horizon.

After addressing, in the midsummer of the following year, an appeal to the clemency of the National Assembly of France, which the English minister refused to sanction, he composed himself to undergo his full term of punishment, and suffering his beard to grow nearly to his waist, and conforming in all respects to the ceremonies of his new religion, he applied himself to the study of history, and occasionally to the art of painting, in which, in his younger days, he had shown some skill. Deserted by his former friends, and treated in all respects like the worst criminal in the jail, he lingered on, quite cheerful and resigned, until the 1st of November, 1793, when he died in his cell, being then only three and forty years of age.

Miss Miggs, baffled in all her schemes, matrimonial and otherwise, and cast upon a thankless, underserving world, turned very sharp and sour, and did at length become so acid, and did so pinch and slap and tweak the hair and noses of the youth of Golden Lion Court, that she was by one consent expelled that sanctuary, and desired to bless some other spot of earth in preference. It chanced at that moment that the justices of the peace for Middlesex proclaimed by public placard that they stood in need of a female turnkey for the County Bridewell, and appointed a day and hour for the inspection of candidates. Miss Miggs, attending at the time appointed, was instantly chosen and selected from one hundred and twenty-four competitors, and at once promoted to the office, which she held until her decease, more than thirty years afterwards, remaining single all that time. It was observ-



LOFTUS FAMILY GROUP

TOP ROW—M. Henry Loftus, Apto. Ont.; Dr. Edward Emmett Loftus, Dentist, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. J. H. Hall, Phelpsston, Ont.; John T. Loftus, Barrister, Toronto; Frank P. Loftus, Apto. BOTTOM ROW—Miss M. A. Loftus, Apto.; Dr. James J. Loftus, Dentist, Toronto; Michael Loftus (father), Apto. Ont.; Dr. W. Joseph Loftus, Dentist, St. Catharines; Mrs. Michael Loftus (mother), Apto.

fame. He had his mourners. The prisoners bemoaned his loss, and missed him; for though his means were not large his charity was great, and in bestowing alms among them he considered the necessities of all alike, and knew no distinction of sect or creed. There are wise men in the highways of the world who may learn something, even from this poor crazy lord who died in Newgate.

ed of this lady that while she was inflexible and grim to all her female flock, she was particularly so to those who could establish any claim to beauty, and it was often remarked as a proof of her indomitable virtue and severe chastity, that to such as had been frail she showed no mercy; always falling upon them on the slightest occasion at all, with the fullest measure of her wrath. Among other useful inventions which she practised upon this class of offenders and bequeathed to posterity, was the art of inflicting an exquisitely vicious poke or dig with the wards of a key in the small of the back, near the spine. She likewise originated a mode of treading by accident (in patterns) on such as had small feet; also very remarkable for its ingenuity, and previously quite unknown.

To the last he was truly served by bluff John Grueby. John was at his side before he had been four and twenty hours in the Tower, and never left him until he died. He had one other constant attendant, in the person of a beautiful Jewish girl, who attached herself to him from feelings half religious, half romantic, but whose virtuous and disinterested character appears to have been beyond the censure even of the most censorious.

It was not very long, you may be sure, before Joe Willet and Dolly Varden were made husband and wife, and with a handsome sum in bank (for the locksmith could afford to give his daughter a good dowry), reopened the Maypole. It was not very long, you may be sure, before a red-faced little boy was seen staggering about the Maypole passage, and kicking up his heels on the green before the door.

Gasford deserted him, of course. He subsisted for a time upon his traffic in his master's secrets, and, this trade failing when the stock was quite exhausted, procured an appointment in the honorable corps of spies and eaves-droppers employed by the government. As one of these wretched underlings, he did his drudgery, sometimes abroad, sometimes at home, and long endured the various miseries of such a station. Ten or a dozen years ago—not more—a meagre, poor old man, diseased and miserably poor, was found dead in his bed at an obscure inn in the Borough where he was quite unknown. He had taken poison. There was no clew to his name, but it was discovered from certain entries in a pocket-book he carried, that he had been secretary to Lord George Gordon in the time of the famous riots.

It was not very long, you may be sure, before a red-faced little boy was seen staggering about the Maypole passage, and kicking up his heels on the green before the door. It was not very long, counting by years, before there was a red-faced little girl, another red-faced little boy, and a whole troop of girls and boys; so that, go to Chigwell when you would, there would surely be seen either in the village street, or on the green, or frolicking in the farm-yard for it was a farm now, as well as a tavern—more small 'oes and small Dollys than could be easily counted. It was not a very long time before these appearances ensued; but it was a very long time before Joe looked five years older, or Dolly either, or the locksmith either, or his wife either; for cheerfulness and content are great beautifiers, and are famous preservers of youthful looks, depend upon it.

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It was a long time, too, before there was such a country inn as the Maypole, in all England; indeed it is a great question whether there has ever been such another to this hour, or ever will be. It was a long time, too, for Never, as the proverb says, is a long day—before they forgot to have an interest in wounded soldiers at the Maypole, or before Joe omitted to refresh them, for the sake of his old campaign; or before the sergeant left off looking in there, now and then; or before they fatigued themselves, or each other, by talking on these occasions of battles and sieges, and hard weather and hard service, and a thousand things belonging to a soldier's life. As to the great silver snuff-box which the King

sent Joe with his own hand, because of his conduct in the riots, what guess ever went to the Maypole without putting finger and thumb into that box, and taking a great pinch, though he had never taken a pinch of snuff before, and almost squeezed himself into convulsions even then? As to the purple-faced vintner, where is the man who lived in those times and never saw him at the Maypole; to all appearance as much at home in the best room, as if he lived there? And as to the feasting and christenings and revellings at Christmas, and celebrating of birth-days, wedding days, and all manner of days, both at the Maypole and the Golden Key—if they are not notorious, what facts are?

FITS EPILEPSY. If you suffer from Epilepsy, Fits, Falling Sickness, St. Vitus' Dance, or have children or relatives that do, or know a friend that is afflicted, then send for a free trial bottle with valuable treatise on these deplorable diseases. The sample bottle will be sent by mail prepaid to your nearest Post-office address. Lebig's Fit Cure brings permanent relief and cure. When writing, mention this paper and give name, age and full address to THE LEBIG CO., 179 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.

Mr. Willet the elder, having been by some extraordinary means possessed with the idea that Joe wanted to be married, and that it would be well for him, his father, to retire into private life, and enable him to live in comfort, took up his abode in a small cottage at Chigwell, where they widened and enlarged the fire-place for him, hung up the boiler, and furthermore planted in the little garden outside the frontdoor, a fictitious Maypole, so that he was quite at home directly. To this his new habitation, Tom Cobb, Phil Parkes, and Solomon Daisy went regularly every night; and in the chimney-corner they all four quaffed, and smoked, and prosed, and dozed, as they had done of old. It being accidentally discovered after a short time that Mr. Willet still appeared to consider himself a landlord by profession, Joe provided him with a slate, upon which the old man regularly scored up vast accounts for meat, drink, and tobacco. As he grew gilder this passion increased upon him, and it became his delight to chalk the name of each of his cronies a sum of enormous magnitude, and impossible to be paid, and such was his secret joy in these entries, that he would be perpetually seen going behind the door to look at them, and coming forth again, suffused with the liveliest satisfaction.

recovery, he had a better memory and greater steadiness of purpose, but a dark cloud overhung his whole previous existence, and never cleared away. He was not the less happy for this, for his love of freedom and interest in all that moved or grew, or had its being in the elements, remained to him unimpaired. He lived with his mother on the Maypole farm, tending the poultry and the cattle, working in a garden of his own, and helping everywhere. He was known to every bird and beast about the place, and had a name for every one. Never was there a lighter-hearted husbandman, a creature more popular with young and old, a blither or more happy soul than Barnaby, and though he was free to ramble where he would, he never quitted his mother, but was forever more her stay and comfort.

He never recovered the surprise the Rioters had given him, and remained in the same mental condition down to the last moment of his life. It was like to have been brought to a speedy termination by the first sight of his first grandchild, which appeared to fill him with the belief that some alarming miracle had happened to Joe. Being promptly blooded, however, by a skillful surgeon, he rallied, and although the doctors all agreed, on his being attacked with symptoms of apoplexy six months afterwards, that he ought to die, and took it very ill that he did not, he remained alive—possibly on account of his constitutional slowness—for nearly seven years more, when he was one morning found speechless in his bed. He lay in this state, free from all tokens of uneasiness, for a whole week, when he was suddenly restored to consciousness by hearing the nurse whisper in his son's ear that he was going. "I'm a-going, Joseph," said Mr. Willet, turning round upon the instant, "to the Salwanners"—and immediately gave up the ghost.

It was remarkable that although he had that dim sense of the past, he sought out Hugh's dog, and took him under his care, and that he never could be tempted into London. When the Riots were many years old, and Edward and his wife came back to England with a family almost as numerous as Dolly's, and one day appeared at the Maypole porch, he knew them instantly, and wept and leaped for joy. But neither to visit them, nor on any other pretence, no matter how full of promise and enjoyment, could he be persuaded to set foot in the streets; nor did he ever conquer his repugnance or look upon the town again.

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Grip soon recovered his looks, and became as glossy and sleek as ever. But he was profoundly silent. Whether he had forgotten the art of Polite Conversation in Newgate, or had made a vow in those troubled times to forego, for a period, the display of his accomplishments, is matter of uncertainty, but certain it is that for a whole year he never indulged in any other sound than a grave, decorous croak. At the expiration of that term the morning being very bright and sunny, he was heard to address himself to the horses in the stable, upon the subject of the Kettle, so often mentioned in these pages; and before the witness who overheard him could run into the house with the intelligence, and add to it upon his solemn affirmation the statement that he had heard him laugh, the bird himself advanced with fantastic steps to the very door of the bar, and there cried "I'm a devil, I'm a devil, I'm a devil!" with extraordinary rapture.

He left a large sum of money behind him, even more than he was supposed to have been worth, although the neighbors, according to the custom of mankind in calculating the wealth that other people ought to have saved, had estimated his property in good round numbers. Joe inherited the whole, so that he became a man of great consequence in those parts, and was perfectly independent.

From that period (although he was supposed to be much affected by the death of Mr. Willet senior), he constantly practised and improved himself in the vulgar tongue; and as he was a mere infant for a raven when Barnaby was grey, he has very probably gone on talking to the present time.

Some time elapsed before Barnaby got the better of the shock he had sustained, or regained his old health and gaiety. But he recovered by degrees, and although he could never separate his condemnation, and escape from the idea of a terrific dream, he became, in other respects, more rational. Dating from the time of his

recovery, he had a better memory and greater steadiness of purpose, but a dark cloud overhung his whole previous existence, and never cleared away. He was not the less happy for this, for his love of freedom and interest in all that moved or grew, or had its being in the elements, remained to him unimpaired. He lived with his mother on the Maypole farm, tending the poultry and the cattle, working in a garden of his own, and helping everywhere. He was known to every bird and beast about the place, and had a name for every one. Never was there a lighter-hearted husbandman, a creature more popular with young and old, a blither or more happy soul than Barnaby, and though he was free to ramble where he would, he never quitted his mother, but was forever more her stay and comfort.

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FIFTH MONTH 31 DAYS THE Blessed Virgin May 1906. Table with columns for Day of Month, Day of Week, Color of Vestment, and Festivals. Includes entries for SS. Phillip and James, S. Athanasius, S. Pius V., etc.

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