

BARNABY RUDGE

By CHARLES DICKENS

"Ah!" sighed Joe. "It's all very fine talking, sir. Proverbs are easily made in cold blood. But it can't be helped. Are you bound for our house, sir?"

"Yes. As I am not quite strong yet, I shall stay there to-night, and ride home coolly in the morning." "If you're in no particular hurry," said Joe, after a short silence, "and will bear with the pace of this poor jade, I shall be glad to ride on with you to the Warren, sir, and hold your horse when you dismount. It'll save you having to walk from the Maypole, there and back again. I can spare the time well, sir, for I am too soon."

"And so am I," returned Edward, "though I was unconsciously riding fast just now, in compliment, I suppose, to the pace of my thoughts, which were travelling post. We will keep together, Joe, willingly, and be as good company as may be. And cheer up, cheer up, think of the locksmith's daughter with a stout heart, and you shall win her yet."

Joe shook his head, but there was something so cheery in the buoyant hopeful manner of this speech, that his spirits rose under its influence, and communicated as it would seem, some new impulse even to the gray mare, who, breaking from her sober amble into a gentle trot, emulated the pace of Edward Chester's horse, and appeared to flatter herself that he was doing his very best.

It was a fine dry night, and the light of a young moon, which was then just rising, shed around that peace and tranquillity which gives to evening time its most delicious charm. The lengthened shadows of the trees, softened as if reflected in still water, threw their carpet on the path the travellers pursued, and the light wind stirred yet more softly than before, as though it were soothing Nature in her sleep. By little and little they ceased talking, and rode on side by side in a pleasant silence.

"The Maypole lights are brilliant to-night," said Edward, as they rode along the lane from which, while the intervening trees were bare of leaves, that hostelry was visible.

"Brilliant indeed, sir," returned Joe, rising in his stirrups to get a better view. "Lights in the large room, and a fire glimmering in the best bedchamber? Why, what company can this be for, I wonder?" "Some benighted horseman wending towards London, and deterred from going on to-night by the marvellous tales of my friend the highwayman, I suppose," said Edward.

"He must be a horseman of good quality to have such accommodations. Your bed too, sir?"

"No matter, Joe. Any other room will do for me. But come—there's one striking. We may push on." They cantered forward at as brisk a pace as Joe's charger could attain, and presently stopped in the little copse where he had left her in the morning. Edward dismounted, gave his bridle to his companion, and walked with a light step towards the house.

A female servant was waiting at a side gate in the garden-wall, and admitted him without delay. He hurried along the terrace-walk, and darted up a flight of broad steps leading into an old and gloomy hall, whose walls were ornamented with rusty suits of armor, antlers, weapons of the chase, and such like garniture. Here he paused, but not long, for as he looked round, as if expecting the attendant to have followed, and wondering she had not done so, a lovely girl appeared, whose dark hair next moment rested on his breast. Almost at the same instant a heavy hand was laid upon her arm, and Edward felt himself thrust away, and Mr. Haredale stood between them.

He regarded the young man sternly without removing his hat, with one hand clasped in his niece, and with the other, in which he held his riding-whip, motioned him towards the door. The young man drew himself up, and returned his gaze.

"This is well done of you, sir, to corrupt my servants, and enter my house unbidden and in secret, like a thief!" said Mr. Haredale. "Leave it, sir, and return no more."

"Miss Haredale's presence," returned the young man, "and your relationship to her, give you a license, which, if you are a brave man, you will not abuse. You have compelled me to this course, and the fault is yours—not mine."

"It is neither generous, nor honorable, nor the act of a true man, sir," retorted the other, "to tamper with the affections of a weak, trusting girl while you shrink, in your unworthiness, from her guardian and protector, and dare not meet the light of day. More than this I will not say to you, save that I forbid you this house, and require you to be gone."

"It is neither generous, nor honorable, nor the act of a true man to play the spy," said Edward. "Your words imply dishonor, and I reject them with the scorn they merit."

"You will find," said Mr. Haredale calmly, "your trusty go-between in waiting at the gate by which you entered. I have played no spy's part, sir. I chanced to see you pass the gate and followed. You might have heard me knocking for admission, had you been less swift of foot, or lingered in the garden. Please withdraw. Your presence here is offensive to me and distressful to my niece." As he said these words, he passed his arm about the waist of the terrified and weeping girl, and drew her closer to him; and though the habitual severity of his manner was scarcely changed, there was yet apparent in the action an air of kindness and sympathy for her distress.

toothpick, and glancing leisurely about the room, or out at window into the trim garden walks, where a few early loiterers were already pacing to and fro. Here a pair of lovers met to quarrel and make up, there a dark-eyed nursery-maid had better eyes for Templars than her charge; on this, by an ancient spinster, with her leg in a string, regarded both enormous with scornful sidelong looks; on that a weazened old gentleman, ogling the nursery-maid, looked with like scorn upon the spinster, and wondered she didn't know she was no longer young. Apart from all these, on the river's margin two or three couples of business-talkers walked slowly up and down in earnest conversation; and one young man sat thoughtfully on a bench, alone.

"Lay them there, these," said Edward. "Your cold and sullen temper, which chills every breast about you, which turns affection into fear, and changes duty into dread, has forced us on this secret course, repugnant to our nature and our wish, and far more foreign, sir, to us than you. I am not a false, a hollow, or a heartless man; the character is yours, who poorly venture on these injurious terms, against the truth, and under the shelter whereof, I reminded you just now. You shall not cancel the bond between us. I will not abandon this pursuit. I rely upon your niece's truth and honor, and set your influence at naught. I leech her with a confidence in her pure faith, which you will never weaken, and with no concern but that I do not leave her in some gentler care."

With that, he pressed her cold hand to his lips, and once more encountering and returning Mr. Haredale's steady look, withdrew.

A few words to Joe as he mounted his horse sufficiently explained what had passed, and renewed all that young gentleman's despondency with tenfold aggravation. They rode back to the Maypole without exchanging a syllable, and arrived at the door with heavy hearts.

Old John, who had peeped from behind the red curtain as they rode up, shouting for Hugh, was out directly, and said with great importance as he held the young man's stirrup—"He's comfortable in bed—the best bed. A thorough gentleman; the smilingest, affablest gentleman I ever had to do with."

"Who, Willet?" said Edward, carelessly, as he dismounted.

"Your worthy father, sir," replied John. "Your honorable, venerable, father."

"What does he mean?" said Edward, looking with a mixture of alarm and doubt at Joe.

"What do you mean?" said Joe. "Don't you see Mr. Edward doesn't understand, father?" "Why, didn't you know of it, sir?" said John, opening his eyes wide. "How very singular! Bless you, he's been here ever since noon to-day, and Mr. Haredale has been having a long talk with him, and hasn't been gone an hour."

"My father, Willet!" "Yes, sir, he told me so—a handsome, slim, upright gentleman, in green and gold. In your old room up yonder, sir. No doubt you can go in, sir," said John, walking backwards into the road and looking up at the window. "He hasn't put out his candles yet, I see."

Edward glanced at the window also, and hastily murmuring that he had changed his mind—forgotten something—and must return to London, mounted his horse again and rode away, leaving the Willets, father and son, looking at each other in mute astonishment.

CHAPTER XV.
At noon next day, John Willet's guest sat lingering over his breakfast in his own home, surrounded by a variety of comforts, which lent the Maypole's highest light and utmost stretch of accommodation at an infinite distance behind, and suggested comparisons very much to the disadvantage and disfavor of that venerable town.

In the broad old-fashioned window-seat—as capacious as many modern sofas, and cushioned to serve the purpose of a luxurious settee—in the broad old-fashioned window-seat of a roomy chamber, Mr. Chester lounged, very much at his ease, over a well-furnished breakfast-table. He had exchanged his riding-coat for a handsome morning-gown, his boots for slippers, had been at great pains to atone for having been obliged to make his toilet when he rose without the aid of a dressing-case, and tiring equipage, and, having gradually forgotten through these means the discomforts of an indifferent night and an early ride, was in a state of perfect complacency, indolence, and satisfaction.

The situation in which he found himself, indeed, was particularly favorable to the growth of these feelings; for not to mention the lazy influence of a late and lonely breakfast, with the additional sedative of a newspaper, there was an air of repose about his place of residence peculiar to itself, and which hangs about it, even in these times, when it is more bustling and busy than it was in days of yore.

There are, still, worse places than the Temple, on a sultry day, for basking in the sun, or resting idly in the shade. There is yet a drowsiness in its courts, and a dreamy dullness in its trees and gardens, those who pace its lanes and squares may yet hear the echoes of their footsteps on the sounding stones, and read upon its gates, in passing from tumult of the Strand or Fleet Street, "Who enters here leaves noise behind." There is still the splash of falling water in fair Fountain Court, and there are yet nooks and corners where drowsy students may look down from their dusty garrets, on a vagrant ray of sunlight patching the shade of the tall houses, and seldom troubled to reflect a passing stranger's form.

There is yet, in the Temple, something of a clerical monkish atmosphere, which public offices of law have not disturbed, and even legal firms have failed to scare away. In summer-time, its pumps suggest to thirsty idlers, springs cooler and more sparkling, and deeper than other wells; and as they trace the spillings of full pitchers on the heated ground, they sniff the freshness, and, sighing, cast sad looks towards the Thames, and think of baths and boats and saunter on despondent.

THE SACRED HEART
SIXTH MONTH 30 DAYS
June 1905

DAY OF MONTH	DAY OF WEEK	COLOR OF VESTMENTS	
1	T.	w.	Ascension of Our Lord, Holy Day of Obligation. S. Eugene I., Pope.
2	F.	w.	S. Mary Magdalene dei Pazzi.
3	S.	w.	Within the Octave of Ascension
4	Su.	w.	S. Francis Caracciolo.
5	M.	r.	S. Boniface.
6	T.	w.	S. Norbert.
7	W.	w.	S. Augustine of Canterbury.
8	T.	w.	Octave of Ascension.
9	F.	w.	S. Bede the Venerable.
10	S.	r.	Vigil of Pentecost. Fast.
Pentecost			
11	Su.	r.	Pentecost.
12	M.	r.	Of the Octave.
13	T.	r.	Of the Octave.
14	W.	r.	Ember Day. Fast. Of the Octave.
15	T.	r.	Of the Octave.
16	F.	r.	Ember Day. Fast. Of the Octave.
17	S.	r.	Ember Day. Fast. Of the Octave.
Trinity Sunday			
18	Su.	w.	Trinity Sunday.
19	M.	w.	S. Juliana de Falconieri.
20	T.	r.	S. Silverius, Pope.
21	W.	w.	S. Aloysius Gonzaga.
22	T.	w.	Corpus Christi.
23	F.	w.	S. Mark, Evangelist.
24	S.	w.	S. John the Baptist.
Second Sunday After Pentecost			
25	Su.	r.	S. Gallianus.
26	M.	r.	SS. John and Paul.
27	T.	w.	S. William Abbot.
28	W.	w.	S. Leo II., Pope.
29	T.	r.	SS. Peter and Paul, Apostles.
30	F.	w.	Sacred Heart of Jesus.

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came home. I candidly tell you, my dear boy, that if you had been awkward and overgrown, I should have exported you to some distant part of the world."

"I wish with all my soul you had, sir," said Edward.

"No, you don't, Ned," rejoined his father, coolly; "you are mistaken, I assure you. I find you a handsome, prepossessing, elegant fellow, and I threw you into society I can still command. Having done that, I have dear fellow, I consider that I have provided for you in life, and rely on your doing something to provide for me in return."

"I do not understand your meaning, sir."

"My meaning, Ned, is obvious—I observe another fly in the cream-jug, but have the goodness not to take it out as you did the first, for their walk when their legs are milky, is extremely ungraceful and disagreeable—my meaning is, that you must do as I did; that you must marry well and make the most of yourself."

"A mere fortune-hunter!" cried the sun, indignantly.

"What in the devil's name, Ned, would you be?" returned the father. "All men are fortune-hunters, are they not? The law, the church, the camp—see how they are all crowded with fortune-hunters, jostling each other in the pursuit. The Stock Exchange, the pulpit, the counting-house, the royal drawing-room, the Senate, what but fortune-hunters are they filled with! A fortune-hunter! Yes, you are one; and you would be nothing else, my dear Ned, if you were the greatest courtier, lawyer, legislator, prelate, or merchant, in existence. If you are squeamish and moral, Ned, console yourself with the reflection that at the worst your fortune-hunting can make but one miserable of unhappy. How many people do you suppose these other kinds of huntsmen crush in following their sport—hundreds at a step? Or thousands?"

The young man leant his head upon his hand, and made no answer.

"I am quite charmed," said the father, rising, and walking slowly to and fro—stopping now and then to glance at himself in a mirror, or survey a picture through his glass, with the air of a connoisseur, "that we have had this conversation, Ned, unpromising as it was. It establishes a confidence between us which is quite delightful, and was certainly necessary, though how you can ever have mistaken our position and designs, I confess I cannot understand. I conceive, until I found your fancy for this girl, that all these points were tacitly agreed between us."

"I knew you were embarrassed, sir," returned the son, raising his head for a moment, and then falling into his former attitude, "but I had no idea we were the beggarly wretches you describe. How could I suppose it, bred as I have been; witnessing the life you have always led; and the appearance you have always made?"

"My dear child," said the father—"for you really talk so like a child that I must call you one—you were bred upon a careful principle; the very manner of your education, I assure you, maintained my credit surprisingly. As to the life I lead, I must lead it, Ned. I must have little recrements about me, I have always been used to them, and I cannot exist without them. They must surround me, you observe, and therefore they are here. With regard to our circumstances, Ned, you may set your mind at rest upon that score. They are desperate. Your own appearance is by no means despicable, and our joint pocket-money alone devoirs our income. That's the truth."

"Why have I never known this before? Why have you encouraged me, sir, to an expenditure and mode of life to which we have no right or title?"

"My good fellow," returned his father more compassionately than ever, "if you made no appearance how could you possibly succeed in the pursuit for which I destined you? As to our mode of life, every man has a right to live in the best way he can; and to make himself as comfortable as he can, or be an unnatural scoundrel. Our debts, I grant, are very great, and therefore it the more behooves you, as a young man of prin-

(To Be Continued.)

There is Only One Electric Oil—When an article, be it medicine or anything else, becomes popular, imitations invariably spring up to derive advantages from the original, which they themselves could never win on their own merits. Imitations of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil have been numerous, but never successful. Those who know the genuine are not put off with a substitute, but demand the real thing.

CELTIC "ENGLISH" NAMES.

Those unacquainted with Irish literature are often perplexed as to the genuine Celtic traits in families with seemingly "English" names. Thus, for instance, last Thursday, it was pointed out by Mr. P. H. Pearce, B. L., that "Gibson" was merely an Anglicised form of "Mac Giolla Brighde." This Anglicizing process has been going on since the year 1483, and hence a clever writer in 1745 tells us that the names of Lord, Judge, Waters, Cox, Browne and King are only translations of the original Irish names respectively of Tierney, Brehon, MacAnisich, MacCully, O'Duin, and Macaurigh. Monsignor O'Lainy, in his "History of the Diocese of Down and Connor," tells that about the middle of the 18th century the family name of "O'Mulder" was absurdly changed to that of "Reade," inasmuch as the "dearg" syllable suggested the English word "Red," which word in County Antrim, was pronounced as "Read." Similarly "MacSgloghli" became "Farmer."

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