

BARNABY RUDGE

By CHARLES DICKENS

"Have you ever seen this young man before?" his master asked, in a low voice.

"Twice, my lord," said John. "I see him in the crowd last night and Saturday."

"Did it seem to you that his manner was at all wild or strange?" Lord George demanded, frowning.

"Mad," said John, with emphatic brevity.

"And why do you think him mad, sir?" said his master, speaking in a peevish tone. "Don't use that word too freely. Why do you think him mad?"

"My lord," John Grueby answered, "look at his dress, look at his eyes, look at his restless way, hear him cry, 'No Popery!' Mad, my lord."

"So because one man dresses unlike another," returned his angry master, glancing at himself, "and happens to differ from other men in his carriage, and to advocate a great cause which the corrupt and irreligious desert, he is to be accounted mad, is he?"

"Stark, staring, raving, roaring mad, my lord," returned the unmoved John.

"Do you say this to my face?" cried his master, turning sharply upon him.

"To any man, my lord, who asks me," answered John.

"Mr. Gashford, I find, was right," said Lord George, "I thought him prejudiced, though I ought to have known a man like him better than to have supposed it possible?"

"I shall never have Mr. Gashford's good word, my lord," replied John, touching his hat respectfully, "and I don't covet it."

"You are an ill-conditioned, most ungrateful fellow," said Lord George, "a spy, for anything I know. Mr. Gashford is perfectly correct, as I might have felt convinced he was. I have done wrong to retain you in my service. It is a tacit insult to him as my choice and confidential friend to do so, remembering the cause you sided with on the day he was maligned at Westminster. You will leave me to-night—may, as soon as we reach home. The sooner the better."

"If it comes to that, I say so too, my lord. Let Mr. Gashford have his will. As to my being a spy, my lord, you know me better than to believe it, I am sure. I don't know much about causes. My cause is the cause of one man against two hundred; and I hope it always will be."

"You have said quite enough," returned Lord George, motioning him to go back. "I desire to hear no more."

"If you'll let me add another word, my lord," returned John Grueby, "I would give this silly fellow a caution not to stay here by himself. The proclamation is in a good many hands already, and it's well known that he was concerned in the business it relates to. He had better get to a place of safety if he can, poor creature."

"You hear what this man says?" cried Lord George, addressing Barnaby, who had looked on and wondered while this dialogue passed. "He thinks you may be afraid to remain upon your post, and are kept here perhaps against your will. What do you say?"

"I think, young man," said John in explanation, "that the soldiers may turn out and take you, and that if they do, you will certainly be hung by the neck till you're dead—dead—dead. And I think you'd better go from here, as fast as you can. That's what I think."

"He's a coward, Grip, a coward!" cried Barnaby, putting the raven on the ground and shouldering his staff. "Let them come! Godden forever! Let them come!"

"Ay!" said Lord George, "let them! Let us see who will venture to attack a power like ours; the solemn league of a whole people. This a madman! You have said well, very well. I am proud to be the leader of such men as you."

Barnaby's heart swelled within his bosom as he heard these words. He took Lord George's hand and carried it to his lips; patted his horse's crest, as if the affection and admiration he had conceived for the man extended to the animal he rode, then unfurled his flag, and proudly waving it, resumed his pacing up and down.

Lord George, with a kindling eye and glowing cheek, took off his hat, and flourished it above his head, bade him exultingly farewell!—then cantered off at a brisk pace; after glancing angrily round to see if his servant followed. Honest John set spurs to his horse and rode after his master, but not before he had again warned Barnaby to retreat, with many significant gestures, which indeed he continued to make, and Bar-

naby to resist, until the windings of the road concealed them from each other's view.

Left to himself again with a still higher sense of the importance of his post, and stimulated to enthusiasm by the special notice and encouragement of his leader, Barnaby walked to and fro in a delicious trance rather than as a waking man. The sunshine which prevailed around was in his mind. He had but one desire ungratified. If she could only see him now.

The day wore on; its heat was gently giving place to the cool of evening; a slight wind sprang up, fanning his long hair, and making the banner rustle pleasantly above his head. There was a freedom and freshness in the sound and in the time, which chimed exactly with his mood. He was happier than ever.

He was leaning on his staff looking towards the declining sun, and reflecting with a smile that he stood sentinel at that moment over buried gold, when two or three figures appeared in the distance, making towards the house at a rapid pace, and motioning with their hands as though they urged its inmates to retreat from some approaching danger. As they drew nearer, they became more earnest in their gestures, and they were no sooner within hearing than the foremost among them cried that the soldiers were coming up.

At these words Barnaby furled his flag and tied it round the pole. His heart beat high while he did so, but he had no more fear or thought of retreating than the pole itself. The friendly stragglers behind past him, after giving him notice of his danger, and quickly passed into the house, where the utmost confusion immediately prevailed. As those within hastily closed the windows and the doors, they urged him by looks and signs to fly without loss of time, and called to him many times to do so; but he only shook his head indignantly in answer, and stood the firmer on his post. Finding that he was not to be persuaded, they took care of themselves, and leaving the place with only one old woman in it, speedily withdrew.

As yet there had been no symptom of the news having any better foundation than in the fears of those who brought it, but The Boot had not been deserted five minutes, when there appeared coming across the fields, a body of men who, it was easy to see, by the glitter of their arms and ornaments in the sun, and by their orderly and regular mode of advancing—for they came on as one man—were soldiers. In a very little time Barnaby knew that they were a strong detachment of the Foot Guards, having along with them two gentlemen in private clothes, and a small party of Horse, the latter brought up the rear, and were not in number more than six or eight.

They advanced steadily, neither quickening their pace as they came nearer, nor raising any cry, nor showing the least emotion of anxiety. Though this was a matter of course in the case of regular troops, even to Barnaby there was something particularly impressive and disconcerting in it to one accustomed to the noise and tumult of an undisciplined mob. For all that, he stood his ground not a whit the less resolutely, and looked on undismayed.

Presently, they marched into the yard and halted. The commanding officer despatched a messenger to the horsemen, one of whom came riding back. Some words passed between them, and they glanced at Barnaby, who well remembered the man he had unhorsed at Westminster, and saw him now before his eyes. The man being speedily dismissed, saluted, and rode back to his comrades, who were drawn up apart at a short distance.

The officer then gave the word to prime and load. The heavy ringing of the musket-stocks upon the ground and the sharp and rapid rattling of the ramrods in their barrels, were a kind of relief to Barnaby, dead though he knew the purport of such sounds to be. When this was gone, other commands were given, and the soldiers instantaneously formed in single file all around the house and stables, completely encircling them in every part, at a distance, perhaps, of some half-dozen yards; at least that seemed in Barnaby's eyes to be about the space left between himself and those who confronted him. The horsemen remained drawn up by themselves as before.

The two gentlemen in private clothes who had kept aloof, now rode forward, one on either side of the officer. The proclamation having been produced and read by one of

LIVER COMPLAINT.

The liver is the largest gland in the body; its office is to take from the blood the properties which form bile. When the liver is torpid and inflamed it cannot furnish bile to the bowels, causing them to become bound and costive. The symptoms are a feeling of fulness or weight in the right side, and shooting pains in the same region, pains between the shoulders, yellowness of the skin and eyes, bowels irregular, coated tongue, bad taste in the morning, etc.

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS

are pleasant and easy to take, do not grip, weaken or sicken, never fail in their effects, and are by far the safest and quickest remedy for all diseases or disorders of the liver.

Price 25 cents, or 5 bottles for \$1.00, all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

them, the officer called on Barnaby to surrender.

He made no answer, but stepping within the door, before which he had kept guard, held his pole crosswise to protect it. In the midst of a profound silence he was again called upon to yield.

Still he offered no reply. Indeed he had enough to do to run his eye backward and forward along the half-dozen men who immediately fronted him, and settle hurriedly within himself at which of them he would strike first, when they pressed on him. He caught the eye of one in the centre, and resolved to hew that fellow down though he died for it.

Again there was a dead silence, and again the same voice called upon him to deliver himself up.

Next moment he was back in the stable, dealing blows about him like a madman. Two of the men lay stretched at his feet; the one he had marked dropped first—he had a thought for that, even in the hot blood and hurry of the struggle. Another blow—another. Down he mastered, wounded in the breast by a heavy blow from the butt-end of a gun (he saw the weapon in the act of falling)—breathless—and a prisoner.

An exclamation of surprise from the officer recalled him, in some degree, to himself. He looked round, Grip, after working in secret all the afternoon, and with redoubled vigor while everybody's attention was distracted, had plucked away the straw from Hugh's bed, and turned up the loose ground with his iron bill. The hole had been recklessly filled to the brim, and was merely sprinkled with earth. Golden cups, spoons, candlesticks coated with guineas—all the riches were revealed.

They brought spades and a sack, dug up everything that was hidden there, and carried away more than two men could lift. They handcuffed him and bound his arms, searched him, and took away all he had. Nobody questioned or reproached him, or seemed to have much curiosity about him. The two men he had stunned were carried off by their companions in the same business-like way in which everything else was done.

Finally, he was left under a guard of four soldiers, with fixed bayonets, while the officer directed in person the search of the house and the outer buildings connected with it.

This was soon completed. The soldiers formed again in the yard; he was marched out with his guard about him; and ordered to fall in where a space was left. The others closed up all round, and so they moved away, with the prisoner in the centre.

When they came into the streets, he felt he was a sight, and looking up as they passed quickly along, could see people running to the windows a little too late, and throwing up the sashes to look after him, or under the arms of his conductors, or peering down upon him from a wagon top or coach box, but this was all he saw, being surrounded by so many men. The very noises of the street seemed muffled and subdued, and the air came stale and hot upon him, like the sickly breath of an oven.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp. Heads erect, shoulders square, every man stepping in exact time—all so orderly and regular—nobody looking at him—nobody seeming conscious of his presence—he could hardly believe he was a prisoner. But at the word, though only thought, not spoken, he felt the handcuffs galling his wrists, the cord pressing his arms to his sides, the loaded guns levelled at his head, and those cold, bright, sharp points turned towards him, the mere looking down at which, now that he was bound and helpless, made the warm current of his life run cold.

CHAPTER LVIII.

They were not long in reaching the barracks, for the officer who commanded the party was desirous to avoid rousing the people by the display of military force in the streets, and was humanely anxious to give as little opportunity as possible for any attempt at rescue; knowing that it must lead to bloodshed and loss of life, and that if the civil authorities by whom he was accompanied, empowered him to order his men to fire, many innocent persons would probably fall, whom curiosity or idleness had attracted to the spot. He therefore led the party briskly on, avoiding with a merciful prudence the more public and crowded thoroughfares, and pursuing those which he seemed least likely to be infested by disorderly persons. This wise proceeding not only enabled them to gain their quarters without interruption, but completely baffled a body of rioters who had assembled in one of the main streets, through which it was considered certain they would pass, and who remained gathered together for the purpose of releasing the prisoner from their hands, long after they had deposited him in a place of security, closed the barrack gates, and set a double guard at every entrance for its better protection.

Arrived at this place, poor Barnaby was marched into a stone-floored room, where there was a very powerful smell of tobacco, a strong thorough draught of air, and a great wooden bedstead, large enough for a score of men. Several soldiers in undress were lounging about, or eating from tin cans; military accoutrements dangled on rows of pegs along

Holloway's Corn Curn is the medicine to remove all kinds of corns and warts, and only costs the small sum of twenty-five cents.

the whitewashed wall, and some half-dozen men lay fast asleep upon their backs, snoring in concert. After remaining here just long enough to note these things, he was marched out again, and conveyed across the parade-ground to another portion of the building.

Perhaps a man never sees so much at a glance as when he is in a situation of extremity. The chances are a hundred to one that if Barnaby had lounged in at the gate to look about him, he would have lounged out again with a very imperfect idea of the place, and would have remembered very little about it. But as he was taken handcuffed across the gravelled area, nothing escaped his notice. The dry, arid look of the dusty square, and of the bare brick building, the clothes hanging at some of the windows, and the men in their shirtsleeves and braces, looting with half their bodies out of the others, the green sun-blinds at the officers' quarters, and the little scanty trees in front; the drummer-boys practising in a distant courtyard, the men on drill on the parade, the two soldiers carrying a basket between them, who winked to each other as he went by, and slyly pointed to their throats; the spruce Sergeant who hurried past with a cane in his hand and under his arm a clasped book with a vellum cover; the fellows in the ground-floor rooms, furbishing and brushing up their different articles of dress, who stopped to look at him, and whose voices as they spoke together echoed loudly through the empty galleries and passages—everything, down to the stand of muskets before the guard-house, and the drum with a pipe-clayed belt attached, in one corner, impressed itself upon his observation, as though he had noticed them in the same place a hundred times, or had been a whole day among them, in place of one brief hurried minute.

He was taken into a small paved back yard, and there they opened a great door plated with iron, and pierced some five feet above the ground with a few holes to let in air and light. Into this dungeon he was walked straightway, and having locked him up there, and placed a sentry over him, they left him to his meditations.

The cell, or black hole, for it had those words painted on the door, was very dark, and having recently accommodated a drunken delerby, no means clean. Barnaby felt his way to some straw at the farther end, and looking towards the door, tried to accustom himself to the gloom, which, coming from the bright sunshine out of doors, was not an easy task.

There was a kind of portico or colonnade outside, and this obstructed even the little light that at the best could have found its way through the small apertures in the door. The footsteps of the sentinel echoed monotonously as he paced its stone pavement to and fro (reminding Barnaby of the watch he had so lately kept himself), and as he passed and re-passed the door, he made the cell for an instant so black by the interposition of his body, that his going away again seemed like the appearance of a new ray of light, and was quite a circumstance to look for.

When the prisoner had sat some time upon the ground, gazing at the chinks, and listening to the advancing and receding footsteps of his guard, the man stood still upon his post. Barnaby, quite unable to think, or to speculate on what would be done with him, had been lulled in to a kind of doze by his regular pace, but his stopping roused him, and then he became aware that two men were in conversation under the colonnade, and very near the door of his cell.

How long they had been talking there he could not tell, for he had fallen into an unconsciousness of his position, and when the footsteps ceased, was answering aloud some question which seemed to have been put to him by Hugh in the stable, though of the fancied purport, either of question or reply, notwithstanding that he awoke with the latter on his lips he had no recollection whatever. The first words that reached his ears were these:

"Why is he brought here, then, if he has to be taken away again, so soon?"

"Why where would you have him go? Damme, he's not as safe anywhere as among the king's troops, is he? What would you do with him? Would you hand him over to a pack of cowardly civilians, that shake in their shoes till they wear the soles out with trembling at the threats of the raganulins he belongs to?"

"That's true enough."

"True enough—I'll tell you what. I wish, Tom Green, that I was a commissioned officer, and that I had the command of two companies—only two companies—or my own regiment. Call me out to stop these riots—give me the needful authority, and half a dozen rounds of ball cartridge!"

"Ay!" said the other voice. "That's all very well, but they won't give the needful authority. If the magistrate won't give the word, what's the officer to do?"

Not very well knowing, as it seemed, how to overcome this difficulty, the other man contented himself with damning the magistrates.

"With all my heart," said his friend.

"Where's the use of a magistrate?" returned the other voice. "What's a magistrate in this case, but an impertinent, unnecessary, unconstitutional sort of interference? Here's a proclamation. Here's a man referred to in that proclamation. Here's proof against him, and a witness on the spot. Damme! Take him

out and shoot him, sir. Who wants a magistrate?"

"When does he go before Sir John Fielding?" asked the man who had spoken first.

"To-night at eight o'clock," returned the other. "Mark what follows. The magistrate commits him to Newgate. Our people take him to Newgate. The rioters pelt our people. Our people retire before the rioters. Stones are thrown, insults are offered, not a shot's fired. Why? Because of the magistrates. Damn the magistrates!"

When he had in some degree relieved his mind by cursing the magistrates in various other forms of speech, the man was silent, save for a low growling, still having reference to those authorities, which from time to time escaped him.

Barnaby, who had wit enough to know that this conversation concerned a devil, as he says he is, himself, remained perfectly quiet until they ceased to speak, when he groped his way to the door, and peeping through the air-holes, tried to make out what kind of men they were to whom he had been listening.

The one who condemned the civil power in such strong terms, was a sergeant—engaged just then, as the streaming ribbons in his cap announced, on the recruiting service. He stood leaning sideways against a pillar nearly opposite the door, and as he growled to himself, drew figures on the pavement with his cane. The other man had his back towards the dungeon, and Barnaby could only see his form. To judge from that he was a gallant, manly, handsome fellow, but he had lost his left arm. It had been taken off between the elbow and the shoulder, and his empty coat sleeve hung across his breast.

It was probably this circumstance which gave him an interest beyond any that his companion could boast of, and attracted Barnaby's attention. There was something soldierly in his bearing, and he wore a jaunty cap and jacket. Perhaps he had been in the service at one time or other. If he had, it could not have been very long ago, for he was but a young fellow now.

"Well, well," he said thoughtfully, "let the fault be where it may, it makes a man sorrowful to come back to old England, and see her in this condition."

"I suppose the pigs will join 'em next," said the sergeant, with an imprecation on the rioters, "now that the birds have set 'em the example."

"The birds!" repeated Tom Green. "Ah—birds," said the sergeant, testily; "that's English, ain't it?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"Go to the guard-house, and see you'll find a bird there, that's got their cry as pat as any of 'em, and hawks 'No Popery,' like a man—or like a devil, as he says he is. I shouldn't wonder. The devil's loose in London somewhere. Damme if I wouldn't twist his neck round, on the chance, if I had my way."

The young man had taken two or three steps away, as if to go and see this creature, when he was arrested by the voice of Barnaby.

"It's mine," he called out, half laughing and half weeping—"my pet, my friend Grip. Ha ha ha! Don't hurt him, he has done no harm. I taught him; it's my fault. Let me have him, if you please. He's the only friend I have left now. He'll not dance, or talk, or whistle for you, I know; but he will for me, because he knows me, and loves me—though you wouldn't think it—very well. You wouldn't hurt a bird, I'm sure. You're a brave soldier, sir, and wouldn't harm a woman or a child—no, no, nor a poor bird, I'm certain."

This latter adjuration was addressed to the sergeant, whom Barnaby judged from his red coat to be high in office, and able to seal Grip's destiny by a word. But that gentleman in reply, sully damned him for a thief and rebel as he was, and with many disinterested imprecations on his own eyes, liver, blood, and body, assured him that if it rested with him to decide, he would put a final

There is nothing equal to Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator for destroying worms. No article of its kind has given such satisfaction.

HOW TO TAKE THEM FOR

- CONSTIPATION BILIOUSNESS TORPID LIVER INDIGESTION DYSPEPSIA HEADACHES IMPURE BLOOD RHEUMATISM NEURALGIA KIDNEY TROUBLE IRRITATED HEART NERVOUSNESS BAD COMPLEXION

Begin treatment by taking one "Fruit-a-tives" tablet three time a day and two at bedtime—for 3 or 4 days.

Take the tablets twenty minutes before meals, and always drink half a tumblerful of cold water (not iced) with each tablet.

Then take two tablets every night for a week—and then one every night for a month.

Be careful about the diet—eat regularly—avoid veal, pork, dark meat fowls, and never drink milk with meals.

Bathe frequently—dress warmly—exercise sensibly—take "Fruit-a-tives" faithfully—and see how much better you are at the end of the month.

(See a box at all druggists.)

stopper on the bird, and his master too.

"You talk boldly to a caged man," said Barnaby, in anger. "If I was on the other side of the door and there were none to part us, you'd change your note—ay, you may toss your head—you would! Kill the bird—do. Kill anything you can, and so revenge yourself on those who with their bare hands untied could do as much to you!"

(To be Continued.)

To discern and deal immediately with causes and overcome them, rather than to battle with effects after the disease has secured a lodgement, is the chief aim of the medical man, and Pickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is the result of patient study along this particular line. At the first appearance of a cold the Syrup will be found a most efficient remedy, arresting development and speedily healing the affected parts, so that the ailment disappears.

BELLS

Steel Alloy Church and School Bells. See our Catalogue.

The C. S. BELL Co. Islboro, O.

WORLD'S GREATEST BELL FOUNDRY

Church Bells and Chime Bells Best Cast and Tuned in the World

THE W. VANDUZEN COMPANY Buckeye Bell Foundry Cincinnati, O. ESTABLISHED 1857

FARM LABORERS

Farmers Desiring Help for the coming season should apply at once to the Government Free Farm Labor Bureau

Write for application form to THOS. SOUTHWORTH Director of Colonization TORONTO

Table with columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTIMENTS, and names of saints and feast days for December 1905.

BOOKLET FREE Canadian Correspondence College, Limited TORONTO, CAN. Of Home Study Courses by Mail. Expert teachers, Small cost. For two years we have passed over 95 per cent of our candidates at public examinations.



Plain Tips 15c. per Box

