CHARLES DICKENS

as bad as the boys every bit !"

slight scald-"so very hot."

he told me as much himself !"

voice. "In-deed!

a troublesome cough, and it was such of blood but half washed out.
a very unpleasant cough that, when "God save you, neighbor!" said back and supplying such gentle re- ing. the previous night; and therefore doors. desired to be immediately accommo- "Tut, tut," returned the locksmith, of buttered toast, a middling-sized of the patient, neighbor ?"

Manual was in high feather. executed with all despatch ; Gabriel, when you knocked." to some out-of-door work in his little chaise; and Sim, to his daily duty ing his eyebrows and looking disap- said Gabriel. in the workshop, to which retreat he pointed. carried the big look, although the loaf remained behind.

mensely, and when he had tied his was the bearer ?' apron on, became quite gigantic. It articles out of his way, that his lip He is not out wandering, again, I began to curl. At length a gloomy hope ?" derision came upon his features, and

was of course the reason of her be- restlessness"-

ing confused. Joe !"

He walked up and down again much with longer strides ; sometimes stop- wiser every day.' ping to take a glance at his legs, and him another "Joe !" In the course sought to cheer her, and spoke from of a quarter of an hour or so he no conviction of his own, she was tried to work. No. It could not be poor benighted son.

ing off in showers. This was the occupation for his heated spirit.

"Something will come of this !" human gore !" Whirr-r-r-r-r-r.

## CHAPTER V.

As soon as the business of the day was over, the locksmith sallied forth, alone, to visit the wounded gentleman ing softly at the shutter. Who can it as she spoke, "that must remain for- for us. Are you coming?" and ascertain the progress of his re- be !"

against the high wind, which often there. fairly got the better of him and drove | "Some thief or ruffian, maybe, him back some paces, or, in defiance said the locksmith. "Give me the of all his energy, forced him to take light." shelter in an arch or doorway until "No, no," she returned hastily. a stronger effort, "This is a secret, fire, pale and weak from waste of the fury of the gust was spent. Oc- "Such visitors have never come to which, of necessity, I trust to you. blood, was Edward Chester, the casionally a hat or wig, or both, came spinning and trundling past him, like a mad thing; while the more serious spectacle of falling tiles

"Such visitors have hever come to which, of necessity, I trust to you." Such visitors have hever come to this poor dwelling. Do you stay here. You are a true man. As you have ever been good and kind to me,—keep first to quit the Maypole on the preit. If any noise was heard above, vious night, and who, extending his make some excuse—say anything but hand to the locksmith, welcomed him and slates, or of masses of brick and willingly relinquishing the candle he mortar or fragments of stone-coping had caught up from the table. rattling upon the pavement near at "Because-I don't know why-behand, and splitting into fragments, cause the wish is strong upon me, did not increase the pleasure of the she rejoined. "There again-do not journey, or make the way less dreary. detain me, I beg of you !"

aspect, and a face that had once been "Make haste."

quarrel between Joe Willet and old the eyes, or mosth, or lines upon the an instant, a breath upon a polished pleasure.'

John last night—though I can't say cheek, and say if this or that were glass, and he was gone.

He tool Joe was much in fault either. He'll otherwise, it would not be so. Yet The locksmith was upon him-had made this reflection, and warming his be missing one of these mornings, and there it always lurked-something for the skirts of his streaming garment hankerchief at the fire began to rub will have gone away upon some wild-goose errand, seeking his fortune.— never absent for a moment. It was were tightly clutched, and the widow til it glistened again. Why, what's the matter, Doll ? You the faintest, palest shadow of some flung herself upon the ground before are making faces now. The girls are look, to which an instant of interase him. and most unutterable horror only "The other way—the other way," and stopping to smile, "it may be could have given high; but indistinct she cried. "He went the other way. nothing. Any drunken brawler trying "It's the tea," said Dolly, turning could have given birth; but indistinct alternately very red and very white, and feeble as it was, it did suggest Turn-turn ! which is no doubt the effect of a what that look must have been, and Mr. Tappertit looked immensely hig existence in a dream.

force and purpose, as it were, because this? Let me go.' "Is that all ?" returned the lock- of his darkened intellect, there was smith. "Put some more milk in it .- this same stamp upon the son. Seen ed the woman, clasping him; "Do not fright, and nothing more? It's a sad Yes, I am sorry for Joe, because he in a picture it must have had some touch him on your life. I charge thing to have, in one minute, reason is a likely young fellow, and gains legend with it, and would have haunt- you, come back. He carries other to mistrust a person I have known so time one sees him. ed those who looked upon the canvas. But he'll start off, you'll find. Indeed They who knew the Maypole story, and could remember what the widow locksmith. "Indeed !" cried Dolly in a faint was, before her husband's and his master's murder, understoo it well. "Is the tea tickling your throat They recollected how the change had it. He is not to be followed, check-ding. "Sure enough it's Barnabystill, my dear?" asked the lock- come, and could call to mind that ed, or stopped. Come back !" when her son was born, upon the very But, before his daughter could make day the deed was known, he bore him any answer, she was taken with upon his wrist what seemed a smear

she left off, the tears were starting the locksmith, as he followed her with in her bright eyes. The good-natured the air of an old friend, into a little locksmith was still patting her on the parlor where a cheerful fire was burn-

storatives, when a message arrived "And you," she answered, smiling. from Mrs. Varden, making known to "Your kind heart has brought you all whom it might concern; that she here again. Nothing will keep you at felt too much indisposed to rise after home, I know of old, if there are her great agitation and anxiety of friends to serve or comfort, out of

dated with a little black teapot of rubbing his hands and warming them. strong mixed tea, a couple of rounds "You women are such talkers. What

dish of beef and ham cut thin, and "He is sleeping now. He was very most devout when most ill-tempered. must not be removed until to-mor- and humanity. Whenever she and her husband were at row.

unusual variance, then the Protestant "He has had visitors to-dayhumph ?" said Gabriel, slyly. Knowing from experience what these "Yes. Old Mr. Chester has been

"No ladies ?" said Gabriel, elevat-

"A letter," replied the widow. "Come. That's better than no- you. Indeed the big look increased im- thing !" cried the locksmith. "Who

"Thank Heaven he is in his bed; he smiled; uttering meanwhile with having been up all night, as you supreme contempt the monosyllable know, and on his feet all day. He is quite tired out. Ah, neighbor, if I "41I eyed her over, while he talked could but see him oftener so-if I about the fellow," he said, "and that could but tame down that terrible

"In good time," said the locksmith, He walked up and down again much kindly, "in good time—don't be quicker than before, and if possible down-hearted. To my mind he grows

The widow shook her head. And sometimes to jerk out and cast from vet, though she knew the locksmith again assumed the paper cap and glad to hear even this praise of her

"He will be a 'cute man yet," re-"I'll do nothing to-day," said Mr. sumed the locksmith. "Take care Tappertit, dashing it down again, when we are growing old and foolish, but grind. I'll grind up all the tools. Barnaby doesn't put us to the blush, Grinding will suit my present humor that's all. But our other friend," he well. Joe !" added, looking under the table and Whirr-r-r-. The grindstone was about the floor-"sharpest and cun- crevices, as if there was that between soon in motion; the sparks were fly- ningest of all the sharo and cunning ones-where's he ?"

"In Barnaby's room," rejoined the he?" widow, with a faint smile.

said Mr. Tappertit, pausing as if in said Varden, shaking his head. "I "His shadow has been upon it and triumph, and wiping his heated face should be sorry to talk secrets be- me, in light and darkness, at noonupon his sleeve. "Something will fore him. Oh! He's a deep cus- day and midnight. And now, at last, come of this. I hope it mayn't be comer, I've no doubt he can read, and he has come in the body !" write, and cast accounts of he "But he wouldn't have gone in the at the door ?"

in the street. I think. Hark ! Yes. is it ?'

covery. The house where he had left They had been speaking in a low than that." him was in a by-street in Southwark, tone, for the invalid lay overheard, "Dare not !" repeated the wondernot far from London Bridge; and and the walls and ceilings being thin ing locksmith. thither he hied with all speed, bent and poorly built, the sound of their upon returning with as little delay voices might otherwise have dis- am sick and faint, and every faculty as might be, and getting into bed turbed his slumber. The party with- of life seems dead within me.-No !out, whoever it was, could have stood Do not touch me, either." The even was boisterous-scarcely close to the shutter without hearing Gabriel, who had stepped forward better than the previous night had anything spoken; and seeing the to render her assistance, fell back as tightly through his own, led him up been. It was not easy for a stout light through the chinks and finding she made this hasty exclamation, and the stairs in silence. man like Gabriel to keep his legs at all so quiet, might have been per- regarded her in silent wonder. the street corners, or to make head suaded that only one person was

"A trying night for a man like me | Gabriel looked at her in great sur-

said the locksmith, as prise to see one who was usually so he knocked softly at the widow's mild and quiet thus agitated, and door. "I'd rather be in old John's with so little cause. She left the room and closed the door behind her. "Who's there?" demanded a wo- She stood for a moment as if hesicat- may. The more he pondered on what man's voice from within. Being an- ing, with her hand upon the lock. In had passed, the less able he was to swered, it added a hasty word of wel- this short interval the knocking came give it any favorable interpretation. and the door was quickly again, and a voice close to the win- To find this widow woman, whose dow-a voice the locksmith seemed to life for so many years had been sup-She was about forty-perhaps two recollect, and to have some disagree- posed to be one of solitude and re-

pretty. It bore traces of affliction The words were uttered in that low opinion and respect of all who knew and care, but they were of an old distinct voice which finds its way so her-to find her linked hysteriously

shriek, or groan, or cry for help, more at ease and yet might have been either or all three; and the words "My God !" secret, and she trusted it to me uttered in a voice it chilled him to said Gabriel, putting his wig on one

There, at last, was that dreadful fire. "I have no more readiness than look-the very one he seemed to know old John himself. Why didn't I say so well and yet had never seen before firmly, 'You have no right to such rejoined Gabriel, laughing look upon it in its most cheerful frozen to the ground, gazing with me what this means,' instead of heartily. "Don't be a fool, for I'd nood without feeling that it had starting eyes, and livid cheeks, and standing gaping at her, like an old rather see you in your senses. These some extraordinary capacity of ex-young fellows," he added, turning to pressing terror. It was not on the the man he he encountered in the weakness. I can be obstinate enough his daughter, "are always committing surface. It was in no one feature dark last night. His eyes met those with men if need be, but women may some folly or another. There was a that it lingered. You could not take of the locksmith. It was but a flash, twist me round their fingers at their

ask, don't speak, don't think about

der, as she writhed and clung about smith. him ; and, borne down by her pas- "Oho !" cried Barnaby, glanced the house. It was not until she had low, that shadow, and keeps close to chained and double-locked the door, me, though I am silly. We have such fastened every bolt and qar with the pranks, such walks, such runs, such heat and fury of a maniac, and drawn gambols on the grass ! Sometimes and shuddered as though the hand of ing slyly on, on this side, or on that, death were on her.

## CHAPTER VI.

Beyond all measure astonished by the strange occurrences which had passed with so much violence and rapidity, the locksmith gazed upon the Protestant Manual in two vol- restless towards day-light, and for the shuddering figure in the chair like umes, post octavo. Like some other some hours tossed and tumbled sadly. one half stupefied, and would have ladies who in remote ages flourished But the fever has left him, and the gazed much longer, had not his this globe, Mrs. Varden was doctor says he will soon mend. He tongue been loosened by compassion

"You are ill," said Gabriel. "Let me call some neighbor in." "Not for the world," she rejoined,

motioning to him with her trembling head. "Guess again." requests portended, the triumvirate here ever since we sent for him, and hand, and still holding her face avertbroke up; Dolly, to see the orders had not been gone many minutes ed. "It is enough that you have been by, to see this.

"Nay, more than enough-or less," "Be it so," she returned. "As you like. Ask me no questions, I entreat

"Neighbor," said the locksmith, afapron on, became quite gigantic. It "Barnaby, of course." able, or just to yourself? Is it like was not until he had several times was not until he had several times "Barnaby's a jewel!" said Varden; you, who have known me so long and walked up and down with folded arms "Barnaby's a jewel!" said Varden; you, who have known me so long and him. "But I'm cunning, I'm him. was not until he had several times and several t we who think ourselves much wiser you, who from a girl have had a and had kicked a great many small would make but a poor hand of it. strong mind and a staunch heart?"

"I have had need of them," she replied. "I am growing old, both in "Softly—gently," said the lock-years and care. Perhaps that, and smith, exerting all his influence to too much trial, have made them keep him calm and quiet. "I thought with a skein of string. his body up and down in a sort of "Pray, tell me, sir," said Varden, dropping his voice still lower, "exact-" I'm a devil, I'm a years and care. Pernaps that, and smith, exerting all his hought too much trial, have made them keep him calm and quiet. "I thought weaker than they used to be. Do not you had been asleep." he rejoin-

and hold my peace !" returned the locksmith. "Who was that man, and incolors to the locksmith." "How can I see what I have seen, why has his coming made this change

She was silent, but held to the chair as though to save herself from falling on the ground.

"I take the license of an old ac quaintance, Mary," said the locksmith, "who has ever had a warm regard for you, and maybe has tried to prove it when he could. Who is this ill-favored man, and what has he to do with you? Who is this ghost, that is only seen in the black nights and bad weather? How does he know, and why does he haunt this house, whispering through chinks and him and you, which neither durst so much as speak aloud of? Who is

"You do well to say he haunts this "Ah ! He's a knowing blade !" house," returned the widow, faintly.

"No," returned the widow. "It was arms and legs at liberty. What riddle

ever as it is. I dare not say more

"Do not press me," she replied. "I curred.

hands of no honest man touch mine age, and other furniture of very little to-night." When she had tottered to worth; but clean and neatly kept. the door, she turned, and added with Reclining in an easy-chair before it. If any noise was heard above, vious night, and who, extending his make some excuse-say anything but hand to the locksmith, welcomed him what you really saw, and never let a as his preserver and friend. word or look between us, recall this "Say no more, sir, say no more,

you never can conceive." instant, she withdrew, and left him added, with some hesitation, there alone.

stood staring at the door with a offence in saying this, sir ? or three years older-with a cheerful able association with - whispered tirement, and who, in her quiet suffering character, had gained the good and care, but they were of an old date, and Time had smoothed them. Any one who had bestowed but a casual glance on Barnaby might have known that this was his mother, from the strong resemblance between them; but where in his face there was wildness and vacancy, in hers there was made it difficult to hear what passed, but he could tell that the door was opened, that there was the tread of a man upon the creaking boards, and startly compromising himself, as he silently compromising himself, as he

suppressed something which was not felt he had done, he would have been

"Why did I let her say it was side to scratch his head with greater He rushed out upon the instant, ease, and looking ruefully at the -upon her face. There she stood, secrets, and I demand of you to tell

He took his wig off outright as he

"And yet," said the locksmith, softening under this soothing process, to make his way into the house, "The other way ! I see him now," would have alarmed a quiet soul like fixed it in the mind as if it had had rejoined the locksmith, pointing— her. But then''—and here was the existence in a dream. "yonder—there—there is his shadow vexation—"how came it to be that at a quartern loaf on the table, and | More faintly imaged, and wanting passing by that light. What-who is | man; how comes he to have this influence over her: more than all how "Come back, come back !" exclaim- came she not to say it was a sudden lives besides his own. Come back !" long, and an old sweetheart into the "What does this year ?" cried the bargain; but what else can I do, with all this upon my mind!-Is that Bar-"No matter what it means, don't naby outside there? "Ay!" he cried, looking in and nod-

how did you guess?" The old man looked at her in won- "By your shadow," said the lock-

sion, suffered her to drag him into over his shoulder, "He's a merry felhim back into the room, that she he'll be half as tall as a church turned upon him, once again, that steeple, and sometimes no bigger than stony look of horror, and sinking a dwarf. Now, he goes on before, and down into a chair, codered her face, now behind, and anon he'll be stealstopping whenever I stop, and thinking I can't see him, though I have my eye on him sharp enough. Oh ! he's a merry fellow. Tell me-is he silly too! I think he is.

"Why?" asked Gabriel. "Because he never tires of mocking me, but does it all day long .- Why don't you come ?

"Where ?" "Upstairs. He wants you. Stay-

where's his shadow ? Come. You're a wise man; tell me that.' "Beside him, Barnaby; beside him, I suppose," returned the locksmith.
"No!" he replied, shaking his he replied, shaking his

"Gone out a'walking, maybe ?" "He has changed shadows with a seated, Mr. Varden." woman," the idiot whispered in his ear, and then fell back with a look of triumph. "Her shadow's always returned the locksmith, accommodat- I'm a devil, I'm a devil, I'm a devil, I'm a devil.

sport, I think, eh ?" 'Barnaby," said the locksmith, with

As he spoke, are you ready caught up the light, and waved it

"So I have been asleep," he rejoin-

ing-close to my face, and then a mile away-low places to creep through, whether I would or no-high gallop of a horse." churches to fall down from-strange creatures crowded up together neck and heels, to sit upon the bed-that's sleep, eh?

the locksmith. Dreams !" he echoed, softly, drawing closer to him. "Those are not ing how many highwaymen there are, old?"

dreams. "What are," replied the locksmith. "if they are not ?"

"I dreamed," said Barnaby, passing his arm through Varden's, and peering close into his face as he answered in a whisper, "I dreamed just now that something-it was in the shape

of a man-followed me-came softly after me-wouldn't let me be-but was always hiding and crouching, like a cat in dark corners, waiting now.' till I should pass; when it crept out and came softly after me.—Did you ever see me run ?"

"Many a time, you know." -I ran faster-leaped-sprung out of

"What in the street below, Barna- asked what like the man was. vision and what had actually oc-

Barnaby looked into his face, muttered incoherently, waved the light turned the locksmith, following his above his head again, laughed, and look towards Barnaby; "I know he him come! Ha, ha, ha f drawing the locksmith's arm more saw him. I want to know what you

They entered a homely bedchamber, "Let me go my way alone," she garnished in a scanty way with chairs said in a low voice, "and let the whose spindle-shanks bespoke their she garnished in a scanty way with chairs

circumstance. I trust to you. Mind, said Gabriel. "I hope I would have I trust to you. How much I trust, done at least as much for any man in such a strait, and most of all for Casting her eyes upon him for an you, sir. A certain young lady," he "has done us many a kind turn, and Gabriel, not knowing what to think naturally feel-I hope I give you

FIFTH MONTH 31 DAYS			May THE BLESSED VIRGIN
<b>*************************************</b>			
DAY OF MONTH	DAY OF WEEK	COLOR OF VESTMENTS	₽ 1905 ₽
1 2 3 4 5 6	M. T. W. T. F.	r. w. r. w. w.	S. S. Phillip and James, Apos. S. Athanasius. Finding of the Holy Cross. S. Monica. S. Pius V., Pope. S. John Before the Latin Gate.
			Second Sunday After Easter
7 8 9 10 11 12 13	Su. M. T. W. T. F.	w. w. w. r. r.	S. Benedict II., Pope. Apparition of S. Michael. S. Gregory Nazianzan. S. Antoninus. S. Alexander, Pope. S. Nereus and Companions. S. Stanislas.
.3			Third Sunday After Easter
14 15 16 17 18 19 20	Su. M. T. W. T. F. S.	w. w. r. r. w. w.	Patronage of S. Joseph. S. John Baptist de la Salle. S. Ubaldus. S. John Nepomucene. S. Venantius. S. Peter, Celestine, Pope. S. Bernardine of Sienna.
	e.,		Fourth Sunday After Easter Fourth Sunday After Easter.
21 22 23 24 25 26 27	M. T. W. T. F. S.	w. w. w. w. w.	S. Paschal, Raylon. S. John Baptist de Rossi. Our Lady Help of Christians. S. Gregory II., Pope. S. Phillip, Neri. S. John I., Pope.
	e		Fifth Sunday After Easter
28 29 30 31	Su. M. T. W.	r. w. r. w.	S. Urban I., Pope. Rogation, S. Boniface IV., Pope. Rogation, S. Felix I Pope. Rogation, S. Angela Mericis.
**	***	* ※ ※	<b>******************</b>
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The young man smiled and shook that ! Oh, he's a dreadful fellow ! in his chair as if in pain.

have, or from the loss of blood. Be than out of his mouth.

"It I may make so bold, Mr. Edward, as to lean upon your chair,' bending over him, "I'll stand here, in his infernal character, he began to for the convenience of speaking low. whistle.

They both glanced at the subject of looks at me, as if he knew what this remark, who had taken a seat was saying

"And walked homeward alone, until I had nearly teached the place light. where you found me, when I heard the

"-Behind you?" said the lock-"Indeed, yes-behind me. It was a

way to London." "You were on the alert, sir, knowscouring the roads in all directions?'

said Varden. down yet more, and looking cautious- by, my man. ly towards their silent neighbor, "except in respect of the robber himself. ting upright upon the floor, and star-What like was he, sir ? Speak low, ing vacantly at Gabriel, as he thrust if you please. Barnaby means no his hair back from his face. "But who harm, but I have watched him oftener can make him come! He calls me, than you, and I know, little as you and makes me go where he will. He

It required a strong confidence in the truth, Grip ?" the locksmith's veracity to lead any The raven gave a short, comfortone to this belief, for every sense and able, confidential kind of croak : a faculty that Barnaby possessed, seem- most expressive croak, which seemed "You never saw me run as I did in ed to be fixed upon his game, to the to say, "You needn't let these fellows chooses. What was that-him tapping body," returned the locksmith with this dream. Still it came creeping on exclusion of all other things. Some into our secrets. We understand each some irritation, "if you had left my to worry me. Nearer, nearer thing in the young man's face expressed this opinion, for Gabriel rebed, and to the window-and there, peated what he had just said, more earnestly than before, and with another glance towards Barnaby, again

by ?" said Varden, imagining that he "The night was so dark," said Edtraced some connection between this ward, "the attack so sudden, and he so wrapped and muffled up, that I can hardly say. It seems that-"

"Don't mention his name, sir," resaw."

"All I remember is," said Edward, After a short survey of the ground, "that as he checked his horse his and a few side-long looks at the ceilhat was blown off. He caught it and ing and at everybody present in turn, replaced it on his head, which I ob- he fluttered to the floor, and went toserved was bound with a dark hand- Barnaby-not in a hop, or walk, or kerchief. A stranger entered the May- run, but in a pace that of a very pole while I was there, whom I had particular gentleman with exceedingly not seen-for I sat apart for reasons tight boots on, trying to walk fast of my own-and when I rose to leave over loose pebbles. Then, stepping the room and glanced round, he was into his extended hand, and conin the shadow of the chimney and hidden from my sight. But, if he and length, he gave vent to a succession the robber were two different persons, of sounds, not unlike the drawing of their voices were strangely and most some eight or ten dozen of long strangely and most remarkably alike; corks, and again asserted his for directly the man addressed me in brimstone birth and parentage with the road, I recognized his speech great distinctness. again."

"It is as I feared. The very man was here to-night," thought the locksmith, changing color. "What dark history is this !

"Halloa !" cried a hoarse voice in his ear. "Halloa, halloa, haloa! Bow, wow, wow. What's the matter

The speaker-who made the locksmith start, as if he had seen some supernatural agent-was a large raven, who had perched upon the top of the easy-chair, unseen by him and Some persons have periodical at-Edward, and listened with a polite tacks of Canadian cholera, dysentry

his head; at the same time moving | The raven, with his head very much on one side, and his bright eye shin-"It's no great matter," he said, in ing like a diamond, preserved a answer to the locksmith's sympathiz- thoughtful silence for a few seconds, ing look, "a mere uneasiness arising and then replied in a voice so hoarse at least as much from being cooped and distant, that it seemed to come up here, as from the slight wound I through his thick feathers rather

"Halloa, halloa, halloa! What's the matter here ! Keep up your spirits. Never say die. Bow, wow, wow. ing his action to his speech, and Hurrah !"-And then, as if exulting

ter a pause. "Is this fair, or reasonter a pause. "Is this fair, or reasonil know what you want to say. I have been speaks to reasonil know what you want to say. I have been speaks."

"I know what you want to say. I have been speaks."

"I know what you want to say. I have been speaks." said Varden. "Do you see how he

on the other side of the fire, and, To which the bird, balancing himsmiling vacantly, was making puzzles self on tiptoe, as it were, and moving ly what happened last night. I have his wings against his sides as if he my reason for enquiring. You left the were bursting with laughter. Barnaby Maypole alone ?" clapped his hands, and fairly rolled clapped his hands, and fairly rolled upon the ground in an ecstasy of de-

"Strange companions, sir," said the locksmith, shaking his head and looking from one to the other. "The bird

has all the wit." "Strange, indeed !" said Edward. single rider, who soon overtook me, holding out his foreinger to the "Dreams, Barnaby, dreams," said and checking his horse, inquired the raven, who, in acknowled ment of the attention, made a dive at it immediately with his iron bill.

"A mere boy, sir," replied the locksmith. A hundred and twenty, or "Except," said Gabriel, bending thereabouts. Call him down, Barns-

"Call him !" echoed Barnaby, sitwould think it, that he's listening goes on before, and I follow. He's the master, and I'm the man. Is that

other. It's all right.

"I make him come ?" cried Barnaby, pointing to the bird. "Him. who never goes to sleep, or so much as winks !- Why, any time of night, you may see his eyes in my dark room, shining like two sparks. And every night, and all night too, he's broad awake, talking to himself, thinking what he shall do to-morrow where we shall go, and what he shall steal, and hide, and bury. I make

On second thoughts, the bird ap

(To Be Continued.)

IN DOUBT.

Mother-Well, Johnnie, what are you going to give your teacher for a Christmas present ? Johnnie-It is too soon to talv

about that yet, mamma ; it all de-

pends on how she behaves herself be-

tween now and Christmas.

attention and a most extraordinary or diarrhoea, and have to use great appearance of comprehending every precautions to avoid the disease. word, to all they had said up to this Change of water, cooking, and green point; turning his head from one to fruit, is sure to bring on the atthe other, as if his office were to tacks. To such persons we would judge between them, and it were of recommend Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dythe very last importance that he sentery Cordial as being the best should not lose a word.

"Look at him!" said Varden, di- mer complaints. If a few drops "Look at him!" said Varden, dimer complaints. If a few drops vided between admiration of the arc taken in water when the symphird and a kind of fear of him. "Was toms are noticed no further trouble