

BARNABY RUDGE
—By—
CHARLES DICKENS

Grateful for this consolation, feeble as it was in its reference to the past, and little hope as it afforded him in connection with the subject of distress which lay nearest to his heart, and really thankful for the interest the minister expressed, and seemed to feel, in his condition, Mr. Haredale withdrew. He found himself, with the night coming on, alone in the streets, and destitute of any place in which to lay his head.

He entered a hotel near Charing Cross, and ordered some refreshment and a bed. He saw that his faint and worn appearance attracted the attention of the landlord and his waiters, and thinking that they might suppose him to be penniless, took out his purse, and laid it on the table. It was not that, the landlord said, in a faltering voice. If he were one of those who had suffered by the rioters, he durst not give him entertainment. He had a family of children, and had been twice warned to be careful in receiving guests. He heartily prayed his forgiveness, but what could he do?

Nothing. No man felt that more sincerely than Mr. Haredale. He told the man as much, and left the house.

Feeling that he might have anticipated this occurrence, after what he had seen at Chigwell in the morning, where no man dared to touch a spade, though he offered a large reward to all who would come and dig among the ruins of his house, he walked along the Strand, too proud to expose himself to another refusal, and of too generous a spirit to involve in distress or ruin any honest tradesman who might be weak enough to give him shelter. He wandered into one of the streets by the side of the river, and was pacing in a thoughtful manner up and down, thinking of things that had happened long ago when he heard a servant-man at an upper window call to another on the opposite side of the street, that the mob were setting fire to Newgate.

To Newgate! where that man was! His failing strength returned, his energies came back with tenfold vigor, on the instant. If it were possible—if they should let the murderer free—was he, after all he had undergone, to die with the suspicion of having slain his own brother, dimly gathering about him.

He had no consciousness of going to the jail, but there he stood, before it. There was the crowd, wedged and pressed together in a dense, dark, moving mass; and there were the flames soaring up into the air. His head turned round and round, lights flashed before his eyes, and he struggled hard with two men.

"Nay, nay," said one. "Be more yourself, my good sir! We attract attention here. Come away. What can you do among so many men?"

"The gentleman's always for doing something," said the other, forcing him along as he spoke. "I like him for that. I do like him for that."

They had by this time got him into a court, hard by the prison. He looked from one to the other, and as he tried to release himself, felt that he tottered on his feet. The old gentleman whom he had seen at the Lord Mayor's. The other was John Grueby, who had stood by him so manfully at Westminster.

"What does this mean?" he asked faintly. "How came we together?"

"On the skirts of the crowd," returned the distiller, "but come with us. Pray come with us. You seem to know my friend here?"

"Surely," said Mr. Haredale, looking in a kind of stupor at John.

"He'll tell you then," returned the old gentleman, "that I am a man to be trusted. He's my servant. He was lately (as you know, I have no doubt) in Lord George Gordon's service; but he left it, and brought, in pure goodwill to me and others, who are marked by the rioters, such intelligence as he had picked up, of their designs."

"On one condition, please, sir," said John, touching his hat. "No evidence against my lord—a misled man—a kind-hearted man, sir. My lord never intended this."

"The condition will be observed, of

course," rejoined the old distiller. "It's a point of honor. But come with us, sir; pray come with us."

John Grueby added no entreaties, but he adopted a different kind of persuasion, by putting his arm through one of Mr. Haredale's, while his master took the other, and leading him away with all speed.

Sensible, from a strange lightness in his head, and a difficulty in fixing his thoughts on anything, even to the extent of bearing his companions in his mind for a minute together without looking at them, that his brain was affected by the agitation and suffering through which he had passed, and to which he was still a prey, Mr. Haredale let them lead him where they would. As they went along, he was conscious of having no command over what he said or thought, and that he had a fear of going mad.

The distiller lived, as he had told him when they first met on Holborn Hill, where he had great storehouses, and drove a large trade. They approached his house by a back entrance, lest they should attract the notice of the crowd, and went into an upper room, which faced towards the street; the windows, however, in common with those of every other room in the house, were boarded up inside, in order that, out of doors, all might appear quite dark.

They laid him on a sofa in his chamber, perfectly insensible; but John immediately fetching a surgeon, who took from him a large quantity of blood, he gradually came to himself. As he was, for the time, too weak to walk, they had no difficulty in persuading him to remain there all night, and got him to bed without loss of a minute. That done, they gave him cordial and some toast, and presently a pretty strong composing draught, under the influence of which he soon fell into a lethargy, and, for a time, forgot his troubles.

The vintner, who was a very hearty old fellow and a worthy man, had no thoughts of going to bed himself, for he had received several threatening warnings from the rioters, and had indeed gone out that evening to try and gather from the conversation of the mob whether his house was to be the next attacked. He sat all night in an easy chair in the same room—dozing a little now and then—and received from time to time the reports of John Grueby, and two or three other trustworthy persons in his employ, who went out into the streets as scouts; and for whose entertainment an ample allowance of good cheer (which the old vintner, despite his anxiety, now and then attacked himself) was set forth in an adjoining chamber.

These accounts were of a sufficiently alarming nature from the first, but as the night wore on they grew so much worse and involved such a fearful amount of riot and destruction, that in comparison with these new tidings all the previous disturbances sunk to nothing.

The first intelligence that came was of the taking of Newgate, and the escape of all the prisoners, whose track, as they made up to Holborn and into the adjacent streets, was proclaimed to those citizens who were shut up in their houses, by the rattling of their chains, which formed a dismal concert, and was heard in every direction, as though so many forges were at work. The flames, too, shone so brightly through the vintner's skylights that the rooms and staircases below were nearly as light as in broad day: when the distant shouting of the mob seemed to shake the very walls and ceilings.

At length they were heard approaching the house, and some minutes of terrible anxiety ensued. They came close up, and stopped before it, but after giving three loud yells, went on. And although they returned several times that night, creating new alarms each time, they did nothing there, having their hands full. Shortly after they had gone away for the first time, one of the scouts came running in with the news that they had stopped before Lord Mansfield's house in Bloomsbury Square.

Soon afterwards there came another and another, and then the first returned again, and so, by little and little, their tale was this: That the mob gathering round Lord Mansfield's house, had called on those within to

open the door, and receiving no reply (for Lord and Lady Mansfield were at that moment escaping by the backway), forced an entrance according to their usual custom. That they then began to demolish the house with great fury, and setting fire to it in several parts, involved in a common ruin the whole of the costly furniture, the plate and jewels, a beautiful gallery of pictures, the rarest collection of manuscripts ever possessed by any one private person in the world, and worse than all, because nothing could replace this loss, the great Law Library, on almost every page of which were notes in the Judge's own hand, of inestimable value,—being the results of the study and experience of his whole life. That while they were howling and exulting round the fire, a troop of soldiers, with a magistrate among them, came up, and being too late (for the mischief was by that time done), began to disperse the crowd. That the riot act being read, and the crowd still resisting, the soldiers received orders to fire, and leveling their muskets, shot dead at the first discharge six men and a woman, and wounded many persons, and loading again directly, fired another volley, but over the people's heads it was supposed, as none were seen to fall. That thereupon, daunted by the shrieks and tumult, the crowd began to disperse, and the soldiers went away, leaving the killed and wounded on the ground, which they had no sooner done than the rioters came back again, and taking up the dead bodies, and the wounded people, formed into a rude procession, having the bodies in the front. That in this order they paraded off with a horrible merriment, fixing weapons in the dead men's hands to make them look as if alive, and preceded by a fellow ringing Lord Mansfield's dinner-bell with all his might.

The scouts reported further that this party meeting with some others who had been at similar work elsewhere, they all united into one, and drafting off a few men with the killed and wounded, marched away to Lord Mansfield's country-seat, at Caen Wood, between Hampstead and Highgate, bent upon destroying that house likewise, and lighting up a great fire there, which from that height should be seen all over London. But in this they were disappointed, for a party of horse having arrived before them, they retreated faster than they went, and came straight back to town.

There being now a great many parties in the streets, each went to work according to its humor, and a dozen houses were quickly blazing, including those of Sir John Fielding and two other justices, and four in Holborn—of the greatest thoroughfares in London—which were all burning at the same time, and burned until they went out of themselves, for the people cut the engine hose, and would not suffer the firemen to play upon the flames. At one house near Moorfields they found in one of the rooms some canary birds in cages, and these they cast into the fire alive. The poor little creatures screamed, it was said, like infants, when they were flung upon the blaze, and one man was so touched that he tried in vain to save them, which roused the indignation of the crowd and nearly cost him his life.

At this same house, one of the fellows who went through the rooms, breaking the furniture and helping to destroy the building, found a child's doll—a poor toy—which he exhibited at the window to the mob below, as the image of some unholy saint which the late occupants had worshipped. While he was doing this, another man with an equally tender conscience (they had both been foremost in throwing down the canary birds for roasting alive), took his seat on the paparet of the house, and harangued the crowd from a pamphlet circulated by the Association, relative to the true principles of Christianity! Meanwhile the Lord Mayor, with his hands in his pockets, looked on as an idle man might look at any other show, and seemed mightily satisfied to have got a good place.

Such were the accounts brought to the old vintner by his servants as he sat at the side of Mr. Haredale's bed, having been unable even to doze, after the first part of the night; too much disturbed by his own fears, by the cries of the mob, the light of fires, and the firing of the soldiers. Such, with the addition of the release of all the prisoners in the New Jail at Clerkenwell, and as many robberies of passengers in the streets as the crowds had leisure to indulge in, were the scenes of which Mr. Haredale was happily unconscious, and which were all enacted before midnight.

CHAPTER IX.

When darkness broke away and morning began to dawn the town wore a strange aspect indeed.

Sleep had scarcely been thought of all night. The general alarm was so apparent in the faces of the inhabitants, and its expression was so aggravated by want of rest (few persons with any property to lose having dared to go to bed since Monday), that a stranger coming into the streets would have supposed some mortal pest or plague to have been raging. In place of the usual cheerfulness and animation of morning, everything was dead and silent. The shops remained unclosed, offices and warehouses were shut, the coach and chair stands were deserted, no carts or wagons rumbled through the slowly waking streets, the early cries were all hushed, and a universal gloom prevailed. Great numbers of people were out, even at daybreak, but they fitted to and fro as though they shrank from the sound of their own footsteps; the public ways were haunted rather than frequented, and round the smoking ruins people stood apart from one another and in silence, not venturing to condemn the rioters, or to be supposed to do so, even in whispers.

At the Lord President's in Picca-

**The Bad Cold of To-Day
MAY BE PNEUMONIA
TO-MORROW.**

The sore throat or tickling cough that, in the earliest stage, seems but a trivial annoyance, may develop into Pneumonia, Bronchitis, or even Throat or Lung trouble.

**DR. WOODS
NORWAY
PINE SYRUP**

contains all the long-healing virtues of the pine tree, and is a sure cure for Coughs, Colds and all Throat or Lung troubles. Mrs. E. H. Hutchinson, 186 Argyle Street, Toronto, writes: "I have been a sufferer from Chronic Bronchitis for years and have found Dr. Woods' Norway Pine Syrup far better than any of the hundreds of remedies I have used. Our whole family was in a case of Coughs or Colds. We would not be without it."

Don't be lugged into taking something just as good as ask for Dr. Woods' and insist on getting it. Put up in yellow wrapper, three pine trees in the trade mark and price 25 cents.

dilly, at Lambeth Palace, at the Lord Chancellor's in Great Ormond Street, in the Royal Exchange, the Bank, the Guildhall, the Inns of Court, the Courts of Law, and every chamber fronting the streets near Westminster Hall and the Houses of Parliament, parties of soldiers were posted before daylight. A body of Horse-Guards paraded Palace-yard; an encampment was formed in the Park, where fifteen hundred men and five battalions of Militia were under arms; the Tower was fortified, the drawbridges were raised, the cannon loaded and pointed, and two regiments of artillery busied in strengthening the fortress and preparing it for defence. A numerous detachment of soldiers were stationed to keep guard at the New-River Head, which the people had threatened to attack, and where, it was said, they meant to cut off the main-pipes, so that there might be no water for the extinction of the flames. In the Poultry, and on Cornhill, and at several other leading points, iron chains were drawn across the street; parties of soldiers were distributed in some of the old city churches while it was yet dark, and in several private houses (among them, Lord Rockingham's in Grosvenor Square); which were blockaded as though to sustain a siege, and had guns pointed from the windows. When the sun rose, it shone into handsome apartments filled with armed men, the furniture hastily heaped away in corners, and made of little or no account, in the terror of the time—on arms glittering in city chambers, among desks and stools, and dusty books—in little smoky churchyards in odd lanes and byways, with soldiers lying down among the tombs, or lounging under the shade of the one old tree, and their pile of muskets sparkling in the light—on solitary sentries pacing up and down in courtyards, silent now, but yesterday resounding with the din and hum of business—everywhere on guard-rooms, garrisons and threatening preparations.

As the day crept on, still more unusual sights were witnessed in the streets. The gates of the King's Bench and Fleet Prisons being opened at the usual hour, were found to have notices affixed to them, announcing that the rioters would come that night to burn them down. The Wardens, too, well knowing the likelihood there was of this promise being fulfilled, were fain to set their prisoners at liberty and give them leave to move their goods, so all day such of them as had any furniture were occupied in conveying it, some to this place, some to that, and not a few to the brokers' shops, where they gladly sold it for any wretched price those gentry chose to give. There were some broken men among these debtors who had been in jail so long and were so miserable and destitute of friends, so dead to the world, and utterly forgotten and uncared for, that they implored their jailers not to set them free, and to send them, if need were, to some other place of custody. But they, refusing to comply, lest they should incur the anger of the mob turned them into the streets, where they wandered up and down hardly remembering the ways untrod by their feet—so long, and crying—such abject things those rotten-hearted jails had made them—as they slunk off in their rags, and dragged their slipshod feet along the pavement.

Even of the three hundred prisoners who had escaped from Newgate, there were some—a few, but there were some—who sought their jailers out and delivered themselves up, preferring imprisonment and punishment to the horrors of such another night as the last. Many of the convicts, drawn back to their old place of captivity by some indescribable attraction, or by a desire to exult over it in its downfall and glut their revenge by seeing it in ashes, actually went back in broad noon, and loitered about the cells. Fifty were retaken at one time on this next day, within the prison walls, but their fate did not deter others, for there they went in spite of everything, and there they were taken in twos and threes, twice or thrice a day, all through the week. Of the fifty just mentioned, some were occupied in endeavoring to rekindle the fire, but in general they seemed to have no object in view but to prowl and lounge about the old place, being often found asleep in the ruins, or sitting talking there, or even eating and drinking, as in a choice retreat.

Besides the notices on the gates of the Fleet and the King's Bench, many similar announcements were left, before one o'clock at noon, at the houses of private individuals, and further, the mob proclaimed their intention of seizing on the Bank, the Mint, the Arsenal at Woolwich, and the Royal Palaces. The notices were

High Constable of Quebec

After Suffering For 10 Years With Pain In The Back He Was Completely Cured By "Fruit-a-tives."

"Fruit-a-tives" cures diseased and irritated kidneys when all other treatment fails.

The proof that "Fruit-a-tives" is the greatest kidney cure known to science is demonstrated by these tablets removing all pain in the back—making the kidneys healthy—and curing chronic constipation.

ST. HYACINTHE, P.Q., June 10th, 1905.

I have much pleasure in testifying to the great good which "Fruit-a-tives" have done me. I was a constant sufferer from severe constipation and severe pain in the back for the last ten years. I tried many kinds of pills and tablets and physician's medicines but the relief was only temporary. Not long ago



I tried "Fruit-a-tives" and now I am entirely well, no pain, no constipation and my stomach and bowels act naturally. I cannot say enough in praise of "Fruit-a-tives"—they are a grand medicine, mild as fruit in their action and easy to take. (Signed) H. MARCHESSAULT, High Constable.

Do you know that every drop of blood in your body goes to the kidneys to get rid of some of the impurities? When the bowels don't move regularly, the blood takes up poisons in the bowels and carries them to the kidneys. Then the kidneys get overworked—inflamed. Then comes the pain in the back—headaches—constant desire to urinate—nervousness—sleeplessness.

"Fruit-a-tives acts directly on the Kidneys—cleans, heals and strengthens them—makes the liver give up more bile to move the bowels regularly—and stimulates the glands of the skin to increased action. These rid the system of all poisons and every trace of Kidney Disease disappears.



Fruit-a-tives have cured hundreds of cases of Kidney Disease by stimulating and healing the Kidneys. At all druggists or sent postpaid on receipt of price—50c. a box or 6 boxes for \$2.50.

seldom delivered by more than one man, who, if it were at a shop, went in, and laid it, with a bloody threat perhaps, upon the counter, or if it were at a private house, knocked at the door, and thrust it in the servant's hand. Notwithstanding the presence of the military in every quarter of the town, and the great force in the Park, these messengers did their errands with impunity all through the day. So did two boys who went down Holborn alone, armed with bars taken from the railings of Lord Mansfield's house, and demanded money for the rioters. So did a tall man on horseback, who made a collection for the same purpose in Fleet Street, and refused to take anything but gold.

A rumor had now got into circulation, too, which diffused a greater dread all through London, even than these publicly announced intentions of the rioters, though all men knew that if they were successfully effected there must ensue a national bankruptcy and general ruin. It was said that they meant to throw the gates of Bedlam open, and let all the madmen loose. This suggested such dreadful images to the people's minds, and was indeed an act so fraught with new and unimaginable horrors in the contemplation, that it beset them more than any loss or cruelty of which they could foresee the worst, and drove many sane men nearly mad themselves.

So the day passed on, the prisoners moving their goods, people running to and fro in the streets, carrying away

their property, groups standing in silence round the ruins; all business was suspended, and the soldiers disposed as has been already mentioned, remaining quite inactive. So the day passed on, and dreaded night drew near again.

At last, at seven o'clock in the evening, the privy council issued a solemn proclamation that it was now necessary to employ the military, and that the officers had most direct and effectual orders, by an immediate exertion of their utmost force, to repress the disturbances, and warning all good subjects of the king to keep themselves, their servants, and apprentices, within doors that night. There was then delivered out to every soldier on duty, thirty-six rounds of powder and ball; the drums beat, and the whole force was under arms at sunset.

(To be Continued.)

A Liniment for the Logger.—Loggers lead a life which exposes them to many perils. Wounds, cuts and bruises cannot be altogether avoided in preparing timber for the drive and in river work, where wet and cold combined are of daily experience coughs and colds and muscular pains cannot but ensue. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, when applied to the injured or administered to the ailing, works wonders.

Bells 100 lbs. to 10,000 lbs. McShane's
Any size desired—Climes, Tones, Single.
McSHANE BELL FOUNDRY, Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

SECOND MONTH		February		THE HOLY FAMILY	
28 DAYS		1906			
DAY OF MONTH	DAY OF WEEK	COLOR OF VESTMENT			
1	Th.	r.	S. Ignatius, Bp. M.		
2	F.	w.	Purification of B. V. Mary.		
3	S.	w.	S. Dionysius, Pope.		
Fifth Sunday After Epiphany					
4	Su.	w.	S. Andrew Corsini.		
5	M.	r.	S. Agatha.		
6	T.	w.	S. Hyacinthe Mariscotti.		
7	W.	w.	S. Romuald.		
8	Th.	w.	S. John of Matha.		
9	F.	w.	S. Zostimus.		
10	S.	w.	S. Scholastica.		
Septuagesima Sunday					
11	Su.	v.	Septuagesima Sunday.		
12	M.	r.	S. Telesphore.		
13	T.	r.	Prayer of Our Lord in the Garden.		
14	W.	w.	S. Agatho, Pope.		
15	Th.	r.	S. Martina, Virgin and Martyr.		
16	F.	w.	B. Gregory X., Pope.		
17	S.	r.	S. Hyginus.		
Sexagesima Sunday					
18	Su.	v.	Sexagesima Sunday.		
19	M.	w.	S. Titus.		
20	T.	r.	Commemoration of the Passion of Our Lord.		
21	W.	w.	Seven Founders of the Services.		
22	Th.	w.	St Peter's Chair at Antioch.		
23	F.	w.	S. Peter Damian.		
24	S.	r.	S. Mathias, Apostle.		
Quinquagesima Sunday					
25	Su.	v.	Quinquagesima Sunday.		
26	M.	w.	S. Margaret of Cortona.		
27	T.	r.	S. Antherus.		
28	W.	v.	Ash Wednesday, Lent Begins.		

PALMS FOR PALM SUNDAY. GENUINE IMPORTED GREEN STOCK.
W. E. BLAKE, Imp. & Manf. Vestments, etc.
123 Church Street, Toronto.
LONG DISTANCE PHONE M. 2463



Plain Tips
15c. per Box