

BARNABY RUDGE

By CHARLES DICKENS

Dennis, with a wink and a nod, un-
wound the cord from about his per-
son, and raising his eyes to the ceil-
ing, looked all over it, and round the
walls and cornice, with a curious
eye. Then shook his head.

"Move, man, can't you!" cried
Hugh, with another impatient stamp
of his foot. "Are we to wait here
till the cry has gone for ten miles
around, and our work's interrupted?"

"It's all very fine talking, broth-
er," said Dennis, stepping towards
him; "but unless"—and here he whis-
pered in his ear—"unless we do it
over the door, it can't be done at all
in this here room."

"What can't?" Hugh demanded.
"Why, the old man can't."
"Why, you weren't going to hang
him?" cried Hugh.
"No, brother?" returned the hang-
man, with a stare. "What else?"
Hugh made no answer, but snatching
the rope from his companion's
hands, proceeded to bind old John
himself, but his very first move was
so bungling and unskillful, that Mr.
Dennis retreated, almost with tears
in his eyes, that he might be permit-
ted to perform the duty. Hugh con-
sented, he achieved it in a twink-
ling.

"There!" he said, looking mourn-
fully at John Willet, who displayed
so more emotion in his bonds than
he had shown out of them. "That's
what I call pretty, and workmanlike.
He's quite a picture now. But, Broth-
er, just a word with you—now that
he's ready trussed, as one may
say, wouldn't it be better for all
parties if we was to work him off?
It would read uncommon well in the
newspapers, it would indeed. The
public would think a great deal more
of us!"

Hugh, inferring what his compan-
ion meant, rather from his gestures
than his technical mode of expressing
himself (to which, as he was ignorant
of his calling, he wanted the clew),
rejected this proposition for the se-
cond time, and gave the word "For-
ward!" which was echoed by a hun-
dred voices from without.

"To the Warren!" shouted Dennis
as he ran out, followed by the rest.
"A wondrous house, my lads!"
"A loud yell followed, the whole
throng hurried off, mad for pillage
and destruction. Hugh lingered be-
hind a few moments to stimulate
himself with more drink, and to set
all the taps running, a few of which
had accidentally been spared; then,
glancing round the despoiled and plun-
dered room, through whose shattered
window the rioters had thrust the
Maypole itself—for even that had
been sawn down—lighted a torch,
clapped the mute and motionless
John Willet on the back, and waving
his light above his head, and uttering
a fierce shout, hastened after his com-
panions.

CHAPTER LV.

John Willet, left alone in his dis-
mantled bar, continued to sit start-
ing about him; awake as to his eyes,
certainly, but with all his powers
of reason, and reflection in a sound
and dreamless sleep. He looked
around upon the room which had been
for years, and was within an hour
ago, the pride of his hear, and not
a muscle of his face was moved. The
night, without, looked black and cold
through the dreary gaps in the casement;
the precious liquids, now nearly
leaked away, dripped with a hollow
sound upon the floor; the Maypole
peered ruefully in through the
broken window, like the bowsprit of
a wrecked ship; the ground might
have been the bottom of the sea, it
was so strewn with precious frag-
ments. Currents of air rushed in, as
the old doors jarred and creaked up-
on their hinges; the candles flickered
and guttered down, and made long,
winding sheets; the cheery deep-red
curtains flapped and fluttered idly in
the wind; even the stout Dutch kegs,
overthrown and lying empty in dark
corners, seemed the mere husks of
good fellows whose jollity had de-
parted, and who would kindle with a
friendly glow no more. John saw
this desolation, and yet saw it not.
He was perfectly contented to sit
there, staring at it, and felt no more
indignation or discomfort in his bonds
than if they had been robes of honor.
So far as he was personally concern-
ed, old Times lay snoring, and the
world stood still.

Save for the dripping from the bar-
rels, the rustling of such light frag-
ments of destruction as the wind af-
fected, and the dull creaking of the
open doors, all was profoundly quiet;
indeed, these sounds, like the ticking
of the death-watch in the night,
only made the silence they invaded
deeper and more apparent. But quiet
or noisy, it was all one to John. If
a train of heavy artillery could have

come up and commenced ball
practice outside the window, it would
have been all the same to him. He
was a long way beyond surprise. A
ghost couldn't have overtaken him.

By and by he heard a footstep—
hurried, and yet cautious footstep—
coming towards the house. It
stopped, advanced again, then seemed
to go quite round it. Having done
that, it came beneath the window,
and a head looked in.

It was strongly relieved against
the darkness outside by the glare of
the guttering candles. A pale, worn,
withered face; the eyes—but that was
owing to its gaunt condition—unnat-
urally large and bright; the hair, a
grizzled black. It gave a searching
glance all round the room, and a deep
voice said:

"Are you alone in this house?"
John made no sign, though the
question was repeated twice, and he
heard it distinctly. After a mo-
ment's pause the man got in at the
window. John was not at all sur-
prised at this, either. There had been
so much getting in and out of win-
dows in the course of the last hour
or so, that he had quite forgotten the
door, and seemed to have lived
among such exercises from infancy.

The man wore a large, dark, faded
cloak, and a slouched hat; he walked
up close to John, and looked at him.
John returned the compliment with
interest.

"How long have you been sitting
thus?" said the man.
"John considered, but nothing came
of it."
"Which way have the party gone?"
Some wandering speculations rela-
tive to the fashion of the stranger's
boots, got into Mr. Willet's mind by
some accident or other, but they got
out again in a hurry, and left him in
his former state.

"You would do well to speak,"
said the man; "you may keep a whole
skin, though you have nothing else
left that can be hurt. Which way
have the party gone?"
"That!" said John, finding his
voice all at once, and nodding with
perfect good faith—he couldn't point;
he was so tightly bound—in exactly
the opposite direction to the right
one.

"You lie!" said the man angrily,
and with a threatening gesture. I
came that way. You would betray
me."
It was so evident that John's im-
perturbability was not assumed, but
was the result of the late proceed-
ings under his roof, that the man
stayed his hand in the very act of
striking him, and turned away.

John looked after him without so
much as a twitch in a single nerve
of his face. He seized a glass, and
holding it under one of the little
casks until a few drops were collect-
ed, drank them greedily off, then
throwing it down upon the floor im-
patiently, he took the vessel in his
hands and drained it into his throat.
Some scraps of bread and meat were
scattered about, and on these he fell
next, eating them with voracity, and
pausing every now and then to lis-
ten for some fancied noise outside.
When he had refreshed himself in this
manner with violent haste, and raised
another barrel to his lips, he pulled
his hat upon his brow as though he
were about to leave the
house, and turned to John.

"Where are your servants?"
Mr. Willet indistinctly remembered
to have heard the rioters calling to
them to throw the key of the room
in which they were, out of window,
for their keeping. He therefore re-
plied, "Locked up." He therefore re-
plied, "Locked up."

"Well for them if they remain quiet
and well for you if you do the like,"
said the man. "Now show me the
way the party went."
This time Mr. Willet indicated it
correctly. The man was hurrying to
the door, when suddenly there came
towards them on the wind, the loud
and rapid tolling of an alarm bell,
and then a bright and vivid glare
streamed up, which illuminated, not
only the whole chamber, but all the
country.

It was not the sudden change from
darkness to this dreadful light, it
was not the sound of distant
shrieks and shouts of triumphs, it was
not this dread invasion of the seren-
ity and peace of night, that drove
the man back as though a thunder-
bolt had struck him. It was the
Bell. If the ghastliest shape the hu-
man mind has ever pictured in its
wildest dreams had risen up before
him, he could not have staggered
backward from its touch, as he did
from the first sound of that loud iron
voice. With eyes that started from
his head, his limbs convulsed, his
face most horrible to see, he raised
one arm high up into the air, and
holding something visionary back and

**MILBURN'S
LAXA-LIVER
PILLS**

are mild, sure and safe, and are a perfect
regulator of the system.

They gently unlock the secretions, clear
away all effete and waste matter from the
system, and give tone and vitality to the
whole intestinal tract, curing Constipa-
tion, Sick Headache, Biliousness, Dypep-
sia, Coated Tongue, Foul Breath, Jaun-
dice, Heartburn, and Water Brash. Mrs.
R. S. Ogden, Woodstock, N.B., writes:
"My husband and myself have used Mil-
burn's Laxa-Liver Pills for a number of
years. We think we cannot do without
them. They are the only pills we ever
take."

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

down, with his other hand, drove
at it as though he held a knife and
stabbed it to the heart. He clutched
his hair, and stopped his ears, and
travelled madly round and round,
then gave a frightful cry, and with it
rushed away; still, still, the Bell
told on and seemed to follow him—
louder and louder, hotter and hotter
yet. The glare grew brighter, the
roar of voices deeper, the crash of
heavy bodies falling shook the air;
bright streams of sparks rose up into
the sky, but louder than them all—
rising faster far, to Heaven—a mil-
lion times more fierce and furious—
speaking the language of the dead—
the Bell—the Bell!

What hunt of spectres could sur-
pass that dread pursuit and fight, I
had there been a legion of them on
his track, he could have better borne
it. They would have had a begin-
ning and an end, but here all space
was full. The one pursuing voice
was everywhere; it sounded in the
earth, the air; shook the long grass,
and howled among the trembling
trees. The echoes caught it up, the
owls hooted as it flew upon the
breeze, the nightingale was silent and
hid herself among the thickest
boughs; it seemed to roar and urge
the angry fire, and last it into nee-
ness; everything was steeped in one
prevailing red; the glow was every-
where; nature was drenched in blood;
still the remorseless crying of that
awful voice—the Bell, the Bell!

It ceased; but not in his ears. The
knell was at his heart. No work of
man had ever voice like that which
sounded there, and warned him that
it cried unceasingly to Heaven. Who
could hear that bell, and not know
what it said! There was murder in
its every note—cruel, relentless, savage
murder—the murder of a confi-
ding man, by one who held his every
trust. Its ringing summoned phan-
toms from their graves. What face
was that, in which a friendly smile
changed to a look of hell incredulous
horror, which stiffened for a
moment into one of pain, then chang-
ed again into an imploring glance at
Heaven—and so fell idly down with
upturned eyes, like the dead stag; he
had often peeped at when a little
child, shrinking and shuddering—there
was a dreadful thing to think of now!
—and clinging to an apron as he look-
ed! He sank upon the ground, and
grovelled down as if he would dig
himself a place to hide in, covered
his face and ears; but, no, no, no—
a hundred walls and roofs of brass
would not shut out that bell, for in
it spoke the wrathful voice of God,
and from that voice the whole wide
universe could not afford a refuge!

While he rushed up and down, not
knowing where to turn, and while he
lay crouching there, the work went
briskly on indeed. When they left
the Maypole, the rioters formed into
a solid body, and advanced at a quick
pace towards the Warren. Rumor of
their approach having gone before,
they found the garden doors fast
closed, the windows made secure, and
the house profoundly dark, not a
light being visible in any portion of
the building. After some fruitless
ringing at the bells, and beating at
the iron gates, they drew off a few
paces to reconnoitre, and confer upon
the course it would be best to take.

Very little conference was needed,
when all were bent upon one desper-
ate purpose, infuriated with liquor,
and flushed with successful riot. The
word being given to surround the
house, some climbed the gates, or
dropped into the shallow trench and
scaled the garden wall, while others
pulled down the solid iron fence, and
while they made a breach to enter by
their weapons of the bars. The
house being completely encircled, a
small number of men were despatched
to break open a tool-shed in the
garden, and during their absence on
this errand, the remainder contented
themselves with knocking violently
at the doors, and calling to those
within, to come down and open them
on peril of their lives.

No answer being returned to this
repeated summons, and the detach-
ment who had been sent away, com-
ing back with an accession of pick-
axes, spades, and hoes, they—togeth-
er with those who had such arms
already, or carried (as many did) axes,
poles, and crow-bars—struggled in-
to the foremost tank, ready to beset
the doors and windows. They had
not at this time more than a dozen
lighted torches among them, but
when these preparations were com-
pleted, flaming links were distributed
and passed from hand to hand with
such rapidity, that in a minute's
time, at least two-thirds of the whole
roaring mass bore, each man in his
hand, a blazing brand. Whirling
these about their heads they raised
a loud shout, and fell to work upon
the doors and windows.

Amidst the clattering of heavy
cries and execrations of the mob,
blows, the rattling of broken glass,
and all the din and turmoil of the
scene, Hugh and his friends kept to-
gether at the turret door where Mr.
Haredale had last admitted him
and old John Willet; and spent their
united force on that. It was a strong
old oak door, guarded by good
bolts and a heavy bar, but it soon
went crashing in upon the narrow
stairs behind, and made, as it were,
a platform to facilitate their tear-
ing up into the rooms above. Almost
at the same moment, a dozen other
points were forced, and at every one
the crowd poured in like water.

They Wake the Torpid Energies.—
Machinery not properly supervised
and left to run itself, very soon
shows fault in its working. It is
the same with the digestive organs.
Unregulated from time to time, they
are likely to become torpid and
throw the whole system out of gear.
Parmelee's Vegetable Pills were made
to meet such cases. They restore to
the full flagging faculties, and bring
into order all parts of the mechan-
ism.

A few armed servant-men were
posted in the halls, and when the
rioters forced an entrance there, they
fired some half a dozen shots. But
these taking no effect and the con-
course coming on like an army of
devils, they only thought of consult-
ing their own safety, and retreated,
echoing their assailants' cries, and
hoping in the confusion to be taken
for rioters themselves, in which strat-
agem they succeeded, with the ex-
ception of one old man who was never
heard of again, and was said to
have had his brains beaten out with
an iron bar (one of his fellows re-
ported that he had seen the old man
fall), and to have been afterwards
burned in the flames.

The besiegers being now in complete
possession of the house, spread them-
selves over it from garret to cellar,
and piled their demon labors fiercely.
While some small parties kindled bon-
fires underneath the eaves, and the
fragments down to feed the flames
below, where the apertures in the
wall (windows no longer) were large
enough, they threw out tables, chests
of drawers, beds, mirrors, pictures,
and flung them whole into the fire,
while every fresh addition to the
blazing masses was received with
shouts, and howls, and yells, which
added new and dismal terrors to the
conflagration. Those who had axes
and had spent their fury on the
moveables, chopped and tore down the
doors and window-frames, broke up
the flooring, hewed away the rafters,
and hurried men who lingered in the
upper rooms, in heaps of ruins.
Some searched the drawers, the
chests, the boxes, writing-desks, and
closets, for jewels, plate, and money;
while others less mindful of gain
and more mad for destruction, cast
their whole contents into the court-
yard without examination, and called
to those below to heap them on
the casks, rushed to and fro stark
mad, setting fire to all they saw—
often to the dresses of their own
friends—and kindling the building in
so many parts that some had no time
for escape, and were seen with
drooping heads and blackened faces,
hanging senseless on the window-sills
to which they had crawled, until they
were sucked and drawn into the
burning gulf. The more the fire
crackled and raged the wilder and
more cruel the men grew, as though
moving in that element they became
fiends, and changed their earthly na-
ture for the qualities that give de-
light in hell.

The burning pit, revealing rooms
and passages red hot, through gaps
made in the crumbling walls; the tri-
bitary fires that licked the outer
bricks and stones, with their long
forked tongues, and ran up to meet
the glowing mass within; the shining
of the flames upon the villains who
looked on and fed them, the roaring
of the angry blaze, so bright and high
that it seemed in its rapacity to have
swallowed up the very smoke, the
living makes the wind bore rapidly
away and hurried on with like a
storm of fiery snow, the noiseless
breaving of great beams of wood,
which fell like feathers on the heap of
ashes, and crumbled in the very act
to sparks and powder, the lurid tinge
that overspread the sky, and the
darkness, very deep by contrast,
which prevailed around; the exposure
to the coarse, common gaze, of every
little nook which usages of home had
made a sacred place, and the destruc-
tion by rude hands of every lit-
tle household favorite which old as-
sociations made a dear and precious
thing, all this taking place—not
among pitying looks and friendly mur-
murs of compassion, but brutal shouts
and exultations, which seemed to
make the very rats who stood by the
old house too long, creatures, with
some claim upon the pity and regard
of those its roof had sheltered—com-
bined to form a scene never to be
forgotten by those who saw it, and
were not actors in the work, so long
as life endured.

And who were they? The alarm-
bell rang—and it was pulled by no
faint or hesitating hands—for a long
time, but not a soul was seen. Some
of the insurgents said that when it
ceased, they heard the shrieks of wo-
men, and saw some garments flutter-
ing in the air, as a party of men
bore away no unresisting burdens.
No one could say that this was true
or false, in such an uproar, but where
was Hugh? Who among them had
seen him, since the forcing of the
doors? The cry spread through the
body. Where was Hugh!
"Here!" he hoarsely cried, appear-
ing from the darkness, out of breath,
and blackened with the smoke. "We
have done all we can, the fire is burn-
ing itself out, and even the corners
where it hasn't spread, are nothing
but heaps of ruins. Disperse, my
lads, while the coast's clear; get back
by different ways, and meet as usual!"
With that, he disappeared
again, contrary to his wont, for he
was always first to advance, and last
to go away—leaving them to follow
homewards as they would.

It was not an easy task to draw off
such a throng. If Bedlam rates had
been flung open wide, there could not
have issued forth such maniacs as the
frenzy of that night had made. There
were men there who danced and tramp-
led on the beds of flowers as though
they trod down human enemies, and
wrenched them from the stalks, like
savages who twisted human necks.
There were men who cast their lights

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 consti-
pation and my stomach
and bowels act naturally.
I cannot say enough in
praise of "Fruit-a-tives"
—they are a grand medi-
cine, 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.



ed torches in the air, and suffered
them to fall upon their heads and
faces, blistering the skin with deep
unseemly burns. There were men who
rushed up to the fire, and paddled in
it with their hands as if in water,
and others who were restrained by
force from plunging in, to gratify
their deadly longing. On the skull
of one drunken lad—not twenty, by
his looks—who lay upon the ground
with a bottle to his mouth, the
lead from the roof came streaming
down in a shower of liquid fire white
hot, melting his head like wax. When
the scattered parties were collected,
men—living yet, but singed as with
hot irons—were plucked out of the
cellars and carried off upon the
shoulders of others, who strove to
wake when as they went along, with
ribald jokes, and left them, dead, in
the passages of hospitals. But of
all the howling throng not one learned
mercy, or sickened at these sights,
nor was the fierce, besotted, sense-
less rage of one man gluted.

Slowly, and in small clusters, with
hoarse hurrahs and repetitions of
their usual cry, the assembly dropped
away. The last few red-eyed strag-
glers reeled after those who had gone
before, the distant noise of men call-
ing to each other, and whistling for
others whom they missed, grew faint-
er and fainter; at length even these
sounds died away, and silence reign-
ed alone.

Silence indeed! Glare of the flames
had sunk into a fitful flashing light;
and the gentle stars, invisible till
now, looked down upon the blacken-
ing heap. A dull smoke hung upon
the ruin, as though to hide it from
those eyes of Heaven; and the wind
forebore to move it. Bare walls,
roof open to the sky—chambers, where
the beloved dead had, many and many
a fair day, risen to new life and en-
ergy, where so many dear ones had
been sad and merry, which were con-
nected with so many thoughts and
hopes, regrets and changes—all gone.
Nothing left but a dull and dreary
blank—a smouldering heap of dust
and ashes—the silence and solitude of
utter desolation.

(To be Continued)

When we were children the infinite
lay beyond the next mountain be-
cause it was the unknown. We
grew up and we got knowledge; and
knowledge destroyed our dreams, and
left us only commonplace. It is the
unknown and unlimited that still ap-
peals to us—the something behind the
down, and beyond the sunset, and far
away athwart the black line of that
horizon, that is forever calling, call-
ing and beckoning to us to go thith-
er.—Rev. P. A. Sheehan.

Sure Regulators.—Mandrake and
Dandelion are known to exert a
powerful influence on the liver and
kidneys, restoring them to healthful
action, inducing a regular flow of the
secretions and imparting to the or-
gans complete power to perform their
functions. These valuable ingredients
enter into the composition of Par-
melee's Vegetable Pills and serve to
render them the agreeable and salutary
medicine they are. There are
few pills so effective as they in their
action.

TWELFTH MONTH December THE ADVENT OF CHRIST
31 DAYS

DAY OF MONTH	DAY OF WEEK	COLOR OF VESTMENTS	SANCTIFIED FEASTS
1	F.	w.	S. Didacus. S. Bibiana.
First Sunday of Advent			
3	Su.	v.	First Sunday of Advent.
4	M.	w.	S. Peter Chrysologus.
5	T.	w.	S. Stanislas Kostka.
6	W.	w.	Fast. S. Nicholas.
7	T.	w.	S. Ambrose.
8	F.	w.	Fast. Immaculate Conception of B. V. Mary.
9	S.	r.	S. Eutychianus.
Second Sunday of Advent			
10	Su.	v.	Second Sunday of Advent.
11	M.	w.	S. Melchielus, Pope.
12	T.	r.	Fast. S. Lucy.
13	W.	r.	S. Leonard of Port Maurice.
14	T.	w.	Fast. Octave of Immaculate Conception.
15	F.	w.	S. Eusebius.
16	S.	r.	
Third Sunday of Advent			
17	Su.	v.	Third Sunday of Advent.
18	M.	w.	Expectation of B. V. Mary.
19	T.	w.	B. Urban V., Pope.
20	W.	w.	Ember Day. Fast. S. Francis Xavier.
21	T.	r.	S. Thomas, Apostle.
22	F.	v.	Ember Day. F. st. Holy House of Loreto
23	S.	v.	Ember Day. Fast.
Fourth Sunday of Advent			
24	Su.	v.	Fourth Sunday of Advent.
25	M.	w.	Christmas Day.
26	T.	r.	S. Stephen.
27	W.	w.	S. John Evangelist.
28	T.	v.	Holy Innocent.
29	F.	r.	S. Thomas of Canterbury.
30	S.	r.	Of the Octave of Christmas.
Sunday in the Octave of Christmas			
31	Su.	w.	S. Sylvester, Pope.

BOOKLET FREE Canadian Correspondence College, Limited
TORONTO, CAN.

MURAD
TURKISH CIGARETTES
S. ANARGYROS.

Plain Tips
15c. per Box

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
CURES RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, GRAVEL, GOUT, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, HEADACHE, BACKACHE, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, HEADACHE, BACKACHE.