



"Because," said the secretary, looking up with something between a snarl and a smile, "because to sit still and wear it, or fall asleep and wear it, or run away and wear it, is a mockery. That's all, friend."

"What would you have us do, master?" cried Hugh.

"Nothing," returned Gashford, shrugging his shoulders, "nothing. When my lord was reproached and threatened for standing by you, I, as a prudent man, would have had you do nothing. When the soldiers were trampling you under their horses' feet, I would have had you do nothing. When one of them was struck down by a daring hand, and I saw confusion and dismay in all their faces, I would have had you do nothing—just what you did, in short. This is the young man who had so little prudence and so much boldness. Ah! I am sorry for him."

"Sorry, master!" cried Hugh.

"Sorry, Muster Gashford!" echoed Dennis.

"In case there should be a proclamation out to-morrow offering five hundred pounds, or some such trifle, for his apprehension, and in case it should include another man who dropped into the lobby from the stairs above," said Gashford, coldly, "still, do nothing."

"Fire and fury, master!" cried Hugh, starting up. "What have we done that you should talk to us like this?"

"Nothing," returned Gashford with a sneer. "If you are cast into prison, if this young man—here—he looked hard at Barnaby's attentive face—"is dragged from us and from his friends perhaps from people whom he loves, and whom his death would kill, is thrown into jail, brought out and hanged before your eyes, still, do nothing. You'll find it your best policy, I have no doubt."

"Come on!" cried Hugh, striding towards the door. "Dennis—Barnaby—come on!"

"Where? To do what?" cried Gashford, slipping past him, and standing with his back against it.

"Anywhere! Anything!" cried Hugh. "Stand aside, master, or the window will serve our turn as well. Let us out!"

"Ha, ha, ha! You are of such—of such an impetuous nature," said Gashford, changing his manner for one of the utmost good-fellowship and pleasantest rally.

"Oh, yes—certainly," growled Dennis, drawing his sleeve across his thirsty lips. "No malice, brother. Drink with Muster Gashford!"

Hugh wiped his heated brow, and relaxed into a smile. The artful secretary laughed outright.

"Some liquor here! Be quick, or he'll not stop, even for that. He is a man of such desperate ardor!" said the smooth secretary, whom Mr. Dennis corroborated with sundry nods and muttered oaths.

Hugh poised his sturdy arm aloft, and clapping Barnaby on the back, bade him fear nothing. They shook hands together—poor Barnaby evidently possessed with the idea that he was among the most virtuous and disinterested heroes in the world—and Gashford laughed again.

"I hear," he said smoothly, as he stood among them with a great measure of liquor in his hand, and filled their glasses as quickly and as often as they chose. "I hear—but I cannot say whether it be true or false—that the men who are loitering in the streets to-night are half disposed to pull down a Romish chapel or two, and that they only want leaders. I even hear mention of those in Duke street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and in Warwick Street, Golden Square, but common report, you know. You are not going?"

"To do nothing, master, eh?" cried Hugh. "No jails and halter for Barnaby and me. They must be fright-ned out of that. Leaders are wanted, are they? Now, boys!"

"A most impetuous fellow!" cried the secretary. "Ha, ha! A courageous, boisterous, most vehement fellow! A man who!"

the chief faces were distinctly visible. That they had been engaged in the destruction of some building was sufficiently apparent, and that it was a Catholic place of worship was evident from the spoils they bore as trophies, which were easily recognizable for the vestments of priests, and rich fragments of altar furniture. Covered with soot, and dirt, and dust, and lime, their garments torn to rags, their hair hanging wild about them, their hands and faces jagged and bleeding with the wounds of rusty nails, Barnaby, Hugh and Dennis hurried on before them all, like hideous madmen. After them, the dense throng came fighting on, some singing, some shouting in triumph, some quarrelling among themselves, some menacing the spectators as they passed, some with great wooden fragments, on which they spent their rage as if they had been alive, renouncing their limb from limb, and hurling the scattered morsels high into the air, some in a drunken state, unconscious of the hurts they had received from falling bricks, and stones, and beams, one borne upon a shutter, in the very midst, covered with a dingy cloth, a senseless, ghastly heap. Thus—a vision of coarse faces, with here and there a blot of glaring smoky light, a dream of demon heads and savage eyes, and sticks and iron bars uplifted in the air, and whirled about, a bewildering horror, in which so much was seen, and yet so little, which seemed so long and yet so short, in which there were so many phantoms, not to be forgotten, not to be forgotten, and yet so many things that could not be observed in one distracting glimpse—it flitted onward and was gone.

And it passed away upon its work of wrath and ruin, a piercing scream was heard. A knot of persons ran towards the spot; Gashford, who just then emerged into the street, among them. He was on the outskirts of the little concourse, and could not see or hear what passed within, but one who had a better place, informed him that a widow woman had descended her son among the rioters.

"Is that all?" said the secretary, turning his face homeward. "Well, I think this looks a little more like business!"

CHAPTER LI.

Promising as these outrages were to Gashford's view, and much like business as they looked, they extended that night no farther. The soldiers were again called out, again they took half a dozen prisoners, and again the crowd dispersed after a short and bloodless scuffle. Hot and drunken though they were, they had not yet broken all bounds and set all law and government at defiance. Something of their habitual deference to the authority erected by society for its own preservation yet remained among them, and had its majesty been vindicated in time, the secretary would have had to digest a bitter disappointment.

By midnight the streets were clear and quiet, and save that there stood in two parts of the town, a heap of noading walls and pile of rubbish, where there had been at sunset a rich and handsome building, everything wore its usual aspect. Even the Catholic gentry and tradesmen, of whom there were many, resident in different parts of the City and its suburbs, had no fear for their lives or property, and but little indignation for the wrong they had already sustained in the plunder and destruction of their temples of worship. An honest confidence in the government under whose protection they had lived for many years, and a well-founded reliance on the good feeling and right thinking of the great mass of the community, with whom, notwithstanding their religious differences, they were every day in habits of confidential affectionate, and friendly intercourse, reassured them, even under the excesses that had been committed, and convinced them that they who were Protestants in anything but the name, were no more to be considered than they themselves were chargeable with the uses of the block the rack, the gibbet, and the stake, in cruel Mary's reign.

The clock was on the stroke of one, when Gabriel Varden with his lady and Miss Miggs, sat waiting in the little parlor. This fact, the toppling wicks of the dull, wasted candles, the silence that prevailed, and above all the nightcaps of both maid and matron, were sufficient that they had been prepared for bed some time ago and had some strong reason for sitting up so far beyond their usual hour.

If any other corroborative testimony had been required, it would have been abundantly furnished in the actions of Miss Miggs, who, having retired at that restless state and sensitive condition of the nervous system which are the result of long watching, did, by a constant rubbing and tweaking of her nose, a perpetual change of position (arising from the sudden growth of imaginary knots and knobs in her chair), a frequent friction of her eyebrows, the incessant recurrence of a small cough, a small groan, a gasp, a sigh, a sniff, a spasmodic start, and by other demonstrations of that nature, so flee down and rasp, as if here, the patience of the locksmith, that after looking at her in silence for some time, he at last broke out into this apostrophe:

"Miggs, my good girl, go to bed—do go to bed. You're really worse"

than the dripping of a hundred water-bits outside the window, or the scratching of as many mice behind the wainscot. I can't bear it. Do go to bed, Miggs. To oblige me—do."

"You haven't got nothing to unnie, sir," returned Miss Miggs, "and therefore your requests does not surprise me. But Missis has—while you sit up, mim"—she added, turning to the locksmith's wife, "I could not, no not if twenty times the quantity of cold water was aperiently running down my back at this moment, go to bed with a quiet spirit."

Having spoken these words, Miss Miggs made divers efforts to rub her shoulders in an impossible place, and shivered from head to foot, thereby giving the beholders to understand that the imaginary cascade was still in full flow, but that a sense of duty upheld her under that, and all other sufferings, and nerved her to endurance.

Mrs. Varden being too sleepy to speak, and Miss Miggs having, as the phrase is, said her say, the locksmith had nothing for it but to sigh and be as quiet as he could.

But to be quiet with such a basilisk before him, was impossible. If he looked another way, it was worse to feel that she was rubbing her cheek, or twitching her ear, or winking her eye, or making all kinds of extraordinary shapes with her nose, than to see her do it. If she was for a moment free from any of these complaints, it was only because of her having been asleep, or of her arm being tucked up, or of her leg being tucked up with the cramp, or of some other horrible disorder which racked her whole frame. If she did enjoy a moment's ease, then with her eyes shut and her mouth wide open, she would be seen to sit very stiff and upright in her chair, then to nod a little way forward, and stop with another jerk, then to recover herself, then to come forward again—lower—lower—lower—by very slow degrees, until just as it seemed impossible that she could preserve her balance for another instant, and the locksmith was about to call out, in an agony to save her from falling down upon her forehead and fracturing her skull, then all of a sudden and without the smallest notice, she would come upright and rigid again with her eyes open, and in her countenance an expression of defiance, sleepy but yet most obstinate, which plainly said "I've never once closed my eyes since I looked at you last, and I'll take my oath of it!"

At length, after the clock had struck two, there was a sound at the street door, as if somebody had fallen against the knocker by accident. Miss Miggs immediately jumping up and clapping her hands, cried with a drowsy mingling of the sacred and profane. "Ally Loyer, mim! there's Simmon's knock!"

"Who's there?" said Gabriel. "Me!" cried the well-known voice of Mr. Tappetit. Gabriel opened the door, and gave him admission.

He did not cut a very insinuating figure, for a man of his stature suffers in a crowd, and having been active in yesterday morning's work, his dress was literally crushed from head to foot, his hat being beaten out of all shape, and his shoes trodden down at the heel like slippers. His coat fluttered in strips about him, the buckles were torn away both from his knees and feet, half his neckerchief gone, and the bosom of his shirt was left to tatters. Yet notwithstanding all these personal disadvantages, despite his being very weak from heat and fatigue, and so begrimed with mud and dust that he might have been in a case, for anything of the real texture (either of skin or apparel) that the eye could discern, he walked laughingly into the parlor, and throwing himself into a chair, and endeavoring to thrust his hands into the pockets of his small clothes, which were turned inside out and displayed upon his legs, like tassels, surveyed the household with a gloomy dignity.

"Simmon," said the locksmith gravely. "How comes it that you return home at this time of night and in this condition? Give me an assurance that you have not been among the rioters, and I am satisfied."

"Sir," replied Mr. Tappetit, with a contemptuous look, "I wonder at your assurance in making such demands. "You have been drinking," said the locksmith.

"As a general principle, and in the most offensive sense of the words, sir," returned his journeyman with great self-possession, "I consider you a liar. In that last observation you have unintentionally—unintentionally, sir—struck upon the truth."

"Martha," said the locksmith, turning to his wife, and shaking his head sorrowfully, while a smile at the absurd figure before him still played upon his open face. "I trust it may turn out that this poor lad is not the victim of the knaves and fools we have so often had words about, and who have done so much harm to-day. If he has been at Warwick Street or Duke Street to-night—"

"He has been at neither, sir," cried Mr. Tappetit in a loud voice, which he suddenly dropped into a whisper as he repeated, with eyes fixed upon the locksmith, "he has been at neither."

"I am glad of it with all my heart," said the locksmith in a serious tone, "for if he had been, and it could be proved against him, Martha, your Great Association would have been to the gallows and leaves them hanging in the air. It would, as sure as we're alive!"

Mrs. Varden was too much scared by Simmon's altered manner and appearance, and by the accounts of the rioters which had reached her ears that night, to offer any retort, or to have recourse to her usual matrimonial policy. Miss Miggs wrung her hands and wept.

"He was not at Duke Street or at Warwick Street, G. Varden," said Simmon, sternly, "but he was at Westminster. Perhaps, sir, he kicked a county member, perhaps, sir, he tapped a lord—you may stare, sir, I repeat it—Blood flowed from noses, and perhaps he tapped a lord. Who knows?"

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This, he added, putting his hand into his waistcoat pocket, and taking out a large tooth, at the sight of which both Miggs and Mrs. Varden screamed, "this was a bishop's. Beware, G. Varden!"

"Now, I would rather," said the locksmith, hastily, "have paid five hundred pounds, than had this come to pass. You idiot, do you know what peril you stand in?"

"I know it, sir," replied his journeyman, "and it is my glory. I was there, everybody saw me there. I was conspicuous, and prominent. I will abide the consequences."

The locksmith, really disturbed and agitated, paced to and fro in silence—glancing at his former 'prentice every now and then—and at length stopping before him, said: "Get to bed, and sleep a couple of hours that you may wake penitent, and with some of your senses about you. Be sorry for what you have done, and we will try to save you. If I call him by five o'clock," said Varden, turning hurriedly to his wife, and washing himself clean and changing his dress, he may get to the Tower stairs, and away by the Gravesend tide-boat before any search is made for him. From there he can easily get on to Canterbury, where your cousin will give him work till this storm has blown over. I am not sure that I do right in screening him from the punishment he deserves but he has lived in this house, man and boy, for a dozen years, and I should be sorry if for this one day's work he make a miserable end. Lock the front door, Miggs, and show no light towards the street when you go upstairs. Quick, Simmon! Get to bed!"

"And do you suppose, sir," retorted Mr. Tappetit, with a thickness and slowness of speech which completely contradicted his rapidity and earnestness of his kind-hearted master—"and do you suppose, sir, that I am base and mean enough to accept your servile proposition?—Miserable!"

"Whatever you please, Sim, but get to bed. Every minute is of consequence. The light here, Miggs!"

"Yes, yes, oh! Go to bed directly," cried the two women together.

Mr. Tappetit stood upon his feet, and pushing his chair away to show that he needed no assistance, answered, swaying himself to and fro, and managing his head as if it had no connection whatever with his body: "You spoke of Miggs, sir—Miggs may be smothered!"

"Oh, Simmon!" ejaculated that young lady in a faint voice. "Oh, mim! Oh sir! Oh goodness gracious, what a turn he has given me!"

"This family may all be smothered, sir," returned Mr. Tappetit, after glancing at her with a smile of ineffable disdain, "excepting Mrs. V. I have come here, sir, for her sake, this night. Mrs. Varden, take this piece of paper. It's a protection, ma'am. You may need it."

With these words he held out a arm's length, a dirty, crumpled scrap of writing. The locksmith took it from him, opened it, and read as follows: "All good friends to our cause, I hope will be particular, and do no injury to the property of any true Protestant. I am well assured that the proprietor of this house is a staunch and worthy friend to the cause."

George Gordon. "What's this?" said the locksmith, with an altered face.

"Something that'll do you good service, young feller," replied his journeyman, "as you'll find. Keep that safe, and where you can lay your hand upon it in an instant. And chalk 'No Popery' on your door to-morrow night and for a week to come—that's all."

"This is a genuine document," said the locksmith. "I know, for I have seen the hand before. What threat does it imply? What devil is abroad?"

"A fiery devil," retorted Sim; "a flaming furious devil. Don't you put yourself in its way or you're done for, my buck. Be warned in time, G. Varden. Farewell!"

But here the two women threw themselves in his way—especially Miggs, who fell upon him with such fervor that she pinned him against the wall—and conjured him in moving words not to go forth till he was sober, to listen to reason, to think of it, to take some rest, and then determine.

"I tell you," said Mr. Tappetit, "that my mind is made up. My bleeding country calls me and I go! Miggs, if you don't get out of the way, I'll pinch you."

Miss Miggs, still clinging to the rebel, screamed once vociferously—but whether in the distraction of her mind, or because of his having executed his threat, is uncertain. "Release me," said Simmon, struggling to free himself from her chaste but spider-like embrace. "Let me go! I have made arrangements for you in an altered state of society, and will provide for you comfortably in life—there! Will that satisfy you?"

Table with columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTMENTS, and THE SOULS IN PURGATORY. Title: ELEVENTH MONTH November 30 DAYS. Includes dates 1-30 and corresponding feast days and saints.

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been knocked off in the scuffle, and she was on her knees upon the floor, making a strange revelation of blue and yellow curl-papers, straggling locks of hair, tags of staylaces, and strings of its impossible to say what, panting for breath, clasping her hands, turning her eyes upwards, shedding abundance of tears, and exhibiting various other symptoms of the acutest mental suffering.

"I leave," said Simmon, turning to his master, with an utter disregard of Miggs' suddenly affliction, "a box of Miggs' maldenly affliction, with 'em. I don't want 'em. I'm never coming back here, any more. Provide yourself, sir, with a journeyman; I'm my country's journeyman, henceforward that's my line of business."

"Be what you like in two hours' time, but now go to bed," returned the locksmith, planting himself in the doorway. "Do you hear me? Go to bed!"

"I hear you and defy you, Varden," rejoined Simmon Tappetit. "This night, sir, I have been in the country, planning an expedition which shall nil your bell-hanging soul with wonder and dismay. The plot demands my utmost energy. Let me pass!"

"I'll knock you down if you come near the door," replied the locksmith. "You had better go to bed."

Simmon made no answer, but gathered himself up as straight as he could, plunged head foremost at his old master, and the two went driving out into the workshop together, plying their hands and feet so briskly that they looked like half a dozen, while Miggs and Mrs. Varden screamed for twelve.

It would have been easy for Varden to knock his old 'prentice down and bind him hand and foot, but as he was loath to hurt him in his defenceless state, he contented himself with parrying his blows when he could, taking them in perfect good part when he could not, and keeping between him and the door, until a favorable opportunity should present itself for forcing him to retreat upstairs, and shutting him up in his own room. But, in the goodness of his heart he calculated too much upon his adversary's weakness, and forgot that drunken men who have lost the power of walking steadily can often run. Watching his time, Simmon Tappetit made a cunning show of falling back, staggered unexpectedly forward, brushed past him, opened the door (he knew the trick of that lock well), and darted down the street like a mad dog. The locksmith paused for a moment in the excess of his astonishment, and then gave chase.

It was an excellent season for a run, for at that silent hour the streets were deserted, the air was cool, and the flying figure before him distinctly visible at a great distance, as if sped away, with a long gaunt shadow following at its heels.

The short-winded locksmith had no chance against a man of Sim's youth and spare figure, though the day had been when he could have run him down in no time. The space between them rapidly increased, and the rays of the rising sun streamed upon Simmon in the act of turning a distant corner, Gabriel Varden was fain to give up, and sit down on a door-step to fetch his breath. Simmon meanwhile, without once stopping, fled at the same degree of swiftness to The Book, where, as he well knew, some of his company were lying, and at which respectable hostelry he had already acquired the distinction of being in great peril of the law—a friendly watch had been expecting him all night, and was even now on the lookout for his coming.

"Go thy ways, Sim, go thy ways," said the locksmith, as soon as he could speak. "I have done my best for thee, poor lad, and would have saved thee, but the rope is round thy neck. So say."

No fear, and shaking his head in a very sorrowful and disconsolate manner, he turned back, and soon re-entered his own house, where Mrs. Varden and the faithful Miggs had been anxiously expecting his return. "Now Mrs. Varden (and by consequence Miss Miggs likewise) was impressed with a secret misgiving that she had gone wrong, that she had, to the utmost of her small means, aided and abetted the growth of disturbances, the end of which it was impossible to foresee, that she had led remotely to the scene which had just passed, and that the locksmith's time for triumph and reproach had now arrived indeed. And so strongly did Mrs. Varden feel this, and so crestfallen was she in consequence, that while her husband was pursuing their lost journeyman, she secreted under her chair the little red-brick dwelling-house with the yellow roof, lest it should furnish one occasion for reference to the painful theme, and now hid the same still more, with the skirts of her dress.

But it happened that the locksmith had been thinking of this very article on his way home, and that, coming into the room and not seeing it, he at once demanded where it was. Mrs. Varden had no resource but to produce it, which she did with many tears, and broken protestations that if she could have known—

"Yes, yes," said Varden, "of course—I know that. I don't mean to reproach you, my dear. But recollect from this time that all good things perverted to evil purposes, are worse than those which are naturally bad. A thoroughly wicked woman is wicked indeed. When religion goes wrong she is very wrong, for the same reason. Let us say no more about it, my dear."

(To be Continued.)

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