

Tales from Dickens.

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Hallie Erminie Rives

Charles Dickens

No. 5. A Tale of Two Cities

How Lucie Found Her Father

A LITTLE more than a hundred years ago there lived in London (one of the two cities of this tale) a lovely girl of 17 named Lucie Manette.

forts and army to the French government. This was a very serious charge, for men convicted of treason then were put to death in the cruellest ways that could be invented.

sent for Darnay to come to France on family matters, and he had gone, but had refused to stay or to do his uncle's bidding. The Marquis' evil life, however, was soon to be ended. While Darnay was there his uncle was murdered one night in his bed by a grief-stricken laborer, whose little child his carriage had run over and killed in the street.

Mean while the King and Queen of France and all their say and careless courtiers nobles feasted and danced and merrily as ever. They did not see the storm rising. The bitter taxes still went on. The wretched of France looked on the Marquis with a look of mingled contempt and hatred. For 18 years they drank there now were dreaming of murder and revenge. And the half-starved women, who sat and looked on at the idlers and the rich rolled through the streets, were silently waiting—

turn. This was that dreadful period which has always since been called "The Reign of Terror." When hardly any one felt sure of his safety.

There was a certain window in the prison through which Darnay sometimes found a chance to look, and from which he could see one dingy street corner. On her station for hours, rain or shine, she never missed a day, and thus at long intervals her husband got a view of her.

Lucie fainted when the sentence was pronounced. Sydney Carton, who had witnessed the trial, lifted her and bore her to a carriage. When they reached home he carried her up the stairs and laid her on a couch.

One day, however, through a Mr. Lorry, the agent of a bank, she heard a wonderful piece of news. She learned that her father was not dead but that he had been wickedly thrown into a secret prison in Paris before she was born, and had been lost thus for 18 long years.

Darnay Caught in the Net

WHILE these things were happening in London, the one city of this tale, other very different events were occurring in the other city of the story—Paris, the French capital. The indifference and harsh oppression of the court and the nobles toward the people had gone on increasing day by day, and day by day the latter had grown more sullen and resentful. All the while the poor, down-trodden people of Paris were plotting and planning secretly to rise in rebellion, kill the King and Queen and all the nobles, seize their riches and govern France themselves.

One day this frightful human storm, which for so many years had been gathering in France, burst over Paris, the poor people rose by thousands, seized whatever weapons they could get—

Lucie read the letter her husband had left for her she had followed at once with her father and Miss Pross. Dr. Manette, knowing Darnay's real name and title (for before he married Lucie, Darnay had told her father everything), had feared danger for him, but he had reasoned that his own long imprisonment in the Bastille—the building the people had first destroyed—would make him a favorite, and render him able to aid Darnay if danger came.

Sydney Carton's Sacrifice
THAT same night of his release all the happiness of Darnay and Lucie was suddenly broken. Soldiers came and again arrested him. Defarge and his wife were the accusers this time, and he was to be tried.

The plan went well. Darnay, who would not have allowed this sacrifice if he had known it was carried out, was discovered by the guard. Mr. Lorry, guessing what had happened when he saw the unconscious figure, took coach at once with him, and Darnay and Lucie, after a long journey, were in England, Lucie's father had returned from his prison, and the woman was sun, of course, that Lucie would be mourning her husband, she had just received the hour. So she stopped on her way to the execution to see Lucie and thus have evidence against her.

In those days in France the rich nobles who belonged to the royal court were very powerful and overbearing, and the rest of the people had few rights. One could be put into prison then without any trial at all so that many innocent people suffered. Lucie's mother had guessed that Dr. Manette (for he was a physician) had in some way incurred the hatred of some one of the nobles, and had thus been taken from her; but all she certainly knew was that he had disappeared, one day in Paris and had never come back.

The center of this plotting was Defarge, the keeper of the wine shop, who had cared for Dr. Manette when he had first been released from prison. Defarge and those he trusted met and planned often in the very room where Mr. Lorry and Lucie had found her father making shoes. They kept a record of all acts of cruelty toward the poor committed by the nobility, determining that when they themselves should be strong enough, those thus guilty should be killed, their fine houses burned, and all of their descendants put to death, so that not even their names should remain in France. This was a wicked and awful determination, but these poor, wretched people had been made to suffer all their lives, and their parents before them, and centuries of oppression had killed their fine houses, and made them as fierce as wild beasts that

of the street spread over France—to the village where the great chateau of the Evremondes family stood, and the peasants set fire to it and burned it to the ground; and because he was its custodian for Darnay, the new Marquis Evremonde, whom they had never seen, but yet hated, they seized Gabelle, the servant whom Darnay had left in charge, and put him in prison. They stormed the royal palace and arrested the King and Queen, threw all who bore noble names or titles into dungeons, and as they had planned, set up a government of their own.

While they talked, through the window they saw a great crowd of people come rushing into the courtyard of the building to sharpen weapons at a huge grindstone. They were going to murder the prisoners with which the jails were full at that time.

Next day Darnay was tried for the second time. When the judge asked for the accusation, Defarge laid a paper before him. It was a letter that had been found when the Bastille fell, and in it the Marquis St. Evremonde, the cruel uncle of Darnay when he was a young man, had dreadfully wronged a young peasant woman, had caused her husband's death, and killed her brother. This, Mrs. Defarge, the poor woman, had lived those 18 years, not knowing whether his wife and child lived or died. He waited ten years for release, and when some came, at last, feeling his mind giving way, he wrote the account, which he concealed in the cell wall, denouncing the family of Evremonde and all their descendants.

Not long after the unconscious Darnay with Lucie and Dr. Manette passed the gates of France, they were in the room where Sydney Carton sat and called him. It was the summons to die. And with his thoughts on Lucie, whom he had loved so dearly, he was ready to die. The carriage and followed after the coach.

When they reached Paris they went at once to find Defarge. He was a stern, forbidding man, with a heavy brow and a shop in one of the poorer quarters of the city. He took them through a dirty court yard behind the shop and up five flights of filthy stairs to a door, which he unlocked for them, and they entered.

Rydny Carton, who had thought of and suggested this clever thing, was a reckless, besotted young man. He cared for nobody, and nobody he used to say, cared for him. He lacked energy and ambition to work and struggle for himself, but for Lucie's sake he studied law, and he bought a house and a carriage, and for other lawyer, who was fast growing rich by his labor. His master, who hired him, through his indulgence and lack of purpose, to be the jockey.

He knew little and thought less of all this, till he received a pitiful letter from Gabelle, who expected each morning to be dragged out to be killed, telling of the plight into which his faithfulness had brought him, and beseeching his master's aid.

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Men said of him about the city that night that it was the peaceablest man's face ever beheld there. "I see the lives for which I lay down mine," he said, "and I am happy in that England I shall see no more. I see Lucie and Darnay with a child that bears my name, and I see that I shall hold a place in their hearts forever. I see her wedding for me, the other than I am honored in the souls of both. It is a far, far better thing that I do than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to than I have ever known."

The execution of a note by a principal to his surety for the amount paid by the latter in satisfaction of the obligations for which he was surety was held, in Blakeley vs. Adams (Ky.) 66 L. R. A. 270, not to deprive him of the right to have usury in the principal obligations purged, and give the surety the right to recover the face of the note including the usury, unless the principal requested the surety to pay it, or stood by and permitted him to do so in ignorance of the usury.

Mr. Lorry, with his flaxen wig and constant smile, came to tea every Sunday with them, and helped to keep Dr. Manette cheerful. Sometimes Darnay, Sydney Carton and Mr. Lorry would meet there together, but of all, Darnay came ofttest, and soon it was easy to see that he was in love with Lucie.

only wait for their cages to be opened to destroy all in their path. They were afraid, of course, to keep any written list of people they had thus condemned, so Madame Defarge, the wife of the winemaker, used to knit the names in fine stitches into a long piece of knitting that she seemed always to be at work on.

Lucie fell in love with Darnay at length, and one day they were married, and went away on their wedding journey.

Every woman covets a shapely, pretty figure, and many of them deplore the loss of their girlish forms after marriage. The bearing of children is often destructive to the mother's shapeliness.

All of this can be avoided, however, by the use of Mother's Friend before baby comes, as this great liniment always prepares the body for the strain upon it, and preserves the symmetry of her form. Mother's Friend overcomes all the danger of child-birth, and carries the expectant mother safely through this critical period without pain. It is woman's greatest blessing. Thousands gratefully tell of the benefit and relief derived from the use of this wonderful remedy. Sold by all druggists at \$1.00 per bottle. Our little book, telling all about this liniment, will be sent free.

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This letter made Darnay most uneasy. He blamed himself, because he knew it was his fault that Gabelle had been left so long in such a dangerous spot. He knew his own family, the Evremondes, had been greatly hated, but he thought the fact that he himself had refused to be one of them, and had given his sympathy rather to the people they oppressed, would make it possible for him to obtain Gabelle's release. And with this idea he determined to go himself to Paris.

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England at that time was not on good terms with France, and Darnay, who was of French birth, was accused of selling information concerning the English

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