

Charles. Dickens

Tales, from Dickens,

HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES.

Author of "The Castaway". "Hearts Courageous, etc.



Hallie Erminie Rives

No. 5. A Tale of Two Cities

How Lucie Found Her Father

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. other had died when she was a baby, in France, and she lived alone with her old nurse, Miss Pross, a homely, grim guardian with hair as red as her face, who called Lucie "lady bird," and loved her very much. Miss Pross was sharp of speech and was always snapping people as if she would bite their heads off, but, though she seldom chose to show it, she was the kindest, truest, most unselfish person in the world. Lucie had no nemory of her father, and had always believed he also had died when she was a

One day, however, through a Mr. Lorry the agent of a bank, she heard a wonder ful 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. This prison was the Bastile-a cold, dark building like a castle, with high gray towers, a deep moat and drawbridge, and soldlers

and cannon to defend it? 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

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. For a year she had tried in every way to find him, but at length, desolate and heartbroken, she had fallen fil and died, leaving little Lucle with only Miss Pross to care for her. Mr. Lorry himself, who told Lucle this story, having known her father, had brought her, a buby to Longtheen. father, had brought her, a baby, to Lon-

don in his arms. Son in his arms.

Now, he told her, after all these years, her father had at last been released, and was at that moment in Parls in charge of a man named Defarge, who had once been his servant; but the long imprisonment had affected his mind, so that he was little more than the broken wreck of the man he had once been. Mr. Lorry was about to yet Parls to identify him. was about to go to Paris to identify him and he wished Lucie to go also to bring

You can imagine that Lucie's heart was both glad and sorrowful at the news; joyful that the father she had always be-lieved dead was alive, and yet full of grief for his condition. She hastily made ready and that same day set out with Mr.

Lorry for France. Lorry for France.

When they reached Paris they went at once to find Defarge. He was a storn, forbidding man, who kept a cheap wine 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 un-locked for them to enter. In the dim room sat a withered, white-haired old man on a low bench making

shoes. His cheeks were worn and hollow, his eyes were bright and his long beard was as white as snow. He were a ragged shirt, and his hands were thin and transparent from confinement. He scarcely looked up when they entered, for his mind was gone and he knew no one. All that seemed to interest him was his shoemaking. He had forgotten everything else. He even thought his own name was hundred and five, North Tower, which had been the number of his cell

She wanted to throw her arms about him. to lay her head on his breast and tell him she was his daughter who loved him and had come to take him home at last. But she was afraid this would frighten him. She came close to him, and, after a while, he began to look at her. She greatly resembled her dead mother, and presently her face seemed to remind him of some-thing. He unwound a string from around his neck and unfolded a little rag which was tied to it, and there was a lock of hair-like Lucle's. Then he suddenly burst into tears-the first he had shed for long long years, and the tears seemed to bring back part of the past. Lucle took him in her arms and soothed him.

while Mr. Lorry went to bring the coach that was to take them to England. Through all their preparations for de-parture her father sat watching in a sort of sacred wonder, holding tight to Lucie's hand like a child and when they told him to come with them he descended the stairs obediently. But he would not go into the coach without his bench and shoe-

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 cruciest ways that could be

The charge was not true, and Darnay simself knew quite well who was work-ng against him.

The fact was that Charles Darnay was

The fact was that Charles Darnay was not his true name. He was really Charles St. Everbonde, the descendant of a rich and nobie French family though he chose to live in London as "Charles Darnay," and earned his living by giving lessons in French, He did this because he would not be one of the hated noble class of his own country, who treated the poor so heartlessly. In France the peasants had to pay many oppressive taxes, and were wretched and half starved, while the rich nobles drove in gildee coaches, and if they ran

and half starved, while the rich nobles drove in glided coaches, and if they ran over a little peasant child they threw a coin to its mother and drove on without a further thought.

Among the hardest-hearted of all, and the most hated by the common people, were the Evremondes, the family of the young man who was now accused of treason. As soon as he was old enough to know how unjust was his family's treatment of the poor who were dependent on them he had protested against it, and ment of the poor who were dependent on them he had protested against it, and when he became a man he had refused to live on the money that was thus taken from the hungry peasantry, and had left his home and come to London to earn his own way by teaching.

His heartless uncle, the Marquis St. Evremonde, in France, the head of the family, hated the young man for this noble spirit. It was this uncle who had invented the plot to actuse his nephew of treason. He had hired a dishonost spy

of treason. He had bired a dishonest spy named Barsad, who swore he had found papers in Darnay's trunk which proved his guilt, and as Darnay had been often back and forth to France on family mat-ters, the case looked dark for him.

Cruelly enough, among those who were called to the trial as witnesses to show that Darmay had made these frequent journeys to France were Dr. Maneite and Lucie—because they had seen him on the boat during that memorable crossing Lucies team fall dast as a few second trials. cie's tears fell fast as she gave her testi-mony, believing him innocent and know-ing that her words would be used to con-denn him.

Darnay would doubtless have been con-victed but for a curious coincidence: A dissipated young lawyer, named Sydney Carton, sitting in the courtroom, had no-ticed with surprise that he himself looked ticed with surprise that he himself looked very much like the prisoner; in fact, that they were so much alike that they might almost have been taken for twin brothers. He called the attention of Darnay's lawyer to this, and the latter (while one of the witnesses against Darnay was swearing that he had seen him in a certain place in France), made Carton take off his wig—all lawyers wear wigs in England while in court—and stand up beside Darnay. The two were so alike then that it puzzled the witness, and he could not swear which of the two he had seen. For

swear which of the two he had seen. For this reason Darnay—to Lucie's great toy— was found not guilty. Sydney Carton, who had thought of and suggested this clever thing, was a reck-less, besotted young man. He cared for nobody, and nobody, he used to say, cared for him. He lacked energy and ambition for him. He lacked energy and ambition to work and struggle for himself, but for the aske of plenty of money with which to buy liquor he studied cases for an

to buy liquor he studied cases for another lawyer, who was fast growing rich by his labor. His master, who hired him, was the lion; Carton was content through his own indolence and lack of purpose, to be the jackal.

His conscience had always condemned himself for this, and now, as he saw the innocent Darnay's look, noble and straightforward, so like himself as he might have been, and as he thought of Lucie's sweet face and of how she had wept as she was forced to give testimoner

wept as she was forced to give testimony against the other, he felt that he almost hated the man whose life he had saved. The trial brought Lucle and these two men (so like each other in feature, yet so unlike in character) together, and afterward these offers and afterward the offers are the offers and afterward the offers are the offers and afterward the offers are the offers and the offers are the offers are the offers are the offers and the offers are the of afterward they often met at Dr. Man

It was in a quiet part of London that Lucle and her father lived, all alone, save for the faithful Miss Pross. They had litfor the faithful Miss Pross. They had lit-tle furniture, for they were poor, but Lucie made the most of everything. Dr. Manette had recovered his mind, but not all of his memory. Sometimes he would get up in the night and walk up and down for hours. At such times Lucie would hurry to him and walk up and down with him till he was calm again. She never knew why he did this, but she came to believe he was trying vainly to remember all that had happened in those lost years which he had forgotten. He lost years which he had forgotten. He kept his bench and tools always by him, but as time went on he gradually used them less and less often.

Mr. Lorry, with his flaxen wig and constant smile came to the stant smile.

stant smile, came to tea every Sunday with them and helped to keep Dr. Manette cheerful. Sometimes Darnay, Sydney Car-ton and Mr. Lorry would meet there to-gether, but of all, Darnay came oftenest, and soon it was easy to see that he was

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, downtrodden 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.

The center of this plotting was Deing in London, the one city of The center of this plotting was De-

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 cruelly 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 government of their own.

Darnay, safe in London with Lucie, knew little and thought less of all this was a first destroyed—would make him a favorite, and render him able to aid Darnay if danger came. While on the way 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 dungations while the filling where the great chateau of the voiling where the great chateau of the village where the great chateau of the voiling the people had bere was its custo-dan first destroyed—would make him a favorite, and render him able to aid Darnay if danger came. While on the way they had never seen. By the said render him albe to aid Darnay if danger came. While on the way they had never seen. By the said render him albe to aid Darnay if danger came will east overtice, and render him albe to aid Darnay if danger came. While on the way they had never seen. By the said render him albe to aid Darnay if danger came will be at ence to Mr. Lorry to consider what might beet be done.

While they talked, through the said never the sad news and had come at ence to Mr. Lorry to consider what might beet be done.

While they talked, through the should be sharpen weapons at a huge grindstone that stood there. They were going to sharpen weapons at a huge grindstone that thought less of all

lently knitted, knitted into her work names whose owners the people had condemned to death without mercy.

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 —guns, axes, or even stones of the street—and, led by Defarge and his tigerish wife, set out to avenge their wrongs. Their rage turned first of all against the Bastile, the old stone prison in which so many of their kind had

The storm spread over France-to the

ted over and over again was "Evremonde, 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-crased laborer, whose little child his carriage had run over and killed in the street.

Darnay returned to Engism shocked of the life more at the indifference of the life was the life stated and danced as the court of nobles fessated and danced as the life fe

It happened that the bank of which Mr.
Lorry was agent had an office also in
Paris, and the old gentleman had come
there on business the day before Darnay
arrived. Mr. Lorry was an Englishman
born, and for him there was no danger.
He knew nothing of the arrest of Darnay until a day of two later, when, as
he sat in his rooms, Dr. Manette and
Lucie entered, just arrived from London,
greatly agitated and in great fear for
Darnay's safety.

Darnay's safety.

When Lucie read the letter her husband had left for her she had followed at once with her father and Miss Pross. Dr. Mawith her father and Miss Pross. Dr. Manette, knowing Darnay's real name and
litle (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 Bastile—the building the people had
first destroyed—would make him a favorite, and render him able to aid Darnay
if danger came. While on the way they
had heard the sad news and had come
at once to Mr. Lorry to consider what
might best be done.

and carried and Lucie,
There was only one there, perhaps, who did not rejoice at the result, and that was the cold, cruel wife of the wine seller, Madame Defarge, who had knitted the name "Evremende" so many times

Sydney Carton's Sacrifice

of Lucie's trouble, and out of his love for her, which he always carried hidden in his heart, had come to Paris to try to aid her husband. He had arrived only to hear, at the same time of the

acquittal and the rearrest.

As Carton walked along the street thinking sadly of Lucie's new grief, he saw a man whose face and figure seemed somehow familiar. Following, he soon recognized him as the English apy, Earrand whose false feathers. recognized him as the English apy, Barsad, whose false testimony, years before
in London, had come so near convicting
Darnay when he was tried for treason.
Barsad, (who, as it happened, was now
a turnkey in the very prison where Darnay was confined), had left London to
become a spy in France, first on the side
of the King and then on the side of the
people.

hay was confined), had left London to become a spy in France, first on the side of the confined to the side of the people. At the time of this story England was so hated by France, that if the people had known of Barsad's career in London they would have cut off his head at once. Carton, who was well aware of this, threatened the spy with his knowledge and made him swear that if worst came to worst and Darnay were condemned, he would admit Carton to the cell to see him once before he was taken to execution. What Carton wanted this for Barsad could not guess, but to save himself he for the cruel Frenchwoman tried unteral the raway, but Miss Pross seizd her around the waist, and held her back. Mime. Defarge drew a loaded pisto from her preast to shoot her, but in the struggle le it went off and killed Mim. Defarge herself.

The cruel Frenchwoman tried unteral her away, but Miss Pross seizd her around the waist, and held her back. Mime. Defarge drew a loaded pisto from her preast to shoot her, but in the struggle le it went off and killed Mim. Defarge herself.

Then Miss Pross all of a tremble locked the door, threw the key into the river, took the carriage and followed after the coach.

Not long after the unconscious Darnay with Lucle and Dr. Manette passed the way.

Next day Darnay was tried for the sec-ond time. When the judge asked for the accusation, Defarge laid a paper before him. It was a letter that had been found way hopenessy loved, and on her has counsation. Defarge laid a paper before him. It was a letter that had been found when the Bastilie fell, in the cell that had been occupied for is years by Dr. Manette. He had written it before his reason left him, and hidden it behind a loosened stone in the wall; and in it he had told the story of his own unjust arrest. Defarge read it aloud to the jury and this was the terrible tale it told:

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 husbands death and killed her brother with his own hand. As the brother with his own hand. As the brother with his own hand as young man, had been called to attend him and so, by accident, had learned the whole. Horrified at the wicked wrong, he wrote an account of it in a letter to the Minister of Justice. The Marquis whom it accused learned of this, and, to put Dr. Manette out of the way, had him arrested secretly, taken from his wife and baby daughter and thrown linto a secret cell of the Bastille, where he had lived those is years, not knowing whether his wife and child lived or died. He waited ten years for release, and when none came, at last, feeling his mind sitying way, he wrote the account, which he concealed in the cell wall, denouncing the family of. Evremonde and all their descendants.

The reading of this paper by Defargs, as may be guessed a roused all the mur.

The reading of this paper by Defarge, as may be guessed, aroused all the much derous passions of the people in the courtroom. There was a further reason for Mme. Defarge's hatred, for the poor woman whom Darnay's uncle had so wronged had been her own sister. In vain old Dr. Manette pleaded. That his own daughter was now Darnay's wife made no difference in their eyes. The jury at once found Darnay guilty and sentenced him

to die by the guillotine the next morning.
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.

Before he went he bent down and touched her cheek with his lips, and they heard him whisper, "For a life you

They did not know till next day what e meant. Carton had, in fact, formed a desperate plan to rescue Lucie's husband, whom he so much resembled in face and figure, even though it meant his own death. He went to Mr. Lorry and made him promise to have ready next morning passports and a coach and swift horses to leave Paris for England with Dr. Manette, Lucie and himself, telling him that if they delayed longer Lucie's life and her father's also would be lost.

Next. Carton bought a quantity of a plan to rescue Lucie's husband, wh

father's also would be lost.

Next, Carton bought a quantity of a drug whose fumes would render a man insensible, and with this in his pocket early next morning he went to the spy, Barsad, and bade him redeem his promiss and take him to the cell where Darnay waited for the signal of death.

Darnay was seated, writing a last letter to Lucie, when Carton entered. Pretending that he wished him to write something that he dictated, Carton stood over him and held the phial of the drug to

come to Paris now o' his some through his fault.

The story caught the fancy of the changeable crowd in the room, and they cheered and applauded it, and when he was acquitted they were quite as pleased as if he had been condemned to be beheaded. They put him in a great chair and carried him home in triumph to Lancie.

Lancie, was only one there, perhaps, who the result, and that the dictated, Carton stood over him and held the phial of the drug to his face. In a moment the other was unconscious, and then Carton changed clothes with him and called in the spy, directing him to take the unconscious man, who now seemed to be Sydney Carman, who now seemed to be sydney the pendiction of the control of the co man, who now seemed to be Sydney Car-ton instead of Charles Darnay, to Mr. Lorry's house. He himself was to as-sume the prisoner's place and the pen-

The plan went well. Darnay, who would not have allowed this sacrifice if he had known, was carried safely and without THAT same night of his release all the happiness of Darnay and Lucie was suddenly broken. Soldiers came and again arracted him. Defarge and his wife were the accusers this time, and he another carriage.

wife were the accusers this time, and he was to be retried.

The first one to bring this new piece of bad news to Mr. Lorry was Sydney Carton. Probably he had heard, in London. of Lucie's trouble and out of his love. It was against the law to mourn for any one who had been condemned as an ejemy to France, and the woman was surf, of course, that Lucle would be mouning for her husband who was to die wthin

for her husband who was to die within the hour. So she stopped on her my to the execution to see Lucie and thushave evidence against her.

When Mme. Defarge entered, Miss Pross read the hatred and evil purpose in her face. The grim old nurse knew that if it was known that Luci had gone, the coach would be pursue and brought back. So she planted hereif in front of the door of Lucie's roon, and would not let Mme. Defarge open it.

The cruel Frenchwoman tried in tear The cruel Frenchwoman tried to tear

could not guess, but to save himself he had to promise.

Next day Darnay was tried for the second time. When the judge asked for the band, whom he had thus saved to her, he

Every woman covets a loss of their girlish forms after marriage. The bearing

A

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

remedy. Sold by all druggists at \$1.00 per remedy. Sold by all druggists at \$1.00 per bottle. Our little Mother's

Married Every woman covets a shapely, pretty figure, and many of them deplore the

of children is often destructive to the mother's shapeliness.

All of this can be avoided,

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

book, telling all about this liniment, will be sent free. Pieno

