

CONDENSED CLASSICS

A TALE OF TWO CITIES

By CHARLES DICKENS

Continuation by Miss Sara A. Hamilton

Charles John Huffam Dickens was born Feb. 7, 1812, at Portsea, England, where his father was a clerk in the Navy Pay office. He died at Gadshill Place, in Kent, on June 9, 1870.



His dreams of writing came to him early when as a boy he read breathlessly the battered novels in his father's library. He became a reporter on the London newspapers, and wrote (1836) "Sketches by Boz," wherein are, in miniature, all the abounding virtues of his novels.

The "Pickwick Papers" (1837) were a great success. Their inimitable rollicking humor captivated the English reading world. His first extended novel was "Oliver Twist" (1838), followed by "Nicholas Nickleby" (1838-39), "Old Curiosity Shop" and "Barnaby Rudge" (1840-41). He produced some 16 major novels, the last, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" (1870) being unfinished. "David Copperfield" (1850-52), held by many to be his masterpiece, and by not a few to be the greatest story ever written, is supposed to be semi-autobiographical. Many of his novels were published in installments, and never before or since has any literary publication excited such a furor.

After his initial successes, Dickens' life was a triumphal procession, saddened only by domestic unhappiness. He visited America, where his works were even more popular than in England, in 1842 and 1867-68.

He wrote in his will his own best epitaph, "I rest my claims to the remembrance of my country on my published works." He might well have substituted "the world" for "my country."

Perhaps the quality that distinguishes his novels among all others is their abounding humor.

Col. Thomas Newcome, the hero of Argom, and of Bharatpour, had loved the beautiful Leonore de Blois, but being accused the wrath of his step-mother, he fled to India to carve out his career. There he had married the widow, Mrs. Casey, and a few years later sent their son Clive to England. He regaled the ladies of the regiment with Clive's letters; sporting young men would give or take odds that the colonel would mention Clive's name once before five minutes, or three times in ten minutes. But those who laughed at Clive's father laughed very kindly.

At last the happy time came for which the colonel had been longing, and he took leave of his regiment. In England, he had in his family circle two half brothers, Sir Brian, who had married Lady Ann, daughter of the Earl of New, and Hobson Newcome.

One morning at breakfast while Sir Brian champed his dry toast, Barnes, the son, said to his sister Ethel: "My uncle, the colonel of sepoy, and his amiable son have been paying a visit to Newcome."

"You are always sneering about our uncle," broke in Ethel, "and saying unkind things about Clive. Our uncle is a dear, good, kind man, and I love him."

At Hobson Newcome's and elsewhere the family party often assembled, the colonel, his friend Mr. Binnie and Binnie's sister, Mrs. Mackenzie with her daughter Rosey, Sir Brian and Lady Ann, and Clive who had become a painter. From one of these parties Clive and I, his friend Arthur, walked with the usual habit of going to light us home. "I can't help thinking," said the astute Clive, "that you fancied I was in love with Ethel. I suppose, they think I am engaged to Rosey. She is as good a creature as can be, and never out of my thoughts, though I fancy Mrs. Mackenzie likes her."

Clive and our Mr. Clive went to the picture gallery where he found old Lady Ann, his grandmother, and Ethel. "I have a taste for pictures, only a little," said Lady Ann, "but I suppose, you are not looking at the picture." "I am," said Clive, "but at the little green picture in the corner. I think, grandmother," she said, "we young ladies in the world ought to have little green pictures pinned on our backs, with 'sold' written on them."

Barnes Newcome, too, was at Baden, but he was to marry pretty little Lady Ann, daughter, free at last from that old-fashioned Jack Belsize, Lord Highgate. Lady Kew had plans for Clive's growing regard for his step-mother put in jeopardy.

"A young man, I think it is better to get off," Lady Kew said to Clive, "with a great good humor. 'I have seen a ghost, father,' said Clive, "but you see that poor little creature, Captain Belsize behaved so badly. She does not care a fig for me, she is engaged, as you know, to my grandson Barnes; and she respects a most eligible union; and her engagement to my grandson, Clive Kew, has long been settled. I am sure, you in London, we heard that you were engaged, to a young girl of your own rank of life—Miss Newcome."

The departure led to more flirtations of Ethel than old Lady Kew could countenance, but Ethel had found out how undesirable a man Lord Kew was, and broke the engagement so dear to her grandmother's heart.

When Clive heard that the engagement was over between Kew and Ethel he set out in haste for London. I was installed as confidant, and to me Clive said: "Mrs. Mackenzie bothers me so I hardly know where to turn, and poor little Rosey is made to write me a note about something twice a day. Oh Pen! I'm up another tree now!"

Clive met his cousin Ethel at a party or two in the ensuing weeks of the season, and at one of their meetings Ethel told him that her grandmother would not receive him. It was then that Clive thought Ethel worldly, although much of her attitude was due to the keen and unrelenting Lady Kew. The colonel and James Binnie during all this time put their two fond heads together, and Mrs. Mackenzie restored both of them and Clive as

meanwhile the Lady Clara was not

happy with her Barnes. All the life and spirit had been crushed out of the girl, consigned to cruel usage, loneliness, and to bitter recollections of the past. Jack Belsize, now Lord Highgate, could stand the strain no longer, and took Lady Clara away from her bullying but cowardly husband. The elopement of Clara opened Ethel's eyes to the misery of loveless marriages, and the mamma of her new love, the Marquis of Farintosh, already distressed over the unpleasant notoriety of the proposed Newcome alliance, received a letter from Ethel which set her son free.

Ethel then turned to the lonely, motherless children of her brother Barnes, and found comfort in devoting herself to them. Clive married his Rosey, and his father determined to become a member of parliament in place of Sir Barnes. One night the colonel, returning from his electioneering, met Clive, candle in hand. As each saw the other's face, it was so very sad and worn and pale, that Colonel Newcome with quite the tenderness of old days, cried "God bless me, my boy, how ill you look! Come and warm yourself, Clivey!"

"I have seen a ghost, father," Clive said, "the ghost of my youth, father, the ghost of my happiness, and the best days of my life. I saw Ethel today."

"Nay, my boy, you mustn't talk to me so. You have the dearest little wife at home, a dear little wife and child."

"You had a wife; but that doesn't prevent other—other thoughts. Do you know you never spoke twice in your life about my mother? You didn't care for her."

"I—I did my duty by her," interposed the colonel.

"I know, but your heart was with the other. So is mine. It's fatal, it runs in the family, father."

The shares of the Bundelcund Banking company in which the colonel had made his fortune now declined steadily, and at last the crash came, wiping out all the colonel's money and with it all Rosey's fortune. The impoverished Newcomes settled down first at Boulogne, and then in London, the colonel weary, feeble, white haired, Mrs. Mackenzie a perfect termagant, Rosey pale and ailing, and little Tommy, the baby, a comfort and a care to the hard-worked Clive.

The colonel, no longer able to live under the same roof with Mrs. Mackenzie, found a home with the Grey Friars, and here I saw him.

When the colonel's misfortunes were at their worst, Ethel in reading an old book, found a letter from the colonel's stepmother between the covers. It was a memorandum of a proposed bequest to Clive. Ethel at once determined to carry out this intended quest, and so she and I hastened to Clive's home; but not even good news could soften Mrs. Mackenzie's evil temper. That was a sad and wretched night, in which Mrs. Mackenzie stormed until the poor delicate Rosey fell into the fever to which she owed her death. We soon repaired to the Grey Friars where we found that the colonel was in his last illness. He talked loudly, he gave the word of command, spoke Hindustanee as if to his men. Then he spoke words in French rapidly, seizing a hand that was near him, and crying, "toujours, toujours!" Ethel and Clive and the nurse were in the room with him. The old man talked on rapidly for awhile; then again he would sigh and be still; once more I heard him say, hurriedly, "Take care of him when I'm in India;" and then with a heart-rending voice he called for the love of his youth "Leonore, Leonore!" The patient's voice sank into faint murmurs; only a moan now and then announced that he was not asleep.

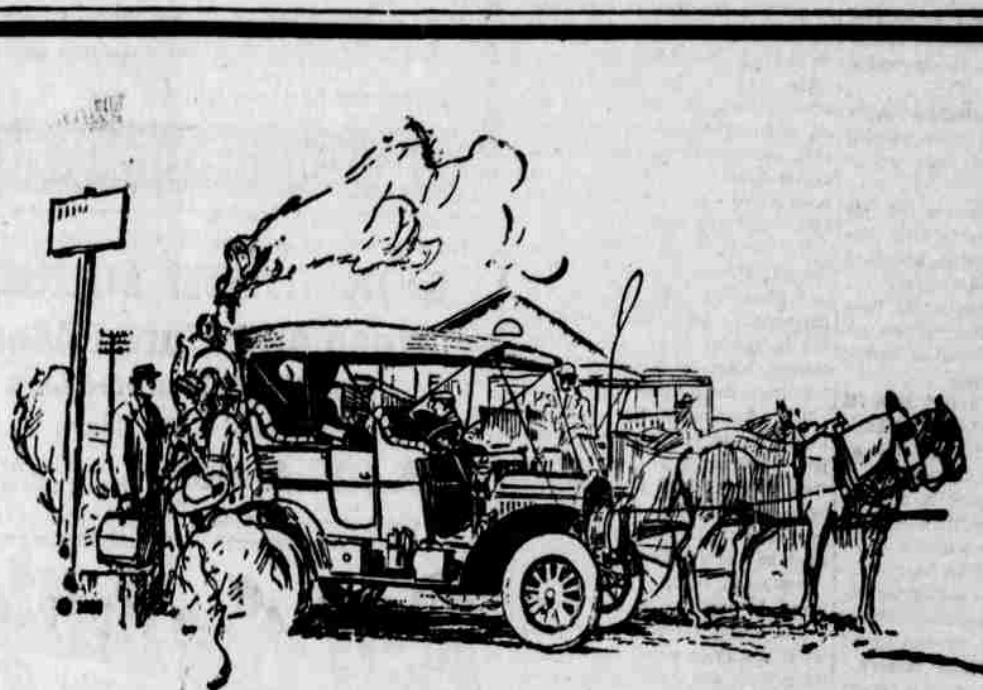
At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly beat a time. And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said, "Adsum," and fell back. It was the word we used at school, when names were called; and lo, he whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of the Master.

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SISLER FILLS SHOES OF GREAT TY



Ty Cobb's shoes seemingly are filled. George Sisler, great star of the St. Louis Cardinals who now leads all batsmen in both big leagues with a percentage of .416, has stepped into the very heart of the fans by his great work. Sisler is admitted the best first baseman in the game today. He broke into the game as a pitcher—but, like the great Babe Ruth, his bat work was so sensational that he was needed in the line-up every day.



When the train came in back in 1910

TEN years ago you might have seen one or two automobiles waiting outside the station, when the weather was pleasant.

Today the square is crowded with them. And most of the cars you generally see there are moderate-price cars.

Anybody who tells you that owners of moderate-price cars are not interested in the quality of their tires has never met very many of them.

We come in contact with the small car owner every day and we have found that he is just as much interested as the big car owner.

There is one tire, at least, that makes no distinction between small cars and large cars so far as quality is concerned—the U. S. Tire.

Every U. S. Tire is just like every other in quality—the best its builders know how to build.

Whatever the size of your car, the service you get out of U. S. Tires is the same. It isn't the car, but the man who owns the car, that sets the standard to which U. S. tires are made.

We feel the same way about it. That's why we represent U. S. Tires in this community.

Select your tires according to the roads they have to travel:
In sandy or hilly country, wherever the going is apt to be heavy—The U. S. Nobby.
For ordinary country roads—The U. S. Chain or Usco.
For front wheels—The U. S. Plain.
For best results—everywhere—U. S. Royal Cords.



United States Tires

GRAHAM & SON