

Eustace, the Orca.

CHAPTER X. SUBMITTING TO DISCIPLINE.

'Willy,' said Eustace, when they could speak freely to each other without being heard, 'Willy, my lad, we must make up our minds to endure what cannot be avoided. We must do our best to obey the orders of our captors.'

'I don't we wull,' returned Willy, though in a dissatisfied tone.

'Yes, we must,' repeated Eustace, 'and I will tell you why. The captain and his officers are invested with absolute authority and power. A refusal on our part to do the work they force upon us would be termed disobedience, and would give them the opportunity of subjecting us to degrading punishment—a result which would be a thousand times worse than yielding obedience to their usurped authority.'

'An see we maun e'en become sailors again or wull?' responded Willy.

'For the present,' rejoined Eustace, 'the man who yields to necessity preserves still his self respect and independence. But mark me, the first opportunity which presents itself for escape we shall embrace it. The vessel cannot remain at sea always; we must some time or other go into harbor, and you and I will there seek the liberty of which we have been so infamously deprived.'

'I am glad ye have made up yer mind tae this,' said Willy. 'I was feared ye would scornfully refuse tae do what Randolph orders, and that is just what he wants, that he may have the pleasure o' seeing you punished.'

'I know it is,' rejoined Eustace, his face darkening with an angry shadow. 'That is the chief motive which prompted him to have us brought hither, that he might vent his revenge with safety on himself. Let us baulk him by giving him no chance of having his wish gratified.'

'It will be very hard, though, to suffer his jibes, and tae gang here and there as he orders. It's no sae muckle for me tae do it, but you, his ain brother. Oh, man, Eustace, it's your dreefu!'

'It will be galling enough,' returned Eustace; 'but can be more easily borne than the degradation which he has the power to cause to be inflicted in the way of punishment for disobedience. I dare not answer for myself when my blood boils under the influence of his mean tyranny, but my intention is to treat him as an utter stranger—as one I have never before seen. Not by look or word do I mean to show my consciousness of knowing him, but will act to him precisely as I will do the others. I would advise you, Willy, to pursue the same course.'

'I'll try,' responded Willy, ruefully. 'Do, for any sake, do. Don't give him a chance of having you ill-used, for I could not stand by and see you punished. The sight would madden me to the doing of that which would bring destruction on us both. And then it may help you to bear it in silence, if you keep always cheering the hope of escape, for escape we will on the very first opportunity.'

'Better not let anybody but me hear it though,' said a voice close to them, and, to their consternation a man's head was raised over the side of a hammock which was swung not three feet from where they sat, but which they had not seen, owing to the darkness.

'Who are you?' demanded Eustace fiercely.

'I'm Joe Murdoch,' was the laconic reply.

'You have heard our conversation?' pursued the youth.

'Every word on it,' answered the sailor.

'And you will report it?' added Eustace.

'Well, if you axes me as a favor to wind it out the capstan o' my memory to the second Lieut., or any in the ship, in course I'll do it to oblige you. But so long as you wants me to keep quiet, Joe Murdoch ain't the chap to spit.'

'I think we can trust you,' said Eustace, greatly relieved. 'I like the open, honest tone of your voice.'

'And I like yours,' responded Joe. 'I'd have fired off a signal to let you know I was alongside, but I got so interested in your discourse that I didn't want to haul your wind till I found out if you were going to steer in my direction. And now that I know you are messmates, I propose that we join company, for I mean to leave the ship and the service too at the very first chance.'

'You are tired of it? You want to leave the sea?' 'Leave the sea!' exclaimed Joe. 'Bless your heart, no. I'd die in a month if I took to a land life. But I'm one as likes to be free. I served my apprenticeship aboard a merchant ship, and sailed in a merchant ship till last year, when we came across the Hector, and was boarded by your friend the second lieutenant, and a strong boat's company, who pressed the pick of us, and carried us off to serve His Majesty in the Hector. Now, I like His Majesty's service well enough, and would do anything in reason to serve him, if I was axed in a civil way, but

when it comes to forced work like that, the wind of my heart blows dead against it, and I'm sailing in the Hector close reefed ready to 'bout helm and sheer off the first chance, I have. I expected to bolt when the ship lay in the road, but as bad luck would have it, I was down in the sick list all the time, and could not crawl out of my hammock. So I'll have to lie to a bit longer; and, as I said, we three might do worse than join company, as we mean to start on the same cruise.'

'Give me your hand, my good fellow,' said Eustace, warmly. 'I most cordially respond to your sentiments and feelings.'

'And see dae I,' added Willy; 'and it's my candid opinion that it was Providence that rale us forgaither in this dark corner, that we might become acquant. As ye say, my child, we'll sail in the same boat and risk our chance on the same shot net.'

'Tip me your sin, my heart of oak,' said Joe, with enthusiasm. 'Blow me, if we don't get out of the land of Egypt and house of bondage afore long. From what I heered you say, and by the fine cut of your lingo, the second Lieutenant means revenge by your capture, and you're as good as any officer on the quarter deck.'

'That's as true as the gospel,' said Willie. 'Master Eustace is as rale a gentleman as ever steppit in shoon, and the lieutenant, as you called him, is his ain half-brother, that wants tae get his inheritance, and he has gotten him brought here that he may have the pleasure o' insultin' him wi' a safety.'

'Then you'll be right not to give him the chance,' observed Joe, 'for the cat mews for very little in the Hector. The captain stands up for discipline to the mast-head, and the lieutenant sails as smooth as a pinnace under his lee. But avast with our jaw tackle, for here comes a shoal of our messmates, and none o' them as I know on means to slip the service.'

With the noisy entrance of a crowd of sailors the conversation between our heroes and their new friend ceased, but the formation of a true and valued friendship was laid, and Eustace and Willy had now got a practical councillor whose marine experience would be of essential service to them. He was a friend in that floating world where all was strange and disagreeable; where, in their case at least, might was right, and freedom and justice unknown. But the secret tie of sympathy and design also bound them to each other, and a common hope and purpose was cherished by them.

Next morning Eustace and Willy were directed to go on deck, and they went in the full expectation that their galling servitude was to begin—in the full resolution also to follow the course they had resolved on.

'Now, then, you lazy vagabonds, why are you idling there?' he shouted. 'The service is not intended to pamper land-lubbers, but to make smart seamen of them; so, if you don't want the taste of a rope's end, you'll bestir yourselves. Here, you—Somerville, I think your name is—take that pail and slush the deck with water; and you, Grahame I believe you call yourself, mop and sweep away—Quick, do you hear?' Willy stretched up the pail, filled it at the tank, and dashed the contents over the boards at their feet. In silence also, and with perfect outward calmness, Eustace lifted the mop, and used it as if he were in the waist alone, the rest of the ship's company being engaged away forward; though quite within call of the bully found it necessary to seek protection. Randolph stood by the side of Eustace, gloating his eyes on the spectacle of his brother's humiliation, and shaking with the very excitement of his triumph. He looked for a glance of rage, or an outburst of feeling, but to his surprise and secret disappointment, Eustace betrayed not the slightest consciousness of their relative position, but scrubbed the deck with the most imperturbable equanimity.

'Where is your pride now?' hissed Randolph in his ear. 'Who is triumphing now? Did I not tell you I would have revenge? and here, in this ship, you are my slave, forced to obey whatever order I choose to give you, and dare to give me rebellious looks, or utter one disrespectful word, and I order your dainty back to be striped by the cat.' His taunting words seemed to fall on a deaf ear. Eustace's color did not even rise, nor did the calm expression of his face alter—so thorough was his self-control—so completely had he braced himself up for endurance.

'You defy me, do you?' added Randolph, enraged by the other's immovable bearing. 'That game won't do; I'll find means to make you speak and feel too. And as for that insolent vagabond, your brother-in-law, he'll dearly pay for yen blow. I'll torture the life out of him by inches.' Foaming with passion he strode to where Willy was working with the pail, and under pretence that he was watering the deck in a wrong way, he bestowed upon him a volley of the most opprobrious epithets, which Willy bore with the same social indifference that Eustace had maintained, and took no more notice of Randolph than if he had been the mainmast.

'Ho,' roared the insulting tyrant, 'you are following that game too, are you?'

It's a conspiracy is it? By Heaven, I'll crush the conceit out of you.'

A marling spike lay near the mast, and he rushed across the deck to secure it. The deck was slippery—one foot slid beneath him—and he fell heavily and all of a heap, his right leg being violently twisted under him. There he lay groaning in agony and unable to move, and Willy, looking down on him, smiled one grim face and went on with his work as though nothing had happened. A group of sailors who saw him sprawling on the deck rushed aft to his assistance. He ground his teeth with rage and pain, strove to rise to his feet, sunk helplessly back again and fainted. He was carried below, and the ship's surgeon on examining him found that his right ankle had sustained an injury which would keep him to his berth for a long time, probably for many weeks. For Eustace and Willy this was a short Providential reprieve.

All this while the Hector was unfortunate in not falling in with any of the enemy's ships. She had cruised about on the ground marked in the Admiralty's instructions without once sighting a French war vessel—a circumstance at which every one in the ship—both officers and men men were chagrined. It was now six weeks since they left Leith Roads, and they had encountered all kinds of weather, white squalls and tempests, soft winds and furious hurricanes. Sometimes the frigate tore through the boiling surge with bare poles, and at other times with every sail set she could not catch enough of the breeze to send her over the glassy water. But whatever the weather might be, whether calm or foul, the look-out could never succeed in sighting the French flag. Several vessels were passed and spoken with, but they invariably turned out to be either British or neutral, till at length the sailors came to believe that they were destined to return home without having one brush with the foe, or earning a shilling of prize money.

But glad news reached them at length. One day an American trader lay to in their neighborhood, and the Captain, with the usual Yankee eye to business, came aboard the Hector anxious to dispose of some wines. Captain Brentwood's supply of claret having run rather low he purchased a few cases from the American captain.

'Wall now,' remarked the Yankee, when the transaction was concluded, 'That's what I call doing business in an original way. Yesterday that 'ere claret, captain, was bought from a French frigate, and to-day it's consigned to a British one. I calculate now that no one but a rascally American could turn the almighty sea into a market place, and buy and sell aboard two ships that if they met would try to blow one another to the devil.'

'Whereabouts was this French frigate?' asked captain Brentwood eagerly.

'Right away south. If you want to keep out of her way you are all safe in your present track.'

No sooner was the Yankee off in his boat than captain Brentwood communicated to his first lieutenant the information he had received, and the ship's course was changed. Soon the news spread that the enemy's frigate, with a prize in tow, was in the neighborhood, and a universal exclamation ensued. Two out-looks were stationed on the top, and the captain intimated that the first who saw the vessel of which they were in search should receive a guinea. Every face was now full of animation, and many a look was sent across the watery waste, both from quarter deck and rigging. But the afternoon passed, and the evening darkened, and no sail was descried within the horizon. All through the night, however, the Hector was kept on the same course, and at day-break the two out-looks exclaimed in a breath—'Sail ho!'

'What is she like?' shouted Saughton.

'A frigate with yellow sides, and with a brig in tow,' was the answer.

'That's our gentleman,' exclaimed the lieutenant cheerily, and the announcement was followed with three tremendous cheers from the fore-castle.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HURRY NOT DISPATCH.—There is much truth in the following, from the Herald of Health: The bustling, hurrying man, as a matter of fact, is a poor worker. Too much of his steam power is expended in kicking up dust. The habit of hurrying, and being in a hurry, is fatal to do good work, and diminishes the amount of work a good man can do. The men who accomplish most never seem in a hurry, no matter how much they have to do. They are not troubled for lack of time, for they make the most of the minutes by working in a cool, methodical manner, finishing each job properly, and not expending their nerve force in bustle.

It Saved My Wife's Life. This is the report of a Princess street gentleman who had the opportunity a few nights since of testing Folsom's Nervine, the great pain cure. He prepared for any emergency by having a bottle of Nervine at hand. It only costs 10 cts. to test it, as you can buy test bottle at J. Wilson's. Get a 10 or 25 cent bottle to-day. Sure in rheumatism, neuralgia, cramps, colic, headache, Nervine, the sure pop pain cure. At all druggists 25 cents a bottle.

Dr. Lew's Worm Syrup has removed tape worms from 15 to 30 feet in length. It also destroys all kinds of worms.

Castle Garden.

Castle Garden is one of the most beneficent institutions in the world, and owes its present uses largely to Dr. Friedrich Kapp, now a member of the Imperial German Reichsrath, but formerly a resident of New York. It is under the control of nine commissioners of emigration, appointed for the term of six years by the governor, and confirmed by the Senate of the state of New York. Thither let us follow a portion of the 6730 immigrants who arrived by seven different steamers on the 15th of May, 1882. The name of each, the date of his arrival, place of departure, number of his family (if any), whether bound, his business, and other particulars, are all registered. This record, together with that of the cabin passengers, is compared with the manifest of each captain, which manifest ought to exhibit the names of all the persons he had on board. It thus becomes a check on the greed of some who have brought more passengers than the law permits, or than were named in the manifests.

Not only do the Commissioners of Emigration protect their often helpless charges against the extortions, robberies, and unspeakable villainies of the human harpies who formerly infested the decks, and preyed upon the luckless incomers—not only do they supply interpreters, maintain an employment bureau, assist in the exchange of funds, purchase of tickets, forwarding of immigrants and baggage—but they also license the boarding-house runners, and subject them to rigid supervision. They further provide for the sick and disabled, the lunatics, and the pregnant women whose husbands, if sick, are sent to the hospital on Ward's Island, furnish medicine to the ailing and trussed to the ruptured, and preserve recorded particulars of all thus coming under their special care by which they may be found and identified in the future.

Near the Information Bureau from 2000 to 2500 people, waiting inquiringly for their friends, have sometimes been congregated at one time.

The grandly beneficent work of the Emigration Commissioners deserves better medical facilities than the miserably inadequate hospital accommodations at their immediate command in Castle Garden. New York does the work and bears the expense connected with foreign immigration, but the whole country shares in its benefits. The railroads especially profit by it. The cash value of tickets purchased by inward-bound immigrants in 1881 was more than five million dollars. Moneys to the value of eleven millions were exchanged in Castle Garden, and the estimated amount of the drafts, bonds, and other representatives of specie value brought in during the same year was no less than one hundred million dollars. Castle Garden ought to be a national institution.—[R. Wheatley, in Harper's Magazine for June.

Forty Years Ago.

Coffins were very plain and burial castles were unknown. Tombstones had larger epitaphs and more verbiage engraved upon them. Eggs were a shilling a dozen and butter was considered high at eighteen cents per pound.

The country retail trade was much better, as people could not so easily run to the city by rail. Business letters were more voluminous and formal, and were written in a precise, round hand.

The diet was more surcharged with grease, the winter breakfast usually being made of salted ham and hot cakes. Dinner was simply a hasty lunch at noon, and little importance was attached to the necessity for good digestion or a period of rest after eating.

New Orleans and Muscovado molasses very black and thin, was the common sweetening for back-wheat cakes. Refined molasses was almost unknown.

Bread was home made. Coffee was freshly ground every morning, and the grinding of the family coffee mill was a familiar sound hours before the children arose.

Negro minstrelsy was just creeping out in the travelling circus. There were generally but two performers, who assumed male and female characters. The popular melody was "Jump Jim Crow." People did not live as long as they now do, nor was the average health as good as at present. They ate more meat, more grease, more hot bread, and more heavy dishes, and drank more at meals.

James Brayley, Hamilton, says: "I read the testimonials for McGreger's Speedy Cure and found I had net'to go to New York, Philadelphia, Louisiana or Texas to find living witnesses of its value. I have plenty of persons right here to prove its merits. I got a bottle and it helped me right away. I was a bad case with Bilious Fever and Indigestion as I think any one could be. I have taken three bottles and am nearly well and can eat any kind of food without it hurting me. I may say I am better than I ever expected to be. Free trial bottles at G. Hymas' drug store."

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The Mahdi.

The Daily News publishes an interesting letter from its special correspondent in the Sudan, dated Dongola, April 2, giving an account of the Mahdi and his movements. The correspondent thinks that beyond question Mohammed Ahmed is a man of considerable intelligence and extraordinary force of character. In barren discussion as to the nature or authority of his mission he loses no time. If any man be bold enough to challenge his divine origin or express his disbelief he is permitted to choose between submission, open acknowledgment, and decapitation. On the other hand, he protects and encourages those who voluntarily accept him as the true Mahdi—the man sent by Allah to reform mankind. He boasts some education, as it is understood in the East; that is, he reads and writes, and is well versed in the Koran and the commentators. He speaks both the Barabari and Arabic languages. His life is simple in the extreme. He indulges in none of the luxuries or vanities of life, except perhaps a weakness for a large number of wives. He is credited with the possession of thirty-nine of these aids to happiness, though the orthodox number allowed by the Koran is only four. By a system of temporary divorce, he keeps within the letter of the Mohamedan law; the ladies taking their turn to be divorced and taken on again. The Mahdi, the correspondent also says, is a fighting prophet. He takes part in all the battles, and does not spare his own person. There is a report current that in the fight with Hicks' army he received a sword cut across the forehead which divided the brass cap which he wears under his turban, and inflicted an ugly wound. For some time after the battle he did not appear in public, and it is suspected that the wound may have had something to do with the extraordinary inaction of the Mahdi's forces since the defeat of Gen. Hicks. Mohammed Ahmed is "a total abstinence man of the purest water." Not alone are wine and all sorts of spirituous liquors forbidden, but even the more harmless enjoyments of tobacco and coffee are anathema, and severe penalties are inflicted on any one discovered using the forbidden luxuries. One of the refugee merchants new at Dongola relates that, having been caught by some of the Mahdi's soldiers flagrante delicto smoking a cigarette, he was seized, brought before the prophet and sentenced to receive one hundred and fifty lashes, which were duly administered. Under these circumstances, it can well be imagined, life in Obaid is not gay.

A Reliable Witness. R. N. Wheeler, of Everton, speaks highly of Hagar's Pectoral Balm, having seen its effects in his own case, a severe inflammation of the lungs and distressing cough, was quickly and perfectly cured, which had resisted other treatment.

If you should be so unfortunate as to Burn, Scald or Wound yourself in any way the proper thing to keep clean and heal it is McGreger's Carbolic Ointment. Insist on having it, and be sure you get McGreger & Parke's Carbolic Ointment. Price 25 cents. G. Hymas, druggist, has the genuine.

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