

FOR CASH I... DRY GOODS... HATS and CAPS... Heavy Discount Prices... THE PEOPLE'S STORE...

Eustace, the Outcast.

CHAPTER IX.

A Glimpse into the private affairs of Randolph Graham—Captain Brentwood's—The sailing of the Hector.

When the night mail from the north reached its destination in Edinburgh on the morning after the scenes we have described, the first passenger to leave it was Randolph Graham, who made his way through the Grassmarket and gained the High Street by the way of the West Bow.

He then entered a dingy house close in the Lawnmarket, and turned into a doorway, ascended a flight of stairs to a dark turnpike stairs, till he reached the very top and stood before a closed door, which stood revealed by the partial light from a small dirt-stained window in the roof of the lofty tenement.

This door he pushed further open, and stood on the threshold of a cheerful apartment, where sat a young girl in a neat morning dress, by the side of a cradle, in which lay a sleeping child.

What a sweet face of bright beaming beauty it was which lifted up to his with an expression of loving gladness. She was a very young, slight, girlish creature, to appearance not more than eighteen, and as Randolph held her in his arms and felt her warm arms twine themselves around his neck, an expression of tenderness came upon his countenance, which changed it into pleasantness, and a light of unwonted softness gleamed in his dark eyes.

"Oh, Randolph," she murmured, "how I have longed for your coming, and how glad, your unexpected arrival has made me."

"Say you so, Jessie?" he returned, bending his face down to hers, and kissing her rosy lips. "You do indeed look pleased at my coming. It is sometime since we parted."

"Eight months and four days," she answered.

"How very exact you are," laughed Randolph.

"Ah, she rejoined, "did I not count each day and week as it passed? But see, our child has been born in your absence. You have not seen him, Randolph. He sleeps now, and you must not wake him, but is he not beautiful?"

"A child—and a boy, too," he observed as she led him to the cradle, and with intense pride and delight, lifted aside the curtain and displayed the rosy face of the sleeping infant. "I had not thought of that," he continued, "with anything but an appearance of paternal rapture—a circumstance which Jessie failed to notice, for at the moment all her attention was directed to the little occupant of the cradle, whose round, chubby face reclined on an equally chubby arm."

"Is he not beautiful?" she repeated, as she adroitly shaded the light from his closed eyes.

"He must be beautiful when he is your child," asked Randolph. "And," he added, looking at the child with more interest, "he indeed a healthy looking fellow. But as you say, we must not wake him. How old is he?"

"Three months yesterday. And oh, Randolph, what anxiety and fear I had to suffer. The neighbors were very kind, but—"

And here Jessie hung her head, and blushed painfully.

"But what?" he inquired.

"They did not know I was married, and—and you know I could not tell them so I have had to bear their worst suspicions."

"Never mind, my girl," returned Randolph. "You know yourself it's all right, and the neighbors have nothing to do with it."

"But can our marriage not be made known now?" she asked.

"No—a thousand times no," he hastily rejoined. "The discovery would utterly ruin me. Eustace, my brother, has just secretly married a girl that he loved, and he was foolish enough to confess to my father that he had done so, hoping to be forgiven, but instead of that he has expelled him from the house, disinherited him, and will never see or speak to him more."

"How dreadful," said Jessie, turning pale with apprehension.

"It will be the same with me," continued Randolph. "And I have made a great effort to come here to-day to impress upon you the fact that it is more necessary than ever to keep our connection a secret. You must therefore swear to me, Jessie, that in no circumstance whatever will you divulge our marriage."

"Why should I swear this, Randolph?" she tearfully replied. "You know I love you too well to injure you in the very smallest degree. But was it only for this you have come to see me now? Oh, Randolph, if you knew how lonely I am, living in this great city by myself, you would try to visit me oftener."

"It is impossible, Jessie. My ship seldom touches at a British harbor; and while the war lasts, none can get leave of absence except under the most urgent circumstances. See, yonder is the Hector in the Roads, with the sailing signal up. She weighs at noon."

"So soon?" exclaimed Jessie, as they stood together at the window, from which was obtained an uninterrupted view of the Firth and the Fife coast. "Oh, Randolph," she murmured, in a broken voice, "we must part again almost the moment we have met. This is, indeed, hard to bear, after being so long separated."

"Duty is stern and inflexible. Better times will I hope, soon come for us. This war cannot last for ever. Meanwhile, it does not matter much if we cannot proclaim our marriage to the world, for we could not be together in any circumstances. But when I obtain promotion—"

"Shall our marriage be made known then?" she eagerly asked.

"Of course it shall," he replied. "For then I will be in a position to command my father's forgiveness. But at present, with only a second lieutenant's commission, he would, if he knew the truth, treat me as he treated Eustace, and the will he has just made in my favor would be revoked. Promise me, therefore, by all that is sacred, that you will not reveal the secret."

"Yes, Randolph, I swear it, if you have more confidence in my oath than my love."

"I have the fullest confidence in both," he returned. "Only the necessity for secrecy is ten times greater than ever, now that I am the heir of Bengarry."

"But I am sorry for your poor brother," said Jessie. "It was so cruel to use him so, only because he has married the girl he loved."

"Eustace had not the sense to keep it quiet as I have," chuckled Randolph.

"But you will at least share the inheritance with him?" she remarked. "It is his by birth, and though he is to be deprived of it, it is for no crime. You will be generous to him, Randolph, when you have the power."

"Oh, of course I will," he somewhat boisterously returned. Then, he added, in the same gay tone, "have you had breakfast, Jessie? I am frightfully hungry. Six hours ride across the kingdom of Fife has made my appetite something of the keenest."

"This business has turned out fiendishly annoying," he muttered. "I am thrown on the horns of a dilemma if ever a man was. I dared not even reveal my marriage to my mother. And if it should by chance reach my father's ears I am done. But how could it? Jessie is the only one who could put it out, and has she not just sworn never to reveal it? For the present, then, I am safe; but this present engagement and prospective marriage with Mary Maxwell will run me into a horrible mess. It is a ruck ahead for me on which I shall founder if—oh, there is no view of that if I would have avoided the match if I could, but my father is set on it; and rather than risk Bengarry I made the bold venture. What I am to do I know not. Fortunately there is time to think of some project. Jessie is worth a thousand Mary Maxwells, but Bengarry turns the scale, and rather than lose it I will—"

Who knows what the interval may bring about? If this is a danger it is a slight one. What a cursed mistake I made in not taking means to prevent all communication between Ralph and Eustace. The latter is now in all likelihood in possession of the secret which Ralph knows, and will therefore have it in his power to taunt me with having had a grandfather who was a drunken pauper. Let him dare to, he is in my power now. Ah, the thought of my coming triumph fills my soul with the sweetest joy. Let me but gain the ear of Brentwood with the story I have concocted, and my power to torture Eustace is secure."

"Ah, baby still sleeps," said Jessie, as at this moment she entered rosy and breathless with her run up the long staff.

"I do hope he will wake up before you go. But you will not leave me for some hours, dear Randolph."

"In less than one," he replied. "I have to meet the captain at the Ship Hotel, and we sail shortly after noon."

She did not reply, but came and stood by him at the window, placed her arm lovingly in his, and gazed with him in silence on the sailing Fife.

"Show me your vessel," she whispered, striving all she could not to burst into tears.

"It is the largest in the Roads," he answered. "You may know it by its deep hull and tall rigging."

"Oh, yes, I have seen you shop there for two or three days, and there was another like it, but smaller. She is gone."

"That was the Falcon," returned Randolph. She sailed early this morning."

And he smiled a grim smile as he thought of Ralph the gamekeeper, whom the Falcon had carried with her.

Within the hour Randolph had finished breakfast, and was ready to take his leave. The baby had awoke, and Jessie had the joy of putting him in his father's arms, and seeing Randolph kiss his velvet cheek. The little fellow was not afraid of the strange face, but looked with his bright blue eyes, and smiled and crowed in childish glee.

"Isn't he beautiful?" she again and again said the happy mother. Randolph declared again and again that he was; but when he kissed the chubby face for the last time, and handed him over to Jessie,

with the remark that he must go, the sadness and grief came again to her face, and she clung to him with all the emotion of her fervent love. Randolph himself was not unmoved. He loved his young and charming wife as strongly as it was in his nature to love anything. It was, of course, a selfish love, and had no kindred with the deep, pure, unselfish affection she cherished for him. So long as his attachment to her did not affect his interests he would keep true to her; but if his affection was to incur sacrifice this would put it to test in which its weakness and hollowness would be manifested. This was the prospect which he saw in the future, and already he had come to regard her as a barrier in his path. But the issue he did not care to settle as yet. Time, he thought, might have contingencies in store which would relieve him of the threatening danger and difficulty, and he would leave events to shape his course of action. So he embraced her with considerable tenderness, and spoke soothing words as she lay weeping on his bosom. Then he was gone, and Jessie sat down with her child in her lap, and cried as if her heart would break. During the eight months which had elapsed since he last saw her, he had come to look upon his marriage as an unfortunate youthful indiscretion, and a circumstance which was calculated to interfere very materially with his prospects in life. He knew his father much better than Eustace did, and was well aware that, should he come to be aware of his marriage with Jessie, farwell to the hope—which his mother prompted him to cherish—of ever succeeding to Bengarry. He therefore guarded the secret with jealous care, and did not betray it even when his father proposed that he should pay his addresses to Mary Maxwell. In doing this he placed himself in a position which let him by sure steps to the edge of a precipice, and whence he reflected on it he did not conceal from himself that this was so, and by-and-by he would be forced to do something desperate. But his theory was to control circumstances only when the necessity for doing so arose, and for the present he contented himself by keeping a safe outlet for the future by drawing the veil of secrecy still closer around his marriage. In this, he believed he had succeeded. Jessie, in her seclusion in the Lawnmarket, was isolated from any medium of access, and he rested with implicit confidence. He therefore bade her farewell once more, and departed to join his ship, in the hope that for the present he was secure.

To join his ship and enjoy his revenge, for by his machinations Eustace and Willy had been forced on board as common seamen, and he well knew that, as an officer of the vessel, he had the power of torturing them to any extent with perfect impunity. In prospect of this, his dark, mean, cowardly, and vindictive nature revealed with inhuman delight. From the Lawnmarket Randolph went to the Ship Inn in Register street.

"Captain Brentwood here?" he inquired of a chamber-maid whom he encountered in the passage.

"Yes, sir. He is going at twelve."

"Show me to his room." In a front parlour sat the captain of the Hector alone, engaged in the perusal of an Admiralty despatch. A bottle of wine was at his elbow, and a half-filled glass stood on the table before him.

"Ah, Grahame," he said, as the latter entered the room. "I have been expecting you all the morning. Thought you would have come to breakfast. I am told the coach arrived at eight."

"So it did, sir," answered Randolph, "but my father gave me some commissions to execute for him in the city, and these detained me. I shall be very sorry if you were put to any inconvenience on my account."

"Oh, not at all. I was late in turning out. Sit down now, and help me to finish the wine. I have ordered the boat to be at the pier at noon."

Randolph took a seat at the opposite side of the table, and the captain passing the wine across, he filled a glass, and drank success to the cruise of the Hector. The captain nodded in acquiescence, and emptied his glass to the same toast.

"I hope we shall do something smart—something that will bring promotion to you and Saughton."

"And renounce to yourself, captain," added Randolph, fawningly.

"All which I have no doubt we shall effect if we only get the chance," remarked his superior. "By-the-by, Duff called this morning and reported the shipment of three men—one of the Falcon and two of the Hector. So your business seems to have been well executed. The men will make fit and serviceable seaman I trust."

"I have no doubt of it, sir," returned Randolph. "They will require a good deal of breaking in. Indeed, I know they will, both from their disposition and their anger at being captured."

"Ha! the discipline of the ship will soon overcome all that," remarked the captain. "The men are known to you, I suppose, since you have taken a personal interest in their shipment."

"They are known to me," said Randolph, in a deliberate tone. "One of them is my brother."

"Your brother?" exclaimed Captain

Brentwood, in a tone of undiagnosed surprise. "My illegitimate brother?" was the coolly uttered falsehood.

"So—sets the wind that way?" ejaculated the listener.

"The plague and pest of our family," continued Randolph. He has not sense enough to accept his inevitable legal position, but speaks and acts both to my father and myself in the most insolent manner. He has been well educated, in the expectation that he would make a respectable position for himself in the world, but he seemed to betake himself to any honorable occupation, and is fast bringing disgrace as well as vexation on us. A month ago he went and married a low-born girl, the sister of a salmon-fisher; and as if that was not annoyance enough, he turned salmon-fisher himself with his precious brother-in-law, and plied his work within a mile of our mansion."

"My dear fellow, I sincerely sympathize with you in a matter of this kind," said the captain, whose aristocratic sympathies readily rose against the ideal person whose character and antecedents were thus placed before him.

"I am sure you would, sir, and now you will understand our object in having him brought into the service."

"I think I do. Your father wishes him removed from the neighborhood, and hopes also that the discipline of a man-of-war will bring him to his proper level."

"Exactly. You have divined our object with perfect accuracy. And we thought the Hector the best ship in which to place him, for there he would be under my authority, and learn to regard me with those feelings of respect which his birth renders necessary."

"It was a wise suggestion," returned Captain Brentwood. "A wayward spirit such as his ought not to be too soon brought under control, nor can he learn too early the exact nature of his position with regard to yourself. You will treat him, of course, precisely as you do the other men in the ship."

"That is my intention," said Randolph. "Quite right. Display no weakness, show no favor, else you will breed discontent among the others, and fail in your object."

"He will endeavor, I doubt not, to appeal to you," was Randolph's next cursory suggestion. "His education and impertinence combined give him a great power of address, and in all likelihood he will seek an opportunity to abuse your ear by misrepresentation."

"I shall not permit him once to address me," returned the captain. "I am glad you have given me these particulars. I shall also instruct Saughton not to listen to him. His companion, of course, is the salmon fisher?"

"He is, sir. It was necessary that both of them should partake of the same salutary discipline. And the fellow who is bundled off in the Falcon is a gamekeeper, who aided and abetted my brother in all his insolence and disobedience."

"Ah, he will be the better of the service, too, as I hope the service will be of him. There, the wine is done, and it wants but a few minutes of noon. Will you order the landlord to get a coach, while I collect a few things in my dressing room?"

The captain rose and left the room, and Randolph attended to the procuring of a conveyance to take them to Leith. Before ringing for this purpose, however, he took a turn or two in the parlour to get a moment's vent to his pent up feelings of triumph.

"My success is perfect," he muttered. "I am now safe at all points, and Eustace and the other fellow are left helplessly in my power. Now—now shall not my revenge have its full swing. Now shall they be made bitterly to repent having insulted me. In five minutes the captain and Randolph were being driven rapidly down Leith Walk, and ere long the vehicle pulled up at the pier, where a full manned boat waited for them. Here the captain and second lieutenant were received with all due honor—they took their seats in the stern, and a few dips of the oars carried them out of the harbor, and the boat danced merrily over the water on its way to the Hector. No sooner was it observed approaching than the last preparations were made on board for the weighing of the anchor, and by the time the boat ran in under the side all was ready for the captain to give the final order. The gangway was manned by two lines of officers and men to receive their commander, and Randolph, who came up immediately behind him, shared in the honor, and with a dash of pride he followed suit in bowing his acknowledgments. At that moment of supreme exultation he glanced round in search of Eustace, and saw him standing with folded arms at the foot of the main mast—Willy being by his side. One look of malignant triumph he shot at him as went aft with the captain on their way to the quarterdeck. Eustace returned the glance with one of scornful contempt, and stepping forward he intercepted and confronted the commander.

"A word with you, Captain Brentwood," he firmly said. The captain invariably stood still through surprise

and anger, and bent his haughty eye on the tall athletic form before him, his gaze being firmly caught by the face of Eustace, which was as stern and commanding as his own.

"A gross outrage has been perpetrated against my companion and myself," began Eustace. "At the instance of the person by your side, we were last night seized and dragged from our home, and brought on board this ship, where—"

"Silence!" thundered Captain Brentwood, recovering just then from his surprise; your place is forward in the waist. Begone, and never again dare to address me."

"Captain Brentwood, this is monstrous," exclaimed Eustace. "By education and feeling I am as much a gentleman as you are, and you have no right to—"

Ere Eustace could utter another word the enraged commander waved his hand, and the youth was seized by half a dozen sea men, who dragged him forward despite his efforts at resistance, and the captain with his two chief officers ascended quarter-deck.

"Is all ready, Saughton?" he inquired of the first lieutenant.

"All ready, sir."

"Then pass the order to weigh, and join me in the state room. Lieutenant Grahame will take your place on deck." The first officer bowed to the order, and the captain with a slow and pompous walk, disappeared down the companion way. The anchor was lifted, the ship's head wore slowly round, the sails were filled by the light western breeze, and with a stately motion the noble frigate parted the water from her bow, and glided along the magnificent shores of the widening Forth.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

STRANGER THAN FICTION.

A supposed Mute Speaks on His Death Bed and Tells a Romantic Story.

New York, May 11.—A London despatch says:—The famous deaf and dumb knick-knack peddler, who during the past year was attracted so much attention on London Bridge, has died in the Southwark Workhouse. Before his death he beckoned to his cot one of the hospital attendants and terrified him by speaking to him. When the attendant recovered from his astonishment, the beggar confessed that his deafness and dumbness had been feigned. He said he was a Swiss gentleman of fortune and belonged to one of the best families in the Republic. When a young man he was betrothed to a beautiful and accomplished girl. He was possessed of a most violent temper, and in a lover's quarrel over a trifle one day he so wounded the girl by the bitterness of his invectives that she fell ill. His cruel conduct stung him so that he became melancholy from remorse, and left home. He then resolved to punish himself; he vowed to become a voluntary exile for twenty years, to earn his own living, leave his fortune untouched, keep his relatives and friends ignorant of his whereabouts, and go bareheaded and barefooted in all weather during the entire time, and to listen to no one and to speak to no human being during the ten last years of his exile. If he lived to complete his penance he meant to return home and use his fortune and the remainder of his days in making his betrothed happy providing she were alive and unmarried. He had rigidly kept his vow, "but," he cried before he expired, "my time is not quite up and I must die before it. I have been punished as I deserved." Investigation so far as it has gone has proven that the peddler's story is entirely true, and his family in Switzerland have been made acquainted with his death.

A Bad Infirmity.

The loss of the sense of hearing is both annoying and dangerous. Those suffering from deafness should try Haysard's Yellow Oil according to directions. This invaluable household remedy cured John Clark, of Millbridge, Ont., restoring his hearing in one week.

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Wm. Johnson, of Huron, Dak., writes that his wife had been troubled with acute Bronchitis for many years, and that all remedies tried gave no permanent relief, until he procured a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, which had a magical effect, and produced a permanent cure. It is guaranteed to cure all diseases of Throat, Lungs or Bronchial Tubes.

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The individual who places trust in many of the claims of advertised remedies is often sadly disappointed, but the array of facts regarding the "honorable" virtues of Burdock Blood Bitters are indisputable. It positively cures diseases of the blood, liver and kidneys, and investigate the proofs and testimonials.

How to get rid of Rats.

The miller who has made use of various powders, steel traps, and ball terriers, and has yet failed to rid his premises of rats, will be glad to know that a contributor to a recent number of Chambers' Journal drove away a large colony of these rodents from an ancient house by the following simple expedient:—He trapped two rats alive, smeared them all over with tar, the head excepted, and then turned them loose into their favorite run. It is to be presumed that the victims were able to make their unpleasant experiences known to their companions, as we are assured that from that day in 1875 to the day of writing in 1883 not a single rat has been seen or heard in the house. It should be added that before trying a personal application, the writer had poured tar into the rat holes and put broken glass in the same places without any good result.

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