

Eustace, the Outcast.

CHAPTER V.

EUSTACE BECOMES A SALMON FISHER—THE BROTHERS QUARREL—RANDOLPH GAINS UNPLEASANT INFORMATION FROM RALPH, THE GAMEKEEPER.

"Oh, Eustace, what is the matter?" cried Lillias, as in great alarm she started up when the youth entered the cottage. "The matter," he answered with a smile; "why do you ask? Do I look queer?"

"Oh, I am sure something dreadful has happened," said the fair girl anxiously, "for your eye is troubled and the expression of your face is altered."

"Fugues, Mr. Grahame, Lillias is right. Ye are cheynged," observed Willy, as he, too, anxiously scrutinized the young man's face.

"What do I look like at all?" asked Eustace, forcing another smile. "Surely you don't notice the Cain-mark on my brow, for, though I am an outcast, all outcasts are not Cain's."

And as he spoke the smile merged into an expression of ghastly bitterness. But that vanished in a moment, and was succeeded by a look of fondest tenderness when he caught sight of the white face and trembling form of Lillias, whom he caught in his supporting arms.

"Nay, dearest," he fondly murmured, "do not let fear overtake you. The whole matter is, that my father, instead of being brought to reason, as we expected, has cast me off, forever. I am never again to enter his presence, and all that is his goes to my brother Randolph. He has this night expelled me from his house, and all I have brought with me is the clothes I wear and—"

"Oh, Eustace, Eustace," exclaimed Lillias, in a voice of agony, "it is I who have brought you to this. I am the sole cause, and the thought will make me forever wretched."

"Yes, darling, you have brought me to this; but why should it make me wretched? It is true I am disinherited, but have I not gained ten thousand times more than I have lost? I have brought away with me that which far transcends my father's estate—my honor, and a heart that has kept its integrity. These things my father would have taken from me, and because he couldn't, he has revenged himself by depriving me of a mere earthly possession. No, my Lillias, distress not yourself so. I have brought away from Bengarry infinitely more than I have left behind—a good conscience, a loyal heart and a brave spirit. I have also a clear head and a strong arm, and with your love to sustain me, it will be hard indeed if I do not make a creditable fight in the world. Don't you think so, Willy?"

"I'm shure o't, Maister Grahame, I'm shure o't," cried Willy, with great enthusiasm.

"Stop," exclaimed Eustace, "I won't have Mr. Grahame from you any more. Call me Eustace."

"Thank ye, I will if I can mind," laughed Willy.

"Well, what says my little wife now?" asked Eustace, holding the face of Lillias up to his. "Is she still inclined to mourn and lament because my love for her has changed me from an idle rich man's son into an honest working man who has got to labor for her and himself? Will she give me up and send me away from her back to my lost inheritance?"

"Ah, Eustace, you know I could not do that," murmured Lillias, "but if we had never met you would not have been made an outcast."

"Nor would I have known what a glorious and precious thing love is," he rejoined, with flushed cheek and sparkling eye.

"And though our marriage has cost you a home and an estate, you do not regret it?" she said, in a half-serious, half playful tone.

"Can you doubt that my love is strong enough to stand such a test?" he returned, gravely and seriously.

"No, Eustace, no, I do not doubt it," she ardently exclaimed. "Our love is indeed higher than all earthly feelings and influences, yet I cannot forget that for me you have sacrificed so much. You must feel it yourself."

"I do feel it, Lillias," he replied. "I feel it as a terrible wrong—as an unparalleled act of injustice. My soul rises against it in earnest indignation. The very consciousness of my own integrity makes it the more iniquitous in my eyes. It is not the loss I feel. That I can easily bear, but it is the thought that my father is so enslaved by pride and sinful ambition as to perpetrate such a wrong. I can no longer cherish a son's feelings towards him. He has crushed all regard out of my heart, and henceforth I can think of him only with a trembling, yet bitter sadness. But let us speak no more of these things. This is our bridal day, and we can be happy in spite of what has taken place."

"That's right," cried Willy. "Dod, I dinna ken if I'm a bit vexed about the matter. 'A man's a man for a' that,' and ye are ten times a better man the night than ever ye was as the heir o' Bengarry. As for makin' yer bread there's no fear o' that, e'en suppose it should be at salmon fishing."

"Can I assist you in that work?" asked Eustace, eagerly.

"Assist me! Dod I could catch twice as many fish if I had a hauler. Be richts there sid be aye twa at catchin' salmon, but ye see this is a station up here by its self, and I dinna want twa bring a neighbor for Lillias' sake, though I have sair felt the want o' ane."

"I will be your assistant for the present," cried Eustace. "I cannot too soon accept the reality of my new position. All useful work is noble, and this seems to be the first that comes to my hand."

"Then that's settled," exclaimed Willy in a tone of huge satisfaction. "And my faith, as happy we'll be the gither as the day is lang."

Sudden and unpremeditated as this resolution was on the part of Eustace, he stuck to it; and on the following day accompanied Willy to the secluded bay below the cottage, and took his share in the work of salmon fishing. It chanced to be a favorable day for the purpose, and they were pretty constantly engaged in shooting and landing the net. To Eustace the labor was both new and arduous and in a few hours his soft white hands grew sore and soiled. At this, however, he only laughed, and said that they would soon harden to the work.

Days passed on and Eustace became as expert as Willy. Despite the immense change in his position Eustace was very happy, for the love of Lillias lighted his life with radiant sunshine. The existence they were spending was indeed a very quiet and secluded one. No one lived near them on the river side, and their fishing station was several miles distant from any other. A man came at stated times with a cart to take away the fish they caught, and he at the same time brought their provisions, so that they lived altogether apart from society, and in the uninterrupted enjoyment of their own deep affection. Eustace did not care to inquire how long this pleasant life was likely to last, or if it was to become permanent for him. There was a certain independence in it which pleased him. He and Willy were earning more than sufficient for the wants of the little household, and he had never before known the satisfaction of eating the bread and wearing the clothes which his own labor had provided. Not once did his eye wander with envy or regret over the wood and fields which he had been taught to consider would one day be his. Nothing would have tempted him to exchange his present joy for their possession. In the smile of Lillias, in the overflowing of his gushing love he had a satisfaction and delight which the possession of rank could not bestow, and to dwell through all the years of common earthly existence he was quite content. Ah, could the veil of the future have been lifted before him he would have seen to what a very different career he was destined.

It was about an hour past noon, and the sun shone down from a cloudless sky. Towards the edge of the wood which overlooked the river came Randolph Grahame, with a rifle over his shoulder, and close behind him was Ralph the gamekeeper.

We have as yet given the reader no description of Randolph, but we shall now do so in a brief sentence or two. He was a well-made youth, with a proud haughty air, not unlike Eustace in his features, but the expression of his countenance was altogether different. While the face of Eustace was frank, open, and good humored, Randolph had a surly look—a sensual, selfish, sinister expression, indicative of a tyrannical and revengeful nature. His complexion was sallow, his eyes small and grey like his mother's, while his dark, coarse hair came far down upon his brow, and was parted in the middle. This gave him a disagreeable, almost villainous aspect, and his whole air and bearing were repulsive rather than attractive.

"So that's the cottage, is it?" he remarked, as he came to a standstill on the brow of the eminence.

"Yes," answered Ralph, "that's the cottage; and yonder he is himself catching salmon with Willy Somerville."

"Pon my life, but he takes his degradation with amusing quietness. Of course the country Hebe still keeps her charms fresh for him, and that's the thing which breaks his neck to the yoke. What a precious fool he has made of himself. Couldn't he have kept it quiet, for the dulllest idiot that ever lived might have known that the governor wasn't to be got over to a thing of the kind. Well, I have no cause to complain, for it gives me a lift to the perch that I've long had an eye for. I hope the old chap won't be long in getting into his last berth after he vets his will made, so that I may take command upon the mansion, and go it like a jolly dog. I'll just step down to the cottage and have a peep at the wench whose charms have ruined Eustace, and brought me in triumph into port."

"You follow," he called aloud over his shoulder, to Ralph, "stay where you are till I return."

And without waiting for an answer, Randolph strode down the slope and made for the cottage. Lillias was within and alone. At the sight of a stranger in

address naval uniform, with a rifle in his hand, she was for a moment thrown into confusion, but instantly recovered herself and rose quietly to her feet.

"Will you have the goodness to give me a drink of water, my pretty lass?" said Randolph, surprised by her unexpected beauty and graceful motion.

Lillias, who by no means relished the freedom of the latter words, went with a word for a glass of water, and in silence presented it. Randolph drank it off, looking her steadily in the face all the while.

"What? he observed, as he handed back the empty glass, 'have you not one word for me, my pretty fair one? I am not accustomed to see such lovely lips sealed by silence.'"

"I am not accustomed, sir, to have such familiar remarks addressed to me," said Lillias, coldly.

"By Jove! you can talk when you choose. I suppose you are the charmer who has captivated Eustace Grahame, and with your spell chained to solemn cable. Come, confess, now that you didn't expect to remain in this humble cottage after you inveigled Eustace to the altar. You thought to be transiated to the mansion, and live there in grand style as my lady. Didn't you, now; and aren't you awfully mortified at the result?"

Lillias flushed crimson, and in her throat there rose a choking feeling of indignation.

"If you were a gentleman, sir, you would not insult me," she returned.

"Oh, ho, you are sulking," he cried, with a mocking laugh, "you don't know who I am, I suppose?"

"I take you to be Mr. Randolph Grahame," she answered, bending upon him a steady look of reproach and reproof.

"Exactly; and therefore, your brother-in-law. You should not be so saucy to so near a relative. Come, give me a kiss, and be pleasant."

"Shame sir," cried Lillias with a burst of anger. "If you had not found me here alone you dare not be so rude and unmannerly."

"Oh, ho, the pretty siren has got into a rage, and upon my life, anger makes her look more beautiful than ever. Well, when we sailors are refused a kiss, we consider that it means that we are to take one, so—"

"Leave me, sir," cried Lillias, with a fearful, yet flashing eyes, as he advanced a step towards her.

"Not without my kiss," he exclaimed, putting out his arm to grasp her.

She darted aside to avoid him, and rushed from the room, but he caught her round the waist and tried to bring his lips to hers. She screamed and struggled in his grip, and resisted the attempt with indignant desperation.

Suddenly a swift shadow crossed the window, a form darkened the doorway, and in an instant Randolph's arm was wrenched from its hold, while with a terrific force he was hurled into a corner, and went heavily against the stone wall.

"Oh, Eustace, I am so glad you have come," sobbed Lillias, as with joy she sank into her husband's arms.

"Cowardly dastard!" said the enraged youth as he gazed on the form of Randolph, who was gathering himself up from the floor.

The miscreant spoke not, but his face was distorted with an expression of fiendish rage and hate, and, grasping the barrel of his rifle with both of his hands, he sprang towards Eustace, raising the weapon to deal him a murderous blow.

The latter's quick eye saw the intention, and letting Lillias slide swiftly, yet safely to the ground, he closed with Randolph ere he had time to strike, tore the rifle from him, and with a strength born of his terrible wrath, he snapped it in two, as if it had been a reed and flung the pieces on the floor.

In the whirlwind of his fury Randolph was but a child in his hands, and had he given way to the first impulse of his rage the latter would have had the venomous life instantly crushed out of him. But even in the midst of the tempest the self-control of Eustace did not utterly desert him, and he had already checked the motion to fell Randolph to the earth when Lillias came clinging to his arm.

"Do not hurt him, Eustace—pray, do not hurt him, but let him go away?" she pleaded.

"For her sake and my own self respect I spare you!" thundered Eustace, "but dare to show your hateful presence here again, and, by the heaven above us, your relationship shall not save you. There is the door—go; and be thankful that you have unbroken limbs to go with, for had the insurer of my wife been any other but the son of my father I would have crushed him to pieces as I would crush a venomous reptile in my path."

Randolph slunk silently towards the door, but at the open threshold he turned with a look of diabolical vindictiveness on his countenance.

"You shall yet repent this," he hissed. "By all the fiends, but I shall have revenge for that blow. Regard me henceforth as your mortal enemy, who has the will, and will seek the power, to obtain a terrible revenge!"

He shook his clenched hand in the air, bent on Eustace one fixed look of concentrated malice, and rushed from the cottage.

"What are you lying there for, you lazy vagabond!" roared Randolph, whose bursting rage sought vent in some safe direction.

"Waiting on you," was Ralph's unmoved reply.

"Get up and follow me then, and do something for your wages," rejoined the young man, as he walked hastily forward.

Ralph silently rose, adjusted the half-filled game bag and followed at his own moderate pace, not deeming it worth while to exert himself to keep close in Randolph's footsteps. The consequence was that the latter was soon a considerable distance in advance of the gamekeeper, who, with utmost sang froid took his pipe, lighted it, and began to smoke.

All at once Randolph stopped short at the side of a clump of whins, and after gazing for a moment or two at something near his feet he turned around, expecting Ralph to be immediately behind him. To his indescribable anger he observed the keeper, several hundred yards back, joggling quietly forward as he made the smoke curl scientifically above his head.

"Confound you, why are you loitering there?" he shouted; "and how dare you smoke when you are following me?"

"I likes a smokie when I am in the woods," answered Ralph taking his pipe from between his teeth as he made the observation.

"Do you? I dare say you like to do anything but work. What's that?"

And he pointed to a small opening in the clump of whins at his feet.

"That's a snare," replied Ralph, quite coolly.

"D—you don't see it is? And how comes a snare to be set in these grounds?"

"The poachers have done it, I guess," rejoined Ralph, with utmost provoking equanimity.

"Poachers," shouted Randolph; "you scoundrel, what are you paid for doing? Isn't it your business to prevent poaching?"

"Can't," said Ralph, "they creep about in spite of me."

"I tell you what it is," rejoined the furious youth, "you're an idle, drunken vagabond, and I'll have you discharged."

"Better not," was Ralph's laconic reply to the threat.

The unparalleled audacity struck Randolph dumb. He stared at the speaker for several moments with flaming countenance, then in a tone which implied a doubt that his ears had deceived him, he gasped out—"better not, did you say?"

"Just my identical remark," answered Ralph.

"You low, insolent blackguard!" "Now, then, you just stop that," interrupted the keeper. "I'd have you to mind you're not on the quarter-deck just now, and that I ain't a sailor that's got to put up with your ill-scraped tongue. I've taken a deal of your jaw before this, but I'll be hanged if I'll put up with it any more, seeing as how I'm as good as you any day."

"Lay down that game bag and be off from this estate," roared Randolph, stamping vehemently with his foot.

"Not likely, my young crowing cock. I've maybe as good a tack to the estate as you have, and a word of my mouth would make your chance of getting it a precious small one."

"The fellow's drunk," ejaculated Randolph.

"Not a bit of me."

"You are, sirrah, for you don't seem to know who I am, or remember who you are."

"There you are wrong in both particulars. I know who you are! I'll tell you. You are a grandson of a cobbler who died in a poor house, and I am your uncle, Ralph. Now, what do you think of that?"

"You will see what I think of it when I get up to the house and see my father," said Randolph, turning on his heel and walking haughtily away.

"Hilloo, my tantan," cried Ralph after him. "Take my advice and see your mother first or you'll be sure to put your foot in it."

Before Randolph had got to the house he had resolved to follow Ralph's suggestion, lest their should be any truth in the wild statement. He therefore sought the drawing-room and found his mother there by herself.

"Randolph, what is wrong?" she anxiously inquired. "You appear to have had something to vex you?"

"I have been nearly murdered by Eustace," he suddenly answered.

"Murdered by Eustace! Where? How?"

"In the cottage where he lives with his salmon fishing brother-in-law. I went in to have a look at his rustic wife, and found her so pretty that I couldn't help asking her for a kiss. The wench was as haughty as a Duchess, and refused, whereupon I was about to take what she wouldn't give, when Eustace burst in like a tiger and felled me to the ground. By heavens, mother, I'll have revenge for that blow—a sweet and ample revenge."

"You shall, Randolph," said Mrs. Grahame, partaking of her son's feeling. "I will get you father to order their eviction from the cottage, and you shall go with the factor and a strong force to have them turned out."

"Gad, that's a small instalment," cried Randolph, his baleful eye gleaming with vindictive triumph. "It will be something to see his rage and humiliation in being kicked of the place. It must be done tomorrow, mother. They shan't harbor there another day. And there's another fellow that must be discharged—Ralph, the gamekeeper."

Mrs. Grahame started and turned pale.

"Why should you have Ralph discharged?" she faltered.

"Because he is an idle, drunken, insolent fellow. He gave me a deal of impudence in the wood just now, and I shall have him turned off immediately."

"Nay, nay," she hastily observed, "Ralph is blunt and plain spoken, I know, but he means no harm; and he—he—you must bear with him, and I shall speak to him to be more respectful."

Randolph looked at his mother keenly, and detected her agitation.

"Good heavens! then it is true what the man says," he remarked. "He is your brother, and your father died a pauper."

"Hush, Randolph; for heaven's sake, hush," whispered his mother, in the utmost terror.

"It is true, then?"

"Yes, it is true; but why did Ralph disclose the secret? If your father comes to know he will never settle the estate on you. He will prefer Eustace, notwithstanding his marriage."

"I know he will," said Randolph, bitterly, "but he must never know it. Is it known to any one else but this man Ralph?"

"Not to another soul."

"Yet he may reveal it at any time. He is not a man to be depended on."

"I have lived in terror ever since he found me out," said his mother. "I don't think he would reveal it when sober, but he is so often drunk."

"He must be removed," said Randolph.

"Removed!" echoed his mother in alarm.

"Yes, taken effectually out of the way. His presence here is too great a risk."

"Merciful heaven! Randolph," faltered his mother, trembling violently. "You would not—would not—would not—commit a—"

"A crime. Oh, no, I have the means of getting rid of him without that. I suppose you have no acquaintance liking the fellow because he is your brother."

"No, he has only been a terror to me, and if he could be got safely out of the house—"

"All right, I tell you I have the means."

"By what means, Randolph?"

"THE PRESS GANG."

TO BE CONTINUED.

A Bad Case of Starvation.

To starve the lungs by a lack of vital food contained in pure air. If the lungs are obstructed by colds, remove the accumulated phlegm with that safe and pleasant throat and lung remedy, Haggard's Pectoral Balsam.

Petroleum, the Salt of the Bible.

It seems to be frequently referred to in the Bible, though Biblical Chemistry is much obscured by bad translations. Many things become comprehensible if we take the generic term salt, and apply it to petroleum and its residue, asphalt. Lot's wife, if converted into a pillar of common salt, would have been washed away by the first shower of rain, but a pillar of asphalt, even as a memorial of her, would have been an enduring monument, and might have been seen by Josephus and his contemporary, Clement of Rome, both of whom declare that they saw it. So also when we are told by Mark that "every one shall be salted with fire, and every sacrifice shall be salted with salt," I see a meaning only when I recollect that, in regions containing petroleum, sacrificed fires were fed with this fuel to aid the burning. In like manner, when Matthew likens the blessed, first to salt, and immediately afterwards to a lighted torch (for candles, as translated, were then unknown), I see the connection in his mind. He just said that salt which had lost its savor was only fit to be trodden under the foot of men. Now salt never does lose its savor, and is never fit to be trodden under foot. But petroleum does lose its essence by exposure, and, out of the residue, the ancients used to make asphalt pavements as they do at the present day. —[Sir Lyon Playfair.

It may be interesting to the reader to know the speed at which many ducks fly down wind:

Mallard, from 45 to 50 miles an hour. Black duck, from 45 to 50 miles an hour. Pintail, from 50 to 60 miles an hour. Widgeon, from 65 to 75 miles an hour. Wood duck, from 55 to 60 miles an hour. Gadwall, from 60 to 70 miles an hour. Redhead, from 80 to 90 miles an hour. Blue wingtail, from 90 to 100 miles an hour. Green wingtail, from 90 to 100 miles an hour. Broadbill, from 85 to 110 miles an hour. Canvas back, from 80 to 90 miles an hour. Wild geese, from 80 to 90 miles an hour.

For the above table I am indebted to Mr. D. W. Cross, an old duck shooter and a careful student of the habits of water fowl. I have not the slightest hesitancy in believing him right, for the experience of others with whom I have shot ducks, coupled with my own, more than corroborates the assertions. When I have held ahead of a string of blue bills, say at least ten feet, and kill the fourth or fifth duck in the string, I have been strongly impressed that the speed they were flying was like the traditional greased lightning, remembering that the charge of shot left my gun (No. 4 shot, say) with an initial velocity of 1,800 to 2,000 feet per second. It will be seen that long experience and good judgment is necessary to know where to hold the gun in order to become a good duck shot. —[Pittsburg Chronicle.

It is Natural.

It is natural for some people to be bilious, being often a result of peculiar bilious temperament, which with high living too greasy food, indigestion from inactive liver, is the frequent cause. The remedy, above all others, is Burdock Blood Bitters. It is highly curative for all bilious complaints, and far better than physic for inactive conditions of the bowels.

Use Prof. Low's Sulphur Soap for Prickly Heat, Nettle Rash, Scaly Eruption, Itch, and all diseased condition of the Skin.

Home Items.

"All your own fault. If you remain sick when you can get up, you are a fool."

The weakest woman, smallest child and sickest invalid can use hop-bitters with safety and great good.

Old men tottering around from Rheumatism, kidney trouble or any weakness will be almost new by using hop-bitters.

My wife and daughter were made healthy by the use of hop-bitters and I recommend them to my people.—Methodist Clergyman.

Ask any good doctor if hop-bitters are not the best family medicine on earth.

Malaria fever, Ague and Biliousness, will leave every neighborhood as soon as hop-bitters arrive.

My mother drove the paralysis and neuralgia all out of her system with hop-bitters.—Ed. Oswego Sun.

Keep the kidneys healthy with hop-bitters and you need not fear sickness.

Ice water is rendered harmless and more refreshing and reviving with hop-bitters in each draught.

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