

Eustace, the Outcast.

CHAPTER I.

A LIFE SAVED AND A FRIENDSHIP FORMED.

Well, well, I ought to be one of the happiest fellows on earth, having a scene like this to live amidst, and being supplied with ample means to enjoy it. I hope I shall take kindly to the life of a country gentleman, since that is my destiny; but I have a notion somehow that it will be too tame and quiet an existence for me. I'm afraid I shall long for something more stirring and exciting. It will be just the thing I dare say, twenty years hence, when I have got stout and elderly, but for the present I would rather be a naval officer like Randolph, and take part in this stirring war. But such, it seems, is not my fate. As heir to these fields and woods, it is considered unnecessary for me to follow a profession, therefore I must stifle all restless feelings and content myself with such excitement as shooting or hunting can give, and such enjoyment as is to be got from the society of the neighborhood. These reflections were given utterance to by a young man as he lay on the verge of a wooded slope on a warm sunny morning in the month of June. He was a strong made well-formed youth, with a broad brow and a bright eye, wide nostrils that spoke of strength and power, and compressed lips, indicative of firmness and great resolution. He had been shooting that morning, and having come within the shelter of the wood to escape the fierce heat of the sun, lay with his gun by his side and his head on his arm, gazing dreamily upon the extensive and splendid prospect spread before him. The eminence on which he reclined formed part of a promontory on the southern shore of the Frith of Tay, whose calm glassy waters glittered and flashed in the bright sunshine. On either hand and on the uplands behind were the woods and lands of the noble estate of which he was the heir, the mansion of which was concealed from where he lay by the thick foliage of a plantation which crowned the brow of a rocky height, and ran down almost to the water's edge.

On the opposite shore the far-famed Cairn of Gortie lay smiling in its fertile beauty, while wooded slopes and green-crested hills arose in the distance, fading away into the loftier Highland mountains, whose heathery peaks appeared like clouds through the sultry haze, and melted at last into the soft blue sky. Away to the left and seaward the eye in its wanderings lighted on the busy town of Dundee, whose chimneys sent up their smoke to lie like a bank over the houses, and shrouded from sight the lower slope of the Tay, whose summit alone was visible above the murky cloud, all which—smoke and town and hill—served as a foreground to the bold range of Sidelaw, and was reflected in a sombre mass in the depths of the still and tranquil waters of the Frith. It was in truth a scene of great beauty, and was calculated to produce peace and joy in the soul of the beholder. The intelligent mind and warm and glowing heart of Eustace Grahame were on the whole in sympathy with it, and stirred a delightful emotion in his manly bosom. But he felt nothing like rapture as he gazed. Strength and robustness rather than true refinement characterized his nature. He was fully sensible of the general beauty and grandeur of the scene, but he cared not to analyse it, or take in its points one by one—to notice the contrasts which made up its harmony, or the shapes and hues and aspects of its magnificent features.

His muttered musings have given the reader a good insight into his general character, into his views of life, and the natural desires which glimmer in his bosom. Under a certain good-natured exterior, for there existed a fierce passionate force, which might never manifest itself, but which, if roused by circumstances, was capable of carrying him forward to great action. As yet these circumstances had not arisen, and the elements of his character not having been manifested, neither he nor others knew what was in him. But the time had come when his halcyon being was to be shaken to its very centre, and all its passionate strength, feeling and determination to be elicited, and even on this sultry summer morning, as he lay on the grassy slope under the shade of the trees, an occurrence was about to take place destined to turn the whole course of his life, and bring forth to the utmost that elementary form in his soul. Occasionally as his eye roamed over the wide scene it had rested on the motionless form of a salmon fisher, standing like a statue in a small boat, about half a mile down the river. In patient silence the man had stood there since early morn, watching for the entrance of fish into his net, and watching in vain, for the sun was too bright and the water too calm for their capture. Nevertheless, he watched and waited on, hour after hour, till the sun rose high above the woods, and sent his fierce rays down upon him and his boat, which had hitherto lain in the shadow of the steep bank.

The tide was flowing, and had almost

covered the last of the sand banks, when the soft and measured sound of oars fell on the young man's ear, and turning in the direction from which it came, he saw a little boat glide away from the shore just beneath his resting place. The boat had but one occupant—a girl—and she held the oars with a skill that showed that she was familiar with the water. Eustace watched her slight graceful figure as slowly she propelled the boat out into the river, and wondered who she might be. She was young, lady-like, and as he could at that distance see, beautiful, and was therefore an object of curiosity and interest. He lay observing her movements and following her progress till she had proceeded a considerable distance from the shore and he noticed that she was rowing dangerously near the sand bank whose low crown was plainly visible to him from the heights on which he was. Suddenly her boat struck the ground with a jerk, which caused one of the oars to start from its place and fall into the water. Instantly the girl sprang from her seat, and leant over to grasp it ere it floated out of reach. In her hurried eagerness to recover it she bent forward too far, and the boat's side dipped down, and she slipped headforemost into the river. Then a piercing shriek ran through the silent sultry air, and the fair form was seen struggling wildly in the water, the boat having already drifted beyond her reach, and left her helpless to save herself. Eustace Grahame bounded to his feet, and rushed down to the river.

In a sheltered nook close under the high bank lay a boat fastened with a rope to the trunk of a tree. In a moment the youth had out the rope, leaped into the boat seized the oars, and with tremendous strokes was speeding through the water towards the scene of the catastrophe. He was a first-rate carman, and under the excitement and anxiety of the moment, made the boat skim like a bird over the rippling surface. Eagerly he looked ahead, and saw the girl still struggling in the water, her dress keeping her afloat; but after the first wild shriek she had uttered no further cry, and he feared she had not been able to hold her head above the surface. As he looked her dark form suddenly disappeared, and then he knew that she had sunk. With a loud cry he strained every nerve to reach the spot in time to save her, and at every oar-stroke the veins rose like curds on his brow, and his lips grew white with the intensity of his pressure. A few terrible moments followed, and the girl rose again to the shining surface. He was now within fifty yards of her, and could plainly see her white, terrified face turned towards him. Even at that dread instant he was conscious that it was a face of surpassing loveliness. She saw him, and her large dark eyes implored the help which her tongue had not the power to ask.

'Be calm,' he shouted, in a cheering tone, 'keep quite still, don't struggle, and I will save you.'

She heard and understood him, for she faintly smiled, but at the moment the waters again closed over her, and with a groan of agony Eustace saw her disappear just as he got within reach. He bent over the side and clutched the dress under the water. But in doing this he had committed the very error that had caused the accident—he overbalanced himself, and the next moment he too was in the river. With laudable courage he kept hold of her dress, though for some moments her weight dragged him below the surface; but being a practised swimmer he soon rose and brought her with him, pale, motionless and insensible.

'She is dead,' he exclaimed, as he gazed with deep emotion on her marble features, partially hidden under the wet tresses of her dark hair.

For one brief moment she opened her eyes, and stared vacantly upward, and by that he knew she was not dead. In this renewed hope he put one strong arm tenderly around her, and with the other struck out vigorously for the boat, which was slowly drifting at a little distance from them.

Eustace made his way through the water with the burden on his arm, with perfect ease, for the girl being insensible did not by motion impede his action—and in two or three minutes he had reached the boat, but there he saw the impossibility of getting her and himself into it. With immense difficulty he, with his free hand drew down its side almost level with the water and tried to draw her and himself in. But the result was exactly as he had anticipated—the water entered, and the boat capsized and floated bottom upward. There was nothing for it then but to make the effort to swim to shore, the youth turned his eyes anxiously in that direction. His heart almost failed him when he saw the distance. He was quite fresh and strong yet and did not despair of carrying her thither; but he knew that, encumbered though he was with the weight of the girl and his own clothes he could swim but slowly, and he feared she would expire on the way.

The sight of his task and the knowledge of what depended on it, braced his heart still further for exertion, and gathering up all the force of his strong youth-

ful frame, he pushed manfully for the bank. But he had not made half a dozen strokes in this direction when a shout from the left reached his ear, and glancing around he had the unbounded satisfaction of seeing a man rowing towards them in a boat.

'All right,' exclaimed the youth, 'come on as quick as you can.'

This was the salmon fisher, a young ruddy man, full of health and activity, and he was now sending his heavy, broad-bottomed boat through the water with desperate speed. Even from where he floated in the water, Eustace could see the man's horror-stricken eye, and the agony of breathless suspense which was pictured in his face as he kept it turned towards them.

In a few seconds he was close at hand, shipped his oars in a twinkling, and his countenance, pale to very whiteness, was bent over the side.

'Merciful Heaven!' he ejaculated in a broken voice. 'Is she dead, Maister Grahame? Oh dear, oh dear, is my Lillias dead?'

'No, I think not; she opened her eyes once,' replied Eustace.

'Thank God for that,' he cried, bending still lower, till his arms grasped the girl's insensible form, and Eustace felt himself relieved of his burden.

'Now, keep her there for a moment,' said the latter, 'till I swim to the other side of the boat and keep it steady.'

This was done, and in half a minute both Eustace and the girl were safely in the boat—the latter being tenderly supported in the arms of the salmon fisher, who held her white insensible form close to his bosom, while tears rolled down his manly cheeks.

'Oh, my Lillias! I ask you to row!' he said, looking piteously yet deprecatingly at Eustace. But the latter had already got out the oars, and without losing a moment began to pull for the shore.

'Where is the nearest house?' he inquired.

'Our ain is the nearest; just round the point,' was the answer.

Then in five minutes we shall be there,' said Eustace, cheerily, as with unabated vigor he made the water flash from the oar blades.

The salmon fisher sat in the stern, with the fair girl in his arms, and Eustace had now nothing to do but keep the oars going and look on that pale, beautiful face that nestled so close to the young man's heart. Never had Eustace gazed on a face so lovely, so sweet, so pure, and he wondered greatly how the salmon fisher could be connected with one so refined and cultivated. That she was very dear to him was plain from the tender, loving way in which he held her, and the tender and caressing manner in which he stroked her cheek, as well as the depth of emotion which he manifested.

Eustace looked on with a strange feeling of envy and regret. He thought how blessed he would be if he had the right to hold her so endearingly in his arms, and speak over her such tender words of emotion.

'Lillias, dear Lillias,' murmured the fisher, as his great rough hand put gently aside the wet hair from her brow, 'look up my pet. Ye are out o' danger now. We'll soon be hame, my darlin'. It's me, my doo; it's your ain Willy. Look up and speak to me.'

'She is reviving,' exclaimed Eustace; 'the color is appearing on her cheek.'

'I see it, sir,' said the man thankfully, 'and I feel her heart beatin' strong against my ain. She'll come round suna.'

And even as he spoke, her large eyes opened, and she looked up at him in wonder.

'Oh, Willie, where am I?' she asked, looking round about her. The sight of the river, the boat, and Eustace in his wet garments brought all to her recollection.

'Oh, I remember,' she exclaimed, 'I fell into the water and this gentleman came to my rescue.'

'He did, my darlin', and he saved your life. I heard ye cry, but I couldn't have reached ye in time. Oh, may heaven bless you, Maister Grahame, for the brave and noble deed. Neither Lillias nor me can thank or reward ye as ye deserve.'

'Nay, nay, not so,' returned Eustace, 'I would have been a fiend and not a man had I not done what I did; I am abundantly rewarded at having been the means of saving the lady. I shall ever consider this to be the best spent day of my life.'

'Oh, sir you are kind and generous,' said Lillias with a sweet and beaming smile. 'Neither my brother nor I can give you ought in return but the deepest gratitude of our hearts, and will never cease to pray for your welfare.'

Her brother! She was but his sister, then, and not his wife. How the knowledge thrilled through his soul and filled him with a pleasure altogether inexplicable. How it brightened his eye and animated his countenance. What the thrill and pleasure meant he did not stop to understand, but eagerly replied to the words she had uttered with such a sweet, bewitching smile.

'Believe me, the success of my effort is to me an abundant reward, and, if I must tell the truth, I shall account it a

happy accident which enables me to render a service which introduces me to such pleasant acquaintances. But here we are on shore and you must change your dress immediately, so as to 'catch no harm by the immersion.'

He leapt on the beach as he spoke, and held out his hand to help her ashore. She blushed and accepted the aid, though it was unnecessary, for she was now sufficiently recovered to leave the boat without assistance.

'And ye mean get off yer wet dress too, sir,' said the brother. 'It's a lang road up the big toose, but if ye wadna think it beneath ye to gang up the oot cottage and put on my Sunday suit.'

'Oh do,' pleaded Lillias.

'Thanks; I will,' said Eustace eagerly.

'A walk through the wood as I am would not be a bit of injury, but—'

'But it's no' comfortable,' remarked Willy; 'and the like o' ye is nae used to gang in water class.'

They were already on their way to the cottage, a neat, pleasant little building within a small garden a very little distance from the river side. The situation was in a secluded bend of the bank, surrounded and shut in by woods, no other house being visible. To the eye of Eustace the place seemed a perfect paradise, for the wall of the cottage was covered with clustering roses, in front was a neat flower pot, and the hedge with sweet briar, very neatly kept.

'Now, Lillias, lass, awa' tae yer ain room an' look after yerse!' counselled Willy, 'I can find the things for Mr. Grahame; and while him and ye are dressin', I'll awa' oot and recover the boat.'

Saying which he led Eustace into a pleasant little apartment at the rear of the cottage, and took from two drawers his Sunday suit, recommending the youth to exchange them for his own wet clothes without delay. Eustace, being left alone, was not long in divesting himself of his wet garments and getting to the dry comfortable clothes which Willy had laid out for him. The two men were about a size, the various articles, therefore, fitted admirably, and, though they were not just the style which Eustace had been accustomed to, they sufficed to exhibit, even more than his own clothes had done, his fall chest, robust limbs, and well made form. Having completed his toilet and surveyed himself in the glass, he laughed at his strange but not uncouth appearance, and sauntering to the window he sat down upon a chair there, and indulged in a short soliloquy.

'Well,' he murmured, 'this is a little bit of an adventure, and a most pleasant one it promises to turn out. What a lovely girl! I have come across many a high-born lady, but have seen none to inspire me with such admiration as one glimpse of this girl's face has done. And her mind seems as pure, as refined, and as elevated as her person. Lillias! that is her name. Sweet and pretty as her own self—Gracious me, how does she come to be the sister of that huge salmon-fisher? Not that he is boorish or ignorant either, for he is a good-looking, sensible and affectionate fellow, but he is not educated as she is. Why, in language and deportment she is in all respects a lady. I am puzzled to understand it; but one thing is certain, she and I must become better acquainted. Heavens, what would I not given to have held her in my arms as he did, to call her Lillias, and stroke her brow, and touch her velvet cheeks, and feel her heart beating against mine. By jove I would consider it the height of felicity.'

He started up, for he heard Willy re-enter the cottage, and as he was now ready to make his appearance in the sitting room, he opened the door, crossed the passage, and entered it.

Willy and Lillias were both there, and the moment the latter caught sight of him, her fine eyes lighted up with animation, and with something like a blush she advanced to meet him.

She, too, had changed her dress, and was more charming and lovely than ever. Her gloomy hair, still shining with its immersion in the water, was smoothly braided from her brow, and fell in rich waving folds down either cheek. Her exquisite features gleamed with an expression of warmest gratitude, and, with a shy, yet earnest cordiality, she once more thanked him for having saved her life. Eustace was fascinated—nay, spell-bound. Those lustrous eyes, that glossy, waving hair, the smooth, high, polished forehead, the finely moulded features, and the frank, sweet, earnest expression told all his senses captive, and his heart throbbled in his bosom with a strange new joyous wildness.

But Lillias was likewise timid and fluttered by this time Willy had told her that her deliverer was the eldest son of the proprietor of the estate on which their cottage stood. And his situation, so high above theirs, while it made his frank, generous condescension all the more striking, made him in her eyes a superior being, separated from her and her brother by a gulf of birth and rank which produced in her mind something like reverence and awe—a feeling which mingled painfully with the confidence which his frank, unaffected demeanor had inspired in her, and the warm gratitude she cherished towards him as her Saviour from a watery grave.

'I am delighted to see you so well recovered from your dangerous bath,' he eagerly exclaimed. 'But for the appearance of your hair, which still seems damp, there is not the slightest trace of your recent immersion—not even the paleness of fright or tremor of agitation.'

'Oh, sir, Lillias is a brave lassie,' said Willy, regarding his sister with a look of fond affection. 'But hoo dae ye find yourself?'

'Pooh, I'm not a bit the worse; how should I? What is a plunge in the water to a strong young man like me? And now that I have got rigged out so comfortably, I am as right as can be.'

'Dod, sir, my class fit first rate,' said Willy, as he laughingly surveyed Eustace from head to foot. 'And, begging your pardon for sayin' sae, I think ye look full as well in them as in yer ain.'

'Oh, Willy, how can you?' cried Lillias. 'Do not heed him, Mr. Grahame, for you must know he is very outspoken—but he does not mean to be rude.'

'Outspoken!' returned Eustace, 'that is what I like, and there is not the slightest fear that I should mistake it for rudeness. Believe me, I am not one of your thin-skinned people. Give me manliness and sincerity, for those I prize above all things.'

'That's right, sir,' exclaimed Willy, in a tone of emphatic approbation. 'I took ye for a chiel o' that stamp. I was tellin' Lillias when ye came in that ye had nae pride, and she doctena need to make a fuss because ye are the laird's son and heir.'

'I am glad you understand me so thoroughly,' said Eustace. 'Ah, you are bringing out your bottle, I see.'

'Deed am I,' rejoined Willy, who had taken from a press a black, long-necked bottle and a glass. 'After your dook in the Tay a drop o' brandy will keep the cold out o' your stomach. There, sir, tak it aff. Ye'll find it prime stuff.'

'Here's to our better acquaintance,' said Eustace, with a meaning glance at Lillias.

'Sae be it,' said Willy.

'Ah! that is prime stuff,' exclaimed the youth, as he set down his empty glass.

'There's nae mistake,' added Willy, with a wink. 'The best o' brandy is tae be had on the banks o' the Tay.'

'Smuggled?' said Eustace.

Willy nodded.

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Made a Man Of.

M. C. Munn, of Argyle, N. S., was taken alarmingly ill with a severe cold, through which he was confined to his bed for eight days. The alarming symptoms were a hard dry cough and the raising of a considerable quantity of sticky phlegm. There seemed to be no doubt that he was well started on the road to consumption. Just about this time he began using Dr. Wilson's Pulmonary Cherry Balsam, and in a short time in his own words, 'it made a well man of me.' It is always so.

The Old settler on the Seaside.

'Clearin' up?' replied the Old Settler. 'I hain't ben able to see no sign o' any clearin' up yit. It usety be, b'gosh, that ye could go a little by the moon in makin' yer calculations 'bout things; but fur all the use the moon is now fur that, ye mout just ez well scoop the in'ards out'n a skinnin' cheese, light a tailor dip an' stick it in it, an' hang it up on a flag pole. I ben sayin' along during this damp spell, 'Wait till the moon changes, an' this weather'll flop 'round' with a jerk an' we'll hev it dryer'n a temperance picnic, an' colder'n an icicle o' n the North Pole.' Wal, the moon changed 't'other day, but 'soid o' the weather fecthin' up with a shock 'jerk an' takin' the back track, it just took to rainin' all the harder, and gives me durn nice record fur knowin' a thing or two. I tell ye, b'gosh, that these gastronomers that's a sittin' up nights all over the country, pokin' their spig-glass 'round, drawin' bead on a comet every little spell, an' wringin' a new star now an' then, and a gossipin' 'bout what they imagine they've found out like a lot o' ole women at a tea party, is a playin' hob with things in this mundane spear. Fore we know'd there was mountains on the moon things worked alright. We know'd jist w'en to pole our beans an' stick our peas; w'en to 'speak wet weather an' w'en we was gointer hev a drou't; w'en to go fishin' an' w'en to kill our pigs. But now we're gettin' too smart, an' we don't know nothin'. Twon't's prize me a durn bit to wake up some fine mornin' an' find ev'rythin' drowned out, or burnt up, or knocked pizze-jee-whang, by a comet gettin' on its ear. Twon't b'gosh!'

—[N. Y. Sun.]

Danger Traps.

Neglected colds are the fatal traps that ensnare many a victim before possibility of rescue. Take a cold or cough in time and it is easily conquered by that safe and pleasant vegetable remedy, Haysard's Peppermint Balm. Asthma, bronchitis and pulmonary complaints generally soon yield to its healing influence.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

May 15th, 1880.

GENTLEMEN—Having been a sufferer for a long time from nervous prostration and general debility, I was advised to try Hop Bitters. I have taken one bottle, and I have been rapidly getting better ever since, and I think it the best medicine I ever used. I am now gaining strength and appetite, which was all gone, and I was in despair until I tried your Bitters. I am now well, able to go about and do my own work. Before taking it I was completely prostrated.

Mrs. MARY STUART.

Almost every pill contains calomel and other mineral compounds. Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters is purely vegetable and takes the place of all other purgatives. In large bottles at 50 cents.

A Valuable Hint.

Artisans, actors, sportsmen, mechanics and laboring men, in fact all who unduly exert muscular strength, are subject to painful contractions of the cords, stiff joints and lameness; to all, apply Haysard's Yellow Oil to prompt relief and perfect cure.

The New Brain Cure.

Poisons, Nervous Diseases, Stuttering, Chills, Spasms, etc., etc.

Nervine cures promptly the worst cases of neuritis, toothache, lumbago, and sciatica.

Nervine is death to all pain, whether external, internal or local.

Nervine may be tested at the small cost of 10 cents. Buy at once a 10 cent bottle of Nervine, the great pain remedy. Sold at J. J. Wilson's.

Kram's Fluid Lightning.

Is the only instantaneous relief for Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, etc. Rubbing a few drops briskly is all that is needed. No taking nauseous medicines for weeks, but one minute's application removes all pain and will prove the great value of Kram's Fluid Lightning. 25 cents per bottle at George Rhynas drug store.

It should be investigated.

If any of our readers are suffering from chronic disease of the stomach, liver, kidneys, or bowels, they should investigate the merits of Burdock Blood Bitters. It is making some of the most remarkable cures on record.

Dr. Low's Pleasant-Work Syrup.

An agreeable, safe and effective remedy to remove all kinds of worms.

CINQUELLE.

A name well known in connection with the Hair Renewer, which restores gray hair to its natural color by a few weeks use. Sold at 50 cents per bottle by James Wilson.

Cartier's Little Liver Pills will positively cure sick headache and prevent its return. This is not talk, but truth. One will believe. To be had of all druggists. See advertisement.

Thousands bear witness to the positive curative powers of the Great Liver Invigorator, the only remedy that has proved itself a specific for general debility, seminal weakness, impotency, etc., and all diseases that arise from self-abuse or overtaxed brain, finally ending in consumption, insanity and a premature grave. Sold by all druggists, or will be sent free on receipt of \$1.00 per box, or six boxes for \$5. Address F. J. CHERRY, Toledo, Ohio, sole agent for the United States. Send for circular and testimonials of genuine cures. Geo. Rhynas, Goderich.

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