

Enstace, the Outcast.

CHAPTER XXIV. TRACHERY.

We return to Lowden—to the persons of our story resident there, and in the neighborhood of St. Abb's.

Several days had passed since the unexpected departure of Jessie and Ralph, and no tidings had been received of either; but meanwhile circumstances were transpiring among themselves destined to lead to important results.

The immediate cause of this treachery on Dickson's part was the failure of his suit with regard to Marion Gilbertson, and the evident success attending that of Willy Sommerville.

They had thwarted him, but he could ruin them and enrich himself in the doing of it—By betraying them to the Excise he would receive the informant's share of the prize that was made, and so avenge the slight that they had put upon him, while he filled his pockets with the wished for gold at the same time.

This resolution he did not carry into effect without deliberate consideration. He knew well the terrible nature of the step he contemplated and the danger he ran. It would make every smuggler in the district his enemy, and many of them he knew, would not scruple to visit him with terrible retribution, but he made up his mind to quit the district and carry himself and his gains out of reach.

So having got rid of the objection by fears, he continued to brood over his purpose—till circumstances arose which ripened it.

Jessop's lugger, the Venture, came upon the coast, and safely ran her cargo at Eyemouth. Her captain likewise brought intelligence that on the fourth night from the time of his arrival the Delight might confidently be anticipated. A better occasion could not, therefore, arise for carrying out the design he meditated, for Jessop's concealment would be full, and he had taken care that there should be an accumulation of stock in Adamson's hiding place. All these being seized, and Donaldson's lugger captured, the ruin of Jessop and Adamson would be complete, and the prize-money realized enormous.

It was on the afternoon following the arrival of Jessop's lugger that he left Lowden with the intention of giving information to the supervisor. Like all men conscious of being about to commit a guilty action, he did not take the high road or make as if he were going in the direction he meant to take it all, but struck across the fields towards the sea, and then turned eastwards along the heights. He was in no hurry to reach his destination; in fact he wanted to be dark ere he came near the vicinity of the supervisor's house, so he lingered on his way till the sun came near the verge of the horizon, and reached the crest of the cliff which overlooked Coldingham Bay, just as he went out of sight.

He saw two human forms pacing slowly in arm close by the distant water's edge. The forms were those of Willy Sommerville and Marion Gilbertson, and they were too absorbed in the enjoyment of their delightful companionship to notice the figure which watched them from the heights.

If Dickson had begun to waver in his purpose, this sight of the lovers in their happiness would have settled him firmly in it.

seeing you at Adamson's when we paid an official visit to Lowden.' 'Ay, I mind well o' that,' returned Dickson, with a sly smile. 'Ye didna make muckle oot by your vessel yesterday.'

'Nothing at all. The information we received had been false.' Dickson replied by a peculiarly meaningful smile, which the sharp official did not fail to notice.

'Aha!' he said, 'we were on the right scent after all, and lost it, eh?' 'I hanna said that,' responded Dickson.

'Hoots man, don't be afraid. Come and sit down here, and let us have a confidential confab.'

'Bide a wee, sir,' said Dickson pointing to the window. 'There's a sma' crack there that wad need to be kivered, for anybody can see it.'

'Say you so,' said the supervisor, answering with alacrity. 'Oh, we'll soon put that right.'

And, whipping the cloth from the table he fastened it over the inside of the window, in such a way as effectually to shut up the chink.

'Now we are as private as if we were alone on the tow of Hurker. Sit ye down, my good fellow, and open your business.'

'Ahem,' coughed Dickson, cautiously. 'First and foremost, wad need to have a bargain o' some kind made.'

'Do not fear my good fellow,' said the supervisor. 'I will reward you well for any important intelligence.'

'I have heard,' he went on 'that when stuff is seized, the informant gets a fixed share o' what it brings.'

'That is true. The informant gets one-fourth, the officers one-fourth, and the rest goes to the government.'

'Then if I enable ye to seize a lot o' stuff, the share wad be to me?' 'Undoubtedly.'

'Ye'll no object to gie me your hand o' writ on that?' 'No at all.'

And as writing material stood upon the table, Dunbar drew them towards him, and gave a written promise to the effect indicated. This Dickson stowed carefully away in his pocket.

'Now, then,' said the supervisor, with an air of expectation. 'Weel, sir, I can reveal tae ye the stores and concealments o' the two greatest smugglers hereabouts.'

'Ah, your master Adamson is of course one o' them?' Dickson nodded.

'Villain—I always thought he dipped into the rascally business, though we could make out nothing by our visit. Tae information we got on that occasion was of course erroneous.'

'Na, it wassn,' replied Dickson, 'but Maister Adamson is an cunning' as the deil himself.' He got word that ye were comin', and maybe ye may mind that ye were cam' in at the gate ye passed a row o' dung carts comin' out?'

If we sae all you speak of your fortune is made.' 'I hope ye'll veid a haantle mair than that,' he cried, 'and something that wants to be looked after first. And there ain't a minute to lose about it either.'

'What is it?' asked Enstace and Willy in a breath. 'Something that concerns you, sir,' added Ralph, turning to Mr. Adamson, who had hitherto sat in his chair an interested listener and spectator to the scene.

'Me!' he exclaimed. 'You particularly. Where is Dickson? I did not see him in the field with the men.'

'No,' said the farmer. 'He went away yesterday to visit his relations, but will be back this afternoon, for we expect to have business on hand tonight.'

'I know,' said Ralph, the lugger will be here.' 'You know that,' exclaimed Adamson with surprise.

'Dickson has gone to see his relations, has he?' added Ralph, with a significant smile. Then he added, with an emphatic burst of anger, which again roused them. 'The deceitful scoundrel!'

'Eh? What mean ye?' cried the farmer, rising involuntarily from his chair. 'He has betrayed you, sir,' responded Ralph—'sold you to the excise officers, and Dunbar is coming tonight to seize all you have in your hiding places, while Randolph is to be down with his cutter to capture the lugger.'

Adamson was paralyzed, and could only stand in dumb consternation, staring at the speaker. 'Gracious heaven, Ralph, how have you learned that?' asked Enstace. 'It is too horrible to be true. Are you certain of what you say? Have you obtained sufficient proof of it?'

'Proof enough!' shouted Ralph, as he threw on the table a letter he had found in the park. 'There it is; read it. I picked it up after Randolph unintentionally dropped it.'

Enstace opened the letter, and hardly knowing what he did, read it aloud. The revelation it made was only too complete, and convinced every one, as it had convinced Ralph, of Dickson's perfidy.

'The villain, the double-dyed villain,' roared Adamson. 'Oh, the perjured traitor! I know what it is for. It is diabolical revenge for being thwarted in his designs on Marion Gilbertson.'

'But can nothing be done?' cried Enstace. 'It will be some hours ere Dunbar and his men come. Can no steps be taken to save you?'

'Never mind me,' exclaimed Adamson, with generous self-devotion. 'Secure your own safety. I will meet the blow with more firmness if I know that it falls on me alone.'

'Leave you!' cried Enstace. 'Leave you in an emergency like this. Never! I for one will remain and do my utmost to foil those whose intentions we have thus so strangely learned.'

'And so will I,' said Willy, with strong determination. 'And of course that's the very reason why I travelled in such a hurry,' added Ralph with his usual bluntness. 'The first thing that struck me was that the finding of the letter was a kindness of Providence meant to enable us to foil their plans.'

'And we would be both fools and cowards if we make nothing of our advantage,' said Enstace warmly. 'Come, Mr. Adamson, every moment is precious. Is nothing possible? Surely some measures may be taken.'

'Brave, noble, generous boy!' cried Adamson, with deep emotion. 'We can't save all—that is impossible, but we can perhaps remove what stuff there is on my own premises, and if that is done I shall escape both fine and imprisonment, for they cannot prove what they seize at Hollow Craig belongs to me. Ah! I don't mind a few moments, let me think. We'll save the stuff in the stacks by taking it in carts across the loch, and sinking it there. The keys in Hollow Craig must be sacrificed, but we'll make something of them, too, by a plan which will also baffle Dunbar's greedy hope, and Dickson, too, for by doing what I have thought of not a farthing of prize money will be realized by either of them. The gauger at Cockburnspath is a very decent fellow. I'll send for him and give him information of the stuff being concealed in the rock, and by this means I obtain the informer's share of it. What a sell it would be on the Supervisor when he comes and finds the stacks empty and the keys in Hollow Craig already seized. By jove, Enstace, it's a splendid idea.'

'A very master stroke,' returned the youth. 'Only hope it will be triumphantly accomplished.'

'Poor Jessop,' sighed the farmer, 'must be left to his fate. I fear it is too late to give him warning.'

'If you can spare me for two hours, I'll rin doon tae Eyemouth,' exclaimed Willy. 'Do so, my boy,' said his uncle. 'It's worth trying for.' Willy said not another word, but made instantly for the door, when Adamson cried after him— 'Don't go in by Coldingham, but I you can see anyone you can trust on the heights tell him what is up, and get them

in upon them and interrupted their exclamations. 'But I have something more to tell you than that,' he cried, 'and something that wants to be looked after first. And there ain't a minute to lose about it either.'

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to carry the news to their friends in the village.' Willy nodded back his appreciation of this direction, and seizing his cap from the peg in the lobby, he darted from the house and took the most direct route over the heights towards Eyemouth.

(TO BE CONTINUED.) For the prompt and certain cure of erysipelas, use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which is the specific endorsed by the most eminent medical authorities.

Train the Boys to Business. There is one element in the home instruction of boys to which too little attention has been given, and that is the cultivation of punctuality, system, order, and responsibility.

In many households, boys lives between twelve and seventeen years are generally the calmest of their existence. Up in the morning just in time for breakfast; nothing to do but to start off early enough not to be too late; looking upon an errand as taking as much time and memory away from enjoyment, little thought of personal appearance except when reminded by mother to "spruce up" a little; finding his wardrobe always "there" mother causes it, in fact, having nothing to do but enjoy himself. Thus his life goes on until school ends. Then he is ready for business. Vain thought! At this point he perhaps meets with his first great struggle. Many times during our business experience we have witnessed a young man, who, in the absence of thorough home discipline, has without this great advantage fails in thus described by the Scientific American:

He goes into an office where everything is system, order and precision. He is expected to keep things neat and orderly—sometimes kindle fires, or do errands;—it soon becomes a part of a nicely regulated machine, where everything moves in systematic grooves, and each one is responsible for correctness in his department, and where in place of masters to his comfort, he finds task-masters, more or less lenient to be sure, and everything in marked contrast to his previous life. In many instances the change is too great. Errors become very numerous; blunders overlooked at first get to be a matter of serious moment; then patience is overtaxed, and the boy is told his services are no longer needed. This is the first blow, and sometimes he never rallies from it. Then comes the surprise of the parents, who too often never know the real cause, nor where they failed in the training of their children.

What is wanted, is for every boy to have something special to do; to have some duty at a definite hour, and to learn to watch for that time to come; to be answerable for a certain portion of the routine of the household; to be trained to anticipate the time when he may enter the ranks of business, and be fitted with habits of energy, accuracy, and application, often of more importance than superficial book learning.

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