GRACE DARLING

THE HEROINE OF THE LONGSTONE LIGHTHOUSE;

OR,

THE TWO WILLS.

A TALE OF THE WRECK OF THE FORFARSHIRE.

CHAPTER XI.

GEORGE DIXON TELLS HIS MOTHER A STRANGE STORY—A DREAD CATASTROPHE AT THE FARMHOUSE.

This was the communication which George Dixon made to his mother—so extraordinary in its nature, so amazing to her, and so exculpatory of himself—

"Now, mother," he said, "listen attentively and you will speedily understand. A mile or more from Denfoot, in the solitude of the moors, where stands no human dwelling, there is a loch from whose shelving shore the water descends to a great depth. One warm day in June, being out on the hill within sight of the loch, the bright glancing of the blue water tempted me to a bathe. Being, as you know, a good swimmer, I was careless as to the point at which I plunged in; and finding a large boulder conveniently situated, I undressed and plunged into the loch. That the water was very deep at the spot I knew by the nature of the plunge. To me this would have been immaterial had my limbs retained their strength, but I must have been too heated for the water, for I had not been long in the loch when I was suddenly seized with cramp and became helpless. As the realization of my position rushed upon me a pang of despair accompanied it, for I was in the solitude where no help was at hand. Though aware of this I uttered loud cries for assistance, having at the same time no hope that the cries would be heard or that aid could reach me. To my joy, however, I heard an answering shout, and looking in the direction whence the sound came, I saw a man bounding down a neighboring hill towards the loch. Hope returned at the sight, but my ability to float was fast deserting me, and I knew I must sink ere my deliverer arrived, even should he be able to reach me, a fact which I doubted, for few country people can swim, and unless the man could do so I knew he could render me no assistance. I made strenuous and desperate efforts to keep my head above water, but in spite of all my exertions my stiffened, rigid-body sank lower and lower; then came a rushing noise and darkness, and I knew I was going down into the depth."

"Oh, George, I ne'er heard o' this," gasped his mother, who had listened to the narrative horror-stricken.

"No one has heard of it," replied the youth. "I am disclosing the circumstances for the first time."

"But—but ye was saved?" she faltered; "the man got ye oot?"

"He did. Ere consciousness had time to go I felt a hand grasp my hair and drag me to the surface."

"'Don't struggle,' said a voice in my ear; 'Don't struggle, or we shall both perish.'

"I had sufficient presence of mind to obey this injunction, and lay passive in the water; while the stranger, supporting me with one arm, made vigorous strokes with the other in the direction of the shore. He was an expert swimmer, but his task was a heavy one, and rendered more difficult by the fact that he had plunged in with everything on but his coat and hat. But he had youth, strength, and skill, and at last he got me ashore, both of us so exhausted that for a little while we could but lie panting on the bank. He was the first to revive, and the moment he was able he rubbed my cramped limbs till I could set them in motion. Then I leaped up and ran to and fro on the sward till circulation was thoroughly restored."

"Oh, George, my bairn, but ye was near yer end," said his mother in a broken voice.

"I shall never be nearer till death actually comes to me," he solemnly rejoined. "Now, mother, what service of mine was the man entitled to who saved my life? Was I not bound to requite him to the very utmost of my power?"

"There's nae doot o' that," said his mother, her eyes now streaming with tears. "He could ask naething ye could refuse him, short of sin. But wha was he, George? I'm shure baith yer faither and me will thank and bless him, and gie him a muckle present forby. We'll count naething owre guid for the preserver o' our bairn."

"If that is your feeling, mother, how much more was it mine, whose life he saved! He was dressed in sailor's garb, and when I looked at him I recognized him as a young man I had seen a day or two before in the kitchen at Denfoot. I thanked him with all the warmth and sincerity of a heart overflowing with gratitude, and offered him some recompense for his priceless service; but he modestly declined to admit that he had done more than he was bound to do for a fellow-creature in such peril; said how he was glad that he reached me in time, and emphatically refused to receive a gift. I was distressed at this, and asked if there was nothing I could do for him.

"Oh, no, sir," he replied. I am in want of nothing. I am in a good ship, with a good captain, good messmates, and good pay, and what more could I want?

"Then he hesitated, looked at me earnestly, while his bronzed face assumed a deeply anxious expression.

"'Oh,' I eagerly exclaimed, "there is something I can do for you. Tell me, I beseech you, what it is."

"'You stay at Denfoot,' he rejoined; 'you are Mr. Lyall's son?'

"'Not his son,' I answered. "My name is George Dixon, Mr. Lyall is my mother's cousin. We have a farm on the Braes of the Carse, and I am at Denfoot for a time to learn the ways of farming in this district. I think I saw you at Denfoot the other day."

"'Yes,' he returned. "'I am Ann Gibson's brother.'"

"'Oh, indeed! Now I see the likeness. Ann is a nice, active, intelligent girl. I have heard Mrs. Lyall say she does her work thoroughly.'"

"'She is all you say, sir,' he returned with a sigh, "'but I am under great anxiety on her account.'"

"'How is that?' I inquired.

"'If I confide the matter to you, sir, will you promise never to mention it to anyone?'

"'I give you my word I shall not—nay, I swear it.'"

"'That is enough, and I will trust you. Ann is, as you may have observed, a good looking girl. Well, sir, she has fallen under the notice of a man—a gentleman I suppose I must call him—who is far above her in station, whose acquaintance can bring her harm. I have warned her, but fear to little purpose, for she is vain and giddy, and cherishes notions she has no right to. I am grieved about it more than I can tell, for there are but the two of us. I sail on Thursday for a long voyage, and when I am away, and no one to look after her, I tremble to think what may happen.'"

"Well, mother," went on George, "you know what followed. I promised to watch Gibson to watch over his sister during his absence, to warn her against the man who was following her; for when I asked who he was I knew that her acquaintance with him could only end in sorrow for her. He eagerly accepted my offer, and thanked and blessed me for doing it. Meanwhile his wet clothes, which he had taken off and spread in the hot sun, were nearly dry, and as by this time I was dressed and fully recovered from the immersion, we returned together to Denfoot, agreeing by the way that my adventure should not be spoken of to any one but Ann, who was told of it by her brother, when he let her know that I had promised to be her friend and protector during his absence.

"Next day James departed with a lightened heart, for, putting implicit trust in me, he deemed that Ann was left in the charge of one who would guard her as anxiously as himself. In this he was right. I was bound in honor and gratitude to do so, for I had promised, and could I not be too faithful to the charge I had received from the man who had saved my life.

But now my troubles began. No one but myself knew of the acquaintaince which Ann had formed, and when I was seen talking to her, as I had often to do, it was naturally supposed that I had been smitten with her charms and was making love to her. At first she appeared to see the matter in the proper light, and declared she would not again see the man whose attentions had flattered her and robbed her of her peace of mind. But ere long I learned to my sorrow that he was in the neighborhood, and was making his appearance suspiciously near the farm. One day I met him on Baigley Hill in shooting costume, and shortly after saw Ann coming from the direction of the place. I advanced to intercept her. When she saw me she started, changed colour, and became greatly confused. When I taxed her with having been in his company she at first stoutly denied it, but finally burst into tears, confessed that it was true, and impulsively implored me to send her away out of his reach. It was then, mother, that I prevailed on you to receive her at the Mains, though, of course, I gave you no hint of the reason I had for asking you."

"Oh, I wish ye had, George," murmured his mother. "It wad hae saved me frae muckle dule and wae, and yersel' frae the bad reports o' the neebors."

"There was no help for it. I had given a solemn promise to her brother, and I could not break it, even to save myself from the hard thoughts and vile suspicions of those whose good opinion I cared for. Though Ann had left Denfoot without the knowledge of her lover, I knew he would soon learn whether she had gone, and was apprehensive he might follow her. You remember I returned from Denfoot sooner than you and father expected me?"

"Oh, ay," sighed his mother, "and I thought it was for her sake ye came."

"So it was, but the motive, the object, was very different from what you supposed. I was afraid he would cast himself in her way, and that she, having no guide or protector, would weekly renew the acquaintance which had been broken off. When I reached home I had, of course, to hold interviews with Ann to learn if she had seen or heard anything of her lover since she came to the Mains. She denied having done so, but with a hesitation of manner which made me suspect that she was not speaking the truth; and I had to converse with her again and again in order to have my suspicion confirmed or removed. Now began that cruel misconception of which I have been the victim. My meetings with Ann could not pass unnoticed. At first I made them as private as possible, but seeing this only caused the thing to look worse, I afterwards acted towards her more openly. On your mind and that of others a false impression was produced which I could do nothing to remove, and soon I was made to know what was being said and thought of me, I could have borne the injurious gossip of neighbours and the ill opinion of acquaintances, but your displeasure, mother, and the loss of Lucy Ford have been hard to bear."

"And what for did ye no tell us baith hoo the maitter stood?" said his mother in a tone of distressed remonstrance.

"You forget. I have already told you the reason—my promise to James Gibson."

"That promise didna haud guid in face o' the ill it was bringin' ye. James Gibson would ne'er hae held ye to it had he kenned the harm it was daein."

"Possibly not; but then he is still away, and I could not break it without his consent."

"Yes, ye could, my bairn. Baith man and God wad hae held ye scaithless for keeping yer character hale."

"My character, mother, is not broken, except in the eyes of poor, ignorant fellow-mortals, whose judgment has no effect beyond this scene of things temporal. But let us not speak of this now; hear what remains to be told about this poor, miserable girl."

"Aye, George, meeserable enough, as I hae kenned for some time, but oh! my laddie, I am gled, gled to learn that ye are no the pairtner o' her shame."

"For a time she stoutly, defiantly denied that she had seen her gentleman lover, but it came to my knowledge that he had been seen once at least in the neighbourhood, and I was not able to believe her. Still from the close way in which I watched her I had reason to think that there had been no intercourse between them since I came home. To this I attributed the depression of spirits under which I saw her labouring. I thought she was infatuated enough to mourn his absence, but one day when I pressed the question she burst into tears, and made a confession which filled me with consternation and dismay. I need not tell you, mother, what that confession was."

"No, George, ye needna," replied Mrs. Dixon, as she sorrowfully shook her head. "I ken what it was weel enough. But what is the villain's name? Ye have never mentioned it."

"No; and at present I shall not do so. It must be revealed ere long, but not by me. When I understood the dreadful truth I was stricken dumb with dismay, and was grieved more than I could express, not for her only, but for her brother and myself, since I had failed to keep the trust committed to me. It was useless to reproach her with falsehood and folly; though I own I was provoked to do so. The idea had taken possession of her that if *he* knew he would fulfill his promise, and she begged me to communicate with him. I tried to disabuse her mind of the vain hope, but as it made her frantic to have it hinted that he had deserted her and meant to see her no more, I ceased to repeat a truth of which I myself had not the slightest doubt. She believed in him still, and implored me to bring him to her. You alone can save me from shame and ruin, she said."

"Oh, dear, oh, dear, I heard that," moaned his mother. "It was ootside the garden hedge. I was inside, though ye didna see me. What meanin' could the words hae to me but ane."

"Well, my sad story is nearly ended. I could not resist her appeal, though I had little hope of being any use. I inquired as to his whereabouts, found him, and told him my errand. I gave him Ann's message, enforcing it with such words as I could command. I found him as heartless and selfish as I expected. He treated the matter lightly, and flatly refused to come near the Mains, but after some stern argument on my side and a threat of exposure, he consented to come to-night to the end of Baigley Wood. I told Ann, and went with her to the spot, scarcely expecting that he would keep his word, but he was there sure enough. Leaving her to go to him and plead her cause, I returned just in time to prevent you from committing a terrible deed."

Mrs. Dixon shuddered from head to foot, and rocked to and fro in the agony of emotion. A great weight had been lifted from her heart; but she realized now the terrible nature of the deed she had been about to do, and gave way to alarming terror and remorse. George sought to soothe her by reminding her that no one knew of this but themselves and He with whom forgiveness is to be found when sought in a spirit of true and unfeigned repentance.

* * * * * * *

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READ WHAT THE INVENTOR, MR. FELLOWS, HAS TO SAY ABOUT HIS SYRUP OF THE HYPOPHOSPHITES.

In the summer of 1864, I was suddenly effected by a copious expectoration of muco-purulent matter. I had been declining in health for some months, and, being exceedingly nervous, the symptoms caused alarm. As my business was that of a dispensing chemist, the shop was constantly visited by medical men, all of whom tendered their advice. During 1864 and 1865 my chest was examined by ten first class physicians, some of whom pronounced the case Bronchitis; some, not wishing to cause alarm, or unwilling to venture an opinion, gave no decision; some stated unequivocally that I had Tubercular Disease of the Lungs, and located the trouble where the pains were felt. By professional advice, I used, in turn, horse-back exercise, country life, eggs and ale in the morning, tonics, Bourbon whiskey, cod-liver oil, electricity, tar, and various inhalents, but the trouble increased. Expectoration became more profuse and offensive. Night-sweats set in. Cold chills, diarrhœa, dyspnœa, cough, blood-streaked expectorations, loss of sleep, loss of appetite, loss of memory, loss of ambition, accompanied by general prostration, showed themselves. Under the microscope the blood was found to contain but a small portion of vitalized corpuscles; the heart's action was feeble; the pulse intermittent; the stomach could not digest properly, so that flatulency and acidity was the result. Finding the symptoms indicated Consumption, I determined to use every effort to stay its progress, and, if possible, to cure it. I selected the most powerful tonics and moderators, and combined them with the vital constituents of the human body. For months I endeavored to amalgamate them before my efforts were crowned with success. I cannot speak too plainly or too strongly of the effects produced, and the benefits I received from the composition.

At first my appetite increased; the expectoration became easy, digestion better; the fæces became more copious and less frequent; cold chills ceased; night-sweats lessened; I gained in weight; the hacking cough left me; refreshing sleep returned; my spirits became buoyant, the mind active and vigorous. I continued taking the Syrup month after month; but owing to the damp, foggy climate of St. John, my recovery was necessarily slow, although I could observe a gradual return of strength for three years, during which time I continued taking the remedy. My present weight is one hundred and eighty-eight, being thirty-eight above my usual. I have no symptoms left denoting disease. The only notable sign during twelve months was the expectoration. Now that has stopped, and I consider myself well. The reader may ask, How do you know your difficulty to have proceeded from ulcerated or tuberculated lung? I answer, In the most certain of all modes for ascertaining. In March last I coughed from the right lung a piece of PHOSPHATE OF LIME, half the size of a pea, which could have come from no other place, and which the highest authority in Lung Diseases (Laennec) states is the result of tubercle, *which has been cured.* Added to this, I had the leaden-colored, purulent, blood-streaked expectoration, and the opinion of one of the best diagnosticians in the country. I believe I have experienced all the symptoms incident to the two first stages of Consumption, and have successfully combatted them, so that I do not despair of any case where there is left sufficient lung-tissue to build upon. I can only add that the mere monetary consideration of increased sales would never induce me to publish this report, but a sincere sympathy for the poor Consumptive, with whose misfortune I believe it villany to trifle.

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