

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS--DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Vol. XI.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1891.

No. 14.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. Acheson, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Acadian.

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OF THE Business Firms of WOLFVILLE

The undermentioned firms will be your right, and we can safely recommend them as our most enterprising business men.

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POETRY.

The Undertow.

You hadn't ought to blame a man for things he hasn't done. Per books he hasn't written, or for fights he hasn't won; The waters may look placid on the surface all around, An' yet there may be undertow a keeplin' of him down.

Since the days of Eve and Adam, when the fight of life began, It ain't been safe, my brethren, for to lightly judge a man; He may be tryin' faithful for to make his life a go, An' yet his legs get tangled in the treacherous undertow.

He may not lack in leavin' an' he may not want for brains; He may be always workin' with the patientest of pains, An' yet go unrewarded, an' my friend, how can we know, What delights he might a climed up to but for the undertow?

You've heard the Yankee story of the hen's nest with a hole, An' how the hen kep' layin' eggs with all her might an' soul, Yet never got a se'ntin', nor a single egg; I trow, That hen was simply kickin' 'gin a hidden undertow.

There's holes in lots of hen's nests, an' you've got to peep below To see the eggs a rollin' where they hadn't ought to go, Don't blame a man for fallin' to achieve a laurel crown, Until you're sure the undertow ain't draggin' of him down.

SELECT STORY.

Pretty Miss Smith.

BY FLORENCE WARDEN.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

I STROLED about the garden and the river-path in front that evening in the hope of meeting my Cockney friend, but he did not appear. My light duties had consisted for the present chiefly of mending the house-linen and relieving the tedious of Mrs. Camden's existence by listening to her while she talked. She chattered so hard, poor lady, to make up for having had "nobody to speak to" for many weeks (she did not like Emily), that when she went down to dinner I felt as if a mill had suddenly stopped.

I saw nothing of Mary that night until she had gone to her room; then I knocked softly and suggested to her, in a low whisper, when she opened the door, that she should change rooms.

"Oh, would you dare?" asked the poor, dazed creature, clutching at my arm. The next moment her hand dropped listlessly at her side, and she shook her head. "It would be of no use," she said drearily; "it is only to me they come—these shrieks and flapping wings; and it is because I am going mad—mad!"

She raised her hands to her head with a shudder. Not knowing whether we might not even then be watched, I felt that there was no time to lose, and urged her, with loving whispers, to let me take her place. She was docile enough, poor creature, when once she approached her, and in very few minutes I had seen her go into my little room, and had got into her bed in fear and trembling.

For oh! I was frightened, horribly frightened. To lie awake and expect a trick to be played upon you in fun in bed is bad enough; but to wait for a trick which has been played for weeks in systematic cruelty upon a gentle, unoffending woman filled me with such a sense of the wickedness that is in the world as I had never felt before. There was a horrible indignity about it, too, which seemed to me not far short of Fenish.

Hours seemed to pass while I lay waiting, watching the night-light burning on the table by the bedside, and fancying horrible shapes in the flickering shadows it cast upon the walls. Now and then a board creaked, or a mouse scampered behind the ceiling. I began to fear that poor Mary was right; that her unseen persecutor had discovered the fraud we had practised. Suddenly, with a hiss and a splutter, the light went out, and I felt a few drops of cold water dashed on my hair and face. All my little reserves of fortitude and preparation proved of no avail; I shrieked and sprang into a sitting posture. Something flapped against my face with a screech, the air was all alive with moving things, as it had been the night before. Overcome by childish terror, I flung myself down

again, and buried my head in the bed-clothes, and waited. The disturbance continued for a few minutes only, I am sure, although, of course, it seemed much longer. Then as suddenly as it began it ceased, and there was a sound like the shutting down of a box. I tried to re-light the night-light, but the wick was too wet. The glimmer of the matches only showed me that the nocturnal intruders had disappeared. To make doubly sure I summoned courage enough to leap out of bed, and still with the aid of my matches, to examine every cupboard, crevice, and corner, as I had already done before going to bed. All that I found was a couple of small feathers, one on the washstand and one on the floor. The fireplace was blocked up by a board, which had not been moved; the door was locked as I had left it.

"Poor Mary! I was not surprised at the havoc this persecution had wrought on her malleable nature, when I, of much coarser fibre, felt completely shattered by the adventures of these two nights. Of course, I never closed my eyes till morning, and appeared next day so sallow and haggard that I am sure Mrs. Camden expected me to put on my bonnet and leave without warning.

Mary crept into the workroom that afternoon when I was alone, to thank me, with bated breath, for what I had done.

"I slept, Georgia, I did really sleep; and I saw nothing, heard nothing. It makes me feel quite different, as if I was alive again after being dead," she went on in a trembling voice, while her eyes wandered about the room in that horrible straining, searching way which had become habitual to her. "And did you hear nothing?" she faltered.

"I heard something which convinced me that someone has been playing cruel tricks upon you," I answered stoutly. "Why have you stayed quietly here without complaining?"

"I did tell my guardian that I had—fancies, and she shuddered; and told Hilary. But they all laughed; nobody believed me; they thought it was caprice. And Hilary was angry; he said if I left this house, and lost my fortune, he could not marry me, as he was too poor."

It was evidently only by a strong and now unusual effort that the poor girl was able to suppress her mind for so much consecutive speech. She had spoken in short, jerky sentences and now, exhausted by the effort, she broke down into childish tears. I was doing my best to console her, when Mrs. Camden's footsteps were heard approaching, and Mary, with a scared face, sprang up from her knees and ran into the room.

I was too suspicious of all the household of my poor friend to make a confident of the talkative chambermaid. I was bursting with impatience to get into the attic on the floor above, and also to interrogate the night-watchman, who could, I felt sure, let some light upon the mystery.

My opportunity came when I was strolling upon the lawn while the ladies were at dinner.

"Evings, his she!" was the welcome exclamation that told my admirer was at hand.

Hopkins was looking over the wall this time, with his head perched on one side in what I guessed was meant to be an attitude of fascination. I was, in truth, delighted to see him, and I made such an ecstatic rush towards the wall, that even he, great as was his confidence in his own charism, was surprised.

"How do you do?" I cried effusively. "I am very glad to see you." "Thanks, thanks, my gal, you do me proud, blast it and do!" he said cordially enough, but with just a touch of patronage which showed that he was strong enough to doubt my entire sincerity. "Glad 'you' hev the sense to know a good thing when you see it. 'Arry 'Opkins is a werry good thing; take his word for it and no error. And a werry good friend he can be to gals as don't give themselves airs." Then with a sudden change of tone he asked drily: "And what might yer be pleased to want of me, my dear?"

"I want you to take me over the works," I answered boldly.

"And not too much to ask either," he said promptly. "If you'll just get

your pretty little tootsies to carry you up to the first floor landing, and then wait at the end of the passage, I'll be up on the other side in a jiffy. And then one turn of my key and two fond warts will be 'appy."

I wondered whether all young men of his class winked so much and so often as he did, and whether it did not have some permanent effect upon their features. Hopkins emphasized every other sentence in this way, until I began to feel a nervous twitching down one side of my face, as if I must do it too.

CHAPTER VIII.

I RATHER dreaded what my friend's conduct might be like when I found myself alone with him. But the little man took a great pride in the establishment where he had been employed so long; and, once in the distillery, he grew so enthusiastic over his description of the works, and the various processes of mashing, drying, grinding, mashing, fermenting, and distilling, that I became in his eyes only a more or less intellectual listener to the wonders he had to tell.

"It's too late to see much to-night," he said regretfully, never guessing, as I thought, how little I wanted to see if only I could get into those attics above the bedrooms. "You must come over the mashing floors by daylight, and I'll explain everything to you till I'm hoarse. There's nothing much to be seen to-night; we're distilling; that's the last process of all. You shall come into the stillhouse and just see the stills at work. The grinding and mashing's more interesting, but that's done with for this period. And when I talk of mashing, don't you go for to think it's the sort you've been used to, or you'll be disappointed. This is where we do our 'mashing' over."

He led me into a narrow gallery along the wall of a great bar building in which the voices sounded hollow. Through the skylight in the roof enough light still came for me to make out, many feet below, a huge tun, like a yawning black mouth, across one half of which were fixed two long bars, armed with double rows of sharp metal teeth, some curved one way, some the other, and so arranged that not a grain could escape hattering and bruising as the malt, churning and seething in hot water, was whirled round the tun. Although the sharp teeth and the machinery which worked them were now motionless, I turned suddenly sick with fright as Hopkins, leaning on the fragile wooden rail which ran round the gallery explained this process to me with much enthusiasm. I drew back suddenly.

"Supposing someone were to fall over this rail—it isn't very high—while the machinery was in motion?" suggested I.

"Someone 'ud be mashed up very small, that's all," said Hopkins, dryly. "Why, bless you, if you was to fall into the malt down there while the mashing was going on, you'd be minced before I could call out 'Jack Robinson!' Those prongs are no toothpicks, I can tell you."

"Let us go back, or see something else," said I shuddering.

My nerves were not at their best, after the shock of the previous night; and the idea shot into my fanciful head that the nearness of this huge metal pit, with its rows of hungry teeth, was a danger to Mary. Hopkins gave a little cracked laugh which echoed among the rafters.

"Will you come and see the still-ouse?" said he. "Four thousand gallons of whiskey all goin' at once. Don't it make yer mouth water?"

But it did not. I wanted to get into those attics.

"I think we'll leave the still house for another time," said I. The ladies will have finished dinner long ago, and Mrs. Camden may want me."

And I turned back towards the house, while he followed trying to persuade me to change my mind.

The buildings which connected the house with the distillery proper were great stone houses full of grain; we returned as we had come, down a long lane, with stores of barley, and oats filled in sacks on each side. I hurried on before my companion, who said very little, and seemed rather disconcerted by my sudden flight. At last the door which led through into the house came in sight; and with a loud-beating heart

I noticed a flight of rough wooden steps to the right of the door, which led, I felt sure, into those attics I was so anxious to explore.

"Where do those steps lead to?" I asked.

But my assumption of indifference was not good enough to deceive Hopkins.

"Oh," said he, with a curious white through his teeth. "That's what you want to know, is it? Well, why couldn't yer say so before, instead of taking me trapesing all night round those blooming vats? They led to the attic where we keep our lumber."

I flattered myself that if Mr. Hopkins was sharp, I was sharp too; and I concluded that he knew something about the mysterious haunts of the attics. Without waiting for the chance of being refused permission, therefore, I ran up the steps, opened the door at the top, and ran through into what he had rightly described as a lumber room. It was a big place, running the entire length of the floor, high-roofed and draughty, so piled with rubbish of all sorts that it would have been a month's work to examine the contents thoroughly. The big square ventilators, which had been a freak of the late Mr. Marshall's, and which formed so special a feature of the house, were all left unencumbered, and I made my way quickly, stumbling over bolts and cordage and old sack, and clutching at ruinous-looking packing cases, to the spot which I judged would be immediately over Mary's room.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Skobeleff's Revenge.

During the Russo-Turkish war, the day after the passage of the Danube had been made good, the emperor of Russia crossed the river to congratulate and thank his gallant soldiers. In front of the long, massive line formed on the slope below Bistova awaiting the coming of the Great White Bear, stood Dragomiroff, Yelolimo and Skobeleff—the three generals who had been the leaders of the successful attempt. Dragomiroff, the divisional commander, the emperor embraced and gave him the Cross of St. George; he shook hands warmly with Yelolimo, the brigade commander and gave him, too, a St. George to add to the decorations which this cherry little warrior had been gathering from boyhood in the Caucasus and Central Asia.

Then the emperor strode to where Skobeleff stood, and men watched the little scene with interest, for it was notorious that Skobeleff was in disfavour with his sovereign, and yet of him the camps were ringing with the story of his conduct on the previous morning. Would Alexander maintain his enmity or would he make it manifest that it had been dispelled by Skobeleff's heroism? For at least a minute the czar hesitated, as the two tall, proud soldiers confronted each other; you could trace in his countenance the struggle between disapproval and appreciation. It was soon over—and the wrong way for Skobeleff. The emperor frowned, turned short on his heel, and strode away, without a word or gesture of greeting or recognition. A man of strong prejudices, he was not yet able to exorcise from his mind the character of Skobeleff. That officer, for his part, flushed scarlet, then grew leadily pale, and seemed to conquer an impulse as he set his teeth hard and maintained his discipline immobility.

It was a flagrant insult, in the very face of the army, and a gross injustice, but Skobeleff endured it in proud silence that seemed to me very grand, nor did I ever hear him allude to the slur. The time soon came to that gallant and brilliant soldier when he could afford to be magnanimous. As the campaign progressed, he distinguished himself again and again, so that his name became a synonym in the army for splendid daring as well as for opportune skill. On September 8, Skobeleff, after exploit on exploit, devised and led the storm of the Turkish position in Lofotcha, and drove his adversaries out of that strong place. On the following night, at his own dinner-table, in the Gornj Studen headquarters, the emperor stood up and had his guest to honour with him the toast of "Skobeleff the Hero of Lofotcha!" It is not given to many men to earn a revenge so full and so grand as that.—ARCHIBALD FORBES, in Nineteenth Century.

English as She Is Spelt.

It was in one of our schools the other day where I picked up the following thrilling composition written by a twelve years old girl, which is one of the best pieces of English as she is "spelt" that I have yet seen: "A rite suite, little buoy, the sun of a kernal, with a rough round his neck, flae up the rods as quick as a deer. After a thyme he stopt at a house and wrung the bello. His tow hot hyun and he knawed wrest. He was twe tired to rave his 'are, pall face, and a faint moun of pane rose from his lips.

"The made who herd the bella was about to pair a pare, but she through it down and ran with all her mite, for fear her guessed would not weight; but when she saw the little won tiers stood in her ayes at the site. 'Ewo poor deer! Why do you lye hear? Are you dying?' 'Know,' he said, 'I am faint.' She boar hyun in her arms, as she aught, to a room where he mite be quiet, gave hyun brood and meet, held a cent bottle under his knows, untide his choler, rapped hyun up warmly, gave hyun a suite drackon from a viol, til at last he went fourth, as hall as a young loase."

Professor Sanders' Precepts.

Just over the desk of the late Professor Charles W. Sanders hung a card headed "Hints." It contained:

Do not say anything you would not wish God to hear.

Do not engage in anything you would be unwilling God should see.

Do not write anything you would not wish God to read.

Do not go to any place where you would not desire God to find you.

Do not read anything which you know would not please God.

In all things plan, think, act daily for the glory of God and the welfare of men. So your life will be a success both for time and eternity. "If you know these things blessed are ye to do them."

Garfield Tea is sold by all druggists.

"German Syrup"

J. C. Davis, Rector of St. James' Episcopal Church, Rufala, Ala.: "My son has been badly afflicted with a fearful and threatening cough for several months, and after trying several prescriptions from physicians which failed to relieve him, he has been perfectly restored by the use of two bottles of Boesch's German Syrup. I can recommend it without hesitation." Chronic severe, deep-seated coughs like this are as severe tests as a remedy can be subjected to. It is for these long-standing cases that Boesch's German Syrup is made a specialty. Many others afflicted with this had was, will do well to make a note of this.

J. F. Arnold, Montevideo, Minn., writes: I always use German Syrup for a Cold on the Lungs. I have never found an equal to it—far less a superior.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

BE A MAN



Laconia in the coils of the fatal serpents was not more helpless than is the man who plies under the effects of disease, excess, overwork, worry, etc. Rouse yourself. Take heart of hope again and BE A MAN! We have cured thousands, who allow us to refer to them. We can assure you by use of our exclusive methods and appliances. Simple, refreshing treatment at home for Loss of Falling Manhood, General or Nervous Debility, Weaknesses of Body and Mind, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Old or Young, Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored, Improvement seen the first day. How to enlarge and strengthen, WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS AND PARTS OF BODY. Men testify from 50 States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address

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