

Choice Miscellany.

A Slave's Heroism.

(St. Michael's Church, Charleston, S. C., which narrowly escaped total destruction by the recent earthquake, is the subject of a poem very popular with American public readers. It relates an incident of a great fire in the unfortunate city, when a flaming brand from the conflagration was driven against the towering steeple of St. Michael's where it "dunk like a bloody hand.")

"Uncounted gold shall be given to the man whose brave right hand For the love of the perilled city plucks down you, burning brand!" So cried the Mayor of Charleston, that the people heard; But they looked each one at his fellow, and no man spoke a word.

Who is it leans from the belfry, with face upturned to the sky, Clings to the column and measures the dizzy spire with his eye? Will he dare it, the hero unflinching, that terrible, sickening height? Or will the hot blood of his courage freeze in his veins at the sight?

But, see! he has stepped on the railing; he climbs with his feet and his hands; Aid firm on the narrow projection, with the belfry beneath him, he stands; Now comes, at once only, they cheer him—A single tempestuous breath— And there falls on the multitude gazing a rush like the stillness of death.

Slowly, steadily mounting, unheeding, he saves the goal of the fire, Still higher and higher, an atom, he moves on the face of the spire. He stops! Will he fall! Lo! for answer, a gleamlike a meteor's track. And, hurled on the stones of the pavement, the red brand lies shattered and black.

Once more the shouts of the people have rent the quivering air; And at the church door Mayor and Council wait, their feet on the stair; And the eager throng behind them press for a touch of his hand— The unknown saviour, whose daring could compass a deed so grand.

But why does a sudden tremor seize on them while they gaze? And what meanness that stifled murmur of wonder and amazement? He stood at the gate of the temple he had perilled his life to save; And the face of the hero, my children, was the same face of a slave.

With folded arms he was speaking, in tones that were clear and low; And his eyes, a blaze in their sockets, burnt into the eyes of the crowd— "You may keep your gold; I scorn it; but answer me, who can, If the deed I have done before you was not the deed of a man?"

He stepped but a short pace backward; and from all the women and men There was only sob for answer and the Mayor called for a pen, And the great seal of the city, that he might read who ran; And the slave who saved St. Michael's went out from its door, a man.

"The same old, old story." What a depth of pathos there is in these words. How as in a mirage shifting scenes float before us of happy homes and hearts once made glad, now desolate. Of dark eyes that brightened in the glow, of the love that burned at the pure heart's altar, of sweet lips that smiled and from whiter, nameless, forth, like the chime of silver bells, so full of trust were they.

Of the soft white hand laid so confidently in the apparently strong and firm one, with a perfect faith that knew no change; that "whither thou goest I will go. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

To find, and to see, that it was all for naught, that the bright hopes were windward strewn, that the love, so great, and faith and trust, had been more than the aching heart broken. That how love and hope and trust, like the Dead Sea fruit, had turned to ashes upon the white lip.

How the soft, little hand, has grown seamed and callous, so weary of hating alone, the clouds so dark and lowering, that the erst while beautiful eyes, now dull and heavy with unshed tears, could not pierce the gloom.

How with some light of reason went out suddenly, because of the narrowness of the groove they moved in, when with just a care or a smile, a tardy appreciation even, a life would have blossomed anew; and how she, who knew no guile until he came, was made to understand the perfidy of the world and the hollowness thereof, and made to stand without, as the Peri at Paradise longing for that she may never have.

Alas, the bitterness of slowly finding out, when hope is dead and despair and reck, less care troop in and hold sway. God pity the wrecks of the "might have been" because of "the old, old story."

Does it pay to be a Woman. A correspondent, who evidently wishes she was a big, bad man, writes to the Woman's Journal to ask if it pays to be a woman. I should like to know who not! If it pays to be petted and shielded if you behave yourself, if it pays to be worked for and treated and poor pussy'd, if it pays to be pretty, and graceful, and charming, if it pays to be loved and honored and respected, if it pays to make somebody glad they were born and happy to live for your sake, if it pays to be the greatest power for good or evil that this world knows, if it pays to be the mother of the sweetest of all God-given things a baby, if it pays to be a mother whose children grow to manhood rise up and call her blessed, if it pays to be a wife dearer to a good man than his honor or his life, if it pays to have the blessing of the poor, the sick, the friendless, or the helpless—if any of these things pay, then it pays to be a woman.

Yes! on the woman who asks such a question. Shame on her for admitting even to herself that she has done nothing so good or so womanly that it "paid." The woman who takes the best of birth-rights and so trades it to no woman at all. She is a creature! A being so selfish, so whining, so hard, so bitter and so complaining that she not only does not enjoy the pleasures that are hers, but she puts an iron bar before the man or the woman who tries to do anything for her, simply makes her own misfortune, for it would take not only the disposition of an angel, but the heart of a lion as well, to make up and be pretty day after day to a woman who takes a proffered care as if it were a dose of medicine and never gives one in return; who finds a sinister motive in every bit of gallantry and has a sneer in every pleasantry of every sort. We should be devoutly thankful there are few such women in the world. Some there are, and they, they alone are the kind who find "it does not pay!"

question. Shame on her for admitting even to herself that she has done nothing so good or so womanly that it "paid."

A Wife's Prayers.

A man who has the prayers of a pious wife, and knows he has them—upheld by Heaven, or by a refined sense of obligation and gratitude can rarely become a very bad man. A daily prayer from the heart of a pure and pious wife, for a husband engrossed in the pursuit of wealth or fame, is a chain of golden words that links his name every day with the name of his Creator. He may miss the chain three hundred and sixty-five times in a year, for many years, but the chance is that there will come a day when he will gather the scattered filaments, and seek to re-unite them in an everlasting bond.

"Dinna Be Fear'd!"

The following incident is said to have occurred at a recent volunteer encampment. On a misty night a sentinel walked his allotted number of paces with martial steps, all unconscious of danger. But a stealthy tread strikes on his ear. He stops short in his march, brings his rifle to the charge, and in a stern voice demands—"Who goes there?" From out of the gloom comes a shrill, calm voice—"Dinna be fear'd sodge; 't's just me!" As an old woman, with a basket over her arm, confronts the astonished warrior.

Advice to a Young Man.

Don't worry, my son, don't worry. Don't worry about something that you think may happen to-morrow, because you may die to-night, and to-morrow will find you beyond the reach of worry. Don't worry over a thing that happened yesterday, because yesterday is a hundred years away. If you don't believe it just try to reach after it and bring it back. Don't worry about anything that is happening to-day, because to-day will only last fifteen or twenty minutes. If you don't believe it, tell your creditors you'll be ready to settle in full with them at sunset. Don't worry about things you can't help, because worry only makes them worse. Don't worry about things you can help, because then there's no need to worry. Don't worry at all. If you want to be patient now and then, it won't hurt you a bit to go into the sackcloth and ashes business a little. It will do you good. If you want to cry a little once in a long while, that isn't a bad thing. If you feel like going out and clubbing yourself occasionally, I think you need it and will find you a helping hand at it, and put a plaster on you afterwards. All these things worry, fret, fret, fret—why, there's neither sorrow, penitence, strength, penance, reformation, hope, nor resolution in it. It's just worry.

About an even Thing.

A Detroitier who was working across one of the northern counties with a horse and buggy this summer met a farmer on foot and asked him how far it was to Greenville.

"Which one?" was the query after half a minute spent in reflection. "Why, I didn't know that there was but one Greenville."

"Didn't you? There's one in South Carolina, a second in Kansas, a third in Ohio and a fourth in Iowa. Which one do you want to go to?"

"The nearest one."

"Well, that's about seven miles off. Next time you inquire for Greenville you'd better name the State. Got any tobacco?"

"Which tobacco do you want?" "Why, I didn't know as there was more'n one tobacco." "Oh, yes, there is. There's plug tobacco, fine-cut, short and smoking. Which did you want?" "Wall, I'll take plug."

"I haven't got any. Next time you inquire for tobacco you'd better mention the kind."

The two looked each other over for a minute and then separated for life.

Clubbing Offer.

Having made special arrangements with the publishers of a number of the leading periodicals of Canada and the United States we are enabled to make a large discount to subscribers. We will send any of the publications named under the ACADIAN one year for the following "Clubbing Prices," which will be seen in some cases giving two papers for the price of one. Cash must accompany all orders.

Table with 3 columns: Publication, Regular Price, Clubbing Price. Includes Farmer's Advocate, Toronto Weekly News, Toronto Daily News, Alden's Juvenile Gem, American Agriculturist, do with Cyclotron, Toronto Weekly Globe, London Free Press, Youth's Companion, Book Worm, Weekly Messenger, Canadian Dairyman, Grip, Family Herald & Weekly Star, Montreal, de. with Premium, Buds & Blossoms (new), Detroit Free Press.

Lincoln's Drill.

During the Black Hawk War, Abraham Lincoln commanded a company which was mustered into the United States service by Jefferson Davis, then second lieutenant of dragoons. His experience in drilling his men was so honorable that it furnished him, when he was President, with some of his most amusing stories. One day, as he was marching across a field with a front of twenty men, he came to a gateway through which it was necessary to pass. "I could not for the life of me," said he, in narrating the anecdote, "remember the proper word of command for getting my company endwise, so that it could go through the gate. But as we came near it, I shouted,— 'The company is dismissed for two minutes, when it will fall in again on the other side of the gate!'"

other side of the gate?"

A Wife's Prayers.

A man who has the prayers of a pious wife, and knows he has them—upheld by Heaven, or by a refined sense of obligation and gratitude can rarely become a very bad man. A daily prayer from the heart of a pure and pious wife, for a husband engrossed in the pursuit of wealth or fame, is a chain of golden words that links his name every day with the name of his Creator. He may miss the chain three hundred and sixty-five times in a year, for many years, but the chance is that there will come a day when he will gather the scattered filaments, and seek to re-unite them in an everlasting bond.

"Dinna Be Fear'd!"

The following incident is said to have occurred at a recent volunteer encampment. On a misty night a sentinel walked his allotted number of paces with martial steps, all unconscious of danger. But a stealthy tread strikes on his ear. He stops short in his march, brings his rifle to the charge, and in a stern voice demands—"Who goes there?" From out of the gloom comes a shrill, calm voice—"Dinna be fear'd sodge; 't's just me!" As an old woman, with a basket over her arm, confronts the astonished warrior.

Advice to a Young Man.

Don't worry, my son, don't worry. Don't worry about something that you think may happen to-morrow, because you may die to-night, and to-morrow will find you beyond the reach of worry. Don't worry over a thing that happened yesterday, because yesterday is a hundred years away. If you don't believe it just try to reach after it and bring it back. Don't worry about anything that is happening to-day, because to-day will only last fifteen or twenty minutes. If you don't believe it, tell your creditors you'll be ready to settle in full with them at sunset. Don't worry about things you can't help, because worry only makes them worse. Don't worry about things you can help, because then there's no need to worry. Don't worry at all. If you want to be patient now and then, it won't hurt you a bit to go into the sackcloth and ashes business a little. It will do you good. If you want to cry a little once in a long while, that isn't a bad thing. If you feel like going out and clubbing yourself occasionally, I think you need it and will find you a helping hand at it, and put a plaster on you afterwards. All these things worry, fret, fret, fret—why, there's neither sorrow, penitence, strength, penance, reformation, hope, nor resolution in it. It's just worry.

About an even Thing.

A Detroitier who was working across one of the northern counties with a horse and buggy this summer met a farmer on foot and asked him how far it was to Greenville.

"Which one?" was the query after half a minute spent in reflection. "Why, I didn't know that there was but one Greenville."

"Didn't you? There's one in South Carolina, a second in Kansas, a third in Ohio and a fourth in Iowa. Which one do you want to go to?"

"The nearest one."

"Well, that's about seven miles off. Next time you inquire for Greenville you'd better name the State. Got any tobacco?"

"Which tobacco do you want?" "Why, I didn't know as there was more'n one tobacco." "Oh, yes, there is. There's plug tobacco, fine-cut, short and smoking. Which did you want?" "Wall, I'll take plug."

"I haven't got any. Next time you inquire for tobacco you'd better mention the kind."

The two looked each other over for a minute and then separated for life.

Clubbing Offer.

Having made special arrangements with the publishers of a number of the leading periodicals of Canada and the United States we are enabled to make a large discount to subscribers. We will send any of the publications named under the ACADIAN one year for the following "Clubbing Prices," which will be seen in some cases giving two papers for the price of one. Cash must accompany all orders.

Table with 3 columns: Publication, Regular Price, Clubbing Price. Includes Farmer's Advocate, Toronto Weekly News, Toronto Daily News, Alden's Juvenile Gem, American Agriculturist, do with Cyclotron, Toronto Weekly Globe, London Free Press, Youth's Companion, Book Worm, Weekly Messenger, Canadian Dairyman, Grip, Family Herald & Weekly Star, Montreal, de. with Premium, Buds & Blossoms (new), Detroit Free Press.

Lincoln's Drill.

During the Black Hawk War, Abraham Lincoln commanded a company which was mustered into the United States service by Jefferson Davis, then second lieutenant of dragoons. His experience in drilling his men was so honorable that it furnished him, when he was President, with some of his most amusing stories. One day, as he was marching across a field with a front of twenty men, he came to a gateway through which it was necessary to pass. "I could not for the life of me," said he, in narrating the anecdote, "remember the proper word of command for getting my company endwise, so that it could go through the gate. But as we came near it, I shouted,— 'The company is dismissed for two minutes, when it will fall in again on the other side of the gate!'"

JOHNSON'S FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE ANODYNE LINIMENT THE MOST WONDERFUL FAMILY REMEDY EVER KNOWN.

THE ACADIAN, HONEST! INDEPENDENT! FEARLESS!

"THE PEOPLE'S PAPER!"

—IS PUBLISHED AT— WOLFVILLE, in King's County,

THE ACADIAN CENTRE Of the Province of Nova Scotia.

The Annapolis Valley! The Garden of Nova Scotia! The Seat of Acadia College!

The Acadian is not subsidized by any Political party, Corporation, or private individual; and expresses its own views and says what it thinks.

THE ACADIAN'S columns are open to persons of either Political Party for the discussion of the topics of the day, providing no personalities are entered into.

THE ACADIAN will give you all the Local News of the County, and all the important events taking place.

THE ACADIAN will give you all the important events occurring throughout the world.

The Acadian is devoted to Literature, Education, Temperance, Politics, Agriculture, Science, and General Information, and is the ONLY Weekly Paper in King's County.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO DAVISON BROTHERS, Editors & Publishers, Wolfville, N. S.

OUR JOB ROOM is complete. Plain and Fancy Job Work of every description done at shortest notice, and satisfaction assured.

WE SELL CORNWOOD, SPILING, BARK, R. R. TINS, LUMBER, LATHS, CAN-NEP, LOBSTERS, MACKEREL, FROZEN FISH, POTATCES, FISH, ETC. Best prices for all Shipments. Write fully for Quotations. HAIHEWAY & CO., General Commission Merchants, 22 Central Wharf - Boston.

MISREPRESENTATION. STATE BOARD OF HEALTH OF NEW YORK, ALBANY, Feb. 11. The Board considered the proceedings of the Royal Baking Powder Co. (or whoever was responsible for its publication) in advertising the Board's action, through its analyst, in support of their Powder and unanimously adopted the following resolution:—

RESOLVED, That the advertisement of the Royal Baking Powder Co., quoting the State Board of Health of New York as recommending through one of its Analysts, its purity, etc., is a misrepresentation.

True copy from minutes of State Board of Health of New York, Feb'y 11th, 1885. Signed LEWIS BALCH, Secretary.

American Agriculturist. 100 Columns and 100 Engravings in each issue. 44TH YEAR. \$150 A YEAR. Send three-cent stamps for Sample copy (English or German) and Premium list of the Oldest and Best Agricultural Journal in the World. Address—Publishers American Agriculturist, 75 Broadway, New York.

NOTICE. All Persons having Legal Demands against the Estate of Anderson C. Martin, of Horton, Kings County, deceased are requested to render the same, duly attested to the undersigned within three months from date hereof. And all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to settle their accounts immediately with—

JAMES B. MARTIN, JOHN L. MARTIN, Admsrs. Wolfville, Oct. 16, 1885.

BOX OF GOLDEN NOVELTIES. 12 fast-selling articles, and 12 12 magic water pens, all by return of mail for 25c, or nine 3-cent stamps. Package of fast-selling articles to agents for 3c, and this slip.

W. & A Railway. Time Table. 1886—Summer Arrangement—1886. Commencing Monday, 14th June.

Table with 4 columns: GOING EAST, Acem. Daily, Acem. M.W.F. Daily, Exp. Daily. Includes Annapolis, Bridgetown, Aylesford, Berwick, Waterville, Port Williams, Wolfville, Grand Fre, Yarmouth, Kentville, Windsor, Halifax.

Table with 4 columns: GOING WEST, Exp. Daily, Acem. M.W.F. Daily, Acem. Daily. Includes Halifax, Kentville, Windsor, Yarmouth, Grand Fre, Wolfville, Annapolis.

GOOD HORSE SHOING! DONE BY J. I. BROWN FOR CASH 90c CASH. J. I. Brown took the premium on his Horse Shoes at the Dominion & Colonial Exhibition at St. John, N. B., in 1883.

J.F. HERBIN, WOLFVILLE, N. S. One door east of Post Office. Watches, Clocks, and Jewellery REPAIRED! ENGRAVING Done in Every Style!

C A PATRIQUIN HARNESS MAKER. Carriage, Cart, and Team Harnesses. Made to order and kept in stock. ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO. None but first-class workmen employed and all work guaranteed.

THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE AND HOME MAGAZINE. Circulation over 20,000 Copies. The Farmer's Advocate is published on or about the 1st of each month, is handsomely illustrated with original engravings, and furnishes the most profitable and practical and reliable information for dairymen, for farmers, gardeners, or stockmen, of any publication in Canada. \$1.00 PER ANNUM \$1.00

Address—FARMER'S ADVOCATE, 360 Richmond London, Ont.

THIS IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY. Do you want a splendid, handily bound story book? Yes, you have your choice out of the best that has ever been published. It is a two-volume story book for the young and old. It is a story book for the young and old. It is a story book for the young and old. It is a story book for the young and old.

BUDS & BLOSSOMS. FRIENDLY GREETINGS. It is a forty-page, illustrated, monthly magazine, edited by F. F. AVERY, Halifax, N. S. Price 75 cents per year if prepaid.

GEO. V. RAND, IMPORTER AND DEALER IN DRUGS MEDICINES CHEMICALS FANCY GOODS, PERFUMERY AND SOAPS, BRUSHES, SPECTACLES, JEWELLERY, ETC. ETC. Main Street, Wolfville, N. S.

HOLSTEIN BULL. The subscriber has for service the noted Prize Holstein Bull, Lord of Gasterup which he imported direct from Holland, so as to get the very best milking strain possible. Terms \$5.00 at time of service. Fred Annand. Grand Pre, Jan. 1st, 1886.