

Choice Miscellany.

THE BAGGAGE-MAN. With many a curie the trunk I pitch, With many a about an ally;

"DUN GONE" "I reckon he's dun bin called fur, sah," said the old man as he came around to the grocery.

"The old man's voice proved that he was deeply moved, and the pedestrian went with him. Around the corner and a half a block up the street they turned into a yard, and there lay the old dog on the grass, eyes half closed and breathing heavily.

"He's gone—gone—gone!" whispered the old man as he knelt on the ground and softly smoothed the body.

"How long have you had him?" "Dat—dat's what makes it hurt me so! I rized him up since de time he wasn't bigger'n my fist. It's gwine on twenty y'ars since dis dog stepped foot in my cabin. Jupiter, does ye hear ole marse talkin' to ye? Does ye know I'ze right yere beside ye?"

"Twenty years is a long time," said the pedestrian. "Yes, a long, long time," whispered the old man. "An' dis' Jupiter has mixed in wid all my joys an' sorrows—all yis good luck an' bad. He's seen de time when he had plenty, an' he's de time when he had neither food nor fish. Jupiter, open yer eyes once an' look at me! I'ze right yere! I wouldn't leave ye fur all de gold in de hull world!"

"How does your wife take it?" asked the visitor. "Deed, sah, but—but!" The old man broke down at that, tears raining down his cheeks and his throat filling up, and it was a long minute before he resumed:

"She's dead! Died five y'ars ago! Jupiter an' me was all alone in de house wid her when she closed her eyes. I not dar a chokin' of her hands an' singin'!" "She's gwine up to Heben in a chariot—She's gwine to live de bad!" De bells an' a-ringin' for to call her, She's a gwine to dat better land.

"An' dis Jupiter sot dar an' knowed dat she was dyin' just as well as I did, an' he mourned an' mourned, an' couldn't be comforted. It was' days an' days he'd be weepin' an' eat a mouful, an' nunny a night as we sat in de darkness, an' step on de sidewalk soundin' like ole Sue's would make him spring up an' bark fur joy. He's been just like rela shuns to me since dat."

"It's too bad!" "Y-yes. I'd gin' all I have in de world to keep him alive a y'ar longer. Jupiter, it's me—ole marse! Doan' ye h'ar me talkin' to ye?" "Have you always lived here?" asked the man, striving to divert the others' attention.

"No, sah, an' dat's another reason why I can't keep de team back. Do you know dat I mard' Sue down in Georgia in de ole slave days? Jist befo' de war she was sold away from me an' I nebber spected to see her no mo'. After de war I Eb'd in Richmond, an' one day some body told me dat my Sue was in Detroit. I didn't want to aim money—I didn't want to wait to see her, but dat same night I sot out on foot, Jupiter wid me. It was weeks an' weeks afo' we got yere.

and sobbed out: "Dun gone away from me, an' de ole man an' left to watch in de darkness alone!"—Detroit Free Press.

THE PRETTY BABY. "Isn't he a pretty baby, John? See just look at him!" and the mother holds up the tiny creature to papa, who kisses and fondles him lovingly.

"Yes, Kate, he is a pretty baby, but was a pretty baby, too, you remember." "Yes, Tom was a pretty baby—everybody said so," and she glances across the room at a sunny-faced 4-year old, "but Willie is not like Tom. Willie's hair is light and his eyes," looking wistfully into the baby's face, "are dark, and so deep, that when I look in them I am almost afraid, They have such a far away light, they seem to see something we cannot."

"Oh, nonsense! don't think that. He'll grow up to be a fine fellow. But, Kate, I wouldn't think so much about that. He's a dear, good, little fellow, but I wouldn't worship him, it isn't right." "As if I could help it," the mother says, reproachfully, pressing the slight form closer and looking into the dark eyes yearningly.

A month passed away, and one day they stand beside a small, white casket within which the pretty baby is sleeping. Ah, the mother's eyes were sharp, and when friends said, "what beautiful bright eyes he has," she saw the far away look and knew it as the light that was never on land or sea.

"Oh, John, John!" she moaned, "I knew he wasn't long for this world. I could see it in his eyes. Oh, my pretty baby!" "Yes, dear, you were right," says papa, and there was a quiver in the firm voice; "if it had pleased God to have left him with us we would have cared for him the best we could, but we must give him up, for it is His will, and He knows what is best for us."

"Yes, I know it," and she stoops and cuts a tiny whisp of hair from the baby's head. "Oh, John, you said I worshipped him. I did, oh, I did, and God forgive me, I can't be sorry for it now, he was such a dear, pretty baby."

Years passed on. Other babies were born. They are all pretty babies, every one who sees them say that, but some are like the baby with the far away look. As they grow up they love to gather around mother's chair, and she never tires telling of the dark-eyed baby who went to live with God. And when with childish curiosity they open the Bible to look at the pictures, and find between the leaves a tiny wisp of hair tied with a white satin ribbon, they touch it reverently and whisper beneath their breath: "The pretty baby."

Years still pass on. The children grow to be sturdy men and women, and as the mother watches them she sometimes thinks, "If he had lived he would have been such a beautiful man," and then she smiles and is glad that in Heaven there is no time, and no matter how the others may change he is still the pretty baby.

One day they gathered around her bed, and looking in each other's face mournfully whisper: "She is dying." She stretches her thin hand toward the table on which the old Bible rests, and they say: "The baby's hair." They place it in her hand. She kisses it tenderly and a bright light comes into the dim old eyes, and they say: "What does she see?" "She smiles and whispers: "The pretty baby."

They place the wisp of hair on her breast and fold the wrinkled hands upon it, and tenderly lay her by the side of the pretty baby.

BURDETTE'S COW PROBLEM. On the 24th of January there was handed to the editor the following question: A man has a cow, which has her first calf at the age of 3, and one each year till she is 21. Her offspring are all heifers, and are equally as productive. How many head of cattle will the man have at the end of 21 years?

It came in a letter from Connecticut mark you, from Connecticut; no other state could have produced such a monstrosity. It didn't look like a monstrosity, though, at first. It looked as harmless and peaceful as a newborn babe. In fact it looked easy, and the editor thought he wouldn't propound it to the people, but quietly gave the answer at once. He sat down and consumed half the valuable afternoon in answering that easy problem. Only, he didn't answer it. It wouldn't answer. The more he worked the madder he got, and at last he gave up in despair.

That childlike and "blond cow problem" appeared January 26. The answers began to come in next day. At first it was rare fun reading them. Then it got a little monotonous. The pigeon-holes began to get filled up. That cow began to be dreary. The editor read letters about that cow all day, and dreamed of her all night. Life became a symphony of mathematical cows—rather a dirge of algebraical calves. The editor waxed fierce, and once more attacked the problem himself. He first tried to prove that a cow never lived twenty years. Vain hope! Then he argued that no such cow ever lived and by a prior reasoning he succeeded in convincing himself that no sane farmer would let such a disgracefully prolific cow live. But still that "suppose" stared him in the face. The he manfully set all quibbles aside and began to wrestle. He wrestled as Jacob with the angel—all

night. Victory was his reward, and today he triumphantly declares that at the end of 21 years that farmer had 1873 head of cattle.

The various answers sent in vary. In fact they differ. They range all the way from 64 to 11,046. The man who said it was sixty-four sent a postal later saying he had forgot the old cow. That merely shows the intense interest the old cow has excited. The popular feeling is well expressed in the brief comment attached to the biggest answer, "Kill that cow man, he spoils my sleep." It is even whispered by the elect that a chosen band of dynamites started for Connecticut yesterday. The conundrum editor has subscribed liberally toward paying their expenses. And says he will shoot on the spot any man who ever says anything to him about a cow again.

VENUS ANCHORED OVER CHICAGO. One night about two weeks ago an excited individual burst into Sablin's hardware store. "Say," he gasped, nervously, "Have you seen the new electric light?" "What electric light?"

"The one anchored over Chicago by a balloon. You can see it just as plainly as you can the lights down the avenue. Most wonderful thing I ever saw, by George! They say the balloon is suspended two miles above the city."

"Your phenomenal is probably some star near the horizon," suggested one of the gentlemen present. "Get out!" retorted the excited man, indignantly. "I'll bet you the drinks for the crowd it's no such thing. Don't wish to, eh? Probably not. Don't you s'pose I know an electric light when I see one?"

No one knows how the contagion spread but it did, and some of our best citizens who have led exemplary lives in the past, and were old enough to know better, anyhow, caught it. When Venus plays a return engagement over Chicago, she will not be greeted as large an audience from this city by as heretofore.—Lantern Republican.

We caution our readers to beware of diphtheria, pneumonia, influenza, bronchitis, congestion of the lungs, coughs and colds at this season of the year. Get a bottle of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment and keep it ready for instant use. It may save your life. It has saved thousands.

Sheridan's Cavalry condition powders will positively prevent all ordinary diseases common to horses, cattle, sheep, hogs, and fowl besides constantly improving them. Beware of the large 25c packs; they are worthless.

Mr. E. R. Harrington, of Halifax, writes: "As I was troubled with cough and, my physician says, unmistakable symptoms of consumption. I took EAGER'S PHOSPHORINE, and I am now cured."

John Gurney, Mayor-elect of Norwalk, England, is blind.

BOX OF GOLDEN NOVELTIES. 12 fast-drying articles, and 12 magic water pens, all by return of mail for 25c, or nine 3-cent stamps. Package of 12 fast-drying articles to agents for 5c, and this slip.

A. W. Kinney, Yarmouth, N. S.

W. & A Railway. Time Table. 1885—Winter Arrangement—1886. Commencing Monday, 16th November.

Caldwell & Murray. Fall and Winter Goods. STOCK COMPLETE IN ALL DEPARTMENTS. DRY GOODS.

House Furnishings Grey and White Cottons, Shootings, Blankets, Quilts, Counterpanes, Table Linens, Towels, All-wool, Union, and Shaker Flannel; Wineys, twilled, checked or plaid.

Dress Goods Ottomans, Serges, Brocades, Jersey Trico Soudans, Plaids, Cashmires, Merinos, and Velvetens.

Mante And Uister Cloths. Ottomans, Brocades, Astrachans, Seal-ettes, Beavers, Meltons etc.

Tweeds And Worsteds. English, Scotch, and Canadian Tweeds, Overcoating in nap and worsted, Picton Cloths plain and fancy.

Wool Goods. Ladies' Vests, Jackets, Undervests, Children's Coats, Caps an' Hoods, Squares Shawls, Promenade Scarfs, Nubias, House and Street Jerseys, etc.

Fur Goods. Capes in 10 different varieties, Ladies' and Gents' Capes, Muffs, Boas, Gloves, Collars, Trimmings different widths in Fox, Concy, Raccoon, Hare, etc., Japanese Goat Robes.

Clothing. Suits, Overcoats, Mantles, Uisters, Rubber Coats, Rubber Carriage Robes, Railway Wraps, Horse Rugs.

Gents' Furnishings. American and Canadian Hats and Caps, Underclothing, Shirts, Kid Gloves, Wool Gloves, Hosiery.

Boots & Shoes. Ladies' Fine Boots, lace and button, in French Kid, French Oil Goat, Buck Goat, Polish Calf, Oil Pebble; in Shoes, in lace, tie and button.

Men's Wear. Heavy Walking Boots, double soled and nailed, for \$1.80, Fine Bals and Congress. The celebrated Amherst Long Boots, hand-sewed seams, whole stock. Red Shanty Boots. Ayer's oil tanned Larrigans.

Rubber Goods. American and Canadian Rubbers Overboots, Alaska, Gaiters, etc.

Furniture and Carpets. SUITES.—Parlor and Bedroom Sets, W. S. Chairs cane and perforated bottoms, Ash Dining Room. TABLES.—Centre, Pine Top Toilet, Extension, Bedsteads, Bureau, Easy Chairs, Whatnots, etc. CARPETS.—All-wool, Union, Tapestry, Hump, Kidder Squares, Felt Squares, Hearth Rugs, Linoleum Mats, Floor Oil Cloths.

THE ACADIAN, HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS! ENLARGED AND IMPROVED! \$1.00 per annum.

THE ACADIAN HAS NOW ENTERED UPON ITS FIFTH VOLUME, AND— It is Acknowledged by all —TO BE—

THE MOST POPULAR PAPER IN THE COUNTY. PATRONIZE The Local Paper —AND— SUBSCRIBE FOR THE ACADIAN!

ADVERTISERS Will find it particularly to their advantage to Patronize the Acadian. THE ADVERTISEMENTS ARE READ EVERY TIME.

Parties wanting a County Paper will do well to send for a sample copy, AND COMPARE THE ACADIAN With the other County papers.

The 'Acadian' Stands Ahead "AND DON'T YOU FORGET IT!" The Acadian ob Department is Very Complete. FINE NEW TYPE, TASTY WORK, AND LOW PRICES!

WHEN YOU WANT PRINTING DONE COME AND SEE US AND WE WILL MAKE YOU GLAD. ADDRESS— "THE ACADIAN," WOLFVILLE.

WOLFVILLE, Oct 16th, 1885.

FRUIT GROWERS! BUY YOUR DRY APPLE BARRELS—OF— J. D. MARTIN, GASPETEAU. He is selling them at 23 Cents Each! With a discount of 5% for cash, and expects to manufacture 6,000 this year. N. B.—Orders by mail promptly filled. Gaspereau, Sept 18th.

Money to Loan! The subscriber has money in hand for investment on first-class real estate security. Good farm properties in Horton and Cornwallis preferred. Wolfville, Oct 9, A. D. 1885. E. SIDNEY CRAWLEY.

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

ROOM PAPER! ROOM PAPER! Don't forget that the WESTERN BOOK & NEWS CO., are selling the balance of their ROOM PAPER at cost to make for new importations.

15c. PAPERS FOR 10c. 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 & Centennial Exhibition at St. John, N. B., in 1883. Carriages & Sleighs MADE, PAINTED, and REPAIRED. At Shortest Notice, at A. B. ROOD'S, Wolfville, N. S.

DR. O. W. NORTON'S BURDOCK BLOOD PURIFIER! Purely Vegetable! A Valuable Compound —FOR— RESTORING HEALTH. Hundreds have been cured by us it for LIVER COMPLAINT, COSTIVENESS, DYSPEPSIA, BALT BRUM, GOUT, RHEUMATISM, IMPURE BLOOD, LOSS OF APPETITE, KIDNEY DISEASE, —AND— GENERAL DEBILITY.

READ THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONIALS. Weymouth, Sept. 14, 1885. DR. NORTON: Dear Sir,—For twenty-five years I have been afflicted with Salt Rheum, and last Summer my head and part of my body was one fearful sore. My husband employed at different times three doctors, which failed to do me any good. In August 1884 I commenced taking your Dr. O. W. Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier, and after taking three bottles, an entirely cured, as I have not the least symptoms of it since. The Blood Purifier has also cured Capt Brooks of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint. Yours truly, Mrs. John Grant.

Peter Frost, Esq., of Little River, Digby Neck, was sick a long time with Liver, Kidney and Nerve Disease. He is now well by using Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier. As Raymond's son was sick and confined to the house for over three months with Rheumatism and Kidney Trouble. He was attended by a doctor, and tried many remedies but obtained no relief until he used Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier, which cured him. John Layton of Mount Denson, was sick with Sciatica for five weeks, when his doctor gave him up. He is now quite well by using Norton's Magic Liniment and Dr. O. W. Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier. There is no medicine known to the medical fraternity that has cured so many of Liver, Kidney Blood and Nerve Diseases as the medicines that compose Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier. Sold by most of the dealers in medicines throughout the county, and by G. V. Rand, Druggist, Wolfville at \$1.00 per large bottle. June 26, '85.—1 yr