

# THE ACADIAN

## AND BERWICK TIMES.

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

Vol. VIII

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, MARCH 29, 1889.

No. 32.

### CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me.

### THE ACADIAN

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DAVISON BROS., Editors and Proprietors, Wolfville, N. S.

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BARRISTER-AT-LAW, NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, ETC.

Also General Agent for FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE.

WOLFVILLE N. S.

### Indirection.

Fair are the flowers and the children, but their fragrance is the same.

Rare is the rose burst of dawn, but the secret that clasps it is rarer;

The excitement of song, but the strain that precedes it is sweeter;

And never was poem yet writ, but the meaning outmastered the metre.

Never a rhy that grows, but a mystery guides the growing;

Never a river that flows, but a majesty throes the flowing;

Never a Shakespeare that soared, but a lightning flash that shined his beam;

Not even a prophet foretold, but a mightier secret lies foretold him.

Back of the canvas that throbs, the painter is hidden;

Into the statue that breathes the soul of the sculptor is hidden;

Under the joy that is felt lie the infinite issues of feeling;

Crowning the glory revealed is the glory that is the revealing.

Great are the symbols of being, but that which is symbolised is greater;

Vast the great and behold, but vaster the invisible.

Back of the sound that broods the silence, back of the gift stands the giving;

Back of the hand that receives thrills the sensitive nerves of receiving.

Space is nothing to spirit, the deed is done by the doing;

The heart of a worker is warm, but warmer is the heart of the worker's deed;

And up from the pits where these shivers, and up from the heights where these shivers;

Twin voices and shadows swim starward, and the essence of life is divine.

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### Interesting Story.

A Locomotive Hero.

Well, gentlemen, if you wish it, I'll tell you the story. When I was a youth of 19 and lived with my parents in a Pennsylvania town, I had a taste for railroading and boyish ambition to become a driver, although I had been educated for a lawyer's partner.

During my college vacation I lounged about the station almost constantly, making friends with the trainmen, and especially with a driver named Silas Markley. I became much attached to this man, notwithstanding he was forty years old, and by no means a sociable fellow.

He was my ideal of a brave, skilful, thoroughbred driver, and I looked up to him as something of a hero. He was not a married man, but lived alone with his old mother, and was a frequent visitor to her house, and I think they both took a fancy to me, in their unobtrusive way. When Markley's friend left him I induced him to let me take his place during the remainder of my vacation. He hesitated for some time before he consented to honor my boyish whim, but he finally yielded and I was in great glee. The fact was that in my idleness and in the overworked state of my brain I craved the excitement of a confirmed drinker and, besides, I had such longed dreams of the ride through the hills, mounted literally on the iron horse. So I became an expert freeman, and liked it exceedingly, for the excitement more than compensated for the rough work I was required to do.

But there came a time when I got my fill of excitement. Mrs Markley one day formed a plan which seemed to give her a good deal of happiness. It was her son's birthday, and she wanted to go down to Philadelphia in the train without letting him know anything about it, and there purchase a present for him. She took me into her confidence and had me to assist her. I arranged the preliminaries and got her into the train without being noticed by Markley, who of course was busy with his work.

The old lady was in high glee over the bit of innocent deception she was practising on her son. She enjoined me not to tell Silas, then I left her and took my place.

It was a midsummer day and the weather was delightful. She was neither an express nor an accommodation, but one which stopped at the principal stations on the route. On this occasion as there were two specials on the line, it was run by telegraph, that is, the driver has simply to obey instructions which he receives at each station, so that he is put as a machine in the hands of the controller, who directs all trains from a central point, and has the whole line under his eye. If the driver does not obey to the least title

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Well, we started without mishap and up to the time, and easily reached the first station in the line allotted to us. As we stopped there a boy ran up alongside with the telegram which he handed to the driver. The next moment I heard the smothered exclamation from Markley.

"Go back," he said to the boy; "tell Williams to have the message repeated; there's a mistake."

The boy dashed off; in ten minutes he came flying back. "Had it repeated," he shouted, "Williams is storming at you, says there's no mistake, and you'd best go on." He thrust the second message in as he spoke.

Markley read it and stood hesitating for half a minute. There was dismay and sheer perplexity in the expression as he looked at the telegram and the long train behind him. His lips moved as if he was calculating chances, and his eyes suddenly quailed as if he saw death at the end of the calculation. I was watching him with considerable curiosity. I ventured to ask him what was the matter, and what he was going to do.

"I'm going to obey," he replied coolly. "The engine gave a long shriek of horror that made me start as if it were Markley's own voice. The next instant we rushed out of the station and dashed through low-lying farms at a speed which seemed dangerous to me.

"Put in more coal," said Markley. I shovelled it in, but it took time.

"We are going very fast, Markley." He did not answer. His eyes were fixed on the steam engine, his mouth close shut.

"More coal," he said.

I threw it in.

The fields and houses began to fly past. The next station, Markley's friend, came from the gauge to the face of the timepiece and back. He moved like an automaton. There was little meaning in his face.

"More!" he said, without turning his eye.

I took up the shovel—hesitated.

"Markley, do you know that you are going at the rate of sixty miles an hour?"

"Coal!"

I was alarmed at the stern, cold rigidity of the man. His pallor was becoming frightful. I threw in the coal. At least we must stop at Dumfries. That was the next halt. The little town approached. As the first house came into view, the engine sent its shrieks of warning; it grew louder, louder.

We dashed into the street, up to the station, where a group of passengers waited, and passed it without the halt of an instant, catching a glimpse of the appalled faces and the waiting crowd. Then we were in the fields again. The speed now became literally breathless; the furnace glared red hot. The heat, the velocity, the terrible nervous strain of the man beside me seemed to weigh the air. I felt myself drawing long, stertorous breaths like one drowning.

I heaped in coal at intervals as he bade me. I did it because I was oppressed by an odd sense of duty, which I never had in my ordinary brain-work. Since then I have understood how it is that dull, ignorant men, without a spark of enthusiasm, show much heroism as soldiers, firemen, and captains of wrecked vessels. It is this overpowering sense of routine duty. It's a finer thing than sheer bravery in my idea. However, I have to think that Markley was mad, laboring under some frenzy from drink, though I had never seen him touch liquor.

He did not move hand or foot except in the mechanical control of his engine, his eyes going from the gauge to the timepiece with a steadiness that was more terrible and threatening than any gleam of insanity would have been. Once he glanced back at the long train sweeping after the engine with a headlong pace that looked it from side to side.

One could imagine he saw hundreds of men and women in the carriage, talking, reading, smoking, unconscious that their lives were all in the hands of one man whom I now strongly suspected to be mad. I knew by his

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look that he remembered their lives were in his hand. He glanced at the clock.

"Twenty minutes," he muttered. "Throw on more coal, Jack, the fire is going out."

I did it. Yes, I did it. There was something in the face of that man I could not resist. Then I climbed forward and shook him by the shoulder.

"Markley," I shouted, "you are running this train into the jaws of death."

"I know it," he replied, quickly.

"Your mother is aboard this train."

"Heaven's!" He staggered to his feet, but even then he did not remove his eyes from the gauge.

"Make up the fire," he commanded, "and push in the throttle valve."

"I will not."

"Make up the fire, Jack," very quickly.

"I will not. You may murder yourself and mother, but you shall not murder me."

"He looked at me. His kindly gray eyes glared like those of a wild beast. But he controlled himself in a moment.

"I could throw you off this engine and make short work of you," he said. "But look here, do you see the train yonder?"

I saw a faint streak against the sky about five miles ahead.

"I was told to reach that station by six o'clock," he continued. "The express train meeting us is due now. I ought to have laid by for it at Dumfries. I was told to come on. The track is a single one. Unless I can make the siding at the station in three minutes, we shall meet in yonder hollow."

"Somebody's blunder?" I said.

"Yes, I think so."

I said nothing; I threw on coal; if I had not, I should have thrown it on. But I never was calmer in my life. When death actually stares a man in the face it often frightens him into the most perfect composure. Markley pushed the valve still further. The engine began to give a strange panting sound. Far off to the south I could see the bituminous black smoke of a train—I looked at Markley inquiringly. He nodded. It was the express! I stooped to the fire.

"No more," he said.

I looked across the clear summer sky at the gray smoke of the peaceful little village, and beyond that at a black line coming closer, closer across the sky.—Then I turned to the watch. In one minute more—well, I confess I sat down and buried my face in my hands. I don't think I tried to pray. I had a confused thought of mangled, dying men and women, mothers and their babies.

There was a terrific shriek from the engine against my face. I leaped. Another instant past me. I looked up. We were on the siding, and the express had gone by. It grazed our end carriage in passing. He sat there immovable and cold as a stone. I went to the train, and brought his mother in, and when he opened his eyes and took the old lady's hand in his, I turned away.

Yes, gentlemen, I have been in many a railway accident, but I have always considered that the closest shave I ever had.

"What was the blunder?"

I don't know. Markley made light of it ever afterward, and kept it a secret, but no man on the line stood so high in the confidence of the company after that as he. By his coolness and nerve he had saved a hundred lives.

### Moon Fables.

A maiden was accustomed to spin late on Saturday in the moonlight. At one time the new moon on the eve of Sunday drew her up to herself, and now she sits in the moon and spins and spins. And now, when the "gossamer days" set in late in the summer, the white threads are the spinning of the lunar moon.

The moon is especially a ghostly avenger of human arrogance, and has its humors, according to which things go well or ill with it. In its increase it has a special force and a certain goodwill for the earth and its inhabitants, while in its decrease it is friendly to

### "A Dry Cough"

Is dangerous as well as troublesome. It renders the patient liable to the rupture of a blood vessel or to other serious injury of throat and lungs. To allay bronchial irritation and give immediate relief, the best medicine is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

"I was recently troubled with a dry cough which seemed to be caused by an irritation in the throat. My physician prescribed for me, but no relief was obtained. A little over a week ago, my attention being called to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, I concluded to try it, and purchased a bottle. After taking this medicine only one day, I could see a change for the better, and, by the time I had used it a week, my cough had entirely disappeared."—H. W. Denny, Franklin square, Worcester, Mass.

"Ayer's Cherry Pectoral leads all other medicines as a sure, safe, and speedy cure of throat and lung troubles."—W. H. Graft & Co., Druggists, Carson, Iowa.

### Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25¢; six bottles, \$1.

### A WIDE-AWAKE WIDOW.

The widow-ate the Lawyers Out of Her Husband's Estate.

A man of considerable wealth, who died some time since, made a distribution of his personal estate, which did not suit his discommodate widow. Among other unsatisfactory things, says the New York Ledger, he bequeathed the proceeds of certain land and stocks of value to a brother, while he left to the widow the proceeds of other stocks, and lands comparatively valueless, and the residue of her legacy. But the widow was not content with the will; and when she came to sell, she disposed of the land in a lump, setting a high value on those of which she was to have the proceeds, and a low valuation on the others, the valuation of the two lots taken together making a fair price for the whole. This means she exactly reversed that of her husband's will relating to the land and stocks in question."

The brother, not relishing such sharp dealing on the part of his sister-in-law, sought a suit to recover the actual value of the property bequeathed to him; whereupon the widow proposed that instead of spending money in law, they should marry each other and enjoy it together. This struck a responsive chord in the heart of the brother. They were married accordingly, and are said to be having a splendid time spending the fortune which the widow had spent.

### Why the Leaves Turn.

"Probably not one person in a thousand knows why leaves change their color in the fall," remarked an eminent botanist the other day. "The common and old-fashioned idea is, that all this red and golden glory we see in the autumn is caused by frosts. A true and scientific explanation of the causes of the turning of leaves would necessitate a long and intricate discussion, and in proper language, those causes are these: The green matter in the tissue of a leaf is composed of two colors, red and blue. When the sap ceases to flow in the autumn, and the natural growth of the tree ceases, oxidation of the tissue takes place. Under certain conditions the green matter is oxidized to a yellow or brown tint.

This difference in color is due to the difference in combination of the original constituents of the green tissue, and to the varying conditions of climate, exposure and soil. A dry, cold climate produces more brilliant foliage than one that is damp and warm. This is the reason that our American autumns are so much more gorgeous than those of England. There are several things about leaves that even science cannot explain. For instance, why one of two trees growing side by side, of the same age and having the same exposure, should take on a brilliant red in the fall and the other should turn yellow, or why one branch of a tree should be highly colored and the rest of the tree have only a yellow tint are questions that are as impossible to answer as why one member of a family should be perfectly healthy and another sickly. Maples and oak have brightest colors."

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