

THE ACADIAN

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PROPRIETOR.**
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PAIN-KILLER is a very remarkable remedy, both for INTERNAL and EXTERNAL use, and is the only one that relieves distress in the most rapid and safe manner. It is a new way for giving relief in the most rapid and safe manner. It is a new way for giving relief in the most rapid and safe manner.

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Mrs. Eastwood.
Wolfville, May 14th, 1895.

The "D. & L." Menthol Plaster is a very remarkable remedy, both for INTERNAL and EXTERNAL use, and is the only one that relieves distress in the most rapid and safe manner. It is a new way for giving relief in the most rapid and safe manner.

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W. H. DUNCANSON.
Wolfville, Nov. 14th, 1895.

The wedding was not to be a grand one—quiet, but it was well understood that the Towers would be full of guests, and that a bishop—a distant cousin of the marquis—should officiate. The days rolled on, all too quickly for Constance, busy with her dress-making, and all too slowly for Wolfe, busy with nothing but the settlements, which the lawyers could prepare without his assistance. And meanwhile Mr. Fenton was the centre of the election excitement, which still burned brightly at Berriac's cot.

POETRY.

At The Door.
BY EUGENE FIELD.
I thought myself indeed secure,
So fast the door, so firm the lock;
But lo! he tumbled down to lure
My parent ear with timorous knock.
My heart was sore could it withstand
The sweetness of the baby's plea—
That timorous baby knocking and
"Please let me in—It's only me."
I threw aside the unfinished book,
Regardless of its tempting charms,
And, opening wide the door, I took
My laughing darling in my arms.
Who knows but in eternity
I, like a traitor child, shall wait
The glories of a life to be
Beyond the Heavenly Father's gate?
And will that Heavenly Father heed
The tramp's supplicating cry,
As at the outer door I plead,
"Thy I, O Father! only I?"

SELECT STORY.

Wolfe the Ranger.

CHAPTER XXVII.—Continued.
Constance kissed her—both the women's eyes were full of tears—and then went to her room, but not before she had paid her nightly visit to Arol and given him his "dream kiss," as he called it.

In three weeks! To be married to Wolfe in three weeks! To go to Rome with him—alone! And to escape Rawson Fenton forever. It was this thought which was the last to linger in her mind to-night, and she slept and dreamed no evil.

The duchess was delighted at the idea. "It is the very thing I myself should have suggested, my dear," she declared. "As a trouble," she retorted, in answer to a murmured apology, "why you know I revel in this kind of thing, and what is more, even if it were a trouble, as you suggest, I wouldn't mind it for Wolfe and that sweet girl. I shall always pride myself on the fact of her being married from here, and so will the duke, who is over head and ears in love with her."

The duke not only raised no objection but of his own accord offered to give the bride away. The marchioness begged them to keep the date secret for the present, and returned to the castle to "report progress," as Wolfe called it laughingly. Constance, for some days, could scarcely realize that she was to be married in three weeks, but presently, as the necessary preparations had to be made, the truth came home to her.

Whether the wedding was to be a grand or quiet one, she had determined that her dress should be strictly quiet and simple. She would buy the bridal dress with her own money, she resolved, and not even the duchess, who was dying to make her a present of the best that Worth could produce, could shake her from her "obstinacy," as her grace declared it.

On the question of bride-maids Constance was less clear, only stipulating that they should be limited to two. Lady Ruth was asked, as a matter of course, and to Constance's surprise accepted, and accepted in a note which was a masterpiece of sisterly affection. A niece of the duchess's was selected as the second, and Constance had engaged Arol as page.

"You would, if you could, Mr Fenton," she said, her head close to his. He did not start again, but met her eyes, gleaming steadily now in the dim light. "That is true," he said, calmly. "You have quick apprehension, Lady Ruth. But forgive me if I think that mine is as quick. I might have said to you what you have said to me. 'You would prevent it if you could!'"

"Ah!" she drew a long breath. "I can not. Can you?" she demanded, mockingly, but with an eager, half-anxious light in her eyes. He rose, and taking her hand, drew it within his arm. "We can be overheard here," he said in a low, but perfectly steady voice. "Come with me," and he nodded to a remote part of the ferocity.

CHAPTER XXVIII.
Two days before the wedding the carriage stood before the castle door waiting for Constance and the marquis. He was going to London, and that he might have her sweet company to the last moment he had arranged to take her to the Towers, and drive thence to the station.

A marquis cannot be married—that is, with all due observance of the proprieties—without a certain amount of legal fuss, and the lawyers required his presence in town for the completion of the marriage settlement. Constance had meekly and shyly declared that there was no necessity for any settlement.

"I come to him empty-handed," she said to the marchioness, "why should he give me all this money?" But the marchioness had smiled and shaken her head. "There must be a settlement, dear," she replied. "There always is, you know. If Wolfe were to die, which God forbid, he would not like to leave you a poor woman—and you would be for one of your rank, for all the Brake-spears property would go to Arol. Yes, my dear, there must be a settlement for you and your children." And Constance had, with a sigh, ceased protesting.

"It is scarcely good-bye, mother," said the marquis, cheerily, as he fastened his great fur shawl. "I shall be back to-morrow night. Do not expect me too early, for I shall take the papers to the Towers for this young lady's signature."

"You will not be a moment longer than you can help, I know," Wolfe said to the marchioness. He laughed. "No, you may depend upon that. I shall keep watch and guard over my treasure until I have it fast under lock and key, which will be day after to-morrow."

The marchioness kissed Constance affectionately. "I shall not see you again until we meet in the church, my dear," she said, "and then I shall have a daughter as well as a son."

The tears were in Constance's eyes as she returned her embrace, and her heart was too full for words. The marquis put her in the carriage and wrapped her in the rugs as if she were some fragile blossom which a breath of wind might destroy, and looking out of the window she saw the gentle-hearted old lady, standing waving her hand, with a loving smile on her placid face; and Constance murmured a vow that in deed and truth she would be a daughter to the woman who had been a mother to her.

They did not talk much on the journey to the Towers, which seemed all too short for both of them. "You will be happy at the duchess's," said the marquis, more as an assertion for his own satisfaction than a question. "As happy as I can be without you," replied Constance frankly. "It will not be long. I am so sorry you have to go such a long journey. Tell me, Wolfe, what time may I expect you? I shall count the hours while you are away."

He made a quick calculation. "I cannot reach the Towers until eight o'clock," he replied. "They will send something to meet me at the station." Constance sighed. "I wonder whether the duchess would be too much shocked if I went with it," she said, almost to herself. "Yes, I suppose so, but I shall walk up and down the hall from six to eight, and if you are five minutes late shall decline dinner and retire to be comforted."

She spoke as lightly as she could, but as they approached the Towers and the moment for their separation drew near, she began to grow sad; though she tried to hide the feeling, which she knew would distress him. "I suppose the lawyer will come down with me," he said, "to see the papers signed and be present at the wedding. Nothing can be done without a lawyer. Thank Heaven! we shall get rid of them and everything else presently. You will take care of yourself, dear?"

She turned up her face to him with a smile, and tried to laugh, though her eyes were dim with a vague trouble and a sadness deeper than such a short separation should occasion. "Yes, I will take care of myself," she responded as lightly as she could, but it will seem rather strange; you see I am so used to having some one to take care of me," and she stifled a sigh. "You have spoiled me, Wolfe!"

"Don't catch cold," he said, anxiously as if he were warning her against catching scarlet fever. "The nights are chilly, and you are so careless about wraps. I shall not be there to snatch up shawls and antimacassars to put round you, but I suppose somebody else will. There's one thing," he added, with a smile, "that comforts me."

"Tell me what it is?" she said. "Well, most men, when they have their women-folk, beg them not to flit. But you don't flit, sweetheart, do you?"

"I will promise not to flit," she said, drawing a little closer to him. "I shall find it difficult to be ordinarily civil, I'm afraid! Ah, I wish you were just coming back instead of going!"

"Coming back never to leave you again; to be by your side till death do us part!" he responded, in a low and almost a solemn voice. They were silent after that until the Towers lodge was passed, and then he took her in his arms and kissed her. "Good-bye, my love, my darling!" he said, and his voice grew hoarse and almost broken. "God keep you till I come back to you."

Constance clung to him, her face pale as the vague trouble suddenly springing up into a grim presentiment. "Do not lose a minute," she panted, "not a minute, Wolfe. Remember, whatever happens you will return to-morrow night!"

It was their good-bye, for when the carriage stopped he only took her into the hall, and with a pressure of her hand and a long, lingering look into her lovely eyes, swimming with tears, he tore himself away. But long after the carriage had left the drive, he still looked toward the house, as if he could see her standing with her wistful gaze upon him.

Constance wanted a little time to recover herself, and asked to be shown to her room; but she had scarcely reached it when there came a knock, and Lady Ruth entered.

Constance hastily wiped away her tears and turned to greet her. Lady Ruth took both her hands and looked at her, and if Constance had any thoughts for anything but her departed lover, she would have noticed the peculiar expression of her ladyship's face. It was a smile, but the sharp eyes gazed at Constance with a strange, eager intensity; and the thin lips seemed as if it was difficult for them to restrain from a mocking sneer.

"So here you are, dear!" she exclaimed, with that overdone cordiality which cold people affect when they are trying to be genial and affectionate. "We have all been looking forward to seeing you so impatiently. Your maid arrived quite sadly, but I asked her not to come up for a minute or two; I wanted to have you to myself for a little while. I'll help you to take off your things."

But Constance declined, and hastily got rid of her hat and furlined cloak. "Your boxes have come," went on Lady Ruth. I am all anxiety to see the wedding-dress."

Constance took the keys from her pocket at this hint, and gave them to her, and Lady Ruth knelt down before the large imperial and opened it.

"What a pretty dress! I'm sure you will look lovely! You know that Wolfe has given Kate"—that was the other bride-maid—"and me the most beautiful lockets; the dearest things you can imagine, with your and his initials in a monogram of diamonds and rubies on the back."

"I am very glad," said Constance, simply, but she winced as the name fell on her ears, and instantly was ashamed of doing so; for he had gone to London for a few hours only, and not to the other end of the world. "I suppose you have got the Brake-spears diamonds?" asked Lady Ruth, looking up from the box, with a sharp side-glance.

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