

Choice Miscellany.

NIGHT.

Sadly by an open window—
Lover gone—
Sits a maiden, and a heartache
Cometh on.

Softly dwells the silver moonlight,
Everywhere,
Seems to whisper to the maiden,
Beneath care.

Lifts the shadow and the sadness
From her heart.
Music seems to linger round her—
Must it part?

Nay, for 'neath the window open
Does a cat
Lift his soul in glad music,
Sharp and flat.

THE TERROR.

A hairy form—a thick neck—face
covered with bristles—hands covered
with hair—a voice like the bellow of a
bull—a natural swagger to his gait—eyes
like a mad dog's—mouth no cleaner than
a hog's—a blustering, roaring, malicious
brute!

Such was the Terror.
A mile away from the little town he
halted his horse and braced his courage
with half a pint of whiskey. It was a
fluid which would have killed a dog; he
smacked his lips over it. He pulled out
his revolver and saw that they were
loaded and in order. He drew his bowie-
knife from its sheath and tried the keen
edge.

He was going to capture the town and
run it.
This thick-necked human brute, this
swaggering, drunken, boasting, fighting
beast, proposed to intimidate, overawe,
shoot, slay and kill. The people had never
seen him; he would show himself off.
Some of them had never heard of him;
he would see that they remembered his
name and the date of his visit.

In the town men were at work on the
streets in haste. Women sat in their
doors or passed to and fro. From the
open windows of the school house came
the voices of the children as lessons were
recited. It was an hour of peace.
"Yi! Yi! Yi! Shoot! Crack!
Bang!"

The Terror had struck the town. In
five minutes he had captured it. Two
men lay dead in front of the store—
another at the door of the blacksmith-
shop—two more were groaning with
grievous wounds.

"Whoop! Waugh! Come out, you
skulls! I'm the only and original Ter-
ror! Hundreds imitate me—no one
equals my style! Who owns this bloody
town? Whar hev yer fightin' men hid
way? Whoop! Heven't ye got a woman
in this town who kin aim a gun? Waugh!
ye set of babies!"

There was a woman. Her husband
was the first man shot, and her eyes were
upon him when he fell. She did not
scream out nor faint away. Her face turned
whiter than chalk—she gasped for
breath two or three times, and then her
teeth shut her mouth. The sewing fell
from her hand, and she ran up, walked into
the bedroom, and was back in a moment
with a rifle. Kneeling down at the win-
dow she pushed the barrel over the sill,
aimed straight at the Terror's head, and
pulled the trigger.

Whoop! Waugh! They call me the
Terror! Come out and see me and
shake—"
He threw up his arms as the rifle crack-
ed, and lurched out of the saddle to the
ground, the bullet taking his skull.
There or four men ran to him at once,
finding that he was wounded and stunned
they tied him stout and fast.

"Say, men," he called as his senses
came back, "what does this mean? Come
untie me! I was only in fun you know.
I'm the best-hearted fellow in the world;
wouldn't harm a chicken."

It was the voice of the woman who
had fired the shot, and she still held the
rifle in her hands. Twenty feet away
was the lifeless body of her husband.
She did not even look at it.
"You don't mean it?" gasped the Ter-
ror. "You wouldn't murder me for my
little joke?"

"Get a rope!"
The voice of the woman had the ring
of steel in it and her eyes had such a
stony, merciless look that the men retreat-
ed a step. A rope was brought.

"For God's sake! don't murder me!"
whined the Terror. "Oh! you won't—
you can't—you don't dare to! I'm sorry
I took your town—won't do such a thing
again! Say! You may have my horse
and shooters!"

Half a mile below the town is a head
board beside the highway. On it is en-
graved:

"Humbled to the dust by a
Woman."

And you have the story as they told it
to me.—Detroit Free Press.

FORGOTTEN.

Asoka was a clear-headed, energetic
young man, who, two hundred and fifty
years before the Christian era, was called
to rule over the vast territory of India
and many powerful tribes. He brought
them all into one nation, and not only
dictated their laws to them, but every
detail of their religion, morals and man-
ners. He became a renowned philosopher,
and his wisdom filled the empire. He
forbade any man to hold convivial meet-
ings; the business of life he declared to
be the purification of the soul. All life
was sacred. Animals, being dear to
Gautama, were not to be killed, even for
food. He established hospitals and medi-
cal care for all men and brutes. He set
an example of ascetic self-denial, of
purity, of charity, to all his people.

His executive ability may be judged
from the fact that he established a censor-
ship, by which the domestic life of every
family in the nation was examined and
controlled. The Greeks report that these
censors were wise, discreet men, and that
the life of the Indian people was singularly
pure and kindly.

Asoka was not content with enforcing
his creed on living people. He erected
eighty-four thousand temples and pillars of
rock in his dominions, each of them in-
scribed with the truths which he believed.
Human grandeur has seldom nominated so
high, or built for itself such splendid
monuments.

Now we tell this story to ask how
many of our readers have ever before
heard of Asoka.

This mighty thinker and ruler, who
has forced the millions of India for two
thousand years into one faith, has not a
line in history to keep his memory alive.
Only a few archaeologists have learned
his story from the crumbling rocks on
which he tried to teach mankind that
which he believed to be truth. His work
remains, but he is forgotten.

If Asoka, to whom was given such
gigantic real work, is forgotten, how long
will our names be remembered? Every
school-boy who reads this hopes for
fame. But how long, judging by this
test, will his name last? A thousand—a
hundred—ten years?

His work, great or small, evil or good,
will endure forever.

What should be his object in living,
then—the fame, or the work.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Six things are requisite to create a hap-
py home. Integrity must be the archi-
tect and tidiness the upholsterer. It
must be warmed by affection, lighted up
with cheerfulness, and industry must be
the ventilator, renewing the atmosphere
and bringing in fresh salubrity day by
day; while over all, as a protecting can-
opy and glory, nothing will suffice except
the blessing of God.—Hamilton.

There are some persons who never suc-
ceed, from being too indolent to attempt
anything; and others who regularly fail,
because the instant they find success in
their power they grow indifferent and
give over the attempt.—Maitell.

A man who is not ashamed of himself
need not be ashamed of his early condi-
tion.—Hester.

A dull man is no near a dead man as
he is hardly to be ranked in the list of
the living; and as he is not to be buried
while he is half alive, so he is as little to
be employed whilst he is half dead.—
Seville.

If a man empties his purse into his
head no man can take it away from him.
An investment in knowledge always pays
the best interest.—Franklin.

the memory of some infantile victim of
whooping cough or green apple colic,
murdered English, massacred grammar
and mashed orthography. Here a dandy,
there a ragamuffin, every where a philoso-
pher and a vagabond. The Bedouin of
civilization, Ishmael of Christendom,
stamped by the finger of omnipotent
destiny with the Cain like brand of cease-
less unrest, the seal of perpetual motion.
The world owes much of its light to him.
A vast amount of its science, its art, its
literature, its religion would lie buried in
impenetrable obscurity were it not for
him. To his nimble, dingy fingers man-
kind, at least in part, owes every spell-
book and Bible, every poem, history, re-
velation, discovery and Pall Mall Gazette
sensation that stores the minds of the
wise or tickles the ears of the foolish.

And yet he is a vagrant, a homeless
wanderer, knowing everybody, caring for
nobody and nobody caring for him.
Such is the history, the life, the epitomized
biography of 99 out of every 100 of the
peripatetic printer tribe. Creation's
orphans, footfall of fortune, thistle down
of luck, the world's least appreciated
necessities and benefactors.

"Why does a duck put his head under
water?"
"For divers reasons."

"Why does he go on land?" "For
sundry reasons."

"Next, you may tell us why a duck
puts his head under water?" "To liqui-
date his bill."

"Why does he go on land?" "To
make a run on the bank."

Consequently attention is called to the
fact that Eason's Phosphoric Acid is not
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largely used and its power to relieve or
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Get a circular of Phosphoric Acid, and
read the report of cures effected by this
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Valuable information—Johnson's An-
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diphtheria that most to be dreaded of all
dreadful diseases. Don't delay a mo-
ment, prevention is better than cure.
No family should be without the An-
odyne in the house.

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during the year now closing we wish to
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sold. Sheridan's are absolutely pure and
immensely valuable. This statement is
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W. & A Railway.
Time Table
1885—Winter Arrangement—1886.
Commencing Monday, 16th November.

Table with columns: GOING EAST, Acem, Acem, Exp. Daily, A. M., P. M.

Table with columns: GOING WEST, Exp. Daily, Acem, Acem, Daily, M. W., P. M.

N. B. Trains are run on Eastern Stan-
dard Time. One hour added will give
Halifax time.

Steamer "Secret" leaves St. John every
Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, a
for Digby and Annapolis, returning from
Annapolis same days.

Steamer Express will leave St. John for
Annapolis and Digby every Monday,
Wednesday and Friday mornings, return-
ing same days.

Caldwell & Murray.

Fall and Winter Goods.

STOCK COMPLETE IN ALL DEPARTMENTS

DRY GOODS

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

Dress Goods Ottomans, Serges
Broades, Jersey Trio Soudans, Plaids,
Cashmeres, Merinos, and Velveteens.

Mantle and Ulster Cloths.
Ottomans, Broades, Astrachans, Seal-
ettes, Beavers, Meltons etc.

Tweeds and Worstedes. Eng-
lish, Scotch, and Canadian Tweeds,
Overcoating in nap and worsted, Picton
Cloths plain and fancy.

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

Fur Goods. Capes in 10 different
varieties, Ladies' and Gents' Caps,
Muffs, Boas, Gloves, Collars, Trim-
mings different widths in Fox, Cooney,
Raccoon, Hare, etc., Japanese Goat
Robes.

Clothing. Suits, Overcoats
Mantles, Ulsters, Rubber Coats, Rub-
ber Carriage Robes, Railway Wraps,
Horse Rugs.

Gent's Furnishings. Ameri-
can 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; Fine
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 Amer-
ican Long Boots, hand-sewed soles,
whole stock. Red Shanty Boots. Ay-
er's oil tanned Larrigans.

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

Furniture and Carpets
SUITES.—Parlor and Bedroom
Sets, W. S. Chairs cane and perfor-
ated bottoms, Ash Dining Room.

TABLES.—Centre, Pine Top Toi-
let, Extension, Bedsteads, Bureau,
Easy Chairs, Whistnots, etc.

CARPETS.—All-wool, Union, Tap-
etry, Hemp, Kidder Squares, Felt
Squares, Hearth Rugs, Linoleum
Mats, Floor Oil Cloths.

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He is selling them at 23 Cents Each! With a discount of 5% for cash, and expects to manufacture 6,000 this year.

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Wolville, Oct 9, A. D. 1885. if E. SIDNEY CRAWLEY.

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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, am 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 and Kidney and Nerve Disease. He is now well by using Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier.

Asa Raymond's son was sick and confined to the house for over three months with Rheumatism and Kidney Troubles. 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 Denison, was sick with Rheumatism 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.—177