THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

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THE ACADIAN.

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The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

Newsy communications from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The name of the party writing for the ACADIAN must invariably accompany the communication, although the same may be written over a ficticious signature.

Address all comunications to DAVISON BROS., Editors & Proprietors, Wolfville, N. S

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Wolfville, Nov. 14th, 1895. 11

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Have you Catarrh? This remedy is guaranteed to cure you. Price, 50cts. Druggists, or by mail.

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POETRY.

A Woman's Temple.

Unconsciously a woman builds
A temple in this world below,
And day by day a stone is laid
Of little things that come and go.
So it doth slowly rise above
The tide of years, until its dome
Has reached the glory clouds of Heaven.
A world within itself, a home—
She wisely builds upon the rocks
Far more eternal than the years,
The pavement is of solid truth,
Untouched, unworn by falling tears.

Each nail a heartbeat set in place,
Each blow her very centre shook;
The steps are trials, stepping stones
Where patience climbs with upward look;
The throne, her heart, where sits her king,
The one she loves 'bove all the rest,
Her altar, where sweet incense rise,
Does hold her greatest and her best.
So day by day a stone is laid,
Until, at last, the white-capped dome
is rid among the shining clouds,
And she has reached her heavenly home.

SELECT STORY.

Wolfe the Ranger.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—*Continued.*

There was no more to be said, no more to be done—nothing—and no one could save her. Just as the deer ceases to struggle when once the coils of a boa-constrictor are round it, so she had ceased to struggle.

Ler Wolfe be safe, and it mattered little, seeing that they were separated forever, what became of her.

Since the preceding night Rawson Fenton had not attempted to see her, and she was thankful for even that small mercy as she gazed with aching eyes at the sea which would soon roll between her and Wolfe. She had plenty of time for thought as she sat there waiting for the hours to pass; and if she had ever cherished any doubt of the truth of Rawson Fenton's assertion that the marquis was the chief of the rangers, she was compelled to abandon that doubt. The chain of evidence was all too complete. But one thought added to her misery; the regret that he had not confided in her. If he had only told her the whole story she would not have ceased to love him; rather, as is the way with women, she would have loved him all the more dearly, if that had been possible.

They would have left England; she would have gone with him anywhere, to any remote and uncivilized spot on earth; any place would have been transformed into a paradise by his presence and his love.

If he had only trusted to her love and told her all! But it was too late now—too late for anything but the most cruel sacrifice that over woman had been called upon to make.

No one could have shown more devotion to her than the girl Mary had done; she had not left her side, and was hovering near her now trying to find some word of comfort, and showing by a thousand little actions her love and pity for the mistress who had won her heart.

She came and stood beside her now, and gently arranged the cushion against which Constance's head rested languidly.

"There is the steamer now, miss," she said, in a low voice, as the packet steamed up to the pier.

Constance opened her eyes for a moment and gazed at it listlessly.

"It goes out again to-morrow," said Mary; "and—and we are going by it, Mr Fenton says."

Constance moved her hand by way of assent.

"Oh, miss!"—and the girl's eyes filled with tears—"can nothing be done? If—if you would only tell me what it all means! It breaks my heart to see you so unhappy and ill. If you would only let me telegraph to Lord Brakespeare."

Constance raised her head.

"You will not do that, Mary?" she said, with a look of terror, which was not lost upon the girl.

"No, miss. I will do nothing that you don't wish me; but—but—oh, it's dreadful to see you so still and patient like, when I know how unhappy you are!" and she turned away to hide her tears.

"You can do nothing for me, Mary," said Constance, in a low voice. "Yes, I am patient, because there is nothing but patience left for me."

A few minutes later she saw Rawson Fenton coming toward the hotel, and presently he knocked at the door of the room.

Constance did not move, and he came and stood beside her and looked down at her.

"Are you rested?" he said, biting his lips as he saw the havoc her sorrow had wrought in her beautiful face.

"Yes," she said, keeping her eyes fixed upon the sea.

"That is right," he said. "I came to tell you that the steamer has arrived, and that it leaves to morrow morning. You will be ready?"

"Yes," she replied, "I shall be ready."

He stood gnawing his lip, his face heavy with a frown, in silence for a moment or so; then he said:

"You are not ill, Constance?"

"No, I am not ill," dropped from the weary lips.

"You look far from well," he said. "It is the—excitement?"

She made no response.

"Constance, I have something I must say to you. I wish you to remember that you have accompanied me of your own free will, and, that being so, it will be well for both of us if you will try to accept matters more—cheerfully."

She did not speak, but her hands closed tightly.

"If we are to be happy together," he went on, in a low voice, that Mary might not overhear them, "the sooner we set about it the better. "There shall be nothing wanting on my part to make you happy; I have told you that already. I repeat it. Tell me, is there anything you wish for? Anything I can do?"

She looked at him, and the large eyes expanded with a sudden emotion.

"Yes, there is one thing you can do," she said, "and only one thing. You can kill me."

His face flushed, then went white, and a sinister smile curled his thin lips.

"Thanks. No, I can scarcely do that. You wish to die?" he laughed shortly. "Let me recommend you to put such a romantic desire from you. I could not bear to lose you, and if by any chance I did lose you I should console myself by seeking revenge upon the man who has been the cause of your unhappiness. You understand me?"

Yes, she understood him. He would, Shylock-like, have his full bond and nothing short of it. Even if death had released her from his power, Wolfe would not be safe!

"You are tired still," he said. "The trip across the sea will do you good. We shall not stay long in Paris. From there we can go to the South; it's the only place worth living in at this time of the year. Thank Heaven we say good-bye to this beastly England to-morrow. You are right to rest."

He moved away from her.

"Take care of your mistress, girl," he said to Mary, and went out.

Mary made no response in words, but her eyes flashed and her hands clinched behind her back.

Rawson Fenton went out of the hotel, and resumed his restless pacing of the pier. The yacht he had noticed the preceding night was still lying at anchor, and as he passed to the pier-head a boat was rowed from her, and the same tall, sunburned man landed and came up the steps.

He just glanced at Rawson Fenton, and, with his hands in the pockets of his thick pea-jacket, walked briskly to a newspaper and tore off a slip.

The landlord looked round for a match, and failing to find one, took up a light.

"No, thanks" was the reply. "Yes, the hotel."

He was evidently a "distinguished guest," for the landlord came to the door to meet him, and, bowing respectfully, escorted him to a private room.

"Dinner at seven, as usual, my lord?" he said. "I've had a cup of tea made for you."

"Thank you," said the gentleman, and he tossed his hat on a sofa and sat down to the neatly arranged tea-tray.

"Your lordship leaves to-morrow, I'm afraid?" said the landlord, in the tone which indicates respectful liking.

"Yes," was the reply, "to-morrow. I am going for a longer trip this turn, Jordan. I hope you will make your fortune by the time I come back."

The landlord shook his head and smiled.

"We hotel people don't make fortunes nowadays, my lord," he said; "not that I have any reason to complain."

"No? Hotel full? I see you have some people staying here."

"Yes, my lord; a gentleman, and a lady and her maid. I think she's to be his wife, though they seem distant and stand-offish like."

"Before marriage?" said the gentleman, with a smile. "That's a bad omen for their future."

"Yes, my lord," assented the landlord, dusting the table for the twentieth time. "Anything more I can get your lordship?"

The visitor lighted his cigar and threw himself on the couch, and the landlord left the room. Lord Elliot, for he it was, smoked and thought. He had only just returned to England after a cruise which had for its object the forgetting of the one woman he had ever loved; and he was asking himself at that moment whether the cruise had effected its object. Could he go back to Brakespeare and take his friend's wife by the hand without that wild thrill of the heart which the sight of her face, the touch of her dress, had once awakened?

At any rate, he would not put it to the test. He would go away again, on a longer voyage this time, and would not return until he was quite assured that his love had been crushed out, until he could meet the sweet look of her blue eyes without flinching.

He sighed as he wondered if ever that moment would come, and absently picked up the paper which the landlord had left beside the sofa.

It was a local newspaper, dated the day before, and he turned it over curiously.

Nothing ever happened in that quiet region beyond births, deaths, and marriages, and he glanced over the columns without any curiosity.

But suddenly his attention was attracted by a heading in large type.

"Extraordinary Elopement in High Life! Strange Disappearance of Mr Rawson Fenton!"

"I wonder who Mr Rawson Fenton may be," he muttered, and he began to read the paragraph.

"Yesterday evening," it ran, "the neighborhood was thrown into the wildest state of excitement by the rumor that Miss Grahame had suddenly and myteriously disappeared on the eve of her marriage to the Marquis of Brakespeare. The lady was staying at Barminster Towers, from which place she was to have gone to the church this morning. The greatest distress of the duke and duchess and the Marchioness of Brakespeare has been occasioned by the extraordinary disappearance of Miss Grahame, whose amiability had endeared her to a large circle of friends, both rich and poor; and the deepest sympathy is felt for Lord Brakespeare, who spent the greater part of last night searching for his missing bride. At an early hour this morning we learn that Mr Rawson Fenton has also disappeared. As he has not communicated with anyone of the many friends who are exerting themselves on his behalf for the coming election, and as it is known that he had an interview yesterday evening with Miss Grahame, rumor has not been slow to connect the names; indeed, no denial had been offered by those most intimately connected with the parties, to the assertion that they had gone off together. We are warranted in remarking that under the circumstances—the fact of Miss Grahame's marriage being fixed for this day, the energy with which Mr Rawson Fenton has fought the electoral battle, and the almost certainty of his being returned if he had remained—a more extraordinary elopement has seldom or never occurred. Up to the present no news of the missing persons has been received."

Lord Elliot sprang from the sofa with the paper in his hand. That it was a lie, and a foolish one, he felt convinced, and he wondered how the newspaper man would come off at Wolfe's hands. And with a laugh he read the paragraph again; but as he read a cold chill crept over him.

It read this time like truth. He tried to laugh. Constance run away on the night before her marriage! Constance, of all the women in the world!

He flung the paper from him, but stood and stared at it as if it had been some reptile that had almost succeeded in stinging him—almost, not quite.

But the ridiculous paragraph had caused him to change his mind. He would go to the castle just for the satisfaction of laughing at the affair, if possible, help in banging the newspaper man. He could not meet Constance, for, of course, she was married to Wolfe yesterday, notwithstanding this absurd libel, and he could go in safety.

He caught his cap and left the room, to go and tell the skipper that he should not sail on the morrow, as he had intended, and to look out a train for Berrington.

He was going hurriedly down the stairs, two at a time, when he met a girl coming up. She made way for him to pass, and he did the same for her, when suddenly it seemed to him that he had seen her before, and at some other place than this hotel; and she, glancing up at his face, uttered a faint cry. He stopped, and looked hard at her.

"You know me?" he said.

"Yes, my lord," said Mary, respectfully, and with an anxious glance up the stairs.

"And I know you. Who are you, and where have I seen you—Yes, I know; you used to be a maid at the castle, used you not?"

"Yes, my lord," replied Mary, dropping another courtesy.

"I thought so! And you have left, and gone into 'public life,' Mary?"

"Yes—no," she faltered.

At another time he would have smiled, given her half a sovereign, and passed on, putting her hesitation down to shyness; but his mind was at work over the ridiculous paragraph, and he stood and regarded her gravely.

"When did you leave the castle?" he asked.

"The day before yesterday, my lord," said Mary, with another upward, anxious glance to the room in which Constance sat.

He started.

"So lately? Then you can tell me, how are the marquis and—Miss Grahame?"

Mary turned red, then white, and the tears sprang into her eyes.

"Oh, my lord!" she faltered.

He took her by the arm, and, a sinking at his heart, drew her into the lobby.

"What do you mean?" he demanded. "Is anything wrong? Has anything happened? Speak out, my good girl."

Mary put her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Oh, my lord, I can't tell you!" she replied, with a little sob.

Lord Elliot's heart beat fast.

"You will have to!" he said, with a touch of Wolfe's grimness. "Come, what is it? Has—has anything happened to Miss Grahame?"

Mary hung her head, then bent forward with anxious eagerness.

"Oh, my lord, you were a friend of hers, I know"—he colored—"and you'd help her! My lord, she's here!"

Lord Elliot stared at her.

"Here! Where? In this hotel?"

"Yes, my lord," and she pointed upstairs. "My poor mistress is here, and in dreadful trouble."

"My God!" he exclaimed. "Then—then it is true?"

She divined that he had seen the paper, which she had kept from Constance, and her silence was a sufficient assent.

He leaned against the wall, too utterly overcome for a moment to tell her to go on; but presently, bit by bit, he got the story out of her.

It sounded in his ears like wild, impossible nightmare.

"And this man, this Rawson Fenton?" he asked, bewildered; "does your mistress care? Great Heaven, it is impossible!"

Mary looked over her shoulder with a shiver, as if she felt that gentleman behind her.

"Does she care for him, my lord?" she said with a world of meaning. "Ah, if you could only see my dear mistress you wouldn't ask that. Care for him—that man!"

"I must see her," he said, below his breath.

Mary began to tremble.

"Oh, my lord, what will she say when she knows that I have told you?"

"I must see her," he repeated. "There may be some hope."

Mary shook her head.

"There's no hope of changing her mind, my lord," she said, sadly. "I don't know why she has done it; I only know that she hates him, and yet she's left the marquis for him. My lord, if you think I'm not speaking the truth, you shall see her. If you come to the door, just to the door," she went on, in a hushed voice, "you can see her. You will not speak to her, my lord?"

Continued Next Week.

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Summerman—Well, this is unusual! Why, you are putting all the big apples in the bottoms of the barrels and the little ones on top, Uncle Hiram— Yes. Those fellers in the city are gettin' so allfired cute; they open the barrels from the bottom to see whether we farmers be tryin' to cheat them.

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