

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

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No. 10.

THE ACADIAN.

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Newspapers from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The ACADIAN must invariably accompany the communication, although the same may be written on a fictitious signature.

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DAVIDSON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S.

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Offices Hours, 8:00 a. m. to 5:30 p. m. Mails are made up as follows: Monday, for Halifax and Windsor close at 6:10 a. m. Express west close at 9:40 a. m. Express east close at 3:55 p. m. Kentville close at 4:40 p. m. Geo. V. Rapp, Post Master.

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Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. Hugh B. MacIntyre, M. A., Pastor. Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:00 p. m.; Sun day School at 9:30 p. m. B. Y. F. U. paper-meeting on Tuesday evening at 7:45, and Church prayer-meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30. Woman's Missionary Aid society meets on Wednesday following the first Sunday in the month and the Woman's prayer-meeting on the third Wednesday of each month at 3:30 p. m. All seats free. Visitors at the doors to welcome strangers.

MISSION HALL SERVICES.—Sunday

at 7:30 p. m. and Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 2:30 p. m.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. F. M. MacDonald, M. A., Pastor.

Services: Public Worship every Sunday at 11 a. m. and at 7 p. m. Sunday School 9:45 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. Chalmers Church, Lower Horton: Public Worship on Sunday at 2 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7:30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. J. E. Doukin, Pastor.

Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock, 8 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30. All the seats are free and strangers welcome at all the services. At Greenwich, and prayer meeting at 7:30 p. m. on Wednesdays.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH.—Sunday services

at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Holy Communion at 11 a. m. and at 7 p. m. Sunday at 8 a. m. Service every Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.

REV. R. F. LIXON, Pastor.

WOLFVILLE. (N.S.)—Rev. Mr. Kennedy, P. M.—Mass 11:00 a. m. in the town hall every second month.

WOLFVILLE.

5:35, a. m. 8:31, a. m. 9:01, a. m. 9:55, a. m. 11:30, a. m. 11:55, a. m. 5:35, p. m. 8:01, p. m. 8:31, p. m. 9:01, p. m. 9:55, p. m. 11:30, p. m. 11:55, p. m. 11:30, p. m.

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she pointed right out to sea. "Youder! Sometimes I wish that, as the Scripture says, I had wings like a bird, that I might fly back."

"And I saw that her beautiful eyes were dim with tears."

"Have you relations there?" I asked. "Or friends whom you love?"

"Neither friends nor relations. When my dear father died I was left quite solitary. But I need not be there, and was so happy! And South America is so beautiful, so different from this dreary land!"

I watched her nervously.

"Some day, perhaps, you will return?"

"Perhaps—I cannot tell," she replied, sadly, and turning on her heel, she walked slowly toward the spot where Anita was lying. The girl looked up and showed her white teeth, smiling; the smile broadened as her mistress spoke to her rapidly in Portuguese.

"Anita is of my opinion," said Madeline; she thinks this English climate detestable, and she longs for the palms and temples of the West. I suppose I shall have to send her back. The people think her a wild savage, because she does not understand their barbarous dialect, and she will never settle in England.

I had my own suspicion that Madeline was laughing at me, and that Anita's smile had a quite different meaning; but I was too happy in the mere presence of my darling to trouble myself on that head. Merely to stand by her side, and look into her face, and hear her musical voice, was joy sufficient for my avarice had she seemed more bright and beautiful. She wore a rich red silk dress, tightly fitting, and descending to her knees; a pretty sea-bath hat to match; and the parasol she carried was more for use as a walking-stick than for a safeguard against the sun. The sea breeze had brought the color to her cheeks, and her dark eyes were unusually light and happy.

For the time being I forgot the social gulf between us, between her wealth and my poverty, and talked freely and unreservedly of many things. The old constraint left me, I suppose to the improvement of my manners, for Madeline seemed to look at me and listen to me with unusual interest.

"And you?" she said, presently. "Shall you remain in this lonely Cornwall all your life?"

The question took me by surprise and was difficult to answer.

"Who can tell?" I said. "I have often thought of trying my fortune across the ocean, but habit has kept me chained to a dull place and a cheerless occupation. Sometime, do you know, Miss Graham, I think it is all fatality. It seems so strange, for example, that I should have been brought here at all, and that, even in so unlikely a place, we two should have been once more thrown together."

"It is fortunate for me, at any rate, that you became a Cornishman."

"How so?"

"Because, otherwise, I might not have survived—to thank you for my life!"

Was it gratitude, or an even tenderer sentiment, that filled her eyes with such tender musing, and after one long look, made her blush and turn her head away? I cannot tell; but the look made my heart leap, while a new thrill of rapturous hope trembled through my veins. I glanced at Anita; she was looking again, with closed eyes. Carried beyond myself by the inspiration of the moment, I took my darling's hand.

"Miss Graham," I said; "Madeline—may I call you again by that dear name?—ever since we parted, years ago, you have been the one memory of my life; and when we met again—"

"I would have continued impetuously; but gently disengaging her hand, she cried:

"I thought the same of you," I replied, smiling.

"Then you did not follow me?"

"Certainly not; though had I known, I might very possibly have done so. But who could have dreamt of finding you in this solitary place so far away from home?"

"My true home is far away indeed," she answered; and raising her hand,

together." "Something in her manner convinced me that I had better desist no farther, but make the best of my immediate chance of happiness. So I answered eagerly that I was at her service, and the next minute I was piloting her up the rocks. The way was troublesome, and she often needed and accepted the help of my hand, thrilling me through and through with her warm touch."

At last we left the rock-rows prominently behind us, and stepped out on the open beach. We two led the way, while Anita followed behind, so slowly that we were soon left practically alone.

"How came you to walk so far?" I inquired. "We are three or four miles, as the crow flies, from St. Gurlott's."

"Oh, I came out early, and the sunshine tempted me on. I did not think that we had wandered such a distance. Poor Anita will be tired out."

"And you?"

"Oh, I love to walk!" she replied gaily. "Even in Demerara I used to wander for hours and hours in the woods; and once I was nearly lost. Night came down suddenly, and I had to creep into the hole of a great tree; and I wasn't frightened, though I could hear the tiger-cats crying all round me; for the fire-flies made it almost as light as day. But poor papa nearly went out of his mind, and after that, would never let me enter the woods alone."

"How did they find you?"

"By beating the woods. There were about a hundred coolies carrying torches, and making noise enough to wake the dead. At last as they were passing, I popped out of my hiding place, and cried quite coolly, 'Here I am, papa!' He was terribly angry, but I was soon forgiven."

"It would be a hard heart," I murmured, tenderly, "that would not forgive you anything!"

She looked at me merrily, and shook her head.

"Ah, you don't know me! Poor papa, if he were alive, could tell you a different tale. I was always a spoiled child, Mr. Trelawney."

Thus lightly talking, and playing with the merest threads of conversation, to avoid touching themes of more dangerous interest, we walked across moor. Though it was winter-like, the air was very clear and warm with sunlight, and Anita lagged more and more behind. At last we came in sight of the village, and paused by the side of the moorland farm where I had parted with my uncle. My eyes were fixed earnestly on Madeline. Suddenly I saw her start and change color.

Following the glance of her eyes, I caught sight of a well-known figure approaching. It was George Redruth, elegantly dressed, and carrying a walking-stick.

He came up rapidly, and I saw by the expression of his face that he was ill-pleased. He glanced at me angrily and contemptuously, and then addressed his cousin.

"Where have you been?" he cried. "I have been looking for you everywhere. Do you know that it is three o'clock?"

"I did not know it was so late," replied Madeline, quietly. "Anita and I went wandering across the moor and down to the seaside, where we found Mr. Trelawney."

He looked at me again, and I saw his brow blacken more and more.

"Lunch was served at half past one," he muttered, "and my mother has driven over to afternoon service. I won't trouble Trelawney any further. Take my arm, and let me see you home."

"I spoke with the air of authority habitual with him. I was not surprised to see Madeline flush angrily, and decline the proffered arm."

"There is plenty of time for that," she exclaimed. "See! poor Anita is almost exhausted—it would be foolish to assist her; it is none to assist me!"

Indeed, Anita seemed dead beat. She was seated on a stone, about a hundred yards behind us, resting her elbows on her knees, her chin in her hands. Redruth glanced toward her and shrugged his shoulders.

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trouble to my lass! And now, while she's wanderin' about the earth in misery maybe, he cooms yar to laugh at whi' he's dawn!"

"I still held him firmly; and Johnson, cur that he was, seeing that the danger was passed, recovered his presence of mind.

"Perhaps, now you're a little calmer," he said, "you'll tell me what you're raving about?"

"I will answer for him," I replied. "Where is Annie Pendragon?"

He shrugged his shoulders, and raised his brows.

"It seems to me you are all raving lunatics together. Why do you ask me these things? What do I know of the girl?"

"You are supposed to have enticed her from her home. You were seen with her in Falmouth, and you must know where she is."

"I don't know where she is. I met her in Falmouth, it's true, and spoke to her; but her being away from home was no concern of mine."

"It's a lie!" cried my uncle, fiercely; and again he tried to free himself from my grasp, but I held him firmly.

"It's no use," I said; "we shall muddle matters with him. We must find out by some other means whether or not he is speaking the truth."

The result of all this was a serious illness, which laid my uncle low, and for some weeks threatened his life. During this time Madeline came frequently to the cottage, accompanied by Anita, who carried little tempting things for the poor old man to eat. At last, the terrible time passed, and he rose from his bed—the feeble, worn-out wreck of his old self.

From that day forth his intellect seemed shaken, but he clung with strange persistence to the one idea that Johnson was in some way responsible for all that had taken place. I had my own reasons for refusing to share this belief; nevertheless, I saw the overseer again, and after the interview with him, I became more firmly convinced than ever that my uncle was wrong in his surmises. If Johnson had a hand in Annie's flight, he was not the real wrong-doer. I still suspected George Redruth, though as yet I had been unable to obtain absolute proof of his guilt.

Meantime, having seen my uncle on the high road to recovery, I was compelled once more to turn my attention to the mine, which grew every day more dangerous. I had spoken to the master of these dangers again and again, and he had taken no heed. So long as he was safe above ground it was nothing to him that the lives of the men who worked below were in daily jeopardy. Nevertheless, I knew that something must be done; I resolved to make one last appeal to him, and if that failed in its effort, to communicate with the members of the company, who, conjointly with himself, owned the property. I had fully made up my mind to seek him at home, when I was spared the pains. He strolled down to the counting-house one morning in company with Johnson.

"Mr. Redruth," I said, approaching him, "I should like to speak a few words to you, sir."

He looked at me from head to foot with a cold supercilious sneer which sent my blood up to boiling heat, as he replied,

"Well, you can speak, then—I am all attention."

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

Minards Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.