

(Continued from First page.)

As time went on, the old Squire's strength and spirit gradually failed him, he grew to lean more and more upon me; a sure sign that his hard resolves were outliving his physical strength. But no wonder, for those resolves were constantly propped by crafty words and deeds of apparent devotion from the one enemy of all his good and kind impulses. Just as if she understood the state of the case, Miss Luxleigh left off coming to Wesmede; and this served Captain Warder for another argument against Mr. Will; as I knew, because I was so often with my master now. He had grown so to depend upon my always being ready to his call, that I heard the tales Captain Warder brought of Mr. Will's past life; stories whether true or false, which he had simply raked up to widen the present breach, and which fulfilled their purpose with a cruel success. If I could by any means have discovered where Mr. Will was, all this time, I would myself have written him an entreaty to return and put an end to this misery; but I have shown you where those unanswered letters lay, and now they had ceased altogether. Never had the Squire let anyone look upon these, and Captain Warder's poison had done its work so well, that the very mention of Mr. Will's name now was enough to throw my master into a state of suppressed passion which was most dangerous for him in his enfeebled condition. At last, one day—nearly a year had passed since Mr. Will had followed Miss Agnes from Wesmede, and though Warder had heard of their marriage, he said, we did not know whether to believe it or not—the Squire's lawyer came over from Exeter, in a dog-cart which Captain Warder had driven in, and spent a long day at Wesmede closeted with Mr. Capleton, whose raised, unsteady tones reached me often as I passed the library door. There were many surmises among the servants as to the business in hand, but I never had a doubt at all; and when I went into the Master's room at night (as I always did now, inventing some excuse or other just to see him the last thing, for I pitied him for the sore companion he had in his unquiet conscience), and he bid me wait a few minutes, I knew quite well what he was going to tell me. My guess was right Squire Capleton had made a new will that day, disinheriting his only son, and leaving the whole of his property to Captain Warder, who was to assume the old name when he took possession of Wesmede. I stood near my master's chair, listening while he told me all this, and my lips seemed glued together; for if any sound had escaped them just then,

it would have been a cry of anger which would have shut out from me my master's confidence for ever.

"You hear?" he questioned, sharply when he had finished; and I thought there was a great eagerness in his sunken eye—a great eagerness to hear some one say he had done right.

"I hear, sir," I said, when I could speak quietly and without exciting him, "but it signifies little to any of us. It isn't very likely we old servants will stay at Wesmede to see Captain Warder take our young master's place, or bear our old master's name to make it hated."

He turned to me but his anger was too fierce to be more than instantaneous, and then there dawned upon his poor weak face a frightful questioning. "I've done the only thing I could have done—the only thing," he said, his voice rising. "You are a silly prejudiced woman; faithful as far as a woman's nature can go, but silly and prejudiced. Go to bed."

After this I threw away all fear of my old master, and talked to him daringly, often and often and often, both of his son and Miss Agnes. You see I could do them no harm then. He had done his worst. He could not either make them unhappier, or leave them more destitute, so I had no longer any fear for the effect of those words which would rise hotly and anxiously to my lips. Sometimes he was almost patient with me, and would only murmur the old reply, which he always uttered so very slowly, "I am glad I did it—very glad I did it."

To be continued.

PITCHED OFF.

Even a simpleton, if he has the art of making the best of things, is wiser than the learned man who is always fretting on account of mishaps. The following humorous anecdote illustrates our point:

In Scotland they have narrow, open ditches, which they call sheep-drains. A man was riding a donkey one day across a sheep-pasture; but when the animal came to the sheep-drain he would not go over.

So the man rode back a short distance, turned, and applied the whip, thinking, of course, that the donkey, when going at the top of his speed, would jump the drain. But not so. When the donkey got to the drain, he stopped, and the man went over Mr. Neddie's head. No sooner had he touched the ground than he got up, and looking his beast straight in the face, said,—

"Verra weel pitched; but, then, hoo are ye going to get ower yersel'?"

JOHN W. WALLACE,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, ETC
Also General Agent for FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE.
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

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J. B. DAVISON
Wolfville, May 30, 1884

W. & A. Railway

Time Table

1884—Summer Arrangement—1884.

Commencing Monday, 2nd June.

GOING EAST.	Accm. Daily.	Accm. T. S. D. Daily		
		A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Annapolis Leave		5 30		1 45
14 Bridgetown "		6 25		2 23
28 Middleton "		7 25		2 57
42 Aylesford "		8 32		3 30
47 Berwick "		8 55		3 43
50 Waterville "		9 10		3 50
59 Kentville dpt	5 40	10 40		4 20
64 Port Williams "	6 00	11 00		4 38
66 Wolfville "	6 10	11 10		4 38
69 Grand Pre "	6 25	11 22		4 46
72 Avonport "	6 37	11 35		4 54
77 Hantsport "	6 55	11 55		5 08
84 Windsor "	7 45	12 45		5 30
116 Windsor Jun "	10 00	3 10		6 50
130 Halifax arrive	10 45	3 55		7 25

GOING WEST.	Exp. Daily.	Accm. M W F daily.		
		A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Halifax—leave	7 20			2 30
14 Windsor Jun—	8 00	8 30		3 30
46 Windsor "	9 15	11 00		5 35
53 Hantsport "	9 35	11 30		6 03
58 Avonport "	9 48	11 50		6 20
61 Grand Pre "	9 56	12 06		6 33
64 Wolfville "	10 05	12 24		6 46
66 Port Williams "	10 10	12 36		6 55
71 Kentville "	10 40	1 25		7 10
80 Waterville "	10 58	2 02		
83 Berwick "	11 05	2 17		
88 Aylesford "	11 18	2 40		
102 Middleton "	11 48	3 47		
116 Bridgetown "	12 23	4 52		
130 Annapolis Arive	1 00	5 50		

N. B. Trains are run on Eastern Standard Time, One hour added will give Halifax time.

Steamer Secret leaves Annapolis for St. John every Tues Thurs and Sat. p. m.
Steamer New Brunswick leaves Annapolis for Boston every Sat. p. m.
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P. INDES,
General Manager.
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