

THE ACADIAN

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

Vol. X.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1890.

No. 16.

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The Acadian.

Published on FRIDAY at the office

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St. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7 o'clock p. m.

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WOLFVILLE DIVISION 8 of T meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Wither's Block, at 7:30 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. O. T., meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 7:30 o'clock.

POETRY.

A Memory.

A wail of a child at midnight,
The chime of a minister bell,
The sorrowful moan of a sorrowing soul
And the sound of a passing knell.

An old worn book on a corner shelf
And a spray of faded yew,
A locket with hair all golden and fair
And a ribbon of faded blue.

A needle case, both empty and old,
And a case with hidden spring,
Wherein two golden watch keys lie,
A heart—and a wedding ring.

I take the book from the corner shelf
And the ribbon of faded blue;
And before me stands the form I loved,
With hair of golden hue.

And I gaze so long in those earnest eyes
That my soul grows weak with pain,
Then she fades away—and I gently lay
The old book down again.

SELECT STORY.

A Daughter of the Dunne.

BY ALLISON BROOKS.

The sun had set below the level horizon line, for the November days were short. He had left a long line of clear, yellow sky behind him, against which the branches of the stunted oak trees crossed and re-crossed each other in endless, intricate, interlacing, as black and grim as prison bars. Above the space of yellow sky, moving clouds hung low and drifted fast, their gloomy purple touched to a tawny brightness at the lower edge by the sun's reflection.

A woman crossing the dune with a child in her arms, looked off to the eastward and saw the sullen color of the sea, and heard the sharp hiss of the waves as the wind smote them; in the west she noted the tawny light and the ragged, scudding clouds. The signs of a stormy night were familiar to her, and she walked on, her face—and it was a young face—strangely shaded by troubled thought.

The wind rose when the sun went down; the stiff, short branches of the dune caks rattled sharply against one another in clotted, mechanical motion. The woman who walked on careless of the blast which swept round her, except that she held her baby tighter to her breast and drew a faded shawl more closely about it, thought as she had thought hundreds of times before, how oddly the trees with their twisted branches all blown landward, resembled human beings with outstretched arms running from a pursuer.

There was a beaten path through the thin, faded grass of the dune, close along the crumpled edge. Only ten or twelve feet below was the beach; the tide was going out. The woman stopped a moment, looking at the receding waves, and northward where—in Broad Bar, the little fishing village toward which the pathway led—lights were beginning to shine out here and there. The wind struck her sharply as she stood thus, wrapping her clothing fast about her, and driving her loosened hair like whip cords about her face. But her strong figure did not yield an inch to its buffeting, nor sway to its rude attack.

She was thinking, as she looked towards the village harbor, of the danger to the fishing boats and schooners off Board Bar to-night, and reckoning that it would be low-tide about midnight and the treacherous bar at its worst. She passed for a moment only, and then with firm steps walked on more rapidly than before along the edge of the dune, her tall form etched sharply upon the background of sad-colored sea and sky, a commanding shape as primitive in its simple outlines as the elemental forces at play about it, and possessed of the grace of unconscious power and freedom.

It was almost dark when she reached the door of a small, unpainted, unlighted house, which might have impressed a stranger, had he noticed its presence, as belonging to the dune as much as the oaks or the grass, so entirely did it blend with its surroundings in its dwarfish shape and color-significance. Having entered and laid her baby down, she struck a spluttering match and lighted a lamp.

It was a humble, but not a comfortable, interior which the light of the well-trimmed lamp revealed. There was a home-woven carpet, a bit of bright calico here and there, covering a lounge or chair-seat; there was color

in pictures—cheap prints on the walls, and, all about, an uncounted, but honest, attempt to make the little home attractive. There were but two rooms in the house; the kitchen or living-room into which the outer door opened, and a small bedroom beyond.

Narrow and low as the house would have seemed otherwise, it might have been fancied that its proportion shrank slightly when it towered over an inadequate wall to serve her as a background. One would have felt instinctively that she belonged rather to the wide world of sky, and sea, and dune outside, where we met her first. The kitchen, with its suggestions of homely tasks, accorded ill with the free presence which had entered it. And yet this woman had known in all her life no other home, no better surroundings than this cottage; it had been her birthplace, as well as the home of her girlhood and her married life. We have called her woman, but the unshaded lamplight showed her face to be that of a girl of not more than nineteen years. The wind which had fought and flouted her, had beaten out a rich, dewy brightness of tint in the deep, gray eyes, the cheeks and lips. Her figure was womanly and yet youthful, and the heavy coils of lustreless gold hair suggested "the likeness of a kingly crown." Her dress of coarse, black cotton was without a trace of ornament or superfluous finish; but its very commonness served to make the fair coloring of her face and hair more striking.

Having smoothed back the stray locks which the wind had blown out, Rachel Genell kindled a fire in her arched hearth, took her baby in her arms and sat down in a low chair alone in the still place.

The baby, warm and cosy—for no touch of the wind had found him in the strong, young arms in which he had lain in their long walk across the dune—drank the milk she gave him greedily, smiled sleepily up into her face and fell asleep. Still she sat, slowly rocking and softly singing an old song, prolonging the sweet companionship of the sleeping little creature as long as she might. Her shadow, fantastically exaggerated, moved to and fro across the low, uneven ceiling as if it had been a giant's. When she noticed it, looking up, it seemed to give her an uneasy feeling by its persistent, mocking imitation of her motion, for she stopped both song and movement, and soon after rose and put the baby in his bed in the next room.

Meanwhile the wind had increased in violence and was whistling stormily about the cottage. Dashes of rain came now and then against the small window-panes, and the waves broke with incessant booming on the beach below. Returning to the kitchen, Rachel went to the window looking seaward, and shaded her eyes from the light with both hands, peering out into the noisy darkness. Then she sat down by a table, rested her head sideways on her clasped hands, and sat thus for an hour with brooding eyes fixed upon the blank panes opposite which gave back only her distorted reflection—a lonely woman, with mind disturbed by painful thoughts and an inner restlessness which her outward stillness could not control.

When day broke over Broad Bar Harbor gray and dull with mist, the old wharf and the sands of the beach were covered with men and women straining their eyes as they looked seaward through the fog. A fishing schooner had struck upon the Bar in the awful storm which had raged all night. It was known now that she was fast going to pieces; boats were hauled out, ropes adjusted, men with set faces were preparing to fight death in the waves, while the women stood watching them, huddled together in little groups.

When the first boat was ready, a broad-shouldered old sailor was the first to enter it and grasp one pair of oars; he was quickly followed by a woman—a tall woman in a black dress, with fair hair, showing under a black scarf, wound tightly around her head. It was Rachel Genell. Her action seemed to awake no surprise in the old seaman, who simply called— "Have you got the rope, Ray? All right? Give way there, boys," and

the boat leaped from wave to wave under the sturdy, double stroke of the oars.

The men on the beach, busied with launching the other boats, made no comment. In a group near the end of the wharf, one woman said to another— "Ray Genell had better stay to home like other women, and leave the men's work to the men."

"Sure enough," said a feeble, old wife, who wore a soiled white cap, and peered with dreamy eyes after the boat. "Who's goin' to take care of the young one I'd like to know when she's drowned? And she will be one o' these days, now you mark my words."

"Ray's a fool," spoke up a black-eyed young woman with a bit of red shawl round her neck, and bare, brown arms akimbo. "A fool?" asked another, joining the group.

"Yes," replied the young woman, raising her voice. "I say Ray Genell's a fool, and I've told her so to her face many's the time. What does she risk her life for every time a boat gets on the Bar?"

A murmur of disapproving assent passed around the company. One voice was heard to say, "For the sake of him that's gone." Whereupon the old woman muttered under her breath— "And a good riddance it was."

"That's so, Marn Nancy," returned the woman who had called Rachel a fool. Her name was Eliza Drake, and she seemed to have a certain authority among the rest by reason of her sharp tongue and strong decision.

"I bet that saint man, woman nor child in Broad Bar that would like to see Corry Genell draw his boat up on the beach again. What did he ever bring into the place but cursing and drink and fight? And who got the worst of it?" she almost screamed, her black eyes flashing fire.

A pitiful, significant expression of eyes and lips in the faces round her gave an answer.

"No one ever heard Ray Genell complain, though," said the woman who had spoken first.

"More fool, she!" said Eliza Drake. "I said she was a fool, didn't I? In the first place, do you suppose a man would ever strike me twice?" and she clenched her fist and set her teeth with dangerous menace in her eyes. "No sir! You just believe he wouldn't—nor once, either."

"You and Ray ain't off the same piece, Lizzy," said the old woman, "and nobody said you be. How long is it since Corry Genell was drowned?"

"Most a year and a half. It'll be a year and a half come Christmas. And ever since the day she knew he'd gone to the bottom, since the day that they young one was two months old, Ray Genell has gone out with the men after every storm and done a man's work."

"I do believe she just expects every washed-up corpse she sees'll be Corry Genell," commented the young girl who had not spoken before.

"Hold your tongue, Ann," quoth Eliza Drake, pitifully. "Ray's a fool, but she ain't so big a fool as that. I'll be kingdom come before she'll set eyes on Corry Genell, and she knows it as well as I do. Men that's drowned off the Banks don't undrownd very often—not I've heard of. What Ray's got in her head no one knows rightly; I bet she don't herself."

"I guess she kinder thinks if she can save some other poor girl's husband for her, from the sea, it'll comfort her like, don't you think so?" Anne, the young girl whom Eliza had rebuked, suggested timidly.

"Oh, go long," Eliza began, contemptuously, when the old woman they had called Marn Nancy laid her trembling hand upon her bare arm, saying in a hoarse whisper— "Don't you know enough to hold your tongue when the parson's around?"

Turning sharply, Eliza confronted a tall, broad-shouldered young man, whose refined face contrasted oddly with the rude figures about him.

After greeting the little group, he asked old Marn Nancy who the young woman might be whom he saw putting off in the first boat with Captain Tucker.

Straightening herself upon her perch and pulling her cap frill "a little to windward,"—as Eliza Drake whispered to Annie—the old woman moistened her dry lips with her tongue, and she spoke with an assumption of dignity suited to one singled out by a parson as best fitted by age and sagacity to give him the facts in the case.

It was, after all, a brief and simple story, and one too common to all hearers, save one, to arouse special sympathy. Rachel and Corry Genell were married three years ago "come Christmas"; Rachel "was a good wife and kept a decent, tidy house if she was but sixteen years old"; they "lived like other folks, though Rachel got more of cursing and worse than was needed when Corry took more than was good for him. Then above a year and a half ago when Ray was like for this child that's a twelve month babe now, he went with a fleet of fishing boats to the Banks catching mackerel.

There was a gale, his boat floundered and every man in it but one went to the bottom." It was months after, when the child was two months old, that word came to Ray that Genell was gone.

So far the story had progressed when a shout from the beach announced that a boat was in sight returning from the Bar, and everything was forgotten in the excitement of its return. One after another the boats appeared under the lifting mist, bringing the schooner's crew, in all six men, alive, though sorely spent. "The parson," said the Broad Bar folk called Robert Craig, worked among the exhausted men with a whole-souled vigor which commanded him to the approval of all. The discovery that the parson had muscle and was not afraid to use it, tended more to give him a high place in the sympathies of his parish, than the possession of any conceivable degree of learning could have done. They were finding him out; he had only been among them a month or two.

He and Rachel Genell worked together over the unsmooth, water-soaked forms of the sailors who had been found in a half-drowned condition. They did not stop to look at one another; they hardly spoke, but each felt dimly that a strange, new element had entered into their life. By ten o'clock excitement was over, the men were comfortably provided for and the village folk returned to their homes and wanted work. Rachel Genell found her baby safe with the old woman with whom she had left him, who, being bedridden, was forced to stay at home; she stopped for a drink of milk, then took her baby on her arm and walked back across the dune to her cottage, tired, but content.

CHAPTER II.

IN THE YOUNG PARSON'S STUDY.

Nearly a year has passed since that stormy November night, and late on a September afternoon we find the Reverend Robert Craig alone in his study. The manse is a low, brick house, weather-stained and old, but regarded by the people of Broad Bar as little less than a palace, by reason of its superiority to their own habitations. It stands at a little distance from the village in a box bordered, neglected garden, where larkspur, and blue bells and marigold struggle for an existence.

The afternoon is warm and lovely. The study windows are open upon the old garden, and within them at a table sits the young clergyman, a book in his hand, in which he seems to be but faintly interested. He is a man of fine face and form; a clear, white forehead; thoughtful, earnest eyes; a face paler than it should have been at the summer's end, and yet the face as a whole, giving a singular impression of spiritual refinement, of elevated thought, almost of sternness. He had been a close student in college and, at the same time, the envy of his classmates in all athletic achievements; but his most characteristic trait was his whole-souled devotion to duty in whatever form he conceived it.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

The Parting of the Ways.

Wilkins and Watkins were college chums and close friends. They had been hard students and had taken little out-door exercise. When they shook hands and said good-bye, at the end of their college career, they were

in impaired health. Both had dyspepsia, liver troubles and troublesome coughs.

Wilkins had plenty of money, and decided to travel for his health, Watkins was poor. "I must go to work for my living," said he, "but I'll try the remedy that Robinson talks so much about—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery."

In less than two years, Wilkins came home to his coffin. Watkins, now in the prime of life, is a bank-president, rich and respected, and weighs 200 pounds. "The Golden Medical Discovery saved my life at a critical time," he often says. "Oh, if poor Wilkins had only tried it!" For weak lungs, spitting of blood, all lingering coughs, and consumption in its early stage, it is an unequalled remedy.

A Great Event

In one's life is the discovery of a remedy for some long-standing malady. The poison of scrofula is in your blood. You inherited it from your ancestors. Will you transmit it to your offspring? In the great majority of cases, both Consumption and Cancer originate in Scrofula. It is supposed to be the primary source of many other derangements of the body. Begin at once to cleanse your blood with the standard alternative.

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"For several months I was troubled with scrofulous eruptions over the whole body. My appetite was bad, and my system so prostrated that I was unable to work. After trying several remedies in vain, I resolved to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and did so with such good effect that less than one bottle

Restored My Health

and strength. The rapidity of the cure astonished me, as I expected the process to be long and tedious."—Frederick Maritz Fernandez, Villa Nova de Giza, Portugal.

"For many years I was a sufferer from scrofula, until about three years ago, when I began the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, since which the disease has entirely disappeared. A little child of mine, who was troubled with the same complaint, has also been cured by this medicine."—H. Brandt, Avoca, Ohio.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

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Building Lots!

Parties wishing to secure desirable building lots in Wolfville cannot fail being suited in the block of land adjoining the Presbyterian church, which has recently been laid out into good-sized lots and will be sold at reasonable rates. The situation is of an excellent quality. Information concerning the same may be had and plan of lots seen, on application to

B. O. DAVIDSON, AGENT, WOLFVILLE N. S.

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