

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

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No. 8

THE ACADIAN.

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WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

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(IN ADVANCE.)

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Local advertising at ten cents per line
for every insertion, unless by special ar-
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Rates for standing advertisements will
be made known on application to the
office, and payment in advance is required.
Adverts must be guaranteed by some responsible
party prior to the insertion.

The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is con-
stantly receiving new type and material,
and will continue to guarantee satisfaction
in all work turned out.

Newspapers 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 communi-
cation, although the same may be written
under a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to
DAVIDSON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

Office Hours, 9.00 a. m. to 5.30 p. m.
Mails are made up as follows:
For Halifax and Windsor close at 6.10
a. m.

Express west close at 9.40 a. m.
Express east close at 3.50 p. m.
Kentville close at 6.40 p. m.
Geo. V. Kain, Post Master.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. Closed
on Saturdays at 1 p. m.
G. W. Musso, Agent.

Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. Hugh R.
Hatch, 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.
prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening at
7.45, and Church prayer-meeting on
Thursday evening at 7.30. Woman's Mis-
sionary 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. P. M.
Macdonald, M. A., Pastor. At Andrew's
Church, Wolfville: public worship every
Sunday at 11 a. m. and at 7 p. m. Sunday
School at 1.30 p. m. Chalmers Church,
Lower Horton: public worship on Sunday
at 11 a. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m.
Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7.30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. J. E.
Donkin, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath
at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School
at 10 o'clock. a. m. Prayer Meeting
on Thursday evening at 7.30. All the
seats are free and strangers welcomed at
all the services.—At Greenwich, preaching
at 3 p. m. on the Sabbath, 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
1st and 3d at 11 a. m.; 2d, 4th and 5th at
8 a. m. Service every Wednesday at 7.30
p. m.

REV. KENNETH C. HIND, Rector.
Robert W. Storey, Wardens.
Geo. A. Frazer, Organist.

St. FRANCIS (R.C.).—Rev. Mr. Kennedy,
F. P.—Mass 11.00 a. m. the fourth Sunday of
each month.

Masonic.

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.
F. A. Dixon, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. O. C. I. meets
every Monday evening in their Hall
at 8.00 o'clock.

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the
Temperance Hall every Friday after-
noon at 3.30 o'clock.

Foresters.

Com. Blomfield, L. O. F., meets in
Temperance Hall on the first and third
Thursdays of each month at 7.30 p. m.

HEADQUARTERS

For Rubber Stamps,
Stencils, Notarial
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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
London Rubber Stamp Co.,
HALIFAX, N. S.

FOR SALE.

Dwelling House of 8 rooms, on up-
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4 acres of land and mostly covered with
young orchard.

For particulars apply to
MRS J. B. DAVIDSON.

GLOBE

Steam Laundry
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Wolfville Agents, Rockwell & Co.

Far Seeing People

ARE THE MOST SUCCESSFUL!

Their perception of opportunities is the secret
of their success. KEEN OBSERVERS will
see that NOW is the time to order their
FALL and WINTER SUITS, as our

Fall Stock has just arrived,

and the first buyers will have a larger stock
to pick from than those who wait until later.

WE Have all the latest patterns in ENGLISH,
SCOTCH and CANADIAN

Suitings, Overcoats & Pantings.

You could pick one with your eyes shut
and have an article fit for a king.

Call early to avoid the rush.

The Wolfville Clothing Co.,

NOBLE CRANDALL, MANAGER.

Telephone No. 35. WOLFVILLE, N. S.

YOU CAN BUY

Stoves,
Stovepipe,
Coal Hods,
Shovels,
Cutlery,
Paints,

—AT—
**STARR, SON
& FRANKLIN'S**

The Music of the Stars.

After the strife of the day,
There comes in the hush of night,
Adown through measured space
From eternal spheres of light,
A rhythm divinely sweet
As if God had touched the bars,
And nature thrills and thrills again
With the music of the stars.

After our dreams that were dear
Have gone in the twilight mist—
Alack through numberless years
When hope and love first kissed—
In memory we live once more
And the song that on earth note mar,
At evening fills our souls again
With the music of the stars.

The Master of the Mine.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

Once on the summit, we rested
again, while some of the men went in
chase of a moor pony, one of several
grazing on the moor by. When
it was secured, I lifted her upon it,
with a stout rope, I lifted her upon it,
and placed the black girl by her side;
and thus, still holding her and walking
by her side, while the men followed be-



might drove away all thoughts of sleep.
I paced my room with restless foot-
steps, and when the dawn broke I
hurried off to the shore.

What a change had come! The
wind had died, the sea was like glass,
and the only sound left of the storm
was the wreckage which was being
cut upon the sands. Early as I was,
there were others before me, gazing
eagerly seaward, and searching along
the cliffs for a prize.

I took a walk round by the mine,
and, having made a hasty inspection, I
hurried back to the cottage, eagerly
hoping, yet half-dreading, to see Made-
line. But I was disappointed. My
uncle had gone to his work. My aunt
was busy, but alone. I looked round
the kitchen, and my heart gave a great
throb. Alas! all the events of the
past night were real. There, hanging
beside the fire, was the cloak—a rich
mantle of silk and fur—which had
been clinging round Madeline's form
when I took her from the wreck.

I inquired eagerly for Madeline.
"Have you seen her, aunt?" I asked.

"Is she well? How does she look?"
I suppose there was something
peculiar in my manner, for my aunt
gazed at me curiously, and said,
"Who is she, Hugh? Don't know
who she is?"

"Yes," I replied; she is Miss Ma-
deleine Graham. She was at school with
me long ago. Just before my father
died she left, and I have never seen
her since."

At that moment the door opened,
and the figure of the black woman ap-
peared. In the light of day she look-
ed foreign indeed—a slight, delicate
girl, shivering with the cold of her raw
climate. I asked her how her mis-
tress did. She made no answer, but
stared vacantly at me; and I then dis-
covered that she knew no language but
the one in which she had spoken to
Madeline. I looked at my aunt, and
she understood—the west herself into
the bedroom to see how her guest was
getting on.

She was away only a few minutes
yet it seemed to me an hour. When
she came back, she smiled at my
anxious look.

"It be all right, lad, it be all right,"
she said. "The lady be awn the ward
of her waiting; but she be tired, and
will stave in bed to-day. She be a
pratty creature, Hugh, and rich, I
dare say; for her fingers be covered w'
diamond rings."

All that day, overcome by the
fatigue through which she had passed,
Madeline remained in her chamber;
while I, utterly unable to work, hung
like a restless spirit about the house.
The next morning she awoke refresh-
ed; and when we three sat at break-
fast, she astonished us all by appear-
ing amongst us, fully dressed, and
looking bright and well.

Her advent caused a general excla-
mation; my aunt ran forward to her
assistance; my uncle placed our most
comfortable chair beside the fire; while
I, dumb and powerless, stood in the
background doing nothing. Made-
line! Could this be Madeline?—the
little girl I had dreamed of all these
years, whose hands had been covered
with my passionate kisses and marked
with my tears, and who had even wept
a little herself at parting with me;
could this be the same?—this glorious
creature, with dreamy black eyes,
warm brown skin, and glorious black
hair! Her form was tall and straight
as a willow; she moved like a queen!

As all her own clothes had been lost
in the wreck, she wore a dress of my
aunt's; over it she had thrown the
cloak which she had worn on the
wreck, and which was now thoroughly
dried. She came forward languidly,
leaning on the shoulder of her black
attendant, and sank down into a chair,
while my uncle had placed for her,
while the native began saying and kis-
sing her hands. They spoke together
in the foreign tongue; then Madeline
raised her eyes and looked quietly
around. All this while I had been
standing in the background, longing,
yet dreading to speak to her; for I saw
clearly enough that to her all the past
was forgotten; but now, as her eyes
swept the room and finally rested with
a look of recognition on my face, I felt
the hot blood mount to my temples.
"Am I mistaken?" she asked, soft-
ly; "did you take me for the girl
brother's?" she said, more to herself

than to me; then she added, "My
niece is at your cottage, you say?"
"Yes, Madame."
"Tell her I will come to her at
once."

I left the house and, instead of re-
turning to the cottage, walked straight
down to the mine. Where was the
use of my returning to Madeline; to
stand by and see that grim and stony-
hearted woman bring to her queasily
eyes the light of happiness, to her lips
the cry of joy, which the sight of my
face had failed to do? No; such a
sight might have roused all that was
bad in my nature. I was better away.

All day I worked with a fierce per-
sistence which alarmed me. I looked
at myself in my mining suit, then re-
called Madeline as I had seen her that
morning—with her soft hands spark-
ling with gems, and the black servant
crouching at her feet—and realized
more than ever the distance that
divided us from one another.

She was the mistress, born to com-
mand; I the servant, whose business it
was to obey.

I returned home in the evening, and
found the cottage much the same as it
had always been. Madeline was gone.

"She be up at Redruth House,
Hugh," said my aunt. "The awd
missus came and took her away, and
right glad she was to go, poor lass!"

She showed me a five-pound note
which Madeline had given her, borrow-
ing it from her aunt to do so. She
put the note into an old work-box
where most of her treasures were kept,
and set about getting the tea, imagin-
ing that the romance of last night's
wreck had ended.

CHAPTER XV.

For some days after that, I saw
nothing whatever of Madeline; indeed,
so close was she kept in the great
house that she might never have exist-
ed at all. I began to think that she
had taken her departure from Corn-
wall; but I was wrong. One day, the
seventh from that on which the life-
boat had brought Madeline to shore, I
made a minute inspection of the mine,
which every day grew more danger-
ous, and came up from my work covered
with filth from head to foot. I had
passed the last ladder, and stood on
terra firma, at the mouth of the mine,
dazzled by the quick transformation
from pitch darkness to broad daylight,
when my ears were struck by the
sound of a voice which passed like
sudden music through my frame. I
rubbed my eyes and looked about me,
and there, not far from where I stood,
was my old sweetheart. She was
dressed now in an elegant costume of
gray, which fitted her to perfection; a
little hat with long plumes was on her
head, and her face, looking lovelier
than ever, glowed and sparkled in the
light; with her rich brown skin and
sparkling black eyes, her erect carriage,
graceful tread, she looked like some
Eastern Princess! She was walking
toward the spot where I stood; George
Redruth was beside her; while behind
followed the black girl, Anita, her dark
eyes fixed upon her mistress. This
sudden encounter had so unnerved me
that, for a moment, it deprived me of
the power both of speech and motion.

Quickly recovering myself, however, I
was about to move away, and so avoid
embarrassment, when the master's
voice arrested me.

"Trelawney," he said; "one mo-
ment." I paused.

"Yes, sir."

"Miss Graham wishes to go down
the mine. I tell her it is impossible.
What do you say? Is it fit for a
lady?"

I was about to reply when Madeline
interposed.

"Don't worry about it, George," she
said; "I've abandoned the idea." Then,
stepping up to me, she held forth
her little gloved hand. I bowed
over it, but did not take it, giving as
an excuse that I was not fit to ap-
proach her.

"I daresay you were in quite as for-
lorn a condition the other morning
when you snatched me from the
wreck," she said; "yet you did not
hesitate then, when your own life was
in peril. Mr. Trelawney, take my
hand."

I did as she requested, I clasped the
little hand in both of mine and raised
it respectfully to my lips. In doing so

I caught a glimpse of George Red-
ruth's face; it was black as (the pit
mouth.

"Now, my dear Madeline," he said,
impatiently, "shall we go back?"

But Madeline was not ready, or per-
haps she was too imperious to be so
ordered by her cousin. She had
abandoned all intention of descending
the mine; but she was nevertheless anxious
to inspect the outside of it.

"But you can go," she said. "Mr
Trelawney will escort me."

"Nonsense!" returned her cousin.
"Trelawney has got his work to attend
to. I will stay."

And he did stay for fully two
hours; at the end of which time she
allowed him to take her away.

Three other days passed without a
sign from her; then I encountered her
again. It was in the evening, when I
was walking home. This time she
was alone; except for the servant, who
walked at a respectful distance behind
her. She came up to me unreserved-
ly, and again held forth her hand.

Having shaken hands with her, I
paused, not very well knowing what
to do; when she helped me.

"I came to walk back with you,"
she said. "Do you mind?"

"I mind?" I repeated in amaze-
ment. "You forget, Miss Graham, I
is an honor for me to walk beside you."

She gave a little impatient toss of
her head, and we walked on together.
For some time not a word was spoken,
but I felt that she was watching me
keenly. Presently she said,

"Do you know what I have been
doing, Mr. Trelawney?"

"No."

"I have been trying to find in you
one trace of the boy I know, years ago,
at Munster's—and I have failed."

"I don't understand."

"No? Well, I will explain. The
boy I knew was kind to me; frank,
open-hearted, generous. You are
somewhat unfriendly; reserved, harsh,
and, if I may say so, churlish. Why
are you so changed?"

"I am not changed, Miss Graham;
or, if I am, it is but with the tide
of fortune, which has ebbed and not
flowed with me since we met before.
When we were at Munster's I be-
lieved we were equals, but now—"

"Yes; now—"

"You are Miss Madeline Graham;
I am the overseer of your cousin's
mine."

"Then you wish us to remain as
strangers?"

"I think it would be better."

"Ah! you are crueler than I
thought; if you will not accept my
friendship for the sake of the old
days when we were boys and girls to-
gether, you will at least have some
pity upon me. I am lonely and
among strangers here. You seem
like an old friend. If you will suffer
me to talk to you sometimes it will
make my stay here more pleasant."

Her pleading won the day, and we
became friends. I never went to Red-
ruth House, and she never came to
the cottage. I never sought her, but
quite innocently and frankly she
sought me. We often met on the
moor when, after my long day's
work, I was making my way home,
and I could not regard these meetings
as purely accidental on her part.
She was always accompanied by the
black girl, until one evening, when she
appeared alone.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

Mrs. Henpeck—Dear! Dear! I left
my watch upstairs on the bureau, and I
feel too tired to go after it.

Henpeck—Well, if you wait around
long enough it'll run down.