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The Acadian,

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Select Poetry,

We Love the Absent Best.

Oh, the absent are the dearest.
To a mother's loving heart;
And the depth of our affection
Is not known until we part.
We may view our sleeping darlings,
With a watchful pride and care;
And may breathe an earnest blessing
O'er each dusky head and fair;

But if there remains a pillow
Too uncrumpled, and too white!
And the chair a-neath the bedside
Holds no garment for the night—
If we miss the shoes and stockings,
A torn jacket or a dress—
If we miss a "Good-night, mother!"
And a near one's warm caress—

Then our hearts yearn with affection
For the rover from our nest,
And we feel of all our darlings
That we love the absent best.
Ah, the absent are the dearest—
Mother's heart will answer yes!
The dear lips by far the sweetest
Are the lips we cannot kiss!

Interesting Story.

WIRED LOVE.

A ROMANCE
OF
DOTS AND DASHES.

BY
ELLA CHEEVER THAYER.

"The old, old story,"—in a new, new way.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

But what was in 'C's' mind's eye did
not just then appear, for at this interest-
ing point someone at Nattie's window,
saying, "I would like to send a mes-
sage," obliged her reluctantly to inter-
rupt him with,

"Excuse me a moment, a customer is
waiting."

She then turned as much of her at-
tention as she could separate from 'C'
to the customer, enabled, perhaps, to
answer the volley of miscellaneous ques-
tions poured upon her with unusual
affability, on account of the settlement
—and in the right direction!—of that
vexed question of 'C's' sex.

But she could not help thinking, as
she glanced at the message finally
written, and handed to her, that had
the writer attended a little more to the
spelling-book, and a little less to the
accumulation of diamond rings, it might
have been a very wise proceeding. But
perhaps

"Meet me at the train," was suffi-
ciently intelligible for all purposes.

"What was it about your mind's
eye?" Nattie asked over the wire, at
the first opportunity.

'C' was again on the alert, without
being called, for the answer came, af-
ter a moment, just long enough for him
to cross the room, perhaps.

"As I was saying, in the eye afore-
said, methinks I see a tall slim young
lady, with blue eyes and light hair, and
dimples that come into her cheeks when
I stupidly betray my sex.

As 'C' said this, Nattie glanced into
the glass just over her head at the
reflection of her face. A face whose
expression was its charm; that never
could be called pretty, but that never-
theless suggested a possibility—only a
possibility, of being handsome. For
there is a vast difference between pret-
ty and handsome. Pretty people sel-
dom know much; but to be handsome,
a person must have brains; an inner
as well as an outer beauty.

"How fortunate it is you are not
near enough to be disenchanted!" Nattie
replied to 'C'. "Your mind's eye
is very unreliable. Tall! why, I'm
only five feet! never was guilty of a
dimple, and my eyes are of some dread-
fully nondescript color."

"If you are only five feet, you never
can look down on me, which is a great
consolation," 'C' responded. "And for
the rest imagination will clothe the
unseen with all possible beauty and
grace."

"I am sure I am perfectly willing
you should imagine me as beautiful as
you please," replied Nattie, "as long
as we don't come face to face, which

in all probability we never shall, you
will not know how different from the
real was the ideal."

"Please don't discourage me so soon,
for I hope sometime we may clasp
hands bodily as we do now spiritually,
on the wire—for we do, don't we?"
said 'C' asserting before he question-
ed.

"Certainly—here is mine, spiritual-
ly!" responded Nattie, without the least
hesitation, as she thought of the miles
of safe distance between them. "Now
may I ask—"

"Oh! come, come! this will never
do! You are getting on altogether too
fast for people who were quarrelling so
yesterday!" broke in a third party,
who signed 'Em,' and was a young lady
wire-acquaintance of Nattie's, some
twenty miles distant.

"You think the circuit of our friend-
ship ought to be broken?" queried
Nattie.

"Ah! leave that to time and change,
by which all circuits are broken," re-
marked 'C'.

"Yes, but such a sudden friendship
is sure to come to a violent end," 'Em,
said. "Suppose now I should report
you for talking so much—not to say
flirting—on the wire, which is against
the rules you know?"

"In that event I should know how
to be revenged," replied 'C'. "I should
put on my 'ground' wire and out off
communications between you and that
little fellow at Z!"

'Em, laughed, and perhaps feeling
herself rather weak on that point, sub-
sided, and Nattie began, "Sentiment—"

But the pretty little speech on that
subject she had all ready was spoiled
by an operator—who evidently had
none of it in his soul—usurping the
wire with the prefaced remark,

"Get out!"

The wire being unusually busy, this
was all the conversation Nattie and 'C'
had during the day, but just before six
o'clock came the call,

"B m—B m—B m—X n."

"B m," immediately responded Nattie.

"I merely want to ask for my char-
acter before saying g. n. (good night).
Haven't I been amiable to-day?" was
asked from X n.

"Very, but there is no merit in it, as
Mark Tapley would say, replied Nattie.
"You had no provocation."

"Now I flattered myself I had 'come
out strong!' Alas! what a hard thing
it is to establish one's reputation," said
'C' sagely; but I trust to Time, who,
after all, is a pretty good fellow to right
matters, notwithstanding a dreadful
careless way he has of stewing crows'
feet and wrinkles."

"Has he dropped any down your
way?" asked Nattie.

"Hinting to know my age now, are
you? Oh! curiosity! curiosity! Yes,
I think he has implanted a perceptible
crow's foot or two; but he has spared
the hairs of my head, and for that I
am thankful! Did you ever see an
aged operator? I never did, and don't
know whether it's because electricity
acts as a sort of antidote, or whether
they grow wise as they grow old, and
leave the business. The case is respec-
tfully submitted."

"Your organs of discernment must
be very fully developed," Nattie replied.

"It is fortunate I am too far away
to be analyzed personally; but I don't
think I will stay after hours to discuss
these things to-night. I am tired, for
I have had a run of disagreeable peo-
ple to-day. So g. n."

"G. n., my dear," said the gal-
lant 'C', in whose composition bashful-
ness seemed certainly to have no part.
But then—as Nattie previously had
thought—he was a long way off.

It must be confessed 'C' could hardly
fail to have been flattered had he known
how full Nattie's thoughts were of
him, as she went home that night. A little
foolish in the young lady, who rather
prided herself on being self-minded,

this deep interest; but hers was a lone-
ly life, poor girl, and 'C' was certainly
entertaining "over the wire," whatever
he might be in a personal interview—
of course, not very likely to occur. No!
it was all "over the wire!"

As she reached her own door, absor-
bed in these meditations, she heard the
sound of a merry laugh over in Mrs.
Simonson's, and saw a large trunk in
the hall. From this she inferred that
Miss Archer had arrived, a fact Miss
Kling confirmed, with uplifted eyebrows,
and the remark,

"There must be something wrong
about a young woman who has three
immense trunks!"

Although Nattie felt a desire to
make this newcomer's acquaintance, it
was less strong than it might have been
had she arrived a week sooner; for it
was undoubtedly true that the interest
he had in her new invisible friend far
exceeded that towards a possible visi-
ble one. Such is the power of mys-
tery!

The office now possessed a new
charm for her. To the surprise of an
idle clerk in an office over the way,
who had always noted how particular
she was to arrive at exactly eight A.
M., and to leave precisely at six P. M.,
she suddenly began to appear before
hours in the morning, and to stay af-
ter hours at night. Of course this be-
nighted person was not aware that by
so doing she secured quieter chats with
'C', uninterrupted, and without being
told in the middle of some pretty speech
to "Shut up!" or to "Keep out!" by
some sour and inelegant operator on
the line, to whom the romance of tele-
graphy had long ago given place to the
monotonous, poorly-paid, everyday re-
ality.

And it came to pass that 'C' soon
shared all her daily life, and troubles—
Annoyances became lighter because she
told him, and he sympathized. Any
funny incident that occurred was dou-
bly funny, because they laughed over it
together, and so it went on.

That "good night, dear," previously
uncontested, became a regular institu-
tion; and still, on account of these long
miles between them, Nattie made only
a faint remonstrance when his usual
morning salutation grew into "Good-
morning, little five-foot girl at B m!"
then was shortened to "Good-morning,
little girl!"

And all this time it never occurred
to them that excepting 'N' was for Nattie,
and 'C' for Clem, they knew really
nothing about each other, not even
their names.

Thus the acquaintance went on, amid
much banter from the before-mentioned
'Em,' and interruptions from disgusted
old settlers.

It was by no means to the satisfaction
of Quimby, that Miss Rogers should
thus allow the telegraphic world to
supersede the one in which he had a
part. That intimacy with Miss Archer,
of which he had dreamed, as a
means of improving his own acquain-
tance with her towards whom his sus-
ceptible heart yearned, did not make
even a beginning. In fact, what with
Nattie being engaged all day, and stop-
ping after hours with a quiet talk with
'C', and Miss Archer having many
evening engagements, the two had never
even met. And how a young man
was to make himself agreeable in the
eyes of a young lady he only caught a
glimpse of occasionally, was a problem
quite beyond solution by the brain of
Quimby.

Two or three times in his distraction
of mind, he had stood in very light
clothing, about Nattie's hour of return-
ing home, full twenty-five minutes at
the outer door of the hotel, with a cold
wind blowing on him. But Nattie,
utterly unconscious of this devotion,
was enjoying the conversation of 'C';
and so at last, half frozen, poor Quim-
by was compelled to retreat, his object
unaccomplished. He would willingly
have wandered about the halls for

hours, and waylaid her, had it not been
that the fear of those two terrific ones,
Miss Kling and Mr. Fishplate, "catch-
ing him at it," prevailed over all other
considerations. As for going to her
office, Quimby, in his bashfulness, dared
not even walk through the street con-
taining it, lest she should penetrate his
motives, and be offended at his pre-
sumption. Under these circumstances
he began to despair of ever having the
opportunity, to say nothing of the abili-
ty, of making an impression, when one
afternoon he chanced to meet Miss Archer
in the vicinity of Nattie's office, and
was instantly overwhelmed by a bril-
liant idea; that was to ask Miss Archer
—to whom he had talked much of
Nattie during their short acquaintance
—if she would call on her with him,
omitting the fact that he dared not go
alone.

Miss Archer, a little curious to see
the lady with whom, she was secretly
convinced, Quimby was in love, readily
consented to the proposition; and so it
came to pass that Nattie was interrup-
ted in an account she was giving 'C' of
a man who wanted to send a message
to his wife, and seemed to think "My
wife, in Providence," all the address
necessary, by the unexpected apparition
of Quimby, accompanied by a hand-
some young lady.

"I—I beg pardon, if I—if I intrude,
you know," he stammered, beginning
to wish he had not done it, as Nattie,
with an "Excuse me, visitors," to 'C',
rose and came forward. "But I—I
brought Miss Archer! To make you
acquainted, you know."

"I am indebted to you for that pleas-
ure," Nattie said, with a smile, as she
took the hand Miss Archer extended,
saying,

"I have heard Quimby speak about
you so much, I already feel acquaint-
ed."

Quimby blushed, and nervously fin-
gered his necktie.

"Such near neighbors—so lonesome
—thought you ought to know each
other," he said confusedly.

"Yes, I began to fear we were des-
tined never to meet," Nattie replied,
as she held the private door open for
her visitors to enter, a proceeding con-
trary to rules, but she preferred rather
to transgress in this way, than in
manners, and leave her callers standing
out in the cold.

"I don't know as we ever should,
had it not been for Quimby," said Miss
Archer, glancing curiously around the
office. "I believe I never was in a
telegraph office before. Don't you find
the confinement rather irksome?"

"Sometimes," Nattie replied; "but
then there always is some one to talk
with 'on the wire,' and in that way a
good deal of time passes.

"Talk with—on the wire?" queried
Miss Archer, with uplifted eyebrows.
"What does that mean? Do tell me.
I am ignorant as a Hottentot about
anything pertaining to telegraphy.
Nearly all I know is you write a mes-
sage, pay for it, and it goes."

Nattie smiled and explained, and
then turning to Quimby, asked,

"You remember my speaking about
'C', and wondering whether a gentle-
man or lady?"

"Oh, yes!" Quimby remembered, and
fidgeted on his chair.

"He proved to be a gentleman."

"Oh, yes; exactly, you know!" re-
sponded Quimby, looking anything but
elated.

"It must be very romantic and fasci-
nating to talk with some one so far
away, a mysterious stranger too, that
one has never seen," Miss Archer said,
her black eyes sparkling. "I should
get up a nice little sentimental affair
immediately, I know I should, there is
something so nice about anything with
a mystery to it."

"Yes, telegraphy has its romantic
side—it would be dreadfully dull if it
did not," Nattie answered.

(To be continued.)