

THE LONDONDERRY ARC-LIGHT

AND IRON ENTERPRISE.

VOL. I.

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NO. 1.

THE LONDONDERRY ARC-LIGHT.

Subscription, \$1.00 a Year.
Published every Friday at Acadia Mines,
—BY—
Michener & Co.
Advertising rates on application.
Job Work done in all its branches,
with neatness and dispatch.
Communications on business or other
matters should be addressed,
LONDONDERRY ARC-LIGHT,
Acadia Mines.

Poetry of the Day.

WHAT HE WROTE.

Oh! I've wondered what was written
In that far off eastern land
When with gracious heavenly finger
Jesse wrote upon the sand.

Stopping down, as though he heard not
When they tempting stood around,
He of Nazareth, Prince of Glory,
Wrote he upon the ground.

What that sermon, never published,
Book Divine has not revealed,
Prophets, angels, John of Patmos,
Keep us still the mystery sealed.

Was it record of a parable,
Registered in words above,
Free forgiveness to a sinner
Through the Father's tender love?

Ah! methinks, perhaps, we'll find it
In the "Book" before the throne,
When that woman once a sinner,
We shall see among His own.

Selected.

NELS THURLOW'S TRIALS.

CHAPTER I.

The last of Mr. Podlong's fine hay crop had been raked into windrows in prime condition for the mow. There was still one load to go in when a black thunder cloud loomed up in the western sky. Tawn all was hazy and worry in the hay field. The horses returned at a gallop from the barn, driven by Dick Stark, the hired man, and the wagon with its broad rack went clattering over the uneven ground.

"Great, light, lovely trimmed windrows, Dick threw off the reins and leaped down with his fork, while old man Podlong got down more slowly with his rake, and Nelson Thurlow, a boy of fifteen, staid in the wagon to load and trample the hay as it was pitched on.

Dick Stark rolled up immense forksful and heaved them over the side of the rack, sometimes half burying Nelson, and Mr. Podlong scratched up the leavings and trimmed the sides of the load. Even the horses seemed to catch the spirit of the work; they threw up their heads and tossed their manes as the cool wind blew over them in the shadow of the black cloud after a sultry day, and staid with alertness the moment Dick touched the reins.

The "worry" was all done by old man Podlong. Notwithstanding his years and white hair (he was near seventy), he had an irritable and impatient temper, which but little wisdom to control it.

"Rin 'll be here in five minutes," he cried. "Hay'll get wet, sure as anything. We must put in boys, all we know how! Oh, Nels! he roared out, "what a load you're making!"

"How can the boy do any better while I'm putting the hay on faster'n a man can take care o' it in decent shape?" cried Dick, panning for Nels to lay out a corner.

"If it will only ride, that's all we care for. There's no use fretting."

"Guess you'd fret if 'twas your hay, 'stead o' standin' there sassin' me with your hands in your pockets," replied the old man, angrily, plying his rake behind the load.

"Sassin' you? My hands in my pockets? Dick retorted. "I only tell you what I think of your fretting. And as for my hands, they couldn't do more if the hay was mine, and I thought as much of a dollar as you do."

"Waal, waal" said the old man, in a heat of ill-suppressed fury, as he felt a rain-drop strike his hand; "will ye pitch on the hay, or woe'ye?"

"I will when I get woady, and Nels is ready to take 'em on," Dick answered.

He began to pitch again, with almost as much zeal, sopping up masses of hay which Nels found it impossible proper to distribute with the wind likewise caring and tossing it.

Nels knew the old man's temper too well to say a word; he could only hope that the hay would stay on till it got into the barn. He was struggling with it in the squal, when suddenly an accumulated heap, carried clean across the top by the force of the gale, rolled off on the other side, carrying a good corner of the load with it.

"Lucky I'm up here out of his reach," Nels said to himself, anticipating the old man's wrath. "Uncle, I couldn't help that," he cried.

Mr. Podlong looked up, and seeing him well beyond the sweep of his rake, turned his fury upon Dick.

"You done that a-pieces," he said. And down came the rickish rake upon Dick's head.

Dick's coarse felt hat was projected, and his head was not waken, though the rake was. He felt for a moment as if he would like to take the old man on his fork, and pitch him into the middle of next week; 't's he afterwards expressed 'it; and Nels, peered over the side of the load, looking to see a bloody battle. But Dick simply threw down the fork and adjusted his hat.

"That ends my work for you," he said.

"You leave this hay in the rain?" yelled the old man.

"I leave it and you, Dick replied, with determination.

"But you hired me for the summer," Podlong remonstrated, lifting his rake again.

"What did I hire for?" said Dick. "To work the best I know how, as I've done, and I've been ready to do, up to this minute; Nels will bear me out in that. But I don't hire out to nobody to stand and have rakes b'oken over my head. Don't you hit me again old man!"

"Then go to work. The rain is coming," said Podlong, half threatening, half imploring.

"I won't do another stroke for you if Nels's deluge was coming," returned Dick. "I've no business with your weather."

"And that you'll never will get, without you clap to and help us with this load into the barn. Not a cent, if it costs me my farm to keep you out of it," the old man declared.

"We'll see," muttered Dick, turning to walk away. "You, Nels, will bear witness to his striking me."

Nels had seen and heard the blow, and he could not blame Dick in the least. But foreseeing trouble, and fearing the old man's anger, he did not open his mouth.

CHAPTER II.

Uncle Podlong took up the fork Dick had dropped, and set out to throw on a little more of the hay. But his limbs shook so with excitement and the feebleness of age that he soon gave up the attempt, and reaching up the reins on the lines of the fork to Nelson, he cried out, "Go with what you've got."

And Nels drove to the barn. The old man stopped to roll up the rest of the windrow into rough cocks; but it was fast getting wet, and so was he, though he didn't mind that, he was so angry. He soon followed the load, a forlorn figure crossing the meadows in his shirt sleeves, with the fork on his shoulder, in a driving shower.

Proble enough came of the quarrel in the hay field, as Nelson had foreseen. Dick lost no time in entering a complaint against the old man, having him "hauled up," as he termed it, for assaulting him with a rake. Whereupon Podlong stepped firmly up to the Judge's desk, pleaded guilty, and paid his fine on the spot, with a readiness which robbed the complainant of half his revenge.

Then Dick began a suit for the recovery of wages due him, which Podlong resisted on the ground that Dick had broken his contract, and subjected him to great loss and inconvenience by striking work in the midst of a thunder-storm in the hay field. Dick was vindictive enough to fight for his rights, in consequence to the bitter end. But his lawyer frankly told him that his suit was likely to cost him more than he could expect to gain by it, and that by persisting in it he would punish himself more than he would hurt the old man.

"Then what shall I do?" said poor Dick, despairingly.

"Settle," replied she honest attorney; "make the best terms

with him you can. That's my advice to nine men out of ten who want to go to law. I'm a fool to give it, and they're fools if they don't take it. If you were rich, and could afford a three or four years' fight in the courts, for the luxury of revenge, it would be different."

"I can't afford it and he knows it," said Dick, with smothering wrath. "If he wasn't so old a man, I'd take it out of his hide."

"Oh, that would be more foolish still!" replied the cool-headed counsel.

So Dick left the matter in his hands for settlement. But the old man was obstinate; he wouldn't pay a dollar. And at last, in a fit of disgust and despair, poor Dick, out of work and out of money, half convinced that his lawyer had been bought up by the other side, disappeared from the town.

Nels Thurlow liked Dick, and shrewd the old man to be in the wrong. No doubt Podlong was secretly of the same opinion, for he was not devoid of conscience, though his stubbornness prevented him from acknowledging, even to himself sometimes, the folly of his fits of temper. They made life pretty squally times to the boy, but he managed to dodge those little cyclones for while; and for weeks after his assault on Dick Stark the old man's sweet disposition, as if by way of penance for that fault.

One day in September they were in the orchard gathering apples. Nels was at the top of a ladder, in a tree filling a basket, when a big pippin tumbled from the bough, and struck the hard orchard trestle at the old man's feet.

"You careless!" Podlong exclaimed, stooping to pick it up. "Look at that bruise, now! Oh, dear! carrying the fruit, and examining the hurt with almost as much solicitude as if it had been the head of a child."

"The boy, looking down from the top of the ladder, couldn't but smile at the old man's anguish over a bruised pippin."

"I couldn't help it," he said. "They fall sometimes before I can fairly get hold on 'em."

"An apple as big as yer head," growled the old man, sucking the juice from the broken piece. "With as much as yer head, anyway—such a head a yours!"

He was stopping again to put it into a basket when another pippin, at a touch of the boy's fingers, slipped away before he could grasp it, struck the ladder, glided off, and bounded to the nap of the old man's neck, almost knocking him down.

Nels couldn't help laughing to hear him yelp, anase him stagger under the blow. Thinking his first care would be for the apple he called out, "I guess that isn't 'urt much; you kind o' broke the fall."

"Broke the fall!" harled the old farmer, rubbing the back of his head with one hand, while he picked up the apple with the other. "Well I might; it 'm broke my neck. Laughin' be ye?" he cried, looking up in great rage. "I believe ye dose it to spite me." And he appeared to be restrained from hurling the pippin back to the boy only by consideration of the damage he might be doing to fruit.

"Let another come down here that wa', he roared, seizing hold of the ladder, "and you'll come down!"

Nels frightened, ceased to giggle. He determined to be extremely solemn in laying hold of the next pippin. It was just beyond his reach to bring it down to his hand; he pulled toward him the bough on which it hung, and on which, unluckily, he had hooked his hand of his basket.

It bough broke, and down went the basket amidst a golden shower of apples tumbling about the old man's ears and shoulders, and smiting upon the ground.

CHAPTER III.

The broken bough went with the basket and the boy followed almost as quickly eager to repair as far as possible the damage he had done.

"You villain! you critic!" shrieked old man Podlong, snatching up the bough and hurriedly stepping off the leaves and some of the twigs, "I'll lay you!

Nels remembered Dick Stark's misfortune and hastily looked off as the old man rushed upon him. He stumbled, and going down on one knee and holding up his hand, he cried out: "Don't strike me with that! You've no right to strike me, Uncle Podlong!"

"I'll show ye whether I've a right," cried Podlong, his hat fallen with the apples, his white hair disarranged, giving him a savage aspect, and his eyes glittering. "I'm bound to give ye a thrashing!"

He had no right, indeed. He was a relative of the boy's, but not his legal guardian. Nels was an orphan who had come to work for him for seven dollars a month, and a general promise on the part of the old man that he would do what was right by his sister's grandson if he would stay and do well by him.

He would not have been a hard master if he had not himself had the hardest of masters in the tyrannous temper whose outbursts we have witnessed. Nels had hitherto escaped his blows, and had become, in a way, a favorite with the irascible old man. But now his time had come.

He stopped backing off, and stood pale and frightened awaiting the worst. "Uncle Podlong," he entreated, "don't! Don't, uncle! He had been accustomed to call the old man by that title, and he now repeated it in the hope of touching him by his last appeal. But seeing the Podlong arm raised and swung well back for a blow, he changed his tone. "You'll be sorry, sir; I've done nothing to be whipped for and I won't be whipped!"

"You won't, hey?" cried the furious old farmer. "Take that!"—"You won't, hey?" "You won't, hey?" "You won't, hey?" "You won't, hey?"

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Business Cards.

VICTORIA HOTEL,
TRURO, N. S.
CASSON & LEARMONT, PROP'S.
(Successors to E. H. Edwards.)
House remodelled and refitted. Sample Rooms in the House and on Prince St., close to Post Office.
Truro, N. S., Dec. 20, 88.

INSURANCE
—AND—
RAILWAY TICKET OFFICE.
E. WALSH, - AGENT,
Merchants' Bank of Halifax,
Acadia Mines, Dec. 20, 88.

J. STINSON SMITH
Builder
AND
Contractor,
Lumber Yarding
and **Plan Mill.**
Acadia Mines, Dec. 20, 88.

M. L. STURKS,
COMMERCIAL - SQUARE,
BOOKS, STATIONERY,
MAGAZINES, SCHOOL
SUPPLIES, ETC., ETC.
All kinds of Bibles, Animals, Fish, Snakes, etc. Stuffed and Mounted at lowest rates. I am giving this part of my business special attention this season, and invite orders from out-lying districts.
Acadia Mines, Dec. 20, 88.

LUNCH ROOM
Oysters served in every style.
Baked Beans etc.
In fact a regular go-as-you-please in the grub line. TEMPERATE drinks of all kinds at.

PETER TOBIN'S
Opposite American House.
Acadia Mines, Dec. 20, 88.

Total Eclipse,
And Where Visible!
The leading Fall and Winter stock, including all others in price, quality, and price. Royal bargains in ladies' and children's.

BONNETS, HATS,
CAPS AND GLOVES.
Trimming of every shade and description. Children's Cloaks, 100 patterns of Dress Goods to select from. Quality at top. Prices at the bottom. Look where you will but don't buy before visiting.

REMEMBER
ALL ARE WELCOMED TO
Y. M. C. A. MEETING
ON SUNDAY AFTERNOON AT 4 O'CLOCK.
Also—Meeting for men only Friday evening at 8 o'clock, over G. B. Smith's shop.
J. P. McDONALD,
Secretary.
Acadia Mines, Dec. 20, 88.

Edison's Ghostly Phonograph.
A stranger was visiting Mr. Edison recently, it is related. After an evening largely devoted to a discussion of electricity, the guest went to bed. He had hardly drawn the covers over him and settled down to sleep, when a voice apparently from the clock on the dressing table, said in measured tones: "It is now eleven o'clock."

The startled guest threw off the covers and sat bolt upright, and felt the hair rise all over his body. Could he have been dreaming? No, he was wide awake. Arising, he turned on the electric light, searched every corner of the room, examined the innocent looking clock and finally called in Mr. Edison. The latter assured him that there was no one in the room, and with half-lit quivered fears the guest returned to bed.

Half an hour had been consumed in the vain search for the origin of the mysterious voice, and the guest passed another half hour in speculating upon the occurrence. Just as he had persuaded himself that the sound had only been part of a dream, and was going off into a half-doze, the same voice in the same measured tone called out: "The hour of midnight has arrived!"

"Prepare to die," there was no mistake this time, and the horrified guest without waiting to turn on the electric light, rushed across to Edison's room. The wizard broad awake and half dead with laughter, permitted his guest to rap three or four times, and then responded to his call.

Mr. Edison," said the disturbed sleeper, "there's something uncanny about this house. I wouldn't sleep here all night if you'd give me the place."

Edison suppressed his laughter, heard his guest's story, and then, going to the room, showed the stranger that there was a tiny phonograph concealed in the clock, and so set, as to give forth the solemn announcement of the hours. The offending clock was removed, and the guest slept soundly for the remainder of the night.—From the Electrical Review

That man builds up his town who builds a business within it.

WOODLIES
GERMAN
BAKING
POWDER

Preserve Your Sight
BY WEARING THE ONLY
Frank Lazarus,
(LATE OF THE FIRM OF LAZARUS & MORRIS, HARTFORD, CONN. AND MONTREAL, P. Q.)

RENOVED SPECTACLES
—AND—
EYE GLASSES

THESE Spectacles and Eye Glasses have been used for the past 32 years, and given in every instance unbounded satisfaction. They are undoubtedly the best in the world. They never tire the eye and last many years without change.

For sale by Mr. T. E. Atkins, druggist, next door to Post Office, and the Branch, under Masonic Hall, Acadia Mines.

FRANK LAZARUS,
(Late of Lazarus & Morris),
Manufacturer, London, Eng.
N. B.—No connection with any other opticians in the Dominion of Canada.
Acadia Mines, Dec. 20, 88.

New Advertisements.

G. W. Cox & Co.,
have the various departments of their
GENERAL STORE
now stocked with a complete line of
FIRST-CLASS GOODS,
which are offered at the
LOWEST PRICES.

The public are most respectfully invited to call and examine.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Acadia Mines, Dec. 20, 1888.

AMHERST BOOT & SHOE MFG. CO.
WHOLESALE
Boot & Shoe Manufacturers,
AMHERST, N. S.
Factory near Depot 114 x 40 feet, Four Stories high.

PIANOS and ORGANS
The largest and finest stock in the Maritime Provinces.
Don't fail to write for prices and you will save money and get a reliable instrument. Cash or easy terms.

W. H. JOHNSON,
121 & 123 Hollis St., Halifax N. S.

XMAS. GREETINGS.
FALCONER & DURNING,
Furnace Street,
with all their friends a Merry Xmas, and also beg to inform them that their stock is complete in every particular.

Xmas. Goods in Great Variety.
See Our Fur Caps and Boas.
Special Bargains in Ready-Made Clothing,
OVERCOATS SELLING AT COST.

1 CAR LOAD FLOUR IN THIS WEEK,
50 Barrels Apples for Sale Low.
FALCONER & DURNING,
Furnace Street, Acadia Mines.
Dec. 20, 1888.

ATKINS' DRUG STORES,
Xmas. Toys!
Xmas. Cards!
Xmas. Booklets!
Xmas. Presents!
in endless Variety and Beauty at
ATKINS' DRUG STORES.

The sweetest assortment of Plush, Leather, Brass and Porcelain Presents at
ATKINS' DRUG STORES.

Santa Claus, fitted out in fetching Style, at
ATKINS' DRUG STORES.

The cutest Japanese Caps and Saneers, at
ATKINS' DRUG STORES.

Porcelain Preserve Sets, and Cream Jugs too pretty for anything, at
ATKINS' DRUG STORES.

Children's Toys and Picture Books perfectly bewitching, at
ATKINS' DRUG STORES.

The Little Dolls, The Japanese Doll. The crown up Dolls, and the Dolls in Carriages, all waiting for Santa Claus, at
ATKINS' DRUG STORES.

ATKINS' DRUG STORES,
Next Door to Post Office, and "BRANCH,"
Masonic Hall Building,
ACADIA MINES, NOVA SCOTIA.

JOB WORK,
In all its branches, Bill heads, Note books, Posters, Hangings, Dodgers, Blank books, Receipt books, Pamphlets, Business cards, etc., etc., at the office of THE LONDONDERRY ARC-LIGHT.