

# THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

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No. 32

## THE ACADIAN.

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Rates for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office, and payment on transient advertising must be guaranteed by some responsible party prior to its insertion.

The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.  
New communications 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 communication, although the name may be written over a fictitious signature.  
Address all communications to  
DAVINSON BROS.,  
Editors & Proprietors,  
Wolfville, N. S.

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### Masonic.

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WOLFVILLE DIVISION 8 or 7 meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Witter's Block, at 8:00 o'clock.

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PUNCTUALITY.

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## DIRECTORY

OF THE  
**Business Firms of  
WOLFVILLE**

The undermentioned firms will use your right, and we can safely recommend them as our most enterprising business men.

BORDEN, C. H.—Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, and Gents' Furnishing Goods.

BORDEN, CHARLES H.—Carrriages and Sleighs Built, Repaired, and Painted.

BISHOP, B. G.—Painter, and dealer in Paints and Painter's Supplies.

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DAVINSON, J. B.—Justice of the Peace, Conveyancer, Fire Insurance Agent.

DAVINSON BROS.—Printers and Publishers.

GILMORE, G. H.—Insurance Agent, Agent of Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association, of New York.

GODFREY, L. P.—Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes.

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WILSON, JAS.—Harness Maker, is still in Wolfville where he is prepared to fill all orders in his line of business.

Owing to the hurry in getting up this Directory, no doubt some names have been left off. Names so omitted will be added from time to time. Persons wishing their names placed on the above list will please call.

JOHN W. WALLACE,  
BARRISTER-AT-LAW,  
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## Select Poetry.

WHO KNOWS?

I ponder'd long on this weary life,  
And I cried, "Are we what we seem?  
Or sail we here in a phantom ship  
In search of a vanished dream?  
From deep to deep, from doubt to doubt,  
While the night still deeper grows?  
Who knows the meaning of this life?  
When a voice replied, "Who knows?"  
"Shall it always be a mystery?  
Are there none to lift the veil?  
Knows no one aught of the land we left,  
Or the port to which we sail?  
Poor shipwrecked mariners driven about  
By every wind that blows?  
Is there a haven of rest at all?  
And the voice replied, "Who knows?"  
Oh! why have we longings infinite,  
And affections deep and high,  
And glorious dreams of immortal things,  
If they are but born to die?  
Are they will-o'-the-wisps that gleam  
Where the deadly nightshade grows?  
Do they end in dust and ashes all?  
And the voice still cried, "Who knows?"

TWILIGHT.

Slowly, slowly falls night's curtain  
Over all the widespread land;  
And the angle of the twilight  
At the gates of heaven stand.  
Lo, they come a land of angels,  
Clad in robes of tender gray;  
And before their gracious presence  
Fades the sun's last lingering ray.  
In the West, a blaze of glory  
Turns the sky to molten gold;  
In the east, the faint gray shadows  
Of the coming night unfold.  
Twilight brings us loving, tender  
Thoughts of dear ones parted away,  
Who have gone from our earth's twilight  
Into everlasting day.  
Twilight memories are saddest,  
Twilight hopes are grand and strong,  
And the shape we long have waited  
Come to shore at even-song.  
In the quiet hush of twilight  
We may rest both heart and hand;  
We may dream of gorgeous castles,  
Raised in Spain's far distant land.  
Life has much of sunlight glory,  
Days whose splendor blinds our sight,  
It has much of sorrow's darkness,  
When all seems the blackest night.  
So, with loving hearts and trusting,  
Should we prize the twilight time,  
When the stars in silvery beauty  
Up the heights of heaven climb.

Interesting Story.

HOMESICK.

I was looking through my letters  
and papers the other day, and came  
upon a little disclosed scrap on which  
was traced in faint, almost illegible,  
characters, *Il faut servir a maman a  
Grande Prairie.* Write to my mother  
at Grande Prairie.  
A sudden rush of the saddest memories  
brought the tears to my eyes.  
I saw little Carl Estoval—he was not  
eighteen—his hair floating, his big  
black eyes full of light and excitement,  
dressed in Confederate uniform, and  
standing before me to be admired.  
He said, in his pretty broken English,  
which he preferred to his native  
tongue—  
"Hold me a soldier, madame!  
Ah! I will fight so you will see me  
captain, major, colonel! Why not a  
general at last?"  
I took my head. "Ah, Carl! what  
comes between those titles? How did  
your mother ever consent to a lad of  
your age joining the army?"  
He laughed. "Consent? No! no!  
I beg hard, oh, so hard! Mamma  
she got distract, and she say, "Go, my  
son; do what you will, but Oh, take  
care yourself! If you get killed, my  
heart it break!"  
Poor Madame Estoval! To go to  
war and take care of one's self, and to  
guard against shot and shell and sabre  
thrust, is like the comic song of the  
mother sending her daughter to bathe,  
but warning her not to go near the  
water.  
As Carl stood before me, smiling and  
joyous, he seemed a portion of the  
glowing sunshine itself. But how sore  
my heart was for him! I knew it was  
no feeling of patriotism that brought  
the boy into the army. In the quiet  
Acadian settlement where he lived, the  
country of the inhabitants was the  
fields around their dwellings, or the  
broad prairie where their herds roamed.  
A simple, ignorant folk, knowing and  
caring nothing of the outer world, and  
very much given to pining with homesickness if cruel chance took them  
away from their prairie.  
"Carl, who and what persuaded you  
to take this senseless step?" I asked.  
"Ah, Henri Lemontey! You know  
Henri. His papa treat him bad, and  
he run away two year ago."  
"Yes, I do know him," I answered,

"He is a bad boy, Carl, and I do not  
blame his father for what he did. So  
that scamp was your adviser?"  
"Ah, he scamp no more! He left  
tenant now, and he come back to  
Grande Prairie, oh so fine, wiz he pistol  
at his sword! And he say, 'Aha,  
Carl! if you want fun, come along.  
You get money, plenty money; and  
when we take Washington City, oh, ze  
watches and chains and tings we will  
get! But first you must help us fight  
ze Yankees, and drive 'em out ze  
country.' So, madame, I come."  
"So I see," I answered, feeling sick  
at heart to see the poor young dupe  
looking so happy. "But listen to me.  
You have no business in the army.  
You ought not to go. You will, I am  
sure, be sorry if you do go. If you  
will return to your mother, I can manage  
it for you. Go back to the prairie,  
my boy. Your place is not here."  
His handsome face flushed and his  
eyes sparkled with anger. "Go back?  
No, no, no! I go back? Go back to  
have ze girls call me coward, and  
laugh and jest? Ah, no, madame! I  
cannot go back."  
So, between a love of fun and a fear  
of being considered a coward, Carl Es-  
tival went his way.  
For months I heard nothing of him,  
nor of Col. S——'s regiment, to which  
he belonged.  
Once more the fortune of war filled  
my plantation with a Union regiment,  
under the command of Col. Chrysler,  
of New York. He was a gentleman  
with so many noble qualities, that he  
endured himself to the strictest rule  
of all. I wonder if, after this lapse  
of time, he remembers Willow Glen,  
in Rapides Parish, and the rebel woman  
who met him with defiance, and parted  
from him as from the kindest of  
friends? At any rate, if living, he will  
remember the period of which I write,  
and some of the circumstances of my  
"lover true tale."

I was sitting by a fire, lost in mournful  
thought. One of my boys was  
with Stonewall Jackson in Virginia,  
and the other with Gen. Taylor's Lou-  
isiana army, but if living or dead I  
knew not. Suddenly I heard a slight  
knock, hardly more than a scratch, at  
the back door. Thinking it was the  
cat, I paid no attention, until it was  
repeated. The times were too danger-  
ous to open a door without knowing  
who was behind it. So I called out—  
"Who is there?"  
"Carl Estoval," was whispered.  
When the door was opened, the boy  
rushed headlong in the room and  
locked the door behind him. Pallid,  
haggard, with his clothes hanging in  
tatters about his form, I hardly recog-  
nized him. There was a hunted look,  
an expression of terror in his big black  
eyes, which terrified me.  
"Hide me somewhere!" he gasped,  
in French. "I came through the big  
ditch, but the guard back of the gar-  
den saw me, I know. "Oh, hide  
me!"  
I gave a rapid glance around. The  
wardrobe would be searched first, the  
trunks were too small, and there was  
not a nook or cranny in the room  
where a human being could be hid.  
The federal officers occupied the lower  
part of the house, and two sentries  
were pacing back and forth in the  
front yard.  
Just then my eyes fell on a mammoth  
dirty clothes basket in a small room  
adjoining mine. It was deep enough to  
hold two lads the size of Carl. Silently  
I emptied it and motioned him to  
get in, and then piled the unavary  
garments over him for several feet  
above his head, for there was at least  
three weeks' washing in that basket.  
To this day I cannot understand why  
the boy was not stifled.  
I had hardly finished, when a loud  
rap at the door brought my heart into  
my throat. I opened the door, and  
much to my relief, saw Lieutenant  
B—— standing there. He was a  
quiet, sensitive gentleman, to whom we  
were indebted for many kind acts, and  
I felt sure that whatever his errand  
might be, it would be performed with  
consideration and kindness. Two sol-  
diers were with him,  
"I'm sorry to disturb you, Mrs.  
W——," said he, "but the guard  
back there saw a man skulking in the  
deep ditch that lies back of the gar-  
den. It was bright moonlight enough  
to see him, and we take it for granted

he was here for no friendly purpose.  
The men gave chase, but he disap-  
peared somewhere back of your house.  
Have you seen him?"  
"You can look, of course," I said,  
affecting an indifference I was far from  
feeling. "I have not left the room,  
but, of course, you have orders to  
search the whole house."  
They did search. They looked be-  
tween the mattresses, under the bed,  
dragged everything out of the armoire,  
and at last they approached the basket.  
I almost ceased to breathe when one  
of the men commenced throwing out  
the foul linen, but the lieutenant check-  
ed him.  
"Nothing there, I think, Sergeant,"  
he said, blushing up to the roots of his  
hair. "The man has probably taken  
refuge in an outhouse, or somewhere  
in the basement. We will search  
there." And touching his cap, the  
lieutenant and his men marched out.  
I was so nervous that my first im-  
pulse was to scream. My next was to  
lock the door, fly to the basket, and  
get my prisoner out. I was just in  
time, too, for he was nearly suffocated,  
and it took a good deal of water-  
sprinkling before he was able to do  
more than gasp painfully. When I  
got a good look at him, I almost cried  
aloud. Could this be handsome little  
Carl? This boy, lean figure, with  
yellow, hollow cheeks, and sunken eyes  
that looked like great black caverns?  
"Will zey come back?" he whis-  
pered.  
"Not to-night. Now, I am going to  
get you some food, but don't stir from  
here. My family are all at A——,  
and the negroes have left us, so there  
is no danger of any one coming up  
to-night."  
"Ah, yes, something to eat; I am  
starving, madame. Oh, get it, quick!"  
When I brought the food, he tore  
the meat with his teeth like some ferocious  
animal. When his hunger was  
satisfied, I asked—  
"How came you here, Carl?"  
He hung his head for a minute, and  
then answered, in a hesitating manner,  
"I could not stay, madame! Ah no,  
I could not stay. I was sick, and  
zey made me work so hard, and I  
wanted to see mamma and Grand  
Prairie. And when I asked them to  
let me go home a little while, till I  
got well, zey said no. Oh, I could not  
stay!"

"You ran away, then—deserted?"  
He nodded and said, "If I must get  
home. I can hide there, and nobody  
find me. I want to see mamma so  
bad!"  
"The best and safest plan for you,  
Carl," I said, "would be to have been  
caught by these soldiers and made  
prisoner. Your life would be safe, but  
if you fall into the hands of Gen-  
eral—— of our army, you know how he  
nerves deserters. You better give your-  
self up as a prisoner."  
He shook his head obstinately, and  
repeated, over and over again, that he  
must see mamma and Grand Prairie.  
He would die if he did not. Ah no,  
the boy was asleep on his pallet, I  
almost decided for his own safety, it  
would be best to give him up to Col.  
Chrysler. He could not reach Grande  
Prairie without running a gordon of  
Confederate forces, and if caught, his  
life was sealed. But that plaintive  
heart-cry still echoed in my ears.  
"I want to see mamma and home!"  
Poor child! for what was he but a  
child after all? That night, however,  
my perplexity came to a sudden end.  
The battle of Mansfield had been  
fought and lost by the Federal. Be-  
fore morning the Union army was in  
full retreat, and daylight showed me  
my yard occupied by a Confederate  
general's command. The sooner Carl  
could get off now the better, for his old  
company was among the new-comers.

I tried to persuade him to wait for a  
favorable chance, but a perfect madness  
of homesickness was upon him. That  
very night he made his attempt, was  
captured, recognized, and brought to  
headquarters.  
Little mercy was shown those days  
to deserters. He was tried, condemned,  
and sentenced to be shot. He made  
only one request.  
"Take me to Grand Prairie and  
shoot me there. Let me tell mamma  
good-by, and see my home once  
more."  
Of course I pleaded for the poor  
lads life, and many friends added their  
entreaties to mine, but I think the  
inflexible officer in command could not  
have been softened had his own son  
been in the prisoner's position. I ob-  
tained permission to see Carl a few  
hours before the appointed time for  
execution. He had a wild look, and  
did not seem to hear or understand one  
word I said. One idea seemed to  
possess his mind, for he kept his eyes  
eagerly fixed on the open door of the  
room in which he was confined, before  
which an armed sentinel was pacing to  
and fro.  
I was trying to bring his attention  
to the few hours of time which re-  
mained to him, when with a bound  
and a wild cry, he reached the open  
door, dashed past the astonished guard,  
and vaulted over the low palings which  
surrounded the farm-yard. I saw him  
flying like a deer across an open space.  
Several shots rang out in the fresh  
morning air, and I covered my eyes  
that I might not see him fall.  
They brought him back mortally  
wounded, and one cruel shot had torn  
his lower jaw, so that he was speech-  
less. But he saw me, and his woful,  
entreatings eyes called me to his side.  
He made me understand by signs that  
he wanted to write something. A  
piece of paper and a pencil were put in  
his hand, and he wrote the few words  
I have copied. And below them almost  
illegible was, "Till mamma I love her,  
I want."  
Insensibility arrested the words that  
were to follow. What he wanted, we  
do not know, but as I wiped the death-  
damps from his forehead, the wild eyes  
grew dim and peaceful, and in a mo-  
ment more the poor homeless lad had  
passed on into the unseen world.

In the Clutch.

It is a midwinter day, clear and sun-  
shiny, and the two or three inches of  
snow under foot is slowly melting.  
Two or three more such days as this  
and the southern side of the little  
hills would show the short grass  
which has been hidden so long.  
A traveler on horseback is jogging  
slowly homewards over the trail which  
stretches out across the broad prairie  
like a never-ending serpent. He whis-  
tles and sings and has no fear. Why  
should he? A dozen miles away, just  
where the snow-capped plain has a  
faint fringe of green, is his home. It  
is a plain trail, and there is no one to  
molest him. The sound of his voice,  
as he hums an old familiar air, is still  
faintly rounding in our ears when a  
shiver seems to pass through the air.  
It is a sort of magnetic touch that  
chills you for the moment. There are  
a dozen rabbits in sight, and each one  
is making for the timber-fringed creek  
eight or nine miles away. They run  
as if greatly alarmed, and yet no one  
has frightened them. There is a sec-  
ond shiver, and we instinctively turn  
to the west. You may ride fifty miles  
in that direction and not meet with  
tree or bush or fence. Two or three  
miles away is a stray horse. A mo-  
ment ago he was staring at us as if  
he had never seen human beings before.  
That second shiver started him off for  
the timber at a wild gallop. He looks  
back as he runs, as if he feared that  
wolves were on his trail.  
See! As if coming up out of the  
snow-covered ground, a black cloud  
has caught the western sky and is  
climbing up. At first sight it was no  
larger than a blanket, in twenty sec-  
onds it is a mile long. It is hardly a  
minute by the watch before the whole  
west is a gray-black, and the cloud is  
driving faster than a locomotive runs.  
The traveler still whistles and sings.  
The sun is warm upon him and the  
black cloud has yet sent out no sign.  
Of a sudden the sun goes out of sight,  
as if a funeral pall had been drawn over  
his face, and the horse wheels and faces  
the west. There is no need of signal  
now. There is an icy breath rushing  
along which crisp the melting snow as  
it touches, and the whole west is white  
with snow-flakes. The horse holds his  
head high and snorts in alarm. The  
rider utters an exclamation of surprise  
—a groan of despair, and then the race  
begins. Race! No! The blizzard  
is tearing along at the rate of sixty  
miles an hour. Instinct warns the  
horse to push for shelter. The wife and  
children in the cabin on the creek are

calling for the rider.  
No man is brave who will not  
struggle against fate. But how use-  
less! Middy has been turned to  
night. The clear atmosphere is so  
oppressed with whirling snow that one  
must breathe by gasps. The wind  
howls, raves, shrieks, envelops. The  
breath of the new-born blizzard cuts,  
stabs, thrusts, withers. The trail is  
blotted out in an instant. Instinct is  
baffled by cold and hurricane.

The horse has not run two miles  
before he is bewildered. After that he  
can run no more on account of the  
depth of snow. He stops, turns his  
head from the biting blasts, and says  
by his attitude: "I can do no more."  
The rider leans forward on his saddle  
and feels his blood chilling and his  
limbs growing useless. There is a  
fire, more exultant shriek to the  
blast, but the traveler smiles at it. He  
is growing warmer now. The wind  
doesn't slash and cut as it did. The  
blizzard will soon pass, and the sun  
will shine again. He will sleep for a  
quarter of an hour—ten minutes—five.  
He must sleep.

And days after, when the walls and  
tears of widows and orphans have given  
places to grief which lasts through a  
lifetime, the soft south winds will mit-  
igate the drift and reveal horse and rider  
frozen stiff and stark. There will be  
words of regret to-day—scarcely a re-  
membrance to-morrow. The prairies  
of the West are as the great lakes of  
the East. The awful storms of winter  
claim their victims on the one; the  
raring gales of summer demand their  
pound of flesh on the other.—*Detroit  
Free Press.*

## Acknowledge the Debt.

A venerable clergyman of Virginia  
said lately, "Men of my profession see  
much of the tragic side of life. Beside  
a death-bed the secret passions, the  
hidden evil as well as the good in hu-  
man nature, are very often dragged to  
the light. I have seen men die in  
bath, children, and young wives in  
their husbands' arms, but no death  
seemed so pathetic to me as that of an  
old woman, a member of my church.  
"I knew her first as a young girl,  
beautiful, gay, full of spirit and vigor.  
She married and had four children;  
her husband died and left her pen-  
niless. She taught school, she  
painted, she sewed; she gave herself  
scarcely time to eat or sleep. Every  
thought was for her children, to edu-  
cate them, to give them some chance,  
which their father would have done.  
"She succeeded; sent the boys to  
college, the girls to school. When  
they came home, pretty, refined girls  
and strong young men, abreast with  
all the new ideas and tastes of their  
time, she was a worn-out, common-  
place old woman. They had their own  
pursuits and companions. She lingered  
among them for two or three years  
and then died, of some sudden failure  
in the brain. The shock woke them  
to a consciousness of truth. They  
hung over her, as she lay motionless,  
in an agony of grief. The oldest son,  
as he held her in his arms, cried—  
"You have been a good mother to  
us!"  
"Her face colored again, her eyes  
kindled into a smile, and she whispered,  
"You never said so before, John." Then  
the light died out and she was gone."

How many men and women sacrifice  
their own hopes and ambitions, their  
strength, their life itself, to their chil-  
dren, who receive it as a matter of course,  
and begrudge a carous, a word of grati-  
tude in payment for all that has been  
given them. Boys, when you come  
back from college, don't consider that  
your only relation to your father is to  
"get as much money as the governor  
can stand." Look at his gray hair, his  
uncertain step, his dim eyes, and remem-  
ber in whose service he has grown old.  
You can never pay him the debt you  
owe, but at least acknowledge it before  
it is too late.

An old farmer wondering "why in  
these days it seems impossible to have an  
honest horse race," when a neighbor in-  
terrupted him with the remark, "That  
it's because we haven't an honest human  
race."

Invaluable fidelity, good humor, and  
completeness of temper, cultivate all the  
claims of a fine face, and make the de-  
cays of it invisible.—*Tattler.*  
An old printer who played his first  
game of ninepins and knocked them all  
down, said, "P.O. by jingo."