

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XV.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N.S., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1895.

No. 14

THE WOLFVILLE CLOTHING CO.

HAVE RE-STOCKED

the T. A. Munro Tailoring Establishment

with a fine line of NEW IMPORTED CLOTHS—Scotch and English Tweeds, Worsteds, Serges, Overcoatings, Trouserings.

By close attention to business and a long experience in manufacturing Fine Custom Clothing, the manager feels that this Establishment will still be a want in Wolfville.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

TELEPHONE NO. 35.

NOBLE CRANDALL,

MANAGER.

THE ACADIAN.

Published on FRIDAY at the office

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

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(IN ADVANCE.)

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or every insertion, unless by special ar-

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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 con-

stantly receiving new type and material,

and will continue to guarantee satisfaction

on all work turned out.

Newspaper 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 in

an oblique or fictitious signature.

Address all communications to

DAVISON BROS.,

Editors & Proprietors,

Wolfville, N.S.

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POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

Office Hours, 8:00 a. m. to 8:30 p. m. Mails are made up as follows: For Halifax and Windsor—close at 6:10 p. m. Express west close at 7:50 a. m. Express east close at 5:00 p. m. Kentville close at 6:45 p. m. GEO. V. HAZEN, Post Master.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX

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

Churches

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. Trotter, Pastor—Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday School at 10 a. m. Half hour prayer meeting after evening service every Sunday. Prayer meeting on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings at 7:30. Seats free; all are welcome. Strangers will be cared for by COLEMAN BOSCO, 17 Waters A. B. W. B. B. S.

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Sunday services at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Holy Communion at 11 a. m. on 2d, 4th and 5th at 8 a. m. Service every Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. REV. KENNETH G. HIND, Rector. Robert W. Stone, J. Warden. S. J. Antunovich, J.

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

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DR. J. H. BAKER'S
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vanished, and in its place was a dull, despairing despondency. He seemed quite unconscious of Constance's presence, and scarcely looked up as Fenton entered.

"Is he better?" asked Fenton in a low voice.

Constance shook her head without removing her anxious gaze from the old man's changed face.

"I do not know," he meant to say. "I do not know," he meant to say. "I do not know," he meant to say.

"Dan is in the next room, sir," said Fenton. "We must go up to his place."

Constance turned her head.

"Don't alarm him," whispered Fenton. "The rangers are out, and Dan has come to take us up to his farm."

Then aloud: "Will you come at once, please, doctor; for Miss Grahame's sake?"

To their infinite surprise the old man rose slowly.

"Yes," he muttered in a dull, heavy voice. "Let us go. I am sick and weary of this place, sick with disappointment and hope deferred. To-night I thought I was near the great discovery, but it slipped from me, Fenton; yes, at the very moment. I have given up all hope now. Let us go, I am ready. Let us get back to England. There, at least, my child will be among her kind; let us take her from this wild place, unfit for a delicate girl, a lady."

Constance's heart seemed to stand still, and she looked from the old man to Fenton.

"Oh, what is the matter with him? He speaks as if he had failed."

"Failed! Yes!" The old man caught at the word with a bitter laugh and sigh.

Fenton's face went from red to white as a hundred thoughts flashed through his acute brain.

"He—he is over-excited," he said. "Or else he has deceived himself—and us."

"But the gems—I saw them!" said Constance.

Fenton shook his head.

"We must take him away at once," he said. "Wrap his cloak round him. I will get his hat. Take him with Dan."

Constance led the old man out. He went unresistingly, and Fenton remained behind.

With a rapid movement he swept the pieces of rock from the table, and thrust them into his pocket. Then he extinguished the fire, fang the chemicals through the window, and destroyed as well as he could all traces of the doctor's work.

A clock and hat of Constance's lay on a chair, and he snatched them up and hurried toward the door.

At the same moment his quick ears caught the sound of the tramp of horses, and he sprang forward with a warning cry of—

"Dan! Dan!"

The door leaped to it, but it was too late. The door opened, and in an instant, as it seemed, the room was full of men. They were all booted and spurred, and two or three of them were masked.

Dan sprang beside Fenton, and the two men covered Constance and the doctor, and drawing their revolvers, stood at bay.

Constance had the old Irish blood in her veins, and in this moment of peril proclaimed its presence.

"Don't be frightened, father," she said, holding his arm close to her side. "I'm not frightened," he responded in a dull, apathetic voice. "What is it they want? Ask them, Fenton?"

"As he spoke, one of the men, masked, stepped out from the group; and even at that moment of intense anxiety Constance noticed in a vague sense that there was something different in his manner and bearing to his fellows.

"I beg your pardon," he said, and the voice fell upon the silence, not like the harsh guttural of the ordinary squatter, but in the full, musical accents of a man of refinement, the softness of a man of refinement, the softness of a man of refinement.

"I had no idea we were intruding upon a lady. Is a man named Dan here?"

"I am Dan," said the farmer, solemnly.

The ranger turned to him.

"Good. We called at your farm for some hay—and got it. But your wife was alarmed and thinks that your wife comes to harm as our hands. Go home and reassure her."

Dan did not move.

"If my wife is all right I don't leave this lady," he said, stoutly.

The ranger's lips smiled.

"That was well said," he replied.

"But this lady has no cause for fear. You were going out, madame?"

"This lady and her father were going to Melbourne with the escort," said Fenton.

The ranger looked grave.

"I am afraid we have caused her some inconvenience," he said. "We met the escort on the road. It is now on its way back to Walla—on foot. We have the horses and waggon outside. They tried to interfere with us, or we should not have interfered with them. But there is no harm done. They have lost their horses and learned a lesson; that is all."

There was a moment's silence; then he said, addressing Constance:

"Were you particularly anxious to start to-night, madame?"

Constance made no reply, but the doctor's voice answered:

"Yes, yes. Let us go."

"You shall," said the ranger. He turned, utterly disregarding the revolvers which Fenton and Dan still held, and spoke a few words to the man nearest him.

Then he said: "The waggon and horses are at your disposal, sir; it is the least we can do to make amends for the inconveniences we have caused you by our rough intrusion."

Fenton and Dan conferred together for a moment or two; then Fenton said in a low voice to Constance:

"You will go?"

"Yes," she murmured, with her lips rather than said.

"Go and get what things you require," he said in the same low voice.

"They will not hurt us. This man—their leader—I have heard of him; he can be trusted."

Constance drew his cloak round her father, and went into the inner room. She came out again in a few minutes with a small bundle. It contained some spare clothing, and represented, with the exception of what money the doctor had upon him, all their wealth.

"We are ready," she said, simply.

The ranger beckoned to his men, "Make the waggon comfortable," he said.

They took up the soft thick rug from before the fire, the chair and one or two other of the few articles of furniture, and placed them in the waggon, and the leader of the band assisted them with his own hands.

Then he opened the door and bowed to Constance.

"Do not be alarmed," he said, quietly. "You are safe—I think safer than with an escort of diggers."

Constance, with her father on her arm, went out into the night. The waggon, with a fine team of horses stood at the door. The ranger held out his hand to assist her, but she shrunk back.

He bit his lip, but without a word, helped the doctor in, and arranged a rug for him.

"Good night," he said. "You have a safe if not a pleasant journey before you. Go on, I will overtake you," he said to the driver.

He stood watching the waggon as it lumbered away into the starry night for a moment, then he went back to the hut.

Fenton and Dan stood talking anxiously.

"I beg your pardon," said the ranger, looking at Fenton. "You would have liked to ride with the lady? I will give you a horse. Are you ready? Can you give my men a drink?"

Fenton shook his head, and the ranger laughed.

"No? No matter; they can wait. Come along then. You, Mr. Dan, go home and calm your wife. Come, sir," he added to Fenton, who shook hands with Dan as he left. "You have everything you want, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Fenton, quietly. He had lived long enough in this lawless place to know that in quiet acquiescence lay the only safety. "I am quite ready."

"Nothing in there?" asked the ranger. As he spoke one of the men went toward the door.

"Stop, sir!" he exclaimed, sternly. "Not a thing shall be touched."

Fenton smiled.

"There's nothing to take; we are poor," he said, shrugging his shoulders. "See for yourself."

The ranger pushed open the door, and looked in.

"What is all this?" he said in a puzzled voice.

"My friend was a scientific man and fond of experiments," said Fenton, casually.

"Oh, indeed," said the ranger from the room, and he took up one or two glasses, and retorts, curiously. "Science in the backwoods; that's something new!"

He came out a moment or two afterward with a pipe in his mouth, and a piece of paper screwed up in his hands.

"So he is a scientific man, is he? And the lady—she is his daughter?"

"Yes," said Fenton.

"And you?" he asked. "Who are you? Her brother—husband?"

"No," said Fenton, sullenly.

The ranger's eyes rested upon him through the mask with a keen scrutiny.

"No! But wish to be?"

"I am engaged to her," said Fenton.

"I should like to be going, if you please."

"You shall," said the ranger.

"Confound this paper, it won't burn! Soaked in some kind of chemical, I suppose."

He thrust it into his pocket, and took up the logs. Fenton, who had not heard the muttered remark, buttoned his cloak round him, and looked anxiously at the door.

"Right," said the ranger. "We shall overtake the waggon in five minutes. Why, is that coming back?"

As if in answer to the question, the door was flung open and one of the rangers rushed in.

"Quick, your! We're tracked! The vigilants are on us; ten to one!"

The ranger looked round.

"Sure?"

"Sure and certain!"

The ranger tapped Fenton on the shoulder, with a laugh.

"I'm afraid I shall have to make for another direction than Melbourne," he said. "You be off and take care of the lady and the old man. Good-night. I'll leave you a horse."

It was like a dream! They had gone in an instant, with a stealth and silence incredible, and Fenton stood in the empty hut—alone.

His first thought was for Constance, and he hurried to the door. The horse stood there fastened to the staple. He loosened it and sprang into the saddle. Then he paused and thought.

"They are safe," he muttered. "She will not starve, and— Why should I not starve, and— He thrust his hand into his pocket, and his fingers closed on the precious formula. "By heaven!" he exclaimed. "It is all mine! All!"

Fate as it will sometimes, had played all the cards of circumstance in Fenton's favor.

He dimly remembered the horse—he had even got a horse. He turned in to a shed at the back of the hut, and then went inside. Throwing some logs on the fire, he flung himself down on the bare ground to think, and not to sleep, worn out as he was by fatigue and excitement. His hand struck some light object, and it rolled along the floor. He thought it was one of the opals for the moment, and fell for it.

But it was not one of the gems in search of which Doctor Grahame had lost his reason; it was a ring—Fenton held it to the blaze and then looked at it. He had never seen it before. It was a man's signet ring with a strange crest—a broken lance, crests are singular—a broken lance, with an eagle perched on the crest; Fenton had never seen him wear a ring; it could scarcely believe in the possibility of his possessing one. Whose could it be? Had one of the bushrangers dropped it? That was the only explanation. He gazed the ring neatly in the formula he had taken from Dr. Grahame's pocket, and overcame, stretched himself full length and slept.

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