

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

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THE ACADIAN.

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

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must invariably accompany the communi-

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over a fictitious signature.

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Editors & Proprietors,

Wolfville, N. S.

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day School at 2:30 P.M. B. Y. P. U.

meeting on Tuesday evening at

7:45, and Church prayer-meeting on

Thursday evening at 7:30. Woman's Mis-

ionary Aid Society meets on Wednesday

evening the first Sunday in the month

and the Woman's prayer-meeting on the

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Sunday School at 2:30 P.M.

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School at 2:30 P.M. Prayer Meeting on

Wednesday evening at 7:30. Chalmers Church,

Lower Horton: Public Worship on Sunday

at 10 A.M. Sunday School at 10 A.M.

Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7:30 P.M.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. J. E.

Denkin, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath

at 11 A.M. and 7 P.M. Sabbath School

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[Written for the Acadian.]

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

"You are not silly enough to think you have seen a ghost?"

"Oh, no; but—"

"Did you speak to her, pray?"

"No, she went into her cabin too quickly; and, besides, I couldn't have spoken."

"I am glad to hear it, for the lady, whoever she is, would have thought you badly brought up."

"Papa, if you haven't seen her—oh, please don't be angry; but when you told me at the school to tell me of my mother's death you never said how it was. Papa, are you sure, quite sure, it mightn't have been a mistake? Was she away, and did you hear she was drowned or something of other?"

I read once of a woman which everybody thought dead, but in a few years was found alive and well; but I know mother would remember us—I know she would—and if I might go to her cabin—if you—"

trately petted and neglected her.

An idea suddenly occurred to her, and she stopped a kindly looking stewardess, whom she met on her way below, and asked:

"Please, can you tell me the name of the lady on board, dressed like a nurse?"

"A nurse? We've got three or four on board. Three are in the aft cabin, and Mrs. Parker—"

"Mrs. Parker!"

"Yes, the one in blue. Why, what a curious child!" For Zillah had given her one wild look and fled to the cabin to her brother and sister. She took her mother's Bible and, looking on the fly-leaf, read in faded writing: "Zillah Parker, with her teacher's love, April 16, 1876."

CHAPTER III.

"No, but before you begin listen to me," said Zillah.

It was the same evening, the children were getting ready to go to bed and had been left alone, for the governess never cared to go through the ceremonies—namely, the kissing of their mother's photograph every evening after prayers.

"Listen," she said, insistingly, "you were such a big boy, Earle, when mother—died, you must remember how she looked. Wouldn't you know her anywhere? If you were to meet her walking about the ship, say, wouldn't you know it was her?"

"No; cause she is dead, and dead people can't walk about ships," said Earle, with an air of much knowledge.

"But if she wasn't dead, really—if it was only pretence, and she came back to life again, and should be at Montreal when we got there, to meet us, and be with us as before, wouldn't you know her right away, and be very glad?"

"Why, of course," said Earle.

"But, Zillah, how queer you look, and you are all jiggled! Do you mean it's really true? Has it been a make believe that she went to Heaven, and did she go to Montreal instead? Oh, wouldn't it be jolly!"

"Come with me," said Zillah. She stood up, trembling all over, and taking Olla by one hand, held the other out to him.

CHAPTER IV.

Zillah Emeick—Zillah Parker, as she called herself now—was sitting on the low sofa bed in her cabin. A little earlier she had sent her husband a note, saying she would keep to her own apartments while on board the ship, and in return received a single line with these words: "I thank you, and I will trust you."—E. M. As she sat there she felt that even death would have been easier than the keeping of such a promise.

And yet there had been times when she had wept for her children, and felt their company irksome, and had grumbled at the responsibility of them.

Then she could have had them always with her. Now—

It was just then that there came a little shuffling outside her door and a knock. The knock was not very loud, and it didn't come high upon the door. She seemed to have been familiar with such in the old days when little visitors would intrude on her dressing-time.

The idea sent her staggering to her feet, hot and trembling, just as the knock came again, followed by a girl's voice, low and eager:

"Please, may we come in?"

Her lips moved, but whether she tried to say "no" or "yes" mattered little, for no sound came. She could only stand there flushed and breathless.

"No, papa."

"Then be quite sure that in sparing you those details I am simply sparing you—and myself—pain; and don't take silly fancies into your head, or suggest them to your brother. I hope you haven't been doing that."

"No, papa."

"That's well, for otherwise I should have been very much displeased with you. You can go back to your cabin now, and mind the orders of the governess."

"He turned away abruptly, in sheer inability to bear the strain of the discussion any longer. Zillah started to her cabin, more perplexed than ever about the sudden and unexplained death of her mother, who had al-

while the doors opened a little, then wider, and showed her, by the dimly lighted corridor, three little night-gowned figures holding together as if half-frightened by their own audacity.

Only for an instant. There was a rush and a cry, "Oh, my darlings, my darlings!" and they were all in a heap on the floor together, kissing, crying, hugging one another. Olla clasped to her bosom with one arm, while the other was around Earle. As for Zillah, she had flung herself, face downward, at her mother's side, and was sobbing, "Mother! mother!" as if her heart would break.

Little Olla was the first to break the spell. "Mummy, has you been in Heaven all this time, and is you going to Montreal now, wix us, to spend Kismas?" Does papa know you are here?"

For a moment the wretched woman could not speak. In that first instant of their entrance the idea had flashed on her that her husband had relented. But the question of the innocent babe, and Zillah's suddenly lighted face, white with mingled terror and determination, drove it away again.

"Your father," she stammered, "does he?"

The girl looked up quickly. "He is on deck. He won't know. He thinks we are in our berth. It was he who told me you were dead. Oh! how could he—"

"I wish—I wish I were! Child, don't. He meant it in kindness—kindness to you. And if he doesn't know, I daren't keep you. I mustn't, my darlings. I gave him my word, and he said he'd trust me."

"Why? Why mayn't we stay? Mother, what does it mean? Won't you tell me? Did you want to go away from us, or was father so?"

"Papa isn't cruel," said Earle, loyally. "He only makes you mind; and when he puts you 'on honor' he never tries to spy, as the governess does, does he mummy? And, oh, mummy, my frog is dead—the green one, you know, that you bought me, and we christened 'Moscow'—but the owl, Jim, turned out to be a lady. He laid an egg."

Again the mother did not answer. That phrase "When he puts you on honor" seemed ringing in her ears. After all he had treated her as if she had some honor to confide in; and he would think she had again betrayed him. Her wet eyes kept turning piteously from one to another.

"But I can't—I can't," she said, faintly; then, with a cry of entreaty, "Zillah, take them back. I mustn't keep you now. To-morrow, perhaps—"

"Will you go on shore with us to-morrow?" Zillah asked.

"Not to-morrow, perhaps. I—I've got to nurse some poor, sick people. I've promised; but some day—some day—if— Zillah, take care of Earle and Olla till then."

"Papa will take care of Olla, and I'll go with you. I'll never go away from you any more."

The poor woman broke out weeping again. "Child, you can't. Do you think I would be wicked enough to wish it? Oh! you don't understand. Thank God you can't—yet. But when you're older, and they say things about me to you, don't believe—the worse. Don't leave off loving me, Zillah. Promise!"

"We always love you, mummy, and we kiss you every night when we say our prayers, and say 'God, bless mummy! don't we, Earle?' cooed Olla, with her arms clasped around her

mother's neck and her soft cheek against hers. She gave her baby one loving kiss, then as suddenly loosening her arms, put her into Zillah's."

"Take her, dear," she said, "and go—go, all of you, now. I—can't bear any more. Zillah, be better to them than I was, and—send to your father, too."

"Not if he was bad to you, mummy."

"Oh, but he wasn't. Earle was right. He was not to blame; only—only—mother and I never realized it until it was too late—too late for us—doing! Go, dears, go, and pray for mother. Pray hard before you go to bed, and then, perhaps—yes, perhaps—God will let—me come back to you."

"And keep Christmas with us, mummy," said Earle.

"Yes," with a broken, pitiful laugh, "and keep Christmas. Oh, my darlings, pray hard for it! Good-night! Good-bye!" She had taken them all in a last embrace. When it ended, they were outside the door, and it was closed on them.

Ten minutes later she came out herself. She was not crying now, only very pale, and walking softly. As she passed the door of the children's cabin she could hear their voices inside—little tearful voices, repeating something together. She laid her cheek against the panel and kissed it; then, with the murmur still on her ears, glided softly up the companion staircase. On deck it was very dark, and raining hard. No one saw her as she crept along under the shadow of one of the ship's boats, and stood there for a moment, her hands clasped as if in prayer. The next the bench was empty, and there was only the wet decks and the rain, and the "chuck" of the waves at the bow of the ship.

LYCIPPUS

Overcoming the World.

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

Mrs Penrose was silent again. After the lapse of a few moments she said:

"I have not asked you what your prospects are, Mr. Kirk? Pardon me if I seem abrupt, but you have set me the example. I am the nearest relative Dorothy has now, since my brother's death. She has been accustomed all her life to the comforts of wealth. To such comforts as these."

Her glance swept the room carelessly, but with studied meaning. "May I ask what you can offer Dorothy in case—"

"In case she becomes my wife?" said Malcolm Kirk, completing the sentence.

"Yes, in case she becomes your wife."

His face had grown a little paler, and the muscles around his mouth had stiffened while Mrs. Penrose was speaking. But he observed her calmly enough.

"I can offer a home and comforts. I have a definite position. I do not need to say that I am poor. My life in the home missionary field to which I am going will be full of hardships. My wife would share them with me. I ought, perhaps, to say"—he spoke with the first hesitation he had yet shown—"that I have a possible source of income in my pen. I expect to earn as much as my salary by that

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means, I have once or twice done that during my college and seminary course."

"So that the most you can offer my niece would be twelve or fifteen hundred a year?" asked Mrs. Penrose, with the nearest approach to sharpness.

"By no means, madam!" said Malcolm Kirk, and his face glowed with the eloquence of his answer. "That is not the most I can offer her. The most I can offer is the love I bear her, and all the money in the world without that would be very little to offer."

"He's right about that," Mrs. Penrose spoke to herself, softly. Malcolm Kirk did not hear what she said, but then, at that time he did not know her history nor the inner emptiness of her unlamented married life.

There was silence again in the room. The two candles on the mantel were distinct and clear now as the dusk had slowly deepened.

A step came up the path and the door opened. Mrs. Penrose and Malcolm Kirk both rose as Dorothy entered.

She came in with her head erect, and there was light enough for her aunt and Malcolm Kirk to see in her face the tokens of some recent excitement.

"Where is Francis?" Mrs. Penrose asked.

"He is not coming back to night," replied Dorothy, softly, and then for the first time she saw Malcolm Kirk standing there by the fireplace.

She took an eager step towards him, and then suddenly stopped, while her face glowed rosy red in the candle light. As for Malcolm Kirk, he stood very erect and still, but out of his eyes shone the lover's look as he faced the woman of his heart's longing. He did not try to conceal it, and Dorothy alluded that he said: "I love you, Dorothy Gilbert, and I cannot do my life's work best without you." Mrs. Penrose saw that look, also, and respected it.

The servant entered and announced that tea was ready, and Malcolm Kirk found himself shaking hands with Dorothy and saying some very common thing about being glad to meet her. A few minutes later he found himself at the table with Dorothy and her aunt. He ate and talked as first with a repressed excitement that gradually became a source of eloquent conversation. No one asked any more questions about Francis Raleigh. It is certain that Mrs. Penrose and Malcolm Kirk understood that he had pleaded his suit with Dorothy, and had again been unsuccessful.

"She has given him his answer," said Malcolm Kirk to himself, and there was the first positive hope in his heart that he had dared to feel. He had never appeared to such good advantage. Mrs. Penrose, experienced as she was in the ways of society and familiar with some of the most brilliant men and women, felt a positive charm in Kirk's voice and manner. His awkwardness for a while was subordinate to his higher gifts.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

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