

# THE ACADIAN

## AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. X.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, AUGUST 14, 1891.

No. 51.

### CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria is so well adapted to children that it is superior to any prescription known to man. It is a safe, reliable, and pleasant medicine, and is the only one that does not injure the system. It is the only one that is so well adapted to children that it is superior to any prescription known to man.

### The Acadian.

Published on FRIDAY at the office WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

TERMS: \$1.00 Per Annum.

CLUBS of five in advance \$4.00.

Local advertising at ten cents per line for every insertion, unless by special arrangement for standing notices.

Rate 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.

Newly communications from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited.

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### DIRECTORY

Business Firms of WOLFVILLE

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

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

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

BLACKADDER, W. C.—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.

BROWN, J. L.—Practical Horse-Shoer and Farrier.

CALDWELL, CHAMBERS & CO.—Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Furniture, &c.

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

DAVISON BROS.—Printers and Publishers.

DR PAYZANT & SON, Dentists.

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

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

HARRIS, O. D.—General Dry Goods and Clothing and Gents' Furnishings.

HERBIN, J. F.—Watch Maker and Jeweller.

HIGGINS, W. J.—General Coal Dealer. Coal always on hand.

KELLEY, THOMAS.—Boot and Shoe Maker. All orders in his line faithfully performed. Repairing neatly done.

MURPHY, J. L.—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.

PATRIQUIN, C. A.—Manufacturer of all kinds of Carriage, and Team Harness. Opposite People's Bank.

ROCKWELL & CO.—Book-sellers, Stationers, Picture Framers, and Dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines.

RAND, G. V.—Drugs, and Fancy Goods.

SLEEP, S. R.—Importer and dealer in General Hardware, Stoves, and Tinware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Plows.

SHAW J. M.—Barber and Tobacconist.

WALLACE, G. H.—Wholesale and Retail Grocer.

WITTER, BURPER.—Importer and dealer in Dry Goods, Millinery, Ready-made Clothing, and Gents' Furnishings.

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

There was employed about the mine a Mexican boy, called Pete. He was a faithful and hard working boy, and had but one enemy in the world. That was "Old Lightning," an unusually large mule—heavy, bony and vicious.

This mule was used to haul the refuse from the mouth of the mine to the dump, and was generally attached to a heavy and very strong two-wheeled cart. Most of the men employed about the mine were much afraid of the animal, for he was always ready to use his teeth or his hoofs.

He seemed to bear a particular spite toward Pete, and had at one time, indeed, bitten and kicked him so severely that the boy's life was despaired of. Pete certainly would have been killed if Dennis McCarthy, the owner of the mule had not interposed just in time to save his life.

As it was, Pete was badly hurt, and might not have recovered if Mrs Green, the superintendent's wife, had not taken him to her cabin and nursed him back to life. The grateful boy had

the deepest affection for Mrs Green after this, and the deadliest fear of Old Lightning.

One day in May, when the supply wagon from Johnson's Flat returned from Gaylord's with a load, a telegram from the East was brought to Mrs Green. It stated that her niece, an invalid, had been taken worse, and had been ordered to go to California immediately; and that she would arrive at Gaylord's on the following Monday.

Preparations were made at once to meet the invalid young lady at the station, and bring her up the mountain as comfortably as possible. The camp wagon was stuffed with mattresses and pillows, and a safe team of mules provided.

Pete was to be taken as driver. He was an excellent driver, understood the use of the brake, knew the road perfectly, and was afraid of nothing except Old Lightning.

The train from the East was due at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, but it was seldom on time, and had lately been many hours late on account of a wash-out. Arrangements were made, therefore, for Mrs Green and the invalid girl to remain at Gaylord's over night; and no one at Johnson's Flat expected them until Tuesday.

Dennis McCarthy worked all day on Monday at his usual occupation of hauling refuse to the dump with his big mule and cart; and though he was generally unwilling to admit that Lightning had faults, he was heard occasionally to grumble, and to make remarks indicating that the mule was more than usually fractious.

The day's work was nearly done. The sun was approaching the tops of the mountains across the deep gorge to the west of the camp, and the last load for the day was put into the cart to be hauled to the dump.

Just at this time one of the men, in passing, made a playful motion toward the old mule. Quick as a flash he sprang at the man, dragging the heavy cart; and before Dennis could reach him, he was going at full speed down the grade.

The man saved himself by quickly running up the hillside into a clump of bushes; but the mule had become frantic and urged on by the loaded cart behind him and frightened by the noise it made, dashed furiously down the grade, with Dennis in futile pursuit at an ever widening distance behind.

The men, who were just leaving the mine, gathered at a place where the grade was plainly visible all the way to Dead Man's Point, nearly two miles to the west.

"Sure," said one of the miners, "I hope there's no one on the grade about now. 'T would be a bad day for 'em to meet Old Lightning, with all that load of rock in the cart too. They'd all go to the bottom of the canon together."

"Never fear," said another, "there's nobody on it this time. There'll be no danger to any one but Old Lightning, and I'm thinking he'll never cart any more tailings."

Among the others who stood looking down the grade was Doctor Green. The flying cart and mule was momentarily lost sight of, at a slight curve, and most of the men were looking at the figure of Dennis far behind, but running as if his life depended upon it. Suddenly the superintendent uttered an exclamation of horror, and he and several others rushed forward to the edge of the flat.

Just coming into view at Dead Man's Point, and turning the curve so that the precipice was at its very wheel, was the camp wagon. In it were Mrs Green, the invalid girl, and Pete; and the mule and heavily loaded cart were almost upon them.

There was barely room enough for one wagon. They must go over the grade, fall the dreadful distance and be crushed below.

The people at the mine did not know exactly what happened until Mrs Green was able to tell her story; and this is what she said:

"As soon as we reached Gaylord's we learned that the Overland train had been telegraphed as on time, greatly to the surprise of every one; and at eleven o'clock it arrived with my niece, Alice, on board."

"We took dinner at Mrs Atwood's, where we had arranged to stay over night; and as my niece was tired of travel, and as I knew that the accommodations were better than she could obtain at Gaylord's, I made up my mind to push on up the mountain."

"The mules kept along at the rate of about three or four miles an hour, so that at five o'clock we were approaching Dead Man's Point."

"Alice, lying back upon her pillows, had been much charmed all the way by the scenery. So, as we came to Dead Man's Point, and stopped to allow the team to take breath, I called her attention to the grandeur of the view here."

"But she could hardly look at it, she was in such fear of the deep chasm of the canon on our left hand, which we seemed almost to overhang."

"While we looked, and I assured her that there was not the slightest danger, I heard an exclamation from Pete. Looking up the grade, I saw, coming like a whirlwind around a little bend, Old Lightning, with his heavy cart bounding behind him."

"I saw it as one sees objects revealed by a flash of lightning in a dark night. Instantly I thought of our fate, for nothing could stop him, and when he struck us we must be hurled over the precipice."

"I was paralyzed with fear; everything turned black before me. I had a wild desire to escape, but I knew that escape was impossible. Even if I could have climbed from the wagon, it would have done no good; and what of the sick girl?"

"While I looked, and while these thoughts flashed through my mind, I saw Pete throw all his weight on the lever of the brake, forcing it down to the last notch, and locking the wheels so that it was impossible for them to turn. Then he thrust the reins and whip into my hands."

"Keep the team steady, ma'am," he said, "you must do it!"

"He seized something under the seat, and before I could speak, he was gone from the wagon like a flash."

"For one moment I barely supposed he was going to save himself by climbing the almost perpendicular side of the mountain, which no doubt he might have done—he is so quick and agile. But the next moment I saw him rushing toward the oncoming mule and cart, and wondering in a stupid way why he showed so little fear of his old enemy."

"While I looked, unable to turn away my eyes, and knowing that surely he must be killed, I saw him make a stand in the path, and suddenly spread the big blue umbrella directly in the face of the precipice."

"In that instant the off wheel of the heavy cart went over the grade, and amid a cloud of dust everything vanished from my sight, leaving in view only the winding mountain road, with poor Pete lying with torn clothing and bleeding face in the middle of it."

"Then I heard the awful crashing of the cart as it bounded from rock to rock to the bottom of the canon."

### POETRY.

"Jesus, Lover of My Soul."

"Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the raging billows roll,  
While the tempest still is high."  
Carelessly a little child,  
In the sunshine at her play,  
Lipsing sang, and sweetly smiled,  
On a joyous April day.

Sang with laughter, bright and droll—  
Sang with mirth in her blue eye—  
"Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly."

"Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past;  
Safe into the haven guide;  
O, receive my soul at last!  
Sang a maiden with a face  
Free from look or earthly care,  
With a form of faultless grace,  
With a wreath of golden hair,  
Sang with heart by grief untried—  
Sang with no regretful pause:  
"Safe into the haven guide;  
O, receive my soul at last!"

"Other refuge have I none—  
Hang my helpless soul on thee;  
Leave, O, leave me not alone—  
Still support and comfort me."  
Sang a mother, while she bowed  
O'er her baby as it lay,  
Wrapped within its swowy shroud  
On a dreary autumn day;  
Sang of hopes forever flown—  
Sang of eyes that could not see—  
"Leave, O, leave me not alone—  
Still support and comfort me."

"All my trust in thee is stayed—  
All my help from thee is bring;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of thy wing!"  
Faint and weary in the rack,  
In Death's winter evening gray,  
With a sweet angelic face,  
Dressed a woman, far away,  
As the feeble twilight fled,  
Angels seemed with her to sing:  
"Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of thy wing."

"Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the raging billows roll,  
While the tempest still is high."  
Ah! how soon our hopes decay—  
We must suffer and endure;  
Strive and struggle as we may,  
Life is short, and death is sure.  
We may hear the anthem roll  
Through the starry realms on high:  
"Jesus, lover of my soul,  
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