THE ACADIAN
AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XI. WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1891. No. 13.

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The disagreeable taste of the COD LIVER OIL is dissipated in

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The patient suffering from CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, OR WASTING DISEASES, takes the remedy as he would take milk. A perfect emulsion, and a wonderful flesh producer. *Take no other. All Druggists, 50c., 1.00.*

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POETRY.

Living Flowers.

If you could kiss the rose's velvet mouth,
To charm the cruel canker-worm away,
And cry, "Awake, O North Wind, come thou South!
Breathe on my flowers to-day."
Would you not love to save them from the blight,
And flush them into beauty fresh and new?
To bring them gifts of fuller life and light,
Sun-shine and limpid dew?

This you CAN do for fairer flowers than these,
Flowers that have thoughts and feelings like your own;
Whose stems are broken by the stormy breeze,
Whose freshest tints are flown.

Out in the darkness of the miry street
Those bruised lilies in their weakness lie,
Down trodden by the tramp of restless feet—
Left there alone to die.

Go raise them gently, wash away the stain
On their white petals with your tender grief;
Your tears shall fall like showers of precious rain
Cleansing each sullied leaf.

Oh, give those human blossoms human love!
Uplift the fallen seventy times and seven;
Save these sweet living things to bloom above
In the fair land of heaven.

SELECT STORY.

Pretty Miss Smith.

BY FLORENCE WARDEN.

CHAPTER VI.

But how to begin, how to begin? I could not approach near enough to question her; I could not confide in anyone about the house. I stole timidly round the house to the river-front, where the mists were beginning to rise from the water. The tide was going down, and a margin of black mud, which gave forth no very sweet perfume was growing wider on each side of the retreating stream. I saw no faces at the window; the house looked blank and desolate. I walked as far as a wall which ran down to the river path separating the garden from the distillery yard. This wall was almost hidden by a clump of trees and high evergreens, and I stood in the shade of these, looking at the river very thoughtfully.

"Hullo, Mary, my girl!" cried a voice above me, startling me very much.

I looked up quickly, and saw what I took for a boy, wearing a round felt black hat very much at the back of his head, and smoking a short briar pipe. This figure was sitting on the top of the wall, with its feet up, its sallow, snub nosed face peeping at me through the trees.

"What are you doing up there," I asked angrily, much disgusted by the lad's impertinence.

"I'm a-looking at you, my dear," was the cool answer. "And when I've looked long enough I'm a-coming down to hav' a kiss, blest if I ain't. And you may as well smile and look pretty, for them's my perquisites for all the new slaveys in this establishment."

"I shall go and fetch someone to turn yon out," I said indignantly. "I know you're trespassing, and as for that pipe you're pretending to enjoy, why it's turning you perfectly green."

I was moving away, a great deal annoyed at finding the sort of encounter my deception exposed me to, when, with a cracked laugh, my persecutor jumped or scrambled to the ground and placed himself in front of me. I then discovered to my astonishment, that not only was he a full-grown man, but that he was not even a very young man. His thin, hairless face proved on closer inspection, to be full of minute wrinkles, and the expression of his small eyes was decidedly knowing.

"If I'm green my dear, it's all on the outside, I assure you," he added with a bow and a frightful cockney accent. "And, as for havin' me turned out, as I've been night watchman to these here premises over eight years, and am about as useful a member as there is in the establishment, why you've overshot the mark, my dear, and no mistake."

"Whoever you are, I won't have you call me 'My dear.' I never heard of such presumption!"

"Hoighty toighty! The airs these pretty slaveys give themselves, bless their little 'earts! But perhaps you feel to want a proper introduction. 'Ere, then, at your pretty feet (and if those spicy boots didn't come out of the wardrobe of your late missus, I'm a Dutchman!) I figuratively kneel and introduce myself as 'Arry 'Opkins, born in the Borough, educated at Gutter College, Bachelor of the Arts of Distilling Whisky, and likewise drinking it, at your service."

The furious, shrivelled-looking manimp had a good-natured twinkle in his eyes, and I could not help being rather amused by him.

"Well," I said, "that's very interesting, but I don't see the use of all this ceremony, as we shall certainly not come much in each other's way."

"That's all you know about it. I come very much in the way of anybody I take a fancy to, and I've taken a fancy to you, Mary. You don't mind my calling you Mary, do you? You see, the miss changes her dolly-mops so often that I have to give 'em names accordin' to their sitivations; and the name for the sitivation of parlormaid is Mary."

The grandiloquence of this speech, combined with the cockney accent, was so irresistibly funny that I had great difficulty in keeping my countenance while I assured him that he might call me what he liked.

"That's right, Mary," he said approvingly. "You won't lose anything by being civil to me. I have keys to all the private doors, and I know many a short cut by which one's cousin can make himself scarce in a case of emergency. And now good-night my dear; I'll have that kiss to-morrow, when you feel a little less shy with me."

And the impudent little man, with an odious contortion of his features which I believe is called a wink, turned on his heel and got back on the top of the wall, singing to himself in a cracked voice something like this: "If you wish to know the time ask a p'liceman."

I went back to the house after this encounter, which had made me rather shy of further exploration. As I reached the first floor a pitiful sight met my eyes. It was poor Mary, wandering slowly but restlessly along the corridor, listening at every door, and from time to time retracing her steps to peep into one of the rooms she had passed. On such occasions the light from the windows showed me that her beautiful eyes were distended with terror, and that her lips moved as if she was talking to herself.

I was afraid to come near her or to attempt again to make myself known; something in the expression of her face told me it would be useless. I could only remain quietly watching my poor girl and yearning to put my arms round her and comfort her, with the tears creeping down my cheeks. At last she came to the door of the room which had been pointed out to me as her sleeping apartment. She stopped before it, evidently hesitating whether she should enter. First she put her fingers lightly on the handle, then she withdrew them with a gasp; then after a short space she did the same again. Finally she put her hands over her face and began to tremble with sobs. This was too much for me; I ran along the corridor towards her. But no sooner had she caught the sound of footsteps than without looking up to see whose they were, she burst open the door of her room with a shudder which betrayed that she felt a dread of some experience she had under-gone there and shut herself in.

I retreated to the little room which had been assigned me where I remained until my supper was brought up into the workroom opposite. The maid Emily bounced in upon me while I was eating.

"Well," she cried, evidently in the best of spirits, "and how do you like solitary confinement, eh? Don't make the mistake of thinking that it's due to your merits you're served in state like this. It's because Mrs Camden's afraid that the tales told in the servants' hall would frighten you away."

And she burst into a ringing peal of laughter, in which she was interrupted by the sound of her mistress' bell. Emily sobered down at once.

"And now for Miss Mumchance," she said with a grimace. "Ta-ta, Shan't see you again to-night, I expect; but—I'll be sure and see you—off in the morning."

And with a look of demure mischief, she curtseyed herself out of the room.

I saw no one else before going to bed except Mrs Camden, who seemed rather nervous and anxious to be off, afraid, I think, that I might insist upon leaving the house at once. She seemed much relieved to hear that I was comfortable and had no complaints to make, and wished me "Good-night" with great cordiality.

I meant to lie awake to see if, after all these disquieting hints and suggestions, anything mysterious should happen; but I must have been very tired, for I fell asleep almost immediately, to be awakened presently by a shriek, which brought me out of bed in the twinkling of an eye.

I am not strong-minded, but I don't deny that I was horribly frightened, that I would have given the world to be able, with a clear conscience, to jump into bed again and tuck the clothes rightly down over my ears. But Mary. What was I here for but to find out what was being done to her? Was I to be as callousy selfish as the rest of the household seemed to be? I hastily put on my dressing gown and slippers, the shrieks still continuing, though they were not so piercing as at first. I had to fortify myself with virtuous maxims as I unlocked my door with a trembling hand and ran along the corridor.

I faltered again when I reached Mary's door. The cries had ceased, and instead I heard low moans, whether of pain or misery I could not tell. There was another sound too, not so loud but more inexplicable; a soft, swish-swish, as of something rushing through the air and beating against the walls. Only the old wives' saying, "My heart was in my mouth," gives any idea of what I felt as I turned the handle. The door was not locked. There was no light in the room; that horrible swishing sound still went on; the wind seemed to be sweeping round the walls. Suddenly something flapped violently against my face with a loud screech. As my eyes grew accustomed to the gloom, I could faintly see, by the light of the summer night through the blinds that the air was full of whirling bodies that beat the walls with great flutter ing wings, uttering from time to time weird, ear-piercing cries. They must be birds, or bats, I knew; but even though I felt that this was some trick which had been played on my nervous Mary, I confess I could myself have shrieked aloud as the creatures flapped against my face.

A light I must have. I ran out of the room, leaving the door opened, and returned in a few moments with a lighted candle and a box of matches. As I approached the open door I noticed that the moaning of my poor friend was the only sound to be heard. Creeping cautiously into the room, protecting the candle-flame with my hand lest the wind made by the flying creatures should blow it out, I received another shock.

There was no sign of bird or bat in the room, and the air was quite still. The windows were shut; nothing had flown past me as I went through the corridor. But in some mysterious way the great flapping, screeching creatures, whose wings had made a wind in the room, had disappeared leaving no trace.

CHAPTER VII.

I felt dazed and shivery as I crept into Mary's room, like one who has just woke after a nightmare. If this was a trick, how was it done? and above all, who had done it?

Mary was in bed, lying on her face, moaning piteously, and clasping the brass rails above her with her hands. I approached the bed very quietly calling to her softly by name. But she only shivered and cowed down, as if seized by some fresh horror. I would not be put off though this time. Putting down my candle I clasped the girl warmly in my arms, whispering soothing words into her ears, and trying by every means in my power to calm her nervous fears. At last I succeeded so far as to induce her to turn and look at me, and presently I saw a gleam of recognition in her poor eyes. But she was so completely wrecked by a strain upon her nerves, which I was sure must have lasted for weeks, that she gave me no welcome, expressed no surprise. I didn't care: to be able to say she knew me was a great step.

She made no opposition when I insisted upon getting into the bed and passing the remainder of the night by her side However, there was no further disturbance, and in the morning I was able to slip back to my own room while she was still asleep.

All that day I had ample opportunities for considering the events of the past night, and deciding what steps I should next take towards solving the mystery. For I could not obtain another interview with Mary. She did indeed see me once or twice, and she did not shriek as she had done when I met her in the orchard the day before. But she shrank away in avoidance of me, and I was forced to come to the conclusion that the sight of me reminded her painfully of her sensations of the night before, and that it would be better to wait for a favorable opportunity of approaching her again. In the meantime I wrote to my second sister, the bright one, asking her to send me some clothes, as I should be staying where I was for some time. None of this new household of Mary's had ever heard of Georgie Oliver, I felt sure. I thought I would keep up my disguise a little longer, as the person or persons who had designs against Mary would use extra caution if they knew she had a friend about her.

But already I found that Emily looked upon me with some distrust. Mrs Camden had heard me go to Miss Smith's room, and knew that I had passed part of the night there. This fact getting abroad, was, of course, looked upon as an attempt to "curry favor," and when I asked, with real solicitude, some questions of the lady's maid, she answered with marked coldness.

The cries and moans Miss Smith uttered at night had gone on for about two months, she said. She had never tried to get into her mistress' bedroom when she heard these sounds, "not caring to poke her nose where she wasn't wanted." If Miss Smith had wanted her she would have rung her bell. Mrs Camden had gone in once or twice, she believed, and had heard and seen nothing. Whichever room Miss Smith slept in the cries and moans and unearthly flappings and screechings went on just the same. Nobody else in the house had ever been troubled with either ghosts or nocturnal noises. This was all I could learn from Emily.

My best chances of getting further into the mystery was by the help of my Cockney friend, Harry Hopkins; and although further acquaintance with him would not, I felt, be unaccompanied by drawbacks, there was nothing for it but to use such means as came to my hand. When I asked Emily where he was to be found, she drew herself up with such a superb air that I saw there was, for some reason, war between her and the night-watchman.

"That creature!" she exclaimed in answer to my inquiry. "You are surely never thinking of taking up with *him!* Well, I never should have thought it of a girl like you!"

"I want to get him to show me over the works," I explained. "He said he had the keys of all the doors in the place."

By the look in Emily's face I guessed that she had either got him to open some of those doors on her account, or had wanted him to do so.

"Oh, he told you that, did he?" she said with a sly, side-long look, "and so you think he may prove a useful friend! Well, don't trust him too far, that's all. He's always after the girls, the little wretch, and he's a perfect nuisance if you encourage him."

No assurances on this head were needed, and I told her so. Still, I asked again where he was to be found. He lodged off the premises, Emily said, and she did not know his address; she was "not sufficiently interested in him to inquire," she added pointedly. He was on duty as chief watchmen from six o'clock in the evening until six o'clock in the morning; but as he had several men under him, he was often to be met strolling about the yard with his pipe in the evening.

"And playing the spy, you may be sure, she went on viciously, "or it wouldn't be Harry Hopkins."

(TO BE CONTINUED.

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To cover all your land with grain crops and wild oats, and refrain from keeping sheep, horses, and cows because there is no feed for them.

To pay close attention to the comfort of your horses, cattle and hogs, whilst you are working all the spirit out of the wife and children.

To sell the best of everything to the town people and consume at home only the refuse.

SHILOH's VITALIZER is what you need for Constipation, Loss of appetite, Dizzziness, and all symptons of Dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle. Sold by Geo. V. Rand, druggist.

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How does he feel?—He feels after a spell of this abnormal appetite an utter abhorrence, loathing, and detestation of food; as if a mouthful would kill him—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He has irregular bowels and peculiar stools—**August Flower the Remedy.**

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