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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The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

Newsy 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 same may be written over a fictitious signature.

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Wolfville, N. S

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POETRY.

The March of the Years.

One by one, one by one,
The years march past, till the march is done;
The old year dies to solemn knell,
And a merry peal from the clanging bell
Ushers the others, one by one,
Till the march of the years shall at last be done.

Bright and glad, dark and sad,
Are the years that come in mystery clad;
Their faces are hidden and none can see
If merry or sorrowful each will be,
Bright and sad, dark and glad,
Have been the years that we all have had.

Fair and subtle under the sun,
Something from us each year has won.
Has it given us treasures? Day by day
It has stolen something we prized away;
We meet with fears and count with tears
The buried hope of the long-past years.

Is it so? And yet let us not forget.
How fairly the sun has risen and set;
Each year has brought us some sunny hours
With a wealth of song and a crown of flowers;
Power to love, and time to pray,
Each has been e'er it passed away.

We hail the New that has come to view;
Work comes with it and pleasure, too;
And even though it may bring some pain,
Each passing year is a thing of gain,
We greet with song the days that throng;
Do they bring us trouble? 'Twill make us strong.

With smiles of hope, and not with tears,
We meet our friends in the glad new years,
God is with them, and as they come,
They bear us nearer our restful home.
And one by one, with some treasures won,
They come to our hearts till they are all gone.

SELECT STORY.

Captain Corby's Jess.

The wide curve of the fishing beach glittered in the noonday sun. The tide was low, and the boats were drawn up high and dry on the sand—an irregular line of motley color, reaching from the pile of wet, brown rocks at one end of the curve to the beginning of the Ocean House wall at the other. The wall ran on out to the point where stood the big hotel, looking seaward from its many awninged windows.

It was very quiet on the beach. Lying on the warm sand in the shadow of a dismantled dory, Miss Felton could, with her half-closed eyes, see on one side the blue sparkling water and the white sails on the horizon, and on the other a group of idle fishermen in the dark doorway of one of the fishing huts. They sat with their elbows on their knees, smoking.

Near by Captain Corby was puttering over his work in the sun. He had wheeled a barrowful of nets down from the house, and was transferring them to his boat, passing them fold by fold through his knotty hands, and stopping here and there to tie a bit of rope, or fasten a loose thread with clumsy care.

The murmur of children's voices came to Miss Felton's ears from the other side of her dory. Rosy Pettingill and Annie Piper had brought their dolls down on the sand to play.

"Make believe," said Annie, "that you live down here with your baby, and I live up to the hotel with mine and play I've got on a blue dress with a blazier."

"What's a blazier?" asked Rosie.

"Why, a jacket, you know, like Miss Felton's." She dropped her voice confidentially. "And play—"

"Miss Felton's got four jackets," broke in Rosy, with importance. "I saw 'em in her room yesterday."

"Does she let you go in her room?"

"No," said Rosy. "But I peeked—Davy and I did—when she was unpacking her trunk. And she's got lace on her petticoats, and—"

"Sh!" said Annie; and the voices sank to cautious whispers.

Miss Felton smiled sleepily. Through an opening between two dilapidated fishing-sheds she could see a strip of the avenue beyond, almost deserted at this noontide hour. Into this opening as she looked came the figure of a girl—round, fair, with the fresh, eager loveliness of youth and bloom. Her dark hair curled in close tendrils under her jaunty, cheap straw hat. The color of her pink cotton gown was reflected in her cheeks. Her face was alight with smiles and dimples.

Standing in the sunshine at the end of the dark and narrow vista, the girl was dazzling to look at. Miss Felton raised her head quickly.

"There's Cap'n Corby's Jess," observed Annie Piper. "She's been up to the hotel all the morning, and Mis' Downs has been going on awfully."

"H'm!" said Rosy, absorbed in tying her doll's pinafore.

The girl on the avenue hesitated, looking down toward the beach. Then she disappeared. Miss Felton, watching, saw the flutter of a pink gown in Captain Corby's shed, and again in a window of his cottage, which stood in front, facing the avenue.

The children played, the fishermen smoked, the sun crept on toward high noon. Presently there came a sound of lifted voices, smiting the stillness sharply. The men looked up.

The old captain stopped overhauling his nets and sat still on the side of his dory, his hands dropping helplessly on his knees. The children drew nearer together.

"That's Jess!" said Annie, in a solemn whisper.

The next moment the pink gown flashed by the shed windows, and Captain Corby's Jess burst violently out of the door, stopping to fling back some wild words of anger and defiance. Her dark eyes flashed stormily through their tears; her cheeks were scarlet, her round throat swelling with sobs.

Turning to run down the beach, she caugh sight of the old man, still sitting on the edge of his boat, and stopped.

"Jess!" he said.

Her tears overflowed at the sound of his voice, and she ran to him, breaking into passionate speech as she went.

"I'm going, grandad!" she cried. "I'm going right away! I can't stay here and live with Aunt Reby any longer. I can't! I can't! Eileen has asked me again to go to Boston with her, and I'm going! Do you hear, grandad?"

"Ye-us," said the captain, slowly. "Ye-es, you're goin'. That's about how I make it out, Jess. You're goin'."

"For her to scold and scold," cried the girl, "because I went up to see Eileen, when I had worked since five this morning! She thinks I never ought to have any fun, and Eileen says its a shame for any one like—like me to have to work all the time. If I go with her, I shall have all the good times I want, and clothes, and I shall learn—Oh, I shall learn so many things! Why don't you speak, grandad?"

"I do' know as there's anythin' particular to say, Jess, he answered, with a sort of dreary gentleness. "Not anythin' particular. You're goin'. As fur as I make it out, that's about what it comes to. You're—"

"*Don't*, grandad! Oh, I'm sorry! I'm sorry!"

Her voice broke into a childish wail. She flung herself down beside him, and dropped her dark head on his oilskin knee. He put his rough hand upon it lovingly.

"There!" he said. "Don't ye, Jess! Don't ye cry! Why shouldn't ye go, if it comes to that? Reby—she means well, but Lord love ye, why shouldn't ye go? Ye've got the eddication, an' ye've got the looks, an' I don't see as there's anythin' to hender. Reby 'n I, we'll pull through. There, Jess, don't ye!"

He rambled on while the girl sobbed out her passion on his knee. When she lifted her face it was already beginning to sparkle. She laid her wet cheek against his shoulder, smiled at him through her tears, and at last sprang to her feet and ran away down the beach toward the hotel.

The captain sat quite still, looking down fixedly at his nets. His hands seemed to have lost their power. He looked older and more forlorn.

"I can read in the Slams," observed Rosey Pettingill, breaking the silence cheerfully.

"So can I," responded Annie. "The Slams and the Old Testament. My father's going to send me to Boston to school pretty soon."

"Annie Piper!" said the captain, so suddenly that Annie, balancing on a point of rock, fell over backward in the sand. "Your daddy sets considerable store by you, don't he?" the old man asked.

Annie bridled, picking herself up with dignity.

"You tell him, said the captain, slowly, "tell him Cap'n Corby says don't he never send his little gal to Boston to school!"

"Why not?" demanded Annie, lifting her shrewish little face to him, curiousiy.

"You tell him," repeated the old man, "don't he never send his little gal to Boston to school!"

The children, half awed by his manner, sprang up with a shout at the sound of a bell which came clanging through the quiet air, proclaiming the fisher-folks' dinner-hour. Miss Felton rose reluctantly, and followed Rosey up the beach. She boarded with the Pettingills.

Behind the house was the fishing-shed, black and dilapidated, and full of the various matters belonging to David Pettingill's craft; but the house itself, a trim yellow cottage facing the avenue, had white curtains in the windows, and a flower-garden gay with nasturtiums and sweet peas. Mrs Pettingill was ready to satisfy her guest's curiosity regarding Captain Corby's Jess:

"Pretty, ma'am? Why, certainly! As pretty as one of my sweet peas, and just as dainty. Not but what she was a sight of comfort to the old cap'n before she got so taken up with these city folks. Reby Downs *is* aggravating, and Jess, she's got a temper of her own, too. But there, think of her up and going away for that! Her father and mother died when she wasn't mor'n a baby, and the old cap'n's been parents and all to her. She'd get up at three o'clock in the morning when he was going fishing, and put up his breakfast in the firkin herself, and like as not she'd go with him. And when she went off to boarding school in Boston, it would have made you cry to see him standing there on the cars, and Jess hanging round his neck, sobbing the way she had from a little girl, as if her heart was all but broken. Now it's all 'Eileen'."

"Who is Eileen?"

"Why, that's that Miss Mathers up to the hotel. She wants to take Jess to Boston with her. Like as not she'll make a ladies'-maid or something like that out of her when she gets her there. It's all on account of her being so pretty and taking. And the cap'n's heart's just set on her, too, Miss Felton!"

The next time Miss Felton saw Jess she was riding backward in a yellow cart, driven by an ultra-fashionable young woman, who laughed and talked, and stared at the occupants of other carriages as they passed.

Jess was seldom at home now. She went out no more in her grandfather's dory. Miss Felton met her here and there, and tried to make friends with her, but the girl looked askance from under her dark lashes, and all her soft girlishness hardened into a defiant reserve that could not be broken.

The old captain went about his work more slowly as the days passed. He spent long days out on the water alone. On shore he stayed by himself, busying himself about his work with shaking hands.

"Let me go with you, cap'n?" asked Miss Felton one day, coming upon him just as he was starting out with some mackerel nets.

"Why, Ye-es, if yer want to," said the old man. "I ain't afraid of ye—not a mite!"

A slow smile dawned on his wrinkled face; and later, when they were pushing out through the breakers, he cracked

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with feeble relish one or two of his favorite jokes, at which Miss Felton laughed brightly.

"Are you pretty busy this summer, cap'n?" she asked presently, the silence falling rather heavily between them.

"Well, I aint ketched hardly anythin' lately," he answered. "Hardly anythin'. I lost a good deal o' gear that last blow we had, an' I aint as lucky as I used to be. I put the nets out—it don't cost me anythin'. Put 'em out 'n' let 'em ketch. But I'm gettin' old, Miss Felton. I used to be as spry as a kitten, but when ye're turned seventy, ye've got to take a reef somewhere's. An' Jess—"

There was a long pause.

"Your granddaughter," suggested Miss Felton, at last.

"Ye-es," said the captain, waking up. "My granddarter, she's—she's goin', Jess is. To Boston, ye know," he went on, cheerfully, shipping his oars. "Why shouldn't she go, if it comes to that? This ain't the place for her—a rough fishin'place like this. Jest ye shift a little to yer left, Miss Felton. Easy! Now set still!"

He stood up and cast out his nets, and the line of little bobbing buoys lengthened itself along the water as the boat drifted from the anchor.

"There we are!" he said. "I calculate on a hundred bar'l o' mack'rel in a day or so. I promised Jess the ketch—for a new gownd or somethin' to go away with."

"You'll miss her, cap'n."

He straightened his bowed shoulders and met her gaze steadily.

"She's goin'," he said. Reby 'n' I, we shall pull through. 'Tain't for Jess to stay along of us. She's got the eddication, an' she's got the looks, an, why shouldn't she go if she wants to?"

They did not speak again until they had reached the shore, pulling in across reddening water, for the sun was low. In the dark doorway of the shed Miss Felton saw Jess standing, her hand over her eyes to shade them from the dazzle of the water. Her young figure was all aglow in the sunset light. The captain saw her, too.

"Jess!" he said, under his breath. Then he turned to his passenger briskly. "Here we are, ma'am, an' Jess a-watchin' out for us. Good night! You shall have a mackerel out o' that ketch, anyhow!"

The next morning Miss Felton went to the city. She meant to return at night, but the weather, which had been beautiful, suddenly changed. For three days the storm raged fiercely. On the third day she decided not to wait until it cleared, but to go back in spite of wind and rain.

It was nearly night when she walked up from the little station. The sea, so blue and laughing when she went away, was black and sullen. The waves rolled in heavily, seething far up among the boats on the beach.

The lights in Mrs Pettingill's windows twinkled cheerily through the darkness as she drew near. Miss Felton's supper was spread in the little parlor, and there, warm and dry, she sipped her tea, while her hostess bustled comfortably about, and the small Pettingills strayed in at intervals from the kitchen.

And to her, as she sat there, coming in like a blown bird from the night and the storm, dripping and with wide eyes full of fear and a piteous cry for help upon her lips, came Captain Corby's Jess.

"Grandad!" Jess said. And after she had caught her breath, she told them how she had been at Miss Mathers' cottage through all the storm, and how her grandfather had gone out in his dory that morning, and had not been heard from since.

"Out in this storm!" cried David Pettingill, pulling on his boots. "Why, girl, he must have been sheer crazy! What did he go for?"

"He wanted to save his nets and his mackerel!" she cried. "He kept talking about it, Aunt Reby says, and he slipped away when she didn't know he was going. He had promised to give me the catch for a dress, and he's a little wrong in his head, sometimes, she thinks—and perhaps he didn't quite know. Oh grandad! grandad!"

"An' where was you?" asked David, bluntly, "that you didn't make him stay at home in such weather?"

She turned away. "I was at Eileen's," she said, faintly.

David Pettingill strode by her with his lighted lantern, and plunged out into the storm. Miss Felton and Jess and Mrs Pettingill, with Davy and Rosy clinging to her skirts, crept after him fearfully to the shed door, and looked out over the inky waste of waters.

The waves came racing up the beach, breaking in lines of white against the blackness. The wind tore the foam from theis tops, and flung it in the faces of the watchers. The deep roar of the breakers shut out all other sounds.

Mrs Pettingill shuddered, and drove the children before her into the house. But Jess threw herself out into the storm with a wail of despair.

"They will never find him!" she cried. "He has gone down! He has been drowned! O grandad! grandad!"

There in the darkness Miss Felton put both arms around her. The girl's hardness and reserve were quite gone. She laid her head on the friendly shoulder, shaken from head to foot with that low, pitiful, childish sobbing.

"Miss Felton," she moaned, "he would not have done it if I had been there! He would do anything for me!"

"There Jess! There, dear!" said Miss Felton. "They will do everything they can. Come!"

She drew the girl into the house. Reby Downs was there now, and Susie Crowley, and two or three other women who had heard the news. They gathered in the parlor, and talked together in low voices. Jess flung herself down in a corner, burying her face in her lap.

The hours passed slowly. The women nodded and slept in their chairs. The wind lulled, and the rain ceased to fall. Miss Felton dozed and woke, and dozed again. Then she opened her eyes with a start. The dawn was creeping in at the windows, and there was a sound of footsteps coming up the avenue. A voice followed the footsteps.

"If it had 'a' blowed southeast,' said the voice, hoarse but familiar, "there wouldn't 'a' been a bit of gear left. The water was all broke up as 'twas; but ye see—"

Then Jess rose up with a cry, and stood still, white and trembling. The next moment she was hanging round her grandfather's neck, all dripping as he was, and rubbing his bewildered old eyes. The color came back to his face with a rush. She clung to him and kissed him and laughed, and then hid her face on his rough breast, and sobbed again.

"Well," he said, when she would let him speak, "I ain't drowned yet, after all, Jess! Ye see, I put in over there to Nichols' P'int, seein's I couldn't get in

(CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.)

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