

(Continued from First page.)  
 court house a whole morning. Mr. John went softly about, touching his hat to every one he met; and the housekeeper said he spoke always in the most sympathising tones to Nelly.  
 Had he found a will? Did he know that the Squire meant to provide for her, and was going to make it right? Or would he do the generous thing, and share and share alike?

It was all in vain. Guessing did no good; and poor Nelly meantime sat all day in her solitary room, spoiling her pretty brown eyes with tears, and only stealing out in twilight to carry a wreath or a fresh bouquet to the old cemetery under the hill.

"I can't bear it any longer! I must know!" she said at last, one night, throwing herself into the arms of little Miss Pettikin when she came for her faithful daily call.

"Must know what, child?" said Miss Pettikin, pushing the black veil out of the way to kiss Nelly's forehead.

"I must know whether I am eating beggar's bread! I feel like a beggar every time I sit at his table, if it is his; and yet, Father David always told me this should be my home as long as I lived. O Miss Pettikin! why need he die? He loved me so, and he was so dear!"

Miss Pettikin wiped her own eyes, and then wiped Nelly's.

"I suppose he had to die because his time had come," she said, with a misty voice. But that's no reason you shouldn't have a home and enough to keep you in it, too. I can't really believe it of David. He must have fixed it somehow."

"I'm going to ask!" said Nelly, suddenly freeing herself; and before the little schoolmistress could get her breath for fright, she run down stairs to the "keeping room," where the last member of the Harcourt family sat looking over a box of old papers.

"Mr John," she said coming close to the table and laying her pretty hand upon it to steady herself, "excuse me for interrupting you, but I should like to ask if you have found anything."

"Found anything, my child?" answered the fine gentleman, in a smooth voice. "I have found a great many things. But let me hand you a chair," and the same white hands that had put back the bed-curtain for the squire drew a chair near his own and waited for her to take it.

"Thank you!" she said, without moving; "but I wish you would be kind enough to tell me whether there is anything that really belongs to me."

"Anything that belongs to you?" repeated Mr. John. "A great many things, I hope; youth and good looks certainly, to begin with."

The brown eyes flashed now, and the little hands began to tremble.

"I mean, sir, is it necessary for me to earn my living? If it is, I shall like to begin to-morrow—although—"

and she glanced around the familiar room—"It will break my heart to leave the dear old house and all that is in it!"

"Of course," said Mr. John, smoothly; "but I think we can arrange it so that you can stay. I think Mrs. Harcourt will like to come up here for the summer, and of course she will want some one in the kitchen—some one to keep the house in order and so forth. I don't doubt you will do very well, if you like to stay."

How Miss Pettikin clasped Nelly in her tight-sleeved arms, and rocked back and forth when she got her back again upstairs!

"The brute!" she said. "The horrid creature! He sha'n't speak to you again, nor look at you, if I can help it! You pet! you pretty child! If I only had a house of my own! But I haven't. Or if I'd only laid up a little money! But I didn't. Or if I only needed an assistant in the school! But I don't;" and the little schoolmistress cried and rocked till Nelly really felt rested and comforted on her queer little heart.

But this was too much luxury, and Nelly sprang to her feet.

"Now, you dear little Pettikin!" she said, forcing a smile, though her eyes hadn't lost the flash that came into them down stairs; "you mustn't cry another tear! I'm not afraid of work. Didn't I work hard when you were my mistress? It's only leaving the dear old home that troubles me, and—and—feeling it so strange that I should have been forgotten, when he always loved me so!"

"But I must go, and I sha'n't be long deciding where. Just give me a few days, you dear Pettikin, and I'll tell you."

The village was all agog again. "Nelly Harcourt was going out dress-making. She hadn't a cent in the world now, that was certain, and she was showing herself as plucky as if she had real Harcourt blood in her veins."

"Look at this dress, dear Pettikin," she said, smoothing the folds of her black suit tenderly with her slender hand, the next time the little schoolmistress looked in; "does it not fit well? and there," opening the door of a closet where a row of jaunty-looking dresses hung in gay array, "I shall never wear those again, but are they not well done?"

"Now, you see, I have only to find some quiet place where a dress-maker is wanted, and I shall make myself as independent as—as—I know dear Father David meant to leave me," and poor little Nelly hid her face one moment on Miss Pettikin's shoulder again.

But going among strangers! The poor child would break her heart, and wear her fingers out at once! What was the old squire thinking of?

From the whitest-haired old man down to the youngest toddler, everybody was Nelly's friend, and so they all mourned together—all except Seth Danbury, and not a cloud ever came over his face, no matter who might be talking about it.

"Now I don't think she's going very far," he said. "Things'll come out just about right, I guess; just you see. 'T would be a pity if we couldn't attend to her somehow amongst us all."

(Concluded next week.)

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 CELEBRATED  
**ROGER'S LIME.**

This Lime has won  
**Two First Prizes,**  
 And is second to none in the Dominion.  
 FOR SALE LOW BY  
**R. PRAT.**

## GARDEN SEEDS!

The Subscriber has received his Stock of Garden and Flower Seeds for season of  
**1884.**

**Geo. V. Rand.**  
 Wolfville, May 1st. 1884.

## W. & A. Railway

### Time Table

1884—Summer Arrangement—1884.

Commencing Monday, 2nd June.

GOING EAST.	Accm. Daily.	Accm. T.F.S.	Exp. Daily.
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Annapolis Leave	5 30		1 45
14 Bridgetown "	6 25		2 23
28 Middleton "	7 25		2 57
42 Aylesford "	8 32		3 30
47 Berwick "	8 55		3 43
50 Waterville "	9 10		3 50
59 Kentville d'pt	5 40	10 40	4 20
64 Port Williams "	6 00	11 00	4 33
66 Wolfville "	6 10	11 10	4 38
69 Grand Pre "	6 25	11 22	4 46
72 Avonport "	6 37	11 35	4 54
77 Hantsport "	6 55	11 55	5 08
84 Windsor "	7 45	12 45	5 30
116 Windsor Junc "	10 00	3 10	6 50
130 Halifax arrive	10 45	3 55	7 25

GOING WEST.	Exp. Daily.	Accm. M.W.F.	Accm. daily.
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Halifax—leave	7 20		2 30
14 Windsor Jun--"	8 00	8 30	3 30
46 Windsor "	9 15	11 00	5 35
53 Hantsport "	9 35	11 30	6 03
58 Avonport "	9 48	11 50	6 20
61 Grand Pre "	9 56	12 06	6 33
64 Wolfville "	10 05	12 24	6 46
66 Port Williams "	10 10	12 36	6 55
71 Kentville "	10 40	1 25	7 10
80 Waterville "	10 58	2 02	
83 Berwick "	11 05	2 17	
88 Aylesford "	11 18	2 40	
102 Middleton "	11 48	3 47	
116 Bridgetown "	12 23	4 52	
130 Annapolis Ar'Ve	1 00	5 50	

N. B. Trains are run on Eastern Standard Time, One hour added will give Halifax time.

Steamer Secret leaves Annapolis for St. John every Tues Thurs and Sat. p. m.

Steamer New Brunswick leaves Annapolis for Boston every Sat. p. m.

Steamer Cleopatra leaves Yarmouth for Boston every Wed. p. m.

Through tickets may be obtained at the principal Stations.

P. Innes,  
 General Manager.  
 Ker. ville, 30th May 1884

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