

THE LONDONDERRY ARC-LIGHT.

AND IRON ENTERPRISE.

ACADIA MINES, N. S. FRIDAY MARCH 20, 1889

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THE LONDONDERRY ARC-LIGHT.

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—BY—

MICHENER & Co.

Advertising rates on application.

Job Work done in all its branches, with neatness and dispatch.

Communications on business or otherwise should be addressed,

LONDONDERRY ARC-LIGHT,

ACADIA MINES, N. S.

Select Poetry.

WHAT SHE WANTED.
She poured his coffee with extra care
And carried it to his plate;
She stood beside him and smoothed his hair
And talked to him while he ate.
She jumped to help him with his coat
And gave him a loving pat;
She tied a kerchief round his throat
And carefully brushed his hat.
She smiled to herself, for although they
Had been married but a year,
He knew the signs, so he passed to say,
"What is it you want, my dear?"
She blushed a little and hung her head,
Pointed a moment or so,
Then, "Only a sealskin coat," she said,
"A nice long one, dear, you know."

AFTERNOON TEA.

When Polly sat the kettle on
To brew her choice of Roba,
And asked me with a winning glance,
If I am fond of tea,
Although I hate the horrid stuff,
I hasten to reply,
That few regard that beverage
With such delight as I.
For, oh! to watch her dimpled hands
Go fitting in and out
Among the quaintly flowered cups
Imported from Japan,
To see her foot and hesitate
Above the sugar bowl,
And wonder if one lamp or two
Is safer on the whole!

For privileges such as these
Would be a foolish man
Who did not swallow all the tea
Imported from Japan,
And in my heart I think myself
The happiest soul alive
Each afternoon at five!

Select Story.

THE ENCHANTED MOUNTAINS.

A TALE OF THE DARK AGES.

By EDGAR W. DAVIS.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

A murmur of surprise ran through the squad of horsemen.
"North! and without us? Sir, how can this be? Do you indeed know Sir Rupert?"
There was no time for reply before the door of the inn opened, and the landlord appeared on the steps.
Herr Wilfert grated his teeth together in dismay and growled to himself:
"This fool will spoil all. He will belie me and prate like an idiot about his honored guest. What possessed him to leave his tap?"
"Good evening, friends. I give you greeting. Will it please you to unholster and enter?"
"We seek Sir Rupert of Estenfels; and this gentleman informs us he has gone. How far can he be upon the road, good host?"
"Truly your query is strange. Sir Rupert of Estenfels, know whose quarters are good and I lay you a great sleep sound in the queen's chamber."
Herr Wilfert, full of mingled anger and anxiety, was drawing nearer to the landlord with his eyes fixed intently and meaningly upon him and his tongue ready to interpose.
"One of the soldiers echoed the landlord's closing words, exclaiming:
"The queen's chamber? And where may that be? I never heard of it."
Herr Wilfert ejaculated loudly, with a view to warning the landlord.
"Do you know? Did you see the tower at Oehlammet? There's a story to you do not find him there, the host says, it must be he's gone farther."
The landlord had not taken the hint, and began again, making Herr Wilfert beside himself with concealed anger.
"How can it be?" exclaimed the landlord. "Ochlagers? Why, it is three leagues, and—"
At this moment a frightful cry came from the lips of the man who had been sitting on the stone seat, and with a sudden spring he threw himself on the ground and rolled almost under the horses' feet. The animals recoiled before it, and some confusion ensued.

"What's this?" exclaimed a soldier, as he reined his steed aside to prevent his trading on the prostrate human form. "The man is mad as a dog. Just look at the mummie!"
The attention of every one, even of the landlord, was directed to the man.
Just then, with a quick, gliding motion, Herr Wilfert placed himself at the side of the landlord, poured into the ear of the latter barely ten words, that seemed to come like a blast of flame from his lips, and as suddenly returned to his former position.
"What ails you, host?" queried the landlord. "You look as if the wretch had jumped down your throat."
"Stand up, man!" thundered Herr Wilfert. "You are easily alarmed by a prowling peasant, who chooses to fly intoextraneous. Stand up and tell these gentlemen what they want to know."
"Odds bless me, gentlemen," he heard the landlord say. "I'm full of nervousness. I've felt it ever since Sir Rupert went. Do go and overtaken him on the road. It is a dark night and wearisome to travel, and Ochlager's a good piece on the road."
CHAPTER VI.
THE QUEEN'S CHAMBER.
Long after midnight a wild, unearthly cry rang through the corridors and halls of the Reinhold Inn. The landlord just ensconcing himself beneath the coverlet, heard and pausing in the act of extinguishing the light leaned on one elbow and listened. Soon afterwards the sound of opening doors, of shuffling footsteps and of human voices came to his ears. He leaped to the floor, thrust his feet into his slippers, threw a robe around his shoulders, seized his light and rushed out.
Away at the outer end of the corridor a group of half-dressed people were gathered about the door of a room. No second glance was needed to inform him what room it was.
"The queen's chamber," he ejaculated. "Some frightful evil has befallen Sir Rupert of Estenfels!"
When the landlord came into the presence of the wander-stricken denizens of his hostelry, his nerves quivered at the sight of their pale faces and staring eyes.
"What is it?" he inquired, in trembling tones. "What made that horrid noise?"
The hostler was the first to answer, in an excited incoherent way: "Inside, mynher, inside. My life on a goat the queen's come for him!"
"It was not his voice, cried another. "I'll certify to that. That voice was from the infernal regions, or I'm no judge. Such a fearful yell I never heard, and I've heard and seen some awful things in my time."
"Hark! hark!" ejaculated another. "There!"
"All shrank involuntarily away from the door and stood gazing at each other like so many ghosts in their white attire and white faces, while their eyes shone with alarm and with doubt.
A prolonged groan came to their hearing, and in nowise increased their courage. They fairly held their breath, expecting to hear a repetition of the noise. Their waiting was in vain. Eventually, one bolder than the rest, found the hardihood to say:
"Break in the door! Get a sledge and knock out the panel!"
"But the queen! If she should be there, all fresh from the charnel-house!"
"Foh!" was the contemptuous response. "Out on you all for cowards. Stand aside, I'll do the deed!"
The speaker was a tall, bronzed stranger, who looked as if he had been through all the wars of the Palestine. Seizing a heavy seat from the corner of the entry he poised it in the air and hurled it against the panel with a crash that was heard across the square.
If the denizens of the inn had not all been awakened before, they certainly were now, and doors were opening in all directions, upstairs and down stairs. The gathered groups at the entrance to the queen's chamber shrank back in dismay at the hollow echoes, half expecting to see the dreaded phantom of the buried lady stalk forth in a fit of diabolical anger.
The solid panels of the old oak door remained unharmed. The excitable and nervous host exclaimed at the top of his voice, as if he were leading a desperate charge of mailed warriors:
"In with it, good man. Break it in, and I'll charge you and your horse not a stiver. At it again!"

A grim smile, very like a sneer of contempt, appeared on the stranger's face. Twice more, in rapid succession, he smote the door, and the third time the panel was shivered from its place and fell into the room. It was the work of an instant for the assailant to thrust his hand through the aperture, draw the great wooden bolt within, and fling the door open with a crash.
There was a momentary pause, and all the spectators looked at each other irresolute and expectant. Who should be the first to enter?
For a brief space intense silence prevailed. It was broken by the landlord, who, with an exclamation, stepped across the threshold, holding his light over his head. Half a dozen of the bolder ones followed. The rest fearing to be left, went like a flock of sheep after the leader. So they all stood in the centre of the room, huddled together, and gazed around.
"No one here!" exclaimed the stranger, after a keen scrutiny. "Let us see into these closets."
There were two closets' presses, and he strode boldly to them and opened the doors. Both of these receptacles were empty. "And this door, where does it go? No matter; it is bolted within. And the windows—all fastened." The stranger looked at the landlord and the landlord stared at the stranger. The host drew a long breath, and ejaculated:
"Powers preserve us, he is gone. This is awful horrible!"
An exclamation from the hostler started every one. He gave a wild cry and pointed to the bed.
"Look there! look there!" he cried.
A sudden scattering among the timid ones ensued. Then they gathered again tumultuously and anxiously about the bed. One person only sought to question further, an aged man, in the costume of a travelling friar; but there broke from the lips of the knight the sudden and vehement command: "Silence!" and no man dared to disobey him after that; even the irrepressible host was quieted.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CHARNEL.

Before the blazing fire only for a brief space did Sir Rupert sit, and hiding his eyes from the glowing embers, gave himself up to serious thought. What weighed on his mind would not at first have been apparent to an observer. But when he arose, and grasping the candle that flickered on the mantel, he turned around him with an air of determination, his low-breathed words told of his thoughts.
"This mystery shall be brought to light. I cannot sleep till I know all. Whatever fate betide, I'll venture it. And yet—"
His countenance grew pale at something that presented itself to his memory, and he set the candle on the mantel-piece again, irresolutely.
"Not long did he wait. Once more a stern resolve shone in his face, and he strode to the door and opened it. Looking forth, he beheld two persons at the farther end of the corridor. Sooth to say, those he saw were the landlord and Herrmann of Risburg, the latter the stalwart gentleman who had broken in the panel.
"You are the man I most wish to see," exclaimed Sir Rupert. "Come hither, my friend. There is work for you and me to-night." The person thus addressed opened his eyes in surprise at these singular words, and immediately leaving the landlord, hurried along the corridor.
"That is right," exclaimed the landlord. "I have been afraid of harm, Sir Rupert."
The host followed on after his guest, only to have the door unceremoniously closed in his face, and hear it bolted and barred on the inside, and the panel closed up.
"See you, my friend," cried Sir Rupert, drawing him toward the fireplace. "I seek your services because from your recent bearing and action, I deem you ready to follow wherever a kindred spirit may lead. There is a mystery here, that I must unveil before I sleep. Whatever legendary ghosts haunt this chamber, I have found the path to their presence, below. Your name has been spoken in my hearing before this night, and I know you for a man of honor. Will you give me a solemn promise not to reveal to other ears the things that you shall learn by sight this night—to which I firmly believe that I can lead you?"
The tall stranger looked at Sir Rupert in mute astonishment. What could such words mean? What was behind all this myster-

An Affecting Tale.

An early settler in Chicago related an interesting incident in which he was an actor: "As I sat there in the long ago, and shrouded in the September haze, I was dreaming of a fortunate future for myself, I heard the muffled tread of innumerable feet drawing nearer and nearer to me. The sound was like the footfall of a regiment of infantry approaching, and I rose to see what was the cause. I had not long to wait for very soon, there was seen a very singular spectacle. First came a large Illinois hog at the head of a long column of Illinois hogs all marching Indian fashion and grunting with that guttural plaint which the hog carries with him. On close examination into the singular phenomena I saw that all the hogs, except the leader, were blind animal having its predecessor's tail in its mouth. Throughout the line I saw a number of sightless hogs carefully following their leader to the water. I was never so much struck with the wonderful instinct of the brute creation in my life and my eyes filled with tears when I saw the sightless hogs and confidence of each blind animal following with implicit trust a more fortunate guide. Soon, however, a great dasher three-cornered and worked itself into my intellect. Dashing away my intellect I drew my revolver and shot of the leader's tail, leaving the long line of discrowned and aimless hogs in the middle of a broad prairie with no guide but the dissipated tail of a hog who was three quarters of a mile away. Then I strode up, and taking the gory tail in my hand I led the trusting phalanx down to the stock-yard and sold the tail at eight cents live weight. This was the start of my dazzled career as a capitalist, a career to which no point with pride. Thus from a poor boy with one suspender and a poor head, I have risen to be one of our leading business men, known and respected by all, and by industry and economy and borrowing my chewing tobacco I have come to be one of our solid men."

Ochiltree And The Snorer.

Some of the belated visitors to Washington inaugurating week had a hard time of it. Tom Ochiltree himself arrived at Chambers' only to find the history of his becom crowded to the top ceiling. Eddie Sombors, who always manages to get on the inside, had a big room, and as they are good friends he begged the genial Ochiltree to share a share of his apartment. About 12 o'clock that same night a well-known New York amateur athlete came into Chambers', and grasping Sombors' hand assured him that he couldn't find a place to sleep.
"Turn in on the sofa in my room," suggested the obliging Sombors, and after ordering a bottle of Grand See sent up they both ascended to the third floor. Then the newcomer was presented to Ochiltree, who had already retired. The bottle of wine was finished, and the athlete was first asleep. He was thoroughly tired, and such loud, variegated, resonant snoring has not been heard in Washington for many a day.
"Say, Eddie, what is this you have sprung on me? I don't think a buzz saw when I'm real awake, but to snore a planing machine up against a tree!"
Mr. Sombors interrupted with protestations that were drowned by his snoring like the roar of an angry surf issuing from the divan's corner.
Suddenly, after a half-hour of this agony, the sleeper turned, gave a quick start, and subsided into silence. The sound was so penetrating that Ochiltree sat bolt upright in bed, and when, when the sleeper subsided, he remarked respectfully to Sombors:
"Well, Eddie, he's dead—dead—God!" and then sank back to blissful repose."

Outwitted.

There is a man in San Francisco who thought that he had discovered a new method of advertising his business of tailor. He wrote that he would make the very sharpest in the sea declare his name to the world. He went about his business systematically. He placed a bottle with his own name and address on the sea, where a shark, where a whole world except his master, sun's would hate him if he dared. Many people never got into their neighbor's dwelling because of the snoring, growling brute that stands sentinel at the gate. I have heard many people say that it was a pleasure to call at my house because they could do so without a canine protest. Should any sheep be killed in a community, every man that owns a dog within miles will swear that his dog was at home. One human life destroyed by hydrophobia is of more value than all the dogs on the planet. To off of this bad character of the dog, one in a million may possibly perform some meritorious act. But I think that the world would manage to get along with the diminution of dogs and whiskeys."

A Froebles' Failure.

Many persons become feeble and fall in health from disease of the blood, liver, kidneys, and stomach when prompt use of Froebles' Food is made. The grand purifying and regulating tonic would regulate every bodily function and restore to perfect health.

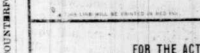
All duties paid on "Justice" Soap ingredients.

Repeal of the Scott Act

HOW TO VOTE.

DIRECTIONS FOR THE GUIDANCE OF ELECTORS IN VOTING.

The voting is by ballot. The form of the ballot is as follows:



The voter will be supplied with a ballot from the above by the Deputy Returning Officer. The voter will go into one of the compartments and with the pencil provided make a cross thus in the upper space opposite the words "AGAINST THE ACT."

THE FRAMES OF REPEAL are particularly important to note that they must put a cross in the lower space opposite the words "AGAINST THE ACT" when on the BALLOT SHEET IS IN USE.

The voter will then fold the ballot so as to show a portion of the back only with the numbers and initials of the Deputy Returning Officer who delivered it to the Deputy Returning Officer who will place it in the ballot box. The voter will then forthwith quit the polling station.

If a voter inadvertently spoils a ballot he shall apply to the proper officer, who, on being satisfied of the fact, will give him another.

If the voter places on the ballot paper more than one cross or places any marks on it by which he can afterwards be identified his vote will be void and will not be counted.

W. M. CUMMINGS,

Chairman of Committee.

Wonderful Philanthropy.

The reported provisions of the will of the late Leah Williamson, the Philadelphia philanthropist, indicates that her generosity was not confined to the founding of a great trades school. It is said that he has left about \$1,300,000 to charities and over \$5,000,000 to his grand-nephews and grand-nieces. His charities are said to embrace almost every worthy institution in Philadelphia and many in the state at the time his will was made in 1874. The Pennsylvania Hospital will receive the largest gift of any \$100,000, being set apart for it. Other hospitals come in for a share. Most of the legacies average \$10,000, and only one or two as low as \$5,000. The girls are exclusive of the \$2,100,000 given to the industrial school and the million and a half he had given away since 1876. Thus it will be seen that Mr. Williamson's lifetime savings \$5,000,000 go to charity and nearly \$9,000,000 to his relatives, which is a rather remarkably record of philanthropy.

Cure for Insomnia.

Recently there came to work in a Brookfield (Ct.) family a Swedish woman, who, hearing of a young woman's trouble from insomnia, told her of the practice of the people in her country who are similarly afflicted. It was to take a napkin, dip it in ice-cold water, wring it slightly, and lay it across her eyes. The plan was followed, and it worked like a charm. The first night she slept four hours without awaking, something she had not done for several months. At the end of that time the napkins and bougie dry, in return she slept again at once went to sleep, and it required considerable force to rouse her in the morning.

A Westbury business man witnessed a funny scene on a Naugatuck train. He was seated in a corner when a man came in and sought a seat three rows in front of him, depositing his grip on the seat by his side. Soon after the man left his grip in the seat alone and went forward to enjoy a cigar in the smoker's car. At the next station the man came in and sat down by the lone-seater's grip, man No. 4 taking a seat next in the rear. At the next station the man by the grip left the car, and No. 4 seeing the grip for the first time, supposed it being No. 4 and No. 4, and he at once raised a window and threw the grip out at him, yelling: "Here you! Here's your baggage," and away the car scurried before the Westbury conductor had time to stop the fan. When the owner of the grip sauntered back to his seat from the smoker and could not find his baggage, the explanation of the affair made the incident rather aggravating.

The London Times was hexed a century ago nearly as badly as the present instance by a clever gang of forgers, who got up a bogus edition of the French paper L'Edair, at the time recognized as authority upon matters of international news. The paper contained what purported to be text of a treaty of peace between the French republic and the Emperor of Austria. A copy was got into the hands of the correspondent of the Times at Dover, and from him went to London, where the alleged treaty was published in the Times, and was such good and unexpected news that the stock market went up with a rush. It was several days before it was discovered that the paper was a forged edition and had been gotten up by London speculators to bring about boom in stocks.