

(Continued from First page.)

ed up as it might have shone had she been facing the glow of a red sunset instead of the cool gray of mid-day. Her lips quivered for an instant and then became rigid, while her nostrils dilated, and her dark brow was sternly knit. She passed one of her large, but comely hands once or twice across her forehead, and then, driving her fingers into her thick, wavy, dark hair, clutched it fiercely. For a moment or two more she still stood intently observing the rider, as he urged his horse at the fullest pace the steep ascent would allow. When he was about half way she quickly drew back, as if to avoid being seen, but continued watching him through the crack by the hinges of the little wooden shutter of the window. As this opened upon one side of the mill, Naomi, where she stood, would have lost sight of the horseman as he came close up and passed round to the door; but he did not pass round, for the horse, a rough, vicious-looking brute, covered with sweat and foam, shied, and refused to go by the front of the mill, where the sails, in full swing, were whirring round with their rushing, chopping, monotonous noise, and, as usual, when the wind obliged them to be set to the south, within a few yards of the narrow, unprotected road.

An obstinate contest between rider and animal ensued; whip and heels were freely used. The creature plunged and reared violently, swerving from side to side, and doing all it could for mastery. But at last the rider got the best of the struggle, and with a tremendous plunge, the horse dashed forward out of Naomi's sight. The agitated and angry thoughts which evidently possessed her while she was watching the approach of the rider had been for an instant half diverted by the tussle between him and his animal; but as they vanished from her sight, her agitation seemed to be returning, when it was again arrested; this time by a strange and awful cry, which rose high above the clatter and din of the heavy machinery of the mill; a cry part shriek, part wail, part moan—hardly a human cry, but one which struck a chill to Naomi's heart. With the agility of an antelope she flew down the narrow ladder to the dressing floor, and out into the open air by the stair from the doorway at the back of the mill. She appeared to divine something of what had happened, for, with a face now nearly as white as the dust of the meal with she was besprinkled, she hurried round on to the road. The sight which there awaited her might have made stronger nerves quiver. Horse and man lay apparently dashed to death by a blow, or many blows, from the inexorably revolving mill sails. At the first glance both, indeed, seemed to be within their fell swoop; but when Naomi had sufficiently collected herself, she saw that the horse had been thrown quite clear of the sails by that stroke from them which had smashed in the whole of his head, and doubtless killed him in an instant.

It was hardly possible to believe, however, that the man could be beyond the death-dealing circuit of the sails. Each one as it swept down to within that foot and a half from the ground, looked as if it was striking him at every

turn, for he lay stretched face downwards, with his head exactly upon the spot where the beam passed the closest to the grass; but he was motionless, and as long as he so remained was as safe as if he had had his head upon a pillow. But should he move or raise it an inch or two he would inevitably share the fate of his horse. Yet could he raise it? Was it likely?

This was what Naomi asked herself, as with a rush of conflicting emotions, she stood as near as she dare, bending toward him.

(To be continued.)

**TOMMY TRIPPS COMPOSITION**

"Wun time a frog and a hop-tode they met, and the frog sassed the hop-tode, 'cos it was clumsy, but the tode it said:—'If you will come here on this flat stone, where we can start even, I'll beat you jumpin' hi' best two out of three.' So they done it, and the first time the tode it only jest cleared the stone, but the frog it went up so high that it hurt itself coming down, and cudn't jump no more at all, and the hop-tode it beat the other two times."

The Drunkard-maker always hates his oldest and most reliable customers, and is proud of cursing and kicking them out. How we should be surprised to hear the shoemaker slam the door against an old customer, and say, "You villainous old scamp, I made boots and shoes for you and your family for twenty years, and you have paid for them, and here you are for more shoes! Get out, and don't let me see your face again." How funny it would look to see a tailor basting an old schoolmate into a gutter, because after getting his clothes there for fifteen years he wants to buy an overcoat. Or a minister assaulting an old stand-by because he has been twenty-five years a communicant and elder in his church, and therefore must be unfit company for anybody. Isn't it time for drunkards to be ashamed of the drunkard-makers? —Broadaxe.

An advertising agent called upon Mr. Closefist the other day in a business way.

"Oh, I don't want to advertise," said Mr. Closefist. "I have a regular run of customers, and strangers are attracted by my red flag on top of my house."

"All right," said the agent. "Just continue doing business that way and some of these days people will see a red flag in front of your house, but they won't be attracted by it. They will be attracted by the bell that the boy is ringing as he walks up and down before your store."

That agent was something of a philosopher.—Hatchet.

A philosopher says:—"Live your life in such a way as to show a contempt for wealth." That's us! We want our daily life so intermingled with wealth, as it were, that familiarity will breed contempt.

He who would admonish others should, above all things, be careful of their reputation and sense of shame. They who have cast off blushing are beyond amendment.

**LIME! LIME!**  
I have just received  
**150 CASKS & BARRELS**  
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

1883—Winter Arrangement—1884.  
Commencing Monday, 10th. Dec.

GOING EAST.	Accm. Daily	Accm. T.F.S	Exp. Daily.
Annapolis Le've		A. M.	A. M.
14 Bridgetown "		6 15	1 15
28 Middleton "		7 10	2 03
42 Aylesford "		8 10	2 48
47 Berwick "		9 15	3 30
50 Waterville "		9 35	3 48
59 Kentville d'pt	6 00	9 50	3 57
64 Port Williams "	6 20	11 15	4 35
66 Wolfville "	6 30	11 35	4 51
69 Grand Pre "	6 43	11 44	5 00
72 Avonport "	6 55	11 57	5 11
77 Hantsport "	7 12	12 10	5 23
84 Windsor "	8 00	12 30	5 38
116 Windsor June "	10 15	1 20	6 00
130 Halifax arrive "	11 00	4 40	8 00

GOING WEST	Exp. Daily	Accm. M W F	Accm. daily.
Halifax—leave		A. M.	A. M.
14 Windsor Jun—"	7 15	7 30	2 30
46 Windsor "	7 55	7 22	3 30
53 Hantsport, "	9 15	10 15	5 33
58 Avonport, "	9 40	10 44	6 01
61 Grand Pre "	9 56	11 02	6 19
64 Wolfville "	10 06	11 15	6 33
66 Port Williams "	10 17	11 30	6 46
71 Kentville "	10 25	11 40	6 55
80 Waterville "	11 00	12 30	7 10
83 Berwick "	11 27	1 05	
88 Aylesford "	11 36	1 20	
102 Middleton "	11 50	1 40	
116 Bridgetown "	12 30	2 50	
130 Annapolis Ar'ive	1 15	3 50	
	2 00	4 45	

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

Steamer Secret leaves Annapolis for St. John every Mon. Wed. 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.  
Kez. ville, 9th March 1884/

**THOS. BIRD,**  
**WATCHMAKER,**  
WOLFVILLE, - - N. S.

Begs to inform the inhabitants of Wolfville and vicinity that he has leased part of the store occupied by Rockwell & Co., where he is prepared to repair all kinds of Watches, Clocks and Jewellery. And trusts by sound work and moderate charges to merit a share of public patronage.

I warrant all my work for one year

Thos. Bird.

**J. W. ESTON.**  
**MERCHANT TAILOR,**  
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Has a fine stock of Cloths which will be sold Cheap.

**CARRIAGES**

—AND—  
**SLEIGHS**

of all kinds  
Made At Shortest Notice

—AT—  
**A. B. ROODS.**

Repairing in all its branches promptly attended to.

Wolfville, Oct. 12 1883

**"GERES" SUPERPHOSPHATE,**

Three sizes  
**Ground Bone.**

The best Fertilizers in the market.

The above Celebrated Fertilizers, manufactured at the

**CHEMICAL FERTILIZER WORKS**  
**JACK & BELL, Proprietors.**  
Office: Pickford & Back's Wharf,  
Halifax, N. S.

**G. H. Wallace, Ag't,**  
WOLFVILLE

**THE ACCIDENT**  
**INSURANCE COMPANY**  
OF  
**NORTH AMERICA**

IS THE  
**FIRST AND ONLY ACCIDENT**  
**INSURANCE COMPANY**  
IN AMERICA

Confining itself to the one business.

**J. B. DAVISON, - - Agent**  
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Vol. III.

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