

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. X.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, AUGUST 7, 1891.

No. 50.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any purgative known to me. I. A. ANDREWS, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

THE CHEMISTS COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

The Acadian.

Published on FRIDAY at the office WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

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CLUBS of five in advance \$4.00.

Local advertising at ten cents per line for every insertion, unless by special arrangement for standing notices.

Rates for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the printer, and payment on transient advertising must be guaranteed by some responsible party prior to its insertion.

The Acadian Job Department is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

Newspaper 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.

Address all communications to DAVIDSON BROS., Editors & Proprietors, Wolfville, N. S.

DIRECTORY

Business Firms of WOLFVILLE

The undermentioned firms will use you right, and we can safely recommend them as our most enterprising business men.

BORDEN, C. H.—Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, and Gents' Furnishing Goods.

BORDEN, CHARLES H.—Carriages and Sleighs Built, Repaired, and Painted.

BLACKADDER, W. C.—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.

BROWN, J. I.—Practical Horse-Shoer and Farrier.

CALDWELL, CHAMBERS & CO.—Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Furniture, &c.

DAVISON, J. B.—Justice of the Peace, Conveyancer, Fire Insurance Agent.

DAVISON BROS.—Printers and Publishers.

DR PAYZANT & SON, Dentists.

GILMORE, G. H.—Insurance Agent, Agent of Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association of New York.

GODFREY, L. P.—Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes.

HARRIS, O. D.—General Dry Goods, Clothing and Gents' Furnishings.

HEBBIN, J. F.—Watch Maker and Jeweller.

HIGGINS, W. J.—General Coal Dealer. Coal always on hand.

KELLY, THOMAS.—Boot and Shoe Maker. All orders in his line faithfully performed. Repairing neatly done.

MURPHY, J. L.—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.

PATRICH, C. A.—Manufacturer of all kinds of Carriage, and Team Harness. Opposite People's Bank.

ROCKWELL & CO.—Book-sellers, Stationers, Picture Framers, and Dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines.

RAND, G. V.—Drugs, and Fancy Goods.

SLEEP, S. R.—Importer and dealer in General Hardware, Stoves, and Tinware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Plows.

SHAW, J. M.—Barber and Tobaccoist.

WALLACE, G. H.—Wholesale and Retail Grocer.

WITTER, BURPEE.—Importer and dealer in Dry Goods, Millinery, Ready-made Clothing, and Gents' Furnishings.

WILSON, JAS.—Harness Maker, is still in Wolfville where he is prepared to fill all orders in his line of business.

POETRY.

The Land of Long Ago.

It was home! that land where our mother's hand Her little ones' curls caressed; There we smiled and wept, and as sweetly slept As baby birds in their nest. Now a sigh ascends for the dear old friends; We can never hope to know Any hearts so kind as those left behind, In the Land of Long Ago!

Then what bright romance was that first glad glance Into Love's enchanting book; And what thrilling bliss, when the first, fond kiss From our darling's lips we took; We may woo and wed, but till life hath fled, We shall yearn and sigh also, For the angel fair whom we worshipped there, In the Land of Long Ago.

Though our dreams are gone, yet we still plot on A-ways with pilgrimage; Let us do the right, and with evil fight, Till we reach life's resting stage, Then shall friends who weep o'er our dreamless sleep In the churchyard lay us low; When the night is o'er we may wake once more In the Land of Long Ago.

SELECT STORY.

Bob Gorman's Letters.

Mr Barlow was in a reminiscent mood that evening.

"Poor Bob Gorman!" he said musingly. "I have often said, Mr Whomso, that in this day and age of the world there was no excuse for a person to grow to man's estate without being able to read, at least fairly, and write well enough for his every-day business or social requirements. But my experience with Bob Gorman slightly modified that opinion.

"Bob had been born and reared in the very midst of the Montana mines and grazing districts. He absolutely had never had the opportunity to acquire the slightest knowledge from textbooks or by oral instructions, and when I saw him, some two years ago, he was a strapping fellow, warm-hearted as a woman, but illiterate to the last degree.

"He came from Montana with a herd of bronco ponies to dispose of to the settlers around Skytown. We were thrown together many times in a business way, and I came to admire Bob Gorman for his many qualities and strict attention to the interests of his employer. He seems to like me, also, and would come to the store and talk for hours at a time about life in the mines and ranches west of Missouri.

"One day he came to me with a letter.

"Mr Barlow," he said, in a half-hesitating way, "will you please read this to me?"

"Why, can't you read?" I exclaimed in surprise without pausing to think a second time.

Gorman blushed painfully. I would have given almost anything to unsee the words.

"Y' see, I ain't never had no chance."

"I understand, Bob. Yes, I'll read it for you."

"It's from Nance—my wife," Gorman explained, and the expression of great happiness beamed from his eyes. "Nance, she lives at Mingersville, an' she's the finest girl in Montanny, you can bet on that. I'm goin' to own a ranch of my own one o' these days, an' then I'll be fixed so I can stay at home with Nance an' not have to go knockin' round the country, sellin' broncos. Please read the letter, sir."

"The writing was almost illegible, and the third person was used all through the letter, so it was evidently from another's hand. It told how Nance was sick of a fever, but was gettin' long, and sends her love to Bob, wishin' he'd cum home soon as possible.

"The happiness faded out of Gorman's face the moment he heard of his wife's illness, and when I finished the letter his voice trembled as he asked: "Is that all, Mr Barlow? Don't it say how she is, or nothin' more 'bout what ails her?"

"No," I answered with deep sympathy.

"My God! I wish I knew!"

"He remained in silent meditation for a few moments.

"I wouldn't worry," I said; "it can't be very serious."

"He shook his head forbodingly.

"She'd never alet 'em write to me that way if it wa'n't. Tain't like her. I'll fix up my things here an' go back quick as I can," he said, and walked hurriedly away.

"In a short time he returned with a postal card.

"Just say for me, Mr Barlow? that I'm cummin' home. Begin it Dear Nance—but, jus' know how. She's sick, an' I want to be kinder lovin'. Tell her I'll be there just as soon as I can get things fixed here. Send it to Nance Gorman, Mingersville, Dawson county, Montanny. Be sure an' put on the county, 'cause it's a small place, an' I want her to get that, sure."

"I complied with his request and he left the store.

"In a couple of days he came back to me again. He had an old satchel in his hand, and his face was fairly aglow with pleasure.

"Where are you bound for, Bob?"

"Montanny," he said, slipping his satchel brusquely. "I'll be with Nance inside o' twenty-four hours. I feel like a boy, Mr Barlow—been away three months, y' know. I only hope she's better. I'll leave Ole Ramsey in charge o' the herd. Give him anythin' he wants on credit—it's all right."

"He fumbled in his pocket and finally drew out a letter.

"Got a letter here. Guess it's from Newt Tumble; he runs the Tea Strike ranch—the one I worked for 'know. Least I think it's from him; it looks like his hand-writ. If you'll just read it to me now—"

"Certainly," I answered, with a smile. His happiness was infectious.

"I opened the letter and a glance at its contents startled me. Here is the way it read:

DEAR BOB—I tak mi pee in han too lett you kno that nance she did just nite had luck Ole chap dont feel too bad cum home soon from

CLAPPER.

"What does it say, Mr Barlow?" asked Bob, anxiously, noting my changing countenance.

"How could I tell him? Here he was, all ready to start for home, anticipating a joyful meeting with his wife, and it was reserved for me to dash his hopes—mayhap break his heart.

"Bob, I answered, huskily, 'this ain't from your employer?'

"Ain't it from Newt? Who is it from, then?"

"Do you know any one by the name of Clapper?"

"Clapper? Oh, yess—he's a foreman of Newt's. What does he say?"

"I did not reply.

"Anythin' wring at the ranch?"

Unconsciously a tear must have come to my eye, for Bob Gorman caught my arm as in a vice.

"Read that letter!" he commanded, in a harsh voice.

"I read it to him slowly, solemnly, sympathetically. He stood like a stone for some minutes after I had finished. I tell you, Whomso, that silence was awful. I could do absolutely nothing to console the man who stood before me filled with grief that was wrecking his life.

"Great God? He finally exclaimed, tossing his arms above his head and staggering like a drunken man. I tried to catch his hand, but he shook me off and fled.

"I never saw him after that, but one day Ole Ramsey came to me.

"Got a letter from the ranch," he said in a trembling voice, "and what do you think has become of Bob?"

"What?" I asked eagerly.

"Dead," said Ramsey, sadly. "Some of the boys found him on the prairie with a bullet hole in his heart. You can bet there was foul play somewhere—why, Bob didn't have an enemy in the world."

"Ah, but he had one enemy, and that was—his fate!"

"That is why I excuse ignorance."

Why Will They?

Why will people continue to do the things that are to their disadvantage? This is a problem that has puzzled us for a long time.

Why will a man with a mouth like the entrance to the Mammoth cave shave his face smooth, when by allowing his beard to grow he might conceal the opening he so unhesitatingly offers to the world?

Why will a short woman always wear plaids, which makes her look even shorter and more dumpy? And why do tall women take naturally to stripes? Look about you when you take a streets, and notice the fact that the plainest-faced women wear the most striking costumes, as if they hoped by gaudy colors in dress to make amends for undue length of noses and excess of freckles and pimples.

Short, fat women wear fur-lined circulars, almost to an individual; and tall, lean women affect short walking jackets, and look like liberty poles with their shoulders.

Long-necked women invariably "do" their hair in a French twist, so as to let all creation observe the fact that their necks are long; and short-necked women stick to frogs on the napes of their necks, and from behind present the appearance of their heads resting on their shoulders.

Small, short men appear in tall hats under the impression that the title adds to their height, while in reality it gives them the appearance of a hat walking off with a man. One sees a great deal more hat, proportionately, than he sees men.

Why will women go shopping after samples that they never will buy anything like, and know that they shall not?

Why will people run down every other religion but their own? They know they never make converts by so doing.

Why can two of a trade never agree? Why does a young man, when he is going a courting, act as if he were doing something he was ashamed of? Why do old people go hate to see young people enjoy themselves?

What makes everybody like to hear of bad luck coming to somebody else? There are good souls in the world who will say that they do not enjoy anything of that kind, and perhaps they think so; but just let a scandal arise affecting the minister of "the other church," and see how active those very same good souls will be to find out every minute particular!

Why do boys like to break glass, and stone cats, and tie tin dippers on dog's tail? Why do men like to see a runaway? Why does everybody in a crowded railway car watch the woman who has a crying baby? Has she not enough to contend with without feeling conscious that every man, woman and old maid who knows about as much concerning a baby as an elephant knows about frying doughnuts, is looking at her, and wondering why she doesn't do this and why she doesn't do that?

Why do dyspeptics keep on eating baked beans? Why do fat people, who agonize over adipose tissue, keep on eating candy and using sugar?

Why does a person with "poor circulation" hover over a hot stove, and make their circulation aforesaid still poorer? Why do men marry women unfitted for them and bowail their fate forever afterward? Why does a girl unite herself for life to a man who she knows drinks, and then spend her life time in groaning over her lamentable misfortune?

Why do they do it?

We have asked the questions, but we are no nearer answering any of them than we were at the beginning.

KATE THORN.

Husband Wanted.

A GREAT HUSBAND SEEKING CONTENT. \$995.00 IN GOLD TO THE FINDERS.

We will give to the first person who tells us before September 12th, 1891, where the word HUSBAND is first found in the Old Testament, \$100.00 in cash. For the second correct answer \$50.00. For the third \$25.00. To the fourth \$20.00. To the fifth \$15.00. To the sixth \$10.00. To the next twenty-five \$5.00. To the next twenty-five \$2.00 to each.

Middle Awards.—To the 250 person sending in the 250 middle correct answers we will give \$1.00 each. To the person sending in the last correct answer we will give \$100.00 in cash. To the next to the last \$50.00. To the next \$25.00. To the next twenty-five (should there be so many sending in correct answers) we will give \$2.00 to each. This competition is open to the

world, and no charge is made to enter it. You pay nothing for the presents they are absolutely given free to advertise Dr Coles Perfect Blood and Liver Pills, the best Blood, Liver and stomach Pills ever introduced. They are very small. Do not gripe. Sarcure for Sick Headache. With your answer send 25 cents in silver or 27 in stamps, United States or Canadian, for a box of Dr Coles Pills. No answer will be accepted unless accompanied by an order for one box. Five boxes for \$1.00. Send at once, but no matter when you send (if you answer is correct) you stand a good chance to earn a good prize.

Soon after the close of the contest, a list of all the prize winners names and addresses will be sent to all who have entered the contest. Besides the above rewards weekly prizes are given.

Caution.—We are in no way connected with any other firm who offer premiums to their customers.

Address, DEAN BROTHERS, MONTREAL, P. Q.

Queen Victoria's Father in Nova Scotia.

About seven miles west of the centre of Halifax, near the head of Bedford Basin, is a beautiful spot, now much used as a picnic ground, which every Haligonian knows as "Prince's Lodge." It is part of the estate in old times leased by Sir John Wentworth to the Duke of Kent for his royal residence during the seven years that Prince, the father of Queen Victoria, lived in Nova Scotia. Sir John Wentworth had his country mansion there, and called it, in allusion to Lomco and Juliet, "Friar Laurence's Cell." The Duke enlarged the original house until it was a fine two-story villa, somewhat in the Italian style, with extensive wings at the north and south and a great hall and drawing-room in the centre. Back of the house were stables for his horses and the grounds though rustic, and having all the marks that nature had put upon them, contained many charming surprises. His Royal Highness who was at the time commander of all the forces in North America, had a telegraph battery on an adjoining hill, by means of which he could send his orders to Citadel in town. In the neighborhood of the Lodge were artificers of various sorts so that the place was like a little feudal town. Indeed, the Prince himself used to put his hand to the jack-plane or drive the crosscut saw, and I fancy there was little that went on that he did not personally oversee. He was a strict disciplinarian, but was very kind, affable in social life, and especially interested in young men, for whom he often did much. His life had not been a luxurious one, he inherited many of the simple tastes of his father, plain old "Farmer George," which, on the whole, commend him to Nova Scotians.

Society in Halifax in those days was very gay and it is said that the Prince, by his moderation in the use of wine, and by retraining entirely from cards, had a good influence over the young men of the town. To cure intemperance among his men, it is said he used to make them turn out at five o'clock in the morning for drill which, of course, made late hours away from barracks impossible. His punishments were very severe. For one poor soldier he ordered a thousand lashes on his bare back, and on the grounds of the Lodge are shown a cave where another was confined for two or three years, until he died. Once or twice it is said men committed suicide from fear of his punishments. Prince Edward's friend and companion during his Nova Scotia life was a clever French woman, Madame Alphonse, Therese Berasidne Juliet de Montenet de St Laurent, Baronne de Fortizon, whom he first met in Martinique, and who, when he married the Queen's mother, retired to a convent. The Halifax people were dazzled by the presence of royalty among them, and when the Prince's seven-year term had expired, it took society a long time to settle down to its normal condition. In 1800 the Duke of Kent began the erection of the present Citadel in Halifax, first removing the old insecure fortifications, and then building the massive walls that now enclose the fort. A conspicuous monument of His Royal Highness

A Nervy Pair.

It was in India. Dinner was just finished in the mess room, and several English officers were sitting about the table. Their bronzed faces had the set but not unkindly look common among military men. The conversation, at best, had not been animated, and just now there was a lull, as the night was too hot for small talk. The major of the regiment, a clean cut man of fifty-five, turned toward his next neighbor at the table, a young subaltern, who was leaning back in his chair with his hands clasped behind his head, staring through the cigar-smoke at the ceiling. The major was slowly looking the man over, from his handsome face down, when with sudden alertness, and in a quiet, steady voice, he said: "Don't move, please, Mr Carruthers, I want to try an experiment with you. Don't move a muscle." "All right, major," replied the subaltern, without even turning his eyes; "hadda't the least idea of moving, I assure you. What's the game?" "By this time all the others were listening in a lazy way. "Do you think," continued the major, "and his voice trembled just a little; "do you think you can keep absolutely still for say two minutes—to save your life?" "Are you joking?" "On the contrary, move a muscle, and you are a dead man. Can you stand the strain?" The subaltern barely whispered "yes," and his face paled slightly. "Burke," said the major, addressing an officer across the table, "pour some of that milk into a saucer, and set it on the floor here just back or me. Gently, man! Quiet!" Not a word was spoken as the officer quietly filled the saucer, walked with it carefully around the table, and set it down where the major had indicated on the floor. Like a marble statue sat the young subaltern in his white linen clothes, while a cobra di capello, which had been crawling up the leg of his trousers, slowly raised its head, then turned, descended to the floor, and glided toward the milk. Suddenly the silence was broken by the report of the major's revolver, and the snake lay dead on the floor. "Thank you, major," said the subaltern, as the two shook hands warily; "you have saved my life." "You're welcome, my boy," replied the senior, "but you did your share."

A Pertinent Query.

"Naughty, naughty chair, to bump baby's head. We'll whip the bad old chair!" And the young mother forthwith strikes the dumb thing several sharp blows. The baby crows with delight over the castigation that the chair receives; tears of joy, not pain, chase down his little cheeks, and the troubled mother is satisfied, since she prefers laughter to tears in her offspring. Does she realize that under this regime she is fostering a vindictive spirit in her child that may perchance grow with his growth, till in after years he may strike a murderous blow when angered by a companion's injury?—*Irish Times.*

The Use Of Ayer's Pills.

Harsh, drastic purgatives to relieve constipation is a dangerous practice, and more liable to fasten the disease on the patient than to cure it. What is needed is a medicine that, in effectually opening the bowels, corrects the costive habit and establishes a natural daily action. Such an aperient is found in

Ayer's Pills,

which, while thorough in action, strengthen as well as stimulate the bowels and excretory organs.

"For eight years I was afflicted with constipation, which at last became so bad that the doctors could do no more for me. Then I began to take Ayer's Pills, and soon the bowels became regular and natural in their movements. I am now in excellent health."

—Wm. H. DeLaurier, Dorset, Ont.

"When I feel the need of a cathartic, I take Ayer's Pills, and find them to be more

Effective

than any other pill I ever took."—Mrs. B. C. Grubb, Barwellville, Va.

"For years I have been subject to constipation and nervous headaches, caused by derangement of the liver. After taking various remedies, I have become convinced that Ayer's Pills are the best. They have never failed to relieve my bilious attacks in a short time; and I am sure my system retains its tone longer after the use of these Pills, than has been the case with any other medicine I have tried."—H. B. Hodge, Weimar, Texas.

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Dealers in Medicines.

LEGAL DECISIONS.

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the Post Office—whether directed to his name or another's or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay up all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the Post Office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

Office Hours, 8 a. m. to 5:30 p. m. Mails are made up as follows:

For Halifax and Windsor close at 5:50 a. m.

Express west close at 10:35 a. m.

Express east close at 4:50 p. m.

Kentville close at 2:25 p. m.

Geo. V. Rand, Post Master.

PEOPLES BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 9 a. m. to 2 p. m. Closed on Saturday at 12, noon. G. W. MUNRO, Agent.

Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. A. Higgins, Pastor.—Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday School at 9:30 a. m. Half hour prayer meeting after evening service every Sunday. Prayer meeting on Tuesday and Thursday evenings at 7:30. Seats free; all are welcome. Strangers will be cordially received.

Coke W. Ross, Pastor. } Ushers
A. W. BARRS } Ushers

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. H. D. Ross, Pastor.—Services: Sabbath 10:30 a. m. Sabbath School at 11 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Sabbath at 7 p. m. and Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Cranick Jos. A. M., Pastor; Rev. W. R. Turner, Assistant Pastor; Horton and Wolfville. Preaching on Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 9:30 a. m. Open-air and Avonport services at 3 p. m. Prayer Meeting at Wolfville on Thursday at 7:30 p. m. at Horton on Friday at 7:30 p. m. Strangers are welcome at all services.

Rev. JOHN S. CHURCH—From Sunday, June 28th, through the month of July, August and September, and up to October 4th in the current year. The regular Sunday Service will be held at 11 a. m. Notice will be given of any extra services which may be held from time to time. The sittings in this church are free. Managers and visitors are always cordially welcomed. Pastor, Rev. Canon Brock, D. D. Residence, Rectory, Kentville. Wardens, Frank A. Dixon and Walter Brown, Wolfville.

Rev. FRANCIS (R. C.)—Rev. T. M. Daly, P. T.—Mass 11:00 a. m. the last Sunday of each month.

Manotic.

Rev. GEORGE LODGE, A. F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7 o'clock p. m.

J. W. Caldwell, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION 8 of T meets every Monday evening in their Hall Witter's Block, at 8:00 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 7:30 o'clock.

Garfield Tea.



Why only James Garfield

A NATURAL REMEDY!

Potent and Harmless!
RESTORES THE COMPLEXION!
CURES CONSTIPATION!

THIS REMEDY is composed wholly of harmless herbs and accomplishes all the good derived from the use of cathartics, without their ultimate injurious effects.

Ask your druggist for a FREE SAMPLE. For sale by

Geo. V. Rand,
Druggist,
50 WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Pine's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best Remedy to Use and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Held by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. J. T. Haseltine, Warren, Pa., U. S. A.

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"No," I answered with deep sympathy.

"My God! I wish I knew!"

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"The happiness faded out of Gorman's face the moment he heard of his wife's illness, and when I finished the letter his voice trembled as he asked: "Is that all, Mr Barlow? Don't it say how she is, or nothin' more 'bout what ails her?"

"No," I answered with deep sympathy.

"My God! I wish I knew!"

"He remained in silent meditation for a few moments.

"I wouldn't worry," I said; "it can't be very serious."

"I understand, Bob. Yes, I'll read it for you."

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