

# THE ACADIAN

## AND KING'S COTIMES.

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

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### THE ACADIAN:

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Services: Robert W. Jones, Warden.  
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After looking up the other women when we got across.

"Yes," said Kirk, eagerly. He had a long talk with the surgeon, and next morning after the storm had subsided, and they had gone out to breathe the fine salt air, Kirk had no difficulty in persuading the surgeon to keep the body of the mother and help, in some way, to get it to the sister in London.

"Ay, ay, we'll arrange it all right. The company will see to that. But the expense of the rest, man; can't you see to it that the passengers do something for the baby to give him a start in life?"

"I had already thought of it," said Kirk, and the fact revealed one of his great qualifications for the ministry. "I'll go up on the other deck and see the first cabin passengers about it."

The surgeon was a Scotch Irishman, with a big heart. He had influence with the parson, and easily persuaded that gentleman to call the passengers together in the dining and music rooms, which joined, and then suggested that Kirk himself take the baby and go up and tell his story and appeal for help.

This time Malcom Kirk required no urging to have the baby placed in his arms. He would have gone with it into the presence of all the crowned heads of Europe and their families; even though he knew well enough that he looked and felt as queer as a long-legged, long-armed, awkward man ever looked and felt.

The women wrapped the baby up, and he smiled when Kirk's hands clasped it.

"He doesn't care how homely and awkward I am, anyway," said Kirk to himself, with a gulp in his throat. He climbed up the rather steep stairs

was almost spent. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, and when he reached the promenade deck he met the parson himself, who led the way into the dining saloon.

The first cabin passengers of that steamer will never forget that incident in their passage. They had gathered to the number of a hundred or more, many of them old travellers, who were not affected by storms. They had been told that the orphan baby's friends below wanted to tell his story, and they were ready to listen to it, but they were not prepared for the sight of the baby himself and his strange nurse.

CHAPTER IV.

A smile crossed nearly every face as Kirk entered. As he began to speak the smile passed off, and another look crept over the faces of the rich, refused, leisurely people gathered in that steamer. The first cabin drew very near the intermediate for a few moments at least. Kirk told the baby's story very well. How could he help it when he saw, in his imagination, the face of that worn out mother lying nearly beneath where he stood, still and cold. The baby looked out from its shawl with a curious inquisitive look on its face and kept perfectly quiet as long as Kirk was speaking.

"It seems to me," Kirk concluded, "that we might help the baby to start in life. I understand that the mother left only a few dollars, and the sister in London is a shop-keeper in poor circumstances. If I was in a church I think I would say, 'We will now worship the Lord with our offering.'"

He said it in such a tone that it was irresistible. A portly, dignified old gentleman sitting in the middle of the dining room rose, in a husky voice, which betrayed his feeling, said: "I'll

made Kirk afraid he would burst a blood vessel or rupture his lungs. Finally, however, matters were adjusted so that the baby's hunger was satisfied. Kirk was so afraid to carry him over to the cabin where he had been kept that he held him for nearly an hour. The storm howled over the vessel, and there was a remarkable confusion of all sorts of noise in every part of the steamer. Kirk noticed, however, that the stewards and one or two officers who happened to pass through the cabin were unconcerned. "It will blow itself out before morning," was the statement of the surgeon, who came down in a hull of the tempest.

He laughed at the sight of Kirk and the baby. But, being a man with a baby of his own at home in Liverpool, there was also a little moisture about his eyes that was not caused by the ocean spray.

"You'll do, man," he said. "And the boy will make a fine sailor, looks like. He sleeps through the storm so like. He wears used to being 'rocked' in the cradle of the deep." But we must be

be one of twenty-five gentlemen to give ten dollars.

Instantly more than a dozen men arose, followed in a moment by a dozen or more. Some rose in the music room to pass a hat. Money was thrown into it until it was half full. Under the inspiration of the moment, one of the young ladies suggested a concert and literary entertainment to be given the next night, and the suggestion was taken up at once. One of the men offered to take charge of the funds, and help Kirk or some one to see that they were properly placed; and Kirk started to go out. The ladies had crowded around the baby, caressing him as he never had been caressed before in all his meagre, pitiful life.

It was at this moment that Kirk saw Francis Raleigh. He had come out of the music room, and the minute he saw Kirk he came to him and held out his hand.

"Mr Kirk, isn't it? I heard you at Hermon a few weeks ago. At commencement. You remember me? We have met once or twice. Raleigh is my name."

"Yes, I remember," said Kirk. He had met Raleigh at some reception. "Excuse me for not shaking hands. Mine are full just now."

"Excuse me, I see they are," said Raleigh, laughing. "You did that very well." He spoke very kindly, but in a tone that did not mean to be patronising. It was only the Raleigh manner. It belonged to the family. He might have spoken differently if he had known that in the upper vast pocket of the homely figure before him was the lovely face of Dorothy Gilbert.

But there was this fact about the situation. Kirk knew that Raleigh was in love with Dorothy. Raleigh that he had ever thought of such a possibility.

"I am glad for the baby's sake," replied Kirk soberly. He ignored the compliment, and finally succeeded in getting down to the lower deck again.

The intermediate cabin was excited over the result. Nearly five hundred dollars had been contributed, and the concert would bring a hundred more, in fact, when the concert was over and all of the first cabin had been solicited nearly five hundred dollars was given for the baby's start in life.

When the vessel reached Liverpool, Kirk, with the help of the surgeon and one of the cabin passengers, secured a nurse for the baby and arranged with one of the women, who had cared for the mother in the intermediate, to go down to London and see the baby safe in its home there. Kirk himself had the sad pleasure of meeting the sister, and while he was in the East End he secured lodging near by, and often went to see the family. He grew wonderfully attached to the child, and when he was obliged to leave and pursue his studies on the continent he parted from the baby with genuine sorrow. He supposed at the time that this little chapter in his life was closed and completed. It was one of the future events that no man can foresee that opened to him afterwards a continuation of that human affection.

For he was unable to return to London again, and when he said good-bye he had no dream of ever seeing that part of his life return.

It was two weeks after the steamer reached Liverpool and while Kirk was working hard in the East End slum that Dorothy Gilbert received a letter from Francis Raleigh, dated from London, Gordon Square, near the British Museum. She had not en-

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couraged him when he pleaded the privilege of an occasional letter, but, on the other hand, she had not refused him, and he was too careful of his future to risk the mistake of writing too often or in a tone of sentiment. He wrote a very interesting letter. Dorothy enjoyed reading it, while she felt a little disturbed to think she must answer. She did not want to encourage him too much. At the same time his undoubted love for her and his great talents as an artist appealed to her strongly. The only reason she had not accepted his offer was a lack of feeling on her own part. She was fearful of herself. She wanted to be absolutely sure of her own heart. She had known him since they were both children. It was not as if they were in any way comparative strangers. She also knew well enough that her father favored Raleigh's suit.

There was one passage in the letter that intensely interested her. It was a passage describing a scene on the vessel during his recent voyage across.

"You may remember," the letter went on, after a description of some famous paintings in the National Gallery, "a theological student by the name of Malcom Kirk, who graduated this year. Had an unusually good voice for a theologian, and received the German scholarship at graduation. Other reason on account of his almost phenomenal awkwardness. Well, he was on the Ophelion coming across, and I fell in with him, and had several interesting talks with him." Dorothy looked up from her reading, and the color deepened in her face as she pictured the two men together. "I found him a very intelligent fellow, and, to tell the truth, not at all like the typical theologian. There was a somewhat tragical air in the intermediate department, where Kirk was a passenger. A poor woman, the fifth day out, died of consumption, leaving a six months' old baby for the passengers to take care of. Kirk got in the habit of holding the baby a good deal, and the last two days of the trip he used to come out on deck and hold the baby there. Once or twice he sat just below the stairs leading up to the promenade deck, and I had a good chance to get a good sketch of him. I enclosed it, thinking you may be interested in a little touch of humor. It is not exaggerated much, and I pride myself on having caught Kirk's attitude pretty well. I showed the sketch to him in order to save myself from a feeling that I had possibly done an unfair thing to take him unawares, and he laughed very good naturedly, and seemed very much amused, without a particle of resentment. He asked me to let him have the sketch, and I drew him another, which he took with evident pleasure. He was a gentleman and did some good work in his line, but I should think his general appearance would always stand in the way of his advancement in the ministry."

Dorothy spread the sketch out on the table and looked at it. Raleigh had not said too much when he wrote that he had caught Kirk's attitude

very well. It was, indeed, a splendid likeness. There was just a little exaggeration to the stubborn brown hair, a little touch of unnecessary grotesqueness to the face, but it was "Malcom Kirk, plain enough," as he used to say of himself. The baby lay in his arms, satisfied and smiling. There were tears in Dorothy's eyes after she had looked a little while. Malcom Kirk's great hearted love of humanity as it was represented by that helpless bit of it in his long arms somehow appealed to her. She seemed to feel as if there was a world there into which she had never entered, but which she could see joy with all her eager enthusiasm if once she were introduced to it. She folded up the sketch and carefully laid it away by itself. She did not put it with a collection of drawings which Raleigh had given her when he finished his course of art.

Malcom Kirk went over on the continent, and spent the year in France, Italy, Germany, and even two weeks in Russia. How he lived all that time would make a story in itself. He walked a great deal. Always lodged in the most inexpensive places. Six months after he had been away from home, he sent to the president of the seminary a written report of what he had been doing. It was so remarkable in many ways that the president showed it to Mr. Gilbert. The Boston president wrote that the seminary would assume the expense of publication, and Mr. Gilbert's house printed the report in a neat pamphlet form that at once attracted attention.

The night of the first issue of the pamphlet Mr. Gilbert brought a copy of it home.

"By the way, Dorothy, you remember that theologian who took the German scholarship, Kirk?"

"Yes," murmured Dorothy, demurely. If Dorothy's mother had been living it is possible she might have told her about Kirk's declaration. Her father was another person. Besides, he had not asked her to be his wife. He had only told her very bluntly that he loved her. That was in one sense his secret, to be kept for him from others.

"Well, here's a bit of work he's been doing abroad. We brought it out today. Knowing you have always been interested in this work, I thought you might like to look this over."

Her father spoke with his usual precise calmness, and left the pamphlet on the table. The moment supper was ended, Dorothy seized the report and went to her own room.

She read it through as if it had been a fascinating novel. It was written in a simple style that possessed no merit except its simplicity, but it was a record of how humanity lived, and the pathos, the reality, the fact of how it lived, stirred Dorothy Gilbert as her mind and heart had never been stirred. And all through the reading she seemed to see Malcom Kirk with that baby in his arms. She knew that if that sketch had been put in as a frontispiece it would have exactly expressed the contents of the pamphlet. She rose and walked her room, strangely excited. Who was this man to stir her feelings so deeply? Francis Raleigh had never been able to do it. No man, for that matter. All the other men she knew were busy trying to have a good time or win fame or make money. This man was interested in people. He wanted the world to know and feel for humanity. He was unlike the others. Besides, he loved her. He had her picture. She gazed at the thought. For the first time in her life she trembled at the thought of being loved.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

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### Out in the Fields.

The little crows that fruit me,  
I lost them yesterday.  
Among the fields above the sea,  
Among the woods at play,  
Among the towering of the birds,  
The rustling of the trees,  
Among the singing of the birds,  
The humming of the bees.

### Overcoming the World.

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

But the tremendous storm was partly to blame for that. Kirk brood his feet against the legs of the table and held onto the baby as if it was a life preserver. The milk in the bottle was first in one end of it and then in the other. Every time the baby mis-  
ed getting it he cried with a vigor that

### Children's Dresses

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