

# THE ACADIAN

## AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

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### THE ACADIAN.

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The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

New communications from all parts of the country, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The name of the party writing for the ACADIAN must invariably accompany the communications, although the same may be written in a fictitious signature.

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

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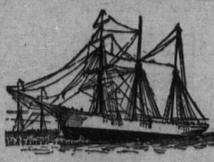
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For the Fall and next Spring trade, at the  
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Skoda's Little Baiter, Skoda's German Soap, Skoda's Ointment and Skoda's Pine Cure, not only to keep her own crew in health, but to introduce them into foreign ports. In proof of their high standing read the following:

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**TRUTH.**  
To the Editor of the ACADIAN.  
MR. EDITOR,—In your issue of Sept. 2nd are two anonymous communications making certain inquiries in reference to the doings of the School Board. While the schools were not opened on the regular day, I think Parent, as well as every other person in the town, and every body else, is called for by it.

Completed June 1st was called for by it. It is a matter that has sorely troubled the Board. The delay arose from the voluntary waiting of the contractor for the organization of the School Board, which might be some one.

**FUEL LUEL!**  
Tenders will be received at the office of the Town Clerk, up to Saturday, 9th September, for say 50 tons Soft Coal for the School House. Tenders to specify price of Joggins and Springhill and for out and run of mines. Prices to be delivered in School House and also delivered at wharf.

By order  
**WALTER BROWN,**  
TOWN CLERK.

Ripans Tablets cure the blues.

### POETRY.

#### Our Dream House.

Where is the house, the house we love  
By field or river, square or street,  
The house our hearts go dreaming of,  
That only waits our hurrying feet?  
The house to which we come, we come,  
To make that happy house our home.

Oh, dear dream house; for you I store  
A melody of such curious things,  
A wisp through gone counting o'er,  
Ere the glad morn of songs and wings,  
When a small nest makes all her heaven,  
And a true mate that slaps at even.

Up those dim stairs my heart will steal,  
And quietly through the listening rooms  
And long in prayerful love kneel,  
And in the sweet-aid twilight glooms,  
I'll set a certain straight, or chair,  
And dust and order and make fair.

Oh, tarrying Time, hasten, until  
You light your hearth-fires, dear and warm,  
Set pictures on these walls so chill,  
And draw our curtains 'gainst the storm  
And shut us in together, 'Tis,  
In a new world, a happier clime!

Whether our house be new or old  
From last year's nest its memories cold,  
And all be gold that once was gray,  
Oh, dear dreamhouse, for which we pray,  
Our feet come slowly up your way!

### SELECT STORY.

#### HIS OPPORTUNITY.

BY HENRY CLEMENS PEARSON.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

"You were asking," continued Chamberlain, "what could be done to solve this problem. I have studied it, and two things are suggested to me. One is, to give the people of the street good drinking water, and the other is, to establish a rival store that shall draw as much trade as possible away from the liquor-shop."

"Very good, if they were practicable, but I fear neither is," was the reply, with an intonation of regret.

"I do not agree with you. They are both feasible. For instance, good water can be struck on the plateau just above the street," returned the young man, warming up to a defense of his plans.

"All the land there is owned by parties who are at enmity with the file-company. Miss Whittier would sooner burn her house than sell a foot of her land. Besides, the water there would have the same impregnation that all the wells in the vicinity possess."

"I am sure you will be glad to know you are wrong. A driven well is already finished on the other side of Miss Whittier's fence, and flows pure, cold water enough to supply all Street, and the mill also," was the quick reply.

Lamson's face darkened. Chamberlain did not notice it, but went on to describe the advantages that would ensue from such a well, assured that the agent, although conservative, was with him.

"How is the water to be got to them?" he asked.

"By pipes running into each house. It would cost but a trifling sum, and what a blessing it would be!"

Lamson shook his head as if in deep thought.

"Just now," he said slowly, "I am afraid we cannot afford to put out any money on piping. I wish we might. The project is a good one. It is yours, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Chamberlain, with genuine pride, which displayed itself in his voice, and was noticed by Lamson.

"It is a noble thought, and no doubt cost you considerable, or did Miss Whittier assume the expense," he continued.

"I did it."

Again the face of the agent assumed its cloud. Chamberlain, seeing it, laid it to deep thought, and mentally rejoiced that at last he had found Lamson so willing to plan for the prosperity of Street.

"I believe I can see your hand in the new store, also," said the agent, with a sharp glance.

"That was Temple's thought. I only furnished the money."

Lamson shaded his face and sat for a few moments in deep thought.

"I suppose," he said, "you would like to have that continued?"

"I should."

"Have you any one in mind to run it?"

"I have not," was the reply.

he will call and see you within a day or two. Until then, if I were you, I should keep the place shut."

"Thank you," said Chamberlain, greatly relieved. "I have been puzzled to know whom to put there. Your help will come in just the right time."

Swayed by the candid confessions of the lawyer, Chamberlain went away sure that the general impression among the help, that Lamson was a rascal and a hypocrite, was without foundation. As it happened, something occurred that very evening that led him further to believe in his innocence as regarded all such charges. Across the river, just on the edge of the mill-dam, leading from the factory yard to the Steep street side, ran a foot-bridge. It was a frail structure, and but little used, except by the "water gate tender" in his trips to raise or lower the "flash-boards." In his determination to become acquainted with all parts of the vast mill estate, Chamberlain had often passed over this foot-bridge. The factory-buildings adjacent to it were most of them windowless, while the ample yards were shut in by lofty fences making it possible for one standing on this bridge to be as much alone as if miles away from human habitation.

The waterfall, upon the edge of which the bridge hung, tumbled down over a series of rough granite steps throwing the spray high in the air, and wetting the branches of the maples and elms that grew, not alone on either side, but also on a narrow island strip in mid stream, extending close up to the dam. This rocky island, its sides constantly fringed by the surging waters, its phalanx of trees, ever narrowing, till they stood almost in single file at the foot of the dam, was to Chamberlain's eyes, a spot of rare beauty. When the mill was not running the waters thundered over the dam, sometimes sweeping over the island, bending down the undergrowth, tossing the boulders, and causing even the sturdy trees to quiver and shake. During work-hours the side canals drew off the surplus water, and only narrow threads of silver splashed over and ran across the rapidly-drying rocks.

On the evening in question the young man had wandered to this spot and stood now in his favorite attitude leaning against the railing and looking down into the empty river-bed. As he absorbed in thought, he did not notice that the railing, pressed by his weight, was slowly yielding. When at length, it suddenly snapped and broke, ere he could recover himself, he was precipitated into the mass of tree tops that reached up toward him from the little island. Fortunately for him it was, that they were bound together by luxuriant grape-vines, that the branches were green and thrifty, and that so much intervened to break the fall. As it was, dizzy, bewildered, stunned, he reached the ground without serious injury. Upon attempting to rise he found himself in a curious predicament. The great oak, into whose neighbor arms he had fallen, had as its neighbor a thrifty young beech. Wedged between the two, his ankle firmly caught in a rock-crevice, Chamberlain found he could not get up unassisted. The distance between the two trees was enough to admit of his moving freely, yet held him too tightly to allow him to release his prisoned foot. In vain he writhed and squirmed, using his strength, skill, ingenuity. All were alike useless.

With no little difficulty, he looked at his watch, which was still running, in spite of the shaking up it had received, and discovered that it wanted but five minutes of whistle-time. At six, the canal-gates would be shut, and the water would again thunder over the dam. The very place where he lay had been for the past few days swept by an angry torrent, swelled by recent rains. There was little probability that the water had lowered enough to make it safe. The dampness of the ground and the tree-trunks proved that during the brief noon-hour, the place where he lay had been water-wet.

The steady roar of the machinery would soon give place to the thunder of the waterfall, and neither would allow his voice to be heard. The case looked serious. There was a bare possibility that the water-gate man might cross the bridge and might rescue him, but it was a chance in a thousand. One-half the time had already gone swift-winged, and he was listening with nervous apprehension for the clanking of the gate-chains, when looking up he saw a man walking leisurely across the foot-bridge. How his heart beat with hope and fear! Nearer came the stranger, and he raised his voice and cried, "Help! Help!" But the clattering and clanging and roaring of the mills drove the sound away from the friendly ears. Again he cried, and again with the same result. The gentleman walked quietly on, and was passing the place of the accident, when he noticed the broken dam. With a gesture of surprise, he peered down into the river-bed, and at once saw Chamberlain looking up to him with all the eloquence of appeal that a youth threatened with a horrible death could express in a look.

When Chamberlain saw who it was, as he did in a second glance, his heart sank within him, for he encountered the steel-blue eyes of Lamson. Why should he have been so disappointed that it was not some rough workman, or even some enemy, instead of the polite lawyer? Perhaps this was because he thought that, were he ever so anxious, he would not possess the faculty for a quick rescue, or possibly he had not yet laid aside his deep-rooted distrust. At all events, it was a most shocking disappointment when he discovered that his only hope of help lay in this man in tautless broadcloth. Even in the greatest extremity one is impressed by the most trivial things, and as Chamberlain looked up and saw the broad expanse of spotless linen, and the rays of the summer sun struck full on the diamond shirt-stud, he was almost in despair. But Lamson did not stand idly regarding him. He called down some sentences which might have been encouraging or other wise, so mangled were the words by the din of the trip hammers, and then darted back to the factory. That he could run, the young man had never imagined, for the pompous walk had ever seemed a part of his personality. Soon Lamson reappeared with a long rope, which, with almost incredible deftness, he made fast to the planks of the foot-bridge and then threw down. So sure was the cast that the young man laid hold of it, but was even then not able to extricate himself.

"Send down one of the men," he called after a violent effort. But Lamson had no such thought. Already the clanking of the gate-chains had ceased, and a great silence fallen over the river-valley. From the street on the further side of the factory now came the shouts and laughter of a thronging operative, striking with a startling distinctness on the ear of the imprisoned man at the foot of the fall. With so much of help so near, and yet to be unable to take any advantage of it, was like starting in the midst of plenty. Already the brimming pond had begun to overflow, and where there had a moment before been but a few small jets of water, were now constantly growing streams. A few minutes' delay would serve to settle the matter.

Bound down as he was, Chamberlain knew that he could not, by any possibility, keep his head above even a shallow stream. Manfully, in a sort of doubling stupor, he beheld Lamson strip off coat and vest and shoes, and stand himself over the edge of the dam. Not until after a quick, agile stand by his side, did he comprehend that he would actually risk so much for any one. Yet now he stood over him, his face flushed with the unusual exertion, the knees of his pants green with rock-slime, his stockings wet and torn. Without a word he set at work to loosen the clog that held the ankle captive, and after a little prying and pounding, it gave way and rolled into the turbid stream that had already wet the foot through and through. With the assistance of the strong hand,—its firmness and strength impressed the rescued man with great surprise,—he arose.

"We must be quick unless we wish to climb these trees and stay all night," said the agent. "Are you hurt? Think with a little help you can go up the rope?"

"Yes, indeed! Go ahead, and I'll follow," said Chamberlain, again grasping the rescued man with great surprise, in the outstretched hand.

"Oh, no," was the laughing reply. "I came down here after you. I am strong and well. You may be badly hurt without knowing it. It is wiser for you to go first."

Recognizing the good sense in this, Chamberlain acquiesced, and in the face of a fine sheet of water, with a broad stream falling on each side, the two men began the ascent. The rocks, grown more slippery than ever, afforded a most insecure footing, and the air seemed full of falling water. In an instant they were drenched. Chamberlain, still dizzy from his fall, several times swung off from his feet, but the strong arm of the agent helped him back. As they neared the edge of the fall, the stream of water grew denser, and now fell steadily over them, and seemed to have the weight of hundreds of pounds. When, at last, they stood on the narrow foot-bridge, Lamson shook the water from himself like a shaggy water-dog, and said, jovially,—

"This makes me ten years younger. I declare, shower-baths agree with me first-rate."

"I wish I could express my gratitude. You have saved my life. I shall not soon forget it," said the rescued man with feeling.

"Nonsense! Do the same for me when I get in a similar fix, and it will be all right," was the careless answer. "Now you must hurry home. I am sorry I can't go with you, but I think as long as your ankle does not appear to be sprained, and you have no broken bones, the exercise of walking will not hurt you. Good luck, and don't try to emulate Sam Patch any more, by jumping over falls."

With a quick stop and parting wave of the hand, the agent walked rapidly away, and Chamberlain started in the opposite direction, his warm heart overflowing with gratitude toward his deliverer, and a strong resolution never again to doubt a man who could show himself at once so brave and so capable.

CHAPTER XV.

"I am sure, Master Tom, they would be glad to have you join them," said old Allan, earnestly.

"It would do me good to have a game, but file-grinders are not apt to be up in such arts."

"They will never suspect. How should they? Has not any young man in this country a right to excel in any game? Let me introduce you to them."

"No," was the decided reply it was foolish for me to think of such a thing. I will not intrude. They are having a jolly time; why should they be marred by the presence of a laborer? I know how they feel."

The old gardener did not reply, but the expression on his face said plainly that no one could, for an instant, think Miss Alice's boy an intruder.

The two speakers were in the garden, behind a half hedge of hollyhocks, looking over at the beautiful lawn in front of the Pilot mansion. There, three persons were playing tennis. One of them was Miss Whitney; the other two, a young lady and a gentleman, were strangers. They had obtained permission from Lamson to use the grounds, and now were enjoying their liberty to the utmost. At length Miss Whitney dropped her racquet and strolled away through the garden. The other two, who were evidently lovers, seemed not at all loth to have her depart, for they at once engaged themselves on a rustic bench and entered in earnest conversation.

From behind the hollyhocks, Chamberlain watched the fair girl, as she slowly approached. With unconscious grace she moved over the close-cropped grass, toward the spot where stood the gardener. The old man had, as usual, begun to prune and pet his plants, and in so doing, had stepped from behind the screen of plants and now was in plain sight.

"Oh, Allan," she said, with the freedom of an old acquaintance, "why aren't you a young man? A nice-looking, agreeable young man? I need one this afternoon."

The gardener's eyes twinkled.

"You want one to play tennis with?" he asked.

"Yes, Cousin Harvey and Kate are so awfully dull. They do such bare faced cheating in favor of one

another that it is impossible to beat them. Can you not change one of these hollyhocks into a youth, tall and fair, who shall be my partner and help me win a game?"

"Master Tom," said Allan, turning toward him, "fortune favors you." Somewhat embarrassed, Chamberlain stepped forward, hat in hand, and made a polite bow.

"Pray consider me a transformed hollyhock," he said.

A wave of crimson swept over the young lady's face.

"I beg pardon," she said, with just a tinge of iciness; "I had no idea that any one, besides the gardener, was present."

"Master Tom is just the one to fill out the game; he is a crack player," remarked Allan.

"Do you play tennis, Mr Chamberlain?" asked Miriam, with some surprise.

"I have played," was his modest reply.

Miss Whitney hesitated a moment, then said,—

"I should be very glad to have you join us in a game, and, oh! she continued, gaining enthusiasm, "do let us beat Harvey and Kate!"

Crossing the lawn, he was introduced, and the game began. Harvey was no poor player, and when he found that Chamberlain was not a novice, a new interest lighted his eyes, and he dropped his listlessness and entered into the game in the heartiest way imaginable. With the stimulus of Miriam Whitney's energetic admonition to "be sure and beat," he played well, perhaps better than he ever had before; so well, that at the end of the game, his partner was clapping her hands at the rueful looks of Harvey and Kate, for they were badly worsted.

"You play elegantly, Mr Chamberlain; better than any young man in town. What couldn't you do at tennis, if only you practised!" she exclaimed.

The impersonal way in which she spoke this, the enthusiasm over the game that made her forget all in rejoicing, pleased him greatly. He liked sincerity, and the pleasure expressed by Miss Whitney was genuine. For the time being he felt proud and happy, and determined, if they played again, to do even better than before.

Harvey, Chamberlain's opponent in the game, was a fine young fellow, fresh from West Point, and with all the taking ways of a genuine cadet. He was frank and boyish, and at the same time, dignified.

"Are you summing here?" asked Harvey.

"No, I work in the file-shops," replied Chamberlain.

"Oh," said Harvey, with a surprised air.

"Bookkeeping?" asked the young man, after a pause.

"Oh, no; I am just now in the foundry-room."

"Pretty hard work, isn't it?" asked Harvey.

"Yes, it is; but I think it a very healthful life. There is no class of men that I am acquainted with, who are so universally strong and free from sickness, as are the foundry-men."

"Awful hard drinkers," returned the cadet.

"Some of them."

"What sticks me is, why a laborer can't drink without making a beast of himself. Now you can pick out dozens of gentlemen, who drink for a life-time, and never lose their balance."

"My experience has been, that liquor demoralizes a gentleman even more than a laborer," replied Chamberlain.

"Why, hang it all, excuse me, but I mean the real, blue-blooded gentleman, and—you know—perhaps you may not have had a chance to be with them much."

Harvey blurted this out, growing very red, and trusting to the sincerity and good-heartedness with which it was spoken, to ward off offense.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

"Prisoner, you're accused of being drunk at the Adams House bar," "Sure, Yer Honor, and they had a sign up: 'Be drunk on the premises.'"

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