

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XIX.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1899.

No. 7.

THE ACADIAN.

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

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(IN ADVANCE.)

CLUBS of five in advance \$4 00.

Local advertising at ten cents per line
for every insertion, unless by special
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be made known on application to the
editor, and payment on insertion advertising
must be guaranteed by some responsible
party prior to its insertion.

The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is con-
stantly receiving new type and material,
and will continue to guarantee satisfaction
in all work turned out.

Every communication 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 com-
munication, although the name may be written
in a fictitious signature.

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

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE
Orders Holographic, 8:00 A. M. to 8:30 P. M.
Orders made up as follows:
For Halifax and Windsor close at 9:10
A. M.
Express west close at 9:40 A. M.
Express east close at 3:50 P. M.
Kestville close at 4:40 P. M.
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Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. Hugh R.
Eitch, M. A., Pastor. Services: Sunday,
morning at 11 A. M. and 7:00 P. M.; Sun-
day school at 10 A. M. B. Y. P. U.
prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening at
7:30. Church prayer-meeting on
Thursday evening at 7:30. Women's Mis-
sionary Aid Society meets on Wednesday
evening at 7:30. Sunday in the month
at the Women's prayer-meeting on the
third Wednesday of each month at 9:30
P. M. All seats free. Ushers at the
doors to welcome strangers.

MISSION HALL SERVICES.—Sunday
at 10 A. M. and Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
Sunday school at 10:30 P. M.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. P.
M. Macdonald, M. A., Pastor. St. Andrew's
Church, Wolfville; Public Worship every
Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sunday
school 9:45 A. M. Prayer Meeting on Wed-
nesday at 7:30 P. M. Chalmers' Church,
Lever Horton. Public Worship on Sunday
at 11 P. M. Sunday school at 10 A. M.
Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7:30 P. M.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. J. E.
Donlin, Pastor. Services on the Sabbath
at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sabbath school
at 10 o'clock. A. M. Prayer Meeting
on Thursday evening at 7:30. All the
services are free and strangers welcomed at
all the services.—At Greenwood, preaching
at 11 P. M. on the Sabbath, and prayer
meeting at 7:30 P. M. on Wednesdays.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH.—Sunday services
at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Holy Communion
at 11 A. M. on 1st, 4th and 8th at
1 A. M. Service every Wednesday at 7:30
P. M.

REV. KENNETH O. HIND, Rector.
Robert W. Storer, Warden.
Geo. A. Prat, S.

St. FRANCIS (R.O.).—Rev. Mr. Kennedy,
R. O. Mass 11:00 A. M. the four h. Sunday of
each month.

Masonic.

St. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F. & A. M.,
meets at their Hall on the second Friday
of each month at 7 1/2 o'clock P. M.
F. A. Hixon, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. O. F. meets
every Monday evening in their Hall
at 8:00 o'clock.

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the
Temperance Hall every Friday after-
noon at 3:30 o'clock.

Foresters.

Cent. Hamilton, I. O. F., meets in
Temperance Hall on the first and third
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BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

Never shall I forget that night
Just in the lee of the crippled vessel,
under the cloud of white smoke which
rose for a moment high above her
remaining mast, there was a heaving
patch where the boat could float in
safety; but beyond it, and nearer to
us, the waves rose again in awful
erected billows whirling and swirling
toward the shore. Seen from our point
of vantage, the boat seemed a mere
cockle-shell; but we saw the tiny
specks crowding into it, while the
broken water streamed like milk over
the vessel's decks and down her shore
ward sides.

"God help them!" I cried aloud,
and more than one voice echoed my
prayer.

The boat pushed off. The under-
swell caught her and rushed her along
at lightning speed, and in a few mo-
ments she reached the broken water.

There the wind seemed to smite her

side, and she was buried instan-
taneously in the trough of the sea.
But she reappeared, half-smothered in
surf and flying foam. Then we saw,
rapidly approaching her, a mountain-
ous and awful wave!

The little boat, as if it were a living
thing, seemed to see it too, and to
struggle to escape. Sick with horror,
I covered my eyes; I could not look.
Then I heard a deep groan from the
men around me, and looked again.

The boat had gone, never to re-
appear. The mighty wave had broken
and was roaring shoreward, and amid
its foam I saw, or seemed to see,
shapes that struggled, sank, and died.

"Man the life-boat!" I cried.

"Quick, lads! Follow me!"

My uncle gripped me by the arm.

"Too late, lad! There's no'er a
saw aboard!"

"Look yonder!" I answered, point-
ing seaward. "There are living men
on the deck still, and in the rigging."
"Come!"

The lads, who were English born
and had their hearts in the right
places, responded with a cheer, and

down the path we rushed till we
reached the shore. Entering the boat-
house, we soon had the boat baled and
ready for launching, when I first
realized, to my dismay, that we were
short-handed, several of my best men
being away. But two strong lads
from the mine volunteered, and my
uncle made a third; and so we formed
a crew. To every man I gave a cork
life-belt, and tied on one myself.

Then, springing to my place in the
stern, I urged on my men, as with
shouts and yells, scarcely heard amid
the roar of the water, they ran the
boat into the creek.

Each man knew his place. They
urged the boat, bow forward, into the
surge, and waded with it, those the
furthest from shore wading breast-deep
in the waves. Thrice we were beaten
back, and I thought the boat would
have been crushed to pieces on the
beach, but at last she floated—the men
leaped in and took their places—the
oars smote the boiling surge, and out
we crept to sea.

Once fairly afloat, we realized for
the first time the strength and fury of
the storm. Clouds of flying foam
covered us, the strong seas caught the
ears and almost tore them from the
grasp, and for a time we scarcely
seemed to gain a foot of way. But
the lads put out their strength, and
sheer muscle and bold heroic will
conquering at last, the life-boat left the
shore.

And now I alone, standing in the
stern-sheets, with the steering-oar in
my hand, could see what mountainous
seas we had to pass before we could
reach the doomed vessel, which was
now scarcely discernible through the
sheet of low-flying spray. As some
great wave came near, curling high
above us, I cheered on the men, and
we met it with a shock like thunder
and a rattle of every plank of which
the boat was made. More than once
the seas made a clean breast over us,
but the air-tight compartments and
cushions of cork kept us from actu-
ally foundering. On we went, with
the light of the kieling east turning
from red to reddish-gold behind us,
and the mists struck by the new
radiance, thinning to seaward; and so,
after a fierce tussle with wind and
water, we came in full sight of the
doomed vessel.

Stuck fast on the cruel reef, her
back broken, she was struggling like a
crippled bird—lying over, with her
decks and funnel inclined toward the
shore, and quivering through and
through with every blow of the strong
metallic waves. A pillar of smoky
foam, ever vanishing, ever renewed,
hung over her in the air, and from
time to time the waters foamed over
her weather side, and streamed over
the splitting decks.

At first I could discern no sign of
life, but as we drew nearer, I saw one
or two figures clinging in the rigging,
from which many of their comrades
had doubtless been washed away.
They saw us coming, for one of them
waved something white.

"Pull for your lives!" I cried.

"There are men aboard!"

The lads answered me with a cheer,
and the boat shot forward to the steady
sweep of their united oars till we were
within a hundred yards of the steamer.

Then I saw a sight which filled all
my soul with fear and pity. Lashed
to, or clinging to, the mainmast, was
the solitary figure of a woman. I
knew her sex by the wild hair falling
over her shoulders, and the curious
feminine grace of her form, visible
through a dark cloak that had been
thrown hastily over her shoulders; but
her head was drooping and her face
hid, and she did not seem conscious
of what was taking place.

I told the men that a woman was
there, and though they needed no new
incentive to give them strength, their
faces grew more animated, and I knew
they would have faced fire as well as
water in such a cause. In a few
minutes more we were close at hand,
rushing and falling on the white surge in
the vessel's lee.

Then the woman raised her head,
and looked in our direction. The men
saw her, and gave another cheer, but I
—I could have swooned away in con-
sideration. My heart went round. I
looked again and again.

Either I was mad, or dreaming, or

the face I gazed upon was that of the
love of my boyhood—Madeline Gra-
ham!

CHAPTER XIII.

Yes; I knew her in a moment.

The lurid light of the tempestuous
morning shone full upon her face, and
on the clinging dress and cloak, which
more expressed than hid her lovely
form. Her eyes were wildly fixed,
her face pale as death; but in her fea-
tures there was a splendid self-pos-
sion far removed from womanly fear.

Though so many years had passed
since we had last met, she was still the
same; only taller and more womanly,
and even more strongly beautiful than
when she had first shed love and rap-
ture on my boyish heart.

She was fastened to the mast by a
rope. Her feet were bare, and I saw,
to my horror, that all she wore save
the great fur cloak was a night-dress of
white cotton, reaching to her feet.
Her hair fell over her shoulders in
loose and dripping folds, descending
almost to her waist. Peering more
closely, I perceived that her lips were
blue, and her form shivering with cold;
indeed, it was a miracle that she had
not perished in the chill of that crash
night.

From that moment I saw nothing
but that one figure; all others were
blurred and practically unseen. In
my wild amazement and eagerness to
reach her, I could have sprung into the
tossing waves.

The vessel lay sidelong, her decks
turned toward the shore; and the fierce
billows, striking her seaward side,
broke with a thunderous roar and a
cloud of spray, and then came surging
down the slippery decks in a thin sheet
of foam, bellying round the naked foot
of the solitary maiden.

We hung off for a minute, to let one
great sea go by; then we swept along
side. What followed was more like a
dream than waking reality. But with
an eager cry I leapt upon the deck,
and staggered up toward Madeline
Graham.

Twice I slipped to my knees, and
was driven back and bruised against
the bulwarks; but the third time I
succeeded, and, reaching her side,
clung to the mast, and gazed into her
face.

"Madeline!" I cried.

"Her eyes met mine, but she gave no
sign of recognition. It was clear that
what I remembered so vividly she had
utterly forgotten.

Drawing my clasp-knife, I cut her
free, and put my arms around her to
bear her back to the boat. The decks
rocked and split beneath us; she clung
to me, as if in terror. Then I watch-
ed my chance, and, raising her bodily
in my arms, carried her to the vessel's
side, and handed her to the men.

I was about to follow her, when I
was attracted by a wild scream, and
turning, I perceived the figure of an
other woman crawling on the deck
close to the companion. She was
dark-complexioned, like a mulatto, and
almost naked. Without a moment's
hesitation, I ran to her, and half lifted,
half dragged her, to the vessel's side.

I now perceived that we had saved,
in addition to the two women, two
white seamen and a black man, who
afterward turned out to be the ship's
cook. I clung to the bulwarks, and
looked round, searching for any other
signs of life.

"Come, lad, come!" cried my uncle.
"Quick! the ship's breaking up!"

I looked at the strange sailors, who
sat shivering in the bottom of the life-
boat.

"Are there no more souls aboard?"
I cried.

"Not one," they answered. All the
rest had perished in the long-boat, in
the fatal attempt to reach the shore.

There was not a moment to be lost.
The vessel was evidently doomed, and
every shock of the sea threatened to
complete the work of destruction.

The black funnel, almost wrenched out
of the bursting decks, was leaning over
terribly, and threatening every mo-
ment to crash down bodily and destroy
the life-boat.

I leapt in, and scrambled to my
place in the stern. On the seat close
by me was Madeline, her eyes half
closed, her neck resting on the gunnel;
and at her feet was the colored woman,
moaning and crying.

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It was but the work of a moment to
strip off my pilot-coat and wrap it
round Madeline's half-naked limbs,
but while I did so the men cried im-
patiently, and pushed off.

"Give way, lads!" I cried. "New!
Pull for your lives!"

Away we went through the surging
sea. Not a minute too soon did we
leave the vessel; for ere we were thirty
yards away the decks were rent
asunder, and the high funnel toppled
over and fell like a battering ram upon
the bulwarks, which broke like tinder
beneath the blow.

With wind and sea to urge us on,
we flew shoreward, and the strength of
the oarsmen was needed rather to
break than to increase our speed.
Again and again the great seas rose
behind and threatened to engulf us;
while gripping the steering oar I
watched them, and guided the brave
boat.

At last we approached the shore,
and saw a great crowd waiting upon
the shingle and swarming upon the
cliff. Tossing like a cork upon the
waters, we waited our chance, and
then, after one high wave had spent
itself, and there was a momentary sur-
cease of the water's power, I headed
the boat's bow for the creek, and we
rowed in.

As the keel struck the sands, a
dozen men rushed in waist-deep to
seize the boat; our men joined them,
and then, with a long pull, a strong
pull, and a great ringing cheer, the
boat was hauled high and dry and we
were safe.

My first thought was of Madeline.
I lifted her out in my strong arms, and
carried her into the shelter of the boat-
house. Her face and hands were cold
as ice, and she was still swooning.

I called out for brandy; and thank God!
a man handed me a full flask. Sup-
porting her head upon my shoulder, I
moistened her lips with the raw spirit,
and once more, in my wild anxiety, I
breathed her name.

Once more she opened her eyes and
looked upon me; still there was no sign
whatever of recognition.

She looked wildly round her, saw
the rough but kindly faces on every
side, and murmured:
"Where am I? Who calls me?"

"You are quite safe," I cried; "safe
and among friends."

Again she looked up into my face,
as if stupefied. I held the flask to her
lips, and she seemed to swallow a little;
then a shudder ran through her frame,
and she released herself from my hold.

I placed her on one of the wooden
seats, and bent over her, tenderly
watching her. Gradually I saw the
color come back to her cheeks, but
very faintly.

"Anita!" she murmured, and looked
round as if seeking someone.

The rough fellow, clustering in the
boat house, murmured sympathizingly;
whispered encomiums on her beauty
passed from mouth to mouth. And
indeed she looked strangely lovely,
even in her desolation—her eyes
brightening, her color coming and go-
ing, her hair streaming over her
shoulders, her neck and arms and feet
as white as driven snow.

As her strength and consciousness
returned, a new awe fell upon me, and
I stood timidly watching her.

She gazed at me again. "Now I
understand," she said. "Tell me of
the others; are they saved?"

I told her the truth, and again she
shuddered, half closing her eyes, as if
to shut out the picture of the horrors
of the wreck. At that moment some
of the life-boat's men appeared, lead-
ing with them the colored woman,
who, the instant she saw Madeline,
sprang toward her and knelt by her
side, hysterically sobbing and kissing
her hands.

Madeline bent over her and address-
ed her in some foreign tongue—Portu-
guese, I afterward discovered. She
answered volubly in the same speech.
I suspected the truth, that this black

girl was an attendant or waiting maid
of some sort, and that Madeline was
her mistress.

Turning to one of the rescued
sailors, who had now approached and
was phlegmatically chewing a quid as
if he had just been comfortably landed
from a passing boat, I questioned him
concerning the lost vessel. She was a
large trading steamer, he said, bound
from Demarara to the Port of London;

her name, the Valparaiso; her captain
one John Stetson, a good sailor, who
had been killed by the falling of the
foremast, and swept overboard. Her
passage across the Atlantic had been
smooth and pleasant; but the night
before she had experienced all the
strength of the great gale, and while
contending with it had broken her pro-
peller. After that, she had tried to
lie to under sail, and had the found
sea-room would doubtless have been
able to weather the storm; but, as ill-
luck would have it, the rocks of Corn-
wall were right under her lee, and the
wind and sea swept her down upon
them.

I questioned him concerning that
episode of the boat. He explained
that two of the boats had been smashed
into fragments when the ship first
struck. The long-boat remained, and
at daybreak, after the captain perish-
ed, the first officer, fancying that the
ship was doomed, determined to make
for shore. All the crew followed him,
but my informant and two others, who
preferred sticking by the steamer to
facing certain death. The men, in
fact, were mad with fright and drink
combined, and for this reason, perhaps,
altogether forgot to wait for Madeline,
who had gone below.

So the last boat left the ship. It
had not gone far when Madeline re-
appeared. She would have been swept
away but for the assistance of the
sailors, who strapped her to the mast
as the only chance of safety; and as
she stood there terror-stricken, she saw
the boat engulfed with all its crew—
the same sad sight which we had seen
from land.

It turned out, on further question-
ing, that Miss Graham was the only
passenger, and occupied, with her
colored maid, the captain's own cabin.
Her father, a rich Demarara planter,
had died some months before she took
passage, leaving her a great inheri-
tance. I had no time to answer for my-
self the many questions which crowded
upon my mind—Why Madeline had
come to England? Whether she had
relations surviving in the old country?

Whether any living person, lover or
friend, had the right to protect her?
But I looked at her again, and
thought how different she was from all
the other women I had known, in her
queenly grace and warmth of beauty.

Beside her, even my cousin Anita
would have looked coarse and common.

But there was no time to be lost, if
she was to escape the consequences of
that night's exposure. She was still
dripping wet, and the morning air was
bitterly cold.

"You must not stay here," I said,
approaching her, "or you will catch
your death. Do you think you can
ascend the cliff? My aunt's cottage
is close by, and I should like to take
you there at once."

She rose at once, shivering, and took
my arm. Half leading, half support-
ing her, I guided her out of the boat-
house and up the steep ascent leading
to the summit of the crag, my uncle
helping her upon the other side.
Some of the others followed, leading
the colored girl.

It was a steep climb; and before we
had gone far we found that her
strength was failing her, so were com-
pelled to raise her bodily in our arms;
but she was light and fragile enough,
and, for my own part, I could have
carried her like a child.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

Miranda's Liment Cures Garget in
Cows.