

THE ACADIAN

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Vol. XI.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1892.

No. 25.

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The Acadian.

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A NEW BRANCH

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POETRY.

As You Will.

Do not wish for kindness? he kind;
Do not ask for truth? he true;
What you give for yourself, you find;
Your world is a reflex of you.

For life is a mirror. You smile,
And a smile is your sure return;
Bare hate in your heart, and it will
All your world with hatred will burn.

Set love against love. Every day
Shall, armed as a foe, recoil;
You shall gather your fruit from the seed
That you cast yourself in the soil.

Like answers to like. No power
Can free from the force of the law
That fashions the perfect flower
From the definite germ. No law
In the mould will disappear
In the finished cast, to your shame;
Each kindling of anger or fear
Will wrap your best deed with its
flame.

Each act is a separate link
In the chain of your weal or your woe;
Care you offer another to drink,
The taste of your deeds you shall know.

Look without. What you see, doubt it
not.
You will see, you will feel in another;
Be your charity stainless of blot,
And how loving the heart of your
brother!

SELECT STORY.

Pretty Miss Smith.

BY FLORENCE WARDEN.

CHAPTER XX.—Continued.

We found Mr Marshall waiting at the table which had been brought in for the purpose. He looked up with a smile, and we entered, and seemed to ask us with his eyes, before he spoke, what fresh trouble we had brought for his consideration.

"Well!" he looked from one to the other.

"Uncle," began Mary, in a resolute tone which told how fast she was recovering her health of mind, "I want to write to Hilary. I want to see him, to ask him questions, if possible to confront him with Miss Helen. Tom and George want to prevent my seeing him, but I cannot rest until I have done so. Am I not right?"

Mr Marshall leaned back in his chair, and softly tapping the fingers of his left hand against those of his right, sat considering for a few moments, just as he did when a client brought him a difficult case.

"You're all strange women about here, it seems to me," said he drily. "As to being on the look-out, p'raps I'm more on the look-out already than you think for."

And his little eyes gave me such a shrewd glance that it struck me more forcibly than ever that he knew at least as much about the mystery as any one.

"What's become of your detective?" I asked quietly.

"He's all right."

"He comes here still?"

"Reg'lar."

But Mr Hopkins was keeping something back, I felt sure. However, as it was waste of time to try to worm out of the clever little Cockney anything he wished to keep to himself, I had to withdraw reluctantly, feeling that I had done all I could in putting him on his guard.

The distillery, with its wilderness of sheds and out-buildings, had so many nooks and corners where a person might hide for whole days undiscovered, that it was with many inquiries, many glances to left and right among the great pyramids of casks and barrels that lined the yard, then I went back to the house, where Mary and Mrs Camden were only waiting for my return to go to bed.

Full of Tom's fears and my own, I did not go to bed, but slipping upstairs before the others, hid myself in the large wardrobe in Mary's room. I felt like an idiot when Mary came up and retired to bed without any suspicion of my intention. For I was dreadfully tired, and no change of my cramped position made me at all uncomfortable. Presently I heard, by her regular breathing, that she was asleep; and feeling cold, rose, and ashamed of my escapade, I was debating whether I should not creep out quietly and go to my room, when a faint noise of the door opened, and a hand made me hold my breath. A little more soft stumbling, and I knew that some person had entered the room. Should I leap out and seize the intruder? Should I keep quiet and see what happened? I decided on the latter course, for the mean reason that

understand him. Since this painful discovery about Mary, he had seemed, in spite of his acknowledged guilt, to have assumed a new manliness and responsibility. Had he, I asked myself, engaged himself so deeply in a shameful conspiracy that he could not draw back, and could only seek to palliate his offence by secretly undoing with one hand what he did openly with the other? It was a terrible suspicion to entertain of the man I loved, and I shuddered as these doubts would flash into my mind. I was staring out into the darkness, listening to Tom's retreating footsteps and watching for Mary's return, when I perceived on the left, close to the edge of the lawn, a figure which I took for hers. It lingered, however, instead of coming to the house.

"Mary!" I cried, and then, as she did not come, I stepped down upon the path and called again.

Instead of answering, the woman glided away quickly behind the evergreens, and I recognised with a shiver that it was not Mary at all, but Dora Selton.

Had Tom seen her? Or had he only guessed that she would be haunting the place again that night? I could not tell; but the reason of his warning now seemed clear. Seeing that on the sound of my voice she must have gone down the drive, I gave chase, examining the trees and evergreens on the left all the way along as I went, and fancying that from time to time I heard a rustle or caught a glimpse of a skirt. I passed Mary, returning hurriedly from the post. In reply to my questions she said that a woman had passed out the gate as she came in. She had not noticed her particularly, supposing her to be a friend of one of the servants. I did not tell her my suspicion, but Mary watched me curiously as I left her and passed out through the distillery yard and asked the man on duty at the door if he had seen a woman pass. He said, "No," and looked at me suspiciously; but he called Hopkins at my request. The night watchman, who now held me in much disfavor, asked me surlily what I wanted.

"I want you, I said earnestly, "to be on the look-out to-night. That strange woman is about the place again."

"You're all strange women about here, it seems to me," said he drily. "As to being on the look-out, p'raps I'm more on the look-out already than you think for."

And his little eyes gave me such a shrewd glance that it struck me more forcibly than ever that he knew at least as much about the mystery as any one.

"What's become of your detective?" I asked quietly.

"He's all right."

"He comes here still?"

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But Mr Hopkins was keeping something back, I felt sure. However, as it was waste of time to try to worm out of the clever little Cockney anything he wished to keep to himself, I had to withdraw reluctantly, feeling that I had done all I could in putting him on his guard.

I was afraid—though of what I scarce knew.

Someone was moving about very softly in the darkness; for Mary's night-light was not burning, as usual, by her bedside. Then I heard, as I held my breath, a hand stealthily drawing back the bed-clothes.

CHAPTER XXI.

For the first moment I was as if paralyzed with horror; the next I slid out of my hiding place and crept with leaden feet across the room. I did not scream, however, or utter a word. Groping my way in the direction of the bed where Mary lay, I put out my hands before me in the darkness, expecting to catch the intruder; but I touched nothing until I came in contact with the bed itself. At that moment I heard the door close softly.

The intruder had crept.

Had my footsteps, soft as they were, been heard? And had my presence saved Mary from some great danger? I found my way to the shelf on the wall where a box of matches was kept, and struck a light. As I did so, a peculiar, sickly smell came to my nostrils, which, although I did not recognize it, I knew must be that of some drug. I lit a candle which I found close to my hand, and held it up over the bed.

Mary was sitting up with an expression on her face which I shall never forget; it was so wild, so horror-struck. In her hands she held a towel, on which her eyes now fell. I tried to take it from her, but she reached it back, with a laugh which seemed nearer to madness than any sign I had yet seen in her. Then she turned towards me, and thrusting out her hands as if to guard against my approach, glared at me with unmistakable terror and abhorrence.

"Mary, don't look at me like that, for Heaven's sake, don't! I'm not here! What is that in your hand? Is it chloroform? Did they try to suffocate you?"

"They! They! You don't know who did it, I suppose! No, of course not."

And with another high-pitched, maniacal laugh, she threw the towel she held up in the air. As it fell, it filled the air with the same heavy, sickly perfume I had already noticed.

"Indeed I don't, Oh, Mary, do you? Weren't you asleep?"

"Unfortunately so, indeed."

"Who was it? Indeed, indeed I don't know anything about it."

She turned upon me with sudden sternness.

"What were you doing in my room then?"

"Great heaven! Did she suspect me! Her great blue eyes seemed to blaze and flash luridly as she bent her head forward to peer into my face with fierce, unconvicted suspicion.

I stammered and fell back in my horror.

"Mary, is it you? Are you your self?" I whispered huskily, as soon as I could speak clearly. "Do you need to be told that I love you like my own sister, and that I would do nothing but good to you?"

"But how about this? I felt it on my face just now. And I know whose hand put it there."

Again she fixed her eyes upon me with such an unmistakable implication of guilt that I broke down. After all my anxiety, all my solitude; it was too much. I burst into hysterical sobbing as I fell upon the little cot-covered sofa. In a few moments I felt a gentle hand on my shoulder, and then Mary's two arms, as lovingly as ever, put round my neck.

"Don't cry, Georgia, my dear," she whispered softly; "I was mad, you are right; that stuff got into my head and poisoned me. But look up, see I am quite myself again."

I did look up, and I saw that her face was drawn and pale, with the shadow cast by a great horror still upon it, but with the fierceness all gone. It was Mary, my own, poor haunted Mary again.

"Tell me, Mary, what did you fancy? Who did you think it was?" I whispered.

But another look of wild horror swept over her face. She shuddered and almost shook me.

"Don't ask me, don't talk about it!" she rattled out hoarsely. "It was a nightmare, a hideous fancy, that was all."

I got up, and crossing the room, took up the cloth from the bed. It was a thick towel, which had been folded and saturated with chloroform.

"We must talk about it. Didn't you hear the door handle turned?"

"No," answered Mary.

I felt sick at heart. I could no longer have any doubt that, in her first frenzy of fright, she had fancied it was my hand that put the cloth over her face. Of course there was no reasoning possible on such a subject; it was a mere wild fancy, entirely excusable in a girl who had found treachery among her dearest friends; cold reason had already banished it to the four winds, I could not doubt. Still it left a most unpleasant impression behind, and raised a cloud between us across which we looked at each other with dimmed eyes.

I insisted on passing the rest of the night upon the sofa. I had a very defined thought in my mind. The would-be criminal would certainly not return the crime to be discovered, and would therefore in all probability return before morning to find out whether the victim was dead, and to remove the implicating cloth. But the morning broke, and still no one came. Mary had fallen asleep, and I myself was at last doing, when my ears, more on the alert than usual, again caught a sound outside the door. I leaped up half asleep as I was, rushed to the door, threw it open and confronted not my supposed murderer, but—Mr Marshall.

He staggered back in evident consternation at my onslaught.

"George! You! Why, why, what's the matter?" stammered he.

"Oh, Mr Marshall," I cried, "I didn't know it was you. We have had a most dreadful night."

"Dreadful night! Why, what has been the matter?"

"Somebody has tried to suffocate Mary with chloroform."

"What?"

"It is true, indeed it is. A towel, saturated with the stuff, was thrown over her face. Oh! I went on with an expression of disgust, "it seems to smell it still. Why," I exclaimed suddenly, struck with the knowledge that this was more than fancy, "it is on your clothes too—that smell! Did the woman get into your room also?"

Mr Marshall started, and looked at me inquiringly.

"Someone did," he answered in a troubled voice. "I distinctly heard footsteps by my bedside. But then I lost consciousness, and I don't know what happened. I slept heavily and woke up with a headache, and supposed I must have suffered from night-mare. But the fancy that somebody had been in my room was so strong that I was impelled to come and see if Mary was all right. It must have been only a fancy though, for my door was locked."

"That's nothing," said I, "so was Mary's. Oh, Mr Marshall," I went on with decision, "there must be no more of this. You must take Mary away at once—today, at all risks. Even with her dearest and most devoted friends about her we cannot protect her properly, you see. This house, with the nooks and hiding places in the distillery, is not safe for her. We don't want to call the police."

"No, that wouldn't do. You are right; we must take her away as early in the day as we can. We don't want to have a scene with Hilary first."

"No," cried I, struck with a new idea. "Of course he would want her to stay, because if she goes away she forfeits the money."

"Only if she leaves away," corrected Mr Marshall, "a visit for her health's sake to the seaside, for instance, wouldn't count against her."

"Mr Marshall," I burst out suddenly, after a minute's reflection. "Do you know I think more strongly that Mary had better see Hilary before she goes."

"Do you? Why?"

"I am more and more inclined to believe that he is not half so guilty as we imagine."

"But the woman—"

TO BE CONTINUED.

Love and Marriage in Japan.

St. EDWIN ARNOLD, who has been enjoying an interesting trip through the United States, has made a careful study of the conditions which govern the family in Japan and embodies his ideas in a paper called "Love and Marriage in Japan" in the February number of the *Cosmopolitan*. The article is illustrated by the quaintest possible Japanese sketches running down the sides and across the bottom of each page. An excellent photograph of W. D. HOWELLS, serves as a frontispiece, and his work as a writer of fiction is reviewed in the same number by H. W. BOYSSON.

The President of John Hopkins University, gives a most practical paper for parents on "Byers and Boy's Schools," illustrated by cartoons of the famous Artwood. MURAT HARTREAD turns back lovingly to his early farm days, and tells of the "Pots and Spouts of a Farming Boy." The petreological industry fully illustrated; An Afghan Story by ARCHIBALD FORBES; The Story of the Brazilian Republic by ADAMS, late Minister to the country; and The Leading Amateurs of the United States in photography, are other leading articles of the month.

For lane back, side or chest, use Shile's obnoxious plaster. Price 25 cents. Sold by Geo. V. Rand.

'August Flower'

Perhaps you do not believe these statements concerning Green's August Flower. Well, we can't make you. We can't force conviction into your head or medicine into your throat. We don't want to. The money is yours, and until you are willing to believe, and spend the one for the relief of the other, they will stay so. John H. Foster, 1122 Brown Street, Philadelphia, says: "My wife is a little Scotch woman, thirty years of age and of a naturally delicate disposition. For five or six years past she has been suffering from Dyspepsia. She became so bad at last that she could not sit on every meal, down to a meal but as soon as she had eaten it. Two bottles of your August Flower cured her, after many doctors failed. She can now eat anything, and enjoy it; and as for Dyspepsia, she does not know that she ever had it."

\$3,500 IN REWARDS

The Canadian Agriculturist's Great Winter Literary Competition.

The Fifth Half Yearly Literary Competition for the winter of 1891-92, held by the Canadian Agriculturist, is now open. The object of the contest is to encourage the literary efforts of the agriculturist, and to secure the best literary talent in the Dominion. The subjects for the contest are: "The Life of an Agriculturist," "The Future of Agriculture in Canada," "The Education of the Agriculturist," and "The Social Position of the Agriculturist." Prizes of \$3,500 in cash and silverware are offered to the successful competitors. The contest is open to all persons who are engaged in agriculture, and who are over 17 years of age. The competitors must be Canadian born or have resided in Canada for at least five years. The essays must be written in English, and must be sent to the Canadian Agriculturist, Toronto, Ontario, Canada, before the 15th of March, 1892. The contest is a most interesting and profitable one, and it is hoped that many agriculturists will take advantage of the opportunity.

WARDS FOR BIBLE READERS.

Great Winter Competition of The Ladies Home Magazine.

QUESTIONS.—Where do the following words first appear in the Bible? "Gospel," "Church," "Prayer," "Fasting," "Sabbath," "Eucharist," "Baptism," "Confession," "Penance," "Vigil," "Lenten," "Easter," "Trinity," "Ascension," "Pentecost," "Advent," "Christmas," "Epiphany," "Carnival," "Shrove Tuesday," "Good Friday," "Easter Sunday," "Whit Sunday," "Trinity Sunday," "Ascension Day," "Pentecost Sunday," "Trinity Sunday." Prizes of \$100 in cash and silverware are offered to the successful competitors. The contest is open to all persons who are over 17 years of age, and who are residents of the Dominion of Wales. The competitors must be female. The essays must be written in English, and must be sent to The Ladies Home Magazine, Cardiff, Wales, before the 15th of March, 1892. The contest is a most interesting and profitable one, and it is hoped that many women will take advantage of the opportunity.

HILARY'S VITALIZER is what you need for Consumption, Loss of appetite, Debility, and all symptoms of Dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle. Sold by Geo. V. Rand, druggist.

Milton's Linctus is the Best.