THE ACADIAN
AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. IX. WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1889. No. 16.

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THE ACADIAN.

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

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(IN ADVANCE.)

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Newsy 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 ficticious signature.

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

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POETRY.

Always a River to Cross.

There's always a river to cross;
Always an effort to make,
If there's anything good to win,
Any rich prize to take.
Yonder's the fruit we crave,
Yonder the charming scene;
But deep and wide, with a troubled tide,
Is the river that runs between.

For the treasures of precious worth
We must patiently dig and dive;
For the places we long to fill
We must push and struggle and strive;
And always and everywhere
We'll find in our onward course
Thorns for the feet, and trials to meet,
And a difficult river to cross.

The rougher the way that we take,
The stouter the heart and the nerve,
The stones in our path we break,
Nor e'er from our impulse swerve,
For the glory we hope to win
Our labors we count no loss;
'Tis folly to pause and murmur because
Of the river we have to cross.

So, ready to do and to dare,
Should we in our places stand,
Fulfilling the Master's will,
Fulfilling the soul's demand;
For though as the mountains high
The billows may rear and toss,
They'll not overwhelm if the Lord's at the helm
When the difficult river we cross.

STORY.

THE Ghost of Handock Holler.

BY JACK HYDE.

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CHAPTER III.—*Continued.*

"Wall, while we wus settin' there the old man commenced tellin' about the ghost uv Handock Holler. He would just as soon tell ghost stories in ther night-time as any other time. But then it wus er long piece, yer know, from there way out ter the Holler. Let's see, it must be nigh onter four miles. 'Twas the first time I'd ever heard erbout it, but I've heard about it enough times sence then though. I kin remember hearin' him tell that just as if it wus yesterday. Says he: 'People think nowadays that there's no ghost out in Handock Holler, but ef they'd seen as much as I hev they'd think so, I kalkelate.'

"Says William: 'Yes, indeed. I've seen enough the few times I've been by there ter convince me that ther place is hanted.'

"'Wall,' says the ole man, 'do you know the cause uv it? Do you know whut first made the place hanted?'

"'No,' says William, 'I don't know as I do. I've heerd said 'twas the ghost uv ole Sam Jenkins.'

"'So it air,' said the ole man, 'that's jest whut it air—ole Sam Jenkins. He gut inter a drunken spree and killed his wife and then drowned hisself; and they've both been hantin' the place ever sense—sometimes one, sometimes t'other.'

"'How did it happen?' asked William.

"'Wall, I'll tell yo'. Ole Sam Jenkins wus one uv the first people that ever moved here. He come the same time as ole man Skillums's father did, over here, and my father. The three came together. I've heerd father say that a nicer man nor ole Sam Jenkins never lived. He had a son Steve, about my age' (father ter Josh Jenkins that lives over here by the Holler) 'and we used ter be considerable thick. They wusn't much boys lived here anyway then and we used ter be tergether most all ther time. When he wus about eighteen er nineteen he gut ther fever ter go ter sea and wanted me ter go along with him. But I didn't hanker much after goin' and one night he run'd erway an' went erlone. He turned out bad, Steve did; took ter drinkin'. Some said he j'ined a pirate crew, and I think very likely he did. The things he brung home never come frum no honest work. One time he brung home puncheons an' puncheons uv some stuff (we found out afterwards it wus liquor—the most uv it—although he said it wasn't at the time). Wall, then he set up a store in the front room uv that ole house over there in the Holler, where they used ter live, and that's hanted now and that nobody da'st buy ever since. He sold liquor an' all sorts uv stuff there fur years. The ole folks took ter drinkin' too, and the neighbors used ter gather in there nights an' they used ter be high ole times there, drinkin' and carousin'.

"'Wall, as I said, one night the ole man killed his wife in a drunken spree, and then jumped into the Devil's Hole—that black hole in Swithers's brook jest back uv the house which they say has no bottom to it. They found him there afterwards. Steve didn't stay around here much after that. He went orf ter sea again. Ever since then that place has been hanted, although some people purtend ter say nowadays that it aint.

"'Wall,' he continued, 'after years Josh came back again rich and built a rousin' big house,' (out where his son's house is now, you know. He das'n't build on the sight uv the other one; he was afeared uv the ghost. Couldn't sell the place at any price—nobody'd buy it). Then he went erway again, and brought back a wife—one uv ther purtiest gals ever I set eyes on, and and rich, too, they said. Where he picked her up, the dear knows. Then Josh wus borned and as soon as he gut big enough they sent him off ter be edercated. That's where he is now, you know.' And there he stopped."

"Wall," says dad, "how did old Josh come to live in a place like that?"

"Oh," replied Mr Miles, "easy come, easy go. Ther money soon vanquished by high livin', and as ill-luck would have it, one night ther fine house took fire and burnt down. Then Steve borrowed money and built another one—that one where Josh lives now, you now—and then took ter sellin' liquor again. But his wife wouldn't hev none uv that, and one day when Steve was away dumped the hull business inter ther Devil's Hole. She wus brung up er lady and said she'd ruther starve than do that. When Steve came home he was furious and told her she could starve then ef she liked, and left her and never came back again. He was drowned at sea, they say."

"Did Josh keep on studying?" asked dad?

"Oh, no," he answered; "he hed ter leave that, and got a job in ther city. He did first-rate first erlong and sent home money to keep his mother with, but afterwards he tuk ter drink like his father and went to the dogs. His mother died shortly after that, and they say he wus the cause uv it. They're a bad set, them! *Tories*, too!"

"But what ab ut that ghost?" says I. "I should have thought if they'd been one around somebody'd seen him before this."

"Who *said* nobody'd seen him?" he answered, sort of riled, "I guess ef you'd er seen him as many times as I hev you'd think somebody'd seen him!"

"Well," says I, taking a notebook and pencil out of my pocket in a reportical-like manner, "I don't suppose you'd have any objections to giving the particulars. That would make quite an interesting article, you know. I'm the Handock correspondent to the Wolfville ACADIAN, and I like ter get hold of anything like that. I'm er great hand to send things to newspapers, you know."

But to do my best I couldn't get him to tell me a thing about it. All the satisfaction I could get out of him was to go out there some night and see it for myself. And that night after I had gone to bed, I resolved that that was what I'd do. I wasn't going to be stuck. Contriving this in my mind I went off to sleep. But if I'd known everything that was going to follow, I wouldn't have slept so salubriously as I did that night. If I had known all I was doomed to see before many weeks had rolled by—all the blood-curdling scenes and hair-breadth escapes and misery, and one thing and another, you bet your boots I wouldn't have passed such an easy night as I did. Lucky for me that I didn't!

CAAPTER IV.

A SCHEME.

The next morning was bright and frosty. I got up at the peep as usual, and after making the fire, Henry and I set off to the barn to fodder the stock and do the milking. That done, breakfast was ready. During breakfast nothing was said about the ghost. The conversation took a general turn. Mr Miles inquired all about our stock—how many cows we kept that winter, if they were giving a pretty good flow of milk, and if we still kept that sorrel mare, &c. Dad told him we were going out to water the stock after breakfast and if he liked he'd take him around and show him the stock. Mr Miles said he'd like to first-rate, and as far as watering stock went there was nothing in this world he'd rather do. So after breakfast, so long as he was fond of watering stock and I didn't hanker after the job much myself, I went with him out to the pump and showed him where it was and set him agoing. I told him I didn't mind as long as he liked it. Then I went into the barn and turned the young cattle out, while Henry was watering the horses, and started off for school.

As I got to the gate Lew Corby came along, and as we were going along, I related to him what Mr Miles had told us the night before. He was delighted with it, and he said, says he:

"Jack, s'posin' we go out some night?"

"Well," says I, "I'm agreed if you are."

"When'll we go?" he asked

Says I, in an outburst: "To-night! We will fathom the mystery of Handock Holler and see the ghost! What do you say?"

"Agreed!" says he.

We walked along in silence a while and then Lew said:

"Say, Jack, are you in earnest, though?"

"Dead earnest," says I. "You won't back out of it, will you?"

"Gosh no!" says he, "I'll foller you. But s'posin' we encounter the ghost, Jack, whut'll you do? I've read things in books about ghosts, how people have gone ravin' crazy by seein' 'em and people that wus no cowards nuther. There's no tellin' anything about ghosts that way!"

"I'll risk it!" says I. "You always was a coward at anything like ghosts. But stick close to me and you needn't be afraid. The name of it will be worth going to a considerable risk for."

"Oh," says Lew, "I wasn't thinkin' about myself. I was only thinkin' about you. I didn't know but you might be goin' along and me follerin' you, and all uv a suddent the ghost would spring up and you'd faint away, and beans I couldn't carry you I'd hev ter leave you there alone with the ghost."

"You're mighty thoughtful all at once, ain't you?" says I, sarcastically.

"Hold on!" says he, after we'd walked along in silence a while, "I'll tell you what we'll do! What do you say, Jack? Sposin' you dress up as a ghost ter-night an' walk inter Mr Miles's bedroom and try an experiment on him. Ef he faints erway er goes crazy er anything like that, we won't go. Ef he gets over it all right we will. What der you say?"

"Good for you, Lew!" says I. "That's the idea exactly. Come over to our house after supper and stay all night and we'll try it."

So it was agreed.

We'd reached the schoolhouse by this time and opening the door, walked in. We were early, and we had a good talk over the scheme before school opened. School that day wus a long dreary affair. We got tired and sick waiting for it to come to an end. It seemed as if the teacher was never going to ring the bell for putting away the books. But it wus out at last. When the teacher rang the bell for dismissal, we came out and left for home *post mortem*.

When I hove in sight of the old roof-tree, and walked up the lane towards it, I thought of the scheme and chuckled to myself. I wasn't long getting around to work at the chores. I was determined I wouldn't be long getting them done that night. I wanted all the spare time I could muster up to study my lessons and prepare for the night's encounter. I got them done in double quick meter, I can assure you.

CHAPTER V.

A MISERABLE ENDING.

That night after supper Lew came over as agreed and we spent the evening till bed-time studying our lessons. We went to bed early that night. Mrs Spriggs asked us whut we were in such a hurry getting off to bed so soon for, but we told her we were pretty tired—been studying arithmetic all day and it was tiresome work. She laughed, but never suspected nothing.

When we got up-stairs, Lew fished a troutin'-line and three picture-frame hooks out of his westcoat pocket and kind of chuckled to himself.

Says I: "What's that for?"

"Hold on! You'll see in a minute," says he. "This is a scheme I thought of over home."

Then he asked me where Mr Miles slept, and when I told him he said that couldn't be beat. Then he screwed one of the picture frame hooks into the wall above the head of Mr Miles's bed and another into the door-casing, and the other into the wall in our bed-room, opposite our bed. Then he stuck his troutin'-hook into Mr Miles's pillow and passed the line up through the hooks, till it reached into our bed-room. Then says he: "Go in and watch Mr Miles's piller," and commenced pulling on the line. Sure enough, when I got in there, there was Mr Miles's pillow walking up and down the side of the wall, and the line was so fine that you could hardly see it, and it looked almost as if the piller was going up and down of its own accord.

"How is that?" says he.

Says I: "Bully! How did you think of it?"

"Never mind," says he; "that't only the commencement of it. Now get yer sheet ready and see how it's goin' ter look.

I went into the clothes-room and got a good big sheet and brought it out and put it on.

"That's first rate," says he—"could'nt be beat!"

So after getting everything convenient, so's we could put our hands on everything in the dark, we pulled off our clothes and blew out the candle and crawled into bed.

(To be Continued.)

Our Girls as Successful Women.

A wealthy woman recently gave $200,000 to establish a summer resort for poor mothers and their children. God bless her; this is only one instance among thousands where woman has conceived and executed grand ideas. Women are rapidly entering every branch of the useful arts, and aspiring to every money-making employment. "What shall we do with our girls?" is no longer a mighty problem for mothers and fathers to solve. Some one has said, "It takes a woman to set a hen;" and so it do es. The most successful poultry raisers are women. We have in mind a woman who has for years raised finer poultry and got more eggs from her hens at less expense, than her male neighbors,—practical men too. Let our girls engage in the poultry industry, as many are doing. Give them a fair share of the profits, and they will soon convince their fathers that girls are mighty handy persons to have about the old home. With the aid now offered any person can make hens lay even in cold weather. Out of twenty-four gold coin premiums offered last winter for best results, one third were won by the women who used Sheridan's Condition Powders to make hens lay. For example Mrs Henry Baker, Hillston, Mass., won $10 and got from 18 hens during the three months' trial 1359 eggs; Mrs L. J. Wilson, Northboro, Mass., got 3243 eggs from 100 hens. Mrs Edwin Brown, East Greenwich, R. I., from 35 hens got 2454 eggs; Mrs E. Bartley, Freeport, Pa., go 2029 eggs from 32 hens; Miss Ada L. Ross, of Mt Sterling, Ill., from 15 hens got 886 eggs; and Miss Maggie Croushorn, of Ottobine, Va., got 2000 eggs from 30 hens; each of the last ladies also won a $5 premium from I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass. Every person who sends this firm now $1.20 for a can of Powder, and desires it, can have his name entered as a competetor, if the premiums are again offered. For 50 cts. they will send two 25 cent packs of Powder; for $1 five packs postpaid; six cans for $5, express paid; a large can of powder, also one year's subscription to Farm-Poultry monthly, both sent post-paid for $1.50. Sample copy of paper 5 cts. Send stamps or cash. Testimonials sent free.

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This is the title of a 36-page pamphlet of information, containing answers to all the questions an inquirer would be likely to ask about sytems, books, instruction, salaries of stenographers, how to secure positions, etc., etc. It will show what young men have done at home, on farms, and in workshops; how from the humblest beginnings the highest success has been reached by learning this art at piecemeal study, and while pursuing other occupations. The success of stenographers as compared with the success of young men in any other vocation in life, will be seen to be marvellous and encouraging. The author of this system was himself a farmer's boy and learned the art while following the plow. The information he gives in this pamphlet will be of interest and value to every young man (or young woman either) who must earn his own living. The pamphlet is mailed free to anyone writing for it and mentioning the paper in which this article appears. 14tm

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"Two from one—you cant," said the teacher.

"Yes, you can," said Johnny. "You can take two apples from one boy. I know, 'cos you done it to me."

CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. Sold by Geo. V. Rand.

To Our Subscribers.

The SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT which appeared in our columns sometime since, announcing a special arrangement with DR B. J. KENDALL CO., of Enosburgh Falls, Vt., publishers of "A Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases," whereby our subscribers were enabled to obtain a copy of that valuable work FREE by sending their address B. J. Kendall Co. (and enclosing a two-cent stamp for mailing same) is renewed for a limited period. We trust all will avail themselves of the opportunity of obtaining this valuable work. To every lover of the Horse it is indispensable, as it treats in a simple manner all the diseases which afflict this noble animal. Its phenomenalsale throughout the United States and Canada, make it a standard authority. Mention this paper when sending for "Treatise." 14-13i

For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents. Sold by Geo. V. Rand.

"It's cool nights, now," remarked the business man. "It's school days, too," replied the professor, and passed on.

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