

THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

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THE ACADIAN.

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Divine Worship is held in the above church as follows:
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IS SUPPLIED WITH
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JOB PRINTING
Every Description
DONE WITH

NEATNESS, CHEAPNESS, AND PUNCTUALITY.

The ACADIAN will be sent to any part of Canada or the United States for \$1.00 in advance. We make no extra charge for United States subscriptions when paid in advance.

DIRECTORY

—OF THE—
Business Firms of WOLFVILLE

The undermentioned firms will use you right, and we can safely recommend them as our most enterprising business men.

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BORDEN, CHARLES H.—Carriages and Sleighs Built, Repaired, and Painted.

BISHOP, B. G.—Painter, and dealer in Paints and Painter's Supplies.

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Owing to the hurry in getting up this Directory, no doubt some names have been left off. Names so omitted will be added from time to time. Persons wishing their names placed on the above list will please call.

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PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
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Select Poetry.

GOD KNOWS.

In the times of toil and trouble,
When the way was hard to find,
And with tears from heart so weary
My eyes were often blind,
I have always found a comfort
For all my bitterest woes,
In the thought that whate'er befalls me
My loving father knows.

Our feet may miss the pathways
That lead to the happier lands;
Our backs may be bowed with burdens,
And cares fill our hearts and hands;
But when the way is thorny,
And the wind of sorrow blows,
We've a friend that will never fail us,
For the good God sees and knows.

So in the shadow and sunshine
That checkers this lower land,
God always seems close beside me,
I can reach and touch his hand,
Deep in the peace, and lasting,
That the comforting thought bestows,
These never shall come a trouble,
But the dear God sees and knows.

THINGS THAT NEVER DIE.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,
That stirred our hearts in youth,
The impulse of a wordless prayer,
The dream of love and truth,
The longing after something lost,
The spirit's yearning cry,
The striving after better hopes—
These things shall never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid
A brother in his need,
The kindly word in grief's dark hour,
That proves a friend indeed;
The plea for mercy softly breathed,
When justice threatens high,
The sorrows of a contrite heart—
These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand
Must find some work to do;
Lose not a chance to waken love,
Be firm and just and true;
So shall a light that cannot fade
Beam from thee on a high,
And angel voices say to thee,
"These things can never die."

Interesting Story.

The Hoosier Schoolmaster.

BY EDWARD EGLESTON.

CHAPTER XXXI.—Continued.

"The court," said Squire Hawkins, "congratulates Mr Hartsook on his triumphant acquittal. He is discharged from the bar of this court, and from the bar of public sentiment, without a suspicion of guilt. Constable, discharge Ralph Hartsook and John Pearson."

Old Jack Means, who had always had a warm side for the master, now proposed three cheers for Mr Hartsook, and they were given with a will by the people who would have hanged him an hour before.

Mrs Means gave it as her opinion that "Jack Means called wuz a fool!" "This court," said Dr Underwood, "has one other duty to perform before adjourning for the day. Recall Hannah Thomson."

"I just started her on ahead to get supper and milk the cows," said Mrs Means. "Aint a-goin' to have her leavin' here all day?" "Constable, recall her. This court cannot adjourn until she returns!" Hannah had gone but a little way, and was soon in the presence of the court, trembling for fear of some new calamity.

"Hannah Thomson"—it was Squire Underwood who spoke—"Hannah Thomson, this court wishes to ask you one or two questions?" "Yes, sir," but her voice died to a whisper.

"How old did you say you were?" "Eighteen, sir, last October." "Can you prove your age?" "Yes, sir—by my mother." "For how long are you bound to Mr Means?" "Till I'm twenty-one."

"This court feels in duty bound to inform you that, according to the laws of Indiana, a woman is of age at eighteen, and as no indenture could be made binding after you had reached your majority, you are the victim of a deception. You are free, and if it can be proven that you have been defrauded by a willful deception, a suit for damages will lie."

"Ugh!" said Mrs Means. "You're a purty court, aint you, Dr Underwood?" "Be careful, Mrs Means, or I shall have to fine you for contempt of court."

But the people, who were in a cheering humor, cheered Hannah and the justices, and then cheered Ralph

again. Granny Sanders shook hands with him, and allers knowed he'd come out right. It allers 'peared like as if Dr Small warn't jist the sort to tie to, you know. And old John Pearson went home, after drinkin' two or three glasses of Welch's whiskey, keepin' time to an imaginary triumphal march, and feeling prouder than he had ever felt since he fit the Britishers under Scott at Lundy's Lane. He told his wife that the master had jist knocked the hind-sights offen that 'ere young lawyer from Lewisburg.

Walter was held to bail that he might appear as a witness, and Ralph might have sent his aunt a Roland for an Oliver. But he only sent a note to his uncle asking him to go Walter's bail. If he had been resentful, he could not have wished for a more complete revenge than the day had brought.

CHAPTER XXXII.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

Nothing can be more demoralizing in the long run than lynch law. And yet lynch law often originates in a burst of generous indignation which is not willing to suffer a bold oppressor to escape by means of corrupt and cowardly courts. It is often born of fear. Both motives powerfully agitated the people of the region round about Clifty as night drew on after Ralph's acquittal. They were justly indignant that Ralph had been made the victim of a conspiracy, and they were frightened at the unseen danger to the community from such a band as that of Small's. It was certain that they did not know the full extent of the danger as yet. And what Small might do with a jury, or what Pete Jones might do with a sheriff, was a question. I must not detain the reader to tell how the mob rose. Nobody knows how such things come about. Their origin is as inexplicable as that of an earthquake.

But, at any rate, a rope was twice put around Small's neck during that night, and both times Small was saved only by the nerve and address of Ralph, who had learned how unjust mob law may be. As for Small, he neither trembled when they were ready to hang him, nor looked relieved when he was saved, nor showed the slightest flush of penitence or gratitude. He bore himself in a quiet, gentlemanly way throughout, like the admirable villain that he was.

He waited a preliminary examination the next day; his father went his bail, and he forfeited his bail and disappeared from the county and from the horizon of my story. Two reports concerning Small have been in circulation—one that he was running a far-bank in San Francisco, the other that he was curing consumption by inhalation and electricity here in New York. If this latter were true, it would leave it an open question whether Ralph did well to save him from the gallows. Pete Jones and Bill, as usually happened to the rougher villains, went to prison, and when their terms had expired moved to Pike county, Missouri.

But it is about Hannah that you want to hear, and that I want to tell. She went straight from the court-room to Flat Creek, climbed to her chamber, packed all her earthly goods, consisting chiefly of a few family relics, in a handkerchief, and turned her back on the house of Means forever. At the gate she met the old woman who shook her fist in the girl's face, and gave her a parting benediction in the words: "You mis'able, ungrateful critter you, go 'long! I'm glad to be shed of you!" At the barn she met Bud, and he told her good-by with a little hushiness in his voice, while a tear glistened in her eye. Bud had been a friend in need, and such a friend one does not leave without a pang.

"Where are you going? Can I—"

"No, no!" And with that she hastened on, afraid that Bud would offer to hitch up the roan colt. And she did not wish to add to his domestic unhappiness by compromising him in that way.

It was dusk and raining when she left. The hours were long, the road was lonely, and after the revelations of that day it did not seem wholly safe. But from the moment that she found

herself free, her heart had been ready to break with an impatient homesickness. What though there might be robbers in the woods? What though there were ten rough miles to travel? What though the rain was in her face? What though she had not tasted food since the morning of that exciting day? Flat Creek and bondage were behind her; freedom, mother, Shooky, and home were before her, and her feet grew lighter with the thought. And if she needed any other joy, it was to know that the master was clear. And he would come! And so she traversed the weary distance, and so she inquired and found the house, the beautiful, homely old house of beautiful, homely old Nancy Sawyer, and knocked, and was admitted, and fell down faint and weary, at her blind mother's feet, and laid her tired head in her mother's lap and wept, and wept like a child, and said, "O mother! I'm free, I'm free!" while the mother's tears baptized her face, and the mother's trembling fingers combed out her tresses. "And Shooky stood by her and cried: "I knowed God wouldn't forget you, Hanner!"

Hannah was ready now to do anything by which she could support her mother and Shooky. She was strong, and inured to toil. She was willing and cheerful, and she would gladly have gone to service if by that means she could have supported the family. And, for that matter, her mother was already nearly able to support herself by her knitting. But Hannah had been carefully educated when young, and at that moment the old public schools were being organized into a graded school, and the good minister, who shall be nameless, because he is, perhaps, still living in Indiana, and who, in Methodist parlance, was called "the preacher in charge of Lewisburg Station"—this good minister and Miss Nancy Sawyer got Hannah a place as teacher of a primary department. And then a little house with four rooms was rented, and a little, a very little furniture was put in it, and the old, sweet home was established again. The father was gone, never to come back again. But the rest were here. And somehow Hannah kept waiting for somebody else to come.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

INTO THE LIGHT.

For two weeks longer Ralph taught at the Flat Creek school-house. He was everybody's hero. And he was Bud's idol. He did what he could to get Bud and Martha together, and though Bud always "saw her safe home" after this, and called on her every Sunday evening, yet, to save his life, he could not forget his big fists and his big fat long enough to say what he most wanted to say, and what Martha most wanted him to say.

At the end of two weeks Ralph found himself exceedingly weary of Flat Creek, and exceedingly glad to hear from Mr Means that the school-money had "goin' out." It gave him a good excuse to return to Lewisburg, where his heart and his treasure were. A certain sense of delicacy had kept him from writing to Hannah just yet.

When he got to Lewisburg he had good news. His uncle, ashamed of his previous neglect, and perhaps with an eye to his nephew's growing popularity, had gotten him the charge of the grammar department in the new graded school in the village. So he quickly arranged to board at a boarding-house. His aunt could not have him about, of which fact he was very glad. She could not but feel, she said, that he might have taken better care of Walter than he did, when they were only four miles apart.

He did not hasten to call on Hannah. Why should he? He sent her a message, of no consequence in itself, by Nancy Sawyer. Then he took possession of his school; and then, on the evening of the first day of school, he went, as he had appointed to himself, to see Hannah Thompson.

And she, with some sweet presentment, had gotten things ready by fixing up the scantily-furnished room as well as she could. And Miss Nancy Sawyer, who had seen Ralph that afternoon, had guessed that he was going

to see Hannah. It's wonderful how much enjoyment a generous heart can get out of the happiness of others. Is not that what He said of such as Miss Sawyer that they should have a hundred fold in this life for all their sacrifices? Did not Miss Nancy enjoy a hundred weddings, and love and bless the love of five hundred children? And so Miss Nancy just happened over at Mrs Thomson's humble home, and, just in the most matter-of-course way, asked that lady and Shooky to come over to her house. Shooky wanted Hannah to come to. But Hannah blushed a little, and said she would rather not.

And when she was left alone, Hannah fixed her hair two or three times, and tried to sew, and tried to look uninterested, and tried to feel uninterested, and tried not to expect anybody, and tried to make her heart keep still. And tried in vain. For a gentle rap at the door sent her pulse up twenty beats a minute and made her face burn. And Hartsook was, for the first time, abashed in the presence of Hannah. For the oppressed girl had, in two weeks, blossomed out into the full-grown woman.

And Ralph sat down by the fire, and talked of his school and her school, and everything else but what he wanted to talk about. And then the conversation drifted back to Flat Creek, and to the box-alder tree, and to the painful talk in the lane. And Hannah begged to be forgiven, and Ralph laughed at the idea that she had done anything wrong. And she praised his goodness to Shooky, and he drew her little note out of— But I agreed not to tell you where he kept it. And then she blushed, and he told how the note had sustained him, and how her white face kept up his courage in his flight down the bed of Clifty Creek. And he sat a little nearer, to show her the note that he had carried in his bosom—I have told it. And—but I must not proceed. A love-scene, ever so beautiful in itself, will not bear telling. And so I shall leave a little gap just here, which you may fill out as you please.

Somehow, they never knew how they got to talking about the future instead of the past, after that, and to planning their two lives as one life.

And when Miss Nancy and Mrs Thomson returned later in the evening, Ralph was standing by the mantel-piece, but Shooky noticed that his chair was close to Hannah's. And good Miss Nancy Sawyer looked in Hannah's face and was happy.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

HOW IT CAME OUT.

We are all children in reading stories. We want more than all else to know how it all came out at the end, and, if our taste is not perverted, we like it to come out well. For my part, ever since I began to write this story, I have been anxious to know how it was going to come out.

Well, there were very few invited. It took place at ten in the morning. The "preacher in charge" came, of course. Miss Nancy Sawyer was there. But Ralph's uncle was away, and Aunt Matilda had a sore throat and couldn't come. Perhaps the memory of the fact that she had refused Mrs Thomson, the pauper, a bed for two nights, affected her throat. But Miss Nancy and her sister were there, and the preacher. And that was all, besides the family, and Bud and Martha. Of course Bud and Martha came. And driving Martha to a wedding in a "juniper" was the one opportunity Bud needed. His hands were busy, his big boots were out of sight, and it was so easy to slip from Ralph's love affair to his own, that Bud somehow, in pulling Martha Hawkins's shawl about her, stammered out half a proposal, which Martha, generous soul, took for the whole ceremony, and accepted. And Bud was so happy that Ralph guessed from his face and voice that the agony was

over, and Bud was betrothed last to the "gal as was a gal."

And after Ralph and Hannah were married—there was no trip, Ralph only changed his boarding-place and became head of the house a Mrs Thomson's thereafter—after it was all over, Bud came to Mr Hartsook and suckering just a little, said as how as him and Martha had fixed it all up, and now they wanted to ax his advice and Martha, proud but blushing, came up and nodded assent. Bud said as how as he hadn't got no 'look-arain' nor nothin', and as how as he wanted to be somethin', and put in his best licks for Him, you know. And that Marthy, she was of the same way of thinkin', and that was a blessin'. And the Squire was a-goin' to marry agin, and Marthy would ruther vacate. And his mother and Mirandy was such as he wouldn't take no wife to. And he thought as how Mr Hartsook might think of some way or some place where he and Marthy nout make a livin' fer the present, and put in their best licks fer Him, you know.

Ralph thought a moment. He was about to make an allusion to Hercules and the Augean stables, but he remembered that Bud would not understand it, though it might remind Marthy of something she had seen at the East, the time she was to Boston.

"Bud, my dear friend," said Ralph, "it looks a little hard to ask you to take a new wife"—here Bud looked admiringly at Marthy—"to the poor-house. But I don't know anywhere where you can do so much good for Christ as by taking charge of that place, and I can get the appointment for you. The new commissioners want just such a man."

"What d'ye say, Marthy?" said Bud.

"Why, somebody ought to do for the poor, and I should like to do it."

And so Hercules cleared the Augean stables.

And so my humble, homely Hoosier story of twenty years ago draws to a close, and, not without regret, I take leave of Ralph, and Hannah, and Shooky, and Bud, and Martha, and Miss Nancy, and of all my readers.

P. S.—A copy of the Lewisburg *Jeffersonian* came into my hands today, and I see by its columns that Ralph Hartsook is principal of the Lewisburg Academy. I took no time, however, to make out the name of the county, Mr Israel W. Means, was none other than my old friend Bud, of the Church of the Best Licks. I was almost as much puzzled over his name as I was when I saw an article in a city paper, by Prof. W. J. Thomson, on Poor-houses. I should not have recognized the writer as Shooky, had I not known that Shooky has given all his spare time to making outcasts feel that God has not forgot. For, indeed, God never forgets. But some of those to whom he intrusts his work do forget.

THE END.

A Youthful Editor.

A story is told of a young sophomore, the newly-appointed editor of a college paper in New England, who, on his way home in vacation, some years ago, made the acquaintance of a quiet gentleman on a rail-road train.

"Englishman, I perceive," airily began our college boy. The stranger bowed. "You must find much to amuse you in this country. We are so very crude; so new!" said the sophomore, who was an Anglo-maniac. "There is one thing, however, on which I flatter myself we compare favorably with John Bull—our newspapers. The journalists of this country rank high, sir, high!" Having received a civil reply he continued: "I am myself an editor. Like to look at a copy of your paper?" pulling out the small sheet from his pocket.

"Now, you have no idea—nobody not in the profession can have any idea—of the labor and mental strain involved in that small sheet. Keep it. There may be a paragraph or two that is worth considering, even if it does come from this side of the water." His companion changed his place soon afterward; and the amused conductor, who had overheard the conversation, said to the young man: "Do you know who that was?" "No." It was Mr. Walter, of the *London Times*."