

THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1886.

No. 6.

Vol. V.

THE ACADIAN

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

TERMS:
\$1.00 Per Annum.
(IN ADVANCE.)

CLUBS of five in advance \$4.00

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

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

Newly 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 fictitious signature.

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

Legal Decisions.

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the Post Office, whether directed to his name or another's or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay up all arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the Post Office, or removing and leaving them uncollected for a prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

Office Hours, 7 a. m. to 9 p. m.—Mails are made up as follows:—
For Halifax and Windsor close at 7 a. m.
Express west close at 10.35 a. m.
Express east close at 2.25 p. m.
Kentville close at 7.35 p. m.
Geo. V. Rams, Post Master.

PEOPLES BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 9 a. m. to 2 p. m. Closed on Saturdays at 12 noon.
A. deW. Bass, Agent.

Churches.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R. D. Ross, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 10.30 a. m. Sabbath School at 11 a. m. Prayer Meetings on Wednesday at 7.30 p. m.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. A. Wilson, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 11.00 a. m. and 7.00 p. m. Sabbath School at 9.30 a. m. and Thursday at 7.30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. T. A. Wilson, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 11.00 a. m. and 7.00 p. m. Sabbath School at 9.30 a. m. and Thursday at 7.30 p. m.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH, Wolfville.
Divine Worship will be held (D.V.) in the above Church as follows:—
Sundays, Matins and Sermon at 11 a. m. Evensong and 3.30 at 7 p. m.
Wed. Evensong and Sermon at 7.30 p. m.
Sunday-school commences eve. 8.30 a. day morning at 9.30. Choir practice on Wednesday evenings at Divine Worship.

The Hall, Horton—Divine Worship will be conducted in the above Hall as follows:—
Sunday, Evensong and sermon at 3 p. m.
J. O. Ruggles, M. A. Rector.
Robert W. Huggell,
(Divinity Student of King's College).

St. FRANCIS (R. C.)—Rev. T. M. Daly, P. P.—Mass 11.00 a. m. the last Sunday of each month.

Masonic.

St. GEORGE'S LODGE, F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7.00 o'clock p. m.
J. H. Davison, Secretary.

Oddfellows.

"CORNETS" LODGE, I. O. O. F., meets in Oddfellows' Hall, on Tuesday of each week, at 8 o'clock p. m.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. O. T. meets every Monday evening in Music Hall at 7.00 o'clock.

ACADIAN LODGE, I. O. G. T. meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 7.00 o'clock.

OUR JOB ROOM

IS SUPPLIED WITH
THE LATEST STYLES OF TYPE

JOB PRINTING

Every Description
DONE WITH
EATNESS, CHEAPNESS, AND
PUNCTUALITY.

DIRECTORY

Business Firms of
WOLFVILLE.

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

DORDEN, C. H.—Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, and Gents' Furnishing Goods.

DORDEN, CHARLES H.—Carrriages and Sleighs Built, Repaired, and Painted.

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

BROWN, F. L. & CO.—Dealers in Groceries, Crockery, and Glassware.

BROWN, J. L.—Practical Horse-shoer and Farrier.

ALDWELL & Murray.—Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Furniture, etc.

DAVISON, J. B.—Justice of the Peace, Conveyancer, Fire Insurance Agent.

DAVISON BROS.—Printer and Publishers.

ELMORE, G. H.—Insurance Agent, Agent of Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association, of New York.

COFFREY, L. P.—Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes.

HERRIN, J. F.—Watch Maker and Jeweler.

HIGGINS, W. J.—General Coal Dealer. Coal always on hand.

KELLEY, THOMAS.—Boot and Shoe Maker. All orders in his line faithfully performed. Repairing neatly done.

MCINTYRE A.—Boot and Shoe Maker.

MURPHY, J. L.—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.

PATRICK, C. A.—Manufacturer of all kinds of Carriage, and Team Harness. Opposite People's Bank.

PIAT, R.—Fine Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, and Fancy Goods.

REDDEN, A. C. CO.—Dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines.

ROCKWELL & CO.—Book-sellers, Stationery, Picture Frames, and dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines.

ROOD, A. B.—Manufacturer of all styles of light and heavy Carriages and Sleighs. Painting and Repairing a specialty.

DAND, G. V.—Drugs, and Fancy Goods.

SLEEP, S. R.—Importer and dealer in General Hardware, Groves, and Tinware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Plows.

STAW, J. M.—Barber and Tobacconist.

WALLACE, G. H.—Wholesale and Retail Grocer.

WESTERN BOOK & NEWS CO.—Booksellers, Stationers, and News-dealers.

WITTER, BURPEE—Importer and dealer in Dry Goods, Millinery, Ready-made Clothing, and Gents' Furnishings.

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

CARDS.

JOHN W. WALLACE,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, ETC.
Also General Agent for FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE.
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

B. G. BISHOP,
House, Sign and Decorative
PAINTER.
English Point Block a Specialty.
WOLFVILLE, N. S.
P. O. BOX 36. Sept. 19th 1886.

J. WESTON
Merchant Tailor,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

J. B. DAVISON, J. P.
CONVEYANCER,
FIRE & LIFE INSURANCE
AGENT,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

LIGHT BRAHMAS!
Match for best results. Young
Birds for sale until March 15th.—Eggs
after March 1st. Address
DR. BARSS,
Wolfville, 28th Feb., '85.

BOX OF GOLDEN NOVELTIES,
12 fast-drying articles, and 12
magic water pens, all by return of mail
for 25c, or nine 3c stamps. Package of
fast-drying articles to agents for 3c, and
the ship. A. W. Kinney, Yarmouth, N. S.

Select Poetry.

The fruitful tree.

There stood in a beautiful garden
A tall and stately tree;
Crowned with its shining foliage,
It was wondrous fair to see.
But the tree was always fruitless;
Never a blossom grew
On its long and beautiful branches
The whole bright season through.

The lord of the garden saw it,
And he said, when the leaves were green,
"Cut down this tree so worthless,
And plant another here,
My garden is not for beauty
Alone, but for fruit as well;
And no barren tree must cumber
The place in which I dwell."

The gardener heard in sorrow,
For he loved the garden well,
As we love some things about us
That are only fair to see.
"Leave it one season longer—
Only one more I pray."
He pleaded; but the master
Was firm, and answered, "Nay."

And the gardener dug about it,
And cut the roots apart,
And the fear of the fate before it
Struck home to the poor tree's heart.
Faithful and true to his master,
Yet loving the tree so well,
The gardener toiled in sorrow
Till the stormy evening fell.

"To-morrow," he said, "I will finish
The task that I have begun,
But the morrow was wild with tempest
And the work remained undone.
And through all the long, bleak winter
There stood the desolate tree,
With the cold, white snow about it,
A sorrowful thing to see.

At last, the sweet spring weather
Made glad the heart of man,
And the trees in the lord's fair garden
Put forth their leaves again.
"I will finish my task to-morrow,"
The busy gardener said,
And though, with a sigh of sorrow,
That the beautiful tree was dead.

The lord came into his garden
As an early hour next day,
And then to the task unfinished
The gardener led the way,
And all white with blossoms,
A sight never to be seen,
In his promise of coming fruitage
There stood the beautiful tree!

"It is well," said the lord of the garden,
And he and the gardener knew
That out of his loss and trial
Its promise of fruitfulness grew.
It is so with some lives that cumber
For a time the Lord's domain;
Out of trial and mighty sorrow
There cometh a countless gain,
And fruit for the Master's pleasure
Is born of loss and pain.

Interesting Story.

Thankful Blossom.

BY BRET HARTE.

PART II.—Continued.

Thankful opened her brown eyes
aggressively on the major. A prisoner
"for what?"

"For aiding and giving comfort to
the enemy, and for harboring spies,"
replied the major with military cer-
tainty.

Mistress Thankful's cheeks flushed
slightly at the last sentence: a recollection
of the scene on the porch and the
baron's stolen kiss flashed across her,
and for a moment she looked as guilty
as if the man before her had been a
witness to the deed. He saw it, and
misinterpreted her confusion.

"Bake, then," said Mistress Thankful,
slightly raising her voice, and
standing squarely before the major,
"because, I should be a prisoner
too; for the guests of this house, if
they be spies, were my guests, and, as
my father's daughter, I was their host-
ess; ay, man, and right glad to be it,
the hostess of such gallant gentlemen—
gentlemen, I warrant, too fine to insult
a defenceless girl; gentlemen spies that
did not cock their boots on the table,
or turn an honest farmer's house into
a tap-room."

An exasperation of half pain, half
amusement, covered the face of the
major, but he made no other reply than
a profound and graceful bow. Courteous
and deprecatory as it was, it ap-
parently exasperated Mistress Thankful
only the more.

"And pray who are the spies, and
who is the informer?" said Mistress
Thankful, facing the soldier, with one
hand tranquilly placed on her flexible
hip, and the other slipped behind her.

"Methinks 'tis only honest we should
know when and how we have entertained
both."

"Your father, Mistress Thankful,"
said Major Van Zandt gravely, "has

long been suspected of favoring the
enemy; but it has been the policy of
the commander-in-chief to overlook the
political preferences of non-combatants,
and to strive to win their allegiance to
the good cause by liberal privileges.
But when it was lately discovered that
two strangers, although bearing a pass
from him, have been frequenters of
his house under fictitious names—

"You mean Count Ferdinand and
the Baron Pomposo," said Thankful
quickly, "two honest gentlefolk; and
if they choose to pay their debts to
a lass—although, perhaps, not a quali-
ty lady, yet an honest girl!"

"Dear Mistress Thankful," said the
major with a profound bow and smile,
that, spite of its courtesy, drove Thankful
to the verge of wrathful hysterics,
"if you establish that fact, and, from
this slight acquaintance with your
charms, I doubt not you will—your
father is safe from further inquiry or
detention. The commander-in-chief is
a gentleman who never underrated the
influence of your sex, nor held himself
averse to its fascinations."

"What is the name of this infor-
mer?" broke in Mistress Thankful an-
grily. "Who is it that has dared!"

"It is but king's evidence, mayhap,
Mistress Thankful; for the informer is
under arrest. It is on the information
of Capt. Allan Brewster of the Con-
necticut Contingent."

Mistress Thankful whitened, then
flushed, then whitened again. Then
she stood up to the major.

"It's a lie,—a cowardly lie!"
Major Van Zandt bowed. Mistress
Thankful flew up-stairs, and in another
moment swept back into the room in
riding hat and habit.

"I suppose I can go and see—my
father," she said, without lifting her
eyes to the officer.

"You are as free as air, Mistress
Thankful. My orders and instructions,
far from implicating you in your father's
existence, do not even suggest your
existence. Let me help you to your
horse."

The girl did not reply. During
that brief interval, however, Caesar
had saddled her white mare, and
brought it to the door. Mistress
Thankful, disdainful of the offered hand
of the major, sprang to the saddle.

The major still held the reins.
"One moment, Mistress Thankful."
"Let me go!" she said with suppressed
passion.

"One moment, I beg."
His hand still held her bridle-rein.
The mare reared, nearly upsetting her.
Crimson with rage and mortification,
she raised her riding-whip, and laid it
smartly over the face of the man before
her.

He dropped the rein instantly. Then
he raised to her a face calm and color-
less, but for a red line extending from
his eyebrow to his chin, and said quietly—

"I had no desire to detain you. I
only wished to say that when you see
Gen. Washington I know you will be
just enough to tell him that Major
Van Zandt knew nothing of your
wrong, or even your presence here, and
until you presented them, and that
since then he has treated you as became
an officer and a gentleman."

Yet even as he spoke she was gone.
At the moment that her fluttering
skirt swept in a furious gallop down
the hillside, the major turned, and re-
entered the house. The few lounging
troopers who were witnesses of the
scene prudently turned their eyes from
the white face and blazing eyes of their
officer as he strode by them. Never-
theless, when the door closed behind
him, contemporary criticism broke
out—

"'Tis a Tory jade, vexed that she
cannot befool the major as she has the
captain," muttered Sergeant Tibbitts.

"And going to try her tricks on the
general," added private Hicks.

Howbeit both these critics may have
been wrong. For as Mistress Thankful
thundered down the Morristown
road she thought of many things. She
thought of her sweetheart Allan, a
prisoner, and pining for her help and
her solicitude; and yet—how dared
he—if he had really betrayed or mis-
judged her! And then she thought
bitterly of the count and the baron,
and burned to face the latter, and in
some vague way charge the stolen kiss
upon him as the cause of all her shame

and mortification. And lastly she
thought of her father, and began to
hate everybody. But above all and
through all, in her vague fears for her
father, in her passionate indignation
against the baron, in her fearful im-
pulses of Allen, one thing was ever
dominant and obtrusive; one thing she
tried to put away, but could not,—the
handsome, colorless face of Major Van
Zandt, with the red welt of her riding-
whip everlying its cold outlines.

PART III.

The rising wind, which had ridden
much faster than Mistress Thankful,
had increased to a gale by the time it
reached Morristown. It swept through
the leafless maples, and rattled the dry
bones of the elms. It whistled through
the quiet Presbyterian churchyard, as
if trying to arouse the sleepers it had
known in days gone by. It shook the
blank, lustreless windows of the Assem-
bly Rooms over the Freemason's Tavern,
and wrought in their gusty cur-
tains, and wrought in their gusty cur-
tains moving shadows of those amply
petticoated dames and tightly hooded
cavaliers who had swung in "Sir
Roger," or jiggled in "Money Musk,"
the night before.

But I fancy it was around the iso-
lated "Ford Mansion," better known as
the "Head-quarters," that the wind
wreathed its grotesque rage. It howled
under its scant eaves, it sang under
its black porch, it tweaked the peak of
its front gable, it whistled through
every chink and cranny of its square,
solid, unpicturesque structure. Situated
on a hillside that descended rapidly
to the Whippany river, every summer
a play that whistled through the porches
of the Morristown farm-house charged
as a stiff breeze upon the swinging
half doors and windows of the "Ford
Mansion;" every wintry wind became
a gale that threatened its security.

The sentry who paced before its front
porch knew from experience when to
linger under its lee, and adjust his
threadbare outer coat to the bitter
north wind.

Within the house something of this
cheerlessness prevailed. It had an as-
tetic gloom, which the scant firelight of
the reception-room, and the dying em-
bers of the dining-room hearth failed
to dissipate. The central hall was
broad, and furnished plainly with a
few rush-bottomed chairs, on one of
which half dozed a black body-servant
of the commander-in-chief. Two of
floors in the dining-room, drawn close
by the chimney-corner, chatted in un-
tones, as if mindful that the door of
the drawing-room was open, and their
voices might break in upon its sacred
privacy. The swinging light in the
hall partly illuminated it, or rather
gloomed gloomily from the black polished
furniture, the lustreless chairs, the
quaint cabinet, the silent spinet, the
skeleton-legged centre-table, and finally
upon the motionless figure of a man
seated by the fire.

It was a figure since so well known
to the civilized world, since so celebrat-
ed in print and painting, as to need no
description here. Its rare combination
of gentle dignity with profound force,
of a set resolute of purpose with a
philosophical patience, have been so
frequently delivered to a people not
particularly remarkable for these quali-
ties, that I fear it has too often pro-
voked a spirit of playful aggression, in
which the deeper underlying meaning
was forgotten. So let me add that in
manner, physical equipoise, and even
in the mere details of dress, this figure
indicated a certain aristocratic exclu-
siveness. It was the presentation of
a king,—a king who by the irony of
circumstances was just then waging
war against all kingship; a ruler of
men, who just then was fighting for
the right of those men to govern them-
selves, but whom by his own inherent
right he dominated. From the crown
of his powdered head to the silver
buckle of his shoe he was so royal that
it was not strange that his brother
George of England and Hanover—rul-
ing by accident otherwise impiously
known as the "grace of God"—could
find no better way of resisting his
power than by calling him "Mr Wash-
ington."

The sound of horses' hoofs, the
formal challenge of sentry, the grave
questioning of the officer of the guard,
followed by footsteps upon the porch,
did not apparently disturb his medita-

tion. Nor did the opening of the outer
door, and a charge of cold air into the hall
that invaded even the privacy of the
reception-room, and brightened the
dying embers on the hearth, stir his
calm pre-occupation. But an instant
later there was the distinct rustle of a
feminine skirt in the hall, a hurried
whispering of men's voices, and then
the sudden apparition of a smooth,
fresh-faced young officer over the shoulder
of the unconscious figure.

"I beg your pardon, general," said
the officer doubtfully, "but—"

"You are not intruding, Col. Hamil-
ton," said the general quietly.

"There is a young lady without who
wishes an audience of your Excellency."

'Tis Mistress Thankful Blossom,—
the daughter of Abner Blossom, charg-
ed with treasonous practices and favor-
ing the enemy, now in the guard-house
at Morristown."

"Thankful Blossom?" repeated the
general interrogatively.

"Your Excellency doubtless remem-
bers a little provincial beauty and a
famous toast of the country-side,—the
Cressida of our Morristown epio, who led
our gallant Connecticut captain
astray?"

"You have the advantages, besides
the better memory of a younger man,
colonel," said Washington, with a play-
ful smile that slightly reddened the
check of his aid-de-camp. "Yet I think
I have heard of this phenomenon. By
all means, admit her—and her escort."

"She is alone, general," responded
the subordinate.

"Then the more reason why we
should be polite," returned Washing-
ton, for the first time altering his easy
posture, rising to his feet, and lightly
clasping his ruffled hands before him.
"We must not keep her waiting. Give
her access, my dear colonel, at once;
and even as she came,—alone."

The aid-de-camp bowed and with-
drew. In another moment the half-
opened door swung wide to Mistress
Thankful Blossom.

She was so beautiful in her simple
riding-dress, so quaint and original in
that very beauty, and above all, so
teeming with a certain vital earnestness
of purpose just positive and audacious
enough to set off that beauty, that the
grave gentleman before her did not
content himself with the usual formal
inclination of courtesy, but actually
advanced, and taking her cold little
hand in his, graciously led her to the
chair he had just vacated.

"Even if your name were not known
to me, Mistress Thankful," said the
commander-in-chief, looking down upon
her with grave politeness, "nature has
methinks, spared you the necessity of
any introduction to the courtesy of a
gentleman. But how can I especially
serve you?"

Alack! the blaze of Mistress Thankful's
brown eyes had become somewhat
dimmed in the grave half-lights of the
room, in the graver, deeper dignity of
the erect, soldier-like figure before her.
The bright color born of the tempest
within and without had somehow faded
from her cheek; the sauciness be-
 gotten from bullying her horse in the
last half-hour's rapid ride was so sub-
dued by the actual presence of the man
she had come to bully, that I fear she
had to use all her self-control to keep
down her inclination to whimper, and
to keep back the tears, that, oddly
enough, rose to her sweet eyes as she
lifted them to the quietly critical yet
placid glance of her interlocutor.

"I can readily conceive the motive
of this visit, Miss Thankful," contin-
ued Washington, with a certain digni-
fied kindness that was more re-assur-
ing than the formal gallantry of the
period; "and it is, I protest, to your
credit. A father's welfare, however
erring and weak that father may be, is
most seemly in a maiden—"

Thankful's eyes flashed again as she
rose to her feet. Her upper lip, that
had a moment before trembled in a
pretty infantine distress, now stiffened
and curved as she confronted the digni-
fied figure before her. "It is not of
my father I would speak," she said
saucily: "I did not ride here alone
to-night, in this weather, to talk of him;
I warrant he can speak for himself. I
came here to speak of myself, of lies—
ay, lies told of me, a poor girl; ay, of
sordidly gossip about me and my
sweetheart, Captain Brewster, now
confined in prison because his hat

loved me, a lass without politics or ad-
herence to the cause—as if 'twere nec-
essary every lad should ask the confi-
dence or permission of yourself or
belike, my lady Washington, in his
preferences.

She paused a moment, out of breath.
With a woman's quickness of intuition
she saw the change in Washington's
face,—saw a certain cold severity over-
shadowing it. With a woman's hateful
persistence—a persistence which I
humbly suggest might, on occasion, be
honorably copied by our more polite
sex—she went on to say what was in
her, even if she were obliged, with a
woman's honorable inconsistency, to
unsay it an hour or two later; an
inconsistency which I also humbly pro-
test might be as honorably imitated by
us—on occasion.

"It has been said," said Thankful
Blossom quickly, "that my father has
given entertainment knowingly to two
spies,—two spies that, begging your
Excellency's pardon, and the pardon of
Congress, I know only as two honora-
ble gentlemen who have as honorably
tendered me their affections. If, said,
and basely and most falsely too, that
my sweetheart, Capt. Allan Brewster,
has lodged this information. I have
ridden here to deny it. I have ridden
here to demand of you that an honest
woman's reputation shall not be sacri-
ficed to the interests of politics; that
a prying mob of ragamuffins shall not
be sent to an honest farmer's house to
spy and spy—and turn a poor girl out
of doors that they might do it. 'Tis
shameful, so it is: there, now! Spies,
indeed! what are they, pray?"

In the indignation which the reco-
lection of her wrongs had slowly gather-
ed in her, from the beginning of this
speech, she had advanced her face,
rosy with courage, and beautiful in its
impertinence, within a few inches of
the dignified features and quiet gray
eyes of the great commander. To her
utter stupefaction, he bent his head
and kissed her, with a grave benignity,
full on the centre of her audacious
forehead.

"Be seated, I beg, Mistress Blossom,"
he said, taking her cold hand in his,
and quietly replacing her in the unoc-
cupied chair. "Be seated, I beg, and
give me, if you can, your attention for
a moment. The officer entrusted with
the ungracious task of occupying your
father's house is a member of my mili-
tary family, and a gentleman. If he
has so far forgotten himself—if he has
so far disgraced himself and me as—"

"No! no!" uttered Thankful, with
feverish alacrity, "the gentleman was
most considerate. On the contrary—
mayhap—I—she hesitated, and then
came to a full stop, with a heightened
color, as a vivid recollection of that
gentleman's face, with the mark of her
riding-whip lay across it, rose before
her.

"I was about to say that Major Van
Zandt, as a gentleman, has known how
to fully excuse the natural impulses of
a daughter," continued Washington
with a look of perfect understanding;
"but let me now satisfy you on another
point, where it would seem we greatly
differ."

He walked to the door, and sum-
moned his servant, to whom he gave
an order. In another moment the
fresh-faced young officer who had at
first admitted her