

THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1885.

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THE ACADIAN
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WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

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

Newspapers 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 under a fictitious signature.

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Wolfville, N. S.

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Open from 9 A. M. to 2 P. M. Closed on Saturdays at 12, noon.

A. DEW, BARRISTER, AGENT.

Churches.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R. D. Ross, Pastor—Service every Sabbath at 11 A. M. Sabbath School at 11 A. M. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. A. Higgins, Pastor—Service every Sabbath at 11 A. M. and 7:00 P. M. Sabbath School at 9:30 A. M. Prayer Meetings on Tuesday at 7:30 P. M. and Thursday at 7:30 P. M.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. T. A. Wilson, Pastor—Service every Sabbath at 11:00 A. M. and 7:00 P. M. Sabbath School at 9:30 A. M. Prayer Meeting on Thursday at 7:30 P. M.

S. JOHN'S CHURCH, Wolfville.

Divine Worship will be held (D. V.) in the above Church as follows:

Sunday, Mattins and Sermon at 11 A. M.

Evening and Sermon at 7:30 P. M.

Wed. Evening and Sermon at 7:30 P. M.

Sunday-school commences eve 8 A. M. day morning at 9:30. Choir practice on Wednesday evenings after Divine Worship.

THE HALL, HORTON—Divine Worship will be conducted in the above Hall as follows:

Sunday, Evening and sermon at 2 P. M.

J. O. Eggleston, M. A., Rector.

Robert W. Hodgell,
(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.

Masons.

St. GEORGE'S LODGE, F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 8 o'clock P. M.

J. B. Davison, Secretary.

Oddfellows.

"ORPHEUS" LODGE, I. O. O. F., meets in Oddfellows' Hall, on Tuesday of each week at 8 o'clock P. M.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION of T. M. meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Witter's Block, at 8:00 o'clock.

ACADIA 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

OF
Every Description

DONE WITH
NEATNESS, CHEAPNESS, AND

PUNCTUALITY.

DIRECTORY OF THE Business Firms of WOLFVILLE.

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

BORDEN, C. H.—Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, and Gent's Furnishing Goods.

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

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

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

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

CADWELL & Murray—Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Furniture, etc.

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

DAVISON BROS.—Printers and Publishers.

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

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

HERBIN, J. E.—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.

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

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

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SHAW, J. M.—Barber and Tobaccoist.

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WITTER, BURREE—Importer and dealer in Dry Goods, Millinery, Ready-made Clothing, and Gent's Furnishings.

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

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.

CARDS

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

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House, Sign and Decorative PAINTER.
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Merchant Tailor,
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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. BARNS,
Wolfville, 28th Feb., '85.

BOX OF GOLDEN NOVELTIES,
12 fast-selling articles, and 12 magic water pens, all by return of mail for 25c., or nine 10c. stamps. Package of fast-selling articles for agents for 3c., and this slip. A. W. Kinney, Yarmouth, N. S.

Select Poetry, Nobody coming to-night.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

In the glow of the western window,
Amber and opaline air,
Flooding her eyes with beauty,
Fanning her lint-white hair,
The dear old mother is sitting,
Watching the sunset's light;
Alone by the western window—
For nobody's coming to-night.

Crossing the level meadows,
Through the ricks of the fragrant hay,
Her neighbor is faring homeward,
After a toiling day.
A sweet little wife is waiting
With a kiss at the cottage door,
And baby will toddle to meet him
Over the kitchen floor.

In the land, with its vines and tangle,
And its shadows with broken light,
A fair girl waits for her lover,
Who surely is coming to-night.
Her gown is a fleece of silver,
With ribbons of daintiest blue,
And her eyes are a color to match them,
So doulless their violet hue.

The aged face at the window,
All graven with patient lines,
Takes note of the sweet girl's glances,
Revealed by so many signs;
No envy her heart is stirring,
As the glimmer of sunshine pales,
For her loved ones are safe in the city
Where never the glory fails.

Once there were little children
Who called her "mother," ah, sweet!
This old house rang to the music
Of their merry, romping feet.
There was once a form beside her,
A face that never grew old;
Her own, in its manly beauty,
Her own, with his hair of gold.

Now, in the grass-grown church-yard,
And deep in the restless sea,
Are the dear ones who filled the homestead
With the sound of their hoisterous glee.
Ah, me! it is very silent
To watch the far away light,
As it melts in the star-light heavens,
When nobody's coming to-night.

By the bars of the western window,
By the key of the evening star,
Her thought climbs up to the meaning
Of the beautiful gates afar.
There is wonderful bliss awaiting,
In the regions of shadowless light,
The soul that is peaceful and patient—
But nobody's coming to-night.

Interesting Story, Thankful Blossom.

BY BRET HARTE.

PART I.

The time was the year of grace 1779; the locality, Morristown, New Jersey.

It was bitterly cold. A north-easterly wind had been stifling the mud of the morning's thaw into a rigid record of that day's wayfaring on the Baskingridge road. The hoof-prints of cavalry, the deep ruts left by baggage-wagons, and the deeper channels worn by artillery, lay stark and cold in the waiting light of an April day.

There were lights on the fences, a rime of silver on the windward bark of maples, and occasional bare spots on the rocky protruberances of the road, as if Nature had worn herself out at the knees and elbows through long waiting for the early spring. A few leaves disinterred by the thaw became crisp again, and rustled in the wind, making the summer a thing so remote that all human hope and conjecture fled before them.

Here and there the wayside fences and walls were broken down or dismantled; and beyond them fields of snow down-trodden and discolored, and strewn with fragments of leather, camp equipage, harness, and cast-off clothing, showed traces of the recent encampment and congregation of men. On some there were still standing the pains of rudely constructed cabins, or the semblance of fortification equally rude and incomplete. A fox stealing along a half-frozen ditch, a wolf slinking behind an earthwork, typified the human abandonment and desolation.

One by one the faint sunset tints faded from the sky; the far-off crests of the Orange hills grew darker; the nearer files of pines on the Wharton Mountain became a mere black background; and, with the coming-on of night, came too an icy silence that seemed to stiffen and arrest the very wind itself. The crisp leaves no longer rustled; the waving whips of alder and willow snapped no longer; the icicles no longer dropped a cold fruitage from barren branch and spray; and the roadside trees relapsed into stony

quiet; so that the sound of horses' hoofs breaking through the thin, dull, lustreless film of ice that patched the furrowed road, might have been heard by the nearest Continental picket a mile away.

Either a knowledge of his, or the difficulties of the road, presently irritated the viewless horseman. Long before he became visible, his voice was heard in half-suppressed objurgation of the road, of his beast, of the country folk, and the country generally. "Steady, you jade!" "Jump, you devil, jump!" "Curse the road, and the beggarly farmers that durst not mend it!" And then the moving bulk of horse and rider suddenly arose above the hill, floundered and splashed, and there was suddenly disappeared, and the rattling hoof-beats ceased.

The stranger had turned into a deserted lane still cushioned with untrodden snow. A stone wall on one hand—in better keeping and condition than the boundary monuments of the outlying fields—bespoke protection and exclusiveness. Half-way up the lane the ridge checked his speed, and, dismounting, tied his horse to a wayside sapling. This done, he went cautiously forward toward the end of the lane, and a farm-house from whose gable window a light twinkled through the deepening night. Suddenly he stopped, hesitated, and uttered an impatient ejaculation. The light had disappeared. He turned sharply on his heel, and retraced his steps until opposite a farmstead that stood a few paces from the wall. Hard by a large elm east the gaunt shadow of its leafless limbs on the wall and surrounding snow. The stranger stepped into this shadow, and at once seemed to become a part of its trembling intricacies.

At the present moment it was certainly a bleak place for a tryst. There was snow yet clinging to the trunk of the tree, and a film of ice on its bark; the adjacent wall was slippery with frost, and fringed with icicles. Yet in all there was a ludicrous suggestion of some sentiment past and unseasonable; several dislodged stones of the wall were so disposed as to form a bench and seats, and under the elm-tree's film of ice could still be seen carved on its bark the effigy of a heart, divers initials, and the legend, "Thine Forever."

The stranger, however, kept his eyes fixed upon the farm-stead and the open field beside it. Five minutes passed in fruitless expectancy. Ten minutes! And then the rising moon slowly lifted herself over the black point of the Orange hills, and looked at him, blushing a little, as if the appointment were her own.

The face and figure thus illumined were those of a strongly built, handsome man of thirty, so soldierly in bearing that it needed not the buff epaulets and facings to show his captain's rank in the Continental army. Yet there was something in his facial expression that contradicted the manliness of his presence,—an irritation and querulousness that were inconsistent with his size and strength. This fretfulness increased as the moments went by without sign or motion in the faintly lit field beyond, until, in peevish exasperation, he began to kick the nearer stones against the wall.

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you look for me to call you by name? did you expect me to shout out, 'Capt. Allan Brewster'?"

"Thankful, hush!"

"Capt. Allan Brewster of the Connecticut Contingent," continued the girl with an affected raising of a low, pathetic voice that was, however, inaudible beyond the tree. "Capt. Brewster, behold me,—your obliged and humble servant and sweetheart to command."

"It isn't every lad that I'd love for," she said with an affected pout, "and there may be others that would not take it amiss; but though there be no ladies enough at the assembly hall at Morristown as might think it hoydenish?"

"Nonsense, love," said the captain, who had by this time mounted the wall, and encircled the girl's wrist with his arm. "Nonsense! you startled me only. But," he added, suddenly taking her round chin in his hand, and turning her face toward the moon with an uneasy half-suspicion, "why did you take that light from the window? What has happened?"

"We had unexpected guests, sweetheart," said Thankful; "the count just arrived."

"That infernal Hessian!" He stopped and gazed questioningly into her face. The moon looked down upon her at the same time: the face was as sweet as placid, as truthful; as her own. Possibly these two inconstants understood each other.

"Nay, Allan, he is not a Hessian, but an exiled gentleman from abroad,—a nobleman—"

"There are no noblemen now," sniffed the trooper contemptuously. "Congress has so decreed it. All men are born free and equal."

"But they are not, Allan," said Thankful, with a pretty trouble in her brows; "even cows are not born equal. Is your calf that was dropped last night by Brindle the equal of my red heifer whose mother came by herself in ship from Surrey? Do they look equal?"

"Titles are but breath," said Captain Brewster doggedly. There was an ominous pause.

"Nay, there is one nobleman left," said Thankful; "and he is my own,—my nature's nobleman!"

Capt. Brewster did not reply. From certain arch gestures and wretched smiles with which this forward young woman accompanied her statement, it would seem to be implied that the gentleman who stood before her was the nobleman alluded to. At least, he so accepted it, and embraced her closely, her arms and part of her mantle clinging around his neck. In this attitude they remained quiet for some moments, slightly rocking from side to side like a metronome; a movement, I fancy, peculiarly bucolic, pastoral, and idyllic, and as such, I wot, observed by Theocritus and Virgil.

At these supreme moments weak woman usually keeps her wits about her much better than your superior reasoning masculine animal; and, while the gallant captain was losing himself upon her perfect lips, Miss Thankful distinctly heard the far-gate creak, and otherwise noticed that the moon was getting high and obtrusive. She half released herself from the captain's arms, thoughtfully and tenderly—but firmly. "Tell me all about yourself, Allan, dear," she said quietly, making room for him on the wall,—"all, everything."

"Moo-oo!"

He drew nearer the wall cautiously. "So Cushey! Mooly! Come up, Bowsy!" he said persuasively. "Moo!" but here the low unexpectedly broke down, and ended in a very human and rather musical little laugh.

"Thankful!" exclaimed the soldier, echoing the laugh a trifle uneasily and affectedly as a hooded little head arose above the wall.

"Well," replied the figure, supporting a prettily rounded chin on her hands, as she laid her elbows complacently on the wall,—"well, what did you expect? Did you want me to stand here all night, while you skulked moonstruck under a tree? Or did

Thankful, and the cause is lost. Congress does nothing, and Washington is not the man for the crisis. Instead of marching to Philadelphia, and forcing that wretched rabble of Hancock and Adams at the point of the bayonet, he writes letters."

"A dignified, formal old fool," interrupted Mistress Thankful indignantly; "and look at his wife! Didn't Mistress Ford and Mistress Baily, ay, and the best blood of Morris County go down to his Excellency's in their finest bibs and tucks, and didn't they find my lady in a pinafore doing chores? Vastly polite treatment, indeed! As if the whole world didn't know that the general was taken by surprise when my lady came riding up from Virginia with all those fine cavaliers, just to see what his Excellency was doing at these assembly balls. And face doings, I dare say."

"This is but idle gossip, Thankful," said Capt. Brewster with the faintest appearance of self-consciousness; "the assembly balls are conceived by the general to strengthen the confidence of the townsfolk, and mitigate the rigors of the winter encampment. I go there myself rarely; I have but little taste for junketing and gavotting, with my country in such need. No, Thankful! What we want is a leader; and the men of Connecticut feel it keenly. If I have been spoken of in that regard," added the captain, with a slight inflation of his manly breast,—because as New England yeomen they know my devotion to the cause. They know of my suffering."

The bright face that looked into his was suddenly aflame with womanly sympathy, the pretty brow was knit, the sweet eyes overflowed with tenderness. "Forgive me, Allan. I forgot—perhaps, love—perhaps, dearest, you are hungry now."

"No, not now," replied Capt. Brewster, with gloomy stoicism; "yet," he added, "it is nearly a week since I have tasted meat."

"I—I brought a few things with me," continued the girl, with a certain hesitating timidity. She reached down and produced a basket from the shadow of the wall. "These chickens,"—she held up a pair of pullets—"the commander-in-chief himself could not buy; I kept them for my commander! And this pot of marmalade, which I know my Allan loves, I thought [very tenderly] you might like a piece of that bacon you liked so once, dear. Ah, sweetheart, shall we ever sit down to our little board? Shall we ever see the end of this awful war? Don't you think dear [very pleadingly] it would be best to give it up? King George is not such a very bad man, is he? I've thought, sweetheart, [very confidently] that maybe you and he might make it all up without the aid of those Washingtons, who do nothing but starve one to death. And if the king only knew you, Allan,—should see you as I do, sweetheart,—he'd do just as you say."

During this speech she handed him the several articles alluded to; and he received them, storing them away in such receptacles of his clothing as were convenient,—with this notable difference, that with her the act was graceful and picturesque: with him, there was a ludicrousness of suggestion that his broad shoulders and uniform only heightened.

"I think not of myself, lass," he said, putting the eggs in his pocket, and buttoning the chickens within his martial breast. "I think not of myself, and perhaps I often spare that counsel which is but little heeded. But I have a duty to my men—to Connecticut. [He here tied the marmalade up in his handkerchief.] I confess I have sometimes thought I might, under provocation, be driven to extreme measures for the good of the cause. I make no pretence to leadership, but—"

"With you at the head of the army," broke in Thankful enthusiastically, "peace would be declared within a fortnight."

There is no flattery, however outrageous, that a man will not accept from a woman whom he believes loves him. He will perhaps doubt its influence in the colder judgment of mankind; but he will consider that his poor creature, at least, understands him, and in some vague way represents

the eternal but unrecognized verities. And when this is voiced by lips that are young and warm and red, it is somehow quite as convincing as the bloodless, remote utterance of poetry.