THE ACADIAN
AND BERWICK TIMES.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Vol. VII. WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, APRIL 6, 1888. No. 34

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THE ACADIAN.

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

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$1.00 Per Annum.

(IN ADVANCE.)

CLUBS of five in advance $4 00

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Select Poetry.

BELIEVE IN MAN.

Believe in man, nor turn away,
Lo! man advances year by year;
Time bears him upward, and his sphere
Of life must broaden day by day.

Believe in man with large belief,
The garnered grain each harvest time
Hath promise, roundness, and full prime
For all the empty chaff and sheaf.

Believe in man with proud belief—
Truth keeps the bottom of her well,
And when the thief peers down, the thief
Peeps back at him, perpetual.

Faint not that this or that man fell;
For one that falls a thousand rise
To lift white Progress to the skies;
Truth keeps the bottom of her well.

Fear not for man, nor cease to delve
For cool sweet truth, with large belief,
Lo! Christ himself chose only twelve,
Yet one of these turned out a chief.

Interesting Story.

Hodson's Hide-Out.

Concluded.

"Yer mammy's jes' as poorty as ever, *hain't* she, Dave?" said the old man, with a wheedling note in his rasping voice, "she aint changed none, *hev* she, Dave?"

"I don't know—I guess—well, perhaps she's more flesh—that is, stouter than when—than when"—

"Ye-e-s, that air bit, Dave," said Hodson, "she air fatter."

Nothing could have been more ridiculous than this assertion. Mrs Hodson, like most old mountain women who live on salt pork and smoke tobacco, was as thin and withered and dry as a last year's beech-leaf. D'Antinac sheepishly glanced at Mandy. The girl put her hand over her really sweet-looking mouth, and uttered a suppressed titter, at the same time deepening her blushes and shrugging her plump, shapely shoulders.

"Well, Dave, jest as I 'spected, Mandy hev forgot ye," said Hodson; "but ye know she were no bigger'n Snubbin's dry weather co'n w'en ye were tuck erway. But hit's all right, Dave; yer mammy an' me hev allus felt like ye'd turn up some day, an' lo an' behole ye hev."

Once more D'Antinac bravely tried to deny his alleged kinship to the Hodson household, but the old man instantly flew into a passion, and threatened all sorts of condign punishment, not the worst of which was "swiping" him "all over a acre o 'groun'."

"But, my dear sir, I cannot afford to have you for a moment think"—

"Dry up! ye little sniv'lin' conscript, er I'll mop up this yere floo' wi' ye in a minute. Haint ye got no sense 't all? Hev I got ter down ye ag'in?"

D'Antinac could not help himself. He made a full surrender and accepted, for the time, his role of returned son and brother, trusting that something would soon turn up to free him from the embarrassment. He was not long in discovering that Mrs Hodson's faith in his identity was much weaker than the old man's, and, as for Mandy, she flatly refused to accept him as a brother.

It was now sundown, and the evening shadows were gathering in the valley. Far and near, the brown thrushes, the cardinal grosbeaks and the cat-birds were singing in the hedges of sassafras that overgrew the old worm fences of the Hodson farm. The woods along the mountain sides were almost black with their heavy leafage, and the stony peaks of the highest ridge in the west, catching the reflection from the sunset clouds, looked like heaps of gold. A peculiar dryness seemed to pervade earth, air and sky, as if some underground volcanic heat had banished every trace of moisture from the soil, while the sun had desiccated the atmosphere. Even the clouds, scudding lazily overhead, had the look of being crisp and withered.

With all a Sand Mountain man's faith in the universal efficacy of fried bacon, Hodson ordered supper to be prepared. Mandy rolled up the sleeves of her homespun dress, showing arms as white and plump as those of a babe, and proceeded to cut some long slices of "side-meat," as the mountaineers term smoked breakfast-bacon, while her father started a fire on the liberal hearth. The supper was rather greasy, but not unpalatable, the fried corn-bread and the crisp meat being supplemented by excellent coffee. During the meal Hodson plied D'Antinac with questions as to where he had spent all these years of absence, questions very hard to answer satisfactorily. Mrs Hodson silently watched the young man with a doubting, wistful look in her watery eyes, as if she could not make up her mind to trust him wholly, and yet was anxious to accept him, as her long-lost son. Mandy scarcely lifted her face after she sat down at the table, but D'Antinac fancied he could detect a dimpling ripple of suppressed merriment about her rosy cheeks and mouth.

When the supper was over and Mandy had washed the dishes and put them away, Hodson proposed music; he was almost hilarious.

"Ye ricolle'c' ole Jord, don't ye, Dave? Our ole nigger feller—course ye do, yer boun' ter ricolle'c' 'im, couldn't never furgit 'im; mean ole villyun, but er good hand ter hoe cotting an' pull fodder. Well, he's jest in from the upper co'n-fiel', an' is er feedin' 'is mule. Soon es he comes ter 'is cabing, I'll call 'im in ter pick the banjer fur ye, an' I don't whant ye ter say nothin' 'bout who ye air, an' see of he 'members ye."

Of course D'Antinac assented; there was nothing else for him to do. In fact, he was beginning to feel a sharp interest in the progress of this quiet farce. He tried to get a look into Mandy's roguish eyes, that he might be sure of her sympathy, but she avoided him, her cheeks all the time burning with blushes, and her yellowish hair tossed loosely over her neck and shoulders. Presently Hodson went out to fetch in Jord and the banjo. It was during his absence, and while Mrs Hodson was stooping over the embers on the hearth, trying to scoop up a coal to light her pipe, that the bashful girl got up and walked across the room. As she passed D'Antinac, she whispered:

"Ye must 'member Jord soon es ye see 'im—don't ye fail. Save er rumpus.

"All right," whispered D'Antinac.

Hodson re-entered in due time, followed by a slender, bony negro man, whose iron-gray wool and wrinkled face indexed his age at near seventy years.

"Jording, der you know this yere gentleman?" said Hodson.

"Naw, sir, don t fink er do," answered the negro, twirling his banjo in a self-conscious way, and bowing obsequiously.

Mrs Hodson and Mandy interchanged quick, half-frightened grimaces, followed by furtive glances toward the master of the house.

"Jording," said Hodson, "ef ye don't tell me who this yere feller air in less'n a minute, I'll jest nat'rally take the ramrod out'n Hornet," pointing to a long rifle that hung over the door, "an' I'll jest wax hit to ye, tell ye'll be glad ter 'member most anybody."

"Why, Jord, old fellow, don't you remember Dave!" exclaimed D'Antinac, taking a step forward, and simulating great joy and surprise.

"W-w-w'at Dave is yer tarkin' 'bout?" stammered the poor old negro.

Hodson's face instantly burned with rage, and he certainly would have done something desperate had not D'Antinac just then closed up the space between himself and Jord. Mandy, too, joined the group and whispered:

"Don't be er fool, Jord, say hit's Dave come back from the wa'."

Jord's wits and concience were a little refractory, but Mandy's advice found an able auxiliary in the fact that Hodson had by this time got possession of the rifle-ramrod, and was flourishing it furiously.

"W'y, Mars Dave! dis you? Clar ter goodness de ole niggah's eyes gittin' pow'ful pore! Didn know ye no mo'n nuffin' at fus; but yer look jes' es nat'ral es de ole mule ter me now. Wha' ye been all dis time, Mars Dave? 'Clar' ter goodness ye s'prise de ole niggah's sense mos' out'n 'im, yer does fo' sho'!"

While Jord was thus delivering himself, he kept one eye queerly leering at D'Antinac, and the other glaring wildly at the wavering ramrod.

"Ther', what'd I tell ye?" exclaimed Hodson, vociferously; "what'd I tell ye! Jord 'members 'im! Hit air Dave, sho' 's ye bo'n, Sarah! Hit air our boy, fer a fac', the blamed little 'coster! He wusn't killed in no wa', Sarah! I allus tole ye 'at he'd come back, an', sho' 'nuff, yer he air! Hallooyer!" As he spoke, he capered awkwardly over the floor, to the imminent danger of every one's toes. When his ecstacy had somewhat abated, he turned to Jord, his face beaming with delight. Now, Jording," he said, "give us my favoryte soug; an', Jording, put on the power, put on the power! This yere's a 'cashun of onlimited rejoicin'! Haint it, Sarah!"

"Hit air," responded Mrs Hodson, puffing lazily at her old pipe.

Hodson took a chair, and, placing it close beside his wife, sat down, and, with his hand caressing her shoulder, whispered in her ear:

"Haint this yere jest glor'us?"

"Hit air," she answered, lifelessly.

Mandy's face was as pink as the petals of a wild rose and her heart was fluttering strangely.

D'Antinac, keenly alive to the dramatic situation, and somewhat troubled as to how it was to end, glanced around the room, and, despite his mental perturbation, became aware of the rude but powerful setting of the scene. The pine-smoked walls and ceiling, the scant primitive furniture, the scrupulously clean puncheon floor, the long flint-locked rifle, the huge "stick-and-dirt" fire-place, the broad, roughly-laid hearth and the smoke-grimed wookeu crane, all taken together, made an *entourage* in perfect accord with the figures, the costumes, and the predicament.

Jord tuned his banjo with some show of faltering, and presently he began to play and sing. The following, which were the closing stanzas, will serve to give an idea of the performance:

"Ab'um Linkum say he gwine ter
Free ole niggah in de wah,
But Mars Hodson say he mine ter
See how Ab'um do dat dar!
Hoop-te-loody, how ye gwine ter
When Mars Hodson not er mine ter?
Den ole Ab'um say: 'You free um!'
But Mars Hodson cut an' shoot,
An' say to Ab'um dat he see um
At de debbil 'fore he do 't!
Hoop-te-loody, how ye gwine ter
When Mars Hodson not er mine ter?"

"That air a fac'," exclaimed Hodson, almost gleefully, "that air a fac'. Here's whut never guv in yit, Dave! They tried fur ter mek me fight fur the Confed'ret States an' they never hit, an' 'en they tried ter conscrip' me like they did you Dave, but I cut 'em an shot 'em an' hid out aroun' in these yere woods tell they guv my place the name o' Hide-out, an' they didn't conscrip' me, nuther; an' 'en the tother gov'ment proclamated and sot ever'body's niggers free, but yer daddy hel' on ter his one lone nigger jes' ter show 'em 'at he could; fur ther's not a gov'ment onto the top side a' yearth 'at kin coerce er subjergate yer daddy, Dave."

Jord hung his head in utmost humility while his master was speaking. A keen pang of sympathy shot through D'Antinac's bosom. The thought that this kindly-faced old negro was still a slave, the one lone man of his race whose shackles remained unbroken, was touching beyond compare. And yet it seems quite in consonance with the nature of things that such a person as Hodson should be able, situated as he was, to resist, for any length of time, the tide of the new *regime*. This easy turn from the absurd to the pathetic gave a new force to the situation, hardening and narrowing its setting, whilst it added infinite depth to its meaning. Here, indeed, was the very heart of Sand Mountain, and well might it be called Hodson's Hide-out, where slavery's last instance had been hidden save from the broad eyes of freedom.

D'Antinac could not sleep when at last he had been left by Hodson in a little dingy room, whither his gun and pack had also been transported. The bed was soft and clean, and the moonlight pouring through a low, square, painless window invited to sleep; but he lay there pondering and restless. Hodson's last words, before bidding him good night, kept ringing in his ears:

"Thet air Jording air a livin example o' my 'termination an' ondurance, Dave, an' hit shows what stuff yer daddy's made out'n. The whole eter-nal worl' kin never free thet air nigger. He er mine ter keep, es the ole hymn say, 'Whatever may erpose.'"

D'Antinac was small of stature and not at all a hero mentally; but he had come of a liberty-loving ancestry, and was, despite his foreign-looking name, an American to his heart's core. No doubt the wild, roving life he had for years been leading, as an emissary of an ornithological society, had served to emphasize and accentuate his love of freedom in every sense.

He had turned and tossed on his bed for several hours, when a peculiar voice, between a chant and a prayer in its intonations, came in through the little window, along with the white stream of moonlight. He got up and softly went to the aperture. The voice came from a little detached cabin in the back-yard. It was Jord praying.

"Lor', hab de ole man sarb ye well an' true? Must I die er slabe an' come 'ome ter glory wid de chain on? What I done, Lor', 'at ye 'zart me when I's ole? Is I nebber gwine ter be free? Come down, Lor', an' 'stain de ole man in he 'fliction an' trouble, an' oh, Lor', gib 'im oleeyes one leetle glimp' ob freedom afore he die. Amen."

Such were the closing words of the plaintive and touching prayer. No wonder that suddenly D'Antinac's whole life focused itself in the desire to liberate that old slave. He forgot every element of his predicament, save his nearness to the last remnant of human boudage. He drew on his clothes, seized his pack and gun, and slyly crept out through the little window. The cool, sweet mountain air braced him like wine. This ought to be the breath of freedom. These rugged peaks surrounding the little "pocket" or valley ought not to fence in a slave or harbor a master.

Riley Hodson slept soundly all night, and did not get up before breakfast was ready.

"Let the little rooster sleep; hit air Sunday, anyhow; let 'im git up when he whants ter," said the old man, when D'Antinac failed to appear.

Mandy had fried some ham and eggs for breakfast, and she came to the table in a very becoming blue calic gown. Mrs Hodson appeared listless, and her eyes had no cheerful light in them.

The old man ate ravenously the choicest eggs and the best slices of ham, with the air of one determined upon vicariously breaking fast for the entire household. But Mandy had saved back in the frying-pan some extra bits for the young stranger.

An hour passed.

"Guess the blamed little rooster air agoin' ter snooze all day. Mebbe I'd better wake 'im," Hodson at last said, and went to the little bedroom. He tapped on the door, but got no response. Then he pounded heavily and called out:

"Hullo, Dave!"

Silence followed. He turned and glared at Mrs Hodson, then at Mandy.

"The blamed little rooster!" he muttered, flinging open the door. For many seconds he stood peering into the room. Presently he clutched the door-post to steady himself, then he wheeled round, and his face grew white.

"Dave er gone!" he gasped. "Dave er gone! Lord, Sarah, he air gone agi'n!"

Almost involuntarily Mandy went to the bedroom door and confirmed her father's assertion. Mrs Hodson was quiet. The whole house was quiet. Indeed, there seemed to have fallen a perfect hush over the valley and the mountains.

Riley Hodson soon rallied. He sprang to his feet like a tiger.

"Mandy," he stormed, "go tell Jording ter bridle an' saddle the mule, quick!"

Mandy went at his command, as if blown by his breath. In a few moments she returned, white as a ghost, and gasped:

"Jord er gone!"

"What! How! Gone! Jording!"

"He air gone," Mandy repeated, holding out a two-dollar "greenback" bill in one hand and a piece of writing-paper in the other. "I got these yere off'n Jord's table."

BEST ON EARTH

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THE GREAT SELF WASHER TRY IT

A marvel of efficiency and economy. Quality never varies. The purest and best for all household purposes; washing and cleaning without injury to hands or fabric. No boiling, scalding or hard rubbing necessary. The saving of fuel alone pays for the soap. Makes white goods whiter, softens woolen goods and makes colored goods brighter. One soap for all purposes. Toilet, Bath, Laundry, Scrubbing, &c. Read the directions plainly given on each wrapper and learn the new "surprise" way of washing clothes, saving time, money, labor and worry of the old way. Wash day is made a pleasure by the use of SURPRISE SOAP and joy and smiles take the place of tired looks. Save 2 Surprise wrappers, send to the manufacturers with your address and get a handsome picture for them. Ask your grocer to show you the picture. SURPRISE SOAP is sold by all leading grocers. If not obtainable at your home send 6 cents in stamps to us for sample bar.

The St. Croix Soap M'f'g Co., ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

With great difficulty and in a breathless way, she read aloud what was hastily scrawled on the paper:

"MR HODSON.

"DEAR SIR:—You are greatly mistaken; I am not your son. I never saw you in my life before yesterday. Your wife and daughter are both well aware of your curious illusion. Jordon, whom I take with me to freedom, knows that I am not your lost son. In fact, I am. Very respectfully yours,

DAVID D'ANTINAC.

"P. S. A letter to me will reach me if directed in care of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, D. C. I inclose two dollars to pay for the trouble I have given you."

Hodson caught his mule, bridled it and saddled it, and rode away up the zigzag mountain trail in pursuit of the fugitives; but he did not catch them. At nightfall he returned in a sombre mood, with a look of dry despair in his eyes. For a long while he did not speak; but at length, when his wife came and sat down close beside him, he muttered:

"Were hit Dave, Sarah?"

"Hit were not," she answered; "Dave never hed no mole onter 'is chin."—*Maurice Thompson in the Century.*

An exchange says: "John Bull and brother Sandy have a quiet way of doing big things. When the Brooklyn Bridge was building, all the world was given to understand that a most gigantic work was in progress, as indeed was the case. But at this moment a bridge is being built over the Frith of Forth that consists of two spans, each longer by 100 feet than the main span of the Brooklyn bridge. But nothing much is being said about it. The bridge will be built and opened in a quiet sort of way; and, though it will be by far the greatest bridge in the world, John and Sandy will not think they have done anything tremendous. The chief question with them will be, what to do next."

Day and Night

During an acute attack of Bronchitis, a ceaseless tickling in the throat, and an exhausting, dry, hacking cough, afflict the sufferer. Sleep is banished, and great prostration follows. This disease is also attended with Hoarseness, and sometimes Loss of Voice. It is liable to become chronic, involve the lungs, and terminate fatally. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral affords speedy relief and cure in cases of Bronchitis. It controls the disposition to cough, and induces refreshing sleep.

I have been a practicing physician for twenty-four years, and, for the past twelve, have suffered from annual attacks of Bronchitis. After exhausting all the usual remedies

Without Relief,

I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It helped me immediately, and effected a speedy cure.—G. Stoveall, M. D., Carrollton, Miss.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is decidedly the best remedy, within my knowledge, for chronic Bronchitis, and all lung diseases.—M. A. Rust, M. D., South Paris, Me.

I was attacked, last winter, with a severe Cold, which, from exposure, grew worse and finally settled on my Lungs. By night sweats I was reduced almost to a skeleton. My Cough was incessant, and I frequently spit blood. My physician told me to give up business, or I would not live a month. After taking various remedies without relief, I was finally

Cured By Using

two bottles of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I am now in perfect health, and able to resume business, after having been pronounced incurable with Consumption.—S. P. Henderson, Saulsburgh, Penn.

For years I was in a decline. I had weak lungs, and suffered from Bronchitis and Catarrh. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral restored me to health, and I have been for a long time comparatively vigorous. In case of a sudden cold I always resort to the Pectoral, and find speedy relief.—Edward E. Curtis, Rutland, Vt.

Two years ago I suffered from a severe Bronchitis. The physician attending me became fearful that the disease would terminate in Pneumonia. After trying various medicines, without benefit, he finally prescribed Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which relieved me at once. I continued to take this medicine a short time, and was cured.—Ernest Colton, Logansport, Ind.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.