

# THE ACADIAN

## WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1888.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Vol. VIII. No. 15. WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1888.

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### THE ACADIAN

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

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### Select Poetry

#### What He Wrote.

Ofs I've wondered what was written In that far off eastern land When with gracious heavenly finger Jesus wrote upon the sand.

Stopping down, as though he heard not, When they, enraptured, stood around, He of Nazareth, Prince of Glory, Wrote again upon the ground.

What that sermon, never published, Book Divine has not revealed, Prophets, angels, John of Patmos, Keep us still the mystery sealed.

Was it record of a pardon, Registered in worlds above, Free forgiveness to a sinner, Through the Father's tender love?

Ah! methinks, perhaps, we'll find it In the "Book" before the throne, When that woman, once a sinner, We shall see among His own.

### Interesting Story.

#### The Gambler's Death.

Beyond the balsam thicket the gambler made his stand. Carson, the detective, was in pursuit, and as he burst through the balsams he found himself within twenty feet of his antagonist. Both men stood for an instant, each with a pistol in his hand, each looking at the other. Both were experts. Each knew the other.

"You count," said the gambler, coolly.

"One, two, three," said the detective. "Fire!"

One pistol alone sounded. The gambler had failed to explode!

"You've won," you needn't deal again," said the gambler. And then he dropped. The red stain on his shirt-front showed where he was hit.

"There's some fine and bandage," said the detective, and he flung a small package into the gambler's lap. "I hope you won't die, Dick Raymond."

"Oh, it was all fair, Carson," said the other, carelessly. "I've held a poor hand from the start."

He paused; for the detective had rushed on, and he was alone.

Twenty rods further on, the detective caught up with the Trapper, who was calmly recharging his piece. On the edge of the ledge above, the half-breed lay dead, the lips drawn back from his teeth and his ugly countenance distorted with hate and rage. A rifle, whose muzzle smoked, lay at his side; and the muzzle of the Trapper's left ear was bleeding.

"I've shot Dick Raymond with the balsam thicket," said the detective. "I'm afraid he's had his."

"I'll go and see the boy," answered the Trapper. "You'll had Henry furdur up. There's only two runnin'." You and he can bring 'em in."

The detective disappeared like a flash in the direction the Trapper had pointed.

"Ah, me," said the old man, "I hope the boy isn't had hit," and he turned on his trail and moved quickly down towards the balsam thicket.

The gambler was seated in a reclining attitude, his body resting on the mosses, his shoulders and head supported by a rock, which, covered thickly with other mosses itself, made for his growing weakness a natural pillow. The package of lint, which the detective had thrown to him as he dashed away, after the fatal interview, lay within reach of his hand. Only a stain on the white linen showed where he was hit, for the hemorrhage was all internal. Through the trees, here and there, the bright water of the lake showed clearly. The little rivulet that issued from the Trapper's spring ran with tuneful gurgling through the swale, and filtered itself into the lake through sands, pure as its own rippling stream. In the pines overhead were soothing noises. The young balsams yielded their gummy sweetness to the damp air. The pistol by whose failure to explode he had escaped the crime of murder, lay by his side, while a dozen cards, that had been flung from his pocket as he dropped, were lying scattered about—a suggestive commentary on the frigidity and superficiality of his life. His eyes were open, gazing through the branches of the intervening trees at the bright patches of the shining water beyond, and the little rill soothed the stillness with its aping sound. One would hardly

think that so unprincipled a life would come to its close so peacefully as the peacefulness of nature, which, because of its immutability, perhaps, had committed to him, and could therefore be disturbed by no person. But such apparently was the case; for the look in the eyes was as placid as the lake at which they gazed, and the lines of his face were as calm and peaceful as a child's, when, just before he falls asleep, his memory is busy with the happiness of the day he has enjoyed, and to which, ere he sleeps, he would say a pleasant farewell.

The old Trapper saw, as he descended the hill, the body reclining on the mosses at the edge of the balsam thicket. The earth gave back no sound as he advanced, and he reached the gambler, ere the young man was aware of his presence; but as the form of the Trapper passed between him and the shining water, he turned his gaze up to the Trapper's face, and, after studying the grave lines for a moment, said:

"You've won the game, old man."

The Trapper for a moment made no reply. He looked steadfastly into the young man's countenance, fixed his eyes on the red stain on the left breast, and then said:

"Shall I look at the hole, boy?"

The gambler smiled pleasantly and nodded his head, saying: "It's the natural thing to do in these cases, I believe. Lifting his hands, he unbuttoned the collar, and unscrewed the solitaire stud from the white bosom. The Trapper knelt by the young man's side, and laying back the linen from the chest, wiped the blood stain with a piece of lint from the white skin, and carefully studied the edges of the wound, seeking to ascertain the direction which the bullet had taken as it penetrated the flesh. At last he drew his face back, and lifted himself to his feet, not a shade in the expression of his countenance revealing his thought.

"Is it my last deal, old man?" asked the gambler carelessly.

"I have seen a good many wounds," answered the Trapper, "and I've noted the direction of a good many bullets, and I never knowed a man live who was hit where ye be hit, of the lead has the slant inward, as the piece had that has gone into ye."

For a minute the young man made no reply. No change came to his countenance. He turned his eyes from the Trapper's face and looked pleasantly off toward the water. He even whistled a line or two of an old love ballad; then he paused, and drawn perhaps by the magnificence of the steady gaze which the eyes of the Trapper fixed upon him, he looked again into the old man's face, and said:

"What is it, John Norton?"

"I be sorry for ye, boy," answered the old man. "I be sorry for ye, for life be sweet to the young, and I wish that ye years might be many on the arth."

"I fancy there's a good many who will be glad to hear I'm out of it," was the careless response.

"I don't doubt ye have yer faults, boy," answered the Trapper, "and I dare say ye have lived loosely, and did many deeds that was better undid, but the best use of life be to learn how to live, and I feel sartin ye'd have got better as ye got older, and made the last half of yer life wipe out the first so that the figures for and agin ye would have balanced in the Judgment."

"You aren't fool-enough to believe what the hypocritical church-members talk, are you, John Norton? You don't believe that there's any Judgment Day, do you?"

"I don't know much about church-members," answered the Trapper, "leastwise, I've never studied the habits of the prett' and I dare say that I've seen some that was sartinly vagabonds. No, I don't know much about church-members, but I sartinly believe—yes, I know there be a day when the Lord shall judge the livin' and the dead, and the honest Trapper shall stand on one side, and the vagabond that pilfers his skin and steals his traps shall stand on the other. That is what the Book says, and it sartinly seems rea-

sonable; for the deeds that be did on the arth be of two sorts, and the folks that do 'em be of two kind, and atween the two, the Lord, of he notes anything, must make a dividin' line."

"And when do you think this judgment is, John Norton?" asked the gambler, as if he was actually enjoying the grade but honest ideas of his companion. The Trapper hesitated a moment before he spoke, then he said:

"I conceit that the Judgment be always goin' on. It's a court that never adjourns, and the desaters and the keaves and the disobedient in the regiment be always on trial. But I conceit that there comes a day to every man, good and bad; when the record of his deeds be looked over from the start, and the good and the bad counted up; and in that day he gets the final judgment whether it be for agin him. And now, boy," continued the old man solemnly, with a touch of infinite tenderness in the vibrations of his voice, "ye be nigh the Judgment day, yerself, and the deeds ye have did, both the good and the bad, will be passed in review."

"I reckon there isn't much chance for me if your view is sound, John Norton." And for the first time his tone lost its cheerful recklessness.

"The court be a court of mercy; and the Judge looks upon 'em that comes up for trial as of 'em was their Father."

"That ends it, old man," answered the gambler. "My father never showed me any mercy when I was a boy. If he had, I shouldn't have been here now. If I did a wrong deed, I got it to the last inch of the lash," and the words were more intensely bitter because spoken so quietly.

"The fathers of the arth, boy, be not like the Father of Heaven, for I have seed 'em correct their children beyond reason, and without mercy. They whipped in their rage, and not in their wisdom; they whipped, because they was strong, and not because of their love; they whipped, when they should have forgiven, and got what they arnt—the hatred of their children. But the Father of Heaven be different, boy. He knows that men be weak, as well as wicked. He knows that half of 'em haven't had a fair chance, and so he overlooks much; and when he can't overlook it, I conceit he sorter forgives in a lump. Yes, he abstracts all he can from the evil we have did, boy, and of that isn't enough to satisfy his feelin's toward a man that might have ben different of he had a fair start, he jest wipes the whole row of figur's clean out at the askin'."

"At the asking?" said the gambler; "that's a mighty quick game. Did you ever pray, John Norton?"

"Sartin, sartin, I be a prayin' man," said the Trapper sturdily.

"At the asking?" murmured the gambler, softly.

"Sartin, boy," answered the Trapper, "that's the line the trail takes, ye can depend on it; and it will take ye to the end of Great Clearin' in peace."

"It's a quick deal," said the gambler, speaking to himself, utterly unconscious of the incongruity of his speech to his thought. "It's a quick deal, but I can see that it might end as he says, if the feeling was right."

For a moment nothing was said. The Trapper stood looking steadfastly at the young man on the moss, as he lay with his quiet face turned up to the sky, to whose color had already come the first shade of the awful whiteness.

Up the mountain a rifle cracked. Neither stirred. A red squirrel ran out upon the limb, twenty feet above the gambler's head, and shook the silence into fragments with his chattering; then sat gazing with startled eyes at the two men underneath.

"Can you pray, old man?" asked the gambler quietly.

"Sartinly," answered the Trapper.

"Can you pray in words?" asked the gambler again.

For a moment the Trapper hesitated. Then he said:

"I can't say that I can. No, I sartinly can't say that I could undertake it with a reasonable chance of gettin' it through; leastwise, it wouldn't be in a

way to help a man any."

"Is there any way, old man, in which we can go partners?" asked the gambler, the vocabulary of whose profession still clung to him in the solemn counselling.

"I was thinkin' of that," answered the Trapper; "yes, I was thinkin' of we couldn't sorter jine works, and each help the other by doin' his own part himself. Yes," continued the old man, after a moment's reflection, "the plan's a good un—ye pray for yerself, and I'll pray for myself—and of I can git in anything that seems likely to do ye sarvice, ye can count on it, as ye can on a grooved barrel."

"And now, boy," said the Trapper, with a sweetly solemn enthusiasm, such as faith might give to a supplicating saint, which lighted his features until his countenance fairly shone with a light which came out of it, rather than upon it from the sun overhead—"now, boy, remember that the Lord is Lord of the woods, as well as of the cities, and that he heareth the prayin' of the poor hunter under the pines, as well as the great preachers in the pulpits, and that when sins be heavy, and death be nigh, His ear and His heart be both open. There was no use of His Son's dyin' if the Father can't be forgivin'."

The Trapper knelt on the moss at the gambler's feet. He clasped the fingers of his great hands until they interlaced, and lifted his wrinkled face upward. He said not a word; but an Eye that was watching noted that the strongly-chiselled lips, seamed with age, moved and twitched now and then, and the same Eye saw, as the silent prayer went on, two great tears leave the protection of the closed lids, and roll down the rugged cheek. The gambler also closed his eyes; then his hands quietly stole one into the other, and avoiding the bloody stain, rested on his breast; and thus, the old man who had lived beyond the limit of man's day, and the young one, cut down at the threshold of mature life—the one kneeling on the mosses, with his face lifted to Heaven, the other lying on the mosses, with his face turned toward the same sky, without word or uttered speech, prayed to the Divine mercy which beyond the Heaven and the sky saw the two men underneath the pines, and met, we may not doubt, with needed answer the silent upgoing prayer.

The two opened their eyes nearly at the same instant. They looked for a moment at each other, and then the gambler feebly lifted his hand, and put it into the broad palm of the Trapper. Not a word was said. No word was needed. Sometimes men understand each other better than by talking. Then the gambler picked the diamond stud from the spot where it rested, slipped the solitaire from his finger, and said, as he handed them to the Trapper:

"There's a girl in Montreal that will like these. You will find her picture inside my vest, when you bury me. Her address is inside the picture case. You will take them to her, John Norton?"

"She shall have them from my own hand," answered the Trapper, gravely.

"You needn't disturb the picture, John Norton," said the gambler; "it's just as well, perhaps, to let it lie where it is; it's been there eight years. You understand what I mean, old man?"

"I understand," answered the Trapper, solemnly; "the picture shall stay where it be."

"The pistols," resumed the gambler, and he glanced at the one lying on the moss, "I give to you. You'll find them true. You will accept them?"

The Trapper bowed his head. It is doubtful if he could speak. For several minutes there was silence. The end was evidently nigh. The Trapper took the gambler's hand, as if it had been the hand of his own boy. Indeed, perhaps the young man had found his father at last; for surely it isn't flesh, that makes brotherhood. Once the young man moved as if he would rise. Had he been able he would have died with his arms round the old man's neck. As it was, the strength was unequal to the impulse. He lifted his eyes to the old man's face lovingly; moved his body as if he would get a little nearer, and, as a child might speak a loving word aloud,

said, "I am glad I met you, John Norton," and with the saying of the sweet words he died.

But the water gleamed as brightly through the trees as before; the little rivulet sang as tunefully; the balsams poured their odors forth with undiminished measure, and the squirrel crept with new courage from his hiding-place, and scampering out to the limit of the branch, poured his merry chattering forth upon the quiet air. The Trapper lifted the body of the gambler in his arms and bore him to his own cabin, and laid him on his bed; then closing the door of the cabin, he went to the bank that overlooked the lake, and sounded the two signals for the return.

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