THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Vol. V. WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JULY 23, 1886. No. 49

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

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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.

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DAVISON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N S.

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Evensong and Sermon at 7 p m

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Robert W Hudgell,
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Masonic.

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

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S OF T 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.

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Every Description

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NEATNESS, CHEAPNESS, AND PUNCTUALITY.

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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.

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

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

DAVISON BROS.—Printers and Publishers.

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WILSON, JAS.—Harness Makes, 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.

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Graduate of McGill University,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

Hamilton's Corner, Canard, Cornwallis.

JOHN W. WALLACE,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW,

NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, ETC

Also General Agent for FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE.

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50 Newly imported Verse & Motto all Chromo Cards, with name and a water pen for 10c. 5 packs, 5 pens for 50c. Agents sample pack, outfit, and illustrated catalogue of Novelties, for a 3c. stamp and this slip. A. W. KINNEY, YARMOUTH, N S

Select Poetry.

A CREED.

Yes, all are dying and some are dead,
And we who are left, are firmly bound,
Our very souls to theirs are wed,
The souls whose bodies are underground,
And the very flowers we find abloom,
Over their still insensate dust,
In the soft depths of their innocent eyes,
Cradle a promise, we can but trust.

Though we may watch with dumb surprise
And pallid lips and stricken heart
The flicker of life in pain-dulled eyes,
And see that wavering life depart—
And though from the depths of a great despair
The blank made by one missing face,
We writhe and cry and can hardly bear
The touch of the cross on galled place—

Yet if we have truly loved, and well,
We—after a little—with quiet tears
And twilight in our thoughts, can tell
Our hearts to be glad that the cruel years
Hold no more chances of grief and pain
For our beautiful dead, and murky days,
Nor lagging of weary feet egain,
Now set in God's serenest ways.

In all the years that have been ours,
If they were many or were few,
We yet have sown some fair thought flowers,
Or simple kindly deed and true—
These ne'er shall know complete decay,
But bear their fruit the ages through,
Till time and thought have passed away,
And will bloom around God's throne anew.

Bathed in the glory of sunset's gold,
Facing the light of the crimson west,
A yearning deep and pain untold
Awake from their slumber within our breast.
We reach out our hands—so near we feel
To our dearly loved who have gone before,
And are safe at home in the land o' the leal,
Who have passed from earth forever-more.

And all of the beauty of earth and sky,
Perfume of flowers and colors rare,
Glory of sunlight, moon's soft calm,
Myriad wonders of sea and air—
With subtly intangible, yet powerful chain,
Link our souls with the dread "to come,"
And as surely we know we shall live again
As that all of earth's homeless shall gather home.

Interesting Story.

The Hoosier Schoolmaster.

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.

CHAPTER XXX.—*Continued.*

And against these on the one side, and the Brother Sodoms on the other, I shall not interrupt my story to put this chapter under shelter of that wise remark of the great Dr Adam Clarke, who says, "The fear of God is the beginning of wisdom, the terror of God confounds the soul;" and that other saying of his: "With the *fear* of God the love of God is ever consistent; but where the *terror* of the Lord reigns, there can neither be *fear, faith,* nor *love;* nay, nor *hope* either." And yet I am not sure that even the Brother Sodoms were made in vain.

On this evening Mr Soden was as terrible as usual. Bud heard him without flinching. Small, who sat farther forward, listened with pious approval. Mr Soden, out of distorted figures pieced together from different passages of Scripture, built a hell, not quite Miltonic, nor yet Dantean, but as Miltonic and Dantean as his unrefined imagination could make it. As he rose toward his climax of hideous description, Walter Johnson trembled from head to foot, and sat close to Bud. Then, as burly Mr Soden, with great gusto, depicted materialistic tortures that startled the nerves of everybody except Bud, Walter wanted to leave, but Bud would not let him. For some reason he wished to keep his companion in the crucible as long as possible.

"Young man!" cried Mr Soden, and the explosive voice seemed to come from the hell he had created—"young man! you who have followed the counsel of evil companions"—here he paused and looked about—as if trying to find the man he wanted, while Walter crept up close to Bud and shaded his face—"I mean you who have chosen evil pursuits, and who cannot get free from bad habits and associations that are dragging you down to hell! You are standing on the very crumbling brink of hell to-night. The smell of the brimstone is on your garments; the hot breath of hell is in your face! The devils are waiting for you! Delay and you are damned! You may die before daylight! You may never get out that door! The angel of death is just ready to strike you down!" Here some shrieked with terror, others sobbed, and Brother Sodom looked with approval on the storm he had awakened. The very harshness of his tone, his lofty egotism of manner, that which had roused all Bud's combativeness, shook poor Walter as a wind would shake a reed. In the midst of the general excitement he seized his hat and hastened out the door. Bud followed, while Soden shot his lightnings after them, declaring that "young man who ran away from the truth would dwell in torments forever."

Bud had not counted amiss when he thought that Mr Soden's preaching would be likely to arouse so mean-spirited a fellow as Walter. So vivid was the impression that Johnson begged Bud to return to the office with him. He felt sick, and was afraid that he should die before morning. He insisted that Bud should stay with him all night. To this Means readily consented, and by morning he had heard all that the frightened Walter had to tell.

And now let us return to the trial, where Ralph sits waiting the testimony of Walter Johnson, which is to prove his statement false.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE TRIAL CONCLUDED.

I do not know how much interest the "gentle reader" may feel in Bud. With me, he is a favorite. And I venture to hope that there are some Buddhists among my readers who will wish the contradictoriness of his actions explained. The first dash of disappointment had well-nigh upset him. And when a man concludes to throw overboard his good resolutions, he always seeks to avoid the witness of those resolutions. Hence Bud, after that distressful Tuesday evening on which Miss Martha had given him the "sack," wished to see Ralph less than any one else. And yet when he came to suspect Small's villainy, his whole nature revolted at it. But having broken with Ralph, he thought it best to maintain an attitude of apparent hostility, that he might act as a detective, and, perhaps, save his friend from the mischief that threatened him. As soon as he heard of Ralph's arrest, he determined to make Walter Johnson tell his own secret in court, because he knew that it would be best for Ralph that Walter should tell it. Bud's telling it second-hand would not be conclusive. And he sincerely desired to save Walter from prison. For Walter Johnson was the victim of Dr Small, or of Dr Small and such novels as "The Pirate's Bride," "Claude Duval," "The Wild Rover of the West Indies," and the cheap biographies of such men as Murrell. Small found him with his imagination inflamed by the history of such heroes, and opened to him the path to glory for which he longed.

The whole morning after Ralph's arrest, Bud was working on Ralph's conscience and fears. The poor fellow, unable to act for himself, was torn asunder between the old ascendancy of Small and the new ascendancy of Bud Means. Bud finally frightened him, by the fear of the penitentiary, into going to the place of trial. But once inside the door, and once in sight of Small, who was more to him than God, or, rather, more to him than the devil—for the devil was Walter's God, or, perhaps, I should say, Walter's God was a devil—once in sight of Small, he refused to move an inch farther. And Bud, after all his perseverence was about to give up in sheer despair.

Fortunately, just at that moment Small's desire to relieve himself from the taint of suspicion and to crush Ralph as completely as possible, made him overshoot the mark by asking that Walter be called to the stand, as we have before recounted. He knew that he had no tool so supple as the cowardly Walter. In the very language of the request, he had given Walter an intimation of what he wanted him to swear to. Walter listened to Small's words as his doom. He felt that he should die of indecision. The perdition of a man of his stamp is to have his mind. Such men generally fall back on some one more ready-made. But here Walter must take all their resolutions decide for himself. For the constable was already calling his name; the court, the spectators, and, most of all, Dr Small, were waiting for him. He moved forward mechanically through the dense crowd, Bud following part of the way to whisper, "Tell the truth or go to penitentiary." Walter shook and shivered at this. The witness with difficulty held up his hand long enough to be sworn.

"Please tell the court," said Bronson, whether you know anything of the whereabouts of Dr Small on the night of the robbery at Peter Schroeder's."

Small had detected Walter's agitation, and, taking alarm, had edged his way around so as to stand full in Walter's sight, and there, with keen, magnetic eye on the weak orbs of the young man, he was able to assume his old position, and sway the fellow absolutely.

"On the night of the robbery"—Walter's voice was weak, but he seemed to be reading the answer out of Small's eyes—"on the night of the robbery Dr Small came home before"—Here the witness stopped and shook and shivered again. For Bud, detecting the effect of Small's gaze, had pushed his great hulk in front of Small, and had fastened his eyes on Walter with a look that said, "Tell the truth or go to penitentiary.

"I can't, I can't. O God! what shall I do?" the witness exclaimed, answering the look of Bud. For it seemed to him that Bud had spoken. To the people and the court this agitation was inexplicable. Squire Hawkins's wig got awry, his glass eye turned in toward his nose, and he had great difficulty in keeping his teeth from falling out. The excitement became painfully intense. Ralph was on his feet, looking at the witness, and feeling somehow that Bud and Dr Small—his good angel and his demon—were playing an awful game, of which he was the stake. The crowd swayed to and fro, but remained utterly silent, waiting to hear the least whisper from the witness, who stood trembling a moment with his hands over his face, and then fainted.

The fainting of a person in a crowd is a signal for everybody else to make fools of themselves. There was a rush toward the fainting man, there was a cry for water. Everybody asked everybody else to open the window, and everybody wished everybody else to stand back and give him air. But nobody opened the window, and nobody stood back. The only perfectly cool man in the house was Small. With a quiet air of professional authority he pushed forward and felt the patient's pulse, remarking to the court that he thought it was a sudden attack of fever with delirium. When Walter revived, Dr Small would have removed him, but Ralph insisted that his testimony should be heard. Under pretence of watching his patient, Small kept close to him. And Walter began the same old story about Dr Small's having arrived at the office before eleven o'clock, when Bud came up behind the doctor and fastened his eyes on the witness with the same significant look, and Walter, with visions of the penitentiary before him, halted, stammered and seemed about to faint again.

"If the court please," said Bronson, "this witness is evidently intimidated by that stout young man," pointing to Bud. "I have seen him twice interrupt witness's testimony by casting threatening looks at him. I trust the court will have him removed from the court-room."

After a few minute's consultation, during which Squire Hawkins held his wig in place with one hand, and alternately adjusted his eye and his spectacles with the other, the magistrates, who were utterly bewildered by the turn things were taking, decided that it could do no harm, and that it was best to try the experiment of removing Bud. Perhaps Johnson would then be able to get through with his testimony. The constable therefore asked Bud if he would please leave the room. Bud cast one last look at the witness and walked out like a captive bear.

Ralph stood watching the receding form of Bud. The emergency had made him as cool as Small ever was. Bud stopped at the door, where he entered the house, and confirmed Ralph's story by telling how they had seen Ralph in a fence corner, and how they had met the basket-maker on the hill.

"*To* be sure," said the old man, who had not ventured to hold up his head, after he was arrested, until Walter began his testimony.

Walter felt inclined to stop, but he could not do it, for there stood Mr Soden, looking to him like a messenger from the skies, or the bottomless pit, sent to extort the last word from his guilty soul. He felt that he was making a clean breast of it at the risk of perdition, with the penitentiary thrown in, if he faltered. And so he told the whole thing as though it had been the day of doom, and by the time he was through, Small's trunk was in court.

Here a new hubbub took place at the door. It was none other than the crazy pauper, Tom Bifield, who personated General Andrew Jackson in the poor-house. He had caught some inkling of the trial, and had escaped in Bill Jones's absence. His red plume was flying, and in his tattered and filthy garb he was indeed a picturesque figure.

"Squar," said he, elbowing his way through the crowd, "I kin tell you somethin'. I'm General Andrew Jackson. Lost my head at Buena Vista. This head growed on. It aint good fer much. One side's tater. But t'other's sound as a nut. Now, I kin give you information."

Bronson, with the quick perceptions of a politician, had begun to see which way future winds would probably blow. "If the court please," he said, "this man is not wholly sane, but we might get valuable information out of him. I suggest that his testimony be taken for what it is worth."

"No, you don't swar me," broke in the lunatic. "Not if I knows myself. You see, when a feller's got one side of his head tater, he's mighty onsartin like. You don't swar me, fer I can't tell what minute the tater side'll begin to talk. I'm talkin' out of the lef' side now, and I'm all right. But you don't swar me. But ef you'll send some of your constables out to the barn to the poze-house and look under the hay-mow in the northeast corner, you'll find some things maybe as has been a-missin' fer some time. And that aint out of the tater side nuther."

Meantime Bud did not rest. Hearing the nature of the testimony given by Hank Banta before he entered, he attacked Hank and vowed he'd send him to prison if he didn't make a clean breast. Hank was a thorough coward, and, now that his friends were prisoners, was ready enough to tell the truth if he could be protected from prosecution. Seeing the disposition of the prosecuting attorney, Bud got from him a promise that he would do what he could to protect Hank. That worthy then took the stand, confessed his lie, and even told the inducement which Mr Pete Jones had offered him to perjure himself.

"*To* be sure," said Pearson.

Squire Hawkins, turning his right eye upon him, while the left looked at the ceiling, said: "Be careful, Mr Pearson, or I shall have to punish you for contempt.

"Why, Squar, I didn't know 'twas any sin to hev a healthy contemp' fer sech a thief as Jones!"

The Squire looked at Mr Pearson severely, and the latter, feeling that he had committed some offence without knowing it, subsided into silence.

Bronson now had a keen sence of the direction of the gale.

"If the court please," said he, "I have tried to do my duty in this case. It was my duty to prosecute Mr Hartsook, however much I might feel assured that he was innocent, and that he would be able to prove his innocence. I now enter a *nolle* in his case and that of John Pearson, and I ask that this court adjourn until to-morrow, in order to give me time to examine the evidence in the case of the other parties under arrest. I am proud to think that my efforts have been the means of sifting the matter to the bottom, of freeing Mr Hartsook from suspicion, and of detecting the real criminals."

"Ugh!" said Mr Pearson, who entertained a great dislike to Bronson.

To be continued.

A line is sufficient to fill my