# THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

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THE ACADIAN.

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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.

Newsy 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.

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


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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. Prayer Meeting on Thursday at 7 30 p m.

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Divine Worship is held in the above Church as follows:—

Sunday, Mattins and Sermon at 11 a m
Evensong and Sermon at 7 p m

Sunday-school commences ever Sunday morning at 9.30. Choir practice on Saturday evening at 7:30

J O Ruggles, M A, Rector.
Robert W Hudgell,
(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.

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ST. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7½ 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 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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## 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.

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

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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.

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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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## Select Poetry.

*ADDRESS TO THE MOON.*

*Written for the Acadian.*

All heavenly moon, refulgent lamp of night,
Softly thou shinest over land and sea;
The whole earth gladdening with thy glorious light,
As in thy course thou rollest silently.

Thy face is bright as when the Creator's word
First formed thy sphere from Chaos, void and drear;
And on the earth thy lovely beams first poured,
In heaven's face, a new-born world and sphere.

When first the flowers came forth to bless the light,
And man first trod upon this earthly mould,
When darkness came, rejoiced he at the sight
To see thee rise from out where oceans rolled.

The beams thou sheddest in the silent night,
That tip with silver every mountain head,
Are loved by man, and bird, and beast alike,
When kindly radiance on their path is shed.

When sinks the sun behind the western hills,
And rests the day, her labors all are done,
The place of fiery Sol thy radiance fills,
And bright thy beams o'er earth and sea are thrown

Thou art the image of God's lasting word,
And like His word shall last till time is o'er,
And trumpet's call for judgment shall be heard,
And earth, and heaven, and man shall be no more. —E. B.

## Interesting Story.

# The Hoosier Schoolmaster.

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.

### CHAPTER XIV.—*Continued.*

"You know well enough. Folks say you know more 'bout the robbery at the Dutchman's than you orter. But I don't believe them. Fer them as says it is liars and thieves theirselves. 'Taint fer none of that. And I shan't tell you what it *is* fer. So now, if you won't travel, why, take off your coat and git ready fer a thrashing."

The master took of his coat and showed his slender arms. Bud laid his off, and showed the physique of a prize-fighter.

"You aint a-goin' to fight *me?*" said Bud.

"Not unless you make me."

"Why, I could chaw you all up."

"I know that."

"Well, you're the grittiest fellow I ever did see, and ef you'd jest kep' off of my ground I wouldn't 'a' touched you. But I aint a goin' to be cut out by no feller a livin' 'thout thrashin' him in an inch of his life. You see I wanted to git out of this Flat Crick way. We're a low-lived set here in Flat Crick. And I says to myself, I'll try to be somethin' more nor Pete Jones, and dad, and these other triflin', good-fer-northin' ones 'bout here. And when you come I says, There's one as 'll help me. And what do you do with your book-larnin' and town manners but start right out to git away the gal that I'd picked out, when I'd picked her out 'cause I thought, not bein' Flat Crick born herself, she might help a feller to do better! Now I won't let nobody cut me out without givin' 'em the best thrashin' it's in these 'ere arms to give."

"But I haven't tried to cut you out."

"You can't fool *me.*"

"Bud, listen to me, and then thrash me if you will. I went with that girl once. When I found you had some claims, I gave her up. Not because I was afraid of you, for I would rather have taken the worst thrashing you can give me than give her up. But I haven't spoken to her since the night of the first spelling-school."

"You lie!" said Bud, doubling his fists.

Ralph grew red.

"You was a-waitin' on her last Sunday right afore my eyes, and a-tryin' to ketch my attention too. So when your 're ready say so."

"Bud, there is some misunderstanding." Hartsook spoke slowly and felt bewildered. "I tell you that I did not speak to Hannah last Sunday, and you know I didn't."

"Hanner!" Bud's eyes grew larger.

"Hanner!" Here he gasped for breath, and looked around. "Hanner!" He couldn't get any further than the name at first. "Why, plague take it, who said Hanner?"

"Mirandy said you were courting Hannah," said Ralph, feeling round in a vague way to get his ideas together.

"Mirandy! Thunder! You believed Mirandy! Well! Now looky here, Mr Hartsook, ef you was to say that my sister lied, I'd lick you till yer hide wouldn' hold no shucks. But *I* say, atwixt you and me and the gatepost, don't you never believe nothing that Mirandy Means says. Her and marm has set theirselves like fools to git you. Hanner! Well, she's a mighty nice gal, but you're welcome to her. I never tuck no shine that 'ere way. But I was out of school last Thursday and Friday a-shuckin' corn to take to mill a Saturday. But when I come past the Squire's and seed you talking to a gal as is a gal, you know"—here Bud hesitated and looked foolish—"I felt hoppin' mad."

Bud put on his coat.

Ralph put on his coat.

Then they shook hands and Bud went out. Ralph sat looking into the fire. There was no conscientious difficulty now in the way of his claiming Hannah. The dry forestick lying on the rude stone and irons burst into a blaze. The smouldering hope in the heart of Ralph Hartsook did the same. He could have Hannah if he could win her. But there came slowly back the recollection of his lost standing in Flat Creek. There was circumstantial evidence against him. It was evident that Hannah believed something of this. What other stories Small may have put in circulation he did not know. Would Small try to win Hannah's love, to throw it away again, as he had done with others? At least he would not spare any pains to turn the heart of the bound girl against Ralph.

The bright flame on the forestick which Ralph had been watching flickered and burned low.

### CHAPTER XV.

THE CHURCH OF THE BEST LICKS.

Just as the flame on the forestick, which Ralph had watched so intensely, flickered and burned low, and just as Ralph with a heavy but not quite hopeless heart rose to leave, the latch lifted and Bud re-entered.

"I wanted to say something," he stammered, "but you know its hard to say it. I ha'n't no book-larnin' to speak of, and some things is hard to say when a man ha'n't got book-words to say 'em with. And they's some things a man can't hardly ever say anyhow to anybody."

Here Bud stopped. But Ralph spoke in such a matter-of-course way in reply that he felt encouraged to go on.

"You gin up Hanner case you thought she belonged to me. That's more'n I'd 'a' done by a long shot. Now, arter I left here just now. I says to myself, a man what can gin up his gal on account of sech a feeling fer the rights of a Flat Cricker like me, why dog-on it, says I, sech a man is the man as can help me do better. I don't know whether you're a Hardshell or a Saftshell, or a Methodist, or a Campbellite, or a New Light, or a United Brother, or a Millerite, or what not. But I says, the man what can do the clean thing by a ugly fellow like me, and stick to it, when I was jest ready to cat him up, is a kind of a man to tie to."

Here Bud stopped in fright of his own volubility, for he had run his words off like a piece learned by heart, as though afraid that if he stopped he would not have courage to go on.

Ralph said that he did not yet belong to any church, and he was afraid he couldn't do Bud much good. But his tone was full of sympathy, and, what is better than sympathy, a yearning for sympathy.

"You see," said Bud, "I wanted to git out of this low-lived, Flat Crick way of livin'. We're a hard set down here, Mr Hartsook. And I'm gittin' to be one of the hardest of 'em. But I never could git no good out of Mr Bosaw with his whiskey and meanness. And I went to the Mount Tabor church onceet. I heard a man discussin' baptism, and regeneration, and so on. That didn't seem no cure for me. I went to a revival over at Clifty. Well, 'twarn't no use. First night they was a man that spoke about Jesus Christ in sech a way that I wanted to foller him everywhere. But I didn't feel fit. Next night I come back with my mind made up that I'd try Jesus Christ, and see ef he'd have me. But laws! they was a big man that night that preached hell. Not that I don't believe they's a hell. They's plenty not a thousand miles away as deserves it, and I don't know as I'm too good for it myself. But he pitched it at us, and stuck it in our faces in sech a way that I got mad. And I says, Well, ef God sends me to hell he can't make me holler 'nough no how. You see my dander was up. And when my dander's up, I wouldn't gin up fer the devil hisself. The preacher was so insultin' with his way of doin' it. He seemed to be kind of glad that we was to be damned, and he preached somethin' like some folks swears. It didn't sound a bit like the Christ the little man preached about the night afore. So what does me and a lot of fellers do but slip out and cut off the big preacher's stirrups, and hang them on to the rider of the fence, and then set his hoss loose! And from that day, sometimes I did and sometimes I didn't, want to be better. And to-day it seemed to me that you must know somethin' as would help me."

Nothing is worse than a religious experience kept ready to be exposed to the gaze of everybody, whether the time is appropriate or not. But never was a religious experience more appropriate than the account which Ralph gave to Bud of his Struggle in the Dark. The confession of his weakness and wicked selfishness was a great comfort to Bud.

"Do you think that Jesus Christ would—would—well, do you think he'd help a poor, unlarnt Flat Cricker like me?"

"I think he was a sort of a Flat Crecker himself," said Ralph, slowly and very earnestly.

"You don't say?" said Bud, almost getting off his seat.

"Why, you see the town he lived in was a rough place. It was called Nazareth, which meant 'Bushtown.'"

"You don't say?"

"And he was called a Nazarene, which was about the same as 'Backwoodsman.'"

And Ralph read the different passages which he had studied at Sunday-school, illustrating the condescension of Jesus, the stories of the publicans, the harlots, the poor, who came to him. And he read about Nathanael who lived only six miles away, saying "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?"

"Just what Clifty folks says about Flat Crick," broke in Bud.

"Do you think I could begin without being baptized?" he added presently.

"Why not? Let's begin now to do the best we can, by His help."

"You mean, then, that I'm to begin now to put in my best licks for Jesus Christ, and that He'll help me?"

This shocked Ralph's veneration a little. But it was the sincere utterance of an earnest soul. It may not have been an orthodox start, but it was the one start for Bud. And there be those who have repeated with the finest æsthetic appreciation the old English liturgies who have never known religious aspiration so sincere as that of this ignorant young Hercules, whose best confession was that he meant hereafter "to put in his best licks for Jesus Christ." And there be those who can define repentance and faith to the turning of a hair who never made so genuine a start for the kingdom of heaven as Bud Means did.

Ralph said yes, that he thought that was just it. At least, he guessed if there was something more, the man that was putting in his best licks would be sure to find it out.

"Do you think he'd help a feller? Seems to me it would be number one to have God help you. Not to help you fight other folks, but to help you when it comes to fighting the devil inside. But you see I don't belong to no church.

"Well, let's you and me have one right off. Two people that help one another to serve God make a church."

I am afraid this eclesiastical theory will not be considered orthodox. It was Ralph's, and I write it down at the risk of bringing him into condemnation.

But other people before the days of Bud and Ralph have discussed church organization when they should have been doing Christian work. For both of them had forgotten the danger that hung over the old basket-makes, until Shocky burst into the schoolhouse, weeping. Indeed, the poor, nervous little frame was ready to go into convulsions.

"Miss Hawkins"—

Bud started at mention of the name.

"Miss Hawkins has just been over to say that a crowd is going to tar and feather Mr Pearson to-night. And"—here Shocky wept again. "And he won't run, but he's loaded up the old flintlock, and says he'll die in his tracks."

### CHAPTER XVI.

THE CHURCH MILITANT.

Bud was doubly enlisted on the side of John Pearson, the basket-maker. In the first place, he knew that this persecution of the unpopular old man was only a blind to save somebody else; that there were thieves who cried "Stop thief!" And he felt consequently that this was a chance to put his newly-formed resolutions into practice. The Old Testament religious life, which consists in fighting the Lord's enemies, suited Bud's temper and education. It might lead to something better. It was the best possible to him, now. But I am afraid I shall have to acknowledge that there was a second motive that moved Bud to his championship. The good heart of Martha Hawkins having espoused the cause of the basket-maker, the heart of Bud Means could not help feeling warmly on the same side. Blessed is that man in whose life the driving of duty and the drawing of love impel the same way! But why speak of the driving of duty? For already Bud was learning the better lesson of serving God for the love of God.

The old basket-maker was the most unpopular man in Flat Creek district. He had two great vices. He would go to Clifty and have a "spree" once in three months. And he would tell the truth in a most unscrupulous manner. A man given to plain talking was quite as objectionable in Flat Creek as he would have been in France under the Empire, the Commune, or the Republic. People who live in glass houses have a horror for those who throw stones. And the old basket-maker, having no friends, was a good scape goat. In driving him off, Pete Jones would get rid of a dangerous neighbor and divert attention from himself. The immediate crime of the basket-maker was that he had happened to see too much.

"Mr Hartsook," said Bud, when they got out into the road, "you'd better go straight home to the Squire's. Bekase ef this lightnin' strikes a second time it'll strike awful closte to you. You hadn't better be seen with us. Which way did you come, Shocky?"

"Why, I tried to come down the holler, but I met Jones right by the big road, and he sweared at me and said he'd kill me ef I didn't go back and stay. And so I went back to the house and then slipped out through the graveyard. You see I was bound to come ef I got skinned. For Mr Pearson's stuck to me and I mean to stick to him, you see."

Bud led Shocky through the graveyard. But when they reached the forest path from the graveyard he thought that perhaps it was not best to "show his hand," as he expressed it, too soon.

"Now, Shocky," he said, "do you run ahead and tell the ole man that I want to see him right off down by the Spring-in-rock. I'll keep closte behind you, and ef anybody offers to trouble you, do you let off a yell and I'll be thar in no time."

When Ralph left the schoolhouse he felt mean. There were Bud and Shocky gone on an errand of mercy, and he, the truant member of the Church of the Best Licks, was not with them. The more he thought of it the more he seemed to be a coward, and the more he despised himself; so, yielding as usual to the first brave impulse, he leaped nimbly over the fence and started briskly through the forest in a direction intersecting the path on which were Bud and Shocky. He came in sight just in time to see the first conflict of the Church in the Wilderness with her foes.

For Shocky's little feet went more swiftly on their eager errand than Bud anticipated. He got farther out of Bud's reach than the latter intended he should, and he did not discover Pete Jones until Pete, with his hog-drover's whip, was right upon him.

Shocky tried to balloo for Bud, but he was like one in a night-mare. The yell died into a whisper which could not have been heard ten feet.

I shall not repeat Mr Jones's words. They were frightfully profane. But he did not stop at words. He swept his whip round and gave little Shocky one terrible cut. Then the voice was released, and the piercing cry of pain brought Bud down the path flying.

"You good-for-nothing scoundrel," growled Bud, "you're a coward and a thief to be a-beatin' a little erectur like him!" and with that Bud walked up on Jones, who prudently changed position in such a way as to get the upper side of the hill.

"Well, I'll gin you the upper side, but come on," cried Bud, ef you aint afeard to fight somebody besides a poor, little, sickly baby or a crippled soldier. Come on!"

Pete was no insignificant antagonist. He had been a great fighter, and his well-seasoned arms were like iron. He had not the splendid set of Bud, but he had more skill and experience in the rude tournament of fists to which the backwoods is so much given. Now, being out of sight of witnesses and sure that he could lie about the fight afterwards, he did not scruple to take advantages which would have disgraced him for ever if he had them in a public fight on election or training-day. He took the uphill side, and he clubbed his whip stalk, striking Bud with all his force with the upper end, which, coward-like, he had loaded with lead. Bud threw up his strong left arm and parried the blow, which, however, was so fierce that it fractured one of the bones of the arm. Throwing up his whip he rushed upon Bud furiously, intending to overpower him, but Bud slipped quickly to one side and let Jones pass down the hill, and as Jones came up again Means dealt him one crushing blow that sent him full length upon the ground. Nothing but the leaves saved him from a more terrible fall. Jones sprang to his feet more angry than ever at being whipped by one whom he regarded as a boy, and drew a long dirk-knife. But Pete was blind with rage, and Bud dodged the knife, and this time gave Pete a blow on the nose which marred the homeliness of that feature, and doubled the fellow up against a tree ten feet away.

Ralph came in sight in time to see the beginning of the fight, and he arrived on the ground just as Pete Jones went down under the well-dealt blow from the only remaining fist of Bud Means.

When Ralph tied up Bud's disabled left arm Pete picked himself up slowly, and, muttering that he felt "consid'able shuck up like," crawled away like a whipped puppy. To every one whom he met, Pete, whose intellect seemed to have weakened in sympathy with his frame, remarked feebly that he was consid'able shuck up like, and vouchsafed no other explanation. Even to his wife he only said that he felt purty consid'able shuck up like, and that the boys would have to get on without him. There are some scoundrels whose very malignity is shaken out of them for the time being, by a thorough drubbing.

"I'm afraid you're going to have trouble with your arm, Bud," said Ralph tenderly.

"Never mind; I put in my best licks fer *Him*, that 'ere time, Mr Hartsook." Ralph shivered a little at thought of this, but if it was right to knock Jones down at all, why might not Bud do it "heartily as unto the Lord"? Gideon did not feel any more honest pleasure in chastising the Midianites than did Bud in sending Pete Jones away consid'able shuck up like.

To Be Continued.