

THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

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THE ACADIAN.

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JOB PRINTING
Every Job in
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BORDEN, C. H.—Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, and Gents' Furnishing Goods.
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REID, A. J.—Dry Goods, Hats, Caps, and Millinery.
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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.

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WE SELL
CO. WOOD, SPILLING, BARK, R. R.
THE LUMBER, LATHS, CAN-
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30 New imported Versa & Motta all-
Cotton Goods, with same and a
whole lot for 10c, 5c, 10c, 5c, 10c,
for 5c. Agents for the best, outfit,
and illustrated catalogue of Novelties, for a
year and this slip. A. W. KIRBY,
Yarmouth, N. S.

Select Poetry.

Song of the Mystic.

The following tender little poem is by Rev. Father Ryan, sometimes called the poet priest of the South:

I walked down the valley of Silence,
Down the dim voiceless valley—alone!
And I heard not the fall of a leafstep.
Around me—save God's and my own!
And the hush of my heart is as holy
As lovers where angels have flown.

Long ago I was weary of voices
Whose music my heart could not win,
Long ago I was weary of noises
That fretted my soul with their din;
Long ago was I weary of places
Where I met but the Human and Sin.

I walked through the world with the world;
I craved what the world never gave;
And I said: "In the world, each I find,
That shines like a star on life's wave;
Is tormented on the shores of the Real,
And sleeps like a dream in a grave."

And still did I pine for the Perfect,
And still found the false with the True;
I sought 'mid the Human for Heaven,
But caught a mere glimpse of its blue;
And I wept when the clouds of the Mortal
Veiled even that glimpse from my view.

And I fell on heart-tired of the Human;
And I heaved 'mid the mazes of men;
Till I knew long ago 'twas an altar
And there rose from the depths my spirit
An echo, "My heart shall be thine."

Do you ask how I live in the Valley?
I weep, and I dream, and I pray;
But my tears are as sweet as the dew-
drops
That fall on the roses of May;
And my feet, like perfume from censers,
Ascendeth to God night and day.

In the hush of the Valley of Silence,
I dream all the songs that I sing;
And the music floats down the dim Val-
ley.
But seek ye, O ye, a word for a wing,
That to me in the doves of the Dove
The message of Peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows
That never shall break on the beach;
And I have heard songs in the silence
That never shall fall into speech;
And I have had dreams in the Valley
Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen thoughts in the Valley—
Ah, yes, how my spirit was stirred!
And they were holy thoughts on their faces,
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard:
They pass through the Valley, like Virgins,
Too pure for the touch of a word.

Do you ask me the place of the Valley,
Ye hearts that are hallowed by care?
It lies after between mountains,
And God and his angels are there;
And one is the dark mount of Sorrow;
And one the bright mountain of Prayer.

Interesting Story.

Thankful Blossom.

BY BRET HARTE.

PART IV.—Continued.

"I have helped him," said Thankful quickly.
"But how?" said Major Van Zandt.
"By becoming a traitor myself," she said, turning upon him almost fiercely.
"Hear me! While you were quietly passing these halls, while your men were laughing and talking in the road, Cesar was saddling my white mare, the fastest in the country. He led her to the lane below. That mare is now two miles away, with Capt. Brewster on her back. Why do you start, major? Look at me. I am a traitor, and this is my bribe; and she drew a package of letters from her bosom, and flung them on the table.
"She had been prepared for an outbreak or exclamation from the man before her, but not for his cold silence.
"Speak," she cried at last, passionately. "Speak! Open your lips, if only to curse me! Order in your men to arrest me. I will proclaim myself guilty, and save your honor. But only speak!"
"May I ask," said Major Van Zandt coldly, "why you have twice honored me with a 'no'?"
"Because I loved you; because, when I first saw you I saw the only man that was my master, and I rebelled; because, when I found I could not but love you, I knew I had never loved before, and I would wipe out with one stroke all the past that rose in judgment against me; because I would not have you ever confronted with one ennobling word of mine that was not meant for you."
Major Van Zandt turned from the window where he had stood, and faced

the girl with sad resignation. "If I have in my foolishness, Mistress Thankful, shown you how great was your power over me, when you descended to this artifice to spare my feeling by confusing your own love for me, you should have remembered that you were doing that which forever kept me from wooing or winning you. If you had really loved me, your heart, as a woman's, would have warned you against that which my heart, as a gentleman's, has made a law of honor; when I tell you, as much for the sake of relieving your own conscience as for the sake of justifying mine, that if this man, a traitor, my prisoner, and your recognized lover, had escaped from my custody without your assistance, contrivance, or even knowledge, I should have deemed it my duty to forsake you until I caught him, even if we had been standing before the altar."

Thankful heard him, but only as a strange voice in the distance, as she stood with fixed eyes, and breathless, parted lips before him. Yet even then I fear that, womanlike, she did not comprehend his rhetoric of honor, but only caught here and there a dull, burning idea that he despised her, and ruined him forever.
"If you think it strange," continued the major, "that, believing as I do, I stand here only to utter moral axioms when my duty calls me to pursue your lover, I beg you to believe that it is only for your sake. I wish to allow a reasonable time between your interview with him, and his escape, that save you from any suspicion of complicity. Do not think," he added with a sad smile, as the girl made an impatient step toward him, "do not think I am running any risk. The man cannot escape. A cordon of pikemen surround the camp for many miles. He has not the counterforce, and his face and crime are known."
"Yes," said Thankful eagerly, "but a part of his own regiment guards the Baskingridge road."
"How know you this?" said the major, seizing her hand.
"He told me."
"Before she could fall on her knees, and beg his forgiveness, he had darted from the room, given an order, and returned with checks and eyes blazing.
"Hear me," he said rapidly, taking the girl's two hands, "you know not what you've done. I forgive you. But this is no longer a matter of duty but of personal honor. I shall pursue this man alone. I shall return with him, or not at all. Farewell. God bless you!"
But before he reached the door she caught him again. "Only say you have forgiven me once more."
"I do."
"Quiet!"
There was something in the girl's voice, more than this first utterance of his Christian name, that made him pause.
"I told you—just now. There is a faster horse in the stable than my mare; 'tis the roan filly in the second stall."
"God bless you!"
He was gone. She waited to hear the clatter of his horse's hoofs in the roadway. When Cesar came in a few moments later, to tell the news of Capt. Brewster's escape, the room was empty; but it was soon filled again by a dozen turbulent troopers.
"Of course she's gone," said Sergeant Tibbitts: "the jade flew with the captain."
"Ay, 'tis plain enough. Two horses are gone from the stable besides the major's," said Private Hicks.
"Nor was this military criticism entirely a private one. When the courier arrived at headquarters the next morning, it was to bring the report that Mistress Thankful Blossom, had fled with him. "The renegade is well off our hands," said Gen. Sullivan gruffly: "he has saved us the public disgrace of a trial. But this is bad news of Major Van Zandt."
"What news of the major?" asked Washington quickly.
"He pursued the vagabond as far as Springfield, killing his horse, and falling himself insensible before Major Merston's quarters. Here he became speedily delirious, fever-suppressed, and the regimental surgeon, after a careful

examination, pronounced his case one of small pox."
A whisper of horror and pity went around the room. Another gallant soldier, who should have died leading a charge, laid by the heels by a beggar's filthy distemper," growled Sullivan. "Where will it end?"
"God knows," said Trumilton. "Poor Van Zandt! But whither was he sent,—to the hospital?"
"No: a special permit was granted in his case; and 'tis said he was removed to the Blossom Farm,—it being remote from neighbors,—and the house placed under quarantine. Abner Blossom has prudently absented himself from the chances of infection, and the daughter has fled. The sick man is attended only by a black servant and an ancient crone; so that, if the poor man escapes with his life or without disfigurement, pretty Mistress Bolton of Morristown need not be scandalized or jealous."

PART V.

The ancient crone alluded to in the last chapter had been standing behind the window-curtains of that bedroom which had been Thankful Blossom's in the weeks gone by. She did not move her head, but stood looking demurely, after the manner of ancient crones, over the summer-landscape. For the sun had come before the early spring was scarcely gone, and the elms before the window no longer lipped, but eloquent in the softest of plyphs. There was the flash of birds in among the bushes, the occasional droning of bees in and out the open window, and a perpetually swinging censur of flower-incense rising from below. The farm had put on its gayest bridal raiment; and, looking at the old farm-house shrouded with foliage and green with creeping vines, it was difficult to conceive that snow had ever lain on its porches, or icicles swung from its mossy eaves.
"Thankful!" said a voice still tremulous with weakness.
The ancient crone turned, drew aside the curtains, and showed the sweet face of Thankful Blossom, more beautiful even in its paleness.
"Come here, darling," repeated the voice.
Thankful stepped to the sofa whereon lay the convalescent Major Van Zandt. "Tell me, sweetheart," said the major, taking her hand in his, "when you married me, as you told the chaplain, that you might have the right to nurse me, did you ever think that if death spared me I might be so delicate that even you, dear love, would have turned from me with loathing?"
"That was why I did it, dear," said Thankful mischievously. "I knew that the pride, and the sense of honor, and self-devotion of some people, would have kept them from keeping their promise to a poor girl."
"But, darling," continued the major, raising her hand to his lips, "suppose the case had been reversed: suppose you had taken the disease, that I had recovered without disfigurement, but that this sweet face—"
"I thought of that too," interrupted Thankful.
"Well, what would you have done, dear?" said the major, with his old mischievous smile.
"I should have died," said Thankful gravely.
"But how?"
"Somehow. But you are to go to sleep, and not ask impertinent and frivolous questions, for father is coming to-morrow."
"Thankful, dear, do you know what the trees and birds said to me as I lay here toasting with fever?"
"No, dear."
"Thankful Blossom! Thankful Blossom! Thankful Blossom is coming!"
"Do you know what I said, sweetheart, as I lifted your dear head from the ground when you reeled from your horse just as I overtook you at Springfield?"
"No, dear."
"There are some things in life worth stooping for."
And she winged this Partisan arrow home with a kiss.

THE END.

She'll Never Need Them More.

One day in January a man noticed a ragged little bootblack culling some

bright flowers from a bruised and faded bouquet which a chamber maid had thrown from a chamber window into the alley.
"What are you doing with that bouquet, my lad?" asked the man.
"Nothing!" was the lad's reply, as he kept at his work.
"But do you love flowers so well that you are willing to pick them out of the mud?"
"That's hardly your business," was the somewhat impudent reply.
"O, certainly not; but you surely cannot expect to sell those faded flowers?"
"Sell 'em! who wants to sell 'em? I'm going to take 'em to Lil!"
"O, Lil is your sweetheart, I understand."
"No, Lil is not my sweetheart!—she's my sick sister," said the boy, as his eye flashed and his dirty chin quivered. "Lil's been sick for a long time, and lately she talks of flowers and birds, but mother told me this morning that Lil would die before the birds and flowers come back again."
The boy burst into tears.
"Come with me to the florist," said the gentleman, "and your sister shall have a nice bouquet."
The little fellow was soon bounding home with his treasure.
Next day he appeared, and said "I came to thank you, sir, for Lil. The bouquet did her so much good, she hugged and hugged it till she set herself a-coughing again. She says she'll come by-and-by and work for you, soon she gets well."
An order was sent to the florist to give the boy every alternate day a bouquet for "Lil."
It was only day before yesterday that the little bootblack appeared again. He stepped inside the office door, and said:
"Thank you, sir, but Lil—Lil (tears were streaming from his eyes) won't need—the flowers any more."
He went quickly away, but his brief words had told the "Lil" won't need the flowers any more, for she had gone where they are always blooming, and even on earth the will grow above her mouldering form, and the birds will sing around her grave.—Home Journal.

Benefit your Town.

There is no doubt our residents generally are desirous of having a hand in furthering the interests of our enterprising town, and to all such we commend the following rules, which, if followed, will certainly cause very satisfactory evidence of advancement in the direction desired:
Talk about it.
Write about it.
Help to improve it.
Speak well about it.
Beautify your streets.
Patronize its merchants.
Advertise in its newspapers.
Speak well of its public-spirited, enterprising citizens.
If you think of no good word to say, don't say anything bad about it.
If you are rich, invest in something, employ somebody, be a "buster."
Don't bark and growl at the assessor. He has taken his oath to do what's right.
Be courteous to strangers that come among you; they go away with good impressions.
Remember that every dollar you invest in a permanent improvement is that much on interest.
Always cheer on the men who go in for improvements, your portion of the cost will be nothing only what is just.
Don't kick at any proposed necessary improvements, because it is not at your own door, for fear that your taxes will be raised 15 cents.
If during the week anything of public interest has transpired which might appear in print to the credit of the community, tell it in the newspaper office so that it may be seen by the outside world.
—A Kentucky girl was struck by lightning while dressing for her wedding. Without turning round or taking the hairpins out of her mouth, she simply remarked: "You girls had better stop finking your shoes till we get started."
—It does us good to admire what is good and beautiful; but it does us infinitely more good to love it. We grow like what we admire; but we become one with what we love.

How to say Bitter Things.

This is the way in which Mr. Robert Burdette, the genial humorist, crushes his journalistic enemies:—
"Let me tell you how I write mean letters and bitter editorials, my boy. Sometimes, when a man has pitched into me and cut me up rough, and I want to pulverize him, and wear his gory scalp at my girdle, and hang his head on my fence, I write the letter or editorial that is to do 's business. I write something that will drive sleep from his eyes and peace from his soul for six weeks. Oh, I do hold him over a slow fire and roast him? Gall and aquafortis drip from my blistering pen. Then, I don't mail the letter and I don't print the editorial. There's always plenty of time to crucify a man. The vilest criminal is entitled to a little reprieve. I put the manuscript away in a drawer. Next day I look at it. The ink is cold. I read it over and say: 'I don't know about this. There's a good deal of bludgeon and howie-knife journalism in that. I'll hold it over a day longer.' The next day I read it again. I laugh and say, 'Pshaw! and I can feel my cheeks getting a little hot. The fact is, I am ashamed I ever wrote it, and hope that nobody has seen it, and I have half forgotten the article or letter that has filled my soul with rage. I haven't been hurt, I haven't hurt anybody, and the world goes right along, making twenty-four hours a day as usual, and I am all the happier. Try it, my boy.'"

The Art of Questioning.

Not a few lawyers, who have the ear of the court and jury, fall in examination of witnesses. A lawyer who abuses a stupid witness, or browbeats an obstinate one, is not doing that which he is paid to do—that is, to draw out the truth.
In a trial for murder, the result of a broil, the principal witness for the prosecution swore strongly against the

prisoner. O'Connell, who defended the prisoner, cross-examined the witness in this persuasive style:
"Were you not after taking a drop when this happened?"
"Sartinly, I took a drop that day."
"How much might the drop have been—a glass?"
"Yes, I drank a glass of spirits, surely."
"Maybe, if you remember, you took a second?"
"Why, I suppose I took as good as a second?"
"Come, my good man, did you not take as good as three that day?"
"I don't know, fair. Maybe I did."
"Now, my man, by virtue of your solemn oath, did you not take a pint of whiskey before you saw these men a-fighting?"
"I took my share of 'it."
"Was it not all but the pewter?"
"It was, sir."
The jury discredited the witness's testimony and acquitted the prisoner, whose life was saved because O'Connell was the master of the art of questioning.
Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, of England, when at the bar, was noted for his skill as a cross-examiner. He never lulled or flattered his witness, and he got out of even the most reticent what he wanted.
The witness, if a rough woman, was addressed as if she were a lady; if a rough man, as though he were a gentleman. The lawyer's suavity was so fascinating that in a few minutes the witness felt that he, as the counsel's friend, was giving him just the information he needed to extricate himself from a difficulty. Coleridge's manner said—
"My good friend, won't you help me? I really am perplexed as to the facts in this case, and I want your assistance to get at the truth. Let me ask you a few questions."
When these questions had been answered in the exact way in which the questioner had designed they should be, the case was won. The high art of the lawyer's questions had won it, before he had uttered a word to the jury.

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