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.

Address all communications to

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

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Evensong and Sermon at 7 p m

Sunday-school commences every 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.

Masonic.

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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DAVISON BROS,—Printers and Publishers.

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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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JOHN W. WALLACE,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW,

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Select Poetry.

PARTED.

Apart we tread the pathway,
That spans the tide of years
With faces calm and smiling,
With hearts all full of tears;
We hide the bitter sorrow
That lives for you and me—
The world with all its watchers
Must think us glad and free.

So far apart—yet dimly
Sad memory still will bring
The past with all its brightness—
Our life's sweet, sunny spring.
'Twas then we stood together
And wove our trusting dreams,
With all the bliss of dreamers
We watched their golden gleams.

Your hand it was that broke them—
I do not chide you now,
For I have seen the impress
Of care upon your brow;
Yours is the hardest burden,
It was your work, you know,
That took from life its beauty
And left a path of woe.

And now—we miss the gladness
That should have been our own—
The tender words of welcome
By us can ne'er be known.
Your face is ever silent—
Save when I meet your eyes—
Ah! then I read so plainly
Regret that in them lies.

We walk apart forever,
You cannot come to me.
And I, who fain would greet you,
Must ever silent be;
The gulf that lies between us
We cannot hope to cross—
For that would only bring us
A deeper pain and loss.

No more through all the journey
Will joy be ours again,
And yet, there is a comfort
Despite the cruel pain,
For in the final ending—
It may be far or nigh—
Our lives shall be united
When both of us shall die.

Interesting Story.

The Hoosier Schoolmaster.

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.

CHAPTER IV.—*Continued.*

The Squire was puzzled. He had given out all the hard words in the book. He again pulled the top of his head forward. Then he wiped his spectacles and put them on. Then out of the depths of his pocket he fished up a list of words just coming into use in those days—words not in the spelling-book. He regarded the paper attentively with his blue right eye. His black left eye meanwhile fixed itself in such a stare on Mirandy Means that she shuddered and hid her eyes in her red silk handkerchief.

"Daguerreotype," sniffled the Squire. It was Ralph's turn.

"D-a-u, dau"—

"Next."

And Hannah spelled it right.

Such a buzz followed that Betsey Short's giggle could not be heard, but Shocky shouted, "Hanner beat! my Hanner spelled down the master! And Ralph went over and congratulated her.

And Dr Small sat perfectly still in the corner.

And then the Squire called them to order, and said: "As our friend Hanner Thomson is the only one left on her side, she will have to spell against nearly all on 'tother side. I shall, therefore, take the liberty of procrastinating the completion of this interesting and exacting contest until to-morrow evening. I hope our friend Hanner may again carry of the cypress crown of glory. There is nothing better for us than healthful and kindly simulation."

Dr Small, who knew the road to practice, escorted Mirandy, and Bud went home with somebody else. The others of the Means family hurried on, while Hannah, the champion, stayed behind a minute to speak to Shocky. Perhaps it was because Ralph saw that Hannah must go alone that he suddenly remembered having left something which was of no consequence, and resolved to go round by Mr Means's and get it. Another of Cupid's disguises.

CHAPTER V.

THE WALK HOME.

You expect me to describe that walk. You have had enough of the Jack Meanses, and the Squire Hawkinses, and the Pete Joneses, and the rest. You wish me to tell you now of this true-hearted girl and her lover; of how the silvery moonbeams came down in a shower—to use Whittier's favorite metaphor—through the maple boughs, flecking the frozen ground with light and shadow. You would have me tell of the evening star, not yet gone down, which shed its benediction on them. But I shall do no such thing. For the moon was not shining, neither did the stars give their light. The tall black trunks of the maples swayed and shook in the wind, which moaned through leafless boughs. Novelists always make lovers walk in the moonlight. But if love is not, as cynics believe, all moonshine, it can at least make its own light. Moonlight is never so little needed or heeded, never so much of an impertinence, as in a love-scene. It was at the bottom of the first hollow beyond the schoolhouse that Ralph overtook the timid girl walking swiftly through the dark. He did not ask permission to walk with her. Love does not go by words, and there are times when conventionality is impossible. There are people who understand one another at once. When one Soul meets another, it is not by pass-word, nor by hailing sign, nor by mysterious grip, that they recognize. The subtlest freemasonry in the world is this freemasonry of the spirit.

Ralph and Hannah knew and trusted. Ralph had admired and wondered at the quiet drudge. But it was when, in the accustomed sunshine of praise, she spread her wings a little, that he loved her. He had seen her awake.

You, Miss Amelia, wish me to repeat all their love-talk. I am afraid you'd find it dull. Love can pipe through any kind of a reed. Ralph talked love to Hannah when he spoke of the weather, of the crops, of the spelling-school. Weather, crops, and spelling-school—these were what his words would say if reported. But below all these commonplaces there vibrated something else. One can make love a great deal better when one doesn't speak of love. Words are so poor! Tones and modulations are better. It is an old story that Whitefield could make an audience weep by his way of pronouncing the word Mesopotamia. A lover can sound the whole gamut of his affections in saying Good morning. The solemnest engagements ever made have been without the intervention of speech.

And you, my Gradgrind friend, you think me sentimental. Two young fools they were, walking so slowly though the night was sharp, dallying under the trees, and dreaming of a heaven they could not have realized if all their wishes had been granted. Of course they were fools! Either they were fools to be so happy, or else some other people are fools not to be. After all, dear Gradgrind, let them be. There's no harm in it. They'll get trouble enough before morning. Let them enjoy the evening. I am not sure but these lovers whom we write down fools are the only wise people after all. Is it not wise to be happy? Let them alone.

For the first time in three years, for the first time since she had crossed the threshhold of "Old Jack Means" and come under the domination of Mrs Old Jack Means, Hannah talked cheerfully, almost gaily. It was something to have a companion to talk to. It was something to be the victor even in a spelling-match, and to be applauded even by Flat Creek. And so, chatting earnestly about the most uninteresting themes, Ralph courteously helped Hannah over the fence, and they took the usual short-cut through the "blue-grass pasture." There came up a little shower, hardly more than a sprinkle, but then it was so nice to have a shower just as they reached the box-alder tree by the spring! It was so thoughtful in Ralph to suggest that the shade of a box-alder is dense, and that Hannah might take cold! And it was so easy for Hannah to yield to the suggestion. Just as though she had not milked the cows in the open lot in the worst storm of the last three years! And just as though the house were not within a stone's throw! Doubtless it was not prudent to stop there. But let us deal gently with them. Who would not stay in paradise ten minutes longer, even though it did make purgatory the hotter afterward? And so Hannah stayed.

"Tell me your circumstances,' said Ralph, at last. "I am sure I can help you in something."

"No, no! you can not," and Hannah's face was clouded. "No one can help me. Only time and God. I must go, Mr Hartsook." And they walked on to the front gate in silence and in some constraint. But still in happiness.

As they came to the gate, Dr Small pushed past them in his cool, deliberate way, and mounted his horse. Ralph bade Hannah good night, having entirely forgotten the errand which had been his excuse to himself for coming out of his way. He hastened to his new home, the house of Mr Pete Jones, the same who believed in the inseparableness of "fickin' and larnin'."

"You're a purty gal, aint you? You're a purty gal, aint you? *You* air! Yes, you *air!!*" and Mrs Means seemed so impressed with Hannah's prettiness that she choked on it, and could get no farther. "A purty gal! you! Yes! you air a mighty purty gal!" and the old woman's voice rose till it could have been heard half a mile. "To be a-santerin' along the big road after ten o'clock with the master! Who knows whether he's a fit man fer anybody to go with? Arter all I've been and gone and done fer you! That's the way you pay me! Disgrace me! Yes, I say, disgrace me! You're a mean, deceitful thing. Stuck up bekase you spelt the master down. Ketch *me* lettin' you go to spellin'-school to-morry night! Ketch ME! Yes, ketch ME, I say!"

"Looky here, marm," said Bud, "it seems to me you're a-makin' a blamed furss about nothin'. Don't yell so's they'll hear you three or four mile. You'll have everybody 'tween here and Clifty waked up." For Mrs Means had become so excited over the idea of being caught allowing Hannah to go to spelling-school that she had raised her last "Ketch me!" to a perfect whoop. "That's the way I'm treated," whimpered the old woman, who knew how to take the "injured innocence" dodge as well as anybody. "That's the way I'm treated. You allers take sides with that air hussy agin your own flesh and blood. You don't keer how much trouble I have. Not you. Not a dogon'd bit. I may be disgraced by that air ongrateful critter, and you set right here in my own house and sass me about it. A purty fellow you air! An' me a-delvin' and a-drudgin' fer you all my born days. A purty son, ain't you?"

Bud did not say another word. He sat in the chimney-corner and whistled "Dandy Jim from Caroline." His diversion had produced the effect he sought. For while his tender-hearted mother poured her broadside into his iron-clad feelings, Hannah had slipped up the stairs to her garret bedroom, and when Mrs Means turned from the callous Bud to finish her assault upon the sensitive girl, she could only gnash her teeth in disappointment.

Stung by the insults to which she could not grow insensible, Hannah lay awake until the memory of that walk through the darkness came into her soul like a benediction. The harsh voice of the ogre died out, and the gentle and courteous voice of Hartsook filled her soul. She recalled piece by piece the whole conversation—all the commonplace remarks about the weather; all the unimportant words about the spelling-school. Not for the sake of the remarks. Not for the sake of the weather. Not for the sake of the crops. Not for the sake of the spelling-school. But for the sake of the undertone. And then she travelled back over the three years of her bondage and forward over the three years to come, and fed her heart on the dim hope of rebuilding in some form the home that had been so happy. And she prayed, with more faith than ever before, for deliverance. For love brings faith. Somewhere on in the sleepless night she stood at the window. The moon was shining now, and there was the path through the pasture, and there was the fence, and there was the box-alder.

She sat there a long time. Then she saw some one come over the fence and walk to the tree, and then on toward Pete Jones's. Who could it be? She thought she recognised the figure. But she was chilled and shivering, and she crept back again into bed, and dreamed not of the uncertain days to come, but of the blessed days that were passed—of a father and a mother and a brother in a happy home. But somehow the schoolmaster was there too.

CHAPTER VI.

A NIGHT AT PETE JONES'S.

When Ralph got to Pete Jones's he found that sinister-looking individual in the act of kicking one of his many dogs out of the house.

"Come in, stranger, come in. You'll find this 'ere house full of brats, but I guess you kin kick your way around among em'. Take a cheer. Here, git out! go to thunder with you!" And with these mild imperatives he boxed one of his boys over in one direction and one of his girls over in the other. "I believe in trainin' up children to mind when they're spoke to," he said to Ralph apologetically. But it seemed to the teacher that he wanted them to mind just a little before they were spoken to.

"P'raps you'd like bed. Well, jest climb up the ladder on the outside of the house. Takes up a thunderin' sight of room to have a stairs inside, and we ha'n't got no room to spare. You'll find a bed in the furdest corner. My Pete's already got half of it, and you kin take t'other half. Ef Pete goes to takin' his half in the middle, and tryin' to make you take your'n on both sides, jest kick him."

In this comfortless bed in the "furdest corner," Ralph found sleep out of the question. Pete took three-fourths of the bed, and Hannah took all his thoughts. So he lay, and looked out through the cracks in the "clap-boards" (as they call rough shingles in the old West) at the stars. For the clouds had now broken away. And he lay thus recounting to himself, as the miser counts the pieces that compose his hoard, every step of that road from the time he had overtaken Hannah in the hollow to the fence. Then he imagined again the pleasure of helping her over, and then he retraced the ground to the box-alder at the spring and repeated to himself the conversation until he came to the part in which she said that only time and God could help her. What did she mean? What was the hidden part of her life? What was the connection between her and Shocky?

Hours wore on, and still the mind of Ralph Hartsook went back and traveled the same road, over the fence, past the box-alder, up to the inexplicable part of the conversation, and stood bewildered with the same puzzling questions about the bound girl's life.

At last he got up, drew on his clothes, and sat down on the top of the ladder, looking down over the blue-grass pasture which lay on the border between the land of Jones and the land of Means. The earth was white with moonlight. He could not sleep. Why not walk? It might enable him to sleep. And once determined on walking, he did not hesitate a moment as to the direction in which he should walk. The blue-grass pasture (was it not like unto the garden of Eden?) lay right before him. That box-alder (was it not a tree of life?) stood just in sight. To spring over the fence and take the path down the hill and over the brook was as quickly done as decided upon. To stand again under the box-alder, to climb again over the farther fence, and to walk down the road toward the schoolhouse, was so easy and delightful that it was done without thought. For Ralph was a man full of *elan*, who, when he saw no wrong in any thing that proposed itself, was apt to follow his impulse without deliberation. And this keeping company with the stars, and the memory of a delightful walk, was so much better than the commonplace Flat Creek life, that he threw himself into his night excursion with enthusiasm.

At last he stood in the little hollow where first he had joined himself to Hannah. It was the very spot at which Shocky, too, had met him a few mornings before. He leaned against the fence and tried again to solve the puzzle of Hannah's troubles. For that she had troubles he did not doubt. Neither did he doubt that he could help her if he could discover what they were. But he had no clue. All at once his heart stood still. He heard the thud of horse's hoofs coming down the road. Until that moment he had not felt his own loneliness. He shrank back further into the fence-corner. The horsemen were galloping. There were three of them, and there was one figure that seemed familiar to Ralph. But he could not tell who it was. Neither could he remember having seen the horse, which was a sorrel with a white left forefoot and a white nose. The men noticed him and reined up a little. Why he should have been startled by the presence of these men he could not tell, but an indefinable dread seized him. They galloped on, but he stood still shivering with a nervous fear. The cold seemed to have gotten into his bones. He remembered that the whole region lying on Flat Creek and Clifty Creek had the reputation of being infested with thieves who practised horse-stealing and house-breaking. For ever since the day when Murrell's confederate bands were paralyzed by the death of their leader, there have still existed gangs of desperadoes in parts of Southern Indiana and Illinois, and in Iowa, Missouri, Kentucky, and the Southwest. It was out of these materials that border ruffianism has grown, and the nine members of the Reno band who were hanged two or three years ago by lynch law were remains of the bad blood that came into the West in the days of Daniel Boone. Shall I not say that these bands of desparadoes still found among the "poor whitey," "dirt-eater" class of the out-croppings of the bad blood sent from England in convict-ships? And ought an old country to sow the fertile soil of a colony with such noxious seed?

Before Ralph was able to move, he heard the hoofs of another horse striking upon the hard ground in an easy pace. The rider was Dr Small. He checked his horse in a cool way, and stood still a few seconds while he scrutinized Ralph. Then he rode on in the same easy gait as before. Ralph had a superstitious horror of Henry Small. And, shuddering with cold, he crept like a thief over the fence, past the tree, through the pasture, back to Pete Jones's, never once thinking of the eyes that looked out of the window at Means's. Climbing the ladder, he got into bed, and shook as with ague. He tried to reason himself out of the foolish terror that possessed him, but he could not.

Half an hour later he heard a latch raised. Were the robbers breaking into the house below? He heard a soft tread upon the floor. Should he rise and give the alarm? Something restrained him. He reflected that a robber would be sure to stumble over some of the "brats." So he lay still and finally slumbered, only awakening when the place in which he slept was full of the smoke of frying grease from the room below.

At breakfast Pete Jones scowled. He was evidently angry about something. He treated Ralph with a rudeness not to be overlooked, as if he intended to bring on a quarrel. Hartsook kept cool, and wished he could drive from his mind all memory of the past night. Why should men on horseback have any significance to him? He was trying to regard things in this way, and from a general desire to keep on good terms with his host he went to the stable to offer his services in helping to feed the stock.

"Didn't want no soft-handed help!" was all he got in return for his well meant offer. But just as he turned to leave the stable he saw what made him tremble again. There was the same sorrel horse with white left forefoot and a white nose.

To shake off his nervousness Ralph started for school before the time. But, plague upon plagues! Mirandy Means, who had seen him leave Pete Jones's, started just in time to join him where he came into the big road. Ralph was not in a good humor after his wakeful night, and to be thus dogged by Mirandy did not help the matter. So he found himself speaking crabbedly to the daughter of the leading trustee in spite of himself.

"Hanner's got a bad cold this mornin' from bein' out last night, and she can't come to spellin'-school to-night," began Mirandy, in her most simpering voice.

To be continued.