THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Vol. V. WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, APRIL 30, 1886. No. 37

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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Evensong and Sermon at 7 p m

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Robert W Hudgell,
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WOLFVILLE DIVISION S OF T meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Witter's Block, at 8.00 o'clock.

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—OF THE—

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The undermentioned firms will use you right, and we can safely recommend them as our most enterprising business men.

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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,

THE DISAPPOINTED.

There are songs enough for the hero,
Who dwells on the heights of fame;
I sing for the disappointed,
For those who missed their aim.

I sing with a tearful cadence
For one who stands in the dark,
And knows that his last best arrow
Has bounded back from the mark.

I sing for the breathless runner,
The eager, anxious soul,
Who falls with strenth exhausted
Almost in sight of the goal;

For the hearts that break in silence
With a sorrow all unknown;
For those who need companions,
Yet walk their way alone.

There are songs enough for the lovers
Who share love's tender pain;
I sing for the one whose passion
Is given and in vain.

For those whose spirit comrades
Have missed them on the way,
I sing with heart o'erflowing
This minor strain to-day.

And I know the solar system
Must somewhere keep in space.
A prize for that spent runner
Who barely lost the race.

For the Plan would be imperfect
Unless it held some sphere
That paid for the toil and talent
And love that are wasted here

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

Interesting Story.

The Hoosier Schoolmaster.

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.

CHAPTER II.—*Continued.*

So that the fatal spelling-school had to be appointed for the Wednesday of the second week of the session, just when Ralph felt himself master of the situation. Not that he was without his annoyancess. One of Ralph's troubles in the week before the spelling-school was that he was loved. The other that he was hated. And while the time between the appointing of the spelling tournament and the actual occurrence of that remarkable event is engaged in elapsing, let me narrate two incidents that made it for Ralph a trying time.

CHAPTER III.

MIRANDY, HANK, AND SHOCKY.

Mirandy had nothing but contempt for the new master until he developed the bull-dog in his nature. Mirandy fell in love with the bull-dog. Like many other girls of her class, she was greatly enamored with the "subjection of women," and she stood ready to fall in love with any man strong enough to be her master. Much has been said of the strong-minded women. I offer this psychological remark as a contribution to the natural history of the weak-minded women.

It was at the close of that very second day on which Ralph had achieved his victory over the school, and in which Mirandy had been seized with her desperate passion for him, and she told him about it. Not in words. We do not allow *that* in the most civilised countries, and it would not be tolerated in Hoopole county. But Mirandy told the master the fact that she was in love with him none the less that no word passed her lips. She walked by him from school. She cast at him what are commonly called sheep's-eyes. Ralph thought them more like calf's-eyes. She changed the whole tone of her voice. She whined ordinarily. Now she whimpered. And so by ogling him, by blushing at him, by tittering at him. by giggling at him, by snickering at him, by simpering at him, by making herself tenfold more a fool than even nature had made her, she managed to convey to the dismayed soul of the young teacher the frightful intelligence that he was loved by the richest, the ugliest, the silliest, the coarsest, and the most contemptible girl in Flat Creek district.

Ralph sat by the fire the next morning trying to read a few minutes before school-time, while the boys were doing the chores, and the bound girl was milking the cows, with no one in the room but the old woman. She was generally as silent as Bud, but now she seemed for some unaccountable reason disposed to talk. She had sat down on the broad hearth to have her usual morning smoke; the poplar table, adorned by no cloth, sat in the floor; the unwashed blue tea-cups sat in the unwashed blue saucers; the unwashed blue plates kept company with the begrimed blue pitcher. The dirty skillets by the fire were kept in countenance by the dirtier pots, and the ashes were drifted and strewn over the hearth-stones in a most picturesque way.

"You see," said the old woman knocking the residuum from her cob-pipe, and chafing some dry leaf between her withered hands preparatory to filling it again, "you see, Mr Hartsook, my ole man's purty well along in the world. He's got a right smart lot of this world's plunder, one way and another." And while she stuffed the tobacco in her pipe Ralph wondered why she should mention it to him. "You see we moved in here nigh upon twenty-five year ago. 'Twas when my Jack, him as died afore Bud was born, was a baby. Bud'll be twenty-one the fifth of next June."

Here Mrs Means stopped to rake a live coal out of the fire with her skinny finger, and then to carry it in her skinny palm to the bowl—or to the *hole*—of her cob-pipe. When she got the smoke agoing she proceeded:

"You see this 'ere bottom land was all Congress land in them there days, and it sold for a dollar and a quarter, and I says to my ole man, 'Jack,' says I, "Jack, do you git a plenty while you're a gittin'. Git a plenty while you're a 'gittin'," says I, 'fer 'twont never be no cheaper'n 'tis now,' and it ha'n't been, I knowed 'twouldn't," and Mrs Means took the pipe from her mouth to indulge in a good chuckle at the thought of her financial shrewdness. "'Git a plenty while you're a gittin'," says I. I could see, you know, they was a powerful sight of money in Congress land. Jack didn't git rich by hard work. Bless you, no! Not him. That aint his way. Hard work aint you know. 'Twas that air six hundred dollars he got along of me, all salted down into Flat Creek bottoms at a dollar and a quarter a acre, and 'twas my sayin' 'Git a plenty while you're a gittin'' as done it." And here the old ogre laughed, or grinned horribly, at Ralph, showing her few straggling, discolored teeth.

Then she got up and knocked the ashes out of her pipe, and laid the pipe away and walked round in front of Ralph. After adjusting the "chunks" so that the fire would burn, she turned her yellow face toward Ralph, and scanning him closely came out with the climax of her speech in the remark: "You see as how, Mr Hartsook, the man what gits my Mirandy'll do well. Crick land's worth nigh upon a hundred a acre."

This gentle hint came near knocking Ralph down. Had Flat Creek land been worth a hundred times a hundred dollars an acre, and had he owned five hundred times Means' five hundred acres, he would have given it all just at that moment to have annihilated the whole tribe of the Meanses. Except Bud. Bud was a giant, but a good-natured one. He thought he would except Bud from the general destruction. As for the rest, he mentally pictured to himself the pleasure of attending their funerals. There was one thought, however, between him and despair. He felt confident that the cordiality, the intensity, and the persistency of his dislike of Sis Means were such that he should never inherit a foot of the Flat Creek bottoms.

But what about Bud? What if he joined the conspiracy to marry him to this weak-eyed, weak-headed wood-nymph, or backwoods nymph?

If Ralph felt it a misfortune to be loved by Mirandy Means, he found himself almost equally unfortunate in in having incurred the hatred of the meanest boy in school. "Hank" Banta, low-browed, smirking, and crafty, was the first sufferer by Ralph's determination to use corporal punishment, and so Henry Banta, who was a compound of deceit and resentment, never lost an opportunity to annoy the young schoolmaster, who was obliged to live perpetually on his guard against his tricks.

One morning, as Ralph walked toward the schoolhouse, he met little Shocky. What the boy's first name or last name was the teacher did not know. He had given his name as Shocky, and all the teacher knew was that he was commonly called Shocky, that he was an orphan, that he lived with a family named Pearson over in Rocky Hollow and that he was the most faithful and affectionate child in the school. On this morning that I speak of, Ralph had walked toward the school early to avoid the company of Mirandy. But not caring to sustain his dignity longer than was necessary, he loitered along the road, admiring the trunks of the maples, and picking up a beech-nut now and then. Just as he was about to go on toward the school, he caught sight of little Shocky running swiftly toward him, but looking from side to side, as if afraid of being seen.

"Well, Shocky, what is it?" and Ralph put his hand kindly on the great bushy head of white hair from which came Shocky's nickname. Shocky had to pant a minute.

"Why, Mr Hartsook," he gasped, scratching his head, "there's a pond down underneath the schoolhouse," and here Shocky's breath gave out entirely for a minute.

"Yes, Shocky, I know that. What about it? The trustees haven't come to fill it up, have they?"

"Oh! no, sir; but Hank Banta, you know"— and Shocky took another breathing spell, standing as close to Ralph as he could, for poor Shocky got all his sunshine from the master's presence.

"Has Henry fallen in and got a ducking, Shocky?"

"Oh! no, sir; he wants to git you in, you see."

"Well, I won't go in, though, Shocky."

"But, you see, he's been and gone and pulled back the board so as you can't help a-tippin' it up, and a-sowsin' right in ef you step there."

"And so you came to tell me." There was a huskiness in Ralph's voice. He had, then, one friend in Flat Creek district—poor little Shocky. He put his arm around Shocky just a moment, and then told him to hasten cross to the other road, so as to come back to the schoolhouse in a direction atright angles to the master's approach. But the caution was not needed. Shocky had taken care to leave in that way, and was altogether too cunning to be seen coming down the road with Mr Hartsook. But after he got over the fence to go through the "sugar camp" (or sugar *orchard*, as they say at the East), he stopped and turned back once or twice, just to catch one more smile from Ralph. And then he hied away through the tall trees a very happy boy, kicking and ploughing the brown leaves before him in his perfect delight, saying over and over again, "How he looked at me! how he did look!" And when Ralph came up to the schoolhouse door, there was Shocky sauntering along from the other direction, throwing bits of limestone at fence-rails, and smiling still clear down to his shoes at the thought of the master's kind words.

"What a quare boy Shocky is!" remarked Betsey Short, with a giggle. "He just likes to wander 'round alone. I see him a-comin' out of the sugar camp just now. He's been in there half an hour." And Betsey giggled again. For Betsey Short could giggle on slighter provocation that any other girl on Flat Creek.

When Ralph Hartsook, with a quiet, dogged tread that he was cultivating, walked into the schoolhouse, he took great care not to seem to see the trap set for him. But he carelessly stepped over the board that had been so nicely adjusted. The boys who were Hank's confidants in the plot were very busy over their slates, and took pains not to show their disappointment.

The morning session wore on without incident. Ralph several times caught two people looking at him. One was Mirandy. Her weak and watery eyes stole loving glances over the top of her spelling-book, which she would not study. Her looks always made Ralph's spirits sink to forty below zero, and congeal.

But on one of the backless little benches that sat in the middle of the schoolroom was little Shocky, who also cast many love-glances at the young master, glances as grateful to his heart as Mirandy's ogling—he was tempted to call it ogring—was hateful.

"Look at Shocky," giggled Betsey Short, behind her slate. "He looks as if he was a-goin' to eat the master up, body and soul."

It is safe to conjecture that Betsey had never studed "Drew on the Immateriality and Immortality of the Human Soul," or she would not have spoken of Ralph's as if it were something to be swallowed like an oyster.

And so the forenoon wore on as usual, and those who had laid the trap had forgotten it themselves. The morning session was drawing to a close. The fire in the great, old fireplace had burnt low. The flames, which seemed to Shocky to be angels, had disappeared, and now the bright coals, which had played the part of men and women and houses in Shocky's fancy, had taken on a white and downy covering of ashes, and the great half-burnt back log lay there smouldering like a giant asleep in a snow-drift. Shocky longed to wake him up.

As for Henry Banta, he was too much bothered to get the answer to a "sum" he was doing, to remember anything about his trap. In fact, he had forgotten that half an hour ago in the all-absorbing employment of drawing ugly pictures on his slate and coaxing Betsey Short to giggle by showing them slily across the school-room. Once or twice Ralph had been attracted to Betsey's extraordinary fits of giggling, and had come so near to catching Hank that the boy thought it best not to run any farther risk of the beech switches, four or five feet long, laid up behind the master in sight of the school as a prophylactic. Hence his application just now to his sum in long division, and hence his puzzled look, for, idler that he was, his "sums" did not solve themselves easily. As usual in such cases, he came up in front of the master's desk to have the difficulty explained. He had to wait a minute until Ralph got through with showing Betsey Short, who had been seized with a studying fit, and who could give hardly any attention to the teacher's explanations, she did want to giggle so much! Not at anything in particular, but just at things in general.

While Ralph was "doing" Betsey's sum for her, he was solving a much more difficult question. A plan had flashed upon him, but the punishment seemed a severe one. He gave it up once or twice, but he remembered how turbulent the Flat Creek elements were; and had he not inly resolved to be as unrelenting as a bull-dog? He fortified himself by recalling again the oft-remembered remark of Bud, "Ef Bull once takes a holt, heaven and yarth can't make him let go." And so he resolved to give Hank and the whole school one good lesson.

'Just step round behind me, Henry, and you can see how I do this," said Ralph.

Hank was entirely off his guard, and with his eyes fixed upon the slate on the teacher's desk, he sidled round upon the broad loose board, misplaced by his own hand, and in an instant the other end of the board rose up in middle of the schoolroom, almost striking Shocky in the face, while Henry Banta brought up or down in the ice-cold water beneath the schoolhouse.

"Why, Henry!" cried Ralph, jumping to his feet with well-feigned. "How *did* this happen?" and he helped the dripping fellow out of the water and seated him by the fire.

Betsey Short giggled.

Shocky was so tickled that he could hardly keep his seat.

The boys who were in the plot looked very serious indeed. And a little silly.

Ralph made some remarks by way of improving the occasion. He spoke strongly of the utter meanness of the one who could play so heartless a trick on a schoolmate. He said that it was as much thieving to get your fun at expense of another as to steal his money. And while he talked all eyes were turned on Hank. All except the eyes of Mirandy Means. They looked simperingly at Ralph. All the rest looked at Hank. The fire had made his face very red. Shocky noticed that. Betsey Short noticed it, and giggled. The master wound up with an appropriate quotation from Scripture. He said that the person who displaced that board had better not be encouraged by the success—he said *success* with a curious emphasis—of the present experiment to attempt another trick of the kind. For it was set down in the Bible that if a man dug a pit for the feet of another he would be very likely to fall in it himself. Which made all the pupils look solemn. Except Betsy Short. She giggled. And Shocky wanted to. And Mirandy cast an expiring look at Ralph. And if the teacher was not love-sick, he certainly was sick of Mirandy's love.

When school was "let out" Ralph gave Hank every caution that he could about taking cold, and even lent him his overcoat, very much against Hank's will. For Hank had obstinately refused to go home before the school was dismissed.

Then the master walked out in a quiet and subdued way to spend the noon recess in the woods, while Shocky watched his retreating footsteps with loving admiration. And the pupils not in the secret canvassed the question of who moved the board. Bill Mears said he'd bet Hank did it, which set Betsey Short off in an uncontrollable giggle. And Shocky laughed innocently.

But that night Bud said slily, "Thunder and lightning! what a manager you *air*, Mr Hartsook!" To which Ralph returned no reply except a friendly smile. Muscle paid tribute to brains that time.

But Ralph had no time for exultation. For just here came the spelling school.

CHAPTER IV.

SPELLING DOWN THE MASTER.

"I 'low," said Mrs Means, as she stuffed the tobacco in her cob-pipe after supper on that eventful Wednesday evening, "I 'low they'll appint the Squire to gin out the words to-night. They mos' always do, you see, kase he's the peartest *ole* man in this deestrick; and I 'low some of the young fellers would have to get up and dust ef they would keep up to him. And he uses sech remarkable smart words. He speaks so polite, too. But laws! don't I remember when he was poarer nor Job's turkey? Twenty year ago, when he come to these 'ere diggin's, that air Squire Hawkins was a poar Yankee schoolmaster, that said 'pail' instid of bucket, and that call'd a cow a 'caow,' and that couldn't tell to save his gizzard what we meant by *'low* and by *right smart*. But he's larnt our ways now, an' he's jest as civilized as the rest of us. You wouldn' know he'd ever been a Yanker. He didn't stay poar long. Not he. He jest married a right rich girl! He! he!" and the old woman grinned at Ralph, and then at Mirandy, and then at the rest, until Ralph shuddered, Nothing was so frightful to him as to be fawned on and grinned at by this old ogre, whose few lonesome, blackish teeth seemed ready to devour him. "He didn't stay poar, you bet a hoss!" and with this the coal was deposited on the pipe, and the lips began to crack like parchment as each puff of smoke escaped. "He married rich, you see," and here another significant look at the young master, and another fond look at Mirandy, as she puffed away reflectively. "His wife hadn't no book-larnin'. She'd been through the spellin'-book wunst, and had got as far as 'asperity' on it a second time. But she couldn't read a word when she was married, and never could. She warn't overly smart. She hadn't hardly got the sense the law allows. But schools was scase in them air days, and, besides, book-larnin' don't do no good to a woman. Makes her stuck up. I never knowed but one gal in my life as had ciphered into fractions, and she was so dog-on stuck up that she turned up her nose one night at a apple-peelin' becase I tuck a sheet off the bed to splice out the tablecloth, which was ruther short. And the sheet was most clean too. Hadn't been slep on mor'n once or twicet. But I was goin' for to say that when Squire Hawkins married Virginny Gray he got a heap of money, or, what's the same thing mostly, a heap of good land. And that's better'n book-larnin', says I. Ef a girl had gone clean through all eddication, and got to the rule of three itself, that wouldn' buy a feather-bed. Squire Hawkins jest put eddication agin the gal's farm, and traded even, an' ef ary one of 'em got swindled, I never heerd no complaints."

And here she looked at Ralph in triumph, her hard face splintering into the hideous semblance of a smile. And Mirandy cast a blushing, gushing, all-imploring and all-confiding look on the young master's face.

To be continued.