

# THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Vol. VI.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1886.

No. 5

### THE ACADIAN.

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Local advertising at ten cents per line for every insertion, unless by special arrangement for standing notices.

For standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office, and payment on receipt of advertising, and guaranteed by some responsible party prior to its insertion.

THE ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

Newly communicated from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited.

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

Legal Decisions.

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the Post Office, whether directed to his name or another's or whether he has subscribed or not, is responsible for the payment.

2. A person orders his paper discontinued he must pay up all arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the Post Office, or removing and leaving them unattended, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE.

Office Hours, 7 A. M. to 9 P. M. Mail made up as follows:

For Halifax and Windsor close at 7 A. M.

Express west close at 10.30 A. M.

Express east close at 5.30 P. M.

Enville close at 7.30 P. M.

Geo. V. Ross, Post Master.

PEOPLES BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 9 A. M. to 2 P. M. Closed on Saturday at 12 noon.

A. W. Eames, Agent.

Churches.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. J. H. Ross, Pastor—Services every Sabbath at 11:00 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sabbath School at 2:30 P. M. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. A. Higgins, Pastor—Services every Sabbath at 11:00 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sabbath School at 2:30 P. M. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7:30 P. M. and Thursday at 7:30 P. M.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. T. A. Wilson, Pastor—Services every Sabbath at 11:00 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sabbath School at 2:30 P. M. Prayer Meeting on Thursday at 7:30 P. M.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH, (Episcopal).—Rev. J. O. Dingels, Pastor—Services every Sunday at 3 P. M. Sunday-school at 10 A. M.

St. FRANCIS (R. C.)—Rev. T. M. Daly, P. P. Mass 11:00 A. M. on the last Sunday of each month.

Masonic.

St. GEORGE'S LODGE, F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7:45 o'clock P. M.

J. B. Davison, Secretary.

Oddfellows.

"ORPHEUS" LODGE, I. O. O. F., meets in O'Connell's Hall, on Tuesday of each week, at 8 o'clock P. M.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION of T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Witter's Block, at 8 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 7:50 o'clock.

### OUR JOB ROOM

IS SUPPLIED WITH THE LATEST STYLES OF TYPE

### JOB PRINTING

Every Description

DONE WITH NEATNESS, CHEAPNESS, AND PUNCTUALITY.

The ACADIAN will be sent to any part of Canada or the United States for \$1.00 in advance. We make no extra charge for United States subscriptions when paid in advance.

### DIRECTORY

Business Firms of WOLFVILLE

The undermentioned firms will use your 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.

BROWN, J. I.—Practical Horse-Shoer and Farrier.

CALDWELL & MURRAY.—Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Furniture, etc.

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

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.

HERRIN, J. F.—Watch Maker and Jeweller.

HIGGINS, W. J.—General Coal Dealer. Coal always on hand.

HELLEY, THOMAS.—Boot and Shoe Maker. All orders in his line faithfully performed. Repairing neatly done.

MONTYRE, A.—Boot and Shoe Maker.

MURPHY, J. L.—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.

ATEQUIN, C. A.—Manufacturer of all kinds of Carriage, and Team Harness. Opposite People's Bank.

DRAT, R.—Fine Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, and Fancy Goods.

BEDEEN, A. C. CO.—Dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines.

ROCKWELL & CO.—Book-sellers, Stationers, Picture Framers, and dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines.

DOOD, A. E.—Manufacturer of all styles of light and heavy Carriages and Sleighs. Painting and Repairing a specialty.

RAND, G. V.—Drugs, and Fancy Goods.

SLEEP, S. R.—Importer and dealer in General Hardware, Stoves, and Tinware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Plows.

SHAW, J. M.—Barber and Tobacco Dealer.

WALLACE, G. H.—Wholesale and Retail Grocer.

WITTER, BURPEE—Importer and dealer in Dry Goods, Millinery, Ready-made Clothing, and Gents' Furnishings.

WILSON, JAS.—Harness Maker, is still in Wolfville where he is preparing 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.

CARDS.

G. W. BOGGS, M. D., C. M., 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. WOLFVILLE, N. S.

J. WESTON, Merchant Tailor, WOLFVILLE, N. S.

### Money to Loan!

The subscriber has money in hand for investment on first-class real estate security. Good farm properties in Horton and Cornwallis preferred. Wolfville, Oct. 9, A. D. 1885.

E. SIDNEY CRAWLEY.

Carriages & Sleighs MADE, PAINTED, and REPAIRED At Shortest Notice, at A. B. RODD'S, Wolfville, N. S.

D. W. Moody's Tailor System for DRESS CUTTING. Price of one system with instructions \$5.00, or \$2.00 and one month's work at dress making. For particulars apply to E. Knowles, Wolfville, April 21st

### Select Poetry.

#### A BARK LYING AT THE MOUTH OF OUR HARBOUR.

Far out there where the blue waves gather And softly foam as they wash near side, Alone a Norwegian bark is lying In all her beauty, and all her pride.

No sound, save the lap of the restless waters, No voice, save the winds at night; While the stars gaze down from the heavens above, Grow pale at this sorrowful sight.

Patient she lyeth, no hand can move her, A hopeless wreck on that hidden shoal, She, that had leaped o'er the gleaming waters Like a thing of life, in the ocean's roll.

Wait on, poor ship, for a wild storm gathers, And phantom forms grow out of the rain, Comes a shriek from the wind like the voice of some angel, In angry dispute with the shoal, for your pain.

A stillness, and then, with gathering fierceness, The wind sweeps down, while the waves reply, They toss you high in this mad commotion, You're freed from the shoal, but only to die.

The storm subsides away and the waters sink downward, The boats leave the shore when they find you free; They fasten you safe with their ropes and their shackles, And slowly they'll rip you from beneath the ice.

Halifax, June 14 1885. E.

### Interesting Story.

#### NATHALIE.

The sultry August day was drawing to a close; going out in heat and a kind of oppressive stillness that foretold a storm. So thought Postmaster Harris in his unpretending little office—post-office and family grocery combined—as he stood behind the counter looking over, one by one, the pack of letters he held in his hand.

"No letters for any of your folks, Miss Bruner," he said, turning a faint, smiling face toward the young lady who stood in the broad light of the open door. A young and graceful woman of two-and-twenty, who wore a plain summer muslin. She had a low, clear voice, and a face that was hardly pretty and yet not plain—only tired looking, like the face of one who had battled with Fate and been worsted in the fight. This was Nathalie Bruner.

"No letters for you," repeated the postmaster. "Here are some newspapers, though, and a book of some kind for your brother," he slowly added, regarding the various addresses through spectacles: "Mr Leroy D. Bruner;" and then passing them across the counter to her with heavy, deliberate movements. He was never in a hurry, this steady-going old man, never seemed to get excited or to lose his temper. "Get theirs or let me write up your way, I suppose, Miss Nathalie?"

"Quite well, thank you," she answered, gathering up her parcels to go. "One thing more, Mr Harris—a paper of soda, please."

It was handed down from the shelf in a ponderous manner, as if it had weighed a ton instead of a pound. Mr Harris then came round and followed the young lady to the door.

"We are going to have a rain before long, I think," he remarked; "Not before you get home though, Miss Nathalie."

She made some reply in her low, pleasant voice, and set off homewards along the wide country road. It was getting dusk. Children played about still; children from the farmhouses on either side. Miss Bruner nodded to each group as she passed, but did not pause on her way, for the sun was quite down now and home a mile distant. On, she walked, without thought or fear, her dog beside her.

She was not a heroine, this girl I am telling you about. Not by any means one of those boastfully fearless women who are ready to do and dare all sorts of hazardous things. It was her nature to be strong where many others are weak; and, worse for her, to be weak where many others are strong. Whether this strength had ever been tried, whether this weakness had worked her sorrow, you shall see by-and-by.

The road became still more quiet, the houses farther and farther apart. There was a faint breath of air now, and she took off her bonnet, letting its coolness touch her face. Such a quiet face it was—the face of a girl in its fairness and rounded outlines, the face of an old woman in its utter weariness—weariness of life. A youthful face from which all youth's brightness and freshness had been struck out.

Something strangely fine and true in the girl's nature she had inherited from her father, along with the deep hazel eyes, and fine reddish-brown hair that belonged to the Bruners. He was of French extraction, as Nathalie's name would show. Mrs Bruner was not. Mrs Bruner had been a Dight—daughter of John Dight the farmer. How ever Louis Leroy Bruner, the poor but proud gentleman, could have married so common, hard, selfish Betsy Dight was a marvel. She had been very pretty; perhaps the secret lay in that. Her eyes were gray, her hair black; her son, Nathalie's only brother, had inherited the good looks, and some of her hardness. She was a clever, capable woman, and things had prospered with her; but her husband had not lived very long to enjoy them.

Nathalie had been given to wonder lately whether her life would have been a failure if her father had lived. It is a sad, sad thing when a woman at twenty-two pronounces her life a failure. When the illusions that make youth sweet have faded away, the pleasant dreams vanished. It comes to us all sooner or later in life, this disenchantment; but to most it comes gradually after years have brought wisdom and the soul has learned to trust in something higher and surer than earth can give. But for her to whom there was as yet no thought of compensation, the coming years stretched out blackly, empty of promise. The shadow of her coming was on her face now, their chill on her heart.

The solemn quiet that brooded over earth and sky was unbroken. What were set of sun and rise of moon to her—to her in her desolation? A little way before her a couple of lovers stood talking over the garden fence, the girl coquettish in cherry ribbons and white muslin apron—the young man's head bent down close to the smooth, pink cheek. It was a pretty picture enough, and Miss Bruner glanced at it as she went by with a still, inscrutable look in her eyes.

Was she thinking of a time when she had thus stood with a lover; had thrilled at the sound of a voice, the touch of a caressing hand—when she had believed in a man's truth?

She did not believe in any son of man. And yet how weak women are. How weak this woman was, that a trifle like that could shake her so! Her face regained its listless quiet, her eyes their weary outlook, never changing. Never changing until by-and-by a step sounded in the road behind her—a man's firm footfall on the hard beaten path. What was there in that to drive all the faint color from cheek and lip; to make her heart stand still? Looking at her now you would know that the step was one she had listened to for a hundred times, whose faintest echo she knew by heart. But it was six months since she had heard it, and another woman listened for it now.

He had returned, then? He had come back to his home after this long absence! The conviction that it was so flashed over her, and set every pulse in her frame throbbing.

"Miss Bruner! Nathalie!" She turned at that, glancing up at the man beside her. A perfect athlete of a man, with a strong, masterful face, and eyes that kept their owner's secret well.

"You have returned, Mr Vandermere?" If he had expected astart or blush he was disappointed. Perhaps he did not care for those things now?—and yet he did all too well. Married though he was, he would have given much to see her face kindle as it used to at his coming. There was no thought of ill in his heart, but he loved her better than he would ever love another. He bent to look in her face, some sudden warmth and brightness flashing into

his own as he did so making it gentle almost as a woman's. The gentleness was in his voice, too, as he spoke.

"You are not good to see me as I am to see you, Nathalie."

"Your family are well, I hope?"

"They are well, and calmly too. She would not say, "Your wife."

"Yes, quite well." He held her hand longer than he need have done—friends claim this much, you know—and then released it. "Let me have these parcels," he said, taking them from her quite as a matter of course in the decisive way she used to like so well.

How tender he used to be with her in that past time! Somehow his presence to-night seemed to bring it all back to her—the strong man's protecting love, and all the brightness of these midsummer days a year ago the sweetest of her life, when she expected to be George Vandermere's wife. She might have been; she would have been his wife this night but for her mother's interference. She had been hoping lately to forget him; she had been striving for it. But what made this agitation within her? Had the old spell come upon her once more—the spell of this man's influence? She could not have told; she did not stay to ask herself. She only knew that it was like heaven to be with him again.

And walking by his side along the road that was familiar ground to both their feet, she forgot reality in the bliss his presence brought. She forgot the coldness, the estrangement, the separation and misery of the past year; she forgot his marriage, and seemed like the sweet girl he had known, shy and winning, with wise and witty sayings, and smiles that came and went, making of the pure, delicate face a charming picture.

He stopped at the gate to bid her good-night, not venturing to enter. Putting down the parcels on the top of the fat post, he took her hands in one of his, and smoothed her hair with the other.

"Good-night, Nathalie."

"Good-night, George." But she ought to have said Mr Vandermere.

He bent down with a quick movement and kissed her—once—twice. His arms closed about her suddenly, and she felt herself drawn close to his breast. "My little love!"

Do not condemn him utterly. For that one mad passionate moment he forgot that he was a married man, forgot everything but this pale little girl he held in his arms, and that he loved her. An instant she yielded herself to the close strong clasp—only an instant; then she remembered, and drew herself free. The gate closed suddenly between them; catching up her parcels, she flew away, and he stood alone under the elm-tree. So there was nothing for him but to go on home, taking the memory of that white, startled face with him for company; and the echo of some words faintly spoken, in which he had caught but one—sine.

"My little Nathalie!" he murmured, from the depths of his remorseful heart. "Oh, what demon of anger and obstinacy possessed me! Curse my own pride and folly! My true little girl—she loves me in spite of all, and my conduct is killing her! It is hard to remember that the two who should have been the most tender with her were the most cruel—her mother and her promised husband!"

And while he toiled on up the hill, beyond which lay his home—the home where his wife awaited him, his wife whom he had married in spite and passion—Nathalie lay upon the ground in the darkest shadows of the garden, her face in the wet grass, her hands locked together as if they would never unclasp again.

There were guests in her mother's house. She could hear that. The sound of their voices came through the open windows; cheerful, pleasant voices, with now and again a burst of laughter. Mrs Bruner's was louder than all. She could be so charmingly agreeable when she chose; and she was good looking still with her forty-five years. Her eyes sparkled yet; the hair wore its bright purple blackness. A woman who looked well to the ways of her household, and kept up the observances of religion in her family. A Christian by profession,

temptuous passion for herself, remem-

bering how all her life long she had yielded her own will to her mother's; and finally this one bright dream of a happy future. All that her woman's heart craved of peace or joy was in that dream—a home of her own, a husband's love, and pleasant dreams beyond it. And now—oh, aching heart! oh, empty hands! oh, young face that must grow old and go down at last into the silence of the grave unblest by children's kisses! Was this your tender mother-love, Mrs Bruner, and your faith, George Vandermere? Then Heaven pity that one who has nothing surer to trust to.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Don't.

Don't snub a boy because he wears shabby clothes. When Edison, the inventor of the telephone, first entered Boston, he wore a pair of yellow linen breeches in the depth of winter.

Don't snub a boy because his home is plain and unpretending. Abraham Lincoln's early home was a log cabin.

Don't snub a boy because of the ignorance of his parents. Shakespeare, the world's poet, was the son of a man who was unable to write his own name.

Don't snub a boy because he chooses an humble trade. The author of the Pilgrim's Progress was a tinker.

Don't snub a boy because of physical deformity. Milton was blind.

Don't snub a boy because of dullness in his lessons. Hogarth, the celebrated painter and engraver, was a stupid boy at his books.

Don't snub a boy because he stutters. Demosthenes, the greater orator of Greece, overcame a harsh and stammering tongue.

Don't snub anyone. Not alone because some day they may far outstrip you in the race of life, but because it is neither kind, nor right, nor Christian.

### Keep on.

In the mountainous part of North Carolina there is a settlement of Scotch Highlanders, who still preserve the language and quaint customs of their forefathers. Dominic S— was a minister in this mountain kirk for many years, and some of his shrewd sayings are still remembered. The old pastor once took a young member of his church to task sharply.

"What ails ye, Donald? A twel'month ago ye were aye keen w' the Sunday-school and at the prayer-meeting, an' now ye seldom show yer face at either. Ye have given up family prayer, an' I misdoubt me that ye read but seldom in the Holy Book."

Donald replied, "that his heart was unaccountably cold, that the fire and hope of his early faith had died out."

"Man," said the Dominie, severely, "when I started to Kiruputtoch yesterday, I heard the coach before me, and whilst the driver blew his horn, and the sun was shining, it was ye grey and comforting. But in the afternoon, the sun was hid an' they was nae horn. Did I sit down on the roadside? No, I kept the road to Kiruputtoch, and I walked in it. Ye're on the way to a Kiruputtoch on which. Walk in it. If the sun of heaven shines on ye, and the angels blow their horns, woe and good. But if not,—keep on the road to Kiruputtoch."

Many of us could draw strength and comfort from the homely lesson of the old Dominie.

A newly-made Squire belonging to the gulf shore of Nova Scotia had a complaint laid before him in which the plaintiff averred that he had been assaulted by a neighbor with intent to do bodily harm. The Magistrate at once issued the necessary papers and awaited patiently the day of trial meanwhile occupying his spare time in reading up cases bearing on the trial. On the arrival of the hour the door of the best room was thrown open and there sat the Squire bolt upright in the big arm-chair, and on a table in front of him his law books open. After listening to both sides, and speaking in an assumed and dignified air, he thus addressed the plaintiff: "Donald MacCollister, stand up and hear your sentence. It is the adjudgment of this court that you be taken from hence and fined \$2 and costs of twenty days in Pictou shant!" and with a fearful expression, he added, "and may God have mercy on your soul."—Free Press.

going morning and night to ask for grace from on high. And yet beneath so much that was good in her heart and in life was an underlying hardness in her nature; harder was it than any substratum of granite. She was born while he lived; she ruled her son and daughter now, if not with a rod of iron, at least with a sway that was well-nigh absolute. The influence acquired over them in childhood, she had maintained with a firm hand ever since. She would like them to be happy, but it must be in her way. She was good in the main. People liked her—most people that is—and Roy and Nathalie loved her.

Nathalie sat there still unheeding the talk going on within. Their words, grave or gay, had no meaning for her. Only one sentence rang in her ears over and over again: "My little love! my little love!" and the lips George Vandermere had kissed formed just one wild, frantic wish: "If I could only die to-night!"

Oh! the lonely days and nights, the bitter pain of disappointment, the heart-sickness, the weariness of life. She had been through it; had been living in nothing else for months. She had thought the worst was past—that she could never suffer like that again. And now to find that the victory was not won after all—that the battle must be fought over again! No wonder that, knowing her own weakness as she did, she should shrink from the trial.

How the sight of George Vandermere's face to-night brought the old days back—the days when she had held for her joy or brightness lay in that time. What a hero he had seemed to her eyes then, like a knight of old, "Brave, and true, and tender." Her mother liked her then; she had been gracious to him, and welcomed him to her home. Perhaps what had attracted Nathalie to him at first was his foreign extraction. Not French, as her father was, however; George Vandermere's parents were Dutch and had settled here. He was of substance too. He was of noble looks; a man of powerful frame and will, thirty years of his life and more were gone. He asked for Nathalie in marriage, and loved her dearly.

Then came the explosion. Mr Vandermere offended Mrs Bruner, and she forbade him the house. She told him that he only wanted Nathalie's money, and otherwise insulted him. She was a woman who could sting while she insulted; none better; and he was not one to stand it. Nathalie, always bending to her mother's will, had bent then. George would have married her in defiance, but she bowed to the subjection of her mother.

Her mother! Recalling it now the soul of the girl flamed into revolt. What right had Mrs Bruner to insult George in that way—before his very face? He was a proud man, well Mrs Bruner knew that, and he never came to her house again. Nathalie saw him some times, but she could not go out purposely to meet him. Though he asked her to again and again, she would not listen to his proposals to see her mother at defiance and marry him. And at last he got his temper up, and did not ask her any more. And after that she met him walking and riding with Clara Wilson, the loveliest young widow in the county; and people laughed and said her reign was over. She knew her dream was her brother Boyal had been away at the time; or perhaps—who knew?—it might have all turned out differently. Just a week or two—looking back it seemed to Nathalie but a day or two—and then came the news of his marriage to Mrs Wilson, and of their departure after the wedding.

And now he had come back again! And poor Nathalie knew that they both loved each other as passionately as ever, and that their lives had been wrecked. In this hour, lying there in her pain, Nathalie seemed to understand it all more clearly than she had ever done before; she believed now that she need not and ought not to have been sacrificed; that neither God nor duty required it of her.

"How weak I was! how pitifully weak!" she moaned in a sort of contemptuous passion for herself, remembering how all her life long she had yielded her own will to her mother's; and finally this one bright dream of a happy future. All that her woman's heart craved of peace or joy was in that dream—a home of her own, a husband's love, and pleasant dreams beyond it. And now—oh, aching heart! oh, empty hands! oh, young face that must grow old and go down at last into the silence of the grave unblest by children's kisses! Was this your tender mother-love, Mrs Bruner, and your faith, George Vandermere? Then Heaven pity that one who has nothing surer to trust to.

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