

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS--DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

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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.

Newspaper 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 name may be written in a fictitious signature.

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Wolfville, Nov. 14th, 1895. 11

POETRY.

"Are the Children at Home?"

Each day when the glow of sunset

Fades in the western sky,

And the little ones tripe of playing,

Go tripping lightly by,

I steal away from my husband,

Asleep in his easy chair,

And watch, from the open doorway,

Their faces fresh and fair.

Alone! in the dear old homestead

That once was full of life;

Ringling with girlish laughter,

Echoing with boyish strife;

We two are waiting together,

And oft, as the shadows come,

With tremulous voice he calls to me,

"It is night! Are the children home?"

"Yes, here," I answer him gently,

"They're all home long ago,"

And I sing in my quivering treble

The evening hymn soft and low.

Till the old man drops to slumber

With his head upon his hand,

And I tell myself the number

At Home in the Better Land.

Home, where never a sorrow

Shall dim their eyes with tears,

Where the smile of God upon them

Approvingly

Makes summer through all the year;

I know, yet my arm is empty

That fondly folded seven

And the mother's heart within me,

Is almost starved for Heaven.

Sometimes in the dusk of evening

I only shut my eyes,

And the children are all about me,

A vision from the skies.

The babies, whose dimpled fingers

Did lead their way to my breast,

And the beautiful ones—my angels—

Who so easily went to rest!

A breath, and the vision is lifted

Away on wings of light

And again we two are together,

Alone, alone in the night.

They tell me his mind is falling,

But I smile at their ill fears.

He is only back with the children

In the dear and peaceful year.

And still as the summer sunset

Fadeth away in the west,

And the weanens, tired of playing,

Go tripping home to rest,

My husband calls from his corner,

"Good wife, are the children home?"

And I answer with eyes uplifted,

"Yes, dear, they are all at Home!"

SELECT STORY.

Mrs. Busby's Idols.

Mr Joseph Busby eyed the sky as he leisurely walked from the barn to the house. The morning sun was veiled by a fleecy mist, while low in the south-west a bank of dark gray clouds was visible.

After his prolonged scrutiny, Mr Busby pondered the matter. It was not until he had washed his hands and face on the back kitchen porch and entered the room where his wife was taking up the breakfast, that he said: "Pears like it might rain."

"That is what you always say if there's a cloud in the sky," Mrs Busby said tartly. "I'll thank you to lift that boiler on, just the same."

"Goen to wash? It's most certain to rain."

"Let it rain. I haven't any patience with such weather," and Mrs Busby rushed down cellar after a pitcher of cream.

Her husband never hurried. He put the boiler carefully on the stove, built up a good fire, and in obedience to a gesture from his wife, took his place at the table.

Mrs Busby always thought before he spoke. This time, after a brief but earnest blessing, he devoted himself to ham, eggs and potatoes for five minutes before saying in his usual drawling voice:

"That was a powerful sermon of the elder yesterday, Mirandy. I always thought that text about Ephraim bein'

joined to his idols might apply to some of us. Most everybody has idols of some sort or other."

Mrs Busby stirred her golden brown coffee reflectively. "Perhaps so. I hope these people who reads it look Mr. Benton's fine application. As for me, I once had an idol, but God took it."

There was a pause. The thoughts of both husband and wife travelled to the parlor where hung the picture of a child, a two-year-old baby, with laughing blue eyes and dimpled arms. It was the picture of little Leah, their only child, whose death twenty years before had left the old farm home desolate.

Mr Busby's heart was too deeply stirred by memories of his child to speak. But when a dash of rain came against the window pane his wife exclaimed crossly:

"There, it's raining. And if I don't wash on Monday nothing goes right all the week."

"Tain't an idol, is it, Mirandy?" The good man of the house pushed back from the table. "Now, it doesn't seem jest right to be sot as you air on down your work exactly as you want to. It 'pears to me it might be an idol."

"What an idea! Just look there, Joseph. See that dirty spot on the tablecloth where you've rubbed your old coat sleeve. This tablecloth was clean yesterday morning, and now it must go in the wash, making three this week. I do wish you would be more careful."

"Why, now, Mirandy, I do try to be careful. I wish you would use coloured tablecloths. I thought you bought some turkey red ones."

"Yes, I did buy them," and a look of disgust crossed the face opposite Mr Busby. "But I want it understood I am not going to use 'em. I will work my fingers to the bone before I'll set my table with anything but a white cloth," and she stroked the glossy linen approvingly.

"I know, Mirandy, but maybe that's another idol. You see, you think a sight of such things."

"Now, Joseph Busby, if you are going to talk such nonsense as that you had better get to work. Just see there. The table is shining. So you see it was right for me to wash after all."

"Maybe so," and the eyes of the simple-hearted man softened as he looked through the cast window at the sun-kissed young foliage from which the raindrops were yet falling. "Maybe so, Mirandy. You air an uncommon woman and have been a good wife to me for twenty-seven years. You hain't got many idols, Mirandy, not half as many as I have. But this always thicken your way best—"

"See here, Joseph Busby," there was an undertone of almost fierceness in her voice. "I think such twisting of the Scriptures is sinful. If I have idols, I can tend to 'em, that's all," and Mrs Busby strode into her bed-room and shut the door violently.

When she returned to the kitchen she was in possession of the field. Joseph had gone to his work.

"High time," she sniffed; "idols indeed!"

She put her clothes to soak, and carrying her dishes into the pantry began washing them. Her thoughts were not pleasant ones; the frown on her face told that. The window before which she stood was covered with a thick growth of morning glory vines. A few of the dainty twisted buds, unheeding the threatenings of the storm, had opened their pink, blue and white cups and peered in at the flushed face of the worker. But Mrs Busby was too busy, too disturbed by her husband's words, to notice their beauty.

"I don't see what possessed Joseph to say that," she said as she began rubbing her clothes. "I gave up the only idol I ever had twenty years ago."

She stopped abruptly. "Of course it's that letter," she went on after a brief pause. "But he is wrong. It isn't idols that keeps me from doing my—"

Again she stopped. She had almost said duty. A week before a letter had come from a little town in Kansas to Mr Busby. The letter contained news of the death of Mrs Emma Hale, a distant cousin of Joseph's. Mrs Hale was a widow, and left one child, a boy, two years old.

As a writer, a neighbor

of the dead woman, went on to say she could care for the child no longer, and if his relatives did not come for him he would be sent to the poorhouse. Joseph pondered the matter a day and a night. He then coolly proposed sending for the child, and adopting it. His wife flatly refused. What—a child, a two-year-old baby, to make litter on her clean floors and upset her orderly plan of life?

"You must be crazy, Joseph," she said severely. "If it was a girl, now, and big enough to be out from under foot, I might think of it. But there hain't any use talkin' about it."

Joseph Busby rarely opposed his wife, even in so small a matter as talking when she bade him be silent. However, this time he said:

"We are grown old, Mirandy. The baby would be something to love us. These words came back to Mrs Busby as she bent over the wash tub. Did she and Joseph need something to love them? She thought of the rambling old house with its many rooms, of the fertile acres surrounding it, and of the comfortable bank account. Then her mind wandered to the distant cemetery where a white marble cross marked her baby's grave.

"I couldn't give Leah's place to another," she whispered. "And yet he might make a place for himself. Oh, my baby, I miss her still."

Withdrawing her hands from the suds, Mrs Busby crossed the sitting-room and entered the parlor. No one knew, not even her husband, how many fruitless questions the mother settled before her child's picture.

She opened the blinds and looked long and earnestly at the laughing baby face.

"Do you want me to, dear?" she asked tearfully. "Do you want me to take a noisy, troublesome boy into this home? Is it an idol Leah, my wanting everything so quiet and orderly?"

Ten minutes later she was back at her washing. The parlor blinds were closed and all things were as they had been excepting Mrs Busby's eyes; there was a new light in their gray depths. At half-past nine the last clothes were on the line. Returning from hanging them out, Mrs Busby found a neighbor, Mr Vance, at the door.

"I've been down to the station," he said, "and the eight o'clock train brought a baby for you, or Busby, rather."

"A what?" demanded Mrs Busby, catching her breath.

"A baby." It was plain to see that Mr Vance was enjoying the situation. "A woman who was going East on a visit brought it from Kansas. Said it belonged to some of Busby's folks. She left it in charge of the ticket agent, and he sent it over by me. It's down the road in my wagon, and a drunk too. The little fellow has cried most ever since the woman left him."

Mrs Busby took down her green gingham sun-bonnet and prepared to follow him out to the wagon without a word.

"Was you expecting it?" Mr Vance asked, somewhat disappointed at her quietness.

"Not to-day," she replied briefly. It was a plump but tearstained little face that met her eager gaze. There were great blue eyes, a rosy mouth, and closely curling yellow hair. But the child was unmistakably dirty and began crying again in a piteous fashion.

Mrs Busby held up her arms. "Come to auntie, dear," she said coaxingly. "You want some bread and milk, don't you, and to see the dear little chickens?"

At the same leisurely gait of the morning Mr Busby again traversed the path from the barn to the house. Mirandy's line of snowy clothes drying in the sun brought to his mind the conversation of the morning but he expected no reference to it from his wife. A surprise awaited him. The table was laid for three, and at the guests' place stood a clumsy little high chair that for twenty years had stood empty in an upper room. And on the floor sat a happy-faced child surrounded by clothes-pins, empty bottles, a disused candlestick and a like collection of impractical playthings.

"Who, who is that, Mirandy?"

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"Joey Hale Busby," was Mirandy's prompt reply, and picking up the child she put it in her husband's arms.

"There, Joey, dear, make friends with Uncle Joseph. He is the dearest little fellow," she went on, "so cunning and not a bit afraid."

"But I don't understand," and Joseph Busby's arms closed tenderly around the little orphan.

The story was soon told.

"Of course, we'll keep him, and do our best for him," Mrs Busby said by way of conclusion. "Dinner is ready and the green peas and custard pie will taste good to little Joey. I guess you were right 'bout my idols, Joseph," stopping to fasten a towel around the child's neck in lieu of a bib, "but they are overthrown. Now I'll try and not make an idol of Joey."

"You are a remarkable woman, Mirandy," Mr Busby said wiping his eyes. "I have always said you was a remarkable woman, and I'm almost afraid I'm maked an idol of you."

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"A Poem"

"Just a little dollar on his mission sent, makes a lot of people glad each time the coin is spent. You pay it to the butcher, for meat to give you strength; he takes it to the grocer-man, from whom it goes at length, some pretty bit of cloth or lace his better half to buy, or helps to get her winter hat to make her rivals sigh. The dry goods man sends on the coin to pay his market bill, and though the coin is often spent it stays a dollar still; and every time 'tis spent at home some act of good is done, in 'booming' local industries ere setting of the sun.

"But if you take the shining coin and break the local chain, the chances are that from afar 'twill not return again. If once it passes out of town, the butcher and the baker, the grocer and the dry goods man, the cook, the undertaker, the carpenter, the carriage-wright, the blacksmith, everyone, will lose the chance to touch that coin, ere setting of the sun.

"Just keep that little coin at home, just keep it moving well, and every time it changes hands somebody's good 'twill sell. That single dollar has thus a wondrous power, to make somebody better a dozen times an hour. It pays the bills and wards off ill and ne'er its power relaxes to soothe the doctor and buy coal and pay for clothes and taxes."

He Heard Jenny Lind.