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LOVE YOUR ENEMIES.

Could we see the inward anguish,
In the hearts of those around;
Could we from their standpoint reason,
Where, I ask, would hate be found?
Foolish actions, foolish motives,
All are weighed in Justice's scales;
Punishments, rewards, like given,
By Wisdom just that never fails.

Could we see the untold hardships,
Of the souls that stagger on,
Burdened with their grave misfortunes,
Around us, with us, in the throng;
Could we see the hearts of many
That we haste to call our foes,
Surely, hate would change to pity,
And all other thoughts depose.

NELLY.

"John! Draw the curtain back, and come nearer. I can't see you well, and my voice seems weak. I've something I want to say."

The room was as light as the clear sunshine of an early spring afternoon could make it, and only the failing sight of the dying man was at fault.

But a noiseless step came close beside the bed, and a pair of smooth white hands drew back the green, old-time curtains that the farmer's clumsy fingers had been pulling at in vain.

"There! So! That's cosier, things always did move easy to your touch, John. Now let us be quick! There isn't much time, I'm afraid, John; and I've something I want to say. It's not too late yet, if we don't lose time."

A sip of cordial put to the old man's lips, and an attentive look from the face that bent over him, were the only answers, and farmer David went on.

"It's about that girl of mine. She's my Nell—the prettiest flower that ever grew on the old place, and as true a daughter as ever a man had. Where is she? I'd like to see her," and his dim eyes looked anxiously out into the room. Call her, John! I want to see her; I want her to hear what we say."

"Yes, presently," answered an insinuating voice. "You are tired now and are better not disturbed. We will talk a few moments if you wish, and then you might try to sleep."

"Well, then, John, you were always the fine gentleman of the family, and you've made a fine place and a fine fortune for yourself in the world, while

I have been delving away on the old farm. And a few thousand dollars in the bank is all I've managed to lay away.

"Now Nelly, you know, she's not my own flesh and blood, though she's the child of my heart all the same, and the law will give it all back to you, I suppose, if I don't settle it."

"But you don't want it, John, you don't want it. You're rich already, and too fine a gentleman for the old place, take it at the best. So open my desk, John, and bring me my will. I want you to read it to me, to make sure it's all right before I go. I want Nelly to have it all,—all, John, all! I would be nothing to you, but 'twill keep my Nelly above want at least."

John crossed the room with noiseless step, and taking the will from the desk he read it to the dying man.

"Is it all right, John? Clear and plain, so the law can't mistake and take what you don't want away from Nelly? I can't see to read it myself, but no matter."

"Now I am going to sleep. Call Nellie when I wake, John, and we'll tell her it is all right."

His watcher stood by the bedside till the slow, unnatural breathing showed that the old man had fallen into a restless sleep, and then his smooth-shaven face gleamed with a treacherous smile of triumph.

"Aha!" he muttered to himself, with a noiseless laugh. "Yes, yes; we'll make it all right. The law shall not give me a dollar that I don't want, and the precious Nelly shall have the old place the moment I find no use for it."

He crossed the room with a cat-like tread and stood before the hearth. A few dying embers still smoked between the fire-dogs, and crumpling the paper in his hand, he thrust it among the ashes, and watched it till it crisped and curled and a gleam of red crawled slowly from one corner to the other, and left it black as the ashes it lay among. Then he ground it into dust with his heel and turned away.

As he did so he heard a slight noise at the window, and a sound as of some one dropping to the ground. He hastened to the window and looked out. No one was in sight but Seth Danbury,

the hired man, who was some distance off, walking towards the barn.

Seth had been engaged about a week before, and David Harcourt, who was now dying, said he had not had such a faithful man for years.

"Pshaw!" muttered John Harcourt. "It was probably Seth passing below the window. It was a narrow escape, but the little affair is safe enough. Miss Nelly shall have the farm as David directed, but not yet—not just yet!"

When John Harcourt left home twenty years before, and set out to make his fortune, he left all its honest notions behind him at the same time; he had never scrupled at ways or means, and the "fine place" he had made for himself in the world had a good many shaky planks at the bottom.

But all that did not trouble him in the least, and he couldn't tell now why that noise at the window should worry him so much, or why it should keep sounding in his ears during the next few days.

By the time those days were over, the neighbors began to come with solemn faces, and came till the house was running over; and they tramped the flower-beds all down, trying to hear through the window what the minister was saying within.

When the funeral was over, they went solemnly away again, all but two or three favored gossips, who stayed to have a bit of talk with the housekeeper.

"And so David never left a will after all?" said little Miss Pettikin, the school mistress who had reigned supreme over the book-learning of the village for the last two generations.

"Not a sign," said the housekeeper. "Leastways, we can't find it, and Mr. John would be a most sure to know if there was one."

"Well, now, I tell you I would not have thought it of David!" said little Miss Pettikin, with a flush of indignation rising over her peaceful little face. "Nelly's the prettiest girl that ever held a spelling-book in this village, and he's petted her and coddled her, and acted as if the ground wasn't good enough for her to walk on; and now to think of her being left to work her own way in the world with her own little white hands!"

"He must a' meant to do it," said the housekeeper; but I suppose he was overtaken. But then,"—and her face brightened,— "there's Mr. John; he must know what the Squire planned for, and he'll see it carried out, sure."

"Mr. John!" said Miss Pettikin, tossing her head till her good-natured little nose seemed in danger of going of backwards; "I taught him the first arithmetic he ever knew, but he's got a way of reckoning compound interest since then that never was learned in these parts, nor practised either, I hope! Nelly Harcourt never'll be any better off for his help, now I can tell you!"

"Yes, she will, ma'am; he'll do the the handsome thing by her, you mark my word! If he don't, I lose my guess, that's all!" said another voice, in strong, cheerful tones that made them start.

It was Seth Danbury, passing through the room to change his black coat for a more serviceable one.

Seth never lost time, and before Miss Pettikin and the housekeeper had done staring at the door he shut behind him he was upstairs and passing the room he knew John Harcourt occupied.

"Scoundrel!" he muttered, as he shook his fist toward it in passing, and then what Nelly called the "sunshine," that always belonged to his honest face, came out. "Yes, my gay fellow, you'll do just exactly that! We'll attend to it between us," he added, and the next moment was going with a vigorous stride towards the stable to look after the horses.

"Now what did he mean by that?" asked Miss Pettikin, meanwhile, looking eagerly into the housekeeper's face.

The housekeeper shook her head. "He can't know anything mor'n we do," she said; "but he's a comfortable, cheerful creature, and always wants to have things go pretty near as folks want 'em."

"He spoke pretty positive, though," said Miss Pettikin, drawing her little black veil round her bonnet and getting slowly up to go. "Seems as though he knew."

For the next few days the village gossips were busy. The lawyer from the next town was closeted at the Har-

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