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THE ACADIAN.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

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All talk of the past is idle,
The light of my days is o'er;
Nor penance nor prayer can bridle
The shades that haunt my door.

They come at the dawn of morning,
They come with the closing day;
At night they come without warning,
And they take my rest away.

I stand on the sand that's stealing
Adown to the soundless sea,
And sand and sea are revealing
What life has done unto me.

The wave of my life fond leaping
The brow of my care to calm,
Away from my heart is creeping,
Like notes from a dying psalm.

O soon will my world be wafted
To a moaning cave in the wind;
But the good I have engrafed
Will ever remain behind.

Interesting Story.

WIRED LOVE.

A ROMANCE
OF
DOTS AND DASHES.

BY
ELLA CHEEVER THAYER.

"The old, old story,"—in a new, new way.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

"Oh, yes!" replied Jo, perching himself on the arm of a rocking-chair close to Cya, and appropriating a wooden cover for a plate as he spoke. "He and Quimby did me the honor to call on me to-day, but left for metal more attractive—whether the dinner or you ladies, I will not pretend to say!"

"It was we ladies, you dreadful matter-of-fact creature!" said Nattie. "Their presence at the dinner was quite accidental; Cyn and I started out for a little private feast, and behold the result! Bohemian enough for even you, isn't it, Jo?"

"Exactly what I like!" replied Jo—and very close indeed to Cyn had Jo managed to get, but then the table was very small—"But the idea of you two girls proposing to selfishly enjoy such a feast all alone!"

"I begin to think we did make a mistake, in not making preparations for, and inviting a larger party," acquiesced Cyn.

"I wonder if Miss Rogers has overcome her anger towards offending me?" questioned Mr. Stanwood, looking at her roguishly, as she helped him to a second piece of pie.

"My anger towards you?" repeated Nattie, coloring.

"Yes; you did not want me to accept Miss Archer's most kind invitation, and remain; now confess, did you?" he asked, laughing.

Nattie was rather embarrassed at this instance of the young gentleman's perceptive faculties; and not exactly able to refute the charge, was somewhat at loss how to reply.

"I—I do not get acquainted quite so easily as Cyn," she stammered.

"Except on the wire!" Cyn added. "Except on the wire," repeated Nattie, with a smile; then meeting the curious glance of Mr. Stanwood, it suddenly flashed upon her that he was the same young gentleman who had called at the office, and inquired about the tariff to Washington, for the sole object of talking, as she then supposed.

"I have seen you before!" she exclaimed, on the impulse of the moment.

"That sounds like a novel! what is coming now?" ejaculated Jo, with his mouth full of pie.

Mr. Stanwood laughed very heartily at Nattie's exclamation, and asked in reply,

to her one day at the office."

"But you had no business to be agreeable!" said Nattie, also laughing, and not at all displeased.

"Of course you had not," interrupted Jo.

"I never talk to strangers," concluded Nattie.

"Except, perhaps, on the wire, as you said just now!" he suggested.

"You have caught her now!" said Cyn gayly, as she peeled an orange.

"But you will never do even that again, will you, Nat?"

"One such experience is quite enough for me," Nattie replied.

"Still the next one might have red hair, or smell of musk!" Jo remarked.

"He might be even worse, though!" interposed the penitent on the stool.

With a strangely puzzled look, Mr. Stanwood glanced from one to the other, observing which, Cyn said,

"You don't understand, of course. May I tell him, Nat?"

"Ah! well—yes!" Nattie replied with an air of vexed resignation. "I suppose I may as well make up my mind to be laughed at on account of that story forever and a day."

"I am as much of a victim as you, for I was intensely interested in the unknown," laughed Cyn; then turning to Mr. Stanwood, she went on. "It appears telegraph operators have a way of talking together over the wire, knowing little about each other, and nothing at all of their mutual personal appearance. In this manner, Nat became acquainted with a young man whom she knew as 'C' and grew, to speak mildly, interested in him—Now, Nat, you know you did—and so, as I remarked previously, did I—we were introduced over the wire. In fact, he seemed everything that was nice and agreeable, and if we did not actually fall in love with him—you see, I am sharing your glory all I can, Nat—it is a wonder."

"If this 'C' knew the impression he made on two young ladies, he would certainly feel complimented," Mr. Stanwood, who was playing with his knife and fork, here interrupted.

"Fortunately, he never really knew," replied Cyn, while Nattie looked somewhat gloomily at her goblet of coffee, in memory of the romance that collapsed.

"To continue this over true tale!—Thus far all was mysterious, enchanting, romantic. But now comes the dark sequel. One day 'C' called—bodily."

Mr. Stanwood started and looked quickly up at Nattie, who, without observing his glance, murmured contentedly,

"Odious creature!"

At this he turned with a perplexed look again to Cyn, who proceeded,

"Yes, an odious creature, he proved to be. Only think, he had red hair, and dreadful teeth, smelt of musk, wore cheap jewelry, and, in short, was decidedly vulgar!"

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Stanwood, staring at her as if he thought she was bereft of her senses. "What!" and he dropped his knife and fork, and pushed his chair back privately, to the alarm of the Duchess, who was immediately behind.

Cyn appeared astonished at his vehemence; but Nattie, too occupied with thoughts of this newly revived grievance to observe it, repeated,

"Red hair, all bear's grease, and everything to match!"

"Do you mean to tell me," Mr. Stanwood asked, looking at her earnestly, and speaking with great energy, "that a person, such as you describe, called on you and represented himself to be 'C'?"

"Exactly," Nattie replied; "first telling me he was going away to substitute for a day, and then coming upon me in all his odiousness."

"The story seems to interest you," added Cyn, glancing at him scrutiniz-

ingly.

Mr. Stanwood looked at her, at Nattie, mused a moment, and then burst into a laugh, equal even to the one Quimby had caused.

"It does interest me," he said, as soon as he could speak; "very much, indeed. It is really the best joke—considered from one point—I ever heard. And, of course, after that day, 'C' was cut?"

"Indeed he was," Nattie replied, scornfully.

"The circuit was broken after that!" Jo added, technically.

"And a romance was spoiled in the first act," added Cyn, rising from the now vanished feast.

"Poor 'C'!" said Mr. Stanwood, following her example. "Really, Miss Archer, I have enjoyed this dinner better than any I ever had, and the climax is the best of all!"

"I wish we might have such a feast every day!" said Jo, regretfully.

"And, except the damage—I don't refer to any done myself, I—I am used to it, you know—I quite agree with you about the dinner. And as for the joke—I—I—really it was quite a serious one to Miss Rogers, at the time, I assure you. Bless my soul! You should have seen how—how blue she was for a week, you know!" said Quimby.

Nattie colored as Mr. Stanwood glanced at her, and knowing he could not but notice the blush, thought angrily, "How dreadful it is to have such honest, outspoken people as Quimby about!"

"Come, Nat, and help me clear away the remains," said Cyn. Apparently glad enough was Nattie to obey, and turn aside her burning face from the sight of those merry brown eyes.

In a very few moments the banqueting hall was transformed to a parlor, with only Quimby sucking an orange on his stool that he refused to leave, Jo cracking nuts, and the Duchess eating a fig, to tell of what had been.

CHAPTER X.

THE BROKEN CIRCUIT RE-UNITED.

Mr. Stanwood sat down at the table where Nattie was looking over Cyn's album, and seemed to have become very thoughtful; Cyn meanwhile busied herself in dressing an ugly gash the ever-unfortunate Quimby had managed to inflict on his hand.

Suddenly Nattie was disturbed by Mr. Stanwood drumming with a pencil on the marble top of the table, and glancing up casually, observed his eyes fixed upon her with a peculiar expression, and at the same moment her ear seemed to catch a familiar sound. With a slight start she listened more attentively to his seemingly idle drumming. Yes—whether knowingly, or by accident, he certainly was making dots and dashes, and what is more, was making N's!

"I will soon ascertain if he means it or not!" thought Nattie, and seizing a pair of scissors, the only adaptable instrument handy, she drummed out, slowly, on account of the imperfectness of her impromptu key—pretending all the time to be entirely absorbed in the album.

"Are you an operator?"

Mr. Stanwood, in his turn, seemingly deeply engaged in the contents of a book, immediately drummed in response,

"Yes."

Nattie felt the color come into her face.

"Oh, dear!" she thought, "and Cyn told him that ridiculous story! Every operator in town will know it now. Then with the scissors she asked,

"Why didn't you say so? Where is your office?"

"I have none now," the pencil answered, while Cyn, glancing across the room, wondered to see the two so studious, and unsuspectingly asked Quimby if he supposed they were practising for

a drum corps? After a few meaningless dots, the pencil went on,

"A little girl at B m was dreadfully so'd one day!"

The album Nattie held fell from her hands as she stared petrified at her vis-a-vis, who kept his eyes on his book with the most innocent expression imaginable, one that even a Chinaman could not have equalled. Where could he have heard those words, once so familiar! A moment's thought gave her the most probable key.

"You are in the main office of this city, and have heard me talking with 'C'!" she wrote, as fast as the scissors would let her.

"No, to the first of your surmise," came from the pencil, "and yes to the last."

"What office were you in?" the scissors asked.

"X p," responded the pencil.

"What! with 'C'?" asked the scissors, and if ever there was a pair of excited scissors, these were the ones.

"Well—yes," replied the pencil with provoking slowness. "Don't you 'C' the point? Can't you 'C' that you did not 'C' the 'C' you thought you did 'C' that day?"

Nattie's breath came fast, and her hand trembled so she could not hold the scissors. With a crash they dropped on the table, making one loud, long dash. But the imperturbable pencil went on calmly,

"It was all a mistake. I am—'C'!"

Diadaining scissors and pencil, Nattie started up, exclaiming vehemently,

"What do you mean? it can't be possible!"

The consternation of Cyn, who was just informing Quimby that his wound would do very well now, the horror of the patient, and the surprise of Jo Norton at this emphatic and accountable outburst from the hitherto so silent Nattie was indescribable.

"Good gracious, Nat! what in the world is the matter?" cried Cyn, starting up and bringing the bottle of liniment she held in violent contact with Quimby's head, a circumstance that even the victim did not notice, so absorbed was he in amazement.

At Nattie's exclamation, Mr. Stanwood threw aside his book, pencil, and innocent countenance together, and regardless of any one but her, sprang to his feet, advanced with both hands extended, and shining eyes, saying,

"I mean just what I said, it is possible!"

Hardly knowing what she did, utterly confused and bewildered, Nattie placed her hand in the two that clasped it, while Cyn stared with distended eyes, Quimby with wide-open mouth, and Jo gave a long whistle. Cyn was first to recover, and began to scold.

"Well," she exclaimed, "this is a pretty piece of business, never yet played on any stage, I should think! Nat, will you, or will somebody have the goodness to explain this sudden and extraordinary scene?"

"I—I don't understand!" Nattie murmured faintly, and looking half-frightened, and half-seechingly at Mr. Stanwood, who in response smiled, and said, with a firmer clasp of the hand he still held,

"I will explain in a very few moments how it is possible that I am the real 'C'!"

"What!" screamed Cyn.

"What!" shouted Jo.

"What!" absolutely yelled Quimby.

"There has been a mistake!" Mr. Stanwood said, now looking at Cyn.

"A mistake!" she repeated excitedly. "What do you mean? You 'C' our 'C' of the wire? Nonsense you are joking!"

"Yes, he is joking!" Quimby retorted, but his teeth chattered as he spoke. "He is a dreadful fellow to joke, Clem!" cried Cyn and Nattie, in the same breath.

(To be continued.)