

THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

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Every Description

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Original Poetry.

For the Acadian.

MAYFLOWER.

Ere humble bees upset the butter-cups,
And spill the yellow dust upon the ground;
Ere humming-birds the flower-necks sip,
And feast on wing of never-ending sound;

In sun and shade, while birds are mating
mid
The leafless trees, and seeking nooks for
rest;

Fair hidden flowers, dawn to the day,
Like maidens sleeping, dawn-light softly
rests
Upon the yet unopened lid,
Which, straightway warmed of day, up-
lifts

And shows the wondrous rays within the
rifts—
Thus come the lovely flowers of smiling
May.

Deep-hidden on a sunny-sloped hill,
Where yet the snow-fed brooklets flow
and spill

Towards the pond, along a woody lane
With either side hung damp and deep in
shades,
Still glistening from yester-even rain,
They grow, along with fresh green blades.

Sweet snowy blossoms, earliest of spring,
Alluring maiden wish and maiden eye,
They tempt to woodland walk and wan-
dering

On mossy bed, when May clouds paint
the sky,
Pink bloom and yellow heart are kiss'd
and press'd

By tender lips, and fingers deft and white
Lovers see their gifts on maiden breast—
How sweetly love and flowers unite.

What secrets have they told, when strong
hands seek
Them hiding, while more tender fingers
curl

The perfect. Does not pleasure dye the
cheek
When lips have sunk in bloom and sweet
finde sweet—
When solitudes call wandering feet—
Where thought is eager, and when eyes
are full?

Sweet flower, my country's emblem, fair
thou art
In storm and snow—in spring time's
evening hush—
Lovely "mid the snow" that paints these
white

Stretching to the sun that makes these
blush,
And mingling with these tints thy golden
beats

Doth please our summer-longing sight.
May 2d, 1887. J. F. HERBIN.

Interesting Story.

The Boys at Dr Murray's.

CHAPTER XII.
THE WANDERER MISSED.

When the first teacher missed the roll of his class on the following morning there was no response to the name of "Willett Howth." He looked up in some surprise, repeating—"Willett Howth!"

"Not here, sir," said Dick Welles.
"Mr Walsh, the teacher, laid down his pencil.
"Can any one tell me where he is?" he said.

All the class were silent.—Hawley North fairly trembling with apprehension. Then the teacher rang the bell for Harris, who presently made his appearance.

"Willett Howth is absent," said Mr Walsh. "Is he ill or only tardy?" But Harris could not tell. He did not remember having seen him this morning.

"Then," said the teacher, "you will ascertain and report."
Harris withdrew, Mr Walsh finished his roll-call, and the exercises went on as usual. Dick took the opportunity while his class was reciting to exchange several significant glances with Hawley North, the plain meaning of which was, "You were right."

Ned Hall, though outwardly cool, was secretly very much troubled. He began seriously to think of what he had done. Had he driven Will away? Harris came back in the course of half an hour, with a somewhat disturbed countenance, and had a whispered conference with the teacher. Then he withdrew again, and looking over the whole school, Mr Walsh said—

"Can any one here tell me anything of Will Howth's whereabouts? When was he seen last?" Several answered that they had seen him last in the play-room.

"At what time?" said Mr Walsh.
"Just before supper, sir," said Dick Welles.
"Before supper?" said the teacher; "wasn't he at the table?"

"No, sir," said Dick.
"And you do not know whether he is in the Institute, or away?"

"No, sir; but I think he is away. I'm not at all sure. Hawley North can tell you best about that, sir."

So Hawley North was called up, and underwent a rigid questioning, during which he related what he had seen in the hall the previous evening. This led Mr Walsh to conclude that his pupil had really run away, but his reason for such a flight was not at all clear. He expressed as much to Hawley, who, however, did not wish to say anything on that part of the subject.

"Has he had any trouble with the boys?" at last queried the teacher, to which Hawley was obliged to answer—

"Yes."
"This satisfied Mr Walsh, who understood Will's proud, sensitive nature as well as anybody. He said no more upon the subject, and all exercises went on regularly as usual. When the boys were let loose from the schoolroom, however, there was a great buzz of exclamation and inquiry. Has Will Howth really run away? When did he go? Where could he have gone to? All the boys were very much puzzled and astonished.

"I don't blame him a bit!" said Dick Welles, to a large group who had gathered around to hear Hawley North's story of the muffled figure that went out the hall door; "not a bit! he's been persecuted if ever anybody was. I should think such fellows as Casey and Ripley, and—k-wearing his voice—"Ned Hall, too, would want to hide their heads about this time."

"But," interposed Fred Howitt, "you don't mean to class Ned with Ripley and Casey?"

"Yes, I do!" said Dick, vehemently, "and he was worse, too. Will never would have run away for two such juppias as Ripley and Tom Casey; but when he found his own friend had turned against him, and all but called him a thief, it was more than he could bear. And then you see, he got mad and struck Ned, and Ned struck him, and that finished the matter. If you could have seen how he looked when he went out of the playroom, you'd have known that he was desperate!"

"What you 'sione the Doctor'll say?" inquired one of the group.
"I don't know," said Dick; "he'll be mad at Will, I suppose, where, if anybody has got to catch it, it ought to be Ned Hall."

"Ned, who was passing at that moment, stopped at hearing his name pronounced. But the boys looked so coldly on him that he lingered but a moment, then passed on. The group in the hall dispersed, Will's flight the subject of their conversation. The afternoon session of school went on as usual, and none of the boys received the first inkling whether steps had been taken to stop Will's flight, or to bring him back.

The wet, dismal weather still continued, with no prospect of clearing. Twilight fell early, and while the boys were all at supper, the omnibus that ran out from the city stopped before the great Institute-gate, and Grant Westery got out. The boys' rooms were not yet illuminated, and the massive brick front rose before him, dull and gloomy. The waks, lightly swaying, sent down a ceaseless pattering of drops upon his head as he hurried up the avenue. Harris was in the hall lighting the lamp.

"Bless me!" said that individual, "is that you, Westery? Glad to see you;—guess we all will be! you came in the nick of time!"

"Why?" said Grant.
"O," said Harris, in his old provoking way, "I guess you'll find out soon enough!"

Grant thought if one of Harris' dull jokes, and ran up-stairs, merry and light-hearted. It was quite dark up there, but he readily found his lamp, lit it, and threw his damp overcoat and cap. Then he opened the door of Will's room, but all was dark and silent. He passed on to Ned's, but that was fastened.

"All gone to supper?" he thought, as he turned away; "I've had mine, so I'll wait till they come up."
So he went back into his own room, brought out his books to the study-table, and sat down, wondering the while if Ned and Will would be glad to see him. It was not long before he heard the boys entering the lower hall, on their way from the supper-room.

He wasted some time for Ned's quick springing footsteps, which he knew so well, and for Will's slower one; but as they did not come, he ran down to the hall where he heard voices. He met Dick Welles at the foot of the stairs.

"Why, Dick!" Grant exclaimed, "how are you? Where are all the boys,—Will and Ned?"

For once Dick was non-plussed.
"What's the matter?" said Grant, in surprise.

"A good deal!" said Dick, recovering his senses; "Will Howth has run away, and Ned Hall had a great deal better have done so!"

"Why, what has happened?" said Grant, full of alarm.

Dick sat down on the bottom stair, while he related the whole occurrence from beginning to end, not omitting, of course, to express his entire opinion of Ned Hall's conduct. Grant was silent for several minutes with mingled indignation, grief, and alarm. He was both shocked and grieved at Ned Hall's fickleness, and alarmed for Will's welfare. Where could he have gone to? he anxiously asked himself.

But that was a question which no one could answer. Dick could tell him what Hawley North had seen but no one knew whether he had taken the city or a country road. What was to be done? Had Dr Murray taken no steps to bring him back? Already it was dark, and the rain had begun to pour. Grant decided what to do. He went straight to the Doctor's study. Harris admitted him with a knowing wink that said—

"You've found out, haven't you?"
"How are you, Grant?" said Dr Murray, cordially, "I'm very glad to see you again, especially as I'm in trouble and want your help. I see by your eye that you know what the trouble is, so we won't stop for words. Now, how shall we find this Will Howth?"

"That's what I came to see you about, sir," said Grant, surprised to find the Doctor in so genteel a mood. "I would like to go to the city to-night if you'll give me permission, and see what I can do."

"To-night! in the rain? Why, you'll get wet through, Grant. I don't think there's any need of being in quite a hurry; but to-morrow the search must commence. You see," said the Doctor, confidentially, "the boy was put under my care till he graduates, and I am responsible for him till that time. It would be a dreadful inconvenience to have him here if you were not to find him. He must be looked up, but to-morrow is quite as soon as I can expect the search to commence. I've put off, somewhat, hoping that you would come, for I knew what friends you were, and that if anybody could do anything with the impulsive fellow it was you."

And having confessed such confidence in his pupil's ability, the Doctor leaned back in his easy-chair and waited for Grant to speak.

"I would like to try in the city to-night, Doctor," he said; "that is, if you'll give me permission. Then, if I don't find him, we can try the country to-morrow morning."

"Well, just as you like," said the Doctor; "you shall have permission to go and come when you please. But it seems to me that it rains too hard. Harris shall go with you."

"Very well," said Grant; "I'll be ready in five minutes," and he hurried off.

In a trifle less than that time Grant stood ready in the hall. Pretty soon, Harris made his appearance with a huge umbrella, and opening the hall door, they stepped out into the wind and rain.

"There," said Dick, who entered just in time to see them leave, "they're going to hunt up Will Howth! Now, Hawley North, if you want a model for friendship, just look at Grant Westery!—there's one for you!"

And the Doctor, as he settled himself comfortably for the evening, thought—

"Westery is a strange boy. I wonder what he sees in Howth to fancy?"

O wise LL. D.! he saw something that was worth saving from utter ruin! a heart—a soul that was made for nobler and better things than to be thus shipwrecked! You wouldn't have

gone out in the rain on that account, would you, Doctor?

Grant and Harris reached the city just as the church clock tolled eight. Both knew that Will had no friends to give him shelter, and that if he were there, the pouring rain would drive him to the refuge of a store or saloon. Accordingly they commenced making the tour of the great thoroughfare, Main Street. The crowd in the brilliant, gas-lit street was very much lessened by the driving rain. Every boyish form that they met in going from store to store, was keenly scrutinized. In the toy-shops, in the jewellers', the drug-stores, the great clothing-shops; in M. Chantilly's palace-like shop, where everything was glowing and glittering, and the canary-birds were singing; in the quiet bookstores, and Babli-like markets, they searched and inquired, but all to no purpose. No one remembered a person that exactly answered Will's description. Then they tried the depot-master at the bustling railway-station; but if he had seen one boy, he had fifty, and of course could remember no particular one. Then, in the less respectable part of the city they wandered, peering into gay, dazzling saloons where there were noisy crowds; peering into filthy dens, where poor wretches of humanity were engaged in a drunken brawl, or roused themselves from their stupidity long enough to answer the seekers' questions. But all search proved fruitless, and what wonder? Who could hope to find this one solitary human waif among the thousands and thousands that went to make up the teeming life of the city? Their last resort was the police, and to them they entrusted the charge of finishing their search.

CHAPTER XIII.
THE SEARCH.

The next morning dawned clear and brilliant,—the wet, humid clouds all flown, and in their place a clear, bracing atmosphere with a trace of frost, which hardened the muddy road to something like solidity. Grant was up early, and sought out Harris.

"We can't go a minute before noon," said that individual to Grant's inquiry of when they were to start on their search; "there's so much to do here that I can't possibly be spared before that time. But then, the Doctor told me to say, we are to start with the carriage and go as far as Willowvale, at least." Willowvale was the cluster of farm houses where Will had stopped on the night of his flight. "If we can't find any trace of him between here and there, we're to come back and have him advertised. The Doctor's in earnest you see!"

"Well," said Grant, "if that is the plan, I'll go down to the city again, after breakfast. Perhaps there'll be some news of him waiting for us."

Harris shook his head.
"Howth knew better than to go to the city," he said; "but you'd better go down, after all. It's best to commence right."

Grant went slowly back up-stairs, and in the hall, to his regret, he met Ned. Both stopped instinctively. There was a painful silence, which Grant felt he must break.

"You see I've got back Ned," he said, wishing to avoid the subject which they were both thinking of; "how far have our class got? Shall I be very much behind?"

Ned could not but notice this generous refraining from the painful topic which lay so very near both their hearts.

"He is going to punish me with his kindness," he thought; "but I'll show him that he can't make much impression;" and upon that he said, coldly, "We haven't read very far since you left. When did you come back?"

"Last night," said Grant,—"about dusk. I was busy all the evening, so that I saw none of the boys but Dick."

"You were looking for Will Howth, I suppose," said Ned, with as calm a countenance as he could assume.

"Yes," said Grant, still unwilling to talk about the matter.

"Did you find him?" he asked.

"No," said Grant; "and then on the impulse of the moment, he sent gently, taking his friend's hand,—'O, Ned, now could you do it!'"

"Pshaw!" said Ned, potently, pulling away his hand, "you're as solemn as if I had committed a murder!"

"Grant looked sadly at his friend, as if it were hard to realize that it was really Ned Hall who was standing there. Ned understood the glance, and coloring, said, with a proud toss of his curly head—

"Perhaps you're thinking that I'm unworthy to be your friend now; but I'm not going to let you be the judge of that matter! Good morning!" and Ned turned away.

O, what a wretched, aching heart those indifferent words were meant to conceal! How he longed to lay his head on his friend's shoulder, and tell him how sick and tired he was of the part he was playing,—to beg him to help him out of this slough of snares and temptations, where he seemed to be sinking deeper and deeper. But, you see, pride was very strong and stubborn, and had got to be humbled a great deal before such a thing could be done.

After breakfast, Grant walked down to the city. The police had succeeded no better than did Harris and he, on the previous evening. Some half-a-dozen boys had been apprehended, but they all proved to be residents of the city. So, after another hour's fruitless search in shop and street, Grant walked back to the Institute. The greater part of the forenoon was gone. Harris promised to be ready in an hour, and Grant spent that time in his room. When he heard the rumble of wheels before the door, he put on overcoat and cap, and ran down, and they were speedily cased under the warm sun rays, that the travelling was slow and tedious. But the day was calm and lovely. The farther hills, some of them not yet freed from their snow-caps, were veiled with a delicate mist of tender blue that surpassed the rare azure of the sky.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Sore Eyes

The eyes are always in sympathy with the body, and afford an excellent index of its condition. When the eyes become weak, and the lids inflamed and sore, it is an evidence that the system has become disordered by Scrophulousness, for which Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best known remedy.

Scrophulousness, which produced a painful inflammation in my eyes, caused me much suffering for a number of years. By the advice of a physician I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After using this medicine a short time I was completely

Cured.
My eyes are now in a splendid condition, and I am as well and strong as ever.—Mrs. William Gage, Concord, N. H.

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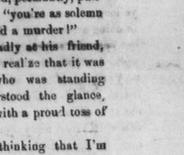
From childhood, and until within a few months, I have been afflicted with Weak and Sore Eyes. I have used for these complaints, with beneficial results, Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and consider it a great blood purifier.—Mrs. C. Phillips, Glover, Vt.

I suffered for a year with inflammation in my left eye. Three ulcers formed on the ball, depriving me of sight, and causing great pain. After trying many other remedies, to no purpose, I was finally induced to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and

By Taking
three bottles of this medicine, have been entirely cured. My sight has been restored, and there is no sign of inflammation, sore, or ulcer in my eye.—Kendall T. Bowen, Sugar Tree Ridge, Ohio.

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