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LOST FRIENDS.

There are hours when I must think
Of friends I never see;
They do not sleep in graves,
Though they are dead to me.

Once they were strong and true,
And I held them nobly just—
I gave them hands and heart,
I gave them simple trust.

But time, that changes men,
Changed them, and it has cost
My life a bitter pang
To count them with the lost:

Lost friends, where friends are few,
Where one must die or fight,
And each must stand against
His equal brother's right;

Where love is like a stream
Sought for long days in vain
Amid the scorching waste
Of some wide desert-plain.

I have cast them from my life—
They are shadows of old years;
I can only give them now
Regret and stolen tears.

Yet they are tender still:
Crushed roses, poets sing,
Hoard in their brittle leaves
The odors of the spring.

THE WINDMILL ON THE DOWNS.

And if he could, should she let him? He was evidently not dead, only stunned—his breathing and the twitching of one of his hands told her that—and, as far as she was able to see, he was otherwise uninjured. He had fallen, probably, as if by a miracle, clear of the sails and had no blow save from coming in contact with the ground. If this were so, then in another minute he might recover and would move. He would raise his head, and in yet another minute he might have his brains dashed out before her eyes. And should she stir a hand to avert this fate? Should she save this man who had so deeply, so cruelly wronged her, and brought shame and sorrow upon the grey hairs of her beloved father? The very words she had used but an hour before, in the depth of her jealous and revengeful feelings rushed back into her mind—"If I saw Reuben Straytor with his head upon the block of the guillotine, and I had power to stay the falling knife, I would not use it!" And here

he lay before her in almost an equivalent situation.

Her fierce nature wavered, but happily not for long. A motion of the prostrate man's arms recalled her to her better self. He turned his body slightly, and showed his face. She saw his eyes open, and saw them wince as the deadly sail passed close above them.

Why had she delayed so long? Why had she not rushed back and stopped the mill? She dare not go now, it was too late, he would recover while she was gone. In his stupified state she could not make him understand the imperative necessity of lying still. She feared even to speak, lest he might look up at her!

Without a moment's further hesitation she threw herself upon the ground, and creeping to within arm's length, and in fearful proximity to the mill sails, seized him by the color, and with a tremendous effort dragged him into safety just as the bewildered man raised his head, and passed a hand across his dazed eyes.

By the miller's fireside, an hour later Reuben Straytor is seated, pale, still and somewhat confused, but when it seems that the stupor caused by his fall had saved his life; for although his unmanageable horse had blindly dashed within range of the mill sails, the animal had thrown him into perilous safety just as its death-shriek rent the air.

Naomi and her father, soothing him and administering restoratives, are bending over the young man; the girl's face beaming with its tenderest expression, for she has been assured of Jeanette's safety, and knows that her suspicions were all groundless.

When after a while, Reuben is able to tell his story in detail, this is what he relates:

"Throughout the Summer and Autumn, a day hardly passed when there was not to be seen the figure of a man lurking under the shadow of the copse by our barns at the foot of the down. He was staying at Crewhaven, probably to recruit his health, one of the many idlers there, but one whom I chanced to know by sight—chanced to know as a thoroughly dissipated scoundrel; my London experience had taught me that. You both here had never observed him, I dare say but I had, and my suspi-

ions were aroused; Jeanette was hardly likely to escape his evil eye. Once I saw him talking to her near the town. I hesitated to say anything about it for the sake of your peace of mind, hoping that with his absence all would be well again, and here was my only error.

"Nine days ago I started, bag in hand, for Crewhaven, meaning to run up to London to see about a matter that promised an opening for me. Just as I was leaving the farm Jeanette came up and we walked on together. In two minutes I could tell that I was in the way. She tried a hundred pretty little devices to get rid of me, and when we came to the turning to the station, I bade her good-bye. I had taken my seat in the train when I saw her again; she was on the platform with this man, and evidently in much trepidation. There was a large crowd about, but I did not lose sight of her; and, to my great surprise, she only entered, he handing her a small bag as she did so. He leaned in at the carriage window for a moment, and directly afterward the train was in motion, and he left standing on the platform.

"I was amazed, but my course was clear. I would not lose sight of her. At the first station we stopped at, I thought I would get into the same carriage, then I decided it would be better not. I would take care, however, that she did not leave the train without my knowing it. At Redhill Junction there was a crowd again; still I could have sworn that the door of the carriage in which Jeanette was had not been opened. Then the train went through to London without stopping. It was 4 o'clock. I went straight to the carriage, fully determined what to do. To my dismay she was not in it; yet I was so quick that the other passengers had not even begun to leave it. Then I looked in some others—looked everywhere: not a sign of her. I flew to the guard, described her, 'Yes sir, the young lady got out at Redhill.' Impossible, I thought; yet so it was, he assured me. A train on the other platform was about to start for Ashford, and would pass Redhill, of course. Without hesitation, I got into it, and by 6 o'clock was back again there. All my enquiries for a time seemed hopeless. Then a station clerk thought a young woman answering to my des-

cription had taken a ticket some hours before to Ashford, the furthest point toward Dover to which at present the railway was open. I could only follow her that night by the mail that night at 11 o'clock.

"How I thought of you both, who shall say? How I pictured your agony and despair! But there was no way of letting you know what I knew; indeed what had I to say? I could not even tell for certain that I was on her track, since that I had now so unhappily missed her. But I determined to go on, and not to leave a stone unturned until I had discovered the foolish, thoughtless child.

"Arrived at Ashford, I found there were coaches waiting to take on passengers to Dover. In the bustle and darkness, I could get no answers to my questions even. At first I could not decide whether to go on at once, or stay till the morning, suppose she had not gone to Dover, and was even then waiting here for her tempter to join her? for that was to happen sooner or later, I felt a certain foreboding. No! I would wait at least for the next train, and meanwhile knock up the landlord of every inn in the place. I got no hint of her until a return coach from Dover, the following morning, came in to meet another London train. The guard of this remembered such a young person going on with him the previous afternoon; and thus I saw how it was that valuable time had been lost.

"Then I wanted wings; I fretted and raged through the many hours that intervened before reaching Dover. Again it was night, and again I was at fault. I spent many miserable hours wandering down to the sea-shore quay, going on board the mail-boat, searching and enquiring everywhere with no result. The whole of the next day, and the next, were passed in this fruitless manner. Toward the evening of this, which was the fourth day, being in the coffee-room of one of the hotels where the coaches pull up, and being on the point of writing to you both, who should I see getting down from a stage coach that had just arrived from Ashford but the man to whom all this mischief was due. Hope returned. I felt sure Jeanette was waiting for him, and come what may, said, she shall be found.

"It was about 7 o'clock; the tide was out, and passengers for the French packet would have to go off in small boats to where she lay, outside the

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