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LITERATURE

MY UNCLE'S SON.

If I do not marry according to my uncle's wishes I receive only the interest of the property until I am twenty-five. I repeated mechanically, as the lawyer read my father's will in his measured tones.

Do rouse yourself, Claire, and hear the hand-some provision your father has made for you, whispered my uncle. And do stop this everlasting crying, and try to look a trifle animated.

I divined as if I had received a blow under these hard words.

The guests were scarcely gone when I was summoned to the library.

You are eighteen, I believe, Claire, began Uncle Harding.

Yes, answered I, I believe, Claire, began Uncle Harding.

Not understood the conditions of your father's will, grimly.

I bowed again.

With it no use to mince matters—I have a husband picked out for you.

Indeed! You might have spoken to the clergyman to perform the ceremony as soon as he had finished the burial service, I retorted, bitterly.

A dull red leaped to his thin face, as he said, coldly:

We will not discuss the question, if you please. My son will finish his European tour by the time you will enter society.

He rose as if tired of the interview. My eyes came shut and hard, as I stood, my lips quivering.

Then I am to have no voice in the matter, sir? It is for your good, and his, he said, slowly.

I had seen my Cousin Marcus since I was a child, but my recollections of him were not pleasant. He was ten years my senior, and had been to me, because it made me "smart," he said.

And a good many whippings I got on account of this very smartness, in consequence.

I went marry any one I like, if my uncle does say I shall, I sobbed, as I gained my chamber.

I fell asleep at last, but after exhaustion and awoke quite happy the next morning. A year was to elapse before the third wedding began, and no one could tell what might happen in that time.

It is no use to borrow trouble, especially as I have a full burden already, I thought, as the tears fell fast.

of a dozen like your humble servant. I wasn't a heroine, to be sure, but I would be cool and haughty, and let Mark Harding know I wasn't going to drop into his arms like a ripe peach, I thought, and then went to sleep, and never once thought of my resolution for several days.

As the summer advanced the old house was filled with company, but somehow I was happier when Cousin Mark was the only guest. I never thought Lily Westbrook was so bold and forward until then. She openly admired Mark, and wore her prettiest dresses and most bewitching ways. Then Miss Burns was even worse than Lily.

Mina was a sparkling little blonde, with long glossy hair filled with shimmering lights, and her jolly-colored eyes were soft and beseeching as a child's. She appeared quite fond of me, and was full of Mark's praises, but they didn't sound a bit pleasant to me, although I scolded myself soundly for it.

Lily talked poetry and travels, and Mina played the guitar and sang passionate love ballads. I could not make up my mind, while he did like best, although I watched him closely.

He is my cousin, and I feel a cousinly regard for him, I told myself frequently.

We were having an impromptu picnic one lovely golden afternoon, when, becoming weary of the gossip conversation, I wandered down where the grand old woods grew close to the musical river.

He had been there but a few moments when I heard voices, and peeping from my leafy bower, I saw Lily Westbrook and Cousin Mark conversing earnestly.

Are you quite sure? he asked, eagerly, and there was a strained set look on his face.

Certainly. You know she was here several weeks. It does not take long to fall in love—sometimes, softly.

They walked away as I stole quietly out of my hiding-place. In doing so, however, my foot slipped, and I was precipitated into the water. My head struck a rock as I fell, and I knew no more until I felt Mark's arms around me, and heard the cry—

"My darling, my darling!"

I was conscious of being borne rapidly away, and then all was dark around me.

It was three weeks before I left my room, but Mark never came near me. He sent me flowers and fruit, and I could hear him question the nurse about me, but I did not see him until I was able to leave my room, and then he avoided me. His charming pleasant ways were gone, and he was haughty and stern.

And as I turned to look at him with sympathy and appreciation, I would see a strange expression on his face, and sometimes he would be absent for days. He was an odd fellow of a play-fellow of mine, and he was engaged to one of my dearest friends, so we always shrank from talking about it.

The summer guests were gone at last, and Mark accompanied Miss Burns to her home. I was quite sure they were engaged, and many were the bitter tears I shed. Yes, it had come to that at last. Pride could not keep me up when I was alone, although I would have died before I would have owned it.

It was a dreary rainy day and the wind sobbed mournfully as it whirled the changing leaves and rain, and I had wandered into the library, and fallen asleep over a book of poems, when I was aroused by hearing Mark's voice. My heart throbbed heavily, for I thought he was far away.

Yes, he was, yes, he was, I said, as he is, I love her better than life.

I think it very impossible that Claire would become engaged clandestinely, but I can easily see certain, touching the bell as he spoke.

For Heaven's sake, father, don't say anything about it, exclaimed Mark, pining this most excited.

It is his choice to keep it secret a while, she is at liberty to do so.

I am her legal guardian, was the calm reply, but I shall positively forbid it.

ly, and then Mark said Lily Westbrook told him I was betrothed to Hugo Bernly.

Well, you all know the rest, but I will say, there is not a happier couple in the world than Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Harding.

KATIE'S EXPERIMENT.

My most lovely girl! said I, the sad case is just this: It costs more money to marry than I can afford just now. I wish I had more, but I have not, and you and I must put up with the disagreeable circumstances just as we find them for the present.

She looked at me and sighed.

Well, well, I'm sorry, but I will stand by you, dear boy, until you are tired of me, or get rich.

It may not be so long, after all, I replied. As for being tired of you, that is absurd, my dear, too silly.

Don't say so again, it makes me miserable.

You told me you were going to C—. Why, Dick?

Business for the infernal firm. Jewels to carry to a lady whose daughter is about to do what you will one of these blessed days—marry.

And don't you wish to go?

No; frankly, Katie. I'm strongly impressed with the safety of home, when I go about with some thousands of dollars in my care. Our man was robbed last time, you know, and got his discharge.

He was above you?

Yes, he had three thousand a year, and I have just half.

You are as good a judge of jewels and setting as he?

Yes, quite—perhaps a better.

Then carry these safely, and they will give you his place. Then we can be married—if you like.

I plucked up. I confess I had been despairing. Katie had always been bright and cheerful, but I had been downcast, in consequence of my failure to attain the position I wished, and the consequent deferring of my marriage to her.

I hastened my departure; I took my jewels, eight diamonds and one large ruby, and carried them to my lodgings. On my way I called and got a handling of leather, the handle of which was hollow. Into this I thrust the gem I showed Katie my plan before I left for the train, and I noticed she examined everything carefully, and she asked me my intentions in regard to my movements with particular minuteness. This I did not at first notice, nor, in fact, until two days after.

The jewels are in the handle, did you say, Dick? How did you get them in there?

O, by merely unscrewing the rivet, in this way; that exposes the leather tube, and the gems go in easily.

pared to retire. My apartment contained ordinary furniture. I examined the doors, and placed a pistol by the side of my bed, so that I might be ready at a moment's warning. I fell asleep, with my precious bag beneath the clothing, and my arm still through the handle.

I was partially aroused by hearing a heavy church clock in the neighborhood strike twelve. I just remembered it and no more. I next felt a bandage passed over my head, mouth, and nostrils, and snuff-d a stifling perfume then became unconscious.

I awoke at daylight. I was in agony. My head was fit to burst. I looked about with half opened eyes. I was alone; the furniture was undisturbed, the door was closed and locked. I smelt ether. I instantly looked for my bag. It was gone.

I cannot explain my distress. I flew to the door, in order to arouse the house, when I was met by the porter, who, without noticing my distracted condition, handed me a telegram, which had at that moment arrived. I opened it with trembling fingers. It was signed by the firm.

"HENRY.—If you should meet any disaster, go on to C—, direct, and await instructions at the Adelphi Hotel."

S— & Co."

The telegram was correct, the stamped paper bore the mark of the proper office, and was regular. I was puzzled, but I had no option. I asked for the train. I was in time. I had not a moment to spare. I called the land-lord, and told him that I had been robbed, or that a robbery had been attempted, and bade him inform the police, and have all efforts made for the recovery of the value. I didn't say what it contained; for I felt positive that the robbers could not have known of my possession of the diamonds, and I did not care to advertise them and their hiding place. I felt that theft was merely by the tempting appearance of the article.

In a perfect torture of mind, I went on to C—. I was nearly crazy. I was not exactly culpable, yet I bitterly reproached myself for having stayed at Warwick at all. I have gone on. I arrived at C— at noon. I was nearly sick. I went to the Adelphi Hotel. The clerk told me that a lady awaited me in the drawing room.

I took the lady. However, I went and peeped in. It was Katie. She was pale. She heard my step, and she jumped to her feet.

O Henry! Henry! did you meet with a disaster? I could not speak. I bowed my head. I saw utter ruin for her and myself in what had happened.

But here are your diamonds!

She produced my bag, and thrust the handle into my hand. I was stupefied, tongue-tied, astounded. I almost fainted with the rush of thoughts. She took my hand and led me to a seat.

I was afraid, Henry dear. I knew you were running a risk, and I don't know what made me do it. But I bought another bag, like yours, then I stuffed the handle full of beads, and exchanged them while we were waiting for the cars to start; then I telegraphed in the name of the firm to Warwick, and then I came direct to C—; and here are the diamonds.

I was overpowered. I could not speak. What a girl this was for a wife! The robbery appeared in all the papers, together with a large amount of praise for the shrewdness of the clerk. Katie and I kept the secret; and the firm, full of admiration for me, at once promoted me, and Katie and I were married in a month. I did a service for them two weeks after, which was as valuable as the one Katie did; so we shall never tell what we know.

Min. P. Dewdrop kept a barber shop. He was of an inventive turn, and it occurred to him one day that he might construct a shampooing machine which would perform the work more quickly and effectively than the human hand. So he fixed up a contrivance with a kind of iron stand, from which two jointed arms with steel claws protruded. These claws were covered with chamois skin, and the arms were moved in any direction by a series of cranks and levers. Steam-power was obtained by means of pulleys from the factory next door, and Mr. Dewdrop, being all ready, invited a couple of friends in to see how the concern worked.

Mr. Dewdrop thought he would take the first shampoo himself. So he instructed the shop boy how to start the machine, and then, seating himself in a chair, he placed a claw on each side of his head, and told the boy to begin. We never knew how it was exactly, but that boy must have pulled the throttle-valve out about a foot too far, for in about a minute the steel claws clutched Dewdrop's head so that he thought his skull would crack, and the machine began to rear and plunge and tear around the room, lifting Dewdrop from his chair with a jerk, and braining one of the bystanders with one leg, while it jammed the other leg through a looking-glass and scooped Dewdrop around among the jugs of hair dye and beat him against the ceiling and scoured him into the wash

basin and raked him around among the shaving mugs and the razors, battered his head against the wall, and all the time the steel claws worked and scratched and grabbed for a better hold on his head until they shut off steam in the factory, when Dewdrop was found with his legs through the window-sash and his neck elongated at least six inches. The patent for that machine can be had cheap. It never came into general use, even in Dewdrop's own place. He said it seemed more economical, somehow, to shampoo customers with the hand.

VISIBLE SPEECH.

A new Method of Teaching Deaf Mutes to Talk.

A most interesting lecture was delivered at the Boston Institute of Technology, a few evenings since by Prof. A. Graham Bell upon the science of Universal Alphabets, and presenting an unusual subject. The science is one which it was proved will enable persons to pronounce at sight with perfect accuracy the words of any language whatever, when written in the characters of this alphabet. These characters represent positions of the lips, tongue and throat. Every sound is produced in a mechanical way by a combination of these positions. These positions being learned, and presented to the eye of the experimenter placing his vocal organs in the positions indicated by the character, will inevitably give vent to the precise sound which that character indicates, and no other. A language, even the Gorman or Chinese, being written in these characters can be pronounced with perfect accuracy by one who understands these characters, even though he never in his life heard a word of either of those languages, and did not understand a word of what he was saying. The application of this system of alphabet to learning languages was shown, and it was said of the Chinese language that it would be especially valuable to the missionaries in China. The Chinese language is exceedingly difficult to learn; the learned natives pass years in learning to read, only a few thousands of the hundreds of millions of people in China are ever able to read; teach them these characters, and a Chinaman will read his own language in six months perfectly. This would lead to the abolition of the Chinese system in the end and the adoption of a new one. Already a missionary in China has taken up the subject, and is making arrangements to teach his flock, what otherwise they could not learn, to read and write the Scriptures in their own tongue. The system is now being taught at the Boston University, in one of the departments at 18 Beacon street.

This system, however important it may become, in its application to all the languages of the earth, was originated only ten years ago by Prof. A. Melville Bell, for the purpose of teaching the dumb to speak. There are only ten elementary symbols, and by the combination of these, all sounds are represented. Before entering into an explanation of his system in detail, Mr. Bell proposed to give some practical results. Deaf mutes, he said, are only dumb because no sounds have entered their closed portals of their ears. The reason they do not talk is because they do not know what to do to form the sounds. There are now between thirty and forty teachers of the deaf and dumb by this method in Massachusetts.

Mr. Bell introduced to the audience Mr. Goldsmith, one of his pupils, who was born deaf and dumb, and who had received only thirty or forty lessons in this system. Mr. Goldsmith then read the following lines: "A short time ago I was not able to speak; you see how I can talk now. I hope I may be able to speak fast by and by. I am happy to see you all. Good-bye." Every sound was uttered with the utmost distinctness, and the chief points noticeable were the labored utterance, the prolongation of the vowels and the peculiar quality of the voice. A young lady was then presented who had gone a step farther, and learned to modulate the voice, and to be accurate with which although unable to hear what she was saying she followed the sense of modulation, was wonderful. Mr. Bell mentioned as a remarkable fact that in a recent visit to the institution for deaf mutes in Northampton, where this system is in vogue, he heard a class in instruction discussing the rules for emphasis and other arts of elocution.

The last illustration of the evening was by a lady who was deaf and dumb, and was a good voice. She is learning the system with a view of becoming a teacher. She was requested to leave the hall, and the door was closed. Gentleness in the audience defied different odd sounds, and words difficult to pronounce from the French, German and Spanish languages, to Mr. Bell, cat calls, cawing, etc., who are then symbolically in his alphabets upon the blackboard; the young lady then returned and gave the sound correctly, the attempt to whistle being alone imperfect.

The multiplicity of lawn mowers that are advertised gives rise to the suspicion that the manufacturers, like horse-car conductors, always think there is room for one mower.

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the native herbs found
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they are the great blood-
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ignitor of the system.
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compounded poisoning
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of every disease man is
a gentle Purgative as
evincing Congestion or In-
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daily, and remain long
their bones are not de-
poison or other means,
used beyond repair.

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stirring system.

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ALBANY'S VINEGAR BIT-
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and intractable cases.

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Complaints, in young or
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In all cases of jaundice, rest
liver is not doing its work.
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the bile and favor its ex-
purpose. See VINEGAR BIT-

Violated Blood when-
murtures bursting through
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you find it obstructed and
reins; cleanse it when it is
ga will tell you when. Keep
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