BITTERS
FREE FROM ALCOHOL
CALIFORNIA
BITTERS
California Vinegar
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The St. Andrews Standard.

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Poetry.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

Dennis McFlynn has been thinking about woman's rights," and his excited imagination finds vent in poetry. Read it:

Hurrah! for the time that is comin
When ladies shall vote like the min;
Och, won't the polls be a bloomin'
Wid fithers and crinoline then.
Election day thin I am thinkin'
Will be the great day of the year,
Whin lassies an' lads will be drinkin'
Together the candidates' beer.

What's the use to wrangle wid Biddy
About who the livin' shall make;
An' sure, if 'twill please her, I'm riddy
To give up the hod for her sake,
An' be stayin' all day at the shanty
To 'tind the domestic affairs,
A boilin' the baif an' petaties,
An' mendin' the rips and the tairs.

Thin whin election approaches,
An' the lassies are marchin' the strate
Wid big bands of music an' torches,
'An' Biddy is standin' the trate,
I'll be on the sidewalk hurrahin'
For me own darlin' Biddy McFlynn,
Wid a child in me arms, and drawin,
A cap wid another one in.

An' whin she is makin' her spaches
Before the great min of the land,
Sure thin I will lind her my braches
An' sit by her side on the sthand;
An' after she's done wid her talkin'
Och, thin, how the people will cheer.
An' off to the polls be a walking'
An' votin' for Biddy, my dear.

An' whin all the votin' is over
An' Biddy's elected, sure thin
I'll live like a pig in a clover,
Wid Honorable Mrs. McFlynn.
The shanty I'll quickly be lavin'
An' livin' wid illigant taste,
Wid a horse and a shay for me drivin'
An' a nager to wait on the baste.

It's never a lie I am spakin',
But thrue every word that I say,
It's meself 'twould river be takin'
The rights of the ladies away.
If, a lassie, thinkin' it proper,
Should shoulder the mortar an' brick,
Bad luck to the thaif that would sthop her,
I'd black his two eyes purty quick.

The way is for all to kape aisy,
An' give to the ladies their way;
They'll trip up an' vote like a daisy,
No matter what blackguards may say,
An' thin' should they office be sakin'
Or twirlin' the pick or the spade,
An' for us the livin' be makin'
Who cares, so the livin' is made?

IT'S AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NOBODY GOOD.

An Incident of the California Panic.

BY ANNA MORRIS.

It was the never-to-be-forgotten 26th of August, and all that long weary day I had been sitting at the open window of my room, or pacing restlessly up and down its narrow limits. As it was my vacation, I was not "due" at my desk, and I was too much disgusted with my fellow-creatures to seek their companionship.

Twice had my sympathizing landlady knocked at my door, with a gentle intimation that dinner was ready, and twice had I growled out, "I don't want any dinner—do leave me alone!"

"Poor dear Mr. Foster!" I heard her sigh to the chambermaid, as she beat a retreat the second time. "I am afraid he has something on his mind!"

Something on my mind! I should think I had! Wouldn't any man have something on his mind, who had been treated as I had been!

Only two weeks ago, and I would have taken my oath that I was the happiest fellow in all California. Hadn't Nellie Jameson—bless her sweet face—just owned that she loved me, after having driven me nearly wild by her flirtations with other men; and han't I rushed off and purchased there and then, the prettiest little house on Russian Hill, which I had happened to see a day or two before? It was nearly new, and very neatly furnished. Its owner was about moving to the East, and I got the whole establishment at a very moderate price, which the savings of my salary enabled me to pay. Again and again I explored every nook and corner with the most rapturous delight, fancying how cheerful the little parlor would look when graced by Nellie's presence; then wandering of to the kitchen, and endeavoring to determine whether there was every convenience there, as the owner had assured me or whether I had better hasten to the nearest hardware store, and order a few cartloads of pots and pans. On the whole, I decided to wait till Nellie should inspect it with me, which I had made up my mind would be as soon as her father returned.

She was an only child, and Mr. Jameson was a widower. He had been away on business for some weeks now, and did not know of the precise condition of affairs between us, but that gave me little uneasiness. He had always been very friendly, invited me frequently to his house, and never objected to Nellie's walking or riding with me; in short, had behaved, I thought, as a father-in-law elect should do.

"Yes, I suppose so," Nellie said, when I made this remark, in answer to her "wonder what papa would say,"—"only, Harry, don't you remember you said yourself that you did not see why he brought Mr. Selby here so often, and—"

"And as soon as I can talk to your father he shall come no more," I interrupted. "I do not like the man, and I don't believe the fine stories he tells of his great wealth. But never mind him now, Nellie," I added, "I don't like to see you look so sad. Come and sing me one more song, and then I must say good-night."

And she sung, and the days had gone blissfully by, until about the twentieth of August, when Mr. Jameson had returned. I was at his house when he arrived, and at once made known all my hopes and plans.

To my surprise, he asked, "What property have you, Mr. Foster?"

Now, he knew as well as I did, that I was head clerk in a large establishment, and had a good salary, with strong hopes of soon becoming a member of the firm, for the senior partner was an old friend of Mr. Jameson, and had told me that he had made particular inquiries as to my position. I had thought that all right, seeing, as he must, my intentions in in regard to Nellie, but supposing he thought me ignorant of his having the information. I explained briefly what my prospects were, and impatiently awaited his answer.

It was not long in coming. Leaning back in his chair, and slowly twisting his heavy watch-chain as he spoke. "I am deeply grieved, Mr. Foster," he began, in sarcastic tones, "to be obliged to decline your highly flattering offer, but the truth is, I look higher for my daughter. Parents are apt to be ambitious for their children, you know; so perhaps I may be pardoned for hoping that Nellie will make a wealthy match. I had supposed that your own good sense would teach you this, and though I was always well pleased to see you as a friend, I must beg you to distinctly understand that anything of this sort is entirely impossible."

I bowed, and left the room without a word. Some other time I might argue the matter with him, but if I stayed another minute then, I knew I should choke him; and as he was Nellie's father, that would not answer.

In the hall I met Nellie, who saw in a moment that something was wrong, and slipping her dear little hand into mine, drew me out of the door, and down into a shaded summer-house in the garden, where we could be secure from interruptions, before she asked:

"What is it, Harry?"

I told her as quietly as I could, longing all the while to snatch her up, and carry her off where her father would never see her again.

"I was afraid he would not consent," she said sadly. "I am convinced he intends me to marry Mr. Selby, if he asks me; indeed, I think there is some understanding on the subject between them, but I will promise you solemnly that I will marry no one but you. Perhaps, when papa sees how much I care for you, he will relent. He is very fond of me, and generally ends by letting me have my own way, though he may scold for a while."

So with many promises to be faithful we parted, my only consolation as I slowly returned to my lodgings being that I had not mentioned the dear little house on Russian Hill to Nellie. I had refrained from telling her of my purchase, intending it as a delightful surprise, as soon as her father had given his consent, and I was now very glad that I had done so. "It would only have added to her sorrow," I reflected, as I found how hard it was to give up all my bright dreams connected with it.

Now, the question was, what should be done with the house? I could not bear the thought of letting or selling it, and finally determined to let it remain as it was for the present. If I found I could in no way change Mr. Jamson's feelings toward me, I would sell it, and leave San Francisco.

In the meantime, what should I do with myself? It was, as I said, my vacation. I had declined several invitations to join my friends in their summer excursions, preferring to remain near Nellie. Now almost all whom I knew were out of town, and being in no state of mind to join them, I shut myself up in my room, and moodily pondered on ways and means of winning Mr. Jameson's favor.

It was on the evening of the twenty-fifth that I received a little broken-hearted note from Nellie, saying that her father had brought home Mr. Selby, and introduced him to her as her future husband, and upon her appeal to him not to sacrifice her, he had sworn that she should be married the very next evening, and be out of my reach. Mr. Selby, when she implored him to withdraw his suit, saying she had no love to give him, had coolly replied that he would be satisfied with her esteem—endeavor to be worthy of it, etc., etc.

Nellie concluded by saying that she had resolved to leave home; she would not tell me how or where she was going, lest I should be accused of having persuaded her to take this step, but would let me hear from her again as soon as possible. "I shall wait till to-morrow afternoon," she added, "in the hope that papa may yet yield."

I knew well enough where she would go, to an uncle and aunt who lived a few miles from the city, and who had been the kindest friends to her since her mother's death. I believed that they would protect her as far as possible, but how much that would be I could not determine. They were poor, and consequently not held in much esteem by Mr. Jameson.

I also knew the secret of Mr. Selby's influence over Mr. Jameson. He had not been long in San Francisco, lived in great style, drove splendid horses and talked loudly of his wealth. Such a man was the very one to impress Mr. Jameson, who, having begun life as a poor boy, and earned his fortune by his own exeertions, now made money his God, and was ready to bow down and worship any one who possesed it. There had been various discreditable stories afloat in regard to Selby, but nothing positive enough to convince Mr. Jameson.

So this was my position on the afternoon of the twenty-sixth. Little wonder that my good landlady concluded that I had something on my mind!

Suddenly the doorbell rang a furious peal; quick steps were heard on the stairs and a loud rap sounded on my door,

"Let me in, Harry," cried a familiar voice, and as I turned the key, in rushed Dick Halstead.

"How can you stay here?" he exclaimed, "when the whole city is in such excitement! Haven't you heard?" he went on, in answer to my look of enquiry. "Why, man, the Bank of California has stopped payment! It is said that there is an official announcement that it will not go on at all, and if that is the case, half the firms in the city will fail. Come out, and hear for yourself?"

I seized my hat, and dashed down stairs conscious of only one thought. If the Bank of California had failed, Mr. Jameson was ruined, as his entire fortune was invested in the mining stocks controlled by the bank, which of course would now sink to mere cipher, and what effect would this have on Selby?

The city was, as Dick had said, in great excitement. California street was filled with a dense crowd on either side of the bank. Every emotion was depicted in the countenances by which we were surrounded, from idle curiosity to perfect agony. We had pushed through the crowd nearly to the bank, when I saw a man reeling along, as though almost unable to walk. In an instant I perceived it was Mr. Jameson. Fearful of repulse, if I offered the assistance he so evidently required, and yet unwilling, for Nellie's sake, to let him pass unaided, I hesitated for a moment what course to pursue, when to my relief he was making for Selby, who stood near.

"All the better," thought I, the bitter feelings all returning at sight of the two. "I want nothing to do with either," and was passing along with Dick, when a sudden exclamation fell upon my ear. It was from Mr. Jameson, who, unheeding me, or the crowd, was talking earnestly to Selby.

"All gone!" he was saying. "I tell you Selby, the property it has taken me a lifetime to accumulate, will be gone, if this is true."

I glanced at Selby. His face grew white. "Well, sir," he said, coldly. "I sincerely regret your ill-fortune;" and turned to depart without another word.

"Don't go, Selby!" exclaimed Mr. Jameson, seizing him by the arm. "Come home with me, and talk matters over. Why, I had nearly forgotten! It is your wedding day! Come home, and we'll send for the parson, and have the job done up right! No failure there, eh?" he added, with a feeble attempt at a jest.

But Selby drew his arm away. "Excuse me, "Mr. Jameson," he said, almost insolently. "Circumstances will not permit—that is in your reverses, you will undoubtedly require your daughter's presence—sorry to deprive you—I have an unexpected call away from the city; and he turned to go.

I believe I should have knocked the fellow's brains out, in my mingled rage and joy, had not Dick restrained me.

"Let him alone," he whispered; "we shall have enough to do to take care of Mr Jameson."

We had, indeed! Mr. Jameson would have fallen to the ground, had not the crowd been so great as to prevent him, but he was entirely insensible, and continued so until we had extricated him with much difficulty, and placed him in a carriage. I feared apoplexy, but Dick, who was somewhat of a doctor, brought him round all right. As his recollection returned, he seemed quite overcome on finding that I was taking care of him.

"This is returning good for evil, indeed, he said, with a ghastly smile. Perhaps you do not know Mr. Foster, that the bank failure will ruin me."

"I heard you tell Mr. Selby so," I replied quietly, at once perceiving his meaning; and was very sorry for your sake that such was the case."

"Perhaps, he continued with the same suspicious look and tone, you would not be so anxious now to marry Nellie."

"On the contrary, I answered, I am more than ever anxious to do so."

"But I shall not have even a roof left to shelter me, he argued; and then what would become of you?" These words seemed to place his loss so vividly before him, that he quite broke down, and rocked helplessly back and forth moaning, "Not even a roof to shelter me."

I placed my hand on his shoulder to rouse him. Listen to me, Mr. Jameson, I said. I have a home, which I prepared when I thought to gain your consent to my marriage with Nellie. It is not grand and luxurious like yours, but neat and quiet and comfortable. Let me marry Nellie, and her home shall be yours. I have enough to support us all, and will most gladly do so. You have seen for yourself how much Selby is to be depended upon."

"I can tell you plenty about him," put in Dick, drawing some letters from his pocket. "Finding he was likely to be in your way, Harry, I wrote to some friends of mine, whose name I had heard him mention, and the replies came to-day. You will see there is full proof of his being a swindler and a gambler, and not much doubt that he is a forger."

Mr. Jameson read the letter in silence, and when he had finished, exclaimed in a voice so unlike the pompous tones in which he generally spoke that I scarce recognized it:

"I believe it all! He would have married poor Nellie for her fortune! The villain! and now that it is gone he deserts her! As for you, Foster," he continued, "I beg your pardon, and thank you for all your kind words. You shall have my daughter as soon as you choose."

"This very evening, then," I interrupted, and rising hastily, gave orders to the hackman to drive as rapidly as possible to the residence of Rev. Mr. Smith.

"What do you want with him?" exclaimed both my companions in amazement

"To tie the knot at once!" I returned, jestingly, though in truth, I began to feel much alarmed lest Nellie should have departed before we reached her home, and was secretly determined if such was the case, to pursue her to her uncle's and marry her there, lest more favorable accounts of the bank's condition might bring a change in Mr. Jameson's feelings—possibly a reconciliation between him and Selby.

Fortunately, however, the clergyman was at home, and accompanied us without delay to Mr. Jameson's residence, where we found Nellie, though she privately informed me that she had her hat on to depart, when we drove up.

It did not take long to reconcile her to the change of bridegrooms, or induce her to consent to my wish for an immediate union; so an hour or two later, I had the satisfaction of exhibiting my little home to my wife and her father.

Nellie was in raptures—declaring it a thousand times more beautiful than her father's great house, with all its showily furnished apartments. Wonderful to relate her father agreed to all she said, and although, as I foresaw, his losses are not as great as he anticipated, and he might easily retain his own establishment, he much prefers disposing of it, and remaining with us, and he is so agreeable, that Nellie and I prefer it also.

Mr. Selby made some overtures for a reconciliation, but the coldness with which they were met, and the astonishing intelligence that Nellie was already married, effectually quenched him.

We all sincerely regret the loss and sorrow occasioned by the panic, but nevertheless, as Dick observes, "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good."

THE O'DONAGHUE.—Writing of the Lakes of Killarney a correspondent says: "On Ross Island are the ruins of a castle once belonging to the O'Donaghue. Once in seven years, on a fine morning in May, he appears riding upon a snow-white horse. Fairies hover about him and strew flowers in his path. As he approaches his former home everything assumes its early magnificence. The castle is no longer a ruin, but in a state of regal splendor. He rides about as though overseeing his estate, and if any choose to follow him, they may cross the deepest part of the lake without wetting a foot, and ride to his treasure house in the mountains, where liberal gifts are bestowed upon the courageous visitor. Before the sun comes up the O'Donoghue returns to the Island and vanishes in the ruins of the castle. "Have any of you ever seen him?" I asked of our boatmen. "Only the man at the prow; he has seen him once." "Did he get a present?" I inquired. "No; the one O'Donoghue preached him a sermon, and that is all he does nowadays."

READY FOR EMERGENCIES.—Profiting by the lesson taught by the great fire in Boston, a man living near Springfield, Mass., has made up his mind that he won't be burned up alive. Once every week, he gives the alarm of fire at midnight, at which his wife and children instantly arise and dress. He takes out a window sash, puts a rope around his wife, and lowers her to the ground, and then throws into her arms one child at a time. He next puts his furniture into the street, and removes it to a place of safety. The whole time occupied is less than fifteen minutes, and he hopes to do it in ten. He broke the arm of his second eldest child the first time, and his wife says the piano is rather out of tune, in consequence of its many and hurried removals, but otherwise he is quite satisfied with the excellence of his plan.

The last remarkable fish story comes from ancient Nantucket, where a fisherman caught a seventy-five pound codfish, which, when opened, was found to contain two ducks. It would have been still more remarkable perhaps, if the two ducks had caught a codfish, which when opened, was found to contain a seventy-five pound fisherman, or if the codfish had caught a fisherman containing two seventy-five pound ducks.

Brown came home late the other night, and Mrs. B., reaching out of the bedroom window, said: "So you've been tippling the glass again, have you?" "Glass," said Brown; "(hic) 'tis a funny word; take off the 'g' and it's you, my dear." "Yes" answered the wife, "and then take off the 'l' and it's you, you wretch," and she slammed down the window with a bounce.

A French wit who had bargained in vain with a Jewish dealer for a superb Christ on ivory, finally burst forth with the remark: "My friend, your ancestors sold the original of that picture for one-hundredth part of the money you ask."

An aspiring orator at St. Louis has irretrievably damaged his political prospects by alluding in a speech to several prominent citizens as his "tried friends." As most of them had not only been tried, but convicted, and were awaiting sentence, the allusion was not considered particularly fortunate.

As the rays come from the sun, and yet are not the sun, even so our love and pity, though they are not of God, but merely a poor, weak image and reflection of him, yet from him alone they come. If there is mercy in our hearts, it comes from the fountain of mercy. If there is the light of love in us it is a ray from the full sun of love.—*Charles Kingsley.*

It is on record that there was formerly in Sweden a law which punished the calumniator with a fine or money which was called slander-money. But this was not all. The slanderer was compelled in court to slap his own mouth, to recall the slander, to proclaim himself a liar and to walk backward out of the court room. Moreover, he was incapacitated to make a last will, and, unless his accuser interceded for him, he was expelled from town. This law might do little harm now a days.

A rural exchange, in beginning an article on a dam disaster, heads it "Flooded by Water," as though ordinary freshets were an excess of cold tea.

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