ARBITTERS
FREE FROM
CALIFORNIA
ALCOHOL
AR BITTERS
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They are the great blood
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McDONALD & CO.,
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Druggists and Dealers.
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a lengthy advertisement.
King's Evil, White Swel-
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WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS
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The St. Andrews Standard.

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No. 21 SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, MAY 27, 1874. Vol 41

Poetry.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

When the new years come and the old years go,
How, little by little, all things grow!
All things grow—and all decay—
Little by little passing away.
Little by little on fertile plain,
Ripen the harvest of golden grain,
Waving and flashing in the sun,
When the summer at last is done.
Little by little they ripen so
As the new years come and the old years go.

Low on the ground an acorn lies,
Little by little it mounts to the skies.
Shadow and shelter for wandering herds,
Home for a hundred singing birds.
Little by little the great rocks grew,
Long, long ago when the world was new;
Slowly and silently, stately and free,
Cities of coral under the sea
Little by little are builded—while so—
The new years come and the old years go.

Little by little old tasks are done;
So are the crowns of the faithful won,
So is heaven in our hearts begun—
With work and with weeping, with laughter and play.
Little by little the longest day
And the longest life is passing away,
Passing without return—while so—
The new years come and the old years go.

SELECT TALE.

RUNNING A CARGO.

BY BLUE JACKET.

WHAT does she look like, Connor?

It is almost too dark to be positive, sir, but I think she is a Ti-mung, a west-coast fellow, and you know, Captain Selfridge, they are a hard set. They'll find that we are the hardest nut they ever attempted to crack, if they conclude to run foul of our hawse. I shall not sheer out for the scamps. You see, Connor, I have got an unusually large cargo on board, as you know. There are over five hundred chests of opium in the Monsoon's hold, and I'll be cursed if any one west coast junk afloat shall deter me from landing this cargo. Each chest cost twenty-five pounds sterling in Calcutta, and R—— & Co. will net one hundred and twenty-five pounds per chest in Hong Kong. Our share will amount to twenty thousand dollars, and that sum is worth fighting for.

You can depend upon me, Selfridge, and so long as I am mate of the—

Enough, Connor, we understand each other. We have not sailed two years in the same craft for nothing. But the crew, Connor—we are short-handed this trip.

Never mind that, sir, they are ten good men, and the Chinamen will have to work lively to get the weather gauge of us. Ha! there she keeps off, Selfridge, and I fancy they are hungry for us. In fifteen minutes the junk will be within hail.

Prepare to answer all impudent questions then, and offer the boys five sovereigns a man for extra duty. Tell the steward to broach that keg of brandy in the storeroom, and Connor, step down and take a throat seizing yourself with me, for the honor of old Cape Cod.

It was nearly dusk, and the high land near the mouth of the Canton River loomed up rugged and indistinct through the rapidly increasing darkness.

Forging ahead neath the influence of a moderate land breeze was a huge Ti-mung, or man-of-war junk, the large lanteen sails rising and falling as the junk dipped her bluff bows in the long regular swell of the China Seas. The distinct clang of gongs, the din of war drums, and an occasional report of firearms came echoing across the water, but Selfridge and Connor paid no attention to the warlike and threatening demonstrations of the Chinamen.

Although the craft was designated a Ti-mung, it must not be supposed that she sailed under the authority of the Taoutai (Governor), or carried a pannant at her masthead. It was the old fashioned guns, twelve pounders and short thirty-twos, from which these west-coast gentry derive their honorary titles of man-of-war. Ostensibly they are fishermen, in reality they are pirates of the most desperate and blood-thirsty character.

The Monsoon was a trim little fore-and-after, as taut and rakish a craft as ever ran a cargo of the the interdicted drug. With her unequalled qualities of sailing the opium smuggler could have easily eluded the clumsy craft, but Selfridge, an old hand at the business, had made up his mind to drive off his antagonist, and run in, that very night. Three other opium clippers were due, and the energetic captain was anxious that his owners should reap the benefit that must be derived from the arrival of the first cargo, as the drug had suddenly become remarkably scarce.

Every preparation had been made on the decks of the clipper for the approaching fight, and in silence Selfridge and Connor, who were walking the poop, awaited the opening salutation from the Timung.

To the eastward the horizon was all aglow with the approaching rays of the rising moon, and the dark waters were tinged with a flood of silvery light as the round full orb shot suddenly above the line of the swell.

Ha! there come the first compliments of the evening from our friend, exclaimed Selfridge, as a flash of light shot out from the side of the junk, followed by a heavy report. The solid shot whistled harmlessly, and buried itself with a loud splash in the luminous sea.

Their bark is worse than their bite, replied Connor, and by carrying out your plans we will teach them a lesson that they'll never forget.

You have instructed the men what to do?

Yes sir, every man jack understands his portion of the work.

Then I do not fear the result. Stand by; now, my lads, and keep well under cover.

The captain's orders were obeyed to the letter. The crew, small in number, but strong in the confidence of their own abilities to cope with the foe, crouched along the weather bulwarks, provided with two rifles apiece, and a dark undistinguishable mass rolled up in the form of a ball, which was grasped by the right hand.

Shouting like a legion of fiends let loose from the infernal regions came the pirates, the junk rapidly bearing down upon the opium clipper. The dark forms of the Chinamen could be distinctly seen as they ran to and fro screaming and beating gongs, while above the din thundered the noisy discharge of their rusty cannon.

The Monsoon was by the wind, under short canvas, with sheets hauled flat aft. The junk, rolling down before the wind, was evidently intending to strike the clipper about amidships, but Selfridge, assisted by Connor, was narrowly watching their antagonists' movements. The junk was but a few yards distant, the long tailed braves were clustered in a body on the bows of their craft in readiness to board the moment the vessels collided.

With a wave of his hand Selfridge motioned to the trusty man at the helm who had been keeping his eye upon the form of the captain who stood calm and immovable with the moonlight shining full upon him. Round flew the spokes of the wheel, and with a graceful swerve the Monsoon shot up into the wind, rasping her smooth sides against the rough timbers of the Ti-mung, as the clipper glided along, taking up a position on the junk's quarter.

With a loud shout of triumph the sailors sprang from their shelter, and throwing the dark substance in their hands on the deck of the Chinaman the effect was almost electrical. In an instant the Ti-mung was enveloped in a blaze of light.—Streams of fire ran fore and aft the deck, the light bamboo woodwork fell an easy prey to the irresistible powers of Greek fire, and the loose charges of powder lying about the deck and between the guns, exploded with fearful damage to the astounded crew of Chinamen who stood wavering and irresolute.

Now, my lads, give them a taste of your rifles. Pour it into them and tan their yellow hides, for the honor of old Cape Cod.

Deep and stern rang out the loud directing voice of the mate as he sprang on to the low rail of the Monsoon to watch the effect of the volley. The storm of lead crashed through the crowded ranks of the demoralized crew, a portion jumping overboard in their terror, while others, leaping over the dead bodies of their comrades who encumbered the deck, threw down their arms and sought safety below, shrieking "Fan Kevis," "Fan Kevers" (foreign devils,) to the full extent of their capacious lungs.

The Ti-mung was burning rapidly, the flames lighting up the dark features of Connor with a strange expression as he stood by the main channels cutlass in hand glancing sharply along the junk's deck. The Monsoon was lying across the stern of the Chinaman, a couple of lines having been thrown on board to prevent the schooner from being cast adrift.

They are well whipped, sir, already, roared out the mate. Shall I cut loose, and leave the rascals, Captain Selfridge?

No, no, Connor, it will not do. We must save them from being burnt up alive. Take the crew, jump on board, and secure the prisoners. I'll land them before running in. Bear a hand, or we'll share the fate of the Ti-mung.

Rapidly the flames spread, fanned to a white heat, as the light breeze swept through the doomed craft. Connor with his well-armed assistants, drove the survivors on board with the utmost despatch, and lashing their hands and feet, stowed the rascals away in the dark recesses of the forepeak. The springs were cast off, the head sails filled, and as the huge lug-foresail bellied out to the breeze, the Monsoon darted ahead with seeming impatience at having been delayed so long. Her snowy canvas gleamed with a ruddy tinge in the blood-red glare of the burning craft, as the light graceful clipper once more headed for the Canton River.

The decks had been washed down, arms stowed away, and the usual quiet reigned throughout the schooner, when a man on the lookout from the topgallant forecastle gave the alarm of fire.

In an instant all hands were on deck, and Connor, rushing forward, discovered a dense smoke pouring up out of the forescuttle. By some means, one of the Chinamen had freed himself from the ropeyarns, and liberating his comrades, had set fire to the clipper, in a spirit of revenge. But the white oak timbers of the Monsoon did not ignite so readily as the light gingerbread break work of the Ti-mung, and under the energetic directions of the mate the flames were quickly quenched. An armed guard was stationed at the combings of the scuttle, with orders to fire upon the vermin, at the least intimation of mischief apparent on their part. In no very pleasant mood of mind, the mate approached Captain Selfridge, who had been aroused by the commotion, and in a few words he narrated the whole affair.

So you see how grateful the cusses are, growled Connor. You save them from being burned, and they'll turn round and singe you by way of thanks. The sooner we get them out of the schooner the better. Our crowd is small, and it's not very pleasant to be obliged to have one eye up aloft, and the other down the hatchway.

They are an ungrateful set, that's a fact, Connor, but you would not have left them to have been burnt up; you would have done exactly the same had you been in my place. I know you too well. But I agree with you that the sooner we land them the better. I should not care to report the loss of the Monsoon by fire off Hong Kong, with two or three hundred thousand dollars worth of opium under the hatches. Run down to leeward a few miles and shove them ashore. In the meantime I'll turn in for a nap, and at eight bells give me a call, and I'll relieve you.

Scarcely had the captain disappeared when Connor proceeded to set the light sails in order to take advantage of the breeze which grew lighter and lighter as they closed in with the land. Gaff-topsails, maintopmast-stapsail and jib topsail were set in rapid succession, the clouds of canvas catching the slightest air that was stirring aloft.

The Monsoon was now close in shore, the lofty mountains rising abruptly from the ocean towered on high, reflecting on the water as clearly as in a looking glass. The moon shone with unwonted brilliancy, lighting up the scenery with an indescribable effect. But Connor at that moment paid no heed to the beauties of nature by moonlight; he was intent upon one object, and that; to rid the Monsoon of the Chinese prisoners, whom he detested as a race for their cowardly, treacherous and blood-thirsty traits.

The quarter boats were lowered, crews armed, and the Chinamen compelled to enter them and sit quietly down, as they shoved off, while the schooner lay with her huge jib to windward awaiting the return of the men.

Fifteen minutes elapsed before Connor could again fill away, but the breeze had become baffling, blowing in spasmodic puffs, and finally, to the disgust of the impatient mate, the Monsoon rocked idly to and fro on the glassy sea, becalmed.

This comes of having those cussed Manchoos on board. I knew they would bring us bad luck, muttered Connor, as he strode rapidly to and fro, glancing keenly at times at the not distant shore. The schooner drifted slowly off the land, and in the offing the mate could see that the silvery surface of the water was ruffled by strong, vigorous cat's paws.

An hour passed by, the hands of the timepiece indicating but a few minutes of midnight. The breeze had not reached the light graceful schooner yet, and the mate had in the meanwhile worked himself into a passion.

Eight bells struck, ringing out sharp and clear on the still night air. Suddenly the mate paused as he was walking aft to descend to the cabin, and heading forward in the direction of the dark frowning land, he listened intently.

I might have known it, he growled, it is what I have been waiting for. Selfridge will change his ideas in regard to mercy, so far as Manchoos are concerned, when I tell him they are coming back with reinforcements to take the Monsoon. Ben, my lad, jump forward, and rouse out all hands; never mind the wheel, the rudder is of no consequence where there is no wind. Tell them the Chinamen are coming back to try us again. And jumping down below, he hurriedly informed the captain of the new peril that threatened them.

The men were soon at their stations, and received in silence the weapons from the arm chest which the mate served out in person.—Every sailor was equipped with a cutlass as sharp as a razor, and two rifles with abundance of ammunition. They were determined this time to satisfy the pugnacious propensities of the Chinaman who were smarting under their first defeat.

The clank oars was distinctly heard, and soon two long narrow boats were made out, pulling directly for the Monsoon. They were full of men, and were instantly recognized as the imperial custom house boats. The liberated prisoners had evidently found an opportunity to communicate with the authorities, and Selfridge, as he loosed the cutlass in its sheath, for the first time looked a trifle anxious.

This looks serious, he whispered to Connor, who, grim and silent, stood by his side busily engaged in loading his revolver. If we had only a breeze I would laugh at them.

There comes a pretty good cat's paw as a first installment, replied the mate, and a strong puff of wind surged through the schooner's rigging.

It will be too late, I fear. We must fight in earnest this time. It will be no child's play if they once get the upper hand here.

No, that it wont. Cape Cod will mourn the loss of two of its erring sons if the Manchoo devils carry us by the board. They show no mercy. You will not take any more prisoners, will you sir?

If I do I hope I may lose the Monsoon and her cargo, replied the captain, as he cocked his rifle.

The boats made no pretentions to secrecy, but pulled for either counter of the opium clipper, strong in their superiority of numbers to carry out their undertaking. The crew had all mustered aft, rifles in hand, waiting for the order to begin the game of life and death. Not a sound was heard from the deck of the Monsoon, and the centipede boats were allowed to approach within six yards before a shot was fired.

Now, my lads, take good aim, let every shot tell, and give it to them. Remember you fight for your lives; and with the word ten sharp whiplike reports broke the deathlike stillness that had enveloped the clipper. Several of the oars dropped in the foremost boat, a ferocious yell resounded from the other, and as if actuated by the same impulse, both of the assaulting parties ceased pulling. The hesitation on the part of the Manchoos was but momentary; fresh men jumped to fill the places made vacant by their dead and dying comrades, and again they advanced.

Take the helm, one hand, shouted Connor, the schooner has headway by the Eternal.—There is a chance for old Cape Cod yet. And the rapid crack of his revolver was heard as the schooner glided swiftly through the water.

A second volley had thinned the ranks of the first boat that dashed alongside and its inmates were making desperate efforts to clamber over the rail but were met at every point by the bright flashing steel of the stalwart crew. The bow-oarsman of the boat had planted his boathook into an eyebolt, it requiring all his strength to hold on, while the boat sped thro' the water as the schooner felt the increasing strength of the breeze. Had the second force fully supported their friends the result might have been different. As it was, Selfridge relieved the stout bow-oarsman of further responsibility by severing the fellow's arm with a blow of his cutlass, and the boat whirled rapidly astern.

The angry shouts and groans of the Manchoos floated to the ears of Selfridge and Connor, as they wiped the perspiration from their brows. The mate shook his fist at the boats, now some distance astern, and muttered something inaudible between his clenched teeth.

You'll yelp worse than that, you long tailed devils, before I leave you, exclaimed the captain, as he glanced aloft.

The Monsoon was now darting through the water at the rate of nine miles an hour, with every stitch of canvas on her that would draw.

Ready about, shouted the captain, and Connor, with a look of surprise on his countenance hastened forward to attend to the working of the headsheets. Selfridge has got his blood up, I reckon, and the Chinamen will suffer, as sure as there is sand on the Cape, was the mate's silent comment as he ascended the topgallant fore-castle.

Round spun the clipper, and filling away on the other tack, ran for the two boats.

The men clustered around the mate, who stood with one foot firmly planted on the starboard cathead, towering head and shoulders above them.

Starboard, shouted Connor.

Starboard it is, replied Selfridge from the quarter deck. Steady, steady your helm. We are close on to one of them. Be ready to cut down all who clamber up. We do not want any more prisoners on board the Monsoon. Port a trifle, sir; so, steady.

And with a crash the clipper cut through the boat, driving completely over her. Not a man succeeded in making good his hold upon the schooner, which was now rapidly nearing the remaining boat whose crew were making desperate efforts to evade their punishment.

The Chinamen had their oars poised, ready to pull or back water in order to clear the cutwater of the schooner, but their plan only partially succeeded. Their boat was heavy and unwieldy, difficult to manage and slow to answer to the helm. With terrific violence the opium clipper struck her quarter, and quick as a flash the boat was capsized. A few of the Manchoos clung to the back ropes and head gear, but the cutlasses of the enraged sailors drove them, wounded and bleeding, to seek refuge in the cold dark embrace of the muddy waters of the China Sea.

Once more the fleet little craft went in stays and with a loud cheer the sailors gathered aft to splice the main brace with the captain's brandy. They had behaved like worthy sons of the ocean, and both Selfridge and Connor were highly pleased with the courage and prawess of their crew.

Give us half a battery, Connor, and we'll clean out the whole imperial navy with this crew, and the Monsoon to back us up, remarked the captain, as he motioned the mate to follow him into the cabin for the purpose of celebrating the victory in a more private and secluded manner.

Before daylight dawned the valuable cargo of the Monsoon was transferred to the capacious hold of the receiving hulk owned by R, & Co., and the gallant little clipper, radient in her beauty, rode quietly to her anchor off the stone quay, where the captain and mate had landed on their way to the firm's office for the purpose of reporting the details of the exciting brush.

WIRE NETTING FOR PLASTERING.—Wire netting for plastering, we are informed is being rapidly introduced to take the place of latho. It takes less labor to place on the walls, is more continuous, and will not burn. Coarse netting with one inch mesh and made of strong wire, is found to answer best. For ornamental cornice work it is especially valuable, as it can be bent into any desired form. Secured to iron studding in a brick building, our greatest danger on account of fire would be removed. A still further application of this plan is to make round bags of wire resemble store barrels. Filled with sand and sunk in rows and masses, they make excellent materials for breakwaters. Another extension of the idea has been tried with success in England. It consists in making iron framed buildings, covering them with wire netting, and spreading concrete on both sides. It is claimed that a house, walls, floors, roofs, doors, partitions, and all, has been built that is strong, firm and absolutely incombustible.

A "CONCKIT" PRECENTOR.—In a village near Airdrie, a ludicrous incident occurred lately at an evening sermon meeting. The leader of psalmody, a somewhat raw individual made a stumble, and finally came to a dead stand in the singing of a tune. After three more unsuccessful attempts he cried out in his agony, "this is most tremendous wark!" The risibilities of the audience being excited by the remark, the troubled "leon of song" turned to the minister and said apologetically, "That ane 'll no gang ava!" He resolved, however, to try again; but before he had found the keynote, a gentleman in the audience had struck up "St Paul's," and it was joined in by the congregation. At the second line, however, the discomfited precentor bawled out. "Haud on a wee! I've gotten't noo!" The congregation, although they did not "haud on," had, as may well be imagined, to 'haud' from splitting with laughter.

A young bachelor who had been appointed sheriff was called upon to serve an attachment against a beautiful young widow. He accordingly called upon her, and said:—'Madam, I have an attachment for you.' The widow blushed and said that his attachment was reciprocated. 'You don't understand me, you must proceed to court.' 'I know it is leap year, sir, but I prefer you to do the courting.' 'Mrs. P——, this is no time for trifling; the justice is waiting.' 'The justice! why, I prefer a parson.'

In 1104, when Henry I. was in Normandy, a prelate, named Serlo, preached so eloquently against the fashion of wearing long hair, that the monarch and his courtiers were moved to tears. Keenly alive to the truth of the proverb: 'You must beat the iron whilst it is hot,' the enthusiastic prelate at once whipped a pair of scissors out of his sleeves, and cropped the whole congregation.

An old lady hearing that a young friend had lost his place on account of a misdemeanor, exclaimed, 'Miss Demeanor! Lost his place on account of Miss Demeanor! Well, well, I'm afeard it's too true, that there's al'us a woman at the bottom of a man's difficulties'

A gentleman riding on horseback came upon an Irishman who was fencing in a most barren and desolate piece of land. 'What are you fencing in that lot for, Pat?' he asked. 'A herd of cattle would starve to death on that land.' 'And sure, yer honor, wasn't I fencin' it to kape the bastes out of it,' replied Pat.

A man in Illinois committed suicide by drowning lately in six inches of water, he could not have done it alone, but his wife, with that self-sacrificing devotion and helpfulness so characteristic of her sex, sat on his head.

A governess asked a young lady why 'beer' in French was feminine. She replied that it was probably owing to the fact that the men liked it so well.

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