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JAS. F. CARRAGHY,
AGENT, St. Andrews.

THE STANDARD.

"THE ALDINE for May is the most brilliant
number of this superb magazine ever issued.
It opens with a magnificent marine picture,
"The Lee Shore," by M. R. H. de Haas, who
stands by general consent, at the head of the
marine painters of America, and who has
never done anything so fine as this drawing.
The fury of the winds and waters that have
driven the good ship from her course on the
terrible lee shore is rendered with wonderful
breadth and vigor, and vividly recalls the
destruction which so lately overtook the ill-
fated "Atlantic." We turn from this dreadful
struggle of the elements to a delicious draw-
ing after the original of Mongiot. It is
entitled "Unbidden Guests," and represents a
group of kitchen maids at the table of an epicure
and making havoc among the dishes. One,
besides the six spirited illustrations of New
Chicago; the first, a full drawing, being a
noble architectural view of the "New Post
Office," a magnificent structure—and the
others similar views of the principal public
buildings of Chicago as the "Pacific Hotel,"
the "Michigan Southern and Rock Island
Passenger Depot," the "Chamber of Com-
merce," and the buildings of the "Times" and
"Tribune" newspapers. Chicago ought to be
proud when it sees what it has done for itself,
and what THE ALDINE has done for it, in
giving such wide pictorial currency to these
monuments of its place and enterprise. There
is also an admirable view of "The Drusefall,"
a noted fall in Thuringia; and a charming
illustration by Dore, imbued with that grace
which he knows so well how to infuse into his
pictures when the subject demands. These
are some of the masterpieces, for such they
are, in this monthly gallery of the world's Art.
The Literature of the May number is as good
as usual. Miss Lucy Ellen Guernsey con-
tributes an amusing social sketch, entitled
"Mr. Bonnell's Match-Making," and Miss
Kate Putnam Osgood a vigorous story of
French peasant life, entitled "Pierre's Crime."
Mr. W. W. Bailey has a pleasant little essay
on "The Flowers of May," Mr. Frank
Jacobs a curious paper on "Poe's Early
Poems," which are almost unknown; and Mr.
Henry M. Smith tells us all about the rapid
rise and growth of "New Chicago." The
poems are "How he Saved St. Michael's,"
a ringing ballad of Charleston before the war,
by Mrs. M. A. P. Stansbury, and "May," a
dainty little lyric by Mr. Henry Richards.
The editor goes about "The Lee Shore,"
"A Trout Brook," "The Pine Marten," etc.,
and discusses that important question, "What
shall we Name the Baby?" Music, Art, and
Literature are discussed with great intelligence
and independence. Subscription price, \$5
including Chronos "Village Bell" and "Cross-
ing the Moor." James Sutton & Co., publish-
ers, 58 Maiden Lane, New York.

Old Kilborne's Will.

Old Walter Kilborne died and left a for-
tune that aggregated nearly a million. The
gloomy old house which had been the family
residence for many a year, stood in one of the
down town streets that had once been the
site of the fashionable residence of New York
city. But the wealthy had long ago removed
to the avenues, leaving the old mill-
lionsaire to hold his own among the growing
business of the once aristocratic thoroughfare.
A bunch of black crape still hung on the bell
knob, four days after the funeral, when a bent
wily looking man pulled it. Being admitted,
he was shown into the dingy room which Mr.
Kilborne had in his life used as an office—
This bent and wily looking man was Lawyer
Whittemore.

Good morning, said the lawyer, as Robert,
a grand child of the dead millionaire, a young
man who showed plainly enough the marks of
rough social usage, entered and extended his
hand rather listlessly.

Good morning was the reply. Well.

Will? echoed the lawyer.

You got my note?

Asking me to meet you here? Yes, what do you want?

You drew my grandfather's?

I did, two days before he died.

What were its contents?

I have no right to tell you, and Mr. Whittemore tried to look severe. It is with the

Surrogate now, and you will know its contents on Thursday, when it will be officially opened.

I couldn't think of violating my official—

Not unless you are paid for it, interrupted the young man. I understand that perfectly well, and will be paid and brief with you—

As you are aware, my dear and my cousin Myra are the only living relatives of my grandpa.

We have been brought up here in this house together, and each loves the other as much as possible. Now, I've no idea how the property is left, and I want to know. I am willing to pay for the knowledge in advance of the opening of the will, and you have it to do.

The lawyer assented with a cool nod of his head.

Then name your price, continued Robert.

One thousand dollars.

I haven't so much.

A note for a month will do.

The document was quickly written out, signed by the young man, and transposed to the lawyer's pocket.

The will, then said Mr. Whittemore, is a strange one—as strange as the man who made it—but he would listen to no advice, and I had not anything to do but carry out his wish.

He leaves all his property to Myra Kilborne.

D—n him! hissed Robert.

Hold, said the lawyer, until you hear the conditions. He leaves all his property to Myra, as I said before, on condition that she shall immediately sign an agreement to, within a year, become your wife. If she shall decline to fulfill this condition, the property belongs to you. The only other point is that in case Myra is married to anybody before the will is opened, she gets the property the same as if she were married. But that provision, of course is of no consequence, as she is not likely to marry before day after to-morrow, which will be the Thursday on which the document is to be opened.

Here the lawyer stopped and looked into his companion's face as if expecting an expression of displeasure. Myra was disappointed, however, for Robert seemed rather satisfied than otherwise.

It places me well enough, he said, for I half expected to be cut off unconditionally. You see I've been rather fast, and the old man disliked it, while Myra's gentle ways and attention to his wants won his regard. She is completely bound up in her lover, Harry Pertun, who is hundreds of miles away just now, and I don't believe she would give him up for the fortune a dozen times over. Even if she should consent to marry me, I wouldn't be so badly off with the property almost under my control.

The lawyer here arose, bade his ungrateful patron good day and went out. But he did so, said his ears been younger, he might have caught the sound of rustling skirts flying up the stairway—those same skirts enveloping the pretty form of Myra Kilborne, who had heard every word of the interview by listening at the door.

No, so, she mused, when she had reached her own room and thrown herself into the chair, I am to buy the fortune by selling myself. I won't do it! I would not give up Harry for fifty times a million. Robert can take the money, and much good may it do him.

Yet, notwithstanding her conclusive decision, Myra could not relinquish without a pang the fortune to which she had always looked forward as her certain point. Her grandfather had always seemed to regard her with affection, and she had not dreamed that in his will he could impose such a distasteful restriction.

If Harry was only here, she thought, there

would not be any trouble, because we could get married before Thursday. What shall I do? I wish I had somebody to advise me. And I can have—a lawyer is what I want. They are up to all sorts of tricks, so they say.

Without a moment's delay she dressed herself for the street and went out. She knew no lawyer, but walked until she came to a building upon which she had often noticed an array of legal signs. Passing up stairs and selecting a name from the list that chance struck her most favorably, she entered a well furnished office. A middle aged, man sat alone writing at a desk.

Is Mr. Temple in? asked Myra.

Yes, said the man, looking up at his pretty visitor, and motioning her to a seat, that is my name.

I have come for some legal advice—some advice on a matter of the greatest importance to me, and—

If I am to do you, said the lawyer kindly, you must speak frankly and unreservedly, which you may do in the utmost confidence.

Thus encouraged, Myra told him the whole story of the will, the manner in which she had obtained information, and her feelings in the matter.

Of course, she concluded, I want to retain the fortune, but not at the price stipulated in the will. Can you help me?

Mr. Temple sat for a while in deep thought—so long in fact, that Myra got fidgety with waiting. At last his face brightened with an idea, and he at once imparted it to his fair client. For an hour they were in close consultation.

That day and the next passed, and Thursday came. The will was to be read in the Surrogate's office; at twelve o'clock, a carriage drove up to the Kilborne residence. In it were Mr. Temple and two of his intimate friends. The former alighted and entered the house. In a moment he reappeared with Myra. She acted a little nervous, but seemed reassured by the presence of the lawyer, who helped her into the carriage, and all were driven away. They proceeded to the residence of a clergyman, where they were evidently expected, as they were shown promptly into the parlor. The reverend gentleman entered, and the lawyer stepped forward with Myra.

We are the couple sir.

The marriage ceremony of the Episcopal church was performed, a certificate was made out, the two friends signed it as witnesses, and the quartette were soon again seated in the carriage.

Drive to the Court House, said Mr. Temple to the driver.

The Surrogate, the clerk, Robert Kilborne, Lawyer Whittemore, and a few others were in the surrogate's office when the wedding party entered. It was just twelve o'clock.

The will was read and Robert turned rather superciliously to Myra for her decision.

Will you sign the agreement to marry me? he asked.

No, she replied.

Then you resign the property to me? and a gleam of triumph shot from his eyes.

No!

That will provide, said Mr. Temple, that she shall take the fortune if married at the time of its opening. She is married to me, and here is the certificate. The ceremony was performed an hour ago.

On the same day proceedings were instituted by Mr. Temple on behalf of Myra to obtain her divorce from himself. When the divorce was granted, a few days later, Harry returned, and before the day appointed for his marriage to Myra she had obtained her divorce from Mr. Temple. The latter was one of the jolliest of the guests.

If it hadn't been for you—began the grateful bride.

Stop! interrupted Mr. Temple. I am to put it all in my bill. For the will suit, so many dollars; for the divorce suit, so many more dollars—you see I am the one to be grateful after all.

But no bill for legal service was ever paid with greater grace.

MISS DOLLY CORNERED.

I shouldn't be surprised any day, Dolly, to see David Wiggins tying his horse at your gate, said Mr. Blount, regally, gathering up the reins.

Nonsense, brother! anything the matter with your hitching post? retorted Miss Dolly, turning in the doorway.

Mr. Blount laughed. Everybody felt bound to laugh at Miss Dolly's crisp sayings. She had kept her friends in good humor these forty years.

And when David does call on you, pursued Mr. Blount, more seriously, I do hope, Dolly, you'll give him a chance to do his errand. That'll be no more'n fair, and the man won't be easy till he has freed his mind.

What mischief are you the forerunner of now, James Blount? cried Miss Dolly, facing about like a soldier on drill. What upon earth have I to do with David's errands?

Well, his wife's been dead a year or so, said Mr. Blount, positively, shutting one eye, and squint-

ing with the other down the length of his whipstock, and lately he's been asking about you. You can put that and that together to suit yourself.

Fiddlesticks! said Miss Dolly, energetically.

I shan't say have him, or don't have him—the there isn't a likelier man living than David—but I do say, you ought to give him a hearing. And having convinced himself beyond a reasonable doubt that the whip was all right, Mr. Blount tickled his sleepy horse with it, and drove away.

Oh, my sorrows! ejaculated Miss Dolly, closing the door with an afflicted countenance, and sitting down so quietly for once that a photographer might have copied her then and there.

Not that he could have done her justice, for her expression was too quick and varied to be caught by any trick of chemicals, and without it Miss Dolly's physiognomy would have been rather characterless but for her prominent Roman nose.

Thoroughly given tone to her face. By which I would not be understood literally, as saying that she talked through it in a nasal whine. I mean simply that in a metaphorical sense this bold feature spoke loudly of energy. And Miss Dolly had always had abundant need of energy—else why the dose?

Every two years during her childhood she had been tipped into the east bedroom to see a new baby, till, at her mother's death, five little brothers fell for her charge to be coaxed and scolded into manhood.

You can't bring up them boys, croaked a dolorous aunt. They'll run square over you, Dorothy Almeida.

Dorothy Almeida was Miss Dolly's baptismal name, but it was so manifestly too big for her that most of her friends would as soon have thought of labeling a tiny homeopathic vial with a quack-medicine advertisement as of calling her by it.

Let 'em run over me so long as it doesn't hurt 'em! laughed Miss Dolly, skewering her faxen hair with a goose-quill, and tying a tow apron over her calico long-sleeved, preparatory to "bringing up" said youths.

From that day forward she went cheerily on, making the best of every thing, though it must be confessed, she often had folds and ends to work with, as people usually do have who are born with a faculty. Somehow she found time for all her duties excepting matrimony. If that were a duty, it was one she couldn't and wouldn't attend to while her father and the children needed her. Divers young men thought this a great pity, among them David Wiggins.

Don't be silly, David, said Dolly, when he hinted as much to her, whereupon David went off straightway and married Olive Searle, the plainest girl in the parish. This happened thirty years ago, and now David was again wifeless, and again the current of his thoughts turned toward Miss Dolly, who still lived at the old homestead near the foot of Bryant's Falls. Her father had died some months before. Of the boys, James and Ezekiel had settled on neighboring farms, and the remaining three were in the West. David's benevolent heart warmed with compassion as he remembered Dolly's lonely condition, and he felt that it would be exceedingly kind in him to offer her a home, especially as he owned as good a place as you'd find on the river, while the Blount cottage was fast falling to decay. He wouldn't let her former refusal of him tell against her, for now he looked back, he really didn't see how she could have married any body at that period. She ought to be rewarded for the devotion she had shown to the family, and for his part, he felt magnanimous enough to give her a second chance to accept him. Such was the worthy widower's state of mind when he asked James Blount, with mock humility, whether it would be of any use for him to try to make a bargain with Dolly.

That's more'n I can tell, Mr. Blount had answered; Dolly's a puzzle. You'll have to find out for yourself.

Mr. Wiggins smiled, in complacent anticipation of acceptance. Indeed, if it might not seem like a reproach to the memory of his lost Olive, I should say that the kind hearted man rejoiced in this opportunity of making Miss Dolly's happiness. He sallied forth to acquaint her with her good fortune.

The broken harrow which he had strapped into the wagon to give the neighbors a plausible reason for his trip to the Falls was by no means typical of mental faceration to its owner. His feeling as he approached Miss Dolly's moss-grown cottage was purely one of thankfulness that it was in his power to provide her a better home. Not that he was grateful to his dead wife for leaving a vacancy there, Mr. Wiggins had murmured faintly for Olive a year and a day.

Miss Dolly was out in the garden gathering caps. She never used it herself, but often left little bundles of it when she made visits of consolation. She had built a chip fire under the tea-kettle, and then whisked off to pick an apronful of the pungent leaves while the water was boiling. There she was, stooping beneath the eaves of a log-cabin sun-bonnet, and humming a lively tune, when Mr. Wiggins drove up.

"Come my beloved, hysie away."

piped Miss Dolly, cheerily, snapping briskly at the stalks.

"Cut short the hours of thy sleep."

Fly like a youthful—

Fly like a youthful—struck in a wheezy bass. The sun-bonnet tipped back like a cart body.

Sakes alive! cried Miss Dolly, not in the words of the hymn, as Mr. Wiggins, strode toward her on his slightly rheumatic legs.

I didn't mean to put you out, laughed he, shaking hands heartily, "but it seemed kind of natural to take a part with you in invitation."

You always had a way of falling in at the most unheard of time, I remember, retorted Miss Dolly, saucily, recovering herself, and going on gathering catnip. She was fifty years old now, and hoped she had her wits about her.

You used to say I kept good time, only top much of it, pursued Mr. Wiggins, with a sudden inspiration; but I tell you what, Dolly, time never dragged with me then as it does these days!

If it is a dull season, said Miss Dolly, with exasperating simplicity. I suppose the grass-hoppers have eaten most of your wheat, haven't they; so it'll hardly pay for reaping?

Just so, assented Mr. Wiggins, discomfited. He had not travelled five miles in the heat to discuss the state of crops.

Walk in and sit down, won't you? said Miss Dolly, with reluctant hospitality.

Well, yes, I don't care if I do, answered Mr. Wiggins, after a hypocritical show of hesitation. I had a little business further on, at the blacksmith's. No hurry, though, as I know of, and he turned to leave the bars for Miss Dolly, who meanwhile slipped nimbly through the fence, catnip and all.

Bless my heart! I don't see but what you're as spry as ever you was, said he, admiringly, as he pulled along in her wake. Still you must be getting into years, Dolly, as well as I—no offense, I hope—and I was wondering whether or no it wasn't lonesome for you living alone here, a woman so?

Oh, I never was one of the lonesome kind, responded Dolly, and, for that matter, hardly a day passes without some of James' folks running in.

Yes, I know; but if you was to change your situation, wouldn't you enjoy life better?

Miss Dolly fidgeted at the green paper curtains, and intimated that her present happiness would be complete if the grasshoppers would stop feeding on her garden sauce.

That's just it, continued Mr. Wiggins, eagerly; you do seem to need a man to look out for your farming interests, now don't you, Dolly? a man that'll be ready and willing to do for you, and make you comfortable.

I don't know, said Dolly, dryly. The year before father died I had have Silas Potter, and he is the most faithful creature living; but what with the extra cooking and washing I had to do for him, my work was about doubled, and when meal-time came I was glad enough to send him off, and hire by the day. I about made up my mind that men folks roused the house cost more'n they come to.

I guess we don't understand one another, said Mr. Wiggins, slightly disconcerted by this unfattering view of his sex. I wasn't speaking of hired help, Dolly. Naturally you would get first with that; it's worryin' to a woman. But if you was to have a good companion, now—one that could give you a good home, with wood and water under cover—

Shoo! shoo! cried Miss Dolly, flying out after an inquiring chicken on the doorstep.

How's your health nowadays? asked Miss Dolly, frisking back with a look of resolute unconcern.

Very good; remarkably good! I don't know where you'll find a man, Dolly, with a tougher constitution than I have got.

Ah! Miss Dolly blushed like a sumac in October.

Yes, I'm well, pursued Mr. Wiggins, persistently, and I'm tolerably well-to-do, with nothing to hinder my marrying again, provided I can see a woman to my mind.

There's the deacon's widow, suggested Dolly, officiously; she's a pious, economical—

She's left with means enough to carry her through handsomely, interrupted Mr. Wiggins, quickly. Now I'd rather have a wife to provide for—one that needed a home. In fact, Dolly, I have my eye on the little woman I want this minute!

I've managed to sugar my tea so far, David, without calling upon my neighbors, chimed she, stooping to lay straight the braided mat, and I might as well keep on. I don't feel it a tax, as some folks would. But there's Martha Dunning, she's having a hard time to get along. Why don't you take her, David? She'd appreciate such a nice house as yours.

It would seem as if most any woman might, said Mr. Wiggins, in an injured tone, all finished off complete, painted outside and in—

She'd be delighted with it, I am sure of it! broke in Miss Dolly, with an air of conviction, as