

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

E VARIIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic.

\$2.50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XLIV.

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, DEC. 5, 1877.

NO. 48.

The Other Face.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

The artist would in vain
The poet's dream detain.
The sweet, elusive phantom of his brain:
For when he deems his thought
The fugitive has fled,
Behold, it is not what the artist sought!
It shimmers still afar,
Attended by a star,
In that far region where our fancies are—
Where nightingales belong.
The beetle throng
Of ideal beauty and unwritten song.
The poet has no power
An earnest soul to pour
With the full product of a travail hour:
Nor can the artist place
Within the appointed space
The perfect beauty of the other face.
The face so wondrous fair,
Untouched by earthly care,
At once his inspiration, and despair,
That seems as if to teach
A more angelic speech,
While floating ever over out of reach!
So, though the poet climb
To ethereal heights sublime,
The spell he sought is absent from his rhyme
And though with matchless skill
The artist works his will,
His lovely vision is a vision still!

TURNING THE TABLES.

"I really don't know what is to be done with this perverse girl," said Dr. Hammond, running his finger through his hair until it stood on end, and imparted to him much of the appearance of a particularly fretful porcupine.
His wife looked up from her sewing, and said, quietly:
"Let her have her own way."
"What! and marry Doctor Gray?"
Why, he's as poor as a church mouse—not even a practice to depend upon."
"He is young and clever. He will get practice and make money, as you did, after I married you."
This hint had an opposite effect from what she had intended.
"He'll not get a practice here. My patients know better than to trust themselves to an inexperienced boy, with a head full of new-fangled, morbid, professional theories. Humbug!"

At that moment a pretty young girl entered, and pausing only to drop a rosebud on her aunt's lap, and another on the table, where her uncle sat with his paper, passed quietly out of the opposite door. Her aunt's eyes followed her.
"Richard, don't you think Ellie looks badly?" She is quite thin, and has lost her color and appetite. Wouldn't some change benefit her?"
The doctor looked up with a sudden light gleaming through his gold-rimmed spectacles.
"A good idea. She will be the better for being sent away for a few weeks—or months, if necessary. It may cure her of other complaints than dyspepsia."
"But who is to accompany her?"
You know it is impossible for me to leave home this summer; and at Scarborough—
"She won't go to Scarborough, or to any other place where this young Gray can follow her. I will send her to some quiet farmhouse. There is Mrs. Fraser's—a nice, secluded place, where she will be well taken care of. I know that the old lady sometimes takes summer boarders. As for a companion, her cousin will be glad of some country recreation after a year's governing in town. I will pay her board, and while we are on the subject, I'll step over at once to Mrs. Maddox's and make inquiries."

The doctor had a reason for this hurrying this suddenly conceived plan. On Thursday there was to be a picnic in Fernwood, where Gabriella—or Ellie, as her uncle and aunt called her—would be sure to meet Dr. Gray.
He doubted whether the pair had yet come to an understanding, but he knew that a few dreamy summer hours amid those lonely glades would "work more mischief," as he inwardly expressed it, than two months of ordinary intercourse; therefore, he was anxious to prevent the meeting.
The result of the doctor's planning was that, he, next day, wrote to Mrs. Fraser, at Hillside Farm, near Grassy Junction, to expect his niece, Miss Gabriella Hammond, on Thursday; and also mentioned that another niece of his, Miss Hammond, would join her there in a day or two.

Now, it happened that this last-mentioned lady, the elder Miss Hammond, whose name was also Gabriella, exerted herself to meet Ellie on Thursday, at "the junction," and did arrive there punctual to the time, only to find that the train had not brought her expected cousin.
Sitting, at one of the carriage windows, as a acquaintance from Fernwood, she hastily inquired, and learned that Ellie had been detained by an accident, but that she would be down next day.

At the same moment she was accosted by a spare and sunburnt lad, who inquired if she were not Miss Gabriella Hammond, and informed her that he was Mrs. Fraser's nephew, and that "the trap was waiting for her."

While Miss Hammond busied herself in collecting her numerous parcels, and gazing disparagingly at the little village, consisting of a few houses and a blacksmith's shop, several hencoops and a little grocery, she was herself an object of interest to the natives thereof.

"Say, Mr. Bunce," remarked the youth who had addressed her, as he stood before the counter of the grocer's receiving divers parcels of goods, "don't you want a squint at the hearse?"

The person addressed peered cautiously from between two glass jars on the window, containing several soap and sugarsticks. He was a tall young man with sandy hair, shrewd gray eyes, and an ill-trimmed, overgrown moustache; and was further adorned with a heavy gold watch chain and an amethyst seal ring on his little finger.

He surveyed Miss Hammond as intently as though she had been some animal of rare and curious species.

"Hum! not so young as she might be, and rather scrappy. Are you sure, Len, it's her?"

"Perfectly sure. The doctor wrote that she'd be here to-day; and cousin Maddox wrote to us that the lady—Miss Gabriella Hammond is her name—had some money of her own; and would be heir to all the doctor's fortune. He's rich, you see, and has no children. Cousin Susan said we must be sure to have things extra, and that Miss Gabriella loved poetry, books and chocolate creams. He, he! She don't look much like it. But I must hurry up and get her and the rest of the bundles into the trap."

The getting Miss Hammond into the trap proved a task of some difficulty. She had evidently rigid ideas of the proper and becoming. Perceiving this, the gentleman who had been addressed by Len as Mr. Bunce, hastily smoothed his hair, pulled up his collar, and pausing only to insert in his shirt-front a ruby breastpin, gallantly hastened to her rescue.

"Allow me the pleasure of assisting you, miss. Steps rather high for a lady. Here, Zerkie, a cheer for the lady!"

By means of the combined assistance of this article of furniture and Mr. Bunce's strong arm, Miss Hammond was at length seated, and while Len busied himself in final preparations, he essayed to make himself agreeable.

"Had a pleasant ride, miss? Ah! Hillside's a nice place. Plenty of the best to eat—fine fruit, vegetables, apple pies and chickens. Why, you'll pick up in no time, and grow so plump that your own friends 'll scarcely know you."

The lady's sallow cheek flushed slightly, and as the wagon drove away, Mr. Lucullus Bunce rubbed his head briskly, with a new and eager light in his grey eyes, and murmured audibly—
"I'll be blest if I don't!"
"Smart man, that 'ere," remarked Miss Hammond's Jehu, confidently. "Owns the grocery shop, and does a good business, but he's a pushing, driving character, and wants to run up a steam factory and sawmill. Sartin to make a fortune in no time if he had the capital."

On the day following Ellie arrived; but, not being recognized as an heiress, excited no admiration or attention beyond what her pretty face commanded. She was "the poor one," according to Len, consequently played second fiddle to her mature relative, in the estimation of her new acquaintance.

She, however, troubled herself very little as to what they might or might not think of her. She was in love, poor child—really in love—and her young heart was much oppressed by the difficult situation in which she found herself.

Should she give up her uncle for her lover, or her lover for her uncle? She felt that she could not do the latter, and both duty and a sense of gratitude and affection caused her to shrink from the former.

Meantime, she roamed about the pretty groves and meadows of Hillside, and read Tennyson, which Dr. Gray had given her before she left home, and felt a comfort and soothing in the fresh, sweet nature about her, which made her cheerful and hopeful.

As to her cousin, Miss Gabriella, she had settled down to steady sewing, and Ellie thought she had never before seen her so silent and preoccupied—except when Mr. Lucullus Bunce was present.

He had called at Hillside, in a radiant, gorgeous plaid suit and extensive assortment of jewelry—as he himself amiably explained, "because he knew the ladies

were lonesome, and would like to be cheered up a bit."

Ellie was amused, but glad to find that she was not required to entertain him, and that her cousin kindly allowed her to slip off when she chose, and never insisted on her accompanying herself and Mr. Bunce in their strolls in the garden and lanes.

And so, day after day, Mr. Lucullus made his appearance, bringing with him packages of sweets, huge bouquets of gorgeous colored flowers, wherein coxcomb and marigold conspicuously figured, and a variety of literature—social, religious and political.

In his presence, Miss Gabriella seemed all smiles; but Ellie wondered why, when they two sat alone in the room appropriated to them, so anxious and thoughtful an expression should sit upon her rather faded brow, and contract her no longer fresh lips.

The truth was that Miss Gabriella, like Mr. Bunce himself, was playing a desperate game. Despite his pretence at innocence, she was not long in perceiving the mistake into which he had fallen in regard to her own and Ellie's respective positions; and, being shrewd and quick-witted, was at no loss what motive to attribute his disinterested attentions.

But herein she saw a chance for herself—one for which she had for years been vainly, and of late, almost hopelessly pining.

The one aim of her life had been to get married. She had with horror felt herself drifting into what she had regarded with unspeakable dread—old maidhood; and she caught eagerly at the chance of saving herself.

Mr. Bunce might be a little odd, a little rough and unpolished, but she would be a "Mrs." and with that tower of strength to her name, she could brave everything and everybody.

So Miss Gabriella Hammond was very careful not to deceive him, and even in confidence mentioned his mistake to Ellie, affecting to look upon it as a joke; and beseeching that young lady to let it go on—it would be so funny!

And one day, when Mr. Bunce, in his haste and anxiety to secure his prize, spoke of love in a cottage, with water and crust, or the more luxurious fare of bread and cheese, and—hmm!—Miss Hammond exhibited a maiden bashfulness which encouraged him to a more decided proposition.

And then she told him, timidly, that she knew her friends would all oppose their marriage; and Mr. Lucullus, trembling less the golden prize should escape him, suggested an immediate private marriage.

Thus it happened that on a certain day, as Dr. Hammond sat writing in his office, news was suddenly brought to him which caused him to start up, turn pale, and five minutes after to seize his hat, and rush, half frantically, toward the railway station.

In another two hours he alighted at the door of Hillside farmhouse, and with white lips and glaring eyes confronted good Mrs. Fraser, who came nervously forth to meet him.

"Madam," he demanded, "is this true which I hear? Is—is my niece really married?"

"Well, sir, I must say that Miss Hammond did surprise us all; and for my part I hadn't the least notion of such a thing happening."

"Is she married?" thundered the doctor.

"Why, yes, sir. She was married this morning; and I must say—"

With a groan the doctor sank into a chair, and wiped his damp brow.

"When I sent her here," he said, in hot anger, "I thought she would be safe. She has been inveigled into this most unsuitable, most disgraceful marriage. A child—a mere child."

Mrs. Fraser opened her eyes, but was prevented from replying by the entrance of Ellie, a little pale, also agitated and tearful.

"Her cousin's marriage with Mr. Bunce had been a great shock to her."

"Uncle!" she exclaimed, springing forward to throw her arms around his neck.

But he flung her off, and glared at her in speechless anger.

"You—you ungrateful viper!" he at length exclaimed. "How dare you come near me? How dare you look me in the face after such conduct?"

"Uncle!"

Ellie was pale with surprise.

"I will disinheritor you!" he continued excitedly. "I will disown you. You and the clown you have married shall never darken my door! I—"

And here he suddenly broke down, and sinking upon Mrs. Fraser's hospitable sofa, bowed his head upon his hands and wept.

Ellie stood for a moment with a strange smile sparkling in her eyes and upon her lips. Then she stole to her uncle's side, and put her arms around

his neck, and her cheek to his, and softly stroked his hair.

The touch melted him at once. It was a way which she had even when a little child, of soothing him when he was tired or troubled.

"Oh, child, child! I would rather you should have died—would rather have died myself—than that you should have done this. Would to heaven that you had married Doctor Gray."

"You would not let me, uncle," responded Ellie, meekly. "I would rather have married him than Mr. Bunce."

The doctor winced at the name. Then looked up, suddenly.

"Ellie, you were married only this morning. You can scarcely call yourself this man's wife. This marriage can be annulled. I will buy him off with money—I will get a divorce. You, Ellie, my child—you can marry Dr. Gray."

She stood for a moment, silent and thoughtful; then her face brightened with something between earnestness and humor.

"Uncle Richard, if I promise never to be more to Mr. Bunce than I now am—if I give you permission to try and obtain for me a divorce from him—will you, in turn, promise a full and free consent to my marrying Dr. Gray?"

"Yes, child, yes! I have never approved of divorces, or of divorced parties marrying again; but in this case, anything, anything."

Ellie's voice trembled a little as she said:

"Now, uncle, put this compact in writing, and we will both sign it."

So the paper was drawn up, and Mrs. Fraser and her nephew, Len, much marvelling, witnessed it; and Ellie, folding away the paper, said, with that mingled light still in her blue eyes:

"You know, uncle, you never break your word."

"But, law sakes!" exclaimed Mrs. Fraser, "I don't understand it at all. It isn't Miss Ellie, but your other niece, Miss Gabriella, who's married to Mr. Lucullus Bunce."

"What!" roared the doctor.

As if to corroborate the good woman's assertion, there was a sound of wheels without, and the next moment in walked Mr. Lucullus himself, with his fair bride upon his arm.

The doctor's joy at the welcome discovery of how matters really stood was too great to permit him to be very angry at what he mildly termed Gabriella's foolishness.

But of Mr. Lucullus' feelings upon discovering that he had not married the heiress, what shall be said?

He swore a little, and the bride went into feeble hysterics; while Ellie, nestling close to the doctor, whispered softly:

"You know, uncle, you never break your word!"

And, though rather loth, he did keep it, and never regretted it, for Dr. Gray not only became a relation, but a partner instead of a rival.

A Long Tramp.

Mr. Henry Skeins, who lives at Linden, about seven miles from this village, says the *Attica* (N. Y.) *Argus*, has been in the employment of the Erie railroad company ever since the road was built; he is a perfectly reliable man and his statement is vouched for by quite a number of the citizens of Linden. For the past twenty years he has held the position of track-walker, and his business has been to go over a certain distance each day and see that the road is in good order. For seventeen years he has traveled twenty miles each day; for three years he traveled sixteen miles a day. He doesn't remember when he has lost a day, but thinks for safety he will deduct sixty days for lost time. His little walk would therefore extend over 140,420 miles, which goes ahead of the *Times* champion by 20,400 miles, and Mr. Skeins don't think it much of a walk after all.

A Plucky Cat.

A Little Compton man has a plucky cat. While lying on the doorstep, the other day, a large hen hawk swooped down into the yard and seized a fat chicken, which it attempted to carry off. The cat at once leaped upon the intruder and clawed him so lustily that he relinquished his hold and sailed away. In a short time, however, he returned again and made another attempt in which he, as signally failed, the cat attacking him as soon as he alighted. Three times did the hawk essay to carry off his prey, and as often did pussy succeed in protecting his charge from the intruder, until the bird, becoming disgusted with the prospect of obtaining a dainty bit of spring chicken from that hen yard, soared away to repeat the attempt upon some less guarded grounds. — *Woonsocket* (R. I.) *Patriot*.

A Baby Cremation in New York.

A recent issue of the *New York Times* contains the following: An extraordinary case of cremation—the burning by the father of the dead body of his own offspring—was reported to the board of health. The first intimation of the case was received by Dr. John T. Nagle, register of vital statistics, from Bernard Kolb, an undertaker, doing business at No. 991 Second avenue, who wrote a letter to Dr. Nagle, informing him that Mr. Julius Kircher, residing at No. 307 East Fifty-sixth street, had burned the body of his child.

A reporter of the *Times* called at the residence of Mr. Kircher to obtain either a denial or confirmation of the strange story told by the undertaker. Mr. Kircher was not at home, but his wife confirmed the story in every particular. She stated that the child, which was named Egiharl Louise Kircher, lived only eight days and when the babe died her husband wished to have the body buried in the Lutheran Cemetery. She did not make any strenuous objection to this, but her father did, and she supposed that, to appease the old gentleman, her husband had determined not to bury the corpse, but to burn it.

Mrs. Kircher said that her husband keeps a paint factory at No. 615 East Fifteenth street, and on Tuesday morning he took the body of their infant son out of the coffin, where it had been prepared for burial, and wrapping it up in old clothes, had carried it down town with him. When he returned in the evening he informed her that he had placed the corpse in an iron box, and thrust it into a furnace in the factory, and that the body had been thoroughly cremated. He also told her that the furnaces in his factory were peculiarly fitted for cremation, as they were capable of being heated to an intense degree, and the tall chimneys carried off the gases and odors without offense to the neighborhood.

Mrs. Kircher said that neither her husband nor herself had any idea that he was doing anything wrong, but her husband believed that he had a perfect right to cremate the body of a relative if he saw fit, and that it was as lawful for him to cremate the remains as to have them buried.

An examination of the sanitary code of the board of health shows that it does not prohibit the cremation of dead bodies, nor does it prescribe any special mode for the disposition of the remains of human beings which can be constructed into such a prohibition.

Words of Wisdom.

He that will be served must be patient. When you are an assail hold you still. When you are a hammer strike your fill. Who spits against heaven it falls in his face.

Nothing but a good life can fit men for a better one.

Three helping one another bear the burden of six.

The fox knows much, but more he catches him.

Money is well spent in purchasing tranquility of mind.

Pardon and pleasantness are great revengers of slander.

He that hath a mouth of his own must not say to another, Blow!

He who is puffed up with the first gale of prosperity, will bend beneath the first blast of adversity.

An able man shows his spirit by gentle words and resolute actions; he is neither hot nor timid.

There is no man who needs so much watching as the one who is all the time watching some one else.

The incapacity of men to understand each other is one of the principal causes of their ill-temper toward each other.

With love, the heart becomes a fair and fertile garden, glowing with sunshine and warm hues, and exhaling sweet odors.

Those who excel in strength are not most likely to show contempt in weakness. A man does not despise the weakness of a child.

A Dinner to Chief Joseph.

A dinner was given to Chief Joseph and the other Nez Perce braves on their arrival in Bismarck, Dakota. The dinner was a strange affair to the chiefs, but they went through it very successfully. An after-dinner speech of welcome was received with grins. Shaved Head and Joseph both responded in a very dignified and deliberate manner. Joseph was very much embarrassed when he spoke, and explained that his thoughts did not flow freely because there were so many people before him and he was confined in a dining-hall; he was used to holding his feasts under broad trees, where his ideas came freely and his speech was fluent. The frontier people of Dakota are very friendly toward Joseph, and believe him to be an injured Indian.

Items of Interest.

General Sherman's salary, including allowances, is about \$18,000 a year.

An auctioneer once advertised a lot of chairs, which, he said, had been used by school children without backs.

Inquisitive party—So you've lost your father? Reserved party—Yes. Inquisitive party—How much did your father leave? Reserved party—Everything.

The *Scientific American* says that Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale, who recently retired from the editorship of *Godey's Lady Book*, after holding the position over fifty years, is the inventor of Thanksgiving Day, "for she first suggested the idea of an American national Thanksgiving in 1846."

The father and mother of W. A. Shorter, late editor of the *Rome* (Ga.) *Courier*, reside at Eufaula, Ala., and on the night of his death Mrs. Shorter woke her husband, asked him the time of night, and said, "Willie is dead; I feel that Willie is dead." The time was 1:15. Young Shorter died at 1:10. Mrs. Shorter knew of her son's illness, yet it is very singular that she should have such a vivid impression of his death just at the moment.

A Nevada City (Col.) incident: A few days ago a Chinaman entered a grocery store and bought a sack of potatoes, purchasing also tea, sugar, tobacco, and other articles to the amount of three or four dollars. Picking up the groceries and starting for the door, he thus addressed the proprietor: "By my nuthin Chinaman, he come fo' potato team. He pay all like. Goodby." The potatoes are waiting for the Chinaman with the team yet.

A reunion of five aged brothers, some of whom had not met for forty years took place near Paris, Ill., a few days since. The eldest, Insign Mitchell, is ninety years of age; the second, Claudius is eighty-four; the third, Ira, seventy-eight; the fourth, Abizer, seventy-one; the fifth and youngest, sixty-eight. Four of them are fathers of ten children each. The reunion was a joyful one for the brothers, and excited much interest in the neighborhood.

Baby Boa Constrictors.

Last evening a reporter for the *Star* saw at the door of the Aquarium a card publicly displayed, as follows:

Wanted—Live young mice: will pay one cent apiece.

These little mice are wanted for the dozen or more baby boa constrictors now in a glass box with their mother, and four large anacondas. On the 20th inst. Phil, the engineer, ran up stairs and told Dr. Dornier that some thing had got into the snake box, and the doctor found the little boas gathered in a bunch. They were each twenty one inches long and astonishingly lively. When disturbed they raised their heads and hissed like old snakes. At first they needed no food, because to the stomach of each was attached a substance like the yolk of an egg, from which they took nourishment. In two weeks, however, this source of supply was exhausted. Then they took to the older serpents' mode of eating. The cruel and swallow the little mice as the bigger snakes do rabbits. It is said that it will be impossible to raise this interesting family, under Mr. Bergh's ruling. The boas have grown three inches since their birth.

The mother, which is eleven feet long, is very hungry. She has eaten nothing for over two months. At noon yesterday it was noticed that her skin had parted at her lips. In about fifteen minutes she had pushed it back, in continuous roll all around her head, her neck. She did this by rubbing against the gravel on the bottom of the box. After it had been rolled back over her body for about three feet the skin ceased to roll up and began to doubt on itself. After five feet of the shining new skin had become visible, all brought her head around and pushed back the old skin by pressing against the side of her neck. She got rid of her skin entirely in just two hours and ten minutes.

After the shedding of its skin a young pent cat ravenously. Yesterday morning two rabbits were placed in the box for her, but the anacondas, which it was thought had been sated, seized them. In Mr. Bergh's office it is suggested that now will be a good time to try it with a piece of beef. Mr. Bergh said last evening that he once told Mr. Barnum that he must not feed the snake that were kept in the old Ann street museum. "Mr. Barnum was angry but I told him that the law of the State would be invoked if he did not heed a warning. 'Very well,' said he, 'then won't feed them in this State.' Afterward he told me that whenever a snake got hungry he took them over Taylor's Hotel in Jersey City to be them fed." — *New York Sun*.