

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.]

E VARIIS SEMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—C12

[\$2 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

No 8

SAINT ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK, FEBRUARY 21, 1872

Vol 39

Poetry.

LOST THOUGHTS.

My heart's lost children, whither have you fled?
Or wherefore have you left me comfortless?
Unguarded child, whom I nursed and fed
With my own soul's pure milk, and hoped to bless
By your consoling presence the sad days
When love and friendship shed no more their rays.

Lost in the nightly wilderness of Mind!
Gone, it may be, to other souls less kind
Than she who gave you birth, and without care
For all the little charms to me so fair!
Will you return no more? Return my own?
Perhaps you have but slept an ill awake.
Awake to bless me—I am all alone—
And let no other your sweet slace take!

Interesting Tale.

ROSABEL'S FAIR.

There was an immense deal of chattering going on in the drawing-room of Mrs. Roxbury. Usually this was the abode of trim elegance, but just now it presented a scene of bright and picturesque confusion. A long table was strewn with all manner of fancy work, rainbow-tinted worsteds, dolls, waxen bique, etc., whose toiles were in all stages of progress; these, together with those graceful, useless articles which women do affect and dote upon made a "melange" very pretty if somewhat confusing.

Several groups of excited debaters were gathered about the table discussing pros and cons. For all this array was the prelude to one of those exhibitions, the delight of femininity and the horror of masculinity—jelept, a fair.

The presiding genius of the occasion appeared to be two brilliant blondes, these Mrs. Roxbury's daughters. The wax dolls waiting for their toilets were not more red and white of complexion than they; just as blue eyed and flaxen-haired they were also.

They were called "handsome," were Marion and Clara Roxbury; but I think these same wax-dolls to whom they have been compared had just as much real heart warmth about them as had these two brilliant damsels.

To my mind, little Rosabel Mallory, sitting in the corner there, very busy over a Persian tily, had decidedly the fairest face to look upon. It touched you with its delicate tints, its serene eyes, its gently smiling mouth. Rosabel was Mrs. Roxbury's niece; she had been left a legacy to that lady, who accepted the same with somewhat more of reluctance than is apt to be the case with recipients of legacies in general. However, the lady made a virtue of necessity, gave Rosabel a "home," "educated" her, less slowly, however, than her own daughters, and every one concluded that little Rosabel was excellently well provided for.

I think, however, often and often Rosabel's heart yearned for that tenderness born only of loving sympathy. Father or mother she remembered not; only in the dim distance a swart sailor-face that had looked upon her with kindly eyes, that had kissed her many times, and at parting had given her a little glass ship whereby to remember "Uncle Jack."

This same glass ship reposed upon Rosabel's mantel, its central ornament; when she looked at it she thought of the bronzed, manly face that had gazed upon the motherless child so tenderly, and had said: "Don't forget Uncle Jack. He'll be sure to come back some day, and then you shall want for nothing!"

In the mean time, while I have been telling you of Rosabel, it had begun to grow dusk; when the large drawing-room was flooded with light from the many branches of the great bronze chandeliers, beneath whose rays every thing looked brighter and gay than ever.

Then it was time for tea. So the servants brought in the service of frosted silver, and an informal meal was served, for every body was so busy with chattering and discussing divers plans that they could hardly stop to eat. The fragrant Bohemian and aromatic Mocha loosened even tongues that had been silent before. Rosabel's delicate check owned the magic, and began to flush. Her handsome cousins, Marion and Clara, looked still more like the wax-dolls they were dressing, so cherry-red grew their cheeks. And when every one was looking her prettiest the bell began to ring, and diving gentlemen made their appearance, some of them admirers of Mrs. Roxbury's daughters, and some of them to play the part of escorts to the other ladies.

There was Mr. Delacy Primrose, a youth with a slender mustache and a flourishing cravat, who straightway began to pay his "devoirs" to Miss Marion.

"Mr. Primrose, of course we can depend upon you to come to our fair?" asks Marion with her most winning smile.

"Of eth, of course," responded he with a faint lip.

But secretly Mr. Primrose's mind misgives him; he knows that fairs are expensive luxuries for individuals of slender purses, and truly Mr. Primrose's purse was as slender as his mustache. It took all his income to support what he was pleased to consider the character of a "gentleman." Oh! if people only knew how much less it really costs to be radically a lady or radically a gentleman the character would cease to be burdensome!

It is the 'appearance' that is so expensive. As for the reality there are none so poor that they may not bear "without reproach the grand old name of gentleman or lady."

But Mr. Primrose imagined that the title for his recent immaculate kids, French boots, shining broadcloth, astonishing neckties, etc., and so found himself at his wit's end continually to support the title.

Among those who had entered was one young man whose face differed from the others. It showed thought, feeling, intensity. His broadcloth was far from being as fine as that of Mr. Primrose, but he had that quiet repose of aspect and manner that nothing but that best grace of good-breeding can give—utter unconsciousness of one's self and one's belongings. It did not at all surprise you that he gravitated almost at once toward the corner occupied by Rosabel, whose lap was filled with bright colored worsteds, which with deft fingers she was rapidly changing into tassels for the afghan that had fallen to her share.

Rosabel looked up; a swift shy glance with a soft smile to keep the same company, but did not stop an instant in her work.

"You are very busy, Miss Mallory?"

"Oh! I am always that, Mr. Eustace," answers Miss Mallory with a very tiny sigh, under her breath as it were.

Yes, Rosabel was never idle. Aunt Roxbury was too good a "manager" not to look out for that; Rosabel had always enough to do and to spare.

"Don't you think it will be kept busy?" questions Mr. Eustace, evidently with the intention of "drawing out" his companion.

"Certainly. But then, Mr. Eustace, I think all labor is not congenial. And sometimes I do wish more than I can tell, that I could find time to learn many things of which I am very ignorant."

"I'm sure, Miss Mallory, that you know many, many things which most of us ought to know; one could tell that by a single glance at your face."

"Oh me! I'm sure I haven't a wise face by any means," said Rosabel, laughing so that a dimple showed for the first time in either cheek.

Mr. Eustace thought, what he, at all events was too wise to say, that Rosabel's face was to him beautiful, with the best kind of beauty—the sweetness of a lovely Christian womanhood.

The next day the fair was to be opened. Every thing, of course, was to be put in readiness.

Rosabel, as was apt to be the case, was placed on the working committee, and dispatched to see that all the necessary arrangements were made for the evening. Her handsome cousins, Marion and Clara, elected themselves to "stay at home," that they might be perfectly bright and fresh for the evening's campaign.

The room where the fair was to be held presented a somewhat desolate aspect upon Rosabel's arrival. It was "cluttered up," as the phrase is, with odds and ends of various kinds, all of which must be gotten rid of before any thing further could be accomplished.

"Good morning, Miss Mallory," said a voice particularly musical just now when a friend's presence was so much needed.

"Oh Mr. Eustace! this is more than fortunate; I was just beginning to despair."

"Never do that, Miss Mallory; when the cloud is darkest look out for the silver lining, you know."

How efficient Mr. Eustace was; how well he understood every thing. Then some of the other damsels interested in the fair made their appearance, bringing "big brothers" with them, and every thing began to go as merry as a "marriage bell." After a little, matters fell into "ship shape"; the long tables clad in white grew bright with knock-knacks of every description. Underneath the skillful supervision of Mr. Eustace a fairy-like bonnet arose upon a platform in the centre of the room, and in fact—to make a bad pun—the aspect of every thing became decidedly fair (y) like.

In the meantime Rosabel, like some gentle spirit, flitted to and fro calling order out of confusion wherever she came. "The little room which had been dedicated to culinary purposes assumed a comfortable aspect. A tiny apartment found itself deftly metamorphosed into the 'ladies' dressing-room,' until at length, satisfactorily fitted, yet with a face that wore its brightest, sweetest smile, Rosabel pronounced every thing "in order."

Mr. Eustace brought her safely home then, and as he lifted his hat for good-by, Rosabel said with

the shy, sweet glance that became her so well:

"You will surely be here to-night, Mr. Eustace? You know every thing will be so new to me, that a friend's face will indeed be welcome."

"I will surely be there," responded Mr. Eustace, with that earnest, kindly smile that is to a man's countenance what the soft, shy glance and "flash of rose-tint is to a woman's."

"Rosabel, Rosabel!" rang out in chorus from the cousins, Marion and Clara, as soon as the former made her appearance.

"Coming, coming!" answered Rosabel, like Cinderella in the play.

"Toot to curl my hair, you know," demands Marion.

"Ah! no, she's to crimp mine first," frets Clara.

"Patience, patience, cousins mine. I'll do both in good time!"

The two sisters by-and-by are equipped, when they suggest more than ever two waxen dolls on a grand scale with their cherry cheeks, lilla-red mouths, and flaxen hair, crimped and curled.

Rosabel, whose heart overflows sometimes even toward them, says:

"You both look so pretty I must kiss you."

"There, then, just on our cheeks, Rosabel dear. Don't muss our hair for any thing."

So, gently inclining toward her, first one tucks her cheek, and then the other; Rosabel kisses them both in a very subdued manner, and, embracing themselves in velvet cloaks and emerald furs, they depart in the waiting carriage.

Rosabel's work is not yet done, however; the house-maid is absent; it is her "afternoon out."

So the former descends to the kitchen and superintends tea. Cook is very cross to-night, ready to snap and snarl like Cerberus at any unlucky wight that ventures into her domain.

But somehow Rosabel's presence acts like a charm; growing subsides into a subdued grumble that sounds like this:

"I've coaxed them other two has gone off in their floundings and fixes 'n't neither of them as you look at 'em. Miss Rosabel, well all their pink cheeks and ya'll hair; and left this poor lamb to do the work."

"Dear me, cook, what are you thinking of? Why there's nothing to be done. There, the coffee's ready; now for the cake 'n' preserves. Come, bring the water, that's a dear soul, and we'll all have tea."

"It's the saint's that ye are, Miss Rosabel. Heaven bless ye, me darlint!"

Yes, cook, Heaven will bless Rosabel. Fatherless, motherless, there is one in heaven that keeps watch and ward. Holy angels will not be wanting to guard the motherless one!

Mrs. Roxbury has a "sneak" of the fair has worried her into it, the house has been so upside down; so Rosabel presides—graciously, as she does most things, a quiet, sweetly smiling household spirit. Surely the amber tinted coffee must taste nicely as she turns on the urn, if the flavor of her smile gives it refresh; and certainly it does not need "Sovereign" china to brighten the excellence of the Bohemian that she always makes "exactly right!"

Third Uncle Roxbury thinks so. He wishes sometimes, in a vague wondering way, that his daughters were "more like Rosabel." But their mother tells him that "they are fair-dashing girls," and supposes they must be put after all Rosabel is a "nice little thing."

Once his wife had lamented the care and burden that other people's children were. Whereupon the quiet gentleman, who usually said nothing, had dryly responded that he guessed Rosabel paid for her food and clothing.

A battery was opened upon him forthwith that would have silenced any man. It did Mr. Roxbury at any rate; but the next day a package came—for Miss Mallory. It contained the first silk dress that Rosabel had ever possessed. Uncle Roxbury presented it. It cost him dear, however; to appease the approval of the well-bent gentleman was called upon to present wife and daughters with respectable fabrics at the expense of five dollars per yard. Rosabel's had cost possibly, one third of that amount.

Being a damsel however, of moderate aspirations in the line of dress, Rosabel proceeded on this occasion to complete her toilet with the same in a very contented and grateful frame of mind. She was about descending kitchenward to prevail upon cook to assume the character of escort, when she was saved that trouble by the appearance upon the field of Mr. Eustace, who had a remarkable and praise-worthy facility of always being a friend in need.

Tucking Rosabel under his arm, he conveyed her off with him, a state of things which by no means diminished her grateful and contented frame of mind.

The scene of the fair re-echoed, a delightful aspect greeted them. Within the lower blinds imprisoned in gilt cages warbled; flowers blooming in swinging baskets were offered for sale by pretty, bright faced girls, whose invitation to buy it would indeed be very hard to refuse.

Rosabel, remembering how bare and desolate

late had been the aspect of the room in the morning, could hardly believe the place to be the same.

Mr. Eustace found Rosabel's table, and led her to it, saying playfully:

"Now I shall discover, Miss Mallory, the contents of that mysterious package you hold in your hand, and which I have been unable to prevail upon you to trust with me."

Softly smiling, Rosabel took from its wrapping a little ship of glass, which she set upon her table as its central ornament.

Something in the aspect of Rosabel's face touched Mr. Eustace.

"Has that crystal vessel a history, Miss Mallory?"

"Yes. My Uncle Jack gave it to me for a parting gift years ago. It is a token he will come back some day. I try to think, though he may be lying fathoms deep, it may be."

But Rosabel had no time just now for sentiment there were buyers at her table, so she turned her attention to them.

Almost for the first time Rosabel heard one and another whisper, "What a pretty girl! Did they really mean her or some body else? Women like, she wondered to herself, if somebody else thought so, then blushed that she should be so vain!"

The room began to fill until it was crowded, and with the crowd Mr. Delacy Primrose made his appearance. Mr. Primrose, coming to the fair, had made a sacrifice. He had contemplated the purchase of a new tie, but had surrendered the idea that he might invest the amount at Marion Roxbury's table, there by giving incontestible proof of his devotion.

By-and-by, making the circuit of the room flitting himself that he was one of the "features" of the occasion, Mr. Primrose lounged up to Rosabel's table.

"Been successful, Miss Mallory?"

"Not so very, Mr. Primrose. Every body admires, but few buy."

"Every body admires, eh? Well, speaking of that, have you noticed that queer-looking old covey sitting by the door? He's been there for half an hour, and he's done nothing but look at you. One of your admirers in disguise—must be?"

Rosabel looked and saw sitting near the doorway a man, elderly yet not old, of visage smart and sun burnt, yet blimming over with bushiness.

A strange emotion tugged at Rosabel's heart-strings. In a moment she had left her table, and standing before the weather beaten man, flushed with timid blushes fair and sweet to look upon, in her fresh girlhood she had said:

"It is lonely for you sitting here, sir. Wouldn't you like to look at some of the pretty things?"

"Bless your heart my little girl. I'm looking at the prettiest sight now I've seen, this many a long day. But I'll come with you, and if you have got any thing to suit to an old salt like me why I'll buy."

"That I am, sailor, then sir?"

"That I am, sailor, then sir?"

Rosabel with that same strange feeling thrilling her, brought her new acquaintance to her table.

In the most indeliberate manner he began "buying right and left; dolls, pin cushions, ties, nothing seemed to come amiss. In the midst of it all his eyes fell upon the ship of glass. The bronzed visage lighted up.

"Is that for sale, my pretty child?"

"Not for the world, captain."

"If it was though, I'd like to buy. It was just such a one that I gave, ever so long ago, to a child named Rosabel."

"I'm Rosabel, I'm Rosabel!" cried the young lady, laughing and sobbing in the same breath. And you—you are Uncle Jack—come here at last!"

Rosabel and Uncle Jack then proceeded to make a spectacle of themselves, and the fair beheld Miss Mallory in the embrace of an elderly gentleman bronzed and weather beaten to the last degree, both of them sobbing away as heartily as possible.

After a while the twin settled down, and Rosabel, with humid eyes and cheeks like "roses washed in dew," brought Uncle Jack first of all to Mr. Eustace, murmuring softly:

"He has been so kind to me, Uncle Jack. The elder man eyed the younger one with a grain of suspicion in his aspect but the frank manly bearing annulled every thing but confidence.

old covey. Maybe she won't remember it, though, in the excitement.

And Mr. Primrose settling his tie, begins to think that really it might be worth while, &c.

Mrs. Roxbury is delighted, of course. She has so faithfully superintended Rosabel's education; if she had been her own child she could possibly have given her more time and attention. So anxious as she has been about her, too, for Mr. Roxbury is not over rich, and if anything had happened to him what would become of them all?

Captain Jack, in his bluff sailor fashion assures Mrs. Roxbury that her anxieties are at an end, and that good lady set him down as "a bore."

Presently, however an immense chest filled with exquisite fabrics from the looms of India and China, and containing all manner of quaint and beautiful things, makes its appearance.

A slight token from Captain Jack to Mrs. Roxbury and daughters for all their kindness to his dear niece Rosabel.

Mrs. Roxbury and daughters immediately conclude that Captain Jack is a most delightful man, one whose acquaintance is worth cultivating and they cultivate it assiduously.

Miss Rosabel Mallory told no secrets. In very truth she had imagined them all kind enough until she learned what a heaven upon earth a home sanctified by loving hearts and fond appreciation may make for a woman.

If there was sadness in the past the present is so bright that Uncle Jack's niece finds neither time nor inclination to remember it. She has matters enough now to reach her all that she has longed to know, she has two true hearts that love her better every day—Mr. Eustace and Uncle Jack, and she thanks the Giver of all good for the happiest home that she ever shone upon.

And that was the end of Rosabel's fair.

TWO CALIFORNIA BOYS KILL A PANTHER.

The following story, narrating how two boys killed a panther and a cub, is told in the Sacramento Union, by an author, residing in Colusa county, California.

"The particulars are related by a gentleman residing in the vicinity of Newcastle, upon whose veracity you can safely rely. He says two young lads, with whom he is personally acquainted, started to the mountains, as is customary, with a flock of sheep. One was named Orlando Durin, aged fourteen years, and the other Charles Hill, aged eighteen."

After getting thoroughly settled in their cabins and the sheep under good control; they started off one bright morning trout fishing, having with them a sheep dog and a Jack knife, the latter in possession of a young Haul, and the only weapon of defence in case of an attack from any wild animal. The dog had gone far when they came to an old moss grown log, and where about to step on it, when out sprang a large size panther and her two cubs. Young Durin, seized the sheep dog on the panther, and was pushing him in a frightful manner, when young Durin came to the rescue, catching the panther by the tail and endeavoring to pull her off the dog. In case the panther let go her hold it would have been sure death to the young adventurer. Just in the nick of time young Hill, seeing the danger his companion was in, drew his Jack knife and rushed to the scene of conflict. Running his hand down over the panther until he felt the pulsation of the heart he raised the knife, and with unerring aim, put it straight into the panther's heart. The animal fell dead, between them. Thus, by the merest accident, the lives of the two young heroes were spared. A few days afterwards they hunted up the two cubs which escaped during the fight with the old one, and killed them also.

Any person paying a visit to their father's residence can see the three skins hung up as a trophy of the victory they accomplished. The dog recovered and is as faithful as before his encounter.

HAPPY.—It is not great wealth nor high station which makes a man happy. Many of the most wretched beings on earth have both; but it is a radiant, sunny, bright which knows how to bear little trials and to enjoy little comforts, and which thus extracts happiness from every incident of life.

SILENCE IS GOLDEN.—Do not speak of anything to day which you would not like to have repeated tomorrow.

We love ourselves notwithstanding our faults, and we ought to love our enemies in like manner.

HONESTY.—Why Bridget, what you do with the cream? These children cannot eat skim milk for breakfast. SUCRANT. (A recent and rare importation from the silk country.) Sure, mam and it isn't itself that would be after givin' the cream to ye. I tub off that and give it to the cats.

What perfume is most injurious to female beauty? D; you give it up. The essence of time.



DIPTION,

remedial physicians to be ration ever introduced a CURE of all

PLAINTS.

ordered to the public, seasoner forty years, and when fails to effect a speedy

bronchitis, Inflammation, rheumatism, Pains in heat and side, he Lung, chest, etc.

has attended the application of

COMPLAINTS

of high standing in the medical profession, and when fails to effect a speedy

A. A. GIBBS, M.D., W. H. WARD, M.D., W. B. LITTLE, M.D., A. BRILLIANT, M.D., H. D. MARSH, M.D., W. A. FARM, M.D., A. H. MORGAN, M.D., R. L. FURLEY, M.D.

DOING COUGHS

the above a little quantity of Balsam of Wild Cherry will do more for you than any other medicine. It is a sure cure for all kinds of coughs, colds, and croup, and is especially adapted for children. It is sold in bottles of 25 cents and 50 cents.

TO TASTE.

to pass over the intricate details.

OF WILD CHERRY

is a sure cure for all kinds of coughs, colds, and croup, and is especially adapted for children. It is sold in bottles of 25 cents and 50 cents.

PREPARED SALVE

is a sure cure for all kinds of coughs, colds, and croup, and is especially adapted for children. It is sold in bottles of 25 cents and 50 cents.

PREPARED SALVE

is a sure cure for all kinds of coughs, colds, and croup, and is especially adapted for children. It is sold in bottles of 25 cents and 50 cents.

PREPARED SALVE

is a sure cure for all kinds of coughs, colds, and croup, and is especially adapted for children. It is sold in bottles of 25 cents and 50 cents.

PREPARED SALVE

is a sure cure for all kinds of coughs, colds, and croup, and is especially adapted for children. It is sold in bottles of 25 cents and 50 cents.

PREPARED SALVE

is a sure cure for all kinds of coughs, colds, and croup, and is especially adapted for children. It is sold in bottles of 25 cents and 50 cents.

PREPARED SALVE

is a sure cure for all kinds of coughs, colds, and croup, and is especially adapted for children. It is sold in bottles of 25 cents and 50 cents.

PREPARED SALVE

is a sure cure for all kinds of coughs, colds, and croup, and is especially adapted for children. It is sold in bottles of 25 cents and 50 cents.

PREPARED SALVE

is a sure cure for all kinds of coughs, colds, and croup, and is especially adapted for children. It is sold in bottles of 25 cents and 50 cents.

Original issues in Poor Condition Best copy available