RBITTERS
FREE FROM
CALIFORNIA
ALCOHOL
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Agents, San Francisco, California,
and Charlton Sts., New York.
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The St. Andrews Standard.

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WHERE WE MAY PLACE OUR TRUST.

Where may we place our trust?
On what what foundation build?
On animated dust,
Our rock and shield?
On wealth or tinselled rank—
Earth's potentates of power—
Which, like the morning mist,
Oft vanish in an hour?

Upon a passing breath?
Upon an arm of flesh—
Which soon must sink in death,
And to corruption yield?
On heaven's seraphic throng,
In their abodes of bliss,
Who never breathed the air
Of this world's wickedness?

No! not on saints in bliss,
Or seraphim we trust!
The favour of adoring hosts
Nor merits of the just;
But in the love of God,
Omnipotent, all-wise,
The one great sacrifice.

Our mediator, God,
And Friend in mortal form,
Who never turned his back
On brother lowly born—
On Him we place our trust
From henceforth, and for aye,
The mighty Lord who wields
The universal sway.

A WOMAN'S WOOING.

"Miss Beresford, allow me the pleasure of presenting Mr. Charlton, and let me supplement the introduction with the hope, that you will be very good friends," said Miss Vae, smilingly, and then left them to get acquainted the best way the could.

"I trust we shall each do our best to gratify Helen's hope," said Miss Beresford, giving Alfred Charlton her hand.

"I am sure I shall try to do my part well," answered Charlton earnestly.

"I don't think we shall find much difficulty in getting acquainted," said Miss Beresford. "Helen has told me so much about you that I feel as if I knew you already."

"I am much obliged to her," laughed Charlton.

And then the conversation branched off into other fields, and before he had known her an hour, Alfred Charlton felt that they had been acquainted for years.

"You must be careful, my good fellow," he said to himself that night, when he was alone in his room. "No falling in love with this woman."

It was easy enough for Charlton to tell himself that he must not fall in love with Miss Beresford. It was not so slight a matter to keep from doing so. Before he knew it, he had compromised his heart.

He would yearn for that which had come so near and was so far away. His life would lack the flower which should crown every man's life with that of completeness.

"But I must not think of it in that way," he said, as he looked the matter fairly in the face. "If I allow myself to, it will only make it the harder for me to accept the situation. She is not for me, and that settles it."

He was going up to town one day. Two gentlemen, who had been stopping at Richmond for a few days, were in the town, but they did not see him, as it was a large saloon carriage with three compartments, separated by low partitions.

"By the way," spoke up one of them, "what do you think that affair between Miss Beresford and young Charlton will amount to?"

"Nothing, of course," was the other's reply. "He's poor, you know and the Beresfords are proud as Lucifer. They would consider themselves terribly disgraced if she were to make such a match."

"But she seems in earnest," said his companion.

"Yes, I know that," replied the other. "Women ofter seem to be in earnest, you know."

"Then you don't think she cares for him?" asked the other gentleman.

"No, I don't," was the reply. "She is a Beresford, and will not sacrifice the Beresford pride. She is probably enjoying herself well, and finds, no doubt, much amusement in fooling Charlton.

"I had made up my mind that she was not the kind of woman to indulge in such amusement," said the other, thoughtfully. "There can be no doubt about Charlton's earnestness."

"Oh, no," was the reply. "He would be doing a remarkable fine thing for his own interest if he were to marry her. He would not have to work, as he does now in the city, if he could catch Miss Beresford. He is probably looking out for number one. I don't blame him. But he'll hardly make his plans work."

Charlton heard every word of the conversation. That was the way the world look at it if he were to marry her. He would be considered in the light of a fortune-hunter merely. He would get credit for no higher, nobler motive.

But what stung him most, was the thought that she was amusing herself with him. Could he believe that?

* * * * * *

"I wish you would read to me," Miss Beresford said. "I am tired. I want rest."

"What shall I read?" Charlton asked. His voice had a weary sound in it. His face had a shadow on it. His heart was heavy.

"Here is Whittier," she said, taking up a volume from the table. "Read me 'Amy Wentworth,' please."

He started, and looked at her keenly. What could she mean by selecting that? Did she wish to tantalize him? Her eyes drooped before his glance, and a soft color suffused her face.

He found the poem, and began to read.

"Stop," she said, softly, when he had half finished it. "Will you please read those last verses again? I think they are so beautiful."

He looked at her again, searchingly, but her face was in a shadow:

The spring is brightest at its birth,
And love is not like wine;
Not honored less than him who heirs
Is he who founds a line.

Full lightly shall the prize be won.
If love be fortune's spur,
For never maiden stoops to him
Who lifts himself to her.

"I think Whittier has written nothing more beautiful than that," she said. "If the world only look at it in that light, how much better it would be for all of us."

"But it won't," he cried, passionately. "It never judges people from a standpoint."

"What is the opinion of the world worth?" she asked, turning her face to him. "If those who are so intimately concerned understand each other, it matters very little or nothing at all what other people say."

"I am going away," he said, suddenly.

He had come to the conclusion that he could not trust himself any longer. He would get away from the sound of her voice and her haunting eyes.

"When?" she asked.

"To-morrow," he answered. Since he must go, better go at once.

"And so our happy summer is at an end!" she said, softly, with a little sigh. "It has been a very pleasant one to me. Very, very pleasant."

"Good-bye!" he said, getting up and coming to her side, with outstretched hand. "Perhaps you think it strange that I go away in this hasty fashion; but—you would not if you understood my reasons It is better for me, for both of us. It would have been better if I had gone weeks ago.

She gave him her hand, and he felt it tremble in his.

"Before you go, I want you to tell me that it is from no act or word of mine that you are going to leave us," she said, looking winningly into his face. "I have not offended you? I am not the cause of your going away?"

"It is because of you that I am going away!" he answered, pale with the pain and emotion that swayed him. "I would not have told you, if you had let me go in peace. Good-bye!"

And he dropped her hand, and turned away.

"Stop!" she cried, putting her hand upon his arm. "You shall not go until you have told me what I have done. I have a right to know. If I have said anything or done anything to wound you, tell me what it is."

"It is because you have made me love you!" he cried. "You have forced me to tell you the truth, so don't blame me for it."

"I don't blame you," she said, softly, with a flush of rose making her face fair as any flower. "And because you love me you are going away?"

"Woman! woman!" he cried, with fervor; "you torture me! Don't you see that? Isn't it enough for me to know that you are out of reach? Say good-bye, and let me go!"

"Alfred," she said, tenderly, with her cheeks aflush with dainty confusion, "are you so blind that you won't see the truth?"

He looked at her eagerly.

"I wonder if you love me, poor as a man can be in wealth and name?" he said, in a half-bewildered way. "It hardly seemed that it could be so."

"What has wealth or name to do with it?" she replied, with enthusiasm. "A true heart is worth the world. I don't care for riches, nor what the world will say; I care for you, Alfred!"

And then her eyes drooped before his, and she covered her face to hide the confusion there.

"I am poor in everything but love!" he said, coming close to her. "In love, I am richer than a king. If you will take that, and brave the opinion of the world, it is yours."

"I will take it," she said; "and the world may say what it will."

He took her in his arms, and kissed her. He felt that he had no right to throw away his chance of happiness for any fear of what the world might think.

Norah Charlton is a far wealthier woman than Norah Beresford ever was, for Norah Beresford had a wealth of gold, and Norah Charlton a wealth of love which is better than any earthly riches, for true love is not earthly.

Teach the Daughters.

Teach them self-reliance.

Teach them to make good bread.

Teach them to make good shirts.

Teach them not to paint and powder.

Teach them to do marketing for the family.

Teach them how to make their own dresses.

Teach them how to wash and iron clothes.

Teach them how to wear thick, warm shoes.

Teach them how to cook a good meal of victuals.

Teach them that a dollar is only a hundred cents.

Give them a good substantial common-school education.

Teach them every day, dry, hard, practical common sense.

Teach them to regard the morals of beaux.

Teach them all the mysteries of the kitchen, the dining-room and the parlor.

Teach them to have nothing to do with dissolute and intemperate young men.

Teach them that the more they live within their incomes, the more they will save.

The schooner Sarah S. Tyler, at Providence, Sept 25th, from New York, picked up, off Hart Island, a naked boy, about 17 years old, who was clinging to a plank. His stories were contradictory, and he was thought to be a fugitive from a New York city institution. He was placed in hands of the Providence police.

Fast Travelling.

From the Detroit Free Press.

There was only one stop in the 111 miles that separate St. Thomas from Amherstburg on the Canada Southern Railroad. The steam gauge just before starting showed a pressure of 85 pounds, a moderate figure for a locomotive. Conductor Crawford sang out, "All aboard!" and the special train with Bishop Borgess on board pulled out from Thomas at 5.27 p.m. Once the bridge was cleared, Macomber "let her out." No one noticed any particular motion in the car. The hum of the trains was sharper than usual, and the rushing air against the windows sounded like the sweeping of a rain storm. Otherwise there was no indication of unusual speed to a person in the car. Before one could point out an object it had vanished. The wires on the telegraph poles swung up and down from the movement of the train. The bushes shook as if swept by a hurricane, and the gaudy yellow flowers beside the road bent to the ground in a seeming overpowering desire to get loose from the earth and follow the rushing train. The dust from newly-ballasted portions of the track, and the chips and leaves rose up fiercely against the force of gravitation, and whirled and gyrated like vapoury clouds in a tempest. A thin line of smoke stretched interminably in the distance. The impetus of the train increased; the vehemence with which it rushed forward created a vacuum that apparently took nature some seconds to overcome, and the spirits of the passengers were exhilarated by the unprecedented speed at which they moved through space. A side track passenger train saluted us with cheers and locomotive whistles. Neither was heard before the sound could reach our ears it was beyond hearing. Train Despatcher Noble reported that six miles between Highwood and Ridgeton were made in five minutes; the fifty-seven miles between St. Thomas and Charing Cross were made in fifty-six and a half minutes. A halt at Charing Cross for four minutes for water, and then on again with the same overpowing velocity. But go as fast as it might, the Canada Southern train could not overtake the sun; it sank, and nightfall came on. Then could be seen the work of the firemen. Every time he opened the furnace a volume of sparks shot out, and the trailing fire came down upon the track, like the pyrotechnics of an aerial mine. Finally, a sharp twist that sent the standing passengers over to the right, and then another that sent them in the other direction, and the yard of Amherstburg station was reached. Hurrah! One hundred eleven miles in one hundred and nine minutes! The fastest time in America, beating by three minutes the run of Vanderbilt's special train.

From the Scotchman.

There is a class of story which excites very little interest, but the reading of which also requires absolutely no exertion of intellect any more than the writing, and which therefore, is no doubt appreciated by a part of the reading public, though, it is to be hoped, a small one. Of such stories, *Merry and Grave* (5), a volume of short tales and sketches, chiefly consists, and so will probably find its place in the bookshelves of those who care for such inspired food. The tales have most of them a moral of some sort, though in many cases a very mild one, as in the first story, "John Kemp's Red Hair," from which we ought to learn to endure with patience any affliction Providence pleases to burden us with, even though it should take the awful form of red hair! "Aunt Anna's Romance," another of the series, is a love story without any apparent point, but which may perhaps interest sentimental damsels just entering their teens. Perhaps the best story in the collection is "The Somnambulist," in which there is a genuine touch of humor, and which comes with pleasing variety after the didactic story preceding it. The book, however, is thoroughly harmless, and that is more than can be said for much of the literature of the day.

The economical baby put its toes in its mouth in order to make both ends meet.

A Maryland hotel keeper has sued a clergyman of his town for slander.

The giving riches and honor to a wicked man is like giving strong wine to him that hath a fever.

Garibaldi is to receive a gold medal from the people of Rome, in token of appreciation of his efforts to carry out the Tiber improvements.

A little girl in North Carolina was stung on the arm by a locust a short time ago, and has been compelled to suffer amputation of the member in consequence.

The French Government has adopted a revolving cannon that fires eighty-four shells a minute, each of which bursts into twenty-four fragments. It can be prepared for action with great rapidity, and two men only are required to work it.

Thanksgiving services have been held in all the mosques in Calcutta on account of the Turkish victories; in Bombay, also, the mosques were illuminated. This does not favour the notion that if Russia put her foot in India the inhabitants would receive her with satisfaction.

Let every man who keeps a cow sprinkle an ounce of flour along the back of the animal from the horns to the tail twice at least during the summer; rub it well with a corn cob so as to work the skin, and the animal will not be troubled with grubs in back or vermin of any kind.

At a Harrison County, Kentucky wedding, the bride in a playful mood kicked the groom's hat off without touching his head. After they have been married a few years her activity will not be appeased until she has kicked his head off without touching his hat.

There is a prisoner in the California Penitentiary who was once severely bitten by a catamount, and who now, as a supposed result, has terrible spasms, during which he is animated by the most savage of feline instincts. The spasms do not at all resemble those produced by hydrophobia, and do not injure his general health.

Act towards others as you would they should act towards yourself. It is the same in life as in the midst of the waves; for every navigator there is the same sea, the same tempests, the same dangers to be ware of. As long as you are borne on a tranquil surface, help those who have suffered shipwreck. Who can say that you will not be overtaken by a storm—you are not yet in port; the same conduct that you have shown to the unfortunate will be shown to you by your fellow-voyagers.

In the autumn of 1875 an English barrister named Barry on a foggy day attempted, without a guide, to cross the Krumlertaneru Pass, in the Tyrol, and was lost. A search made for him proved fruitless, foul play was suspected. Lately a shepherd discovered a skeleton on the highest point of the mountain, which has been identified by means of accoutrements lying near as the missing tourist's. It was found in a sitting posture, death evidently resulting from exhaustion.

Two men were riding in the cars on the Danbury railway the other morning, when one asked the other if he had a pleasant place of residence. "Yes," was the reply; "we have seven nice rooms over a store." "Over a store! I should think that would be a quiet place." "Oh! it is quiet enough. The folks don't advertise." "Ah! I see," said his friend in a tone of relief.—*Danbury News.*

It was a little hard on the boy, for he meant well and had a sincere admiration for the girl. They were sitting at the tea table with a company of others, and as he passed her the sugar he murmured in an undertone, "Here it is, sweet, just like you." The compliment was a little awkward to be sure, but he meant it, and it seemed more than cruel when, a moment later, having occasion to pass the butter to him she drawled, "Here it is, soft, just like you."

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