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THE GREAT REMEDY FOR CONSUMPTION,

and all other pulmonary complaints.

It is the only medicine that has cured so many of the most incurable cases of Consumption, and all other pulmonary complaints.

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Poetry

THE BLIND MOTHER.

I saw a mother in her arms
Her infant child was sleeping,
The mother, while the infant slept,
Her guardian watch was keeping.

Around its little tender form
Her snow-white arm was flung;
And over its life-infant head
Her bending tresses hung.

"Sleep sweetly on, my darling babe,
My own, my only child,"
And as she spoke the infant woke,
And on its mother smiled.

But, oh! no friendly answering smile
The mother's visage traced
For she was blind, and could not see
The infant she embraced.

But now he leaped his mother's name,
And now the mother pressed
Her darling, much-loved baby boy,
Unto his widowed breast.

She sudden anguish seized her mind,
Her face was sweetly wild;
"My God," she cried, "but grant me sight
One hour to see my child!"

"To look upon its cherub face,
And see its father's there;
But pardon, if the wish be wrong,
A widow mother's prayer!"

And as she spoke, her anguish grew
More tender and more wild;
And closer to her aching breast
She clasped her orphan child.

Human Love.

What is love?—Go ask the child
Whose laughing steps run free and wild,
What makes its little heart rejoice
Whenever it hears its mother's voice?

What is love?—The wife will tell,
Though pain and sickness near her dwell,
All she can bear and bless her lot,
If one fond heart deserts her not.

What is love?—The mother asks,
Who labours o'er her daily task,
And if her infant do but sigh,
Will watch at night with wakeful eye.

Unknown within the heart it springs,
And closely binds, and fondly clings;
It softens nature, turneth strife,
The tie to home, the charm of life.

Interesting Case.

BY JAMES F. FITTS.

My little story (begun Mr. Rand) will illustrate the importance, not to say folly, with which men will often act when under the influence of some great controlling passion, such as the expectation of great gain. And it will also illustrate how men may reduce themselves from the consequences of such imprudence or folly by prompt and decided action.

The facts bring me back no great distance in my experience; only to the spring of 1865. The great Pennsylvania oil fever was then at its height; fabulous stories were told and printed of men realizing hundreds of thousands in a day by the simplest speculation in lands, and many of my friends around me were converting their business into cash, and departing for the theatre of financial excitement. The fever soon overtook me, and I yielded to it. I was at the time the senior of two partners in a large and flourishing country retail store; I was prospering, and had just arrived at the point where I could begin to lay up money. I was thirty-five years old, with a dent good wife and two little children, whom I loved, as I still do, better than myself. My home was to me the most beautiful and attractive spot on earth, and a month before I had determined to go to the oil-region. I could not have been persuaded that anything on earth in the shape of temptation could win me away from it. But in this case the tempter attacked me at the weakest point. Go now, my fenny whispered to me, "while there is a chance; this golden harvest will not last long. Venture boldly; put in a few thousands and make a cool half million; it has been done more than once, and you are quite as likely as any one to do it again. When you have done this, your family as well as yours will be above all the chances and risks of trade, independent for life. It is your highest duty to go.

I should be satisfied with it if I owned it, I said. Would you like to purchase a share of it? he asked, rather coaxingly. I looked at his face, with the thought that he was quizzing me; but he appeared to be perfectly serious. Seeing that I was in doubt as to his meaning, he pointed to a printed bill posted on the derrick, which I had not before seen, although it was in staring capitals. Without giving the exact contents of it, it will be sufficient to say that it offered for sale the one-half interest in this well for ten thousand dollars; the offer to stand for one week only.

Are you in earnest about this? I asked, feeling somewhat startled, and somewhat as if my chance had come. Perfectly in earnest, I'm sorry to say, he replied. I've tried hard enough to avoid it, but I'm driven to it. It is my half that is offered, and offered for only a trifle over what I have expended here. In a few weeks more I could easily realize ten thousand dollars out of this oil; but I can't wait. My house and lot in Buffalo are to be sold on a mortgage in one week from to-day, and I can't bear to have them sacrificed, as I know they will. The property is worth more than the sum I

offer to sell out for; but if I am not there it may sell for one half of it. So you see I must sell this interest. It grinds me to do it, but for reasons that I can't speak of to a stranger; it is better, on the whole, for me to lose the fortune that is pouring out of this well than my homestead.

Your partner might bring you out, I suggested. And glad enough would he be to do it, spoke up the tall man, coming just in time to hear my remark, if I had the means. But I have not. Like poor Fred, here I've spent my last dollar in putting down this well and getting the machinery to run it. If it wasn't for the good prospect ahead, I believe my boarding-house keeper would have turned me out two weeks ago. But I'm better off than my partner; I've only to hold on and gather the gold that's coming in, while he must sell.

My mind was half made. I walked up to the spot where the oil was gushing out of the pipe at every stroke of the pump, and looked at it as it was already my own. A small crowd had again gathered about, and such exclamations as "great thing," "lucky fellows," "here's a fortune, sure," greeted my ears.

Do you think of purchasing about here? one of the owners asked, following me up. I answered in the affirmative.

Then here's your chance, sure as you're a living man! the other enthusiastically cried. I tell you, sir, there's no mistake about it—this is one of the most promising places on the creek, and you can pump out an independent fortune here in a few months. If I had the money, I'd not hesitate a moment, and as I haven't, all my interest in the sale is to help your Fred out of his trouble. I rather like your looks, too, and I'd prefer you for a partner than some others who have been here looking at the well. If you've got the cash, and he looked hard at me, you'd better buy! I have got the cash, I replied.

Good! You're just the man for Fred; and if you take his offer it'll be like giving up fifty thousand dollars. Come up to the office, and let us talk it over; there are too many people about here.

I walked with them to the shanty that they occupied, and went in with them, almost proud at that moment to make the investment. Everything seemed bright and honest about the matter; I had seen the well and the oil, and there was no chance for deception about that, and the man's reasons for selling were perfectly satisfactory. In fact, I believe I began to have some pity for him on account of the hardship of the case, and to wish that I had a thousand or two more than he asked, to off him. And then the fact that the other partner—Dick was the name that he used or to—was to remain and work his interest, was the best kind of a guarantee of good faith.

If I had any lingering doubts or fears on the subject when I entered the office, they shortly dispelled them. We sat down around the rough pine table, littered over with papers. Fred produced a bottle of wine, Dick some excellent cigars, and they proceeded to entertain me. But no one need imagine that I became intoxicated; the wine was a light sparkling kind that merely exhilarated, and when I had finished it we sat and smoked, while Fred's tongue ran on describing the probabilities of the investment with all the glibness of a Bowery Game John. I was satisfied before he had talked ten minutes. In ten more I threw away the stamp of my cigar.

"Show me your title," I said. "Satisfy me about your rights here, and I'll buy the one-half interest at the terms you offer." He immediately produced a lease of the premises for one hundred years, which I examined, and which was undoubtedly correct. I had seen other leases made by the same proprietor, and I knew the signature.

I don't mind telling you what that cost us, said Fred, with a laugh. Just twenty-five dollars! We took it when no oil had been found within half a mile of here, and got it cheap enough, as things have happened.

He asked my name, and in half a minute he had filed up a blank assignment on the back of the paper, and signed it, transferring to me his one-half interest in the well lands for ten thousand dollars. He held it so I could read it, and I saw that it was sufficient. I took out my bill book and produced the certificate.

This is payable to my order, I said. I don't know how you're to get the money. Who'll lend you?

Let me see, said Fred, and I did the certificate on the table. O, that's all right! he exclaimed, as he read it. I know the officers of the bank and they'll pay me on your endorsement.

The other partner—my future partner—the tall dashing fellow, came and leaned over Fred's shoulder, and looked at the certificate. As he bent his face lower, I saw a most respectably sinister smile diffuse itself over the whole countenance, and my ear caught a word whispered with significant emphasis:

Sold!

Somewhat just at that momentous instant, I could not fix my thoughts on oil, and money-making; and the business before us at all, I

thought of Emily and the children at home, and wondered whether it was better for them that I should part with this money so easily. I looked at the two men, with their flashy finger-rings and breast pins, and I did not feel half as much like making the bargain as I had a moment before.

Just endorse it to me—Fred Brown.

His voice startled me from my abstraction; I looked up and saw that he had placed the certificate on the table with his finger upon it, and was holding out a pen to me.

I've written the endorsement—Pay to the order of Fred Brown, he said. Just put your name under that. But Lord bless you, man—what's the matter? Your face is white, almost. You ain't going crazy with your good luck, are you?

They both laughed at this sally.

No, said I carelessly. Just let me look at the face of that certificate again—so I and with the words I slipped it from my abstraction; I looked up and saw that he had placed the certificate in it, folded it, and buttoned it up close again in my pocket.

The men fell back in blank astonishment, and both spoke together:

What's that for?

What the devil d'ye mean, sir?

I've thought better of it, I replied. I've concluded not to buy. You may keep your assignment, or give it to some one else. The well may be a splendid investment—but I think on the whole, I will not take any stock in it.

They saw I was in earnest, and two angry or more I never saw in my life. Fred—if that was his name—stood glaring at me with the expression of a hungry hyena looked at his prey; and Dick, the one who had avowed that he had no interest in the sale except to help his friend, came close up to me and shook his fist in my face.

You can't come that game on us, my friend! he growled. This trade is all done, and the paper is ours. Hand it over, or you'll smell these.

He shook his fist again. Now their conduct confirmed my suspicions. I was so rejoiced at my escape that I believe I could have engaged both of them in a fist fight, if necessary. But there was no occasion for it.

Lock the door, Fred, said the fellow who was menacing me. We'll see about this here cheap, pretty quick.

To, there! I cried, producing a revolver, and cocking it, as Fred started for the door. Lock that door, and I'll blow you through!

He did stop, very suddenly. My attitude and weapon what they had not expected.

I believe you are two great scoundrels, said I. Thank Heaven I have done nothing here yet to bind myself to you in any way; and I certainly shall not now. I arose to my feet, with the pistol in my hand. Now I'm going to leave this shanty, and if any one offers to prevent me, I will be the worse for him. Look out for it!

Not a word was raised; no violence what ever was offered. They stood quietly aside while I walked out; and I did not put up my pistol until I had put a safe distance between myself and them.

I went straight down to the well, and found a great commotion in the crowd gathered there. The pump was still working, but the oil had stopped running. By this time I was pretty well excited; and mounting the platform, I secured the attention of the crowd, and gave them a brief account of my experience with the proprietors of this well. They listened with manifestations of finger and when I had done, a dozen voices rose at once.

Those fellows owe me more'n five hundred dollars for work, cried one.

And me two hundred for board!

Let's find the d—dracals, some one suggested; and a rush was instantly made for the shanty. They were ten minutes too late; both the men had gone, leaving behind them their evidences of a precipitate flight. It was well for them that they were not found; their swindled creditors were mad enough to seek them in their own rat.

Some of the creditors attached the property that afternoon, and then the whole swindle was exposed. The man in charge of the well was one of the victims, and he did not hesitate to expose the fraud. As it now appeared, the well had not been put down more than thirty feet, and of course not a drop of oil had been found. Four barrels had been purchased, and brought on the ground in the night, and this was actually kept running through the pipe out of the spout, and back again from the barrel, by means of concealed pipes. Of course the crowd was increasing and becoming more curious; and hence the haste of the two sharps in pressing the negotiation.

I remained in this vicinity less than twenty-four hours after that. I began to see that I was hardly keen enough to cope with the rascals of the place, who were looking for just such men as myself. Perhaps I might have a fortune if I had staid; but I did not feel like trying. Of course I knew that such adventures as these were in large minority; but I began to be sick of the place, and thought it

best to retire with my money in my own pocket, while I could. I surprised and gratified my friends by my early return and went back into business with the unpleasant thought that I had sacrificed about five thousand dollars in my haste to try the experiment of oil speculation. Never mind! I have more than made it up again, and with it an experience which will, I trust, keep me clear of all such dangers in future.

There is a brief sequel to this true story, that ought to be told. I visited Auburn State Prison, less than a year ago, and saw the convicts at work, each in their parti-colored suits. One of them glanced up as we passed, and instantly dropped his eye again. That glance was enough, spite of his close cropped head and his shifty co-tum; I recognized the person who figured in this story as Dick. The warden told he was in for ten years for forgery. Mr. Fred I have not heard from, but if he is not in that penitentiary he is in some other—or will be. And I don't think it wrong in me to hope that in his case the governor will experience the pardoning power very discreetly.

WHAT HE THOUGHT.—The repeated disasters during the racing week on the New Orleans Shell Road were ludicrously illustrated by the misfortunes of a nice young man. He had taken his dulcinea out, and was showing her his love to two forty on the shell, when his horse accidentally broke, and the youth tumbled over the seat, the heel of his boot dragging along in this way by the increased and now dangerous speed of the horses. The lady had grasped the dashboard, and holding on for dear life, while supporting the dragging weight of her lean

Hold in the brake, in terror.

Let go you brute! she screamed.

I can't be sensible.

And scream and cry and bitter upbraiding, the horses dashed along until at last some kindly hand checked their speed, and the unfortunate pleasure-seekers were relieved from their uncomfortable situation.

How dare you do that? the lady asked, of her escort indignantly.

Do what?

Hold on to my dress in that way.

Was that your dress?

Yes.

I beg pardon, then; I thought it was a wire fence.

A COSTLY PARASOL.—A lady writing from Edinburgh describes a novelty in the way of parasols. It was made entirely of bright green silk, over which were laid peacock's feathers, the peacock's tail, one over the other, till the whole thing was a glowing mass of color. The fringe was the upper part of the feather in a double row (swan on, I fancy), and the whole effect was gorgeous. The handle was carved work, tipped by a gay peacock in gold and enamel, with gems (sapphires) for eyes. The price was only fifty guineas; and it was as perishable as it was beautiful.

An ingenious youth in Milford, Conn., has invented a new kind of whiskey.

When taken into the human body, it petrifies the fiber in eleven hours—turns him into a stone statue.

The inventor offers to sell the secret to the government, and suggests that the whiskey might be the means of ending the Indian war in short order.

Give the noble red man their fill of this palatable beverage, and the plains will soon be covered with harmless cigar-maker's figures. This would kill the wooden Indian business as well as the noble savages.

PREPARING THE STRONG MINDED.—A Woman's Right's meeting, in a New Hampshire town, has been compelled to abruptly adjourn because of the sneezing occasioned by some Cayenne pepper which had been placed on the stove.

We have heard that Cayenne has been much in demand since then, and that various testimonials from grateful husbands are in the printer's hands, recommending Cayenne to the unfortunate men whose wives insist upon having their rights.

No household should be without it. It is not a dye. The ingredients are purely vegetable.

Look at the wonderful cure in New Hampshire. Send for circulars. None genuine unless red.

A nugget of gold, weighing 69 ounces, was recently ploughed up near Ballarat, Australia. The lump was only a few inches below the surface, and had what looks like ferruginous conglomerate attached to it, but is nearly all gold, and well watered.

Norwich, Conn., has a Mrs. Toadler, who recently bought a shroud for her dead, remarking, he was not dead yet or particularly ailing; but the "didn't think she should ever be able to buy it so cheap again."