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Some Time.

BY MRS. MAY RILEY SMITH.
Some time, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And 'n'en stars forevermore have set,
The things which our weak judgment's here
Have spun,
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes
wet,
Will flash before us, out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans were
right.
And how what seemed reproof was love most
true.
And we shall see, how while we frown and
sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me
How, when we called, he heeded not our cry,
Because his wisdom to the end could see,
But even as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things because it seemeth
good.
And if, sometimes commingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this potion for our lips to drink.
And if some friend we love is lying low,
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,
Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace!
And you shall shortly know that lengthened
breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends his friend,
And that, sometimes, the sabbal path of death
Conceals the fairest boon his love can send
If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within, and all God's workings
see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key!
But not to day. Then be content, poor heart!
God's plans like hills pure and white unfold.
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart,
Till we will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loosed, may
rest,
When we shall clearly know and understand,
I think that we will say, "God knows the
best!"

THE DEAD ALIVE.

Hundreds of stories are related of the horrible deeds of the body-snatcher, but among them all none is more remarkable and soul-harrowing than the one just about to be narrated. The facts were given to the writer recently, and it is believed that they are now published for the first time.
In the town of Kilmare, in the north of Ireland, reside many families of distinction. The head of one of these was a Mr. Bell, a young gentleman of twenty-five. He inherited a large estate from his uncle, and soon afterward removed from his former abode to take possession of the family mansion in Kilmare. He married the only child of a wealthy East India merchant residing in Liverpool, by whom he had two children. In the fourth year of their wedded life Mrs. Bell was taken suddenly ill, and expired the next day. The symptoms were of a peculiar nature, and the limbs so increased in size immediately after death that a magnificent diamond ring of great value could not be removed from the lady's finger, and was buried with her. Of course, this fact was well known to the inhabitants of Kilmare, as Mrs. Bell was the wife of the most considerable man thereabout, and naturally, therefore, all concerning her was matter of conversation and rumor.
The old churchyard of Kilmare stood on the side of a hill, and immediately in the rear of the church and adjoining the chancel was the tomb of the Bell family. Here, in accordance with immemorial usage, the body of the deceased lady was to repose, and there it was deposited on the third day after her demise. After the ceremony the key of the vault was put in its usual place by the sexton in the vestry of the church.
The day had been gloomy, and as night drew on a thin rain fell, which increased at about midnight to a smart shower. Mr. Bell, who was about retiring, went to an open window, and as he did so, fancied he saw a white figure crossing the lawn in front of the house. The next moment it disappeared, and, satisfying himself that he was the subject of a delusion, he commenced to undress. Suddenly the clear tones of the door-bell rang through the building. Mr. Bell paused and moved toward the door of the apartment to listen. In a few seconds the sound again reverberated through the house, and Mr. Bell opened the door and stepped out into the corridor. At that moment, as he glanced down the stairway, he saw the housekeeper moving toward the front door. Then he heard her set the small lamp she carried on the table, and open the lock and bolts of the massive door. Then a dreadful and prolonged shriek followed, and at the same moment Mr. Bell's butler ran along the hall toward the front door. Mr. Bell had reached the head of the stairs and was in the act

of descending when the butler reached the spot where the housekeeper lay on the floor apparently in a swoon. What was Mr. Bell's surprise to see the butler raise his hands, fix his gaze upon the door, and then sink to the floor as though struck dead.
Utterly bewildered and confounded Mr. Bell hastened down stairs. The sight that met his gaze when he reached the center of the hall almost froze his blood. There stood the figure of his wife in her grave clothes, leaning against the pillar of the door, with one hand thrown across her breast. For a moment Mr. Bell was almost overcome. Then he remembered the white figure which he saw crossing the lawn a few seconds before the bell rang, and another glance showed him that the garments of the figure before him were dripping with rain.
"Julia, my darling, my wife!" Mr. Bell exclaimed, and stepped toward the figure.
It made a movement toward him, and the next instant it was enfolded in his arms. The scene that ensued baffles all description. It was indeed the wife but that day buried, who was restored to the arms of the bereaved husband and children. The explanation which she offered was very imperfect and unsatisfactory. For a short time after her supposed death she was aware of all that went on around her, but before she was placed in the coffin she lost all consciousness. She said that the first sensation of consciousness she had was one of pain. Then she saw an indistinct glimmer, and finally a severe pang shot through her frame. With a powerful effort she rose and saw a woman standing by her side. The woman shrieked and fled, and then Mrs. Bell discovered that she was lying in a coffin in the family vault. Fresh strength came to her every moment, and releasing herself from the shroud, she stepped to the ground and passed out of the vault, the door of which was wide open. Down the churchyard path she passed to the main street, along which she walked for half a mile, until she reached her late home. Fortunately the large gate to the park was unfastened, and she hastened up the roadway to the dwelling. The rest the reader knows. She rapidly regained her health, and lived to a good old age.

But who was the woman who stood by the side of the coffin, when the corpse suddenly arose and started her into sudden flight?
Next day the lamp was found extinguished on the floor of the vault. It was identified as one which usually stood in the vestry and was used by the sexton. It had doubtless been removed at the same time when the key of the vault was taken. Beyond that all was mystery.
The object of the woman, however, was easily discovered. As already stated, Mrs. Bell was buried with a valuable diamond ring on her finger. The design of the woman was to steal this from the supposed corpse. Finding it impossible to remove it, the daring thief had raised the hand of the dead woman for her month, and in her attempt to withdraw the ring with her teeth caused the pang which went through the frame of the evident victim of a trance, and aroused her to consciousness. On the finger, just below the ring, the marks of teeth were distinctly visible for several days after Mrs. Bell's resurrection.
Every effort was made to keep this remarkable circumstance a secret from the gossip of the neighborhood; nevertheless, every exertion was used quietly to ascertain who the robber of the tomb was. The general impression was that the garb of a female was assumed as a disguise, and that the deprecator was in reality a man, and probably a professional body-snatcher.
It was thought that the remarkable circumstances attending Mrs. Bell's supposed death had aroused the desire of some medical expert to possess the body for the purpose of an autopsy; that he had employed a person to steal it, and that the body-snatcher, discovering the valuable jewel, had resolved to gain possession of it for himself.
Soon after this extraordinary occurrence the vicar of the parish resigned his living and removed his family to England. Several years passed away, and the incidents herein recorded were almost forgotten. Mrs. Bell's father died, and Mr. Bell and his family quitted Kilmare and took up their residence at Toxteth, near Liverpool.
During the Chartist riots in 1840 James Binns was arrested for murder and lodged in Lancaster jail. He was tried, convicted and sentenced to be hanged. Before the last sentence of the law was executed he made a confession of many crimes, and among the rest of his exploits, as a professional body-snatcher, in which business he had been engaged for many years. The following facts are taken from his confession:
In July, 1830, he was living in Bel-

fast, having fled from England to escape punishment for his offenses. He had done several small jobs in Belfast for the doctors, and on the night of July 20, in the year named, a well-known physician of Belfast sent for him and told him that he had a very delicate piece of work for him to perform. A Mrs. Bell, a lady of great beauty, and the wife of a rich proprietor, had just died of a very peculiar disease, and the doctor and his associates desired the body to investigate the cause of death. The doctors paid him so much money down and dispatched him to Kilmare with such instructions as were necessary. He was to secure the corpse, and a coach would be ready at the churchyard gate in which there would be two assistants who would be ready to assist him at a given signal. He went to Kilmare on the day of the funeral, at which he was present. He examined the lock on the door of the vault, and was satisfied that he could easily remove it. At midnight he went to the churchyard armed with a wrench, a pair of shears, and a picklock. First satisfying himself that the coach was in waiting, he entered the graveyard and proceeded to the vault. The night was dark and rain was falling. To his surprise, he saw that the door was open and a faint light burning inside. Stealthily drawing near, he glanced in. He saw the coffin lying along the marble slab and in front of it a woman was standing. A second glance showed him that the woman was at work trying to remove a ring from the finger of the dead. A sudden thought struck him and, slouching down, he reached in at the door and with his shears, which he had brought to rid the corpse of its cumbersome shroud, he cut a piece from the skirt of the woman's dress and retired unobserved. As he remained for an instant peering into the strange scene, to his horror and astonishment he saw the corpse arise and raise the hand which the woman was apparently in the act of putting to her mouth. The woman gave a shriek, rushed through the door and fled, leaving the lamp burning on the floor. The body-snatcher guessed at once the woman's design, and, impressed with the conviction that she was a person above the ordinary rank, he resolved to follow and see where she went to. He had no difficulty in tracking the rapidly retreating figure. It passed out of the churchyard at a small wicket on the north side of the church and entered the parsonage. Satisfied that he possessed an important secret, out of which he could make money, he returned to the vault. The light was still burning and he signalled the men in waiting. They were soon on the spot, but on entering the vault they discovered to their amazement that the coffin was empty. The body-snatcher kept his secret, and the mysterious disappearance of the body was a matter of unmitigated surprise. Extinguishing the lamp, the men quit the churchyard, the body-snatcher returning to his quarters at a small inn and the assistants going back to Belfast in the carriage.
The next morning the news of Mrs. Bell's restoration to life was abroad in the town. The body-snatcher lingered in the neighborhood until he ascertained that the clergyman had quitted home for a friend's house. Then he called at the parsonage and asked for the lady of the house. It was with some difficulty that he obtained an interview, as the domestics informed him that the lady was indisposed and confined to her room. "My business," he said, is of very great importance, and it is absolutely necessary that I should see her." After the lapse of half an hour a middle aged, handsome, stately lady entered the parlor, and gazing with considerable dignity at her visitor, said: "What is your business with me, sir?"
"Let me shut the door, ma'am," he said, and, quickly stepping behind the lady, closed the door. "I think we have met before, ma'am," he said, in a firm but respectful tone.
"Sir?" the lady exclaimed in offended accents.
"I am sure we have met before, ma'am," the man said.
"You are mistaken, sir," the lady replied, "utterly mistaken; you will oblige me by quitting the house immediately."
"You forgot last night, ma'am, in the vault," the man said in a low tone.
The cheek of the lady evidently blushed, and she gave a gasp for breath. Instantly recovering herself she said: "I don't understand you, sir. You are laboring under a mistake."
"Well, I may be," the man replied; "that's a fact; but my impression was that I saw you last night in the vault when you were trying to remove the ring from the finger of what you supposed to be a corpse."
The lady had sunk into a chair, and was deadly pale. By a powerful effort she overcame her momentary weakness,

and said in strong tones: "I do not know, sir, what you speak of. You are either laboring under a mistake or you are a lunatic."
"Do you happen to have a dress like this, ma'am?" the man asked, drawing from his pocket the piece which he had cut from the dress of the occupant of the vault the night before.
The lady's lips grew white and dry. She tried to speak, but her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth, and utterance was impossible.
"I am reasonable, madam," the man said; "I know your secret, but I will keep it if you make it worth my while."
"How much do you require?" the lady asked, acquiring the power of speech by a great effort.
"Twenty pounds down will satisfy me for the present," the man said, "and more at another time when I need it."
The money was paid, and within a month the man returned and demanded more. The lady evidently revealed the story of her disgrace and crime to her husband, for he paid the money, and soon after resigned his living and retired to England.
This part of the condemned man's confession was made known to Mr. Bell. All the parties to this strange transaction are not yet dead, and hence the names used here are fictitious. The writer's informant, however, vouches for the truth of the story, and there is no reason to doubt his veracity.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Fashion Notes.

The "gold braid" is fashionable for bonnets.
Silk buttons are no longer seen on fashionable dresses.
French ginghamms are woven to form bourette effects.
Linen collars and cuffs are embroidered with colored cotton.
Mantelets and dolmans have about extinguished saques.
Lady ushers are the most vigorous and persistent at the Paris opera.
The cause of woman's suffrage seems to be making progress in Iowa.
Cashmere wigwags are the handsomest and costliest traveling dress goods.
Macramé lace-making is the fashionable woman's work at the moment.
Parasols this season are made of Matelasse silk, fringed with a double row of looped goose grain ribbon.
Burlap mats are made with successive square bands of colored merino, cat-stitched down with colored floss silk.
Handsome toilet mats are made of rows of metal ribbon and lace insertion, the edge finished with a border of lace.
"Emano" is a new cotton material similar to French cambric, and will be used to combine with lawns for house dresses.
A marked feature about new bonnets is the absence of all hanging draperies; they are made to look as compact as possible.
Greek bands are worn on the skirts of dresses a little below the waist; they are of metal, leather, or made of the dress material, and have a very unique appearance.

Words of Wisdom.

The best physicians are Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merryman.
In matters of conscience, the first thoughts are the best; in matters of prudence, the last.
Be faithful over interests confided to your keeping, and in all good time your responsibilities will be increased.
Toil, feel, think, hope. A man is sure to dream enough before he dies, without making arrangements for the purpose.
Real sorrow is almost as difficult to discover as real poverty. An instinctive delicacy hides the rage of the one and the wounds of the other.
It will not always do to speak the plain truth. If a man were to set out by calling everything by its proper name, he would be knocked down before he got to the first corner.
We lose respect with the good when seen in company with malice; and to smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast is to become a principal in the mischief.
It cannot be too often repeated that luxuries, not necessities, bring poverty and ruin. We are made bankrupts, not by what we really need, but what we think we want, therefore, never go abroad in search of your wants—if they be real ones, they will come home in search of you; for he who buys what he does not need, will soon want what he cannot buy.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

SAUSAGE.—To eighty pounds of meat chopped fine—not too fat, add two pounds of fine salt; three ounces of pulverized sage; five ounces of black pepper; two ounces of savory; four ounces of allspice; four ounces of ginger; four tablespoonfuls of sugar; warm and mix without water. We think this the best sausage recipe we have ever used.
MOLASSES COOKIES.—Two cups molasses, one cup sugar, one cup butter, three eggs, two teaspoonfuls ginger, three of soda. Another—One cup molasses; one-half cup sugar, one-half cup lard, one teaspoonful soda in one-third cup water, one teaspoonful ginger; bring it all to a boil. When cool mix in the flour. These are better a few days old than when fresh baked.
PRUNE PIE.—Take one pound of prunes, wash them, stew them soft in clean water and remove the pits, then leave your crust ready and spread the prunes quite thin; add one cup of sugar and two tablespoonfuls of boiled cider to a pie. This is enough to make two pies. You will find them very nice.
COBBING BEEF.—For 100 pounds of beef take seven pounds salt, two pounds sugar, two ounces saltpetre, two ounces pepper, two ounces soda; dissolve in two and a half gallons water; boil, skim, and let cool; when a scum rises after a few weeks scald the brine over, and by so doing and keeping meat entirely covered with brine, it will keep a year and more.
POTATO SOUP.—Peel eight or ten large potatoes, three onions, two heads of celery, one turnip, one carrot, a slice of ham or lean bacon; cut all in small squares and boil them with some broth; when done rub all through the sieve and season with pepper and salt.

Early Chicks.
The strongest and most vigorous fowls are most easily obtained, as far as my experience goes, from the first litter of eggs that a hen lays when she first commences in the spring, not only because the hen has had a winter's rest, but because the chicks get a good headway in growth before the hottest months come on, and those unwelcome visitors, the greatest enemy the chicks have got, appear, namely, lice, which destroy so many of our chicks notwithstanding all our efforts. Kerosene is too powerful for little chicks. Sulphur and lard mixed, or either, separate, will blister the little things, and draw their eyelids up so close as to blind and sometimes kill them, whether put on the chicks or on the mother. I have tried both, with great care, but with very little success.
Let us then, if we want fine and healthy chicks, select the best fresh eggs from the best formed fowls, and set them as early as we possibly can, and the chicks will be almost full grown before the cold and chilly nights of fall come.—American Poultry Yard.

Song Birds of the West.
The wild western portion of our country is as well supplied with feathered songsters as the more civilized eastern section, and that in secluded dell or on dreary desert, where seldom heard by human ear, they nevertheless sing as gayly and with as much enthusiasm as if solely for the entertainment of its vain beings, who, in our conceit, are apt to imagine that all that is beautiful in nature was created simply for our amusement.
The principal songsters of the West are not in all cases those of any particular locality, for the mountain forests, the desert valleys, and the rocky canons have alike their own characteristic species, and it is difficult to decide in which those most entitled to the first rank are found. The more fertile valleys ring with the loud, clear song of the Western lark and the passionate trills of the lark-sparrow; the dreary sage-brush wastes are rendered less inhospitable by the tender, soothing chants of several sparrows; among the cottonwoods in the river valleys are heard the mellow warbling of the black-headed grosbeak, the meandering chant of the house-finch, and the merry gabble of the wood-wren; while on the mountains the pine forests and the varied shrubbery of the canons resound with the lively ditty of the Louisiana tanager and the silvery harmony of the thrushes. Of the latter, most of the species, except those of the Southern border, are common also to the East; but as they are nevertheless conspicuous among Western songsters by reason of the melody of their notes, they deserve a prominent place.—Harper's Magazine.

It is reported in San Francisco, that Flood and O'Brien, two of the Bonanza kings, are to build a woman's hotel in that city at a cost of \$1,000,000.

Items of Interest.

A kneady individual—A baker.
A "nobby" thing in boots—corns.
Family jars are often caused by jugs.
Heads grow until the age of forty-five.
When is a prisoner like a gun? When he is discharged.
Girls of the period will wear dotted muslin this summer.
If you dye your hair keep it dark, and no one will make light of it.
True friendship grows stronger with age. The same remark applies to butter.
Labette county, Kan., has paid bounty on 10,576 rabbit scalps. The bounty is five cents each.
An Illinois grave-digger, who buried a man named Button, sent his widow the following bill: "To making one button hole, \$2.50."
To call a man an ass is a reproach, but in Arabia in bewailing a lost friend, they frequently exclaim, "Alas, my beloved jakes!"
"What made you steal that water-proof cloak?" demanded the judge. The culprit whispered, "I was trying to lay up something for a rainy day."
It is suggested that one reason why so many marriages turn out so unhappily is because the bridegroom is not always the "best man" at the wedding.
Since the conflagration at Hot Springs, Ark., houses and stores are built or wheels, so that they may be moved out of the way in case of another fire.

In November, 1782, there died in Philadelphia, aged 102, Edward Drinker who had been a subject of seven severer eights and died a citizen of the Republic.
The line—
"Twaddle like a-bum on some late spree,"
In our poem of last Saturday, should have read:
"Twitter like a bird on some lone spray."
—Utica Observer.
The Omaha Bee thinks the Indians are becoming civilized because a Winnebago chief has bought a sewing machine for his daughter. To the discerning mind it only means that the much abridged agent has not yet lost his grip. The lightning rod man should take courage.
Young lady (who has selected some nice moire-antique for a dress)—"You will please charge that moire-antique to pa." Affable clerk—"Excuse me, miss, but my employer says your pa cannot have any more on-tick until he settles his last year's bill." Exit young lady in high dudgeon.
A man named Morgan, Weeks has been sent in England for three months, with hard labor, for skinning cats, and it came out in hearing his case that the cats are flayed alive, as seal are, because, like sealskin, catskin retains the natural gloss of its fur only when taken from the living animal.
A gentleman in Paris had a fine cat which, when it got old, fell a martyr to rheumatism, and moved its limbs so painfully and slowly that it could no longer catch a mouse. What did this intelligent pussy do? Simply this: Finding his old game played out, he got a nice piece of tallow candle and crunched down with it in his mouth near mouse hole. So far, so good, and this was intelligent enough. But he beat his own best on record. As the mice attracted by the smell, came out, he didn't drop the candle to grab them, as so perhaps frightened them away. Not he. He just let them nibble away till the heads got right in his mouth, and then he snapped and settled them.

How He Knew.
The famous Dr. Nicholas Saunderson, although entirely blind, being one day in company, remarked of a lady who had just left the room, and who was wholly unknown to him, that she was a very white teeth. The company were anxious to learn how he made the discovery; for it happened to be true. Said the professor:
"I can think of no motive for her laughing incessantly, but that of showing her teeth."
Dr. Saunderson was blind from infancy, but became eminent as a classic scholar and mathematician, and occupied for many years the chair of mathematics in Cambridge University, England. He judged philosophically, and from his observation of human nature, as in the case of the lady's teeth; but he possessed in a high degree the sense of feeling and hearing. He could distinguish truth from counterfeit Roman medals by the touch. He could tell, by some effect of the air upon his person, when lightning clouds were passing over the disc of the sun. When he entered a room, he could judge of the size of it by the sound of his footsteps.

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