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Some Time.

BY MRS. MAY RILEY SMITH.
Some time, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And even stars forevermore have set,
The things which our weak judgment's here
Have spun,
The things of 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
grieve,
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 commingling 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 lilies pure and white unfold.
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart;
They will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loose, 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 re-
markable 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 dis-
tinction. 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 re-
moved from his former abode to take
possession of the family mansion in Kil-
mare. He married the only child of a
wealthy East India merchant residing
in Liverpool, by whom he had two chil-
dren. In the fourth year of their wed-
ded 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 imme-
diately 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 canal 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 in-
creased at about midnight to a smart
shower. Mr. Bell, who was about re-
tiring, 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 sub-
ject of a delusion, he commenced to un-
dress. 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 house-
keeper 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 chil-
dren. 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 conscious-
ness 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 releas-
ing 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 re-
gained 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 startled her into
sudden flight?

Next day the lamp was found extin-
guished 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 valu-
able 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
to her mouth, 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 sev-
eral days after Mrs. Bell's resurrection.

Every effort was made to keep this re-
markable circumstance a secret from the
gossip of the neighborhood; never-
theless, 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 profession-
al 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, discover-
ing the valuable jewel, had resolved to
gain possession of it for himself.

Soon after this extraordinary occur-
rence 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
Tortoise, near Liverpool.

And now for the sequel.
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 offences. 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 assist-
ants 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 mid-
night 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 aston-
ishment 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, leav-
ing the lamp burning on the floor. The
body-snatcher guessed at once the wo-
man'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 retreat-
ing figure. It passed out of the church-
yard at a small wicket on the north side
of the church and entered the parson-
age. Satisfied that he possessed an im-
portant secret, out of which he could
make money, he returned to the vault.
The light was still burning, and he sig-
nalled the men in waiting. They were
soon on the spot, but on entering the
vault they discovered to their amaze-
ment, that the coffin was empty. The
body-snatcher kept his secret, and the
mysterious disappearance of the body
was a matter of unimpaired surprise.
Extinguishing the lamp, the men quit the
churchyard, the body-snatcher return-
ing 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 abso-
lutely 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 imme-
diately."

"You forgot last night, ma'am, in the
vault," the man said in a low tone.
The cheek of the lady evidently
blanched, 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 sup-
posed 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, vouched
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 gingham is woven to form
bourette effects.

Linen collars and cuffs are embroi-
dered with colored cotton.

Mantelets and dolmans have about ex-
tinguished 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 fashion-
able woman's work at the moment.

Parasols this season are made of Mat-
tress silk, fringed with a double row of
looped goose grain ribbon.

Burlap bands 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 pos-
sible.

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.

Wit loses its 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 prin-
cipal 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.

Recipes.

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 gin-
ger; four tablespoonsful of sugar; warm
and mix without water. We think this
the best sausage recipe we have ever
used.

MOLASSES COOKIES.—Two cups mol-
lasses, one cup sugar, one cup butter,
three eggs, two tablespoonsful ginger,
three of soda. Another—One cup mol-
asses; 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
have your crust ready and spread the
prunes quite thin; add one cup of sugar
and two tablespoonsful of boiled cider
to a pie. This is enough to make two
pies. You will find them very nice.

CORNING BEEF.—For 100 pounds of
beef take seven pounds salt, two pounds
of sugar, two ounces saltpetre, two
ounces pepper, two ounces soda; dis-
solve in two and a half gallons water;
boil, skim, and let cool; when a sum
ries 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 cel-
ery, 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 always obtained, as far as my
experience goes, from the first litter of
eggs that a hen lays when she first com-
mences in the spring, not only because
the hen has had a winter's rest, but be-
cause 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, ap-
pear, 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 suc-
cess.

Let us then, if we want fine and
healthy chicks, select the best fresh eggs
from the best 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 coun-
try 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 particu-
lar 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 in-
hospitable 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 moun-
tains the pine forests and the varied
shrubby 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, ex-
cept 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.

Family jars are often caused by ju-
gurs.

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 but-
ter.

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 bawling a lost friend,
they frequently exclaim, "Alas, my be-
loved jackass!"

"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
wheeled, 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 sever-
eigns 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 Win-
nago chief has bought a sewing machine
for his daughter. To the discerning
mind it only means that the much
abused agent has not yet lost his grip.
The lightning rod man should take
care.

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 seals
are, because, like seal-skin, cat-skin re-
tains 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 as
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 then
he was intelligent enough. But he bit
his own best on record. As the mice
attracted by the smell, came out, he
didn't drop the candle to grab them, and
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 Sanderson
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
very white teeth. The company were
anxious to learn how he made the di-
agnosis; for it happened to be true.
Said the professor:

"I can think of no motive for her
laughing incessantly, but that of show-
ing her teeth."

Dr. Sanderson was blind from in-
fancy, 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 at
hearing. He could distinguish the
touch. He could tell, by some effect
the air upon his person, when high
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
his footsteps.