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Poetry.

OUR DARLING.

Bounding like a football,
Kicking at the door;
Falling from the table top,
Sprawling on the floor;
Smashing cups and saucers,
Splitting dolly's head;
Putting little pussy cat
Into baby's bed.

Building shops and houses,
Spoiling father's hat;
Hiding mother's precious keys
Underneath the mat;
Jumping on the fender,
Poking at the fire;
Dancing on his little legs—
Legs that never tire—
Making mother's heart leap
Fifty times a day;
Aging everything we do,
Every word we say.

Shouting, laughing, tumbling,
Roaring with a will,
Anywhere and everywhere,
Never, never still.
Present—bringing sunshine;
Absent—leaving night;
That's our precious darling,
That's our heart's delight.

Interesting Tale.

THE SERPENT BRACELET.

The scene of the following tale is laid in the State of Pennsylvania; and it is necessary to preface it by informing the reader that in the United States a marriage can be effected, at any moment, without previous notice, by either a clergyman or a justice of the peace.

Stonely Hall lifted itself a huge pile of gray, uncompromising masonry against a dull sky. On the right bare hills arose, their ruggedness scarcely mellowed by distance; and on the right, a wide stretch of marshy flats, with the river crawling sluggishly through.

Henry Lawrence, riding slowly along the road, gazed wistfully towards the Hall, and half checked his horse as he came opposite the avenue gates. Then, with a muttered imprecation at his own folly, he loosed the rein, and dashed away at full speed upon his mission, whatever it may have been.

Returning a few hours later, through the darkness of night, he found the windows of the Hall all aglow with ruddy light. There was no hesitation in his manner now, as he rode immediately to the stables, and himself attended to the comfort of his horse. Evidently he was perfectly at home with the place and its surroundings.

He next turned towards the house, but stopped midway up the path. A tiny red spark gleamed at him from the midst of the dead leaves, strewn in golden heaps; and, stooping, he assured himself of the actuality of the thing, which struck him with a sudden chill. Only a cigar-end, yet holding its heart of fire, which told that it had but a moment before left the lips of the smoker.

In an instant he had received the evidence of this mute witness, and shut his heart against the reasonings and palliations a less jealous nature might have entertained. Captain Stonely never smoked. Therefore an intruder had been upon the grounds; and who so likely as the man on whom he lavished all the bitterness of his hate, George St. Mark?

He crushed the offending fragment to atoms, and gave the fragrant dust to the winds; then strode on through the portal, his face darkened by what at least he considered justifiable anger.

In a spacious room, with a great fire blazing on the hearth, Captain Stonely and his youngest daughter, Louise, were seated before a blazing fire. They both started as Henry Lawrence entered, and gave him cordial welcome.

An unpleasant night, he said, answering their remarks. There will be snow before midnight, I think.

Captain Stonely poked the fire vigorously. Lawrence took a seat and drew close to it, asking, "Where is Eliza?"

At the instant she appeared upon the threshold. Henry! she exclaimed, I scarcely expected you to-night. The wind has risen almost to a gale.

Necessity, which knows no law, cannot be expected to flinch where inclination delights to venture. Even this searching blast does not preclude the possibility of clandestine amours, I find.

Louise gazed at him wonderingly, and Eliza flashed an indignant look.

You are tired and chilled, and consequently cross, Louise remarked. You shall have mulled

wine and sponge cake to put you in good humour. And she fitted away.

Captain Stonely began to doze, and Henry drew Eliza imperatively aside.

Are you deceiving me again? he said. He has been here to-night.

Who has been here, Mr. Lawrence? and in what manner have I ever deceived you?

George St. Mark, he said, ignoring the latter part of her inquiry. You will not deny it.

I never deny the truth, she said.

The bitter words upon his tongue died away beneath the pang of agony he experienced. He had hoped his suspicion might prove unfounded.

And this woman's faith! he said, at last.

Man's injustice, rather, she retorted. Henry, will you never trust me? Must you always imagine mountains of intrigue where not a shadow of actual intercourse exists?

What am I to think? he demanded. You led me to believe you were scarcely acquainted with the man, and now I have discovered the contrary.

I thought you generous enough to credit me with sincerity, she said. You will know some day how groundless are your suspicions.

Louise coming in with the wine and cake put an end to this uncomfortable tete-a-tete.

Almost simultaneously Miss Gresham entered, and, after passing salutations with Henry, took a seat near Eliza.

They were cousins, and in points of general resemblance, enough alike to have been mistaken for twin sisters. Miss Gresham was looking haggard and ill.

Henry marked the fact indifferently. What were the cares or joys of humanity to him who had proved the futility of woman's constancy?

There was a constant ebb and flow which Louise overcame with banish.

Er-and by Henry rose and departed, and the Captain came out of his trap to see him drawing on his gloves.

You are not going away to-night? he cried out in astonishment. Don't think of it!

I regret the necessity which will not permit of my encroaching upon your hospitality this time, he said, thereby uttering a deliberate subterfuge, for his present mood alone sent him forth.

Louise followed him to the door.

Have you been quarrelling with Eliza? she said.

And if I have, little Lou?

She is so sensitive, she will not brook complaint. Don't tell the death-bell to your own happiness.

Eliza looked into the hall undecidedly, and then came swiftly towards them.

Let us part friends, she said, extending her hand. I could not sleep if I thought you had gone away angry.

Forgive me if I judged you rashly, Eliza.

This once, yes. But you must trust me fully.

He stooped over the hand he held, and doing so, noticed the bracelet on her wrist. A coiled serpent, with quivering golden scales, and emerald eyes. He had seen her wear it a hundred times before, but to-night it impressed him unpleasantly.

What an ugly ornament, Eliza! I don't like it.

The night was dimly dark, and the snow was falling in fine atoms that stuck like needles upon his face; but he had that within him which enabled him to combat the storm, and laugh at its efforts to discomfit him.

I wonder if I am a fool to be thus swayed by a woman? he mused. An hour ago I was convinced of her fidelity; and now her single word has lifted the entire load of doubt from my mind.

The holidays were celebrated with all manner of festivities at Stonely Hall.

Henry Lawrence had been urged to take up his abode there for the time, but declined, preferring to ride to and fro from his own place.

Perhaps one reason for this was, that his intensely jealous nature would not permit him to witness unmoved even the civilities Eliza was bound to bestow upon the guests of his own sex.

They had been having tableaux in the Hall, and Henry's part in the performance ending, he made preparations for a quiet withdrawal.

The next night was to witness the conclusion of these galeries, which were to culminate in a masquerade ball, and he wisely resolved to preserve all surplus animation for that occasion.

He looked about him for Eliza to utter a parting word, but not seeing her, he went disappointed out into the moonlight night.

There was a light snow on the ground, and between the interstices of the shrubbery he caught the fluttering of a lady's garment.

Two figures paced across his view to and fro across the half obscured path. He drew back into the denser shadow. A moment more and the two parted, the lady coming hurriedly towards the house.

There was no mistaking that figure. As if to dispel any lingering doubt he might entertain, she paused a second to make sure she was not observed from the windows; a gust of wind tore at her mantle, and on the bare

arm disclosed he caught the glint of the golden scales and gleam of the green eyes belonging to the serpent bracelet.

This, then, was the regard of a woman for her voluntary given promise! He strode fiercely down the garden path hoping to overtake her companion and make sure of his identity also. In this he was disappointed, but by the gate picked a scrap of paper, twisted and half burned, and smoothing it out, read in the moonlight—

St. Mark.

There was little rest for Henry Lawrence that night. The jealous fiend held possession over him again, and every nerve and sinew quivered beneath its acute torture.

Over the chaos of his tumultuous impulses he deduced but one decision. He would never succumb, the crushed victim of a designing coquette.

Lawrence was late at the ball next night. Passing up the avenue, he fancied that a shadow flitted across his path; but a close investigation of surrounding shrubbery revealed nothing. The moon, just rising, threw an uncertain light as he stood gazing at the Hall, from which the sounds of merriment were distinctly wafted to him. Below, every window gave forth a volume of reflected light; and above single torch light burned steadily behind a gable pane. Suddenly the last was removed, but after a moment replaced; this was repeated three successive times, and then disappeared.

Henry's jealous imitations received this phenomenon as a token intended for other eyes than his, and remembering his resolution he passed in.

The ante room was quite dark, and as he entered, he heard the rustle of garments, and felt one eye brush swiftly past him.

A second later, Louise appeared in door way with a light, and carrying her domino in her hand.

You are very late, Henry! How careless to have extinguished the light here! You very nearly stumbled upon the mystery of ladies' toilets; the gentlemen's room is next door. If you are quick, you can go up stairs with me.

She seemed strangely embarrassed by their recurrence, and another intuition flashed across him. She had expected to meet a different person.

Al, little Lou, he said, sorrowfully, are you too dazzled in the desert?

You know, then? He generous—do not expose them!

Do not fear, he answered, lightly. If a word could change the fact, I would not utter it.

Come, then, and help me screen her absence, she said; but stopped as his start assured her that he had not expected so much.

What is gone?

I told you, she faltered.

Without a word, he drew her hand through his arm, and went to look where the crowd in its mingling of grotesque costumes carried him forcibly on its tide as it ebbed and flowed through the wide-crowded rooms. He was in prison at his own temerity in tearing the blow, and philosophically ceased his chance of drawing a counter-thrust. Why not use the same weapon as a foil?

Louise had left him but he sought her out again.

Were you ever in love, Lou?

Not seriously, she laughed.

How much do you care for me?

More than for any other man I know, except Papa. She had caught his drift already. You are not plotting another elopement for to-night?

You have ready wit, little mouse.

But the necessity does not exist in your case. I will never do.

Listen to me, I cannot bear that Eliza shall triumph over the woman she will suppose her faithlessness has inflicted. I will be true and tender towards you if you will trust your future with me. Think of my humiliation, or worse, and consent to mine.

He felt her frame quiver with suppressed agitation, and when she replied, her voice sounded strangely choked.

It is eleven now. Give me an hour to think of it.

Midnight came, and with a rush for the supper rooms. Louise Stonely and Henry Lawrence were alone in the deserted saloon.

Well? He asked.

If you do not retract within five minutes, I shall comply with your request, she said.

He had it on his lips to answer of his inflexible resolve, but the expression was checked unuttered.

There was the slight bustle of an arrival, and a second later he faced his enemy, Geo. St. Mark. Clinging to his arm, his new made bride, was not Eliza, but Miss Gresham.

The news flew through the house with electric speed, and instant confusion reigned.

Do you wish your answer now? whispered Louise, mischievously.

For heaven's sake, don't betray my folly! It was all owing to the bracelet.

The bracelets, you mean. They were fac-similes.

Henry's mistake was productive of at least

one good result. It cured him of his groundless jealousy, and moreover proved the conjectured point that a woman can keep a secret.

For Louise, did not divulge her knowledge until his own and Eliza's wedding day.

Edward Jenner, M. D.

THE DISCOVERER OF VACCINATION BORN, MAY 17, 1749. DIED, FEBRUARY, 1826.

Edward Jenner was the third of the Vicars of Berkeley, in Gloucestershire. He was born on the 17th of May, 1749. His father was one of great antiquity in the county, and considerable landed property.

Jenner received his education in the school of Dr. W. Smith, of Cirencester, and early in life showed a strong and growing predilection for inquiries in natural history. On making choice of medicine as his profession he was removed from school, and placed as an apprentice with Mr. Ludlow, a surgeon of great repute at Sunbury, near Bristol.

At the age of twenty-one Jenner went to London, to pursue his studies under the care of John Hunter, in whose house he resided as a pupil during two years; and during this time a warm and lasting friendship sprang up between the master and his pupil—Hunter being much charmed by the industry and zeal displayed by Jenner, and by the excellence and delicacy with which he made some most valuable dissections.

After his return to Berkeley, some years later, Jenner frequently corresponded with Hunter; and some of the letters, preserved in Dr. Baron's "Memoirs," are full of lively interest on subjects of natural history and physiology. At Berkeley Jenner soon acquired a large practice; his surgical attainments, together with his very general information, and his amiable and polished manners, secured him a welcome reception from the most distinguished families in the district.

His long country rides served to gratify his keen relish for the picturesque beauty in which the neighborhood abounded; and friends were often glad to accompany him twenty miles in his morning rides, eagerly listening to the overflows of an enthusiastic amateur of nature and art.

The dress of Mr. Jenner, the Berkeley surgeon, is described as having been usually a blue coat with yellow buttons, buckskins, well polished jockey-boots, with handsome silver spurs, and his hair, after the fashion of the day, done up in a club, was surmounted by a top-hat-brimmed hat.

In 1788, Jenner married Miss Catharine Kingscote, a lady of elegant manners, accomplished mind, and vigorous understanding; in her counsel and sympathy he found support in many of the future trials of his life. About this time, too, he gained much distinction by papers on natural history, read before the Royal Society. Finding the fatigues of general practice becoming too laborious to him, Jenner resolved to confine himself now to the practice of medicine, and obtained, in 1792, from the University of St. Andrew's, the degree of M. D.

At the close of 1791, just as Jenner was on the eve of making his great discovery, he was attacked with typhus fever, and well nigh died of the disease; thanks, however, to the good hand of Providence, and the attentions of Dr. Parry, of Bath, Jenner was happily brought through his dangerous illness, and soon after his recovery we find him earnestly investigating the cow-pox, as it affected the human subject.

It happened that while Jenner was pursuing his professional education with Mr. Ludlow, of Sudbury, a young woman chanced to be in the surgery, and, hearing mention made of small-pox, she remarked that she could not take that disease, as she had already had the cow-pox. On inquiry, Jenner found it to be a popular notion in the district that those who had once had cow-pox were never attacked by small-pox. It appeared that, in Dorsetshire, a pustular eruption showing itself on the hands of those who milked cows, similarly diseased, had already attracted the attention of Sir George Baker; but he, at that time, was in the heat of controversy respecting the endemic colic of Devonshire, and did not pursue the subject.

Jenner, in one of his note-books, dated 1799, says that he can find no direct allusion to the cow-pox disease in any ancient writer, though the following, Jenner thought, bore some relation to it: When the Dukes of Cleveland was taunted by her companions, Lady Mary Davis and others, that she might soon have to deplore the loss of that beauty which was then her boast, as virulent small-pox was raging in London, she made reply that she had had a disorder which would prevent her from even catching the small-pox.—[Good Health for May.]

The Young Men's Christian Association of Dover, England, by a vote of fifteen to thirteen, has expelled "Punch," the comic paper, from its reading room. The action has elicited several essays on the uses of wit and humor.

Real glory springs from the silent conquest of ourselves.

An Electric Joke.

Some weeks ago, one of the illustrious sons of science, the vaillant electric man opened out at Fourth and Market streets, with his dual for testing how much tortoise-shell voluntary victims could stand. To stimulate trade he kept a standing offer to pay \$5 to whomsoever could stand as much electric fluid as his machine would furnish. One day, a boy presented himself, and announced that he had come to win that \$5.

The man handed him the 'handles,' and started the machine. The boy stood it wonderfully. The operator turned the crank faster, and asked the boy how it felt. The boy said it did not feel at all. The man thought something must be the matter, and commenced an elaborate tightening up of the screws, and then commenced another series of swift revolutions, which ought to have produced a current sufficient to kill the boy; still he laughingly assured the fellow that he did not experience the slightest sensation. Out of patience, the man demanded to see his hands, and then the secret was explained. The boy belonged to the telegraph office, and had picked up one sleeve of his coat, around his shoulders, and down the other sleeve, and then uncovered the ends of the wires in each hand—

Thus armed, he had gone to the electric man; of course, the uncovered ends of the wire, pressed against the metallic handles, presented a better medium than the boy's body, and the current simply passed to them and along the insulated wire around the boy's body, without touching him. That "electrician" was very good, and thought it a good joke, and took the boy's part. The man was so laughed at that he left town.

JUST AS HE WAS—Two men met together one day, one of them newly married. After enquiring for each other's health, one of them says to the other, "I've gotten a wife this I saw ye list."

O, says the other, that's good!

Well, nae sae guid's as ye wad think, for she's nae a guid ane.

O, says the other that's bud!

Nae ane bud's as ye wad think, for I got six hundred pounds wi' her.

That was good.

Nae sae guid's ye wad think, for I bocht houses wi' it, an' they war a' burnt.

That was very bad surely!

Nae sae very bad as ye wad think, for my wife was burnt wi' them. They cam' together, and they gae'd together, so I'm just as I wis.

A little five year old boy was being instructed in morals by his grandmother. The old lady told him that all such terms as "why golly," "oh jingo," "by thunder," etc., were only minced oaths, and but little better than any other profanity. In fact, she said he could tell a profane oath by the prefix "why." All such were oaths. "Well, then, grandmother," said the boy, "there's a big oath in the newspaper." "By telegraph," the old lady gave it up, and the boy is consid'ably bewild'n in morals.

He is but half prepared for the journey of life who takes not with him that friend who will forsake him in no emergency, who will divide his sorrows, increase his joys, lift the veil from his heart, and throw sunshine around the darkest scenes.

Every parent is like a looking glass for his children to dress themselves by. Therefore parents should care to keep the glass bright and clear, not dull and spotted, as their good example is a rich inheritance for the rising generation.

Scraps from the American Newspaper Reporter.

To add to fortune—Advertise.

Hotel courtesy—im attention.

Cure for brain or fire—blow it out.

A word to the people in debt—get out!

A brass and iron is made of brass and iron.

Song of the billiard ball—"Oh, Carom me back!"

Sorosis women declare that they won't wear dresses any longer.

There is so much "whiskey paper" about in Cincinnati that money is tight.

Song of a man going to have a tooth drawn—how happy would I be with ether.

There is no use in praising the perfect style of ladies dresses, for they are pulled enough.

Dare to change your mind, confess your error, and alter your conduct, when you are convinced you are wrong.

The reason why editors have that meane spoiled, is because they receive so many evil communications.

Texas has a new game in cards—one holds a revolver, the other holds the cards. A winner holds the inquest.

What is the difference between a High Church Episcopalian and a Baptist? One burns wax candles and the other dips.



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