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## "WELL DAE I MIND."

Well dae I mind, my trusty freen,  
Hoo you and I beguiled  
The simmer nichts 'mong meadows green,  
Or roamed at will the wild  
And bonny-buskit heather braes  
O' Pentland's dear auld hill,  
While o' the ripe and juicy lass  
We often ate our fill.

Well mind I, too, hoo aft we twa  
Hae climed up Arthur's Seat,  
An' viewed the varied pictures a'  
Spread out beneath our feet.  
"Rest an' be thankful," too, we've seen  
When dabbie decked its broo,  
An' simmer 'coot o' verdant green  
Was in its brichtest hue.

Craigmillar's leaf-clad ruined wa'  
In silent grandeur stand,  
No' changed a bit by time or laws  
Sin' we gaed hand in hand  
Sae blithely litlin' ower the hill,  
Wi' nocht, but thocht o' cheer,  
Tae "Wells o' Weary," where oor fill  
We drank o' water clear.

Sic fun we used to often ha'e—  
Lo'd sake, I mind o' weel;  
Sic tricks we often used to play  
On some unwary chiel.  
At bantein' wi' the lassie fair,  
Guid faith, we dang them a',  
Bit aye kept free frae lika sure  
Aft set to catch us twa.

Sweet days!—they noo, alas! are gane—  
You're severed frae my side,  
An' ower the angry, ragin' main  
Ye noo 'mong strangers gide.  
But yet I dootna, Sandy, man,  
Ye'll think sometimes like me,  
An' aft recall auld Scotia's lan',  
Sae dear to memory.

## ANGER AND REPENTANCE.

"Then you refuse to give up this hateful journey in order to accompany me to the masquerade, upon which I have so set my heart?"

"I must refuse, Estelle. This is a matter of pressing business, an engagement made weeks ago, and my word is pledged to be at hand at the appointed time. I am sorry to disappoint you, but it cannot be avoided," returned the husband, gravely.

"Cannot, indeed! I say it can. Eugene Duval, if you go to-day, and so disappoint me, you will rue it all the days of your life. Let me assure you I shall go to the ball to-morrow night, either with you or without you; I swear it," returned the wife, crimson with passion.

"Oh, my darling, do not be too hasty. I know you do not mean one half your angry words (surely, for you surely would not attend such a public place without the protection of your husband.)"

"I have said it. I go to that ball either with you or without you."

"Then it must be without, because I cannot remain. When I return—"

"Don't talk of your return," interrupted the angry wife. "I hope from my soul, if you go, I may never behold your face again."

"Did I hear you right, Estelle? Let me be sure that I was not mistaken in your words," returned the young man, every vestige of color receding from his face and lips.

"You were not mistaken. I repeat my words to satisfy you. I hope, from my soul, if you go, I may never behold your face again."

With these words the angry young wife passed from the room, leaving her husband bending over his open valise, which he had been filling with articles required during his absence.

A few months later Estelle heard him slowly descend the stairs, and the closing of the front door told that he had gone.

before her, even in the midst of the dances which usually afforded her much delight.

She felt that the company was to her exceedingly tedious, that the time for her return to her home seemed cruelly long, and as the moments dragged on she thought continually—

"I wish I had not come. I wish I had not said those angry words. I wish I had not seen Eugene so soon as he comes home, how wretched I have been, and ask him to forgive me."

But he never came. A few days of wearying silence passed, and then a letter arrived, telling her she need not fear being pained by a sight of his face again, as he was about to depart for a distant part of the world, where all traces of him hereafter would be entirely lost. He advised her to sell the house he had settled upon her at their marriage, as he did not think it best for her to live alone, and she could return to her father's house. He had arranged his business affairs, making ample provision for every want, as he was abundantly able to do. He gave no address, therefore she could not answer.

This was his last farewell. Years rolled on, and her heart never ceased to ache under its deep pressure of remorse, sorrow and unyielding love. Poor thing! she had loved her husband, but she had never curbed her violent temper or checked her sinful love for gaiety and excitement.

When she did learn this lesson, when her fierce passions had been subdued, and she could quietly bear crosses and disappointments, when excitement and gay scenes had lost their charms, and home and pure domestic duties had taken their place in her heart, the one who would have enjoyed the change and rejoiced in the now amiable and still beautiful woman, was far away, ignorant of her repentance, entirely estranged.

Seven years went by, and we find Estelle Duval still with her parents and only sister, now just twenty-two, the age that she had been when her eyes last rested on her husband's face.

Friends often wondered that Mrs. Duval never appeared in society with Clara, but they could not but admire her dignified reserve while suffering under the sting of being a deserted wife.

Mr. Malcolm, her father, had never been a fortunate man in business, and as times were hard, he had sought of late years to mend his now slender income by taking a few selected boarders.

On the morning when we see them in their home, the mother and her two daughters were seated in Estelle's prettily furnished bed room, discussing the appearance of a gentleman who had just left after engaging rooms.

He would take possession of his handsome apartments the next day, he said on leaving.

"Did I like his appearance, mamma?" asked Clara.

"I did very much, although all conversation was carried on through a friend he had brought with him as interpreter, he being a German, unable to speak our language. He is probably forty-five or fifty years of age, very gentlemanly in his looks, and had excellent references. I should think him wealthy, as he was willing to pay high prices for additional privileges and comforts."

"I hope he will be a pleasant inmate of our home, although he must be a silent one, as we cannot converse with him," remarked Estelle.

In raising her eyes while speaking, they fell upon a likeness of her absent husband, whose handsome, beardless face, with its winning smile, seemed almost boyish in its beauty and repose.

Her gaze remained riveted upon the picture, as she calmly continued—

"I was passing through the hall as he was leaving, and the tone of his voice reminded me of Eugene's. Did he look like him?"

"No, no. He was, as I say, full forty-five. His hair was very gray and bushy, and so was his full beard. There may have been a look of Eugene's about the large, dark eyes, not withstanding he wore spectacles with tinted glasses, but I did not think of it while with him."

Mr. Oberholtzer prered upon further acquaintance a perfect gentleman. He seemed socially inclined, often spending his evenings in the parlor with the family, bringing there his books and papers, being fond of reading and study.

At first the ladies felt awkward with their silent companion, but finally they ceased to regard his peculiarities, and knowing that he did not understand them, they chatted away of their own affairs, heedless of his presence.

One thing, however, became apparent to Mrs. Malcolm and Clara, and that was, that Mr. Oberholtzer appeared to admire exceedingly the totally unconscious Estelle.

He noticed her every little want at the table,

was always ready to place a chair for her when she entered the room, and sometimes they had surprised him in gazing with a long-impassioned look upon her beautiful features, when she was entirely unaware of his admiring glances.

They began to observe this, but wisely kept it to themselves, fearing to displease, even by a jest, their loved and afflicted child and sister.

One cold winter's morning the German gentleman sat in the shadow of the lace and crimson curtains, deeply absorbed by the contents of his paper, when the sisters entered. They perceived him, but secure of his not understanding their conversation, they continued it.

"Do go this once, Estelle," pleaded Clara. "It will be such a splendid entertainment, and the music will be so fine."

"No, dear, do not urge me; you know I have lost all taste for parties since Eugene left me. If you could realize how I have suffered for that fearful love of pleasure you would never urge me to renew it. Only think," added she, while tears filled her eyes, and her voice trembled with sorrow, "had it not been for that fatal ball, I should never have said those cruel, untrue words that drove him from me even while in my heart I loved him better than any one on earth. No, dear sister, I have shuddered whenever I think of going into society, since that fatal day, and I shall go no more."

The sisters turned away as they spoke, not seeing that Mr. Oberholtzer had risen from his chair, and had hurriedly turned to approach them.

That afternoon Mr. Malcolm came home from his business earlier than usual, and calling Estelle into the parlor, he hastened to tell her some important news, regardless of the presence of the children at the board, who sat near the window.

"Estelle, darling, I hurried home to tell you that Dr. Maxwell, our family physician, called at my office this morning, and greatly delighted me by asking my permission to speak with you on the subject of marriage."

"Oh, father!" exclaimed Estelle, in accents of deep surprise and sorrow.

"Listen to me, my child. Dr. Maxwell loves you devotedly. He knows your story—knows that you have not heard from Eugene for seven years, knows also that a divorce for abandonment can easily be obtained, and wishes me to urge his suit. My dear, will you not listen to him?"

"Never, father, never! A divorce from Eugene, whom I still love, I will never ask. I respect Dr. Maxwell—he is a good man; but none but my absent Eugene shall ever call me wife."

"But, Estelle, he may be, and probably is dead."

Holding her still in his embrace, Eugene gently soothed her with kisses, and then, when she became more calm, he told her of his long wanderings in foreign lands, which brought no happiness because unshared by her, of his longings to see her once more, of his fear that she would not receive him kindly, and of his sudden resolve, well carried out, to seek her home as a foreigner not understanding English, thus mingling in the home circle, and so judging whether she wished his return.

"Oh, Eugene, my own husband, you fully forgive me now, and will never forsake me more?" exclaimed Estelle.

"Never, my precious wife. My wanderings are over, and death alone shall part us. Bless you, my darling, for not listening to Dr. Maxwell's loving appeal."

I need not say that great joy and surprise was felt by the family when Mr. Oberholtzer turned out to be the long lost husband of Estelle, and the pleasure with which they greeted him could not but convince the poor fellow that he was truly welcome.

The pretty house they seven years before had called their home, was repurchased and refurbished, and a more devotedly domestic couple than again took possession of it, could really be found.

An ancient writer once said—  
"Lamentation is the only musician that always, like a screech-owl, alights and sits on the roof of an angry person."

And this motto had been fully impressed upon the mind of Estelle during the seven years of her loneliness, so that in all the added years of her life she was able to put in practice the power of a well-governed temper, remembering—  
"Woe keeps by you, you may change and mend,  
But words once spoken can never be recalled."

It's Too Expensive.

He was in the morning of manhood, his eye clear and bright, the skin of a warm, ruddy glow, his step buoyant and elastic, and his spirit bounding and healthful. Said a friend to him:

"Come in, Harry, and take a drink."

"No, Tom, it's too expensive. I can't afford it."

"Oh, pshaw! Come and drink with me—at my expense."

"No, Tom—I wouldn't drink at your expense if I could; but that thing cannot be done. He who drinks must do so at his own expense."

"Nonsense! If I invite you in to drink, and pay for it, what's the expense to you, Harry?"

"Ay, Tom, dear boy, I wasn't thinking of the money part. As for that, I fancy I could afford the expense better than you could. No, no—the expense which I cannot afford is of another kind. The peace and happiness of my mother I cannot sacrifice; my own health, and strength, and mental and moral vigor, and my self-respect, I cannot foolishly expend and cast away. And, dear Tom, there is another—God bless her!—your sweet sister, Lillie—have I a right, since our betrothment, to endanger the heart and life I have pledged to her?"

A tear stole down Tom's cheek. He took Harry's arm, and walked away from the gilded saloon, conscientiously reflecting upon the better way of life.

NO DANGER!

Charles H., after taking two or three turns one morning in St. James' Park (as was his usual custom), attended only by the Duke of Leeds and Lord Cromarty, walked up Constitution Hill and from thence into Hyde Park. But, just as he was crossing the road, the Duke of York's coach was nearly arrived there. The Duke had been hunting that morning on Hounslow Heath, and was returning in his coach, escorted by a party of the Guards, who, as soon as they saw the King, suddenly halted, and consequently stopped the coach.

The Duke, being acquainted with the occasion of the halt, immediately got out of his coach and after saluting the King, said he was greatly surprised to find his Majesty in that place with such a small attendance, and that he thought his Majesty exposed himself to some danger. "No kind of danger, James," said the King. "For I am sure no man in England will take away my life to make you king."

and Sham—compounds of plain sewing and make-believe.

## Woman Lovely Woman.

"In my hat done?" inquired a cold looking lady at a Chicago millinery establishment one pleasant day this week.

"Yes, ma'am," politely responded the shopwoman; "it will be here in a moment." An assistant soon brought up the bonnet, and while the customer was duly inspecting it the store proprietress ventured to inquire—

"How do you like it?"

"It's simply horrid!" was the reply. "But it is just as you ordered it," pleaded the maker of the head-wear.

"Yes, something as I ordered," was the short and sneering answer. "I'm real sorry, but—"

"Well, never mind," broke in the buyer with set lips; "what's the expense?"

"A-b-out seven dollars, I guess," said the shopwoman, timidly. "The money was paid over, and the bonnet or level up to the house, when the purchaser pranced out upon the street, and immediately exclaimed to an accompanying friend—

"Isn't it perfectly lovely?"

"Yes," replied the friend, "it's ravishing; but how could you talk so to that woman?"

"Talk so?" exclaimed she of the bonnet; why, if I had let her know how much I liked the hat, that woman would certainly have charged me ten dollars; but now, you see, I got it for seven dollars."

The other woman said she had not thought of that, but would profit by her friend's ripe experience, and never like an article again until after she had bought it.

DESERVED REPROOF.

One day, when it was known that Curran was to make an elaborate argument in Chancery, Lord Clare brought a large Newfoundland dog upon the bench with him, and during the progress of the argument he "lent his ear" much more to the dog than to the barrister. This was observed at length by the whole profession; in time the Chancellor lost all regard for decency, he turned himself quite aside in the most material part of the case, and began in full court to fondle the animal. Curran topped at once. "Go on, go on, Mr. Curran," said Lord Clare, who certainly had much of the coxcomb in his manner. "Oh, I beg a thousand pardons, my lord," said Curran; "I really took it for granted that your lordship was employed in consultation."

The San Fernando Tunnel.

The San Fernando tunnel, through the San Fernando mountains, on the Southern Pacific Railroad, California, is the largest one on the Pacific coast. Its length is 6,966 feet, or 1 mile and 1,636 feet. The work of construction was remarkably rapid; it is not two years since the first borings were made. Many difficulties were encountered. San Fernando is the petroleum region of Los Angeles, and there were fears lest in tunneling the mountain the workers might come upon reservoirs of petroleum or other noxious fluids and gases. The great obstacle being the character of the rock, and the enormous pressure upon the timbers placed as supports. The tunnel will be lined with masonry or great strength. The longest tunnel on the Central Pacific, in crossing the Sierras, is only about 1,200 feet, not one fifth the length of the San Fernando.

HANDSOME COMPLIMENT.

A French officer, having presented himself at the Court of Vienna, the Empress said Lord Clare, who had been in company on the preceding evening with the Princess de—, asked him if he thought it true that the princess was, as report said, the most beautiful woman in the world. "Madam," replied the officer, "I thought so yesterday."

RARE.—An old lady residing near Belfast, Ireland, has lived to see two children of the fifth generation, making her a great-great-grandmother. Not long since, she walked, without a staff, a distance of four miles to visit a friend.

INFERNO.—Boatman—"Going to have a sail this morning, sir?" Auctioneer (out for a holiday)—"Sail! Confound you fellow, don't be personal!"—*Judy.*

Mrs. Carr, of Quebec, hanged herself with her false hair last week. The coroner's verdict was that the Carr was demolished by a misplaced "switch."

A New Haven scientist shows that bees have memories. They have a way of sitting down suddenly and leaving their memories behind them.—*N. Y. Herald.*