

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.]

E VARIIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic

[\$2 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

No 32

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, AUG. 12, 1874.

Vol 41

Poetry.

PINK AND PURPLE.

Pink and purple, arching over
Meadow slopes thick set with clover
Pink and purple and blue together—
O the perfect summer weather!
O the corn, with green leaves gleaming!
O the roses deep in dreaming!
Wherefore, darling, dost thou tarry?
Come and bind the spell of fairy!

Pink and purple slowly fading,
Fainter colors interlarding—
Hill in dusk, the insect chorus,
Tells that night is falling o'er us.
In the east a star is burning—
Signal, dear, of thy returning;
And the baby's eyes are weary:
Come and bind the spell of fairy!

Pink and purple gone together,
O the perfect summer weather!
O the dark blue, arching over
Meadow slopes, thick set with clover!
O the candles' light-dimming!
O the tessel'd bly-crowning!
And the love that does not tarry,
Making all a world of fairy.

—[From the "Albion" for August.

LITERATURE.

KISSING THE SERVANT GIRL.

I confess I was very angry. Well, I may as well begin and tell the whole story. When I married Tom Wilkins all my friends said I had made a fool of myself, really thrown myself away—with all my advantages too. I could have done so much better, and much more to the same purpose. Well, to be sure, Tom is a big, stupid fellow, neither rich nor handsome, but I loved him, and what other excuse does a woman need for an act of folly? But Tom had one fault that troubled me—he was a most inveterate kisser. Before we were married he used to kiss all the girls who visited his sisters, and afterward, he kissed all my old school friends who came to the house, and even kissed mother, and you must conceive that a man is a great kisser that would kiss his mother-in-law. Well, all this I bore in silence, if not in patience, till one morning, coming out of my room, what should I see but Tom at the head of the stairs actually kissing Sarah Ann, the hired girl. That was a little more than human nature, or at least human nature could bear. I sat down till I had recovered myself a little, and allowed Tom to reach the dining-room. When at last I went down he advanced with his usual smile to kiss me, but I drew back angrily.

Why, Jessie, what's the matter? he asked, looking surprised, am I not to have a kiss this morning?

As you have already had the pleasure of kissing Sarah Ann, I think that will do for one morning. I should not fancy the flavor of your kiss after that.

Tom actually blushed. Oh, you saw that, did you, Jessie? Well, where's the great harm in that? It's my motto to imbibe sweetness wherever I find it.

Well, I fancy you did not imbibe a great deal from that source, and the harm is that it lowers your dignity as head of the family, besides giving the servants exaggerated opinions of their own importance.

What nonsense. I don't suppose Sarah Ann will ever think of it again, any more than I should if you had not taken me to task about it.

You seem to forget, Tom, that persons in her position are not so intelligent as those in ours. They judge almost wholly by actions, and I am quite sure Sarah Ann thinks you are quite in love with her.

Don't make a mountain out of a mole-hill, my dear.

Well, Tom, how would you like to see me kissing Old Eben?

Well, really, if you should ever have the least desire to kiss Eben, I don't think I could find it in my heart to object, laughed Tom, as he closed the door and went away.

Old Eben had come from my own neighborhood, was our man of all work, and the ugliest mortal I had ever set eyes upon. So I could not but acknowledge there might be a difference between kissing Sarah Ann who was really good-looking.

Well, I felt so bad that I could not help sitting down and having a good cry. In the midst of it I saw some one coming up the walk who was smiling and beckoning at me. It proved to be my brother John, who had been from home for years. We were expecting him, but not so soon. After the greetings were over, and we were a little quieted, he questioned me about my tears, and soon drew from me the whole story.

So they were not so far wrong in saying you

made a fool of yourself in marrying him, eh, Jessie? Well, why don't you make him put himself in your place?

Oh, John, you don't mean for me to—

Kiss old Eben?—hardly, said John, dryly, but you can put me in old Eben's place for a few days.

Oh, John, that is just the thing. He was to have gone home last week for a few days, but his nephew who was coming to take his place was taken ill, and he was obliged to give up going.

Well, tell him you have got some one to take his place and get him off this forenoon, and now, before anyone sees me, I'll go back to the hotel where I left my baggage, and disguise myself a little.

Well, I sent Eben off, and soon John came back changed beyond recognition, with a blue shirt and overalls, and his hair combed back behind his ears and plastered smoothly to his head. He looked very funny, but he went about his work in such a stolid, indifferent way that some would have thought it the life he had always led.

When Tom came home, I casually remarked that Eben's nephew, Teddy O'Brien, had come to take his place, and he had at last gone home to pay a visit, and I was so pleasant and chatty that Tom concluded that I really had quite forgotten the occurrence of the morning and he was very amiable and sweet in consequence.

In the morning I was up betimes. Tom likes his morning nap, and while apparently unconscious he should not be disturbed. I at the same time took care to make noise enough to keep him wide awake though he lay with his eyes closed, pretending to sleep.

At last I heard a step in the hall, and opening the door cautiously, called Sarah Ann, but it was Teddy who answered me.

The top of the mornin' to ye, Missus; it's as fresh and swate as a rose you're lookin'; and what can I do for you, Mum?

Ah, Teddy, is it you? I'd like some hot water, if you'll tell Sarah Ann to bring it.

I'll bring it myself in a jiffy, said he, disappearing down the stairway. In an incredibly short time he reappeared with it.

Why, Teddy, how quick you are!

Shure, Mum, who wouldn't bestir himself for so swate a lolly as you?

Ah, Teddy, like all your countrymen, you have kissed the blarney stone.

Niver a stone, Mum, but I mind well where we were children together, many's the time I've kissed your sweet lips, ah, and I would I were a boy again.

What for, Teddy?

Shure, wouldn't I be doing that same again? Ah, Mum, this is for the sake of old times, and there, on this kiss with a noise little less than a clap of thunder.

Why, Teddy, have you taken leave of your senses. Do you forget I'm a married woman?

Me're the pity, Mum, but what's the harm? You will never miss the sweetness I stole.

Suppose my husband had heard you?

He—never fear, he's sleeping like an elephant.

Oh, you naughty Teddy, begone.

Going, Mum, and repeating the smack he disappeared down the stairway just as Tom called to know who was there.

It is I, dear Tom, I answered, sweetly.

And who else?

Oh, only Teddy brought up the hot water. Will you get up now before it gets cold?

You said no more, but I saw he was furtively watching me all the time I was dressing. At length he said:

What sort of a fellow is this Teddy?

Oh, Tom, I exclaimed, the nicest fellow. I'm sure when you see him you will agree with me that it will be better to dismiss Eben and keep him instead; you know we were children together.

My dear Jessie, ain't you a little—I—thought I heard—

Ah, yes, I interrupted, that door does squeak dreadfully. I am sorry it woke you; but it won't make much difference, for it's time to get up, anyway. There, I have dressed before you place began, so I will go down and get some flowers.

When Tom came down I was in the dining room arranging my flowers. Teddy was standing by me, and as Tom came in, he, pretending not to see him, remarked:

Well, to my thinking, there's not a flower among them half so swate as you,—then receiving Tom, he pulled his fore-lock and scraped his foot in regular servant style.

Mornin', sir; it's the master I s'pose you are; fine weather, of the time of year.

Tom looked just furious.

It seems to me young man you don't know your place very well; in future, confine yourself to your own quarters, and speak when you are spoken to.

Shure I mean no offence, sir.

Will you go, and without replying? Tom stormed.

Why, my dear Tom, I remarked, smiling sweetly, what a strange dislike you have taken

to poor Teddy. I was so in hopes you would like him as I do, and take him in old Eben's place.

If he don't mind what he is about, I'll kick him out of doors.

The breakfast passed in absolute silence. As we were passing the pantry, on our way to the parlor, we heard Teddy's voice, and I made Tom stop to listen.

It's a fine looking girl you are, Sarah Ann, and I'd be after giving you a kiss, I would indeed, if your breath didn't smell so of onions.

Ingions, indeed; and who axed ye for a kiss? Do you s'pose I'd be wantin' one from the like of you when I can get them from your betters?

My betters! and who do you call my betters?

Shure and isn't it the master himself that kisses me every blessed mornin' of his life; and does he speak of ingions?—not much.

The master! Now it's joking you are, Sarah Ann; do you s'pose I'm fool enough to be

have that?

Believe it or not, it's the blessed truth I'm telling you. Shure, if anything should happen to the mistress, it's not long I'd be the servant here.

A d it's kiss-s you, you say he does; well, it's a queer creature you women are, anyway. Now men think it disgraceful to kiss and tell, and here you boast of it.

We wanted to hear no more, but Tom's face was in a blaze, and he took his hat and left without a word to us.

The next morning Teddy and I managed to be in the same place on the stairs where I had seen Tom and Sarah Ann, and as he opened the door, Teddy kissed me loud enough to be heard all over the house and then hurried away while I went to the dining room. Tom came in presently with an awful frown, which I pretended not to see, and hid my face to be kissed, and he pushed me rudely back from him.

Why Tom? ain't you going to kiss me?

Do you think I'm blind, Miss Wilkins? I saw that Teddy kiss you just now, and it's not the first time either. Do you think I will stand such doings? No! I will break every bone in the rascal's body, if I hang for it, and you shall go home to your mother till you learn to behave yourself.

Now, my dear Tom, where is the harm in that? I believe it's imbibing sweetness wherever I find it; so don't make a mountain out of a mole hill.

You should have seen his face when I repeated his own words.

Look here, Jessie, he said at length, you have got the best of me, though it was a hard way of giving me my lesson.

No more severe than the case required, Tom. I only made you put yourself in my place.

Well, Jessie, if I fill it up with as intense disgust to me as Sarah Ann as it did me to see you kiss that confounded Teddy, I don't wonder you were angry.

Well, we talked the matter over at length and agreed to dismiss both Teddy and Sarah Ann, giving them a month's wages instead of warning.

I heard Sarah Ann mutter to Teddy, shure and I believe the mistress suspects the master is swayed on me.

Niver you fool yourself that way, said Teddy; it's him self as is sending us away.

Well at length they were off, and I had a new girl; but in all this time Tom had not kissed me, and treated with a aversion as though my sins were too great for forgiveness.

While we were at dinner brother John arrived. I was a little curious to see if Tom would recognize him. He looked at him with a puzzled expression, but said nothing; but presently he became so derisively gay, and indeed, almost brilliant. Later, when we were alone, he took me in his arms and kissed me, and whispered:

Well, Jessie, I see you have got Teddy back after all. Oh, if you knew the relief it gave me to see you had not degraded yourself.

Oh, you foolish Tom! do you think I would ever have descended to that, even to give you a much needed lesson? But see how inconsistent the man are; you have no forgiveness for the least false step a woman makes, even when she is only following your example to the letter.

A clerical gentleman in Oregon writes the following: As a minister's wife in—Oregon, was about to go out one evening, one of the children expressed a little uneasiness that he and his sisters should be left alone. The mother replied:

"It is important for me to attend a Woman's Suffrage meeting to-night, so be good children. I will not stay late."

On returning home at an early hour the mother met little six-year old Charlie as she entered the door, who, with a sad, inquiring look, said:

"Mamma, is the women dead?"

"What woman, child?"

"Why, the—woman that was 'suffering' so—the one you went to see?"

The "woman" still lives, and makes much noise, though she is not so strong as some women would like;

The Cannibal Tree.

CARNIVOROUS TREE THAT CRUSHES LIVING VICTIMS LIKE AN ANACONDA.

An eminent German Botanist, named Herr Karl Leche, has discovered in Africa what he calls a carnivorous tree, an account of which is published in the German Magazine.

While in the jungles of Madagascar his African guide described the existence of a single tree that fed upon animal life; under his leadership Leche proceeded to the land of the Mikados, a tribe of dwarfs, of a savage war-like nature, who formed no family ties, dwelt amid forests and caverns, constructing no habitations and having no other religious belief than an awful reverence for the cannibal tree, to which they offered human victims and accorded most absolute idolatry and worship. One morning amongst the dense shades of a tropical jungle, they came suddenly upon one of the trees, to which their attention was attracted by a large crowd of natives, shrieking wildly, and screaming in shrill voices, which his guide explained as the preliminary ceremonies of a human sacrifice they were about to offer to the "Devil Tree."

From a distance they watched their proceedings, and while doing so, Herr Leche wrote a scientific botanical description of this wonderful tree, which we will endeavor to analyze into colloquial parlance. Its shape is like a pine apple, and its leaves when not taking their unnatural nourishment, are of a dark, dingy brown color, eight in number which hang towards the ground, are two feet thick, three feet wide and twelve feet long, taper to a sharp point, are covered with thorny projecting hooks, and in shape resemble the century plant. The apex of the truncated cone from which the leaves grow, is two feet in diameter, while its color is white, its form round and appears like a small plate set in a larger one, from which a series of long tendrils, seven or eight feet in length, stretch horizontally in every direction. From this apex exudes a clear syrup like liquid, possessing highly intoxicating and soporific qualities.

The shrieks of the natives grew louder and more fierce as they approached the tree; presently they gathered round a woman of their own number and with pointed javelins forced her towards it, and with a look of despair and submission she began to climb the stalk which was about eight feet, and as she reached the apex of the cone, the pendant tendrils of the tree raised themselves upwards and began gradually to twist themselves about her neck and arms.

"Tisk!" "Tisk!" or "Drink!" "Drink!" shouted their companions, threatening her with their javelins, and as she bowed herself to drink the homelike liquid a wild frenzied look spread over her features and convulsive shuddering shook her form. She assayed to jump to the ground in her agony, but the natives forced her back, and presently the leaves and tendrils closed about her, like an anacanda, crushing her in their terrible embrace. Herr Leche says, "it was a representation of the Laocoon without its beauty." As her death had been accomplished the horrible savages crowded to the base of the tree, and gathered in a cup the syrup-like fluid mingled with her blood which flowed copiously down the trunk, unimpeded by the life-destroying leaves. They drank eagerly, and immediately grew frantic with delirium, giving way to indescribably disgusting orgies, until overcome with insensibility, presenting a scene horrible beyond all description.

After the withdrawal of the savage worshippers, Herr Leche examined a tree of the same species. For ten days he watched them closely, and whenever a monkey, a bird, or any other living creature rested upon the apex of the tree, the devouring leaves and tendrils closed upon them and held them fast until life was extinct, retaining their upright position until every trace of the victim had disappeared save the bones, the flesh and blood being wholly absorbed by the cannibal tree, and the leaves becoming pendant after this had taken place. From this fact he argues that the nature of the *Croton tigliarius* is unquestionably carnivorous. So far as his investigations have gone, this singular tree is only fatal when living creatures rest upon its summit, as its murderous leaves and tendrils do their destroying work in an upright position while its liquor is intoxicating. Herr Leche held a post mortem examination upon it, the result of which he will submit to his friends by another letter. His sketch is written with that romantic enthusiasm without whose influence neither tropical or polar travel or exploration was ever undertaken, and while much allowance may be made for exaggerated statements, the main facts are doubtless true, and the botanical problem as to whether carnivorous trees exist or not is affirmatively answered.

USE OF SILENCE.—It is a pity that so few people understand the full effect of well-timed silence! How eloquent it is in reality! Acquiescence, contradiction, difference, disdain, embarrassment, and awe may all be expressed by saying nothing. It may be necessary to illustrate this apparent paradox by a few examples. Do you seek an assurance of your lady-love's affection? The fair one

confirms her lover's fondest hopes by compliant and an assenting silence. Should you hear an assertion which you may deem false, made by some one of whose veracity politeness may withhold you from openly declaring your doubt, you denote a difference of opinion by remaining silent. Are you receiving a reprimand from a superior. You mark your respect by an attentive silence. Are you compelled to listen to the frivolous conversation of a fop? You signify your opinion of him by treating his loquacity with contemptuous silence. Again, how much domestic strife might have been prevented, how often might the quarrel which by mutual aggravation has, perhaps, terminated in bloodshed, had it been checked in the commencement by a judicious silence! Those persons only who have experienced them are aware of the beneficial effects of that forbearance, which to the exasperating threat, the malicious sneer, or the unjustly-imputed culpability, shall never answer a word. A soft answer turns away wrath; but sometimes erring humanity cannot give this soft answer in moments of irritation; in such cases, there stands the fortress of silence, with doors wide open, as refuge for the tired spirit until calmer moments come. Think of this seriously, you who glory in having "the last word."

OLIVE LOGAN, in one of her piquant articles on the stage, describes with minute detail that branch of public amusement which she denominates "the leg business." But the dancing she describes—the "pantomime," as the Arkansas man called it—is a very different thing from the ball that is given in Wyoming Territory, and in the Territorial region of this favored country of ours generally. Our city readers will read with pleasure a description of the toilettes worn at a recent ball at Sandy Run, which was attended by the "elite" of that place and towns around:

"Miss— from Wilder's Gulch, was elegantly attired in a handsome buff gros-grained buckskin dress with army-blanket over-skirt, bottom looped up with buckskin strings cut bias. Hair dressed a la Red Cloud, in which was twined a few sprigs of sage brush, the whole secured behind in a bunch with a handsome pin made with a pine splinter and a buffalo's ear. She wore an elegant mountain cat-skin cap, festooned with antelope tails, secured under the chin with a rattle-snake's skin. Her feet were incased in buckskin moccasins, ornamented with beads and soldier buttons.

"She created a big sensation as she entered the hall hanging upon the arm of Mr. H. Barton, of Hallville, who was dressed in the style of his locality—buckskin breeches in boots, hunting skirt of the same, ornamented with beads and tobacco juice, an army belt of the latest pattern around his waist, securing a pair of six-shooters and a large bowie-knife, which set off his gallant figure to good advantage.

"Envious glances from both sexes followed this handsome couple round the hall. Several ladies and gentlemen from the mining districts were present, and expressed themselves well pleased with the manner in which the party was conducted. Their frequent exclamations of delight, such as 'Red hot, you bet!' 'Ain't it fruit, though?' 'Hoop la' etc, plainly indicated that they were enjoying themselves in the best possible manner." —[Harper's Magazine.

A few years ago a hungry crowd sat down at the well-spread supper table of a Sound steamer, upon which one of the dishes contained a trout of moderate size. A serious looking individual drew this dish toward him, saying, apologetically, "This is a fast day with me." His next neighbor, an Irish gentleman, immediately inserted his fork into the fish, and transferred it to his own plate, remarking, "Sir, do you suppose nobody has a soul to be saved but yourself?"

In court, young Ketchum, an impudent limb of the law, trying to break down a female witness' evidence one day, said: "Gentlemen, the witness on the stand has brass enough in her face to make a kettle." She curiously replied: "And you're sap enough in you head to fill it."

A man in Minnesota recently set a fire in his barn to drive out mosquitoes. The insects probably got out, but two horses which were there were not so fortunate. They went with the barn.

Members of the editorial "corps" are proverbially men sedate. Of such is Mr. Faxon, who evolves from the depths of his inner consciousness the mental Champagne that spurts through the hydraulic of the Paderub "Kontackian." In accepting an earnest call from "many voters" to become a candidate for coronator, he says that "an experience of several years within the precincts of Cairo renders me an excellent judge of a dead man."

Mrs. Michael Morrow recently died in Pennsylvania, nearly a hundred years old, though for nearly seventy years she had been sure each day that death would come to Morrow: