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PLOTS AND PLANS:

OR,

JULIA GLENN'S ROMANCE.

BY MYRA RANDOLPH.

A cheerful little summer room, with ice-cream-colored casements, shaded with white muslin curtains, and dim with the overhanging foliage of morning glories—this is our Scene First. There was a cottage piano in the room, and on a round wicker table, beyond, lay a broad vine leaf, full of fragrant, freshly gathered strawberries, with a blue-ribboned "gipsy" hat close beside it, and a tuft of cloverheads and buttercups betokening a woodland ramble somewhere. And you wouldn't have needed to look twice, to assure yourself that the coquettish gipsy had belonged to none other than a blooming young lady who was leaning against the window casing, absiduously engaged in twisting a small glove round and round her finger. She was just one of those trim, dimpled, bright-eyed little creatures whom you prefer as far as real life is concerned, to all the impossibly beautiful damsels of novel-lore: a girl, in short, towards whom pretty was your arm felt an instinctive curving inclination, and whose lips reminded you of a scarlet veronica with the dew on it.

And now that old, bald-headed old gentleman, her father, could have the heart to scold her, as petulantly as he was certainly doing, was an enigma to the spectators. These fathers are so little susceptible to their daughters' graces!

"A pretty idea!" said the old gentleman, the bald spot on the crown of his head growing perfectly pink with indignation. "In love indeed! What business had you to fall in love without my permission? Never heard of such a preposterous affair in my life! Haven't I always told you that Job Jefferson was to be your husband?"

"But, papa!" interposed the young lady, half crying, half laughing, "Job Jefferson is forty years old, and wears a wig!"

"When then, Miss Minx? Isn't he just as good? You ought to be very grateful that a man worth thirty thousand dollars has been kind enough to take a fancy to you!"

"I'm not a bit grateful!" pouted Julia Glenn, giving the little glove an unmerciful twitch.

"Never saw such an improper state of mind in my born days!" ejaculated Mr. Glenn, holding up both his hands. "Now look here, young lady, do you suppose it's right for you to be holding stolen interviews with Arthur Latimer over the raspberry hedge, at the foot of the garden, evenings after you suppose I'm snug in bed, hey?"

"But papa—"

"I know what you're going to say—you fancy you're in love with him! Bah, nonsense! I'd like to see Job Jefferson tearing his respectable pepper-and-salt trousers among the raspberry briars!"

"So should I!" observed Julia, with an irrepressible inclination to laugh.

"No disrespect, young woman! It's not the fellow for such silly sentimental nonsense. Now, I tell you what—I'll have no more of this! One week from to-day you shall marry Job Jefferson! No use in your thinking you are going to throw yourself away on a briefless lawyer like Arthur Latimer! So get the wedding-gig ready just as soon as you please!"

Julia tried to remonstrate, but old Mr. Glenn obstinately refused to hear a word, and bustled out of the room in an inflammatory state as a box of lucifer matches.

"I don't care!" sobbed Miss Julia; "sooner than marry Job Jefferson I'll drown myself in the river! I wonder what Arthur will say!"

If Arthur could but have seen the rosy shadow that flitted across her cheek as she pronounced his name—well, it wouldn't have mattered much, after all, for he couldn't have been deeper in love than he was already!

As Mr. Glenn trotted explosively out of the room, he tumbled up against a solid specimen of masculine humanity—no other than Jotham, the coachman, gardener and factotum in general—who sustained the shock with great composure.

"What are you here for, blockhead?" demanded Mr. Glenn, furiously.

"Come to bring up this here dish o' strawberries," coolly returned Jotham, who was used to his master's adjectives, and minded them as little as he would a musquitos.

"Where did they come from, stupid?" Jotham uttered a short chuckle.

"Miss Keturah Jones sent 'em—the old maid next door—with her compliments to Squire Glenn."

"Hang the plagued old maid! I wish she'd keep her strawberries and compliments to herself!"

"Shall I tell her so?" stolidly questioned Jotham.

"No, you fool! The only way to keep her from marrying me in spite of myself, is to put up a stone wall higher than Haman's gallows!"

"I'll mention it to her sir," said Jotham, turning away.

"Stop, blunderhead! you'll do no such thing. Throw the confounded berries into the street!"

"Yes, sir. Only I won't," soliloquized Jotham, when he was beyond earshot. "I'll give 'em to Nancy Cook, and we'll have a strawberry shy-take—darned if we don't!"

"What did he say, Jotham?" sighed Miss Keturah over the garden fence, when, rather more than half an hour subsequently, Jotham sallied forth to pull radishes for dinner.

"Said he was much obliged, marm."

"Anything else?" Jotham?"

"Something about gettin' married, marm."

"Dear—how very strange, Jotham! What could he have meant?" giggled the elderly damsel, giving her artificial curls a toss.

"Dunno, marm."

"Jotham, here's a quarter for you. It was so kind of you to drive the pigs out of my garden yesterday!"

"Thank 'ee, marm!" said Jotham, grinning broadly, as Miss Keturah tripped into the house.

"Ah—ha—ha!" said Mr. Glenn. "Sorry your apron pockets aren't little more reliable, Miss Julia! Didn't suppose this note was going to fall into your old father's hands, did you?"

Mr. Glenn adjusted his spectacles, and read the folded bit of paper in his hand yet a second time muttering to himself:

"—This evening at eight—under the beech tree just beyond the garden wall—yet succeed in evading the vigilance of heartless parent!"

"Ah—ah! What you, Mr. Arthur? We'll see about that! Perhaps there'll be a third party in this interesting elopement!"

And Mr. Glenn fell into a fit of chuckling that lasted full a minute and a half. As he turned round at its conclusion, he saw Jotham standing in the doorway, looking rather more "wooden" and expressionless than usual.

"Jotham, you scoundrel!"

"Sir?"

"How long have you been staring there?"

"Jotham put on an injured look."

"I ain't a starin'," sir. I just this minute come to ask if you'd have the new shrubbery sowed down in cover or mixed grass?"

"Mixed grass, stupid! And get out of my sight!"

"Yes, sir, I will!" and Jotham disappeared with extraordinary alacrity.

Jotham's false curls were just visible above the garden fence.

"Marm?" ejaculated Jotham, dropping half a pint of grass seed in his astonishment.

"Can I depend on you, Jotham, my good man?"

"Guess likely you can, marm!"

"Well, then, Jotham, I feel it my duty to speak to your dear master about a conversation I last evening overheard between his daughter, and Latimer the lawyer. I was weeding my flower-borders, and—ahem—they were close to my fence, and—ah—"

"I understand, marm—you wouldn't no ways help 'em!"

"That is it, precisely, Jotham. And this morning I was peeping through a crack, and saw her come and take a folded note from under the raspberry bushes. Now, you see, I feel quite a—sisterly interest in Julia, and I really think I ought to warn her excellent papa!"

"Well, marm, please you oughter!" said Jotham.

"But you see, Jotham, if I were to go to the house, folks might gossip, and—"

"I see, marm! S'posin' you was to meet the squire somewhere—under the big beech tree this evening at eight o'clock, say—I'll tell him you've got somethin' to say to him!"

"O, Jotham, I don't think I could, possibly!"

"Try, marm," said Jotham, soothingly.

"Well, if I must—but, dear me, how my heart palpitates!"

"Take a dose of ginger and brandy," suggested Jotham.

"Good gracious, there's your master coming and I haven't got on my best gown!"

Away scudded Miss Keturah like the wind, and Jotham resumed his work with matchless equanimity.

"Matters are workin' nicely," he pondered. "I'll get a chance to speak to Miss Julia and Mr. Arthur before night, or I'll know the reason why. I ain't a goin' to have the little poppet married to old Job Jefferson, not if I can help it! I know what lovers feel, ever since I swapped sixpences with Nancy, the cook; and if the old squire don't find himself out managed, my name ain't Jotham Higgins!"

And Jotham burst into a great laugh, all alone among the gaudier roses and "nodding holly-hocks."

All day long Julia was busy in her own room, arranging sundry little details in her wardrobe; and when, in the evening, she kissed her father sitting in his easy chair, with vigilant eyes following her every motion, she lingered as if she would also have implored a blessing.

"Papa," she said softly, "I know I have often been an undutiful daughter to you, but indeed I love you! Will you always remember that?"

"Hey, what's up now?" demanded Mr. Glenn.

"Nothing, papa," sobbed Julia; "only—I only I feel nervous and strange to-night, and I think I shall retire early."

Mr. Glenn looked at his watch after Julia had gone upstairs; it was only seven, and he composed himself to a patient half-hour of waiting.

As Julia's soft step fell on the velvet grass of the lane, Jotham Higgins issued from a deep mass of shadow, cast by giant laburnums.

"Why, Jotham, is that you?"

"I've brought you a note from him. I'm just come from him. You'll see he has changed the place of meeting to the old rock, down by Pebble Run."

Julia glanced hurriedly over the note.

"That's strange—but he knows best. Is all right, Jotham?"

"Right as a bell, Miss Julia. The carriage waits for you at the cross-roads—Good-bye—good luck go with you!"

Julia glided away like a shadow. Mr. Glenn, sitting alone in his parlor, thought he heard the murmur of voices; but when, to reassure himself, he peeped into the kitchen, Jotham was composedly eating cold pork and potatoes from a blue-edged plate; and Nancy, the cook, was making herself a new apron by the light of a tallow candle, just opposite to him.

"Now for it," said old Mr. Glenn to himself. "In just about fifteen minutes the young folks will find that I was one too many for 'em. Job Jefferson ought to be very much obliged to me, I'm sure."

And he trotted out into the clear June moonlight.

Miss Keturah had got very tired of waiting under the great old beech tree. It was decidedly damp there in the cold chill light of June's beams; and besides, she felt several premonitory symptoms of ague in her face, for which dew and night breezes were not salutary. Her false teeth chattered in her head, and not even reflecting on the coming interview could keep her nose from turning blue.

Suddenly there was a rustling among the branches of the undergrowth, and old Mr. Glenn bounced abruptly into the clearing. He saw a shawled female figure, and rushed towards it.

"Expecting to meet your lover, eh, Miss? Won't I do as well?" he ejaculated triumphantly, seizing what he imagined to be his daughter's arm!

"Lover!" squeaked Miss Keturah, undecided whether it was best to fight or faint. Mr. Glenn dropped her arm as if it had been noxious reptile.

"Hallo, it's the old maid!" he exclaimed, retreating a step or two in dismay. "What on earth are you doing here?"

"No more an old maid than you are!" replied Miss Keturah, tossing her head till the curls quivered again. "And am I not here by your own appointment?"

"Where's my daughter?" uttered Mr. Glenn, staring wildly around him.

"I don't know, or care, sobbed Miss Keturah. It's a shame, so it is, when you yourself agreed to meet me—"

I agreed to meet you, my worthy old soul? Are you insane? You are the last very last person in the world I care about meeting."

This was too much. Miss Keturah, uttered a shrill shriek, and went into hysterics upon Mr. Glenn's shoulders.

"Don't! What are you doing? Don't! my good creature! How do you expect me to hold you when you struggle so? Good Jupiter what will become of me! shouted the desperate old gentleman, suddenly letting Miss Keturah roll like a log to the ground, and fairly taking refuge in ignominious flight."

He rushed straight home, tumbled over Jotham at the door, and never rested until he was locked and double locked into his own room.

About two hours afterward there was a soft little tap at his door.

"Who's there?" he shouted, his hair standing on end with vague horror lest Miss Keturah had come to take possession of him by storm. It is I, papa—Julia!"

He opened the door. She stood there, blushing like a sweet pea, her little hand resting on the arm of a tall young man beside her.

Papa, I have come to tell you that I'm married to Arthur Latimer."

Are you? said Mr. Glenn, altogether past astonishment. In fact nothing could surprise him now.

You will forgive our stealing this march on you sir? said Arthur, gallily.

I'll forgive anything, ejaculated the old gentleman, if you will protect me from that old Harpy next door.

And he recounted his adventures in a spirit of meekness truly edifying to behold.

The next morning, at breakfast, Jotham reported that Miss Keturah Jones had become disgusted with the neighborhood, and was removing her goods and chattels as fast as a horse and cart could take them away.

Thus were blasted the hopes of two mature individuals—Job Jefferson, Esquire, and Miss Keturah Jones!

Weak Lungs and how to make them Strong.

We copy the following extracts from a book with the above title written by Dr. Dio Lewis of Boston; the subject is one of lasting importance, and the remarks should be read with careful interest:—

SYMPTOMS OF CONSUMPTION.

Cough is generally the first symptom. For a time there may be but one or two slight efforts upon rising in the morning. Then it recurs during the day. And now again after any effort which hurries the breathing, and not unfrequently upon lying down at night.

With the morning cough there soon comes slight expectation, scarcely thicker than saliva. The patient assures you it comes from his throat. There is short breathing after any considerable exertion, with a sense of tightness in the chest. The pulse becomes quicker; this is especially noticeable in the evening, and after a full meal. Chillsiness in the evening, followed by a slight fever, with heat in the palms of the hands and soles of the feet, which continues during the night.

The patient's general aspect is changed; his face is pale and languid in the morning and flushed in the evening. He is perceptibly thinner; his gait and voice indicate loss of vitality. If these symptoms come on in the spring and the patient, taking warning, seeks the country and out-door exercise, he soon improves, and believes, with his friends, that he is restored; but the autumn deceives them.

CAUSE OF CONSUMPTION.

Every specimen of dust must prove injurious. Workers in those factories where tools are ground and polished, soon die of pulmonary disease. The dust of cotton and woolen factories, that of the street, and that which is constantly rising from our carpets, are all mischievous.

ABOUT WET WEATHER.

A hundred times have my consumptive patients expressed surprise that the wet weather, in which I have insisted they should go out as usual, has not injured them—that they even breathe more freely than on pleasant days. Of course, I tell them, if the body is well protected, the more moist the air, the more grateful to the lungs. There is no weather which can excuse the consumptive for keeping in doors. Give him sufficient clothing, protect his feet carefully, and he may go out freely in rain, sleet, snow and wind.—Ignorance of this fact has killed thousands.

ABOUT NIGHT AIR.

Consumptives, and all invalids, and indeed persons in health, are cautioned to avoid the night air. To those who offer this advice forget that there is no other air at night but "night air?" Certainly we cannot breathe day air during the night. Do they mean that we should shut ourselves up in air tight rooms and breathe over and over again the half the twenty-four hours, the atmosphere we have already poisoned? We have only the choice between night air pure, and night air poisoned with the exhalations from our skin and lungs, perhaps from lungs already diseased.

GROUNDLESS FEAR OF A DRAUGHT.

Many persons indulge in a very silly dread of a draught. It is only by emotion in the atmosphere that our lungs obtain the purest air. If at night the air move briskly directly over your bed, your lungs will receive precious supplies. If you cannot endure this direct draught, you must deny yourself a great luxury. I once thought that a draught at night directly over my head was a thing to be avoided. Now I seek it as one of the real blessings of life. My wife, who inherited a consumptive taint, was ever guarding against night air. Now she sleeps with two open windows at one end of the bed, and an open door at the other. Neither of us have had a cold for several years. Every one must exercise his own judgment and prudence. I should be sorry were my words to lead one into an injurious exposure. But among the many hundreds—I might say thousands—whom I have advised to sleep with open windows, I have never known a single person to be seriously injured, even temporarily; and I may add, that almost, without exception, so far as I have known, they would not return

to their former habit of sleeping in unventilated rooms. At first you may contract a cold, but if you bathe freely in cold water, and employ vigorous friction upon the parts exposed while in bed, even this may be avoided. But after a few weeks experience will be quite unnecessary for the physician to give to lecture you on the subject. You will yourself take to exhorting your friends upon the importance of well ventilated bedrooms. One of the compensations of our great war will be found in the conviction among a million returned soldiers that night air is not a poison, and that draughts are less dangerous than minie balls. Of course I am not unaware that what I have said on sleeping in the draught will meet with very general reprobation, but it is not the only case in which false education and prejudice have undertaken to ignore a great natural benefit. I can adduce the experience of thousands in favor of a free exposure to night air and winds and after a wide observation I have never met one person who has tried such exposure for one month and spoke against it.

DIET FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

Whatever opinions may be entertained in reference to the use of a flesh diet for mankind in general, I think there can be no serious argument in respect to the diet of consumptives. For them, a substantial, nutritious, unstimulating diet—which means little or no animal food is best. I know the fashion of the hour—it is porter, beef and whiskey. I might hesitate in pronouncing against this stimulating practice, and in favor of an opposite policy, if I were not aware that the ablest writers on the treatment of consumption, on both sides of the ocean, have strongly advocated on behalf of consumptives a plain unstimulating diet.

HOW TO PREVENT COLDS.

Those who have a consumptive taint should protect themselves against colds. The most effective means in securing this protection is bathing and friction. While the surface has a vigorous circulation colds are impossible. The cold bath, with the use of rough towels, flesh brushes and hair gloves, contributes most effectually to the maintenance of such a circulation. Avoidance of hot drinks is another important preventive measure. The usual draughts of coffee and tea produce much susceptibility to colds. Consumptives should for this reason use cold drinks. Sleeping and sitting in well ventilated rooms is another most important prophylactic means. Furnace heated and unventilated houses create a liability to colds, to say nothing of the direct influence of the vitiated air. Many colds are taken through the feet. A frequent cold water foot bath, with sharp friction and slapping with the hands, can scarcely be overestimated. Stamping the feet, or, if so circumstanced that the noise is objectionable, standing on one foot and kicking with the other, in many directions in the air, greatly improves the circulation.

MANURING TREES.

It is a very common but mistaken and useless practice, to apply all the manure close about the foot of the tree. The roots have shot off a long way from this narrow circle, and very few get any of the rich feeding intended for them. Others with more judgment, but still erring, regarding the circle of the roots as large as the circle of the branches, apply accordingly. The circle should be still larger; for as a general rule, the roots extend as far as the distance from the bottom of the trunk to the extremities of the tallest or longest branches; hence, in orchards, long before the boughs approach each other above, the roots below have formed one continuous net work through the whole surface of the field.

Home is the residence not merely of the body but of the heart; it is a place for the affections to unfold and develop themselves; for children to love and learn, and play in; for husband and wife to toil smiling together, and make life a blessing. The object of all ambition should be to be happy at home; if we are not happy there, we cannot be happy elsewhere. It is the best proof of the virtues of a family circle to see a happy fireside.

I wish, said the slight and elegant Mrs. Fitzbub to her friend Mrs. Tiggy, whose emblem point was strikingly handsome, I wish I had some of your fat and you have some of my lean. I'll tell you what is the origin of that wish, replied the fair wit, you think too much of me, and too little of yourself.

TO DESTROY ANTS.—Ants that frequent houses or gardens may be destroyed by taking floor of brimstone half a pound, and wash four ounces; set them in an earthen or iron pan over the fire till dissolved and undisturbed; afterwards beat them to a powder and infuse a little of this powder in water, wherever you sprinkle it the ants will die or fly the place.