

OF DISEASES  
TABLE BY USING  
XICAN  
TANG  
IMENT.

OF ANIMALS.  
Scratches,  
Sores and Galls,  
Scavenging Crows,  
Screw Worm, Grub  
Foot Rot, Hoof Ail,  
Lameness,  
Swimmy, Founders,  
Sprains, Strains,  
Sore Feet,  
Stiffness,  
and every hurt or accident  
nally, stable and stock yard it is

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# The St. Andrews Standard.

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NO. 30.

**Daisies.**  
Out in the meadows, so fresh and so dewy,  
Out in the meadows at breaking of day;  
Opening their eyes at the first beam of sun-  
light,  
"We wish you good morning," the daisies  
say.  
Golden and white,  
In the morning light,  
"We wish you good morning," the daisies say.  
Out in the fields in the glory of noontide,  
Out where the bees and the butterflies play;  
Through their white lids looking up into  
heaven,  
"We love the bright sunshine," the daisies  
say.  
Golden and white,  
In the noonday light,  
"We love the bright sunshine," the daisies say.  
Out in the fields when the bright sunlight  
faded,  
And gildeth the hilltop with lingering ray,  
Closing their eyes as the day's glory dieth,  
"We wish you good night," the daisies say.  
Golden and white,  
In the sunset light,  
"We wish you good night," the daisies say.  
Out in the fields in the still sweet starlight,  
Hushed all confusion and noise of the day,  
Fast asleep, with their golden eyes hidden,  
"We wake on the morrow," they seem to  
say.

## JEMMY'S MADMAN.

LETTER FROM MISS JEMIMA BURNSIDE TO  
THOMAS BURNSIDE, ESQ.

[How the *Republican* got hold of this  
letter does not matter. Let it suffice  
that it has it, by consent of all parties,  
who hope that in some extraordinary  
way it may greatly advance the moral  
and emotional interests of other young  
men and women.]

MY DEAR TOM:  
I have had an extraordinary adventure.  
Prepare to shiver. Of all places  
set as traps for the unwary traveler.  
It is the most trying and unimagined.  
I should recommend all inexperienced  
young women (like myself) before  
I received this sad lesson) to settle  
one point definitely before starting on  
their travels; if it—must lie in their  
way, determine either to start from it,  
or to go there last, prepared to stay.  
When I left the Plainville train and  
entered the hot, crowded waiting-room,  
I went at once to the ticket-master and  
asked:

"How long shall I have to wait for  
the train to Mountain Ash station?"

"Six hours," answered the wooden  
man, without a glimmer of natural emotion.

I know I groaned aloud as I turned to  
view the prospect over. The day was  
simply—Tophet—the waiting-room  
as I remarked, was crowded—  
with the most unpromising set of cross,  
elderly, traveling-agent-like tourists it  
was ever my misfortune to meet; nothing  
that offered a chance of entertainment—  
plenty of babies, sour, sticky,  
some sleepy, some audibly wailing,  
all more or less decorated with gingerbread  
crumbs around their noses. I do sometimes  
find comfort and consolation in  
watching babies on a journey, or perhaps  
the elderly person, unaccustomed  
to travel, who engages your attention by  
means of an umbrella, and receives  
answer to her numerous questions with  
an air of open suspicion which suggests  
her belief in the creed that travelers are  
always liars; these oddities, you know,  
are always amusing, but yesterday  
morning it seemed as if all the interesting  
and all the eccentric elements of migratory  
society had been eliminated, only the  
dullest commonplaces remaining.

I wanted to take a walk, but my prophetic  
sister assured me that those pavements,  
radiating heat, were no better  
than burning plowshares—only a martyr  
could be expected to enjoy such a promenade;  
the very grasshoppers in distant  
fields chirped with a noise like zizzling.  
You see, Thomas, my dear, how gloomy  
was the situation; and yet, out of these  
unpromising elements, your ingenious  
sister developed an adventure of  
vast dimensions—so vast, in fact, that  
I doubt if you ever let me hear of it  
again. (Not verily.) Perhaps you would  
like me to hasten the narrative; very well.

Upon this scene of anguish and gloom  
entered the liveliest of strangers—his hat  
had been clapped on—no hat without a  
cock could possibly have been straightened  
before a glass—his coat also looked  
hasty, and if a doubt remained that the  
young man was in a hurry, one glance  
at his movements would have dissipated  
it forever. He was looking anxiously  
through the crowd, and I was observing  
this unseemly energy with languid  
amusement, when suddenly I met his  
eye; and oh! Tom, the most bewildering  
thrill went through me! Can you believe  
that his look meant recognition?

—not recognition only, but relief, secrecy,  
mystery and Heaven knows what besides!

I expected him to hail me as a sister,  
at least, after that joyful glance; instead,  
he dropped into a seat and began a steady

stare, which, for a moment, I returned  
as if fascinated. Tom, wasn't it shocking?  
Of course I changed my seat; I  
divided into the ladies' room; I drank  
potations of ice-water that would make a  
doctor faint with horror, in the hope of  
interrupting, at least, that unwinking  
gaze; but all in vain. Like the ancient  
mariner, he had fixed me with his glittering  
eye.

You needn't put on your sneer and  
mumble "flirtation" no such thing. I  
flatter myself I know what a look of admiration  
is by this time; and I solemnly  
assure you that, incredible as it seems,  
there was nothing in this man's orbs  
that even hinted such a thing. There  
was something horrible in the fixity of  
his stare. I felt that something unusual  
caused it. I scented a mystery, and  
dreadful suspicions flocked into my  
mind.

It is not at all clear what I might have  
done, if left to myself—but just at that  
critical moment a big, hasty wasp came  
bumping in through the window and  
settled in my hair. I suppose he was  
entangled at all events, he refused to  
leave.

You know how I hate them! No  
doubt I acted like a lunatic—I pranced  
about shaking my head and tearing my  
locks—and I caught sight of the man  
whom I had quite forgotten. He had  
risen to his feet, looking much excited—  
what happened next was as much his  
fault as the wasp's—I snatched my bag,  
rushed out of the door, still tearing my  
hair—and I ran down the street. Tom,  
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"Don't be frightened. You fell down,  
I see. All right, sit still and I'll come  
to you in a minute. Be sure to sit perfectly  
still." So saying he vanished,  
leaving me with my mouth wide open,  
and the scream, so to speak, frozen within  
it.

Now, Tom, I can't stop every time to  
depict my state of mind. Just please to  
fancy it, for the thought of postage on  
this letter already weighs me down, and  
I must hasten to state the facts.

In two seconds or thereabouts Mr.  
Madman appeared—where do you think?  
Wading through the water around a  
bend in the river. He came just below  
me and holding up his arms, cried,  
"Jump!" I believe I observed, "Go  
away!" He answered, scolding originally,  
"Jump, don't be afraid!" Then,  
seeing the need of further argument, he  
added, "I'm here to catch you." I  
didn't tell him that this reason powerfully  
dissuaded me from the step—or the  
jump—but I thought it. I said, however,  
"I can't. I won't. Oh, do go  
away!"

"Nonsense!" said he, very rudely.  
"Go away and leave you hanging up  
there like a stranded mermaid! How  
will you get down, if I don't stay?  
Come, won't you?"

Then, seeing that I sat stock still and  
put my hands over my face—for really,  
I can't help remarking that I was  
frightened to death—he said, with a cool  
determination that froze my marrow,  
"Very well; if you won't come to me, I  
must go to you, that's all." A hint that  
I inhospitably answered with another  
scream.

No use; he climbed like a cat; I  
couldn't but admire his agility; but  
don't think I admired the way he swung  
himself beside me and seized both hands.  
Oh, Tom! Of course I struggled wildly.  
The dreadful man then threw his arm  
around my shoulder—no doubt I should  
have pitched off into the river if he  
hadn't, but I'd rather have done it—and  
all the time he was talking in the most  
soothing way, which didn't soothe me  
in the least, as you can well imagine.

"Poor child!" I heard at last, "Molly,  
Molly, be still a minute. You don't  
know me. I'm Cousin Charlie."

This gave me a hope that I was mistaken  
after all and the man was no  
lunatic, but merely a blundering victim  
of myopia, who took me for somebody  
else. I turned on him fiercely and said,  
"You are right; I don't know you at all."

"Certainly not," he assented, cheerfully.  
"His years since last we met, but  
I'm glad we meet again. Aren't you  
a preserver, Miss Molly? Your  
father telegraphed me this morning to  
meet and look after you. Considering  
this little adventure, it's well he did.  
You are given to tumbling off hill-tops,  
Cousin Molly?" He was clearly laughing  
at me! I grew frantic.

"My name's not Molly! You take me  
for somebody else. My father is dead—  
he couldn't have telegraphed you this  
morning—let me go, let me go!" I cried,  
wriggling like an eel.

"You may have forgotten your name,"  
with great calmness. "You know you  
forgot to take a trunk this morning.  
Shall we go back and get it?"

I could only stare at him, speechless.  
I was prepared to argue the point of my  
identity, though he must be a bat indeed  
not to discover his mistake at the distance  
which then separated us, but to be so  
taken for granted, with this air of  
supernatural information as to who I  
might be—I confess it prostrated my  
powers of repartee.

"Come, we won't pretend any longer,  
Molly, that we don't know our name  
and our cousin, Charlie Thorne. Why  
should I be here if you were not you and  
I were not I?"

I may frankly say I didn't like his  
tone, which was in fact adapted to an  
intelligence of eight years or thereabouts.  
Filled with rage, I turned to  
him and said loudly and distinctly:  
"I don't know what you mean. My  
name, in the first place, is not Molly. I  
is Jemima Burnside. I live in the city of  
Boston, and I am on my way to visit  
friends at Mountain Ash station. Here"  
—diving into my pocket—"is my hand-  
kerchief with my name on it—here's a  
letter from Tom addressed to me"  
(provisionally received this morning be-  
fore I left Plainville). "Read it, read it,  
if you don't believe me, and do let me  
go!"

I wrenched myself from a grasp that  
suddenly became nerveless. Such a face,  
Tom! It makes me shiver now to think  
of it. He stared at the letter under his  
nose as if his address was in Greek, he  
held the handkerchief I had thrust upon  
him, rigidly, as if it turned to stone.

"I—I—oh, pray forgive me!" he stam-  
mered. "I can hardly believe you even  
now. What shall I say to explain to  
you—the fact is—oh, Miss Burnside, it  
is really too bad that I should have to  
begin my apology by stating that I took  
you for a lunatic!"

Of course I stared and exclaimed,  
"Why, but I took you for a lunatic!"  
"What?" he cried, mildly. "Why  
should you take me for a lunatic?"

This was too much. I retorted bit-  
terly "Why should you take me for a  
lunatic? It doesn't seem half so bad to  
say a man is—"

"Oh, yes it does," he said, beginning  
to laugh; "to him. We have our feel-  
ings, too, and such a charge would be  
sadly mortifying. But please let me  
state the extenuations of my case. My  
uncle, Mr. Harris, telegraphed me—wait,  
here is the telegram," drawing a  
crumpled paper from his vest pocket,  
where it had evidently been thrust after  
reading. I read:

"GATES STATION, June 10, 187—  
To Charles Thorne, 149 Main street, H—  
Meet Molly at 10:30 train. She has lost  
her mind, wandered away this A. M., and  
took train for H. Wears gray dress and  
blue veil. Carries small bag. No luggage.  
Stop her, for God's sake."  
J. G. HARRIS.

"You understand, don't you? The  
train was in—I had barely time to reach  
the station as the crowd poured out.  
She was not in it. I entered the station  
and there I saw you—the only one who  
could possibly be my poor cousin. I  
think you are wearing a gray dress and  
blue veil?"

He was only a man, helpless about  
details of feminine costume, but he was  
right, and I told him so.  
"You really look something like her,"  
he continued, regarding me.

"Thank you," I said, promptly.  
"I was about to add that my Cousin  
Mary is a raving belle—but you don't  
deserve it now," he answered, with out-  
raged impertinence. But it seemed by  
this time as if we were old friends, Tom  
—you know one can't tumble off a cliff  
or climb stocking-fold up the same, and  
preserve any great formality of respect.

"No, you are only too good not to al-  
lude more distinctly to that wisp at the  
station. I see all now. No wonder you  
thought I was crazy."  
"Oh—it was a wasp? Ah, yes."

Once more I didn't like his tone; I  
knew he was ridiculing my prejudices,  
but I can't help it—were I twice a man I  
should be afraid of them.  
"But your cousin?" I said, and he  
started as if I had fired off a cracker.  
Privately, between you and me, I believe  
he had forgotten her. He now made up  
for it, however, and looked so unhappy  
that I did all I could to help him get  
rid of me. He pulled and hoisted me  
up the rocks at last, and, once on top, so  
far forgot himself as to make jokes on  
my misfortune.

"Which do you prefer, Miss Burnside,  
the lightning express down the bank, or  
the accommodation back again?"  
—To this I coldly answered by a sugges-  
tion that he had better go get his shoes  
before the ducks and geese ate them up.

Oh, Tom, I must hurry. There is  
much more to tell, but I reserve it for  
another letter—unless I forget it. He  
thorne knows our friends here—he came  
out and called on them last evening, and  
said he would come again. That, how-  
ever, I shall believe when I see him.  
Your sex are all deceivers, Tom, you've  
often said so, and I mean to believe you.  
This is all the adventure—I give you  
leave to put it in your next novel. Your  
most affectionate sister,

JEMIMA BURNSIDE.  
P. S.—As usual, I left out the most im-  
portant part. Mr. Thorne's cousin is  
all right. She didn't come to H— at  
all, but was traced by a detective and  
brought home that same evening. Poor  
girl! Mr. Thorne says that the doctors  
give hope of her recovery in time.

## TIMELY TOPICS.

A few months ago a young man of  
Grinnell, Iowa, married the girl of his  
choice. One day recently he received a  
package containing a note and a cigar.  
The note explained that the cigar was a  
wonderfully fine one. The unusual  
character of the gift, coupled with the  
fact that the young husband did not  
recognize the name of the donor, aroused  
his suspicions and he showed his present  
to his wife. She recognized the writing  
as that of a former suitor. She then  
carefully unrolled the cigar and found  
several grains of strychnine concealed in  
the end that is usually bitten off before  
smoking.

While there is little need of caution-  
ing the majority of people against ex-  
posing themselves during a thunder  
storm," says the *Boston Transcript*,  
"the killing of two children in a sum-  
mer-house near New York is a reminder  
of the possibilities in an electric visita-  
tion. None but the foolhardy, ignorant  
of what is known about atmospheric  
electricity, and what takes place in a  
lightning stroke, will neglect to watch  
the probable nearness of approach of  
the electric cloud, and take measures ac-  
cordingly, such as removing from the  
vicinity of tall isolated objects, avoiding  
currents of air, and getting away from  
chimneys and walls. Professor Olm-  
stead used to say that more people were  
killed annually by lightning than by  
railroad and steamboat accidents put  
together."

Helen Petrie, the Grace Darling of the  
Shetland Islands, has just died at King-  
horn. She was a native of Unst and  
during a great gale, May 25, 1856, when,  
in sight of the islanders, the last of the  
home-seeking fishing-boats was capsized,  
two of its occupants being drowned, and  
the other two, clinging to the overturned  
boat, were drifting out with the tide,  
she and her sister-in-law, her father, a  
one-armed man of seventy, steering, put  
off in a small punt and effected the res-  
cue which none on shore would venture  
to attempt. Helen Petrie, who received  
the Royal Institution's medal for this  
feat, was a small woman, little used to  
boats. Two years later she saved three  
lives under precisely similar circum-  
stances; then she went over to the main-  
land and ended her days as a domestic  
servant. "She was a simple minded,  
straightforward, strictly pious woman."

Politeness is a great thing. It does  
much to make our sojourn here below  
more pleasant than it otherwise would  
be. It is oil on troubled waters; grease  
on the wheels of every-day life. If a  
person does wrong, that person should  
apologize for it, at least this is the way  
a St. Louis lady looked at the matter.  
She was ironing in the third story  
of a building on O'Fallon street and laid  
the iron carelessly on the window-sill,  
when a slight jar caused it to fall on  
O'Fallon street, or rather on the head of  
James Reade, who was passing at the  
time. The *Republican* gravely states  
that "the lady who was indirectly the  
cause of the unfortunate affair called  
upon the man during his illness and ex-  
pressed her regrets for what had hap-  
pened." Of course the expressing of re-  
grets made things all right. The man  
died that night, but it must have been  
a great consolation to his friends to know  
that the lady "regretted" the trivial  
fact that she had killed him.

An application of electricity has been  
successfully made in France which  
threatens an entire revolution in motive  
power, and the substitution of electricity  
for steam. A letter to the *Petit Journal*,  
of Paris, states that after several experi-  
ments the proprietor of the sugar manu-  
factory at Sermaise (department of  
Marne) a few months since succeeded in  
unloading their beet-root boats by elec-  
tricity, at a distance of 300 feet from the  
factory. Their farm battery is propelled  
by the same agent. It excites great as-  
tonishment to see the horse-gin (manège)  
turning with great velocity, and without  
the horse that formerly worked it. Two  
wires which conduct electricity to the  
gin or mill from a distance of 700 metres  
(2,100 feet) explains its continual move-  
ment. Encouraged by this practical  
success, the mill proprietors have caused  
to be constructed an electro-magnetic  
apparatus which by means of a steel  
cable conducts the power to a great  
depth, and performs the labor of eight  
oxen. The inventor says that he will  
soon be able to produce a much greater  
force.

The Emperor William sleeps on a bed  
hard enough to have suited the Duke of  
Wellington, does not smoke or use snuff,  
is fond of flowers and especially of fresh  
air, drinks one glass of Burgundy a day,  
rises early and fares frugally. He is  
eighty-two years old and can ride horse-  
back like a trooper.

Philadelphia has an ordinance  
against the sale of oysters in summer,  
and an Oystermen's Protective Associa-  
tion that employs detectives to get evi-  
dence against the offenders.

## Give Me the People.

Some love the glow of outward show—  
Some love mere wealth, and try to win it;  
The house to me may lowly be,  
If I but like the people in it!  
What's all the gold, that glitters cold,  
When link'd to hard or haughty feeling?  
Whate'er we're told, the nobler feeling  
Is truth of heart and manly dealing!  
Then let them seek, whose minds are weak,  
Mere fashion's smile, and try to win it—  
The house to me may lowly be,  
If I but like the people in it!

A lowly roof may give us pride  
That lowly flowers are often fairest;  
And trees, whose bark is hard and dark,  
May yield us fruit, and bloom the rarest!  
There's worth as sure, 'neath garments poor,  
As e'er adorned a loftier station;  
And minds as just as those, we trust,  
Whose claim is not of wealth's creation!  
Then let them seek, whose minds are weak,  
Mere fashion's smile, and try to win it;  
The house to me may lowly be,  
If I but like the people in it!

## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Bookkeepers have the ruling passion  
strong in life.  
Net prophets—Those who predict lots  
of mosquitoes.  
A doctor is judged by his skill as well  
as by his cures.  
A Rockford (Ill.) man has a cherry  
orchard containing 3,500 trees.  
The Emperor of Germany has frequent  
and threatening fits of fainting.  
A scolding woman, like a train conduc-  
tor, is pretty much on the rail.

The "audiometer," an instrument for  
measuring the sense of hearing, is a late  
scientific invention.  
It is estimated that American shop-  
pers spend nearly \$100,000,000 every sea-  
son over the counters in London.  
The family cat at the White House  
was a present to Mrs. Hayes from a gen-  
tleman in Asia. It is a Siamese.  
Remark by the small boy of the  
period: Let me see the circuses of a na-  
tion, and I care not who makes its laws.

A college orator in a spiked-tail coat  
points the way to true greatness, and  
then goes and rents himself as a pitcher  
for a professional nine.—*Pittsburg*.  
High Wolf,