

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

EX VARIIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—CICERO

(\$2 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE)

No 44

SAINT ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK, NOV. 1, 1871

Vol 38

Poetry.

JEAN.

Nae mair will I press your hand, Jean,
Nae mair will I kiss your cheek,
Naething is left of the love, lass,
Ye swore to me yester week:

Naething is left of the dream, Jean,
That was as sweet and fair,
For a' the joy I was dreamin' lass,
Has vanished awa' in air.

Ye might hae told me the truth, Jean,
When I asked ye face to face;
I wanted your whole love, lassie;
You've gi'en me a second place.

You might hae told me before, Jean,
That ye lo'ed our Jamies sae true,
That ye'd gie up lair and siller
To hae him at home wi' you.

My pair heart would hae been weel, lassie;
I lo'ed wi' it a', but ah,
You might hae told me the truth, Jean,
You'd no love to gie awa'!

Interesting Case.

CAUGHT AT LAST.

A handkerchief lay upon the doorkill. It was a white, fine handkerchief of soft cambric, trimmed with lace, and spotted, nay, soaked, with blood. I knew that it was blood in an instant. Nothing else could make a stain like that—so red and terrible.

It was an awful sight to see on the threshold of that room, in the pure light of the spring dawn. I could not speak or cry out.

For a moment I could not move; I could only stare at that object on the floor, and at the blot, red and bright, as of a smearing hand, on the panel of the door. What did all this mean in the name of heaven?

At twelve the previous night I had said, "Please, Ned, dream, Guy," and he had answered, "I shall sleep too sound for dreaming; for I am very tired. Be sure and wake me at six, Ned." Then had "Good night," and I "Good night" also, and that was the last. Who had entered that room since? Whose handkerchief was that on the sill? Whose fingers had made that mark upon the door?

With a shudder, I broke a dream spell which lay upon me, and burst into the room. The window was wide open. The long lace curtain had fluttered out, and was tangled in the branches of a vine which grew there. The clear faint light of earliest day lit the room; and by it I saw lying in the middle of the chamber, with his face upon the floor, in a pool of blood, my cousin Errol. Then I found voice to scream aloud.

Help! help! There has been murder done! And the room grew dark before me, and I staggered back, clutching the wall.

Only for a moment; the next, hurried footsteps coming down the stairs, wild cries, a woman's scream, a man's cry, as I had looked, and they looked at him helplessly, as I had looked, not knowing what to do. In a few minutes two amongst them—an old man and a lad—had lifted the body up, and laid it upon the bed—a terrible thing to see, with set teeth, and staring eyes wide open.

It was a servant girl, I think, who ran for the doctor, and brought him to look at the dead man, to whom no physician's art could give breath again. And soon there were two policemen in the room, and a crowd about the door, and curious neighbors coming in to make inquiries of the terrified land-lord.

The rosiest faces in the house were pallid. There were strange quivers in all their voices. They huddled together in silent groups, as though for protection. Even I, who loved Guy, so well, felt rather horror than grief as yet.

Murdered—murdered, in his own bed, in a quiet, respectable hotel, in a country town, on the very eve of his wedding-day, with not an enemy that I knew of in the world; a generous, great-hearted fellow, with a heart full of love for everybody, who had said to me, as the moon arose the night before, "To-morrow will be the happiest day of my life."

When the coroner questioned me, I had little to tell; but the handkerchief was examined, and in a gaping wound in the breast was found the point of a small stiletto, hardly larger than a needle, broken off as it seemed, by the struggles of the victim.

The porter to whose duty it was to see to the fastenings of the doors, had her report to make also. The night before, while we were out, a woman had called and asked to see my cousin Guy Errol; a tall, poor-looking person, with her face muffled up in a handkerchief. The portress left her a moment to inquire if he was at home, and

return with a negative answer; to find the woman and the doorkill gone. No robber had ever entered the house; so she trusted to the common latch, and said nothing about it. In the morning the door was as she had left it. It was very strange—the night before my cousin had missed his bed-room latch key, and we had laughed together about the getting rid of it just as he needed it no longer.

No one had laughed louder than the young Spaniard, Don Cabello, who had grown so intimate with Guy of late, and who sat so close beside him at that moment. It was at the house of his betrothed; and she, Cornelia, was standing in the window, looking out at the moon. She had been very grave that evening, but that was not surprising in one who was to leave her childhood's home on the morrow.

When we laughed, I saw her, by the mingled light of the moon, and the shaded lamp on the mantel, shudder from head to foot, and in a moment she arose and crossed the room, seated herself at her mother's feet, and hid her face in her lap.

There she sat all the evening. Guy went to her in a little while, and drew a chair close to where she sat and played with an accepted lover's boldness, with her golden curls. Just then Don Cabello took up a guitar which stood close by, and began to sing. The words were Spanish, but I understood enough to know that it was a love-story—one which breathed this sentiment: "I will win my best beloved, though the whole world should say nay." And his eyes glittered and his cheeks flushed, and I thought—

"Far in the groves of Spain doth dwell,
Some maiden whom that youth loves well."

The next day appeared when the song was done, but Cornelia never lifted her head or spoke one word. To me she said "Good night." To Don Cabello—by chance of course—"Good-by."

To Guy she only gave her hand, but he drew her into the shadow of the vine-arbour, and they were alone together a moment.

When Guy rejoined us in the garden path Don Cabello said, "So! it was sweet—that last line."

And Guy blushed like a girl.
That was a few short hours before; and now while his bride waited for him in her wedding garments, he lay there dead—murdered by some unknown hand, and on the morrow the task of telling Cornelia that he was no more, I shrank from it with terror. I, who was to have been "best man"—who had sympathized with that love since its first dawn—who had said often, "Guy and Cornelia are made for each other." I loved him like a brother, and towards her I felt as towards a sister. Yet there was no one else.

Suddenly I thought of Don Cabello. I sent for a cab, for I was as weak as one in a fever, and drove to his hotel. I found him in his own apartment lying full length upon a lounge, smoking a cigar. When I stood before him, pale as any sheet, I am sure his cheek blanched also.

Edward, my friend, he cried, what has happened?

And I answered, Guy is dead!

He stared at me. Then he said, "Is this some joke, some phantasm?"
Don Cabello had been pale before—he was livid now. Great drops stood upon his forehead. He gasped out, "Tell me—what has happened? When was it? Who is suspected?"

But when I had told the story as I knew it, save that I did not speak of the bloody handkerchief, for some inexplicable reason, Don Cabello would not undertake the task I longed to impose upon him.

I cannot tell Miss Cornelia; I should wonder and be abrupt, he said, in his soft Spanish accent. Look; I am not brave enough; see how my hand trembles.

As he held it up, it truly shook like an aspen leaf.
And so I went alone. I remember little of the scene—only the mother standing with clasped hands before her daughter in her wedding garments; and her bridesmaids, awestricken like two fair statues; and Cornelia, first staring at me with wild, wide open eyes, and then seeming to freeze into ice as we looked at her, motionless and white; then, suddenly, without a word or cry, falling to the floor and lying there, like one dead. There she lay for hours, and was very ill afterwards for many days.

So I waited until the last and rites were over. I did what I could to discover some clue to the fearful mystery; then important business forced me to leave the place for several months. But I took with me two things fastened from sight, in a little basket—the bloodstained woman's handkerchief, and the point of the stiletto, which had been broken in my cousin's bosom. By means of these, I had sworn to discover the murderer before I died. I felt sure that I should do so, though as yet I had not the faintest suspicion to lead me, not a clue of any kind.

I was absent about six months. During that time I never heard from Cornelia or her

parents. On my return, my first visit was to the woman whom I almost looked upon as having been my cousin's wife, whom I expected to find heart broken; who, for all I knew might be dead or mad—for hearts and minds both break for sorrow, sometimes.

I could have wept for very shame, as I took my way along the pretty, quiet street. As I entered the gate I saw the outlines of two forms under the trees at the farther end, and bent my steps that way.

As I came near I saw that one was a woman, whose golden hair and exquisitely moulded form told me, though her face was turned from me, that it could be no one but Cornelia. The other was a man, and his arm was about her waist, and her head rested on his shoulder. Did I dream, or had some new love blotted Guy's memory so soon from the heart of his betrothed? With hasty steps and painful brow, I strode on, and stood before them. It was indeed Cornelia; and her companion was Don Cabello. They saw me, and stood apart. Then he, with his own light musical laugh, outstretched both hands.

Welcome back my friend Edward, he said; we have thought of you, and talked of you, and this new moon brings you.

And Cornelia put her hand out also—her little white hand; and though I was wroth with what right had I to speak. So I kept silence.

In the house we found the good old mother and father. They at least loved Guy, and his friend and cousin they welcomed me. Apart from Cornelia and Cabello.

We feared the blow would kill her; but Don Cabello has been so kind and gentle, he has healed the wound I think. They are to be married in the spring.

To them I would not say what I thought of Cornelia, though I could not commend myself to utter meaningless compliments. But the next day, when Cornelia and I were by chance alone with each other, I said to her, in the old time Cornelia when I thought you loved Guy, I used to say to myself, May heaven send me such another girl. Now, I pay that I may never love a woman.

Why? she asked faintly.

Best when the turf lies over me she should forget me as you have forgotten him.

I have not forgotten Guy, she replied.

I laughed bitterly.

If you knew all, she said, you would think better of me, perhaps. Did you never guess?

I fear the whole world would read my heart sometimes. I was very young when I betrothed myself to Guy—very young indeed.

But you were engaged some years.

Yes, she answered. Oh, Edward I was such a child that I did not even guess how I would feel, and I thought I loved him. I might have thought so still, had I never seen Cabello. When he came here he did not know that I had promised to be Guy's wife.

And she paused and covered her face with her hand.

He told me that he loved me, she said, and I knew I loved him. But I had no thought of breaking my faith Guy. I told him I was betrothed. I forbade him to utter such words to me again. I hoped he would never enter our doors, and tried to put away thoughts which I felt very wrong. Guy was good and kind. I uttered a vow he'd never guess that I did love him as I thought. But Edward, you know Cabello came here still even upon the day of his wedding; seeing him could not forget him. But I did my duty to your cousin; I was true to Guy in word and act. That evening, Edward, Cabello came early. I was alone here. I was sad and weary. I felt that he should have stayed away. I despised myself for my weakness. In this very room where I am sitting now, I sat, and he came and sat down beside me. Then he spoke fiercely, so he frightened me. You are a miserable sense of duty. You shall not speak thus, I cried. You insult me! Go! But pride gave way, and in my anguish I was mad, he said. On the morrow he would depart, and I would never see him more. He kissed my hands and took from them a handkerchief which I held. This has wiped away your tears, he said; let me keep it. And he laid it on his heart. You came then with Guy, and know the rest. I thought that night I had hidden him good bye for ever. And I would have been a good wife to Guy—would have learned to love him in time, for he was very good, and deserved all love and tenderness. But that night ended all. Fate interposed a barrier between us. He was dead—

At first, I was a prey to remorse and sorrow; but by and by—Edward! forgive me as Guy does, if he can look upon me from heaven—Cabello loves me—I love him. What could I do or say?

As she spoke, an awful fancy dawned upon me. It grew and strengthened—it stabbed sharply. I tried to drive it away, but it was immovable. Against my own will I felt constrained to ask the question:—

You say he stole a handkerchief from you; what was it like?

A twin to this, she answered, with a wondering glance, as she drew one from her pocket. They were worked by the Moravian nuns in the same pattern.

Will you lend me this? I say.

She looked puzzled. I think she thought: my brain wandering, and rather permitted me to take the handkerchief than give it to me.

After that, I could not rest until I found myself in my lodging, and locked in the room where I had kept my trunks. In one of these the casket I had told you of was kept. I looked at it ten minutes before I dared to open it. Then when the casket was unlocked, I spread Cornelia's kerchief on the table slowly. I examined it carefully. Then I unfolded that blood stained one, and spread it beside it. I could not look again for a long time, but at last—yes, at last I took courage. Cornelia had said that the handkerchief Don Cabello had taken was a twin to the one she held. I had found that twin! Every rosebud, every leaf, every dainty scallop—the blood stains only distinguished one from the other.

How many hours I sat there staring at the terrible proof of the soft voiced Spaniard's guilt, I do not know! but the sun was setting when I arose, and the sky was streaked with crimson and flecked with gold. In such a scene of sunset radiance Guy and I had walked to Cornelia's house on that evening before his murder. The thought nerved me. One more proof and I was armed against the Spaniard. I had no doubt of gaining it. For the time, I seemed almost gifted with second sight.

I folded the two handkerchiefs together and placed them in my bosom. There, also, I concealed the tiny point of the stiletto, and with those in my possession, took my way to the hotel where Cabello dwelt.

In his room, I found him putting the last touches to a toilet which would have been as diffident on any other man, but which was only elegant when worn by him. He was going to some place of amusement that evening with Cornelia, and was in haste.

I bowed, my friend, he said—and his white teeth gleamed between his scarlet lips like a row of pearls—your delight and honor me. Enter—he seated.

He drew an arm-chair towards me, and I sank down in it.

You look ill, he said.

I am not well.

Then the thought of what I had to do strengthened me, and I said, carelessly, "Have you an engagement? If so, do not remain. I will rest here a few minutes, and when this faintness has passed off I will go."

It is an engagement with Cornelia, he said; otherwise I would not leave. Parton me Adieu! If you need anything, ring the bell, and Pietro, my servant will come to you.

He bowed with his peculiar courteous grace, and was gone; and as I looked at him and thought of him, I could not wonder that he had won Cornelia's heart. I could scarcely believe that of which I fancied I had proof.

Then I said to myself, "There are other handkerchiefs like these. Guy himself may have had one belonging to Cornelia. Unless I find the weapon from which this point in my bosom has been broken, I will keep silence."

Then I closed the door, and locked it, and began my search. I opened delicate boxes full of perfume; I opened boxes where jewels lay, cases of combs and brushes, and elegant accessories to the toilet. Then I came to a case of weapons, and my heart beat fast; but what I feared to find was not there.

After this, I thoroughly searched the rosewood bureau. Dainty piles of garments, lined like snow, cravats of splendid hues, slippers and smoking-caps. Save these, I found nothing, until I came to a small drawer which was locked. I paused. Already I felt like a thief in this receptacle, probably, Don Cabello kept money or valuables. Let me pause here, and return—bury my suspicion in my own heart and allow Cornelia to be happy.

I turned away. My hands was upon the lock of the door, when, whether it was imagination or reality, I know not, something rustled like autumn leaves blown by the wind; and, turning, I saw for one moment the form of my cousin, Guy Errol, standing beside me. A shadowy figure pointed to that locked drawer; a ghastly voice whispered, "Avenge me!" and it was gone.

Gone! No sign remained of its presence—no sound, no shadow told that it had been there. But a power moved me to act. I went to the case of weapons. I found a pistol, loaded, amongst them; and deliberately I placed the muzzle at the key hole of that drawer, and blew off the lock. When the smoke cleared away I opened it. Within I saw a roll of calico—nothing more. Yet this was nothing; for, unfolding it, I saw a woman's kerchief, with ragged edges. It was soiled with dust; and there were spots upon it—red and dark spots of blood. The garment dropped from my hands, and, as it fell, I heard the clink of metal. I caught it up again and felt it all over. In the skirt was a pocket—in that pocket something hard.

I drew it forth, and saw a stiletto, tiny and elegant, with gold and gems encrusted on the handle, and—"the point gone!"

Half an hour after this I stood in the parlor of Cornelia's home, with a relentless purpose in my breast. I was waiting for the return of the two lovers—waiting as some wild beast in the forest waits for his prey. By-and-by I heard them. Their feet kept lightness time on the path, of the old garden. They came in laughing—two beautiful human beings as the moon ever shone on. I stood before them like a ghost.

I think he guessed something of the truth by the way he looked at me. And she—oh, how her face changed in an instant as she cried "Oh, Edward, Edward! what fearful thing has happened?"

Ask him, I answered; ask Don Cabello Rogot. Ask the murderer of your betrothed husband!

I shall never forget her white face, or her voice, as she screamed, "Edward is mad, Cabello! It is false, false, false!"

Yes, he answered. He is mad—quite mad. He has no proof—no—

He paused suddenly, and caught Cornelia to his heart.

Look! he cried; He is jealous—he would divide us! Fear not, my best beloved!

I sprang forward. I interposed between them. Don Cabello, I cried, remember the blood-stained handkerchief dropped at my door; remember the broken weapon, and the woman's garment, wherein it lay folded in that locked drawer. I have proof sufficient to hang you, Don Cabello Rogot. You, and you only, murdered my cousin Guy Errol!

As I spoke, the Spaniard's olive cheek blanched to the hue of death. He looked at me with furious eyes; at Cornelia, and they were soft.

I loved you—I loved you! he cried; you also loved me. The blood of the Castilians is in my veins, I could not give you to that Englishman! 'Madre de Dios!' she shrieks from me—she hates me! Enemy do what you will with me!

And Cornelia had, in truth, shrunk from him—her white hands clasped, her blue eyes starting from their sockets, shrunk from him with a look more terrible for him to see than one of hate. I looked at Don Cabello.

"Go," I said, while I relent. Your curse has come upon you. To God I leave the judgment, so that you never look on her face more. In pity for me, I spare you for a while. But if the ring-sum finds you in this land, remember the hand of the law is strong, and I have proof. Go!

A moment he stood looking at her. The next, I heard his measured tramp without upon the garden-path; and something in white, floating robes, with mad eyes, and lean upon its lips, sprang at my throat, gibbering and screaming like a fiend—a weak thing, that the next moment dropped senseless at my feet.

The next morning, men upon the riverbank, found the body of a gentleman, elegantly dressed, floating on the water; and those who knew him recognized Don Cabello Rogot.

To-day, there is a lady in a lonely house upon a country farm, and speaks only in Spanish, though she is of English birth; and whose golden hair has blanched to snowy white. She does not know me when she sees me, for Edward Campion; but I know her, alas! and her name is Cornelia.

There are four good habits—punctuality, accuracy, steadiness and despatch. Without the first of these, time is wasted; without the second, mistakes the most hurtful to our own credit and interest and that of others, may be committed; without the third, nothing can be well done; and without the fourth, opportunities of great advantage are lost, which it is impossible to recall.

An old sailor finding a corked bottle floating on the sea, opened it, with the following soliloquy: "Rum, I hope; gin, I think; trucks, by jingo!" and then threw them back into the water.

The French have a story that Sir Walter Scott once offered his youngest daughter her choice between a dower of 100,000 francs or "Quentin Durward." She asked to read the MS. took it surreptitiously to a publisher, found that he would give her 120,000 francs, and dutifully and meekly told her father that she would rather have the MS. than the money. Sir Walter was deeply touched by this mark of filial devotion. The Paris journal which tells the story says that a French girl would never have done such a thing as that. She would simply have had the 100,000 francs—and—she would have found some way to have gotten the romance also.

A Scotch lady, who was discomfited by the introduction of gas, asked with much earnestness, "What's to become of the poor whales?" Iron Telegraph poles are coming into use in Germany.



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