

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

E. VARIIS SUMMUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic.

\$2.50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XLVI.

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, JUNE 25, 1879.

NO. 26.

Fortune's Wheel.

A sad-faced woman who had bowed
Her face to Fortune's stern decree,
Passed quietly along the crowd,
And came and sought relief of me;
And as my purchases I made
From out her rather scanty store,
I never by a glance betrayed
That I had seen her face before.
But in my heart a silver bell,
Part of dear memory's tuneful chime,
Rang out a melancholy knell,
The dead march of the olden time;
And as she passed along the stair—
She who was once the pride and toast—
The scent of graves was in the air,
I knew that I had seen a ghost!
Why had misfortune brought such ill
To one who erst appeared to be
Destined to never feel the chill
Or know the pangs of poverty?
With luxury on every hand,
A home of ease, a dream of bliss,
A queen with courtiers to command—
God! what an awful change was this!
The paths of her story few
Could read upon her pallid face,
So changed, alas! to those who knew
Her in her younger, brighter days!
She who was once on height so proud,
In gilded cage with dainties fed,
Was now amid the hurrying crowd
Compelled to earn her daily bread!
In vain the problem we would solve,
Or keep the crown we once possessed;
With Fortune's wheel we must revolve,
And take our chances with the best.
Through disappointment, pain of woe,
Whatever grief the heart may feel,
It is enough for us to know
The hand of God is on the wheel.
—Josephine Pollard.

IN A LEATHER BAG.

"I will not wait another day," said Miss Norfolk-Stanley—a stout, middle-aged lady, with a rubicund countenance, a juvenile straw hat perched on the bridge of her nose, and many onyx beads wound about her throat.
"Baw-wow," responded her little dog Bijou.
Nephew Dick, presumptive heir of the lady, had failed to meet her at Turin, as agreed, and she had been forced to wait twenty-four hours, without result. She was deeply incensed, as became a British spinster with a neat property in Derbyshire and funds in Turkish and Indian loans.
The bag was produced by the maid. "It was a large bag of black leather," Bijou eyed it apprehensively, yet with resignation. The tiny terror, with eyes like shining beads, an inquisitive nose, and black body, with a patch of soft velvet brown on breast and paws, jumped into the outside pocket of this traveling maul, and submitted to having the strap carefully adjusted over his prison in such a manner as allowed a breathing space. Bijou was smuggled on board trains; the maid was not trusted with the bag in her third-class seat, and it was a point of economy with his mistress not to pay for a dog's ticket in her own first-class carriage. Miss Norfolk-Stanley took the bag herself, thus exciting the interest of keen-eyed birds of prey hovering about in scent of jewel cases and bags carried by the English lady traveler. At frontiers the pet was popped under his mistress's mantle, while the maid took the bag to the custom-house officer for inspection; then the inmate was successfully restored. Bijou remained as silent as a mouse in the pocket for hours, and resisted the most tempting inducements to bark at startling noises. He knew full well that when the enemy had deserted the field his mistress would take him out of the dismal captivity. Bijou stood on end, at the approach of a guard, by instinct.
Miss Norfolk-Stanley and her maid appeared on the platform of the Turin depot at nine o'clock in the morning. Nephew Dick would find the birds down when he saw fit to grace the Piedmontese capital with his presence. Bijou was invisible to the most penetrating eye, curled up in the bag.
"Give me a ladies' carriage, and alone if possible," said Miss Norfolk-Stanley to a smiling official, with a persuasive exchange of francs from palm to palm. The smiling official bowed, and soon the lady was installed in a vacant carriage.
"You shall come out, pet, if we are left alone," she whispered, unfastening the strap over the pocket of the bag as it rested on her knee. Bijou thrust out his little black head, reconnoitered the premises, and discreetly withdrew from sight again.
Two ladies paused at the door of the carriage. The smiling official, in remembrance of Miss Norfolk-Stanley's bribe, resisted their efforts to enter, and led them elsewhere. They were both women of medium height, in long water-proof cloaks, their heads enveloped in blue veils, which concealed their faces. Miss Norfolk-Stanley saw a long yellow hand, with thin fingers peculiarly talon-like, stretched forth to turn the handle of her carriage door. The hand belonged to the first woman, and she experienced a strange sense of relief when it was again withdrawn, and the owner passed on. Why? Because Bijou could creep about at liberty if she retained the carriage alone. She assured herself this was the sole reason for dreading the yellow hand and the shiver which crept over her at sight of it.

This danger surmounted, there remained one more to be overcome before Bijou and his mistress could breathe freely. The surly guard jumped on the step, demanding tickets. The surly guard gave and received no quarter. His expression of countenance was saturnine, his gray mustache curled upward in a truly savage manner, and his cap was pressed down over a deeply wrinkled forehead. He was always in a hurry, and his life was rendered burdensome by the questions of nervous travelers. He eyed Miss Norfolk-Stanley sharply—sole occupant of the ladies' carriage, sitting with a leather bag carefully held upright on her knee.
"You have no dog?" demanded the surly guard, peering about on the floor suspiciously.
"Certainly not," said Miss Norfolk-Stanley, blushing at the fib which she uttered in alarm for her pet.
Then the surly guard banged the door, departed, and the train actually started at last. Bijou skipped out of his prison, executed a wild but harmless dance over the seats, stood on his hind legs with great apparent enjoyment, ate a biscuit, and was refreshed with water from the cup of his own tiny traveling flask.
The train wended its way toward the Alps; one by one snow peaks detached themselves from the mountain rampart dividing France and Italy, and stood out boldly against the blue sky; the atmosphere grew keen. Down in the valleys weather-beaten little hamlets were huddled together in a cluster of steep roofs; the river foamed in silver ripples; the peasants worked in the fields. Within the railway carriage Miss Norfolk-Stanley indulged in her own meditations, and Bijou capered about at pleasure. The lady made her plans, with slightly compressed lips. She would go to Paris, and thence direct to London. Nephew Dick might well look to himself!
The train paused. Hi, Bijou! Miss Norfolk-Stanley had scarcely time to rescue her pet to the bag pocket when the opposite door flew open, and the surly guard thrust in his head. Her heart failed her. If the surly guard had seen Bijou, he had the right to carry the dog off in triumph to the baggage van, and impose on herself the ignominy of a fine. Instead, he explained that two ladies must be admitted, as the cigar smoke of their carriage made them ill. Again that long, yellow hand groped upward for the door handle, and the two women in cloaks invaded Miss Norfolk-Stanley's territory. She resigned herself, with a sigh, to the inevitable. After all, these ladies were only a trifle peculiar and foreign-looking, more harmless fellow-creatures, and Bijou had already enjoyed two hours of freedom. Miss Norfolk-Stanley's first impulse was to throw herself on their mercy to the extent of releasing her dog. In travel she had never yet encountered another woman who did not assist in smuggling Bijou with the delight in contraband warfare of any kind peculiar to the sex. A second glance, at those muffled figures deterred her. The strangers, with a murmured apology in French for the intrusion, sank into their places at the other extremity of the carriage, and remained as silent as statues. They carried no bags or parcels of any kind. The yellow hand produced a smelling-bottle of cut steel, and a pungent odor diffused itself gradually.

Now the tunnels were gained which form the threshold of Mont Cenis on the Italian side, and which are immeasurably more black and oppressive.
A rush of steam, a shriek of the locomotive, and the train was engulfed in the first of the three long tunnels. The gas burned in a tiny star in the roof of the carriage. Horrible darkness and dense smoke, like an opaque wall against the window-sash. Bijou's mistress unfastened her collar, and sought her fan. At the other end of the carriage the yellow hand was deftly opening the owner's cloak, while a pair of glittering eyes were turned on the unconscious Miss Norfolk-Stanley from the folds of the veil. The smelling-bottle of cut steel had vanished.
A rush of steam, a shriek of the locomotive, and the train plunged into the second tunnel. Behold the companion of the traveler with yellow hands quietly unfastening her cloak, and producing her smelling-bottle, this one a slender vial of colorless glass, which she retained between her fingers instead of using.
A rush of steam, a shriek of the locomotive, and the train passed into the third tunnel. Silence reigned in the ladies' carriage. After this there was a pause, and Miss Norfolk-Stanley opened her window to inhale the pure mountain air, while each link of the train was tested before the trial of the great tunnel. Then Mont Cenis opened that great mouth, and received the human freight, the feeble atoms of an hour, into its rocky heart. Thirty minutes! Miss Norfolk-Stanley opened her watch. Much may happen in thirty minutes. She had turned to the window, which had been again closed, when her head was seized, a nervous hand was pressed over her mouth, she was forced to inhale chloroform, and a heavy cloak enveloped her, effectually stifling the faint cry, scarcely more than a sigh, which escaped her. The victim speedily lost consciousness, and the leather bag rolled from her lap to the floor.
Bijou fell on his head. Astonished at such treatment, he crept out of his pocket—

of which the strap had not been refastened when the surly guard brought the other occupants of the carriage so unexpectedly—and hid beneath the folds of his mistress' dress. Mark the wisdom of this little dog, and explain it by any law, short of reason, actual presence of mind, if you can. He was afraid, and concealed himself, trembling in every limb. He knew something dreadful had happened.
The two women, divested of their cloaks, stood over Miss Norfolk-Stanley. Much can be done in thirty minutes of outer darkness, lost in the heart of Mont Cenis.
"Don't kill her. Discovery would be awkward," whispered the elder, a keen, yellow face appearing out of the veil which had previously concealed it.
Her accomplice removed the bottle from the nostrils of Miss Norfolk-Stanley, and lifted the cloak from her face. The latter did not move. Then the yellow claws took the watch and chain, rings, probed every pocket, nimbly sifted the contents of the leather bag, Bijou's house, in hopes of its containing a jewel box.
"Now open the other window. The carriage must not smell of chloroform when we reach Modane. I will give her another dose before throwing away the bottle."
"It was such a rare chance! Only if we should be detected at the frontier!" murmured the younger woman.
"Attend, ma chère; I have planned all," retorted the elder, with an evil smile. "She will recover, be stupid when we arrive at the French custom-house, and wait for her maid. Roll together the cloaks and veils in this canvas cover; our dresses and hats have not been seen on the train. When we descend, I join Adolphe, and lean on his arm; you go with the boys, and speak German. We no longer know each other. You take the Geneva route, and I journey to Macon. There is plenty of time. Here, put back her purse, containing a little silver."
Daylight at last! Bijou thrust out his nose from the edge of his mistress' robe. The light reassured him. Such a volley of sharp, piercing barks became audible in the ladies' carriage as could only emanate from the throat of an irate terrier. The two women were confused. At first they supposed the dog was barking in an adjacent carriage. How could a living creature of any sort be concealed in their own, when every article of Miss Norfolk-Stanley's had been searched? Bijou barked with frantic zeal, and sprang toward the open window, redoubling his clamor. Then the older woman saw him, darted forward, and seized him. The terrible yellow hand closed about Bijou's neck; she lifted and prepared to fling him out of the window. Bijou's silky little body lashed on the ledge of the sash, in response to that shrill volley of barks. What! a dog in the ladies' carriage, after all! Ah! one must see about it! The surly guard caught Bijou in his hands; heads appeared at neighboring windows. The poor little beast whimpered, licked the guard's face in a propitiatory manner, and looked at him with the most agonized canine intelligence.
A dog in the ladies' carriage! Moreover, flung out the window by a vengeful hand! One glance from his point of vantage on the step revealed the truth to the surly guard. Miss Norfolk-Stanley reposed in her corner in rigid insensibility, the cloak still about her; bags and cases were scattered on the floor; a faint scent of chloroform lingered. A very well-arranged plan, hinging on the train's not pausing again until Modane was reached, when all trace of disorder would have been removed, but for frustration by a vigilant little dog, so tiny as to be stored away in the pocket of a leather bag.
A group of those highly-ornamental gendarmes in cocked hats and brilliant uniforms who pose so gracefully at French and Italian railway stations were given employment in arresting the thieves. Miss Norfolk-Stanley came to a condition of confused consciousness, and was removed to a hotel under guidance of her frightened maid. The surly guard actually kept Bijou in his arms, and caressed the little dog instead of demanding his ticket.
Next evening Nephew Dick appeared at Modane in response to the maid's telegram sent back to Turin. He had been delayed by reason of a robbery, in which he had lost both watch and pocketbook, on a night journey between Rome and Florence. He was disposed to suspect two gentlemen who had stayed in the same hotel at Rome.
In the years 1877 and 1878 a band of thieves waged war on the continent, their connection extending from Stockholm to Naples. They appeared as ladies and gentlemen at leading hotels, and pursued everywhere the higher branches of the profession. Doubtless Miss Norfolk-Stanley and Nephew Dick were both their victims. The latter was speedily reinstated in his aunt's favor by his ability displayed during the trial and conviction of the miserable woman.
Bijou has gone into honorable retirement in the country. His prejudices are respected. If he sees a railway and a moving train, he howls and runs away, in remembrance of the awful day when a cruel yellow hand seized and hurled him from the window as the ladies' carriage emerged from the Mont Cenis tunnel.—Harper's Weekly.

Nothing but Water.

A statesman, in seeking an illustration of the difference between price and value, very happily hit upon water, which costs nothing and yet is of inestimable worth. Water, next to air, is the most indispensable of all the productions of nature. Unlike most good things providentially supplied for our use, it is hardly capable of abuse. It would be difficult to find any well-authenticated case of fatal injury, short of drowning, from a too abundant employment of this essential of life. The more common danger to be feared is from too little—not too much—water. It can hardly, especially during the summer solstice, be too freely taken inside and out.
Simple a thing, however, as it may be to quench the thirst from the running stream or the mountain spring, there are but few people who know how to drink. Most people, in the eagerness of thirst, swallow with such avidity the welcome draught that they deluge their stomachs without proportionately refreshing themselves. The sipping of a single goblet of water will do more to alleviate thirst than the sudden gulping down of a gallon. It is more frequently the dryness of the mouth during hot weather than the want of the system which calls for the supply of fluid. When larger quantities, moreover, are poured into the stomach than are required, that organ becomes oppressed mechanically by the distention, and the digestion is consequently weakened.
Water reduced to the lowest possible temperature by the coldest ice can be taken with perfect safety, at all times and under all circumstances, when imbibed gradually by slow mouthfuls; but when swallowed in full, quick draughts and in large quantities it may produce a dangerous shock to the system. In the first instance the fluid, however cold, is at once raised to the heat of the mouth and absorbed, while in the second it enters the stomach and reduces the temperature of that organ so suddenly as to interfere with its healthy action.
One powerful means by which nature adapts the human system to the transition from the extreme cold of winter to the extreme heat of summer is by an increased perspiration. The surface of the body is kept cool by the free exudation of fluid which is constantly undergoing evaporation, and chemists tell us evaporation is so powerful a cause of cold that ice can be formed by its means. Belzoni's famous experiment of making water a solid, which so startled the Turkish Sultan, was no more than the application of this principle. In order, therefore, that the summer perspiration may be kept up, it is necessary that the pores of the skin, which are the organs through which this function is performed, should be kept free. To do this it is necessary that the whole surface of the body should be often and thoroughly cleansed, for the incessant perspiration in summer tends so to clog the ducts that, without frequent ablution, their action is suspended. A daily bath, during summer at any rate, is indispensable.
—Health and Home.

The Rothschilds.

The recent death of Baron Lionel Nathan de Rothschild, head of the London banking firm of the house of Rothschild, calls attention once more to the most celebrated family of financiers in the world. The history of the Rothschild family is well known and has been often repeated. When General Custine, at the head of a French Republican army, took Frankfurt, the Senate, in order to save the town from pillage, agreed to pay a heavy ransom within a very limited period. But the money could not be raised, the capitalists of Frankfurt not being willing to assist the Senate. Meyer A. de Rothschild, however, offered to obtain a loan from the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, afterward known as the Elector William I. The offer was accepted and the loan was obtained. The house of Rothschild thus established a position which was steadily improved in after years. In 1806, when Napoleon decreed the forfeiture of Brunswick and Hesse-Cassel, William prepared for flight. He deposited with Meyer A. de Rothschild \$5,000,000 for safe keeping. For eight years Meyer held this sum without interest; subsequently he paid two per cent. to the heirs of the elector, and in 1823 the whole sum. The judicious use of this capital was the foundation of all the wealth of the Rothschilds. The five sons of Meyer were Anselm, Solomon, Nathan, Charles and James, who became respectively heads of the houses at Frankfurt, Vienna, London, Naples and Paris. They were all made barons by the Emperor Francis, of Austria. They became controllers of the finances of Europe, and, to a certain extent, the arbiters of peace and war. Houses are still maintained at Frankfurt, Vienna, London and Paris, the two last named being the most important. Special agents of the firm are established in various parts of the world.
A young lady in New York died recently from the effects of swallowing a pin about a year ago.

TIMELY TOPICS.

About 5,000,000 tons of slag are produced annually in the Detroit and Cleveland districts alone, and hitherto nothing has been done with this immense waste. Slag is produced at all iron works, and being lighter than iron it floats on the surface of the melted metal, is drawn off, and, when cooled, looks something like colored lumps of glass. It is now proposed to utilize this refuse material. This is already done in England. Two companies are engaged in making bricks, concrete paving material and other articles from slag. Over 3,000,000 bricks a year are sent to London alone. In Northamptonshire glass works are in operation, where the slag is transferred into a coarse glass for bottles or other articles. It is now proposed to begin similar works in this country.
The formal opening of a railroad in Tunis brought together thousands of Arabs to witness the ceremonies. Every class of natives seemed to be represented. There were the Hamals from the hill country, the Bedouins from the borders of the great desert, the superbly-mounted and gorgeously-caparisoned horsemen from the plains and the grave, dignified and gentlemanly merchant and official. It was worth a journey to Africa to look upon that wonderful collection of Orientals brought together to witness such an event and under such circumstances. Some of the displays of horsemanship by the mounted Arabs was wonderful. At one of the stations a company of horsemen started from the station with the train and kept abreast of it for at least—as we estimated—four or five miles, the train moving at the rate of twenty-five to thirty miles an hour; and this on an uneven, broken and in places bushy plain. Not a horse faltered or fell and the men sat grandly erect in their saddles.
The freedom of discussion permitted by the imperial government of Brazil was strikingly illustrated recently by a speech of Dr. Freitas Coutinho, member of the Brazilian Parliament from the Province of Rio Janeiro, who made a strong argument before the Chamber of Deputies in favor of a Republican form of government. His remarks were warmly applauded and at the conclusion he was congratulated by the members of the ministry. The idea of the progressive party in Brazil is to change the government to a republic as soon as the emperor dies. Some are in favor of not waiting so long. It is highly significant of the affectionate esteem in which the Emperor Dom Pedro is held by all parties that these extremists propose nothing more than that he shall lay aside his crown and take the position of first President of the Brazilian Republic. "If he will do this," says one of the Republican newspapers, "he will become not only the first citizen of America, but the first citizen of the world. His name will be the symbol of liberty, and will be placed beside those of the greatest benefactors of humanity. He will be glorified by his country and admired by all free peoples."

Life—Death.

We are but slaves, and thou, despotic Life,
Our master; manacled and closely bound
By thee to keep the dull, insensate round
Of years—with rocks and shoals and sorrows
rile—
We toil and wait the ending of the strife;
Ay, work and watch with halt-labored breath
And souls agog, the slow approach of Death
To cut our letters with his subtle knife.
And yet we dread to join the spirit band,
And start and tremble at Death's secret
way:
We long not for the free, the sunny land,
Nor wish to leave cold Life's tyrannic sway;
Why should we fear the liberator's hand,
When Life is but as night, while Death is
day?
—S. Constant Foster.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.
Needs looking into—A telescope.
Amateur gun clubs need a wide range.
The fattest hog has the most winning weigh.
The army at the polls—The world's barbers.
Every young doctor must get on, if he only has patients.
Is not a detective in the United States Coinage Bureau a mint's spy?
A man who owns a good oil well is said to live on the fat of the land.
On Sundays in Denver, Col., 10,000 people may be seen on horseback.
Brooklyn expects to have an elevated railroad in running order by December.
The man who bears a torch for a procession cannot complain, because his burden is light.
The New Haven Register comments on the Northwest passage—"Too much ice to the amount of water."
The Soudan railway, one of Egypt's magnificent enterprises, has been abandoned as unremunerative.
There is always more or less quarreling at boat races. Even the wind has been known to come to blows.
A stableman employed by a New Orleans street railroad company sold hair from the horses until the thinness of their tails betrayed the theft.
A skipping-rope was placed among the flowers on Kittie Boylan's coffin, in Clyde, Ohio. She had died from jumping it 120 times without stopping.
When you see a woman going toward a river with a good sized pole in her hand and a wrinkle across her nose, you needn't think she's going fishing. Not much, she's got a boy down that way who promised her with tears in his eyes that he wouldn't go in swimming.—Steubenville Herald.
James Russell Lowell, United States Minister to Spain, reports a bull-fight in Madrid. He says: "I attended officially, as a matter of duty, and escaped early. It was my first bull-fight, and it will be my last. To me it was a shocking and brutalizing spectacle, in which all my sympathies were on the side of the bull."
A LAMENT.
A withered leaf,
A revery—
And so relief
In memory.
A sigh,
A tear,
To search and smart,
To dry
And sear
A broken heart.
Hope's promises,
Honor wrecked—
Ah, bitter, bitter
Retrospect.
—W. J. Lampton, in New York News.

A Debtor's Device.
A gentleman of San Francisco, says the Argonaut, has devoted a great part of the time he has spent on the Pacific coast in contracting bills, which he does not find conveniently paid when due. Having lived in California since 1850, and being what is called "a generous liver," he has numerous creditors, and the sum of his debts is respectably large. Some years ago he determined to attempt the gradual payment of all his liabilities. Endowed with a fine sense of justice it puzzled him to decide upon a plan of liquidation that would be fair and equitable to all his creditors. After a long consideration he hit upon a method which he found entirely satisfactory. He explained his plans the other day to one of his recently acquired creditors. A bill was presented him with a request of immediate payment. He took the account, and carefully checking at the items, and footing up the long columns of figures, found all correct. Then he quietly and neatly told to the bill and laid it away in a pigeon hole marked "W." Turning to his waiting creditor, he explained as follows: "Mr. Williams, it will be in the regular order, but you may depend upon my attention. Some years ago I adopted an alphabetical system of paying off my debts, and I have now got as far as C. Don't trouble yourself to call again. As soon as I get to W I will call on you with the amount." Struck with the debtor's systematic and equitable method of doing business, the creditor hopefully withdrew.