



**R. BITTERS**  
California Vinegar  
dy Vegetable Preparation,  
the native herbs found  
of the Sierra Nevada  
loma, the medicinal pro-  
cess extracted therefrom  
f Alcohol. The question  
col, "What is the cause  
l success of VINEGAR BIR-  
ver is, that they remove  
se, and the patient recov-  
they are the great blood  
giving principle, a perfect  
vicarior of the system.  
e history of the world has  
compounded possessing  
alties of VINEGAR BITTERS  
k of every disease man is  
e gentle Purgative as  
e Having Congestion of In-  
Liver and Visceral Organs,  
s.  
enjoy good health, let  
BITTERS as a medicine,  
of alcoholic stimulants.

**DONALD & CO.,**  
Agents, San Francisco, California,  
and Charleston, S. C., New York,  
Baltimore, and Boston.  
in take these Bitters  
ctions, and remain long  
their bones are not de-  
poison or other means,  
rusted beyond repair.  
ISABE'S PREPARATION VINDICA  
revental Involvement that  
a sinking system.

It is so prevalent in the  
at rivers throughout the  
pecially those of the Mis-  
souri, Illinois, Tennessee,  
Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia,  
Florida, and many others.  
It is especially necessary  
for the purpose of  
iver, and other abdominal  
treatment, a purgative,  
ful influence upon these  
is essentially necessary.  
rse for the purpose of  
as a VINEGAR BITTERS,  
s remove the dark-colored  
h which the bowels are  
this stimulating the  
liver, and generally restor-  
ing the functions of the digestive

Indigestion, Headache,  
dizziness, Coughs, Tightness  
breast, Sour Eructations of  
the Stomach, Biliousness,  
Pain in the region of  
a hundred other painful  
affections of Dyspepsia,  
rore a better guarantee of  
lengthy and successful  
fibr's Evil, White Swell-  
ings, Swelled Neck,  
s Inflammations, Indolent  
Morbid Affections, Old  
of the Skin, Sore Eyes,  
se, as in all other constitu-  
TALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS  
great curative powers in  
e and intractable cases.  
maternity and Chronic  
Gout, Bilious, Remittent  
Fever, Diseases of the  
liver, and Bladder, these  
equal. Such Diseases are  
d Blood.

Discharges.—Persons en-  
d and Minerals, such as  
sisters, Gold-burners, and  
disease in life, are subject  
the Bowels. To guard  
a dose of WALKER'S BIR-  
rationally.

Scenes, Eruptions, Tetters,  
chies, Spots, Pimples, Pus-  
tules, Ringworms, Scald  
Erysipelas, Itch, Scours,  
f the Skin, Humors, and  
Skin of whatever name or  
lly dug up and carried out  
a short time by the use of

nd other Worms, lurk-  
of so many thousands, are  
ayed and removed. No sys-  
em vermifuge, no anthel-  
the system from worms.

Complaints, in young or  
ngle, at the dawn of morn-  
m of life, these Tonic BIR-  
decided an influence that  
soon perceptible.

n all cases of jaundice, rest-  
liver is not doing its work.  
e treatment is to promote  
the bile and favor its re-  
purpose and VINEGAR BIR-

**DONALD & CO.,**  
Agents, San Francisco, California,  
and Charleston, S. C., New York,  
Baltimore, and Boston.

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## Poetry.

### SUNSET THOUGHTS.

When we were at school together, Jack,  
There was down on neither's cheek!  
Now—if we look back along our track—  
Which has gained what we would seek?  
For the woman you loved is lying  
In a churchyard far away,  
And the sunset, so swiftly dying,  
Seems to you the best of the day.

My picture is in the Academy, Jack,  
And they've hung it on the line;  
And critics, good Jack, discern a knack  
Sublime in this dash of mine.  
But the eyes I dreamed should see it,  
And the lips, whose praise I'd prize,  
Have passed from the world. So be it.  
But I live when the daylight dies.

For I see over roof and chimney, Jack,  
The gold in the western sky.  
Though the present's black as the stormy  
Hour of release draws nigh. [crack,  
For peace will be won when life is done,—  
Beyond the gloom lies the gold.  
Oh! the sunset hour has for us power  
And a charm it lacked of old!

## LITERATURE.

### QUITS.

BY WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL.

If we don't have some fun with these financial  
city gentlemen, I'll give up, said Nell Bartlett to  
her cousin, as they were preparing to retire.—  
They think just because they live in a great build-  
ing that they know it all and we nothing. The fact  
is, Blanche, I invited you here on purpose. There  
will be lots of parties, and wood-wanderings, and  
boating, and horseback-riding, and all that sort of  
thing. And they'll make good gallants, even if  
they are soft enough to believe that we swallow  
all their brainless flatteries as effectually as a great  
sugar does a fly.

Do you not judge them harshly, Nell? You  
know you have seen but very little of them as yet.  
O, I judge from others that have visited their  
neighborhood, and of all things that I detest "Mis-  
sissippi" men who believe girls are simple play-  
things—and fools!

Be careful! answered her more reticent cousin,  
Blanche Goodwin. Suppose they should overhear  
you?  
Well, listeners—you know the rest. But there is  
no fear of that. The gentlemen have gone down  
to visit the lake, by the sweet silver light of the  
moon, get their thin boots wet, and more than  
likely take cold, for mother and your humble ser-  
vant to doctor with sage, honey, and honey.

Be still, Nell. I am certain I scent the smoke  
of a cigar.  
Nothing quite so poetical, I'll be bound. More  
likely it is old Patrick with his pipe. He always  
has to "quit the stock" about this time, and never  
is without his "shades." I expect some night he  
will burn us out of house and home.

The conversation was continued at length.  
Girl-friends have always so much to talk about and  
so many secrets (?) to tell. The merits of the gen-  
tlemen in question were discussed with as much  
of deliberation and earnestness as if they had been  
weighty affairs of state.

But they were mistaken about not being over-  
heard, in part, at least. Boyd Layton had not  
gone with his friend to visit the lake, and it was  
the perfume of his cigar that had been wafted to  
the delicate nostrils of the fair cousins. True, his  
care had caught only the opening of the conversa-  
tion. But that was enough to put him upon his  
guard; and when Charley Palmer returned he  
told him of it, adding, with a laugh:

These girls—beautiful ones, I must confess, es-  
pecially Miss Nell, with her long soft black hair,  
brilliant eyes, exquisite complexion, voice like a  
bluebird, and laugh like the fairy-bells of song.

I incline to the other—Miss Blanche. She is far  
more near to my ideal of beauty. Granting all  
you say of the other, my taste runs to the blue  
eyes and golden hair of the more "spirituelle" cou-  
sin. However, as they will never be more to us  
than passing friends and pleasant summer com-  
panions, there is no need of discussion.

Well, as I was about to say, these young ladies  
have made up their minds that we are fair game,  
and will no doubt endeavor to play all sorts of  
tricks upon us. So we must be upon our guard,  
and match them as far as difference in sex will per-  
mit. Any way, it will contribute to make the sum-  
mer pass lively, and will be harmless amusement.

I am sorry a pang of wit, if not of arms, is to  
be inaugurated, but glad of the prospect of our  
would-be-tormentors. It would have been dull  
without, for one tires of babbling brooks, and  
trees, and fishing. I made up my mind long ago  
that if I were a pauper I would never draw a

landscape without introducing a female figure  
with—  
Dancing blue eyes and golden hair, and all that  
sort of thing! laughed his friend.

Perhaps. But, seriously, Blanche Goodwin  
would not make a bad model, according to my  
mind.

And dashing Nell Bartlett, according to mine,  
you would insinuate.

The young men had sought a retired place in  
the country to pass the summer months and rest-  
from their labors. Both had studied hard—re-  
ceived diplomas, and been admitted—Boyd Lay-  
ton as a lawyer, and Charles Palmer as a physi-  
cian, and when autumn came would enter into  
practice. They had met the "girls," as good  
motherly Dame Bartlett called her daughter and  
niece, at the supper-table, and been impressed  
with their beauty and grace. They, too, had gra-  
duated and received diplomas to practice, though  
in a very different sphere of life (would to heaven  
women would stick to it), as wives and mothers—  
going through first a preparatory course of Cupid!

It was no necessity that had led Farmer Bart-  
lett to take the young men as boarders. His acres  
were broad, fertile, and paid for, and he had some  
thousands in the bank. But all his children save  
Nell had "gone on before," and the house was  
lonely. So he acceded to the request of old friends  
and took "the boys" in for a season.

For some days all was quiet and decorous be-  
tween the parties. As she saw more of their  
boarders, Nell began to question the propriety of  
"running rigs" on them, and to change her opinion  
as to their belonging to the class with which she  
had at first allied them. But she was too fond of  
fun to give it up without a struggle, and more than  
once the spirit of mischief prompted her. Yet  
something occurred that forced her to wait a bet-  
ter opportunity; and the whisperings of her cou-  
sin made her more cautious than she would other-  
wise have been. Blanche was certain the men had  
got something of what was going on. There  
was something in their manner in the way they  
watched, that convinced her of this; and at length  
even the volatile Nell was impressed with the po-  
lity of hushing any suspicion they might have en-  
tertained.

And so the most critical, fault-finding and sav-  
agely moral old spinster could have found no fault  
so far as their behaviour was concerned, as they  
tramped the woods, picked by some shady pool,  
took rides upon horseback, floated over the glassy  
lake, or dropped a line to the fishes, hoping they  
would "mark and inwardly digest" to their unde-  
rstanding.

Where to-day, children? asked Mrs. Bartlett,  
as they sat gossiping around the breakfast-table,  
after having finished the meal. By the term "child-  
ren" she included the quartet of young folks.

We are at the service of the ladies, responded  
Layton, gallantly.

And that means, Nell, interlarded her father,  
sighing, that you are expected to suggest some  
wild-goose chase to occupy the day.

I don't think it fair, she answered, pretending to  
pout, and doing it with wonderful archness,  
that the ones as well as the blame of all these ex-  
peditions should come upon my shoulders.

They couldn't come upon a prettier pair, Nell!  
Boyd Layton was of the same opinion as the old  
gentleman, and expressed it with his eyes, even if  
he did not dare to do so with his tongue.

You'd completely spoil me, father, if I'd let you!  
she answered, with becoming blushes.

No, I leave that to your husband! And laugh-  
ing heartily, he betook himself to the overseeing of  
the farm work.

Well, suggested the mother, to cover the con-  
fusion of her daughter, and turn the conversation  
into another channel, I don't suppose you intend  
to sit moping around the house all day—you four?  
It is altogether too pleasant, and there'll be plenty  
of storms to keep you in doors.

But I don't know where to go, mother. We  
have visited all the places of interest I can think  
of.

Suppose you try the glen. I don't think you  
have been there.

The suggestion was carried out; the day passed  
pleasantly; the return home was late, about the  
going down of the sun, when both of the gen-  
tlemen started suddenly, and exclaimed in a breath:

Good heavens! what a terrible sight!

Blanche turned pale, and clung to her cousin,  
but Nell did not appear in the least alarmed.

It is only a poor crazed woman, she said, who  
lives in the vicinity, and has waltzers.

Is she dangerous? questioned Layton, as he and  
his friend placed themselves so as to defend their  
fair companions in case there should be need so  
to do.

Not, ordinarily, I believe, though I have heard  
that when her temper was aroused, or when she  
was suddenly awakened from sound slumber, she  
was spitefully vindictive.

Dangerous or not, continued Layton, I should  
not care to meet her alone in the dark, to enter  
the room in which she was confined, or even one  
of which she was a temporary occupant.

You seem to have a particular horror of one  
crazed, Mr. Layton.

Yes, and it is a fear I could never account for,  
save that I was terribly frightened by a lunatic  
woman when very young; that must have given  
a coloring to my life.

Very likely. How is it with you, Mr. Palmer?  
I must confess to something of the same dread as  
my friend. Even a rabid dog or poisonous ser-  
pent has not so much terror for me.

Strange. But see, she is turning away from the  
road.

Does she ever visit your house? questioned  
Blanche; and well named so at that particular  
time, for her soft cheeks could boast of no roses.

She used to do so frequently, but of late she sel-  
dom comes. In fact, I do not remember to have  
seen her before this summer.

And I pray Heaven I may never do so, or any  
of her sorely-afflicted brothers and sisters, again,  
replied Layton, with a shadow of aversion, even if  
not actual fear, that he did not attempt to conceal.

The woman was indeed an object of deep com-  
miseration, if not dread. She was tall, gaunt, with  
long dark hair hanging in tangled locks low down  
upon her shoulders; with eyes that revealed fit-  
ful fires, and surrounded by livid circles; with  
sunk cheeks; a pinched mouth and nose; and  
clad in faded and scanty garments—one that, seen  
even for a brief space of time, would not soon be  
forgotten.

But she passed along quickly, after giving  
them a broad stare, and disappeared in the di-  
rection (as Nell said) of her own house. And  
yet (though she evidently had no such foolish  
fears as were entertained by her companions) the  
first question she asked upon entering the  
house, was:

Has crazy Jane Mathews been here to-day,  
mother?

Yes, poor thing, and she appeared to be  
nearly starved. Did you meet her?

For a moment, on the hill road.

I am glad of it, for then she will go home.  
It always makes me nervous when I know she  
is wandering, for she has such a way of steal-  
ing into houses and taking possession of rooms.

Nell quickly turned the subject of conversa-  
tion, lest Blanche and her father to en-  
quire it, while she assisted her mother;  
was absent for an hour; returned and appear-  
ed more than ordinarily lively, sang and play-  
ed the piano until late, and when parting with  
the gentlemen, added to her smiling good-  
night:

I trust the unfortunate being we chanced to  
meet to-day will not visit you in dreams.

Heaven forbid! answered Layton; and I  
am sure the angels of our dreams will have  
sweeter faces. Ay, Charley?

Both of the girls turned to him, and van-  
ished before old and jolly Mr. Bartlett could  
pour in a bonafide that was certain to make  
the faces of all scarlet.

Layton and Palmer sought their own room.  
The night was beautiful, and having been de-  
prived of their customary smoke, they sat by  
the open window, lighted cigars, and discussed  
their fair companions in very much the same  
style that they were being discussed. But at  
length even "for de cubano" and ideal love-  
dreams lost their charms, and they began to  
prepare for the actual ones to which their long  
tramp would give the greater zest.

The solitary candle was lighted, and they  
were about to retire, when Boyd sprang back  
with an exclamation of terror, and whisper-  
ed with pale lips:

By heavens! the crazy woman!

Palmer answered Palmer, half vexed to  
have his thoughts of the lovely Blanche thus  
broken in upon. Palmy, Boyd! what are  
you talking about?

Look for yourself.  
Palmer, more cool than his friend, thought  
of the girl, and was inclined to believe it a  
trick. He walked nearer to the bed, made a  
more minute examination, and retreated again.

There was no denying the fact. The miser-  
ably afflicted woman was lying there, covered to her  
shoulders, and they could see her shiver as if  
in pain. The dress, old and tattered, appear-  
ed to be the same, and there was not, could  
not be any doubt about the long dark hair.—  
It swept low down upon the neck in just the  
same fashion, though now part of it hung over  
and concealed the pallid face and burning eyes.

There is no doubt, answered Palmer. She  
has stolen in here from the night air while we  
were below.

And what in the name of heaven shall we  
do? questioned Boyd. If it was a man, we  
could grapple with him. Now it is impossible.  
See! she stirs. What if she should awaken  
and find herself alone with us!

Very certain were they that the woman was  
beginning to stir—was moving, and acting on  
the impulse of the moment, they dashed out  
into the hall and called loudly for Mr. Bart-  
lett.

What on earth is the matter? he asked,  
rubbing his sleepy eyes. Is it thieves, or fire?  
The crazy woman is in our room—in my  
bed!

Shoo! You don't say so?  
It is true. Just come and see.  
The disturbance aroused the old lady and

the girls, and soon they were all in the hall,  
talking in hurried yet careful whispers. Nell  
was the only one calm, and suggested that she  
should be awakened and removed. But who  
was to do it? Foolish terror had taken pos-  
session of all. They crowded on tiptoes and  
with hurried voices into the room, and old man  
Bartlett almost swore:

By hooky! it is she, sure enough.

And you had better let her alone, suggested  
his wife.

And be murdered or burned alive! cried  
Blanche.

I believe Mrs. Bartlett is right, said Lay-  
ton. Charley and I will remain in the hall,  
and keep watch until morning.

If I had only another spare room, sighed  
Mrs. Bartlett.

Nell drew nearer the bed. She was not so  
much unnerved by fear as the rest. She bent  
over the sleeper for a moment, and then said  
to Layton:

If you and Mr. Palmer will assist me, we  
can carry her out, and I think without awak-  
ening her, poor thing.

There was no one willing to second her sug-  
gestion, and after a little time, she continued,  
Then I must do it alone.

For the love of Heaven, don't touch her!  
exclaimed Layton.

Nell threw back the covering, lifted a cun-  
ningly constructed lay figure, from the head  
of which dropped switches and false curls, and  
dashed out of the room, laughing until the very  
rafters rang.

The next morning at each other in the  
most foolish manner imaginable for an instant,  
and then the young men were suddenly left to  
themselves.

Said Nell, smiling Palmer.

An! I wouldn't have been so frightened for  
anything, returned Layton. When! what  
a's-a we have made of ourselves. By Jove!  
Miss Nell carried it out well, and carried off  
all the honors. I have half a mind to run away  
rather than endure the battery of her laugh-  
ing eyes.

Better remain and get even.

If we can!

This little episode in their quiet lives afford-  
ed a topic for amusement for some time; and  
the weeks slipped away without the men  
gaining an opportunity to in the least get even.  
The girls were constantly upon the watch, ap-  
peared every movement, and were as keen wit-  
nesses as their opposers.

Various plans were tried, only to fail. The  
delicacy due to ladies forbade many things  
that could have been done with impunity to  
those of their own sex—a delicacy and warmth  
of feeling that grew stronger every day to-  
ward their fair tormentors, for they had ascertained  
that the quiet Blanche was not an innocent  
party in the fooling they had received.

The first had begun to touch the trees with  
its unseen fingers, and the leaves changed to  
hues that rivalled the sunset glories. The  
time when the gentlemen should have return-  
ed to city life and put on the harness of busi-  
ness had passed, but no heed was given to it.

The solemn autumn—or something else—had  
made them oblivious of time, and caused a  
change to come over the spirit of their dreams.

The quartet broke into couples. Layton  
and Nell, and Palmer and Blanche, wander-  
ed away from each other. The faces eyes and  
words of the men became more earnest, and  
the lips and cheeks of the beautiful girls glow-  
ed a deeper carnation. Love was becoming  
more powerful than all other feelings, but yet  
the unsettled account between them gave the  
girls the advantage, and it often arose in their  
minds.

One evening their wanderings had led them  
further away from home than usual, and just  
as the sun was setting, its far-well shadows,  
they paused to rest upon the brow of a hill that  
overlooked the home of Nell. Seated beneath  
a wide spreading chestnut, they were conver-  
sation going (with that intercurrent of eyes  
that at such times is more eloquent than words)  
when suddenly something coiled around the  
neck of Nell, and gave a sharp puncture in  
the soft flesh.

Snake! exclaimed Layton springing to his  
feet.

O gracious! a snake! screamed Nell.  
Bursting through all the restraints of girl-  
ish modesty, she threw herself, half fainting,  
upon the breast of Layton, while Blanche lay  
trembling within the sheltering arms of Palm-  
er.

The clinging serpent was torn away, Lay-  
ton pressed his lips to the wound to draw the  
poison, and each of the men half carried their  
terrified charges homeward, soothing them with  
the fondest of words, and each feeling how  
very dear the other had become to him.

Supper finished the story was told with  
many Ohs! and Ahs! from good Dame Bart-  
lett, while her husband asked, with far less in-  
terest than one could have deemed possible—  
What kind of a snake was it, Mr. Layton?  
I didn't think there were any dangerous ones  
about here.

It might be called a constrictor, I presume,  
and thinking you and your good wife might be  
curious in the matter, I brought it home with  
me.

He drew from his pocket a piece of grape-  
vine, sharpened at one end and continued:

About as dangerous as the crazy woman, is  
it not, Miss Nell?

Anyhow, Mr. Layton was obliged to suck  
the poison from the terrible wound! said  
Blanche, amid roars of laughter.

And, put in the old man, I suppose it made  
you mad, because you had not the same kind  
of a bite and the same remedy.

Hush! and come along with me. I want  
you, said his wife, and dragged him away.

Dim lights might have been seen burning to  
a late hour that night in the farm-house, and  
four hearts beat happily, and four pairs of lips  
whispered the sweetest words of earth, and  
gave the sweetest kisses.

At the morrow's breakfast the jolly old man  
rattled them for sitting up so late, and asked if  
this master of the crazy woman and the snake  
had been actual.

Yes, father, replied Nell, looking archly at  
her lover, and betrothed in blushes, "we have  
agreed to call it quits."

"Bet or doubt's an' I quits!" he roared; and  
was promptly driven out of the room by the  
girls, for their engagement was too recent and  
too holy a subject to be joked about.

## Rules for the care of Sheep.

The general agent of the American Engraving Company gives the following—

Keep sheep dry under foot with litter. This  
is even more necessary than roofing them.—  
Never let them stand or lie in mud or snow.

Take up ram lambs early in the summer,  
and keep them up till December 1st, following  
which they may be turned out.

Drop or take out the lowest bars, thus sav-  
ing broken limbs. Count every day.

Begin grazing with the greatest care, and  
use the smallest quantity at first.

If a ewe lose her lamb, milk her daily for a  
few days, and mix a little alum with her salt.

Let no hogs eat with sheep in the spring.  
Give the lambs a little mill feed in time of  
weaning.

Never frighten sheep if possible to avoid it.  
Sow rye for week ones in cold weather if you  
can.

Separate all weak, or thin, or sick, from  
those strong, in the fall, and give them special  
care.

If any sheep is hurt, catch it at once and  
wash the wound; and if it is fly time, apply  
spirits of turpentine daily, and always wash  
with something healing. If a limb is broken  
bind it up with splinters tightly, loosening as  
the limb swells.

Keep a number of good bells on the sheep.  
Do not let the sheep spoil their wool with  
chaff or ture.

Cut tag locks early in the spring.  
For scours give pulverized alum in wheat  
bran; prevent by taking great care in chang-  
ing dry for green feed.

If one is lame, examine the foot, clean out  
between the hoofs, pare the hoof if unsound,  
and apply tobacco with blue vitriol, boiled in  
a little water.

Shear at once any sheep commencing to  
shed its wool, unless the weather is too severe,  
and save carefully the pelt of any sheep that  
dies.

Have at least one good work by you for  
reference. This will be money in your pocket.

AN ASIATIC SCOTCHMAN.—Chinamen are  
as imitative as monkeys, and Scotchmen pre-  
vade the distant British colonies. "Mr. Mac-  
pherson was upon the opening of sealed pro-  
posals for some public works in Otago, New  
Zealand, found to be the successful competitor  
for it. The supposed Scotchman who was un-  
known, was invited to attend to compete for  
his contract. To the amazement of the offi-  
cials, a Chinaman, with a noble pig-tail, put  
in an appearance.

Where's Mr. Macpherson? asked the clerk.  
Mc! replied John.  
How came you to be called Macpherson?  
Oh, nobody got nothing in Otago if he be  
not a Mac, replied the unabashed Chinaman.

A Hartford gentleman who had tarried late at  
a wine supper, found his wife awaiting his return  
in a high state of nervousness. Said she, "Here  
I've been waiting and rocking in a chair till my  
head swims round like a top." "Less so where I've  
been," responded he; "it's in the atmosphere."

An Irishman engaged in fighting a duel insist-  
ed, as he was near-sighted, that he should stand  
six feet nearer to his antagonist than his antagonist  
did to him.

"How many deaths last night?" inquired a  
hospital physician of a nurse. "None," was the  
answer. "Why, I ordered medicine for ten."  
"Yes, but one wouldn't take it."

An old lady gave as her idea of a great man,  
One who is kind of his clothes, don't drink  
p-r-r-r, ken read the Bible with a spellin' the  
word, and eat a cold dinner on wash-day with-  
out grumbling.

Why is a selfish friend like the letter P?  
Because, though he is the first in pity, he is  
the last in help.

We think it no more than right that men  
should use Time by the forelock, for the old  
fellow, sooner or later pulls their hair out.