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JAS. S. CARNEGIE,
AGENT, St. Andrews.

THE GOLDEN SIDE.

There is many a rest in the road of life,
—If we would only stop to take it;
And many a tone from the better land,
If the querulous heart would make it!
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er falters,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
Though the winter storm prevail.

Better to hope though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted;
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through,
When the ominous clouds are lifted!
There was never a night without a day,
Or an evening without a morning;
And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jeweled crown,
Or the miser's hoarded treasure;
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayer to heaven,
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart,
And hands that are ready and willing,
Than to snap the delicate, minute threads
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit and grieve, and wonder.

Interesting Tale.

MR. ARUNDEL'S DAUGHTER.

BY ANNA MASON.

I was about to take a journey to Philadelphia
to transact business for the firm of Van Dyck &
Co., to which I had just been admitted as a partner,
after serving a term of years as a book-keeper.

My father, having reached those balmy days
when easy-chair and slippers woo with irresistible
force, and being well off in this world's goods, had
decided to retire from business, leaving me to oc-
cupy his place in the firm.

Thus, at the age of twenty-four, with good
health, a tolerable personal appearance and fine
business prospects, I had as fair a start in life as
one could ask.

In Philadelphia, aptly termed "The City of
Brotherly Love," as I thought, when I had par-
taken of its hospitalities, resided an old friend of
my father, who had not seen me since my child-
hood.

By letter it was arranged that on my arrival I
should immediately repair to Mr. Arundel's house,
he insisting on receiving me as his guest, and
make his acquaintance, and that of his family.

The exact time of my coming was not fixed,
and thus it happened that early one February
evening I reached their house, to find it brilliantly
lighted, and myself a little unexpected.

Mr. and Mrs. Arundel, both of whom I at once
liked, extended to me so cordial a reception, how-
ever, that I could but feel myself welcome.

Our young people have company this evening,
remarked Mr. Arundel; who seemed to be a very
pleasant and jovial gentleman. Had we known
before to expect you, it should not have been so.
Your first evening should have been a quiet one,
passed in our midst, devoted to breaking the ice
and getting comfortably used to us.

Never mind, interrupted Mrs. Arundel's cheer-
ful voice. I trust we shall succeed in making Mr.
Van Dyck feel at home with us as it is. Our
laughter and her young friends propose to enter-
tain us this evening with some private theatricals,
which I hope Mr. Van Dyck will not feel too fa-
tigated to witness.

To be sure not! to be sure not! exclaimed Mr.
Arundel, heartily, before I could reply. We'll
give our young friend Arthur, here, plenty of time
in which to rest before the play begins, and he can
receive his introductions later. So, my boy, we'll
have a cup of tea, and let John show you to your
room at once.

Nearly an hour later, after a careful toilet made
with thoughts of the daughter who had been men-
tioned, I descended to the parlor, and found it
pretty well filled with guests seated as expectant
spectators while a subdued murmur of voices was
audible from beyond the scarlet curtain which
hid the back room from view.

Come here, Arthur. Take a seat by me, said
Mr. Arundel. The play is about to begin, I be-
lieve.

Even as he spoke a bell tinkled, and the curtain
was clumsily swept aside. It disclosed a small but
beautifully constructed stage, and a background
of scarlet drapery.

The play which followed was by no means re-
markable. I remember there being a fair pro-
tagonist, a dark and handsome
lover with a guitar and velvet cloak, and a bril-
liant and beautiful rival to the fair lady, who, dis-
guised as a waiting-maid, wove her spells about
Sir Eustace.

The play wound up with an eulogium, in which
the rival escapes with the false lover, leaving Lady
Alice to a broken heart.

Alas and shalows as was this plot, the play
was rendered in the most spirited manner. The
part of Lady Alice was played with touching pa-
thos, by a lovely girl with fair hair and gentle
eyes, dressed simply in white.

Mr. Arundel pointed her out to me.
That young lady is my daughter Julia. She is
called very pretty, he added, a little complacently.

And merits the praise, I assented, warmly. But
who is the dark one—the bewitching Elsie? I
confess I've fallen in love with her.

Mr. Arundel laughed so heartily that there were
several cries of "Hush!" ere he replied:
That young lady is my daughter, Miss Elsie
Arundel, very much at your service. She's a sad
hoysen, I assure you, Arthur.

Perfectly bewitching, at any rate, I murmured.
In fact, I could not keep my eyes off the tall
and dazzling beauty, who, in short skirts, high-
heeled slippers, velvet bodice, ruffled apron, and
a captivating bit of head-dress, was so bright and
bewitching that almost it seemed Sir Eustace
might be pardoned for faltering in his allegiance.

But when the disguise of the French waiting-maid
was thrown aside, and Elsie appeared resplendent
in scarlet satin, with train of velvet and rich lace,
her dark hair clustering in short thick curls above
her noble brow, surmounted by a diadem of dia-
monds, her eyes sparkling, her cheeks glowing
with excitement, I exclaimed aloud:

Glorious creature!
She may have heard, for she turned and smiled
on me.

Miss Elsie is radiantly beautiful, said I to Mr.
Arundel.

Do you think so? Well, perhaps you are right.
You see she's younger than Julia, and a tawney.
She's developing rapidly, no doubt.

Mr. Arundel seemed shaking with uncontrollable
laughter. I was disgusted. He had called that
exquisite creature by an odious name.

Miss Julia is evidently her papa's favorite, I
thought to myself, somewhat bitterly.

Here come the young ladies themselves, said
Mr. Arundel, the play being over. Very fine
actresses you make, my dears. He then presented me.

Miss Arundel held out her hand half timidly
Miss Elsie looked at me with her large blazing
eyes, then said, heartily:
I noticed you from the stage, Mr. Van Dyck,
and I knew at once I should like you. I played my
best to please you.

I was a little disconcerted by this charming can-
dor; but every one laughed, and Miss Julia
asked:
Are you sure you didn't fancy Mr. Van Dyck
the hero of the play, and so make such an effort
to fascinate poor Sir Eustace?

You've guessed it exactly, replied the frank
young lady. You see, Mr. Van Dyck, she went
on, addressing me, sister Julia has been flattered
till she expects all the attentions; but I claim you.
The daring girl had actually taken my arm.

Ran away with Mr. Van Dyck, if you please,
Elsie! cried Miss Julia, blushing, but joining in
the general laugh.

You may have a dance with your conquest, if
Mr. Van Dyck chooses to be regarded in that
light, seconded Mr. Arundel.

I've certainly no objections, I retorted, laugh-
ing.

In another moment Elsie and I were whirling
about the dizzy waltzes.

Every one is looking and laughing at us, re-
marked my eccentric partner, as if I danced like
an elephant.

Impossible! exclaimed I, deprecatingly. Your
waltzing is the very essence of grace—the poetry
of motion.

At any rate, I've had enough of it. It is lovely
in the conservatory; let us go in there and get
cool by the fountain.

I followed her lead willingly enough.
Isn't this delightful? sighed Elsie, as soon as
we found ourselves alone, dropping her somewhat
dashing manner, and looking up at me with a lan-
guid, almost timid glance.

She caught my admiring gaze and smiled, re-
vealing dazzling teeth.

Here's a seat among the roses for you Mr.
Van Dyck. The water from this fountain
is as cool as ice, and as sparkling as diamonds.
Let me fill this goblet for you; I'll be Elsie,
cupbearer to the gods, and you shall be the
glorious Apollo. I'll take care not to stumble,
to be banished from my Olympus. I'm in
paradise, Mr. Van Dyck!

Your allusions are classical, fair lady;
but are you in earnest in saying you're in
paradise?

Of course I am, monsieur, with the hand-
some gentleman in the company all to my-
self, and I a younger sister.

Here Elsie, half kneeling, presented the
goblet with a bewitching grace. Judge me
not too harshly, kind reader, when I admit
that my heart beat rapidly. I was young and
susceptible.

I've no accomplishments, went on my
charmer. I can't play the piano, nor sing,
nor dance like sister Julia; but—here she
paused, and looked at me half defiantly—I
can play billiards!

As a rival of Van Dyck, retorted I, by no
means startled from my self-possession.
O dear! I'll tell papa you called me that.
Did you call me that? I asked, dully.

No, I never call gentlemen dars; but it
must be very pleasant.
Try to me, then, sweet Elsie! I ex-
claimed, enthusiastically, enraptured by her
engaging candor.

Elsie made no reply but to drop her head
till her cheek touched my hand. I was in-
toxicated. I believe I bent down and kissed
her.

O, to this k o' the folly of that evening!
I confessed my love to the fascinating
beauty.

You don't think me rude and forward,
then, as papa does—as they all do? she asked.

No, Elsie, I adore your simplicity and
frankness. What joy to pass through life with
you!

O, really, Mr. Van Dyck? And Elsie
needed close to me.

I thought I was in my mis. She was shak-
ing with laughter.

Please don't be angry Mr. Van Dyck. I
really say you very much; but I cannot mar-
ry you.

And why not?
Papa wouldn't believe in such sudden love
for one reason.

But I'll make him believe it! Hark!
They're calling to me!

So they are, said Elsie; and she actually
kissed me, of her own accord, ere we went
back to the parlors, where our reappearance
was greeted with much merriment, and was
made the subject of more sly jokes than good
taste seemed to me to warrant. Elsie took it
very coolly.

Did Mr. Van Dyck propose to you? asked
Julia.

Of course he did. You see, Mr. Van Dyck,
I made a bit I could get you to propose!

Could I have my ears? How had my
idol come clay!

The guests shortly after departed, and when
good night had been spoken we all retired to
our rooms.

Elsie passed my hand when no one observ-
ed us, and whispered:
Dream of me, dear—!

It was long before I slept that night for ex-
citement. I lay awake, haunted by the vision
of a dazzling creature in scarlet satin, varied
now and then by another vision—that of a
tawny like little lady in white, with great
gentle eyes.

I was frightened, too, at the thought of my
own precipitancy, and very doubtful as to
what my father would say to Elsie as my
wife. I could not deny, even to myself,
that she was forward and bold.

It was, as may be imagined, with very
mixed emotions that I descended to the break-
fast room the next morning. Mr. and Mrs.
Arundel greeted me cordially, and soon Miss
Arundel appeared, looking very fresh and
sweet in her white morning dress, with clusters
of sweet geranium blossoms in her hair and
at her throat.

I was more impressed by her than I had
been the evening before, and wondered how
I had failed to appreciate her extreme beauty
and loveliness.

We were enjoying an animated conver-
sation when the door opened, and a tall
youth of fifteen or thereabouts entered the
room.

My son Fred, Mr. Van Dyck, said Mr.
Arundel.

The lad advanced and seized my hand in a
hearty clasp, and—no!—could it be? The
dark eyes, the saucy smile, the clustering
curls had all belonged to my Elsie of last even-
ing.

If any doubts remained, they were dispelled
by a burst of laughter, in which all were join-
ing.

We don't I fear, meet as lovers this morn-
ing, Mr. Van Dyck? queried the impressible
youth. Nevertheless, you need not look dag-
gers at me. Come now, confess that I took
you in capitally. You never dreamed Elsie
was Fred?

Indeed, no, I agreed, joining in the laugh,
although it was at my own expense.

I never was so completely sold.
I shall teach Julia how to manage such
affairs, continued the elated Fred.

She has much to learn yet. No one ever
proposed to her on an evening's acquaintance.
I'll be bound. Don't look so chop-fallen, old
fellow; I dare say I'd be as big a fool over as
pretty a girl. Rouge and a satin gown add
greatly to my beauty.

O you puppy! cried his father, in an
interval of choking laughter. Have done
with your nonsense, and take your seat at the
table. Had I dreamed you would have car-
ried your joke so far, I'd not have humored it.
Mr. Van Dyck will think we have broken all
the rules of hospitality.

Not at all, I murmured. I enjoy a good
joke. My polite answer was made despite
agonies of mortification. My smile was
intended to disarm the suspicion that I might
be chewing the cud of bitter meditation;
beneath it my soliloquy was, What a precious
fool I've made of myself!

Silently I determined to leave the soci-
ety where I had enacted so sorry a part at the
earliest opportunity.

I'll take Mr. Van Dyck in town, announce
de Master Fred. He shall benefit by my
rowing and billiards, after all. It will be
better for you, Mr. Van Dyck, than to leave
you to Julia's music and croquet, which often
prove snarls to the unwary. As to her en-
broinery, that's even worse, for into it she
weaves hearts!

Don't be so silly, Fred, suggested Julia
blushing deliciously.

Breakfast proceeded pleasantly enough, and
every one seemed bent on making the feel at
home, and in dispelling any disagreeable im-
pressions I might have received from late
events. They succeeded so well that before
the meal was over I felt quite at ease.

Somehow I didn't leave in such hot haste
as in my first moments of chagrin I had de-
termined, but lingered on from day to day.
When at last I did take my departure, it was
with the understanding that I should return
soon and claim my bride. Dear little Julia
said good by with smiles quivering on her
lips and tears starting to her sweet eyes.

Master Fred shook hands heartily in prom-
ising that he'd give up, once for all, tending his
future brother-in-law about the beautiful and
too fascinating Elsie.

Mail Robber Arrested.

An important arrest was made in Boston
on Saturday of the principal in the extensive
mail robbery which were committed some
time ago between Chicago, New York, and
Boston. A former mail clerk was arrested
about six months since, and convicted as being
the direct person by whom the robberies were
committed; but it was at the time evident,
by his own confession, and by the facts which
appeared at the trial, that he had an accom-
plice who was really the head. On Saturday
a man whose name is probably Robt. L. Dudley
was arrested as this confederate. The par-
ticulars of the search and the arrest are briefly
as follows: After the packages of letters
were secured the contents were removed and
handed over to the chief, who is supposed to
be Dudley, who acted as bunker of the con-
cern. He would then visit places where he
was unknown, under an assumed name, and
establish himself in business, until he had
obtained a standing in the community, when
he would force an endorsement on the stolen
draft and obtain the cash for it. It was re-
cently ascertained that a man answering the
description which the officer had obtained of
Dudley had been stopping at the Revue
House in Boston under the name of Percell.
Letters which began to arrive for him were
therefore detained till called for. At halfpast
ten Saturday morning Mr. Percell did call,
was recognized and arrested. He at first
denied all knowledge of the affair and made
considerable bluster about being arrested. He
had hired a house in Mattapan for the sum-
mer season and furnished it in fine style. It
is believed that his operations have amount-
ed to from \$50,000 to \$75,000. He was brought
before United States Commissioner Hallitt
Saturday afternoon and committed.

Do you think I am a fool? a violent man
asked the late Rev. Dr. Bethune. Really,
replied the doctor, I would not have ventur-
ed the assertion, but now that you ask my
opinion, I must say that I am not prepared to
deny it.

AMOUNT OF FORCE DERIVED BY THE E
FROM THE SUN'S HEAT.—An interesting
calculation has been made of the amount of force in-
fused to the earth by the sun's heat. According
best investigations that have been made, the
received in one minute enough heat to raise
temperature of five and a half cubic m
water one degree Centigrade. If, now, we
pare this with the work done by a given
of heat, as utilized in a steam engine, it is
found that the heat sent to the earth in the
rays during the space of one minute is abou
as much work as would be done by two the
steam engines of one hundred horse-power
working continuously for the space of four
and years.

What becomes of this incalculably gr
amount of power is worthy of consideration;
we begin to realize the nature of the proble
the future scientists when we reflect that by fa
larger part of this heat force expends itself
the earth in actual work, only a small portion
being radiated into space. Of course the
accomplished, such as the maintenance of the
perature of the earth, ocean, and atmosphere
simulating of animal and vegetable life, etc
be the equivalent of the power retained b
Globe.—[Harper's Magazine.

A comic heroic scene took place lately in
of the foreign restaurants in London, which
a sensation among the diners there. A
swell had ordered what should have been a
dinner, but which turned out an utter failure
complained vainly; the bill (the only thing
had been cooked) was at length brought in,
at once paid without remonstrance, an extra
tuity being given the waiter to induce him to
his master, who at once came up smiling, wh
his conversation, his customer threw himself
his arms. "Farewell, my host!" he pathe
exclaimed, "I have dined here once; we
never to meet again!" and precipitately
loud shouts of laughter, leaving the host per
flabbergasted.

Legal Quibbling.

What is the legal meaning of the v
"either?" This question was ably and gra
ly argued in the costly English Court
Chancery the other day. A certain test
left property the disposition of which was
fected by "the death of either" of two per-
One learned counsel contended the
"either" meant both. In support of this
he quoted Richardson, Webster, Chas.
Dryden, Southey, the Story of the Crucifi
and a passage from Revelations. The
ed Judge suggested that there was an
song in the "Beggars' Opera," known to
which took the opposite view:—

"How happy could I be with either,
Were I either dear charmer away."

In pronouncing judgement the Judge
sentenced entirely from the argument of
counsel. "Either" meant one of two
did not mean "both." Though occasion
in poets and some other writers the
meant both, it did not in this case before
Court.

A Rich Man.

When people talk about millionaires, they
usually mention Rothschild first, but there
is a man in England by the name of Ward
comparison with whom any Rothschild is
pauper. This man Ward inherits a vast
property, with accumulated investments and
taxes, which give him an enormous income.
He has the most magnificent house in London,
the finest collection of art, and the finest con-
seats in the Kingdom; his wife is celeb-
for her beauty, and her display of diamonds
at the recent festival given by the Empress
of Austria, in Vienna, made all the other ladies
the Empress Queen and Princesses, look
poor. What the income of this British Cro-
nus is we have never seen any statement of,
but a Manchester paper gives an account of
his annual profits derived from his coal mines,
which amount to the enormous sum of £1,
900,000. So the income from one source
alone of this extraordinarily wealthy person
not much short of twenty five millions of dol-
lars a year.

A gentleman read somewhere that the
Chinese tell the time of day by examining
the pupil of a cat's eye, and he began to con-
sider a cat around with him in his overcoat pocket,
with the intention to yank her out by the
tail whenever he desired to ascertain the
hour. But he carries a watch now. As
from the fact that the cat used to yowl,
spit, and charge around in an uncomfortable
manner in his pocket, the first time. Bunsen
dragged her out to examine her eyes, and
clawed furrows an inch deep in his face, and
carried on so generally, that he thought
better to drop her and hunt up a place where
they sold arnica plaster and salve.

What to do if you split your sides laugh-
ing—Run till you get a stitch in them.