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Poetry.

"Let Sleeping Dogs Lie."

Old England's sons are English yet,
Old England's heart is strong;
And still she wears her coronet,
A flame with sword and song,
In their pride our fathers died,
And we, so die we;
Still we still, gainsay who will,
Sceptre of the sea!
Stand fast! let heart and hand be
As they were;
Let word thy last—Ready, eye ready!

Some say we're made of Trade our king;
Some say our blood is cold;
That from our lips no longer ring
The trumpet notes of old,
With life and jest they gather near
The sleeping lion's den;
O Teuton fair, O Russ, beware
Of these "shopkeeping" men!

England, stand fast! let heart and hand be
As they were;
Let word thy last—Ready, eye ready!

We're Balgaths still for Balgath's part,
And Nelson yet unknown;
The pulses of the Lion-heart
Beat on through Wellington,
Hail, Briton, hail thy creed of old—
Strong foe and steadfast friend;
And still unto thy motto true,
Defy not, but defend!

England, stand fast! let heart and hand be
As they were;
Let word thy last—Ready, eye ready!

Faint not, nor fall, ye sons of those,
The bravest yet of men;
Our nearest friends may be our foes
When turns the wheel again,
The while we pray in Heaven's good day,
The reign of saints may come,
Until its dawn with weapons drawn
We wait the tuck of drum!

England, stand fast! let heart and hand be
As they were;
Let word thy last—Ready, eye ready!

By thy first word thy last—Ready, eye ready!

Tiffany White's Christmas.

BY CHARLES E. HEND.

It was the 24th of December. A sharp,
stinging sort of day, that made the boys on
their way to school pull their caps down tighter
over their ears, and stick their well-mittened
hands deeper in their pockets.

On the front steps of the Washburn mansion
stood a sturdy little fellow of four years,
vigorously kicking the lower panels of the
door, and endeavoring by shouts to attract the
attention of the inmates. He was well pro-
tected from the cold by his warm fur cap and
heavy woolen coat, and he was looking
at the tip of his little nose, which the sharp
air had painted a bright pink color.

"Come come in! 'Emme come in!" he
shouted, impatiently, as he ceased kicking for
a moment, to rattle the door knob.

The door suddenly opened.

"Now, Tuffy White, go right away to the
front door this minute. Your feet are all over
snow, and I ain't going to have you stamping
through the front entry all day. There's
enough to do in the kitchen without keeping a
girl to run 'round after you with a broom.

"But I want to come in, 'round the other way."

"But I want to come in this door, Gran'ma
Washburn. I got some business."

"Your business ain't very driving, I guess
why don't you go and stay with Silas, in the
back kitchen? It's nice and warm there,
and maybe he'll tell you a story."

"I don't want any story. I want to come in
the front door, and I want my papa's letter."

"Bless the boy," said Mrs. Washburn, im-
patiently, "he will have his own way, and there
can't be any help of it. Come in, then, and
don't keep me standing in the door with my
lame arms, all day."

Tuffy's point was gained, and he marched
behind his grandmother into the kitchen
conscious of having achieved a signal victory.

"There," said Mrs. Washburn, wiping the
flour from her fingers on her apron and taking
down a letter from behind the clock.

"There's your letter. And now what are
you going to do with it?"

"Keep it," replied Tuffy.

"But you can't read it. I should think you'd
want to keep it nice, to show papa when he
comes."

"I want you to read it to me, then."

"Well, then, do read it to him, Jane. It's
the quickest way to get rid of him. We shan't
have any peace till you do."

So Jane stopped shopping since most for a

moment, leaning on her knife while she
read the letter aloud:

MY DEAR LITTLE BOY,—I shall leave California
by the first of December, and hope to be
with you Christmas. I send this inside
Grandma Washburn's letter, so it will go safe
I hope to find Tuffy a good boy. You must
come with grandpa to meet me at the station
Christmas Eve. With ever so many kisses,
PAPA.

Tuffy listened as intently as if he had never
heard a word of it before, and as soon as it was
through he made a second reading of it.

Jane was obstinate.

"Well, read on the outside, then. You
didn't read that."

"Tuffy White, Esq. That's all. Now don't
plague me any longer. Run out like a good
boy."

But Tuffy knew his power too well to be got
rid of so easily, and it required the combined
efforts of two Baldwin apples, a steam of rain, a
doughnut and two figs to get him into the
back kitchen, where Silas was boiling potatoes
for the pigs. Here for ten minutes he watched
the kettle and questioned Silas; and then
getting restless, insisted upon being let out
into the dooryard again.

"Now, don't go to fussin' with the axe,"
said Silas, as he lifted him down the slippery
step. "I knowed a little boy once 'bout as big
as you be 't cut all his toes on one foot with
his axe."

"I shall skate some on my little sled, then,"
he said in a disappointed tone.

"Well, skate away," returned Silas, "only
don't get under the horses' feet in the road."

Hardly had the door closed upon him, when
with a prodigious jingling of bells, a big double
sleigh dashed along the road past the house,
toward the village scarcely a mile away. Had
Tuffy been a size smaller, or had the driver not
been looking directly at him, he might not
have been seen, and the horses might have
gone over him before he had known they were
there. As it was, the team was pulled up just
in time.

"Hallo, Tuffy!" shouted one of the party.
"Aren't you getting lost? Jump in and have
a ride. We're coming right back."

Tuffy was only too willing.

"Let me tie your sled on behind," said the
driver, one of the neighbor's boys and a great
friend of Tuffy's. "We're just going to the
store, after some cooking tins, and the folks
won't know you gone till you get back."

No sleigh skimming along the ground
after the horses, till the village store was
reached and the boy got out.

"You'd better stay in the sleigh, Tuffy," said
one of the boys, the largest. "We can't be
more than ten minutes, for the women folks
are in an awful hurry for their stuff."

Five minutes passed. The shrill sound of
the approaching train struck his ears.

"It's the cars," said Tuffy to himself. "Nobody
ever lets me see the cars as much as I want to,
and Gran'ma Washburn always pulls my hand
so when they go by."

In an instant he was out of the sleigh, and
going as fast as his little legs would carry him
to the station, which was hard by. When the
train rolled up to the platform, Tuffy was there
awaiting it, and hardly had it stopped before
he was on the stem of the rear car.

"I'll just peek in," he thought; "Gran'ma
Washburn won't see anything, ever."

The huckster opened the door for him and
closed it behind him, and the next instant the
train was off again.

Tuffy wasn't frightened. Far from it. He
climbed under a seat by the side of a fat old
woman, and looked around him very com-
posedly.

And now, while he is sitting there, trundling
away from home at the rate of twenty miles
an hour, we will seize the opportunity to tell
the reader who Tuffy was. In the first place,
his name wasn't Tuffy at all; only plain
Johnny. A famous likeness to the picture in
"Mother Goose" of the legendary Welshman
gave him the name while he was yet in arms,
and it stuck to him. Tuffy's mother died
before he was two years old, and he was left in
the care of his grandmother, who spoiled him
pretty much as all grandmothers spoil their
children's children, when the opportunity is
given them. His father, unsettled by his loss,
went to Australia, and afterward to California,
and now, after two years' absence, was on his
way back again. He was, according to his let-
ter, to reach home on Christmas Eve, and here
was Christmas Eve coming on as fast as the
hands of the clock could scurrier round the
dial plate.

By and by the conductor came along. "Where
are you going, my little man?"

"California."

"California?"

"Yes. 'Goin' to find my papa."

"You're a runaway, I'm afraid. Where's
your ticket? How are you going to pay for
your ride?"

Very deliberately and slowly Tuffy put his
hand in his pocket and took out the remain-
ing Baldwin apple, which he laid in the hand
of the conductor.

"You'll do," said that official, laughing. "I'll
look out for you when we get to Springfield."

And he passed on.

It was four o'clock when Tuffy commenced
his journey, and it was half past six when the
train entered Springfield station. Some-
thing unusual had happened, as was evident
from the excitement among the throng of peo-
ple upon the platform.

"What's the matter?" asked one of the
passengers, as he stepped from the car.

"The Eastern express has run into a freight
train, a mile out, and the track will be blocked
all after midnight."

Tuffy heard the question and reply, but
understood neither. He had a vague idea that
he was in California, and, undismayed, set out
in search of his father. It was bitter cold, but
he pulled on his mittens and walked into the
street. The shouts of the hack drivers and the
glare of the lights confused him somewhat;
but he kept on, looking into all the stores and
shops where the lights were the brightest.

"I guess my papa would be where 't
wasn't warm to-night," said he to himself. "I
just wish 't would come out!"

Just in front of the largest and most
thoroughly lighted stores on the street his
foot slipped and he fell. One of his mittens
came off and his cap rolled into the
street. Somebody stopped to pick him up,
and said "Poor little fellow!" and his head
came away all at once. He was carried,
not in lamentation into the store, and set
in the next place, in the midst of a
sympathetic din that continued him will
inve.

The most ingenious questioning
and cross-questioning failed to extract any
information from him that his name
was Tuffy, and he lived with Gran'ma
Washburn, and that he had come to California
on the cars to find his papa.

By and by he was left to himself, after
having been incited with a superfluity of
buns and candy, and his tears were soon
dried in contemplation of the evening's
crowd of victors which thronged the
various departments of the establishment.

After a while he got to wondering at the
big piles of blankets which towered high
above his head on the counters, and what
they were for, and where all the beds
were they belonged to.

How long he slept he could not have
told; but he was awakened by voices talk-
ing, and he found himself in the arms of
a stout man, who was saying, "With the dress
osters and the oil of cotton cloth they'll
make something of a load. The accident
on the railroad has delayed my journey
home for a few hours; and, as I have the
chance, I may as well take something with
me to make my welcome warmer. Christ-
mas, too, you know."

"Who's with you have them sent, sir?"
asked the clerk.

"There," said the tall gentleman, hand-
ling him a hotel card, "send them in any
time before ten o'clock. I shall remain
until the first morning train until the first
train arrives. I presume, though I would
give a hundred dollars if I could get my
journey's end to-night. I have planned
getting home on Christmas Eve for six
months past, and it's hard to be disappoint-
ed."

"Yes, sir; must be, sir," said the busy
clerk. "Here, Tom!"

"Get down that long basket and put in
those packages on the counter and two
pairs of those best Middlesex blankets."

Tuffy's eyes closed again, and opened
when Tom reappeared with a huge basket,
something like a cradle in shape, into
which the goods were carefully deposited,
the blankets on the top, and over all a
white cotton covering, to keep them from
being soiled.

"How much it looks like a bed thought
Tuffy."

It did look inviting, truly. And it
would be so much warmer and nicer than
sitting on hard box with cap and boots on
the basket was near him—so near he
could put his hand on it. The clerks
were all busy and none of the crowd ever
came to that corner of the store, which
was quite in the shade. The longer Tuffy
looked the more irresistible was the tempta-
tion, until at last he pulled off his boots
and put them deep down in the basket;
then his cap and coat; and, finally,
after making sure that no one was looking
got in himself, burying himself out of

sight between the two great blankets. In
another minute he was sound asleep as he
ever was in his own little crib at home.

Half an hour afterward the basket was
seized by a strong clerk, tossed into the
express sleigh, with a score of other baskets
and bundles, and a few minutes later was
tossed out again up by the porter to the
room of the tall gentleman, who was im-
patiently awaiting it. Two or three huge
trunks were in the room, one of them
open, apparently ready to receive the
newly-made purchases.

"Boy! call for the basket in half an
hour," said the porter and went out.

As soon as the door closed the tall gen-
tleman moved the basket to the side of the
open trunk. Then he took off the cotton
covering and threw it on a chair. Then he
lifted the top blanket; but no sooner
had he done so than he let it fall again—
not back in the basket, but upon the
floor—and stood staring with all his might
at what he had covered. There lay Tuffy,
his arms under his head, his brown curls
knotted and tangled, his eyes shut, sleep-
ing away as peacefully as if he had been
in a real bed and under the direct eye of
his grandmother.

The longer the tall gentleman gazed the
more he wondered.

"How on earth," he thought of himself,
"did this little chap get mixed up with my
purchases? He couldn't have been pack-
ed in by mistake, and I certainly don't re-
member buying a boy. He may be able
to tell me something about it himself—
Here, Tommy, Jacky, Billy, or what's your
name, wake up!"

Tuffy opened his eyes—not very wide at
first; but in a minute or two, becoming
conscious that he was no longer in the
store, but in a strange room, he grew wide
awake, and sat up in the basket. Then he
felt for his boots, and very delicately
drew them out, keeping his eyes all the
while fixed on the tall gentleman, who, in
return, watched him with a sort of amused
astonishment. Then he put on his cap
and wound his comforter twice round his
neck.

"Well," said the tall gentleman, in a
very pleasant sort of voice, "and what are
you going to do now?"

"Find my papa," said Tuffy, stoutly.

"Your papa? What's his name?"

"Papa. 'At's all his name."

"But where is he?"

"California."

"You've got some way to go, my dear
little fellow, before you find him, then—
Where did you come from?"

"Gran'ma Washburn's."

"What?" said the tall gentleman quick-
ly. "What?"

"Tuffy White."

The tall gentleman caught him up under
the arms and held him under the gas-
light.

"Are you sure you're Tuffy White?" he
asked, earnestly—so earnestly that Tuffy
thought he was scolding and began to cry.

"Where were you going? How came you
here? What were you doing in that
basket?"

"I guess I run away. I just peeped in
the cars, and then they kept going till I
got to California. 'Em me get down!
Papa! I want my papa!"

He pulled his little handkerchief from
his pocket, as he found his feet again, and
with it came his treasured letter. The
tall gentleman caught sight of it, glanced
at the inside, and then snatched Tuffy up
for the second time; not however to hug
and kiss him over and over again.

"Don't you know me, my dear darling
precious little boy?" he said at last.

"Don't you remember Papa? Of course,
you don't; but I am your papa, for all
that. How did you get here in that basket?
I can't understand it."

Tuffy was too much bewildered at first
to make an explanation, and it took some
minutes to make him duly appreciate the
fact that he had found his papa; or rather,
that his papa had found him. Then, when
he had little by little related the main
facts of his journey and his subsequent ad-
ventures, there was more kissing and hug-
ging and a little crying; but it wasn't for
sorrow.

"We'll send Gran'ma Washburn a des-
patch right off, Tuffy, boy," said his father;
"for I've no doubt they've offered a reward
for you already. Then we'll have supper
for you must be as empty as a tin can by
this time. And after supper, if you're not
too sleepy, we'll take a run round among
the toy stores. They won't shut up till
late, and it's only nine o'clock now."

It wasn't too late, and they did take a
tour among the toy shops. Tuffy com-
placently loaded down with brown paper
parcels and packages that he looked like a
miniature St. Nicholas; but he was more so
than the lad who toiled or, behind, covered
from view, all but his legs, with a choice
selection of smoking jesses, gags, and

beds, and other miscellaneous articles,
enough to set him up in a very respectable
business.

That night the little hotel bedroom,
was a chamber of peace; and when the
church bells rang in the blessed Christ-
mas no heart within their sound felt the
benign influences of the time more deeply
or swelled with a purer gratitude toward
him whose birth it commemorated than
that which beat against the tired little
head of the wandering Tuffy.

A BIBLES COURT.—At a recent trial
in the Elko County Court our friend
Bishop, of the Humboldt brewery, was
called as a witness. Mr. Bishop is one of
the "solid men" of Elko, where he has
been in business ever since the town was
started in the winter of 1858. Upon being
sworn, Counselor Land, one of the attor-
neys in the case, who by the way, is also
an old resident of Elko, said:—"Mr. Bis-
hop, where do you reside?"—"Where I
reside? What for you ask me such foolish
things? You drink at my place more as a
hundred times."—"That has nothing to do
with the case you are you reside?"—"Where I
reside? Oh, by Jinty, ofery gentle-
man on dis-sherry has a string of marks
on my cellar door, just like a rail fence." His
honour here interceded in the coun-
sellor's behalf, and in a calm, dignified man-
ner requested the witness to state where
he resided. "Oh, excuse me, shudge; you
drinks at my place so many times and
pays no notes. I dinks you know old
Bishop vat keeps the brewery."—Nevada
Slicer State.

Two ladies in London having resolved to
enter the legal profession, have taken chambers
in Chancery Lane. One of them, Miss Orme,
is said to have acquitted herself remarkably
well at the Ladies' College at Cambridge, and
is a sister of Professor Mason's wife. The
account given is that two ladies, Miss Orme
and Miss Richardson, have commenced busi-
ness as conveyancers. Their chambers are in
Chancery Lane. Although this step has been
recently taken, much business is already con-
fided to their hands. It is also said that a
daughter of Mr. Samuel Morley, M. P., is well
known as a preacher in the Tumbidge district
of Kent, in which her father resides.

Louisville has been amused by a row in a
fashionable boarding house. A boarder re-
fused to either pay his bill, or to go away until
the month for which he had bargained had
expired. The landlady was told by the lawyers
that the money was not legally due until the
end of the month, and that she must fulfill her
part of the contract before she could sue him.
She next took the case into her own hands,
put down sheets on his bed, fed him on the
poorest wares, and put a whining puppy in
the room next to his. He retreated after
three days of endurance.

There is nothing like knowing what to
do in sudden emergency. The other
morning, when a man fell overboard from
the Fulton ferry steamer, a long-haired
man who sat reading a newspaper rose up
and called out:—"Stop her—back her—go
ahead—throw him a plank—stop the boat—
a life preserver—stop this boat!" The
victim was saved. Of course he would
have been drowned but for the efforts of
the long-haired man.

Alanson Palmer, who a few years ago
owned some of the fine steamers on the
great lakes, and who as great wealth made
him one of the most powerful citizens of
Buffalo, died the other day in an insane
asylum, penniless and crazy, at the age of
eighty-one years. He lost his wealth in
reckless speculation.

It takes four things to make a thorough
gentleman. You must be a gentleman in
your principles, a gentleman in your taste,
a gentleman in your person, and a gentle-
man in your manners. No man who does
not combine those qualities can be justly
termed a gentleman.

An Alabama editor, in puffing a grocery
store kept by a woman, says:—"Her tom-
atoes are as red as her own cheeks; her
peppers are as blue as her own eyes; and her
paper as hot as her own temper."

Good nature is more agreeable in con-
versation than wit, and gives a certain air
to the countenance which is more amiable
than beauty. It shows virtue in its fairest
light; takes off in some measure the
deformity of vice, and makes even folly
and impertinence supportable.



California Vinegar
Fettable preparation,
the native herbs found
of the Sierra Nevada
raia, the medicinal pro-
cess extracted therefrom
Alcohol. The question
is, "What is the cause
success of VIKKON BR-
is, that they remove
and the patient recov-
ey are the great blood-
ring principle, a perfect
ignorant of the system,
history of the world has
compounded possessing
lives of VIKKON BITTERS
of every disease man is
a gentle Purgative as
aving Congestion or In-
ver and Visceral Organs.

Enjoy good health, let
Bitters as a medicine,
of alcoholic stimulants

DONALD & CO.,
Sole Agents, San Francisco, California,
and Chicago, Ill., New York,
Agents and Dealers.

These Bitters
and remain long
their bones are not dis-
poison or other means,
restored repair.
sands proclaims VIKKON
wonderful Invigorant that
sinking system.

Indigestion, Headache,
ulcers, Coughs, Tightness
giness, Sour Eructations of
the Mouth, Dis-
tention of the Head, Indi-
gations, Pain in the region of
a hundred other painful
affections of Dyspepsia,
prove a better guarantee of
lengthy and permanent
King's Evil, White Swell-
ings, Scrofula, Rheu-
matism, Inflammations, Indolent
Mercurial Affections, Old
sores of the Skin, Sore Eyes,
as in all other cases, and
WALKER'S VIKKON BITTERS
in great curative powers in
the most intractable cases.

Gravel, Rheumatism,
Gout, Biliousness, Hemorrhoids,
the Liver, and Bladder, these
equal. Such Diseases are
not cured.

Diseases.—Persons ex-
hausted and Minors, such as
scrofula, Gravel, Rheumatism,
advance in life, are subject
to the Bowels. To guard
against a dose of WALKER'S VIKKON
occasionally.

Diseases, Eruptions, Tetor,
colic, Spots, Pimples, Pus-
tules, Ringworms, Scald
head, Erysipelas, Itch, Scrofula,
of the Skin, Humors and
a Skin of whatever name or
rally dug up and carried out
in a short time by the use of

and other Worms, bur-
den of so many thousands, are
removed. No sys-
tem, no vermifuge, no an-
helminthic system from worms
can be so perfectly cured.

Complaints, in young or
single, at the time of wom-
en's life, these Tonic Bit-
ters decided an influence that
is soon perceptible.

In all cases of jaundice, rest
of the liver is not doing the work,
able treatment is to promote
of the bile all favor its re-
sults purpose see VIKKON BR-

the Vitiated Blood when
it impurities bursting through
pimples, Eruptions, or Sores,
as you find it obstructed and
is vain; cleanse it when it is
languid will tell you more. Know
the health of the system.

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Sole Agents, San Francisco, California,
and Chicago, Ill., New York,
Agents and Dealers.

Original issues in Poor Condition
Best copy available