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## A Chapter of Flowers.

A is anemone—child of the wood;  
Shyly she roams in her dainty white hood.

B is Sir Buttercup—waving his bell,  
The sunshine to catch in its aureole cell.

C is Miss Crocus—all brilliant in bloom;  
She trips out to tell us bright springtime has come.

D is for dandelion—golden her breast;  
The flower of all flowers that baby loves best.

E is sweet eglantine—blooming in June,  
When children and flowers, and birds are in tune.

F is forget-me-not—blue-eyed and small;  
She bids us forget not the Giver of all.

G is geranium—crownlet we name,  
Call her one or the other, she'll greet you the same.

H is Miss Harebell—nodding so shy  
To the welcome she sees in Sir Buttercup's eye.

I is for ivy—of loveliest green;  
But poison is lurking where'er she is seen.

J is for jasmine—so laden with sweets,  
Her breath showers fragrance on all that she meets.

K is Sir Kingpin—to Buttercup kin;  
Indeed, I'm not certain he is not his own twin.

L is for lilac—in rich purple dress  
She spreads forth her branches in odorous caress.

M is for marguerite—"day-eye" we call,  
The dearest and daintiest pet of them all.

N is Miss Nettle—the beautiful thing  
That always returns your caress with a sting.

O is for ox-eye—that daisy so white  
That sprinkles the fields with beauty and light.

P is for pimpernel—true weather-glass;  
She closes her eyes while the rain-clouds pass.

Q is quince—hard name and rough,  
You'll care not for his features, his name is enough.

R is for rose—white, yellow or red,  
Their beauty surpasses all the poets have said.

S is for snowdrop—with rosy-tinged cheek;  
Eggleton of courtesy, modest and meek.

T is for tulip—gay, flaunting and bold—  
Yet her beautiful eyes are a joy to behold.

U is for no flower I ever have known,  
So here we must leave him standing alone.

V is for violet—tender and true,  
With odorous breath and heavenly hue.

W heralds the willow's soft fur,  
With the name of a little home-pet, that will purr.

X, poor unfortunate! brings no bloom,  
Yet for sweet charity he shall have room.

Y is for yarrow—for heartache a cure,  
And this will insure it a welcome, I'm sure.

Z is for zeb—maning doctor they say;  
A zampersand closes our chapter for May.

—Mrs. H. A. Brown.

## THE FLOWER GIRL.

"She has got a face like one of her  
own rosebuds," said Mr. Fitzalan.

"I've heard of her more than once,"  
returned Frank Calverly. "The  
Pretty Flower Girl, people call her,  
don't they? Old Fitzalan has doubled  
his custom since she came there!"

"And the best of it all," added Fitzalan,  
with a laugh, "is that she is quite  
unconscious of her own attractions—  
a little country lassie, who thinks only  
of her own business, and never dreams  
that she herself is the sweetest flower  
of all the assortment."

"Let's go in and buy a Marchionel Niel  
bud and two or three sweet verbenas  
leaves," said Calverly. "I should really  
like to see this modern Flora of yours."

Dorothy Penfield stood behind the  
counter of the florist's store, sorting  
over a pile of fragrant blossoms which  
lay on a tray of damp green moss. Trails  
of smilax wreaths, heaped of gold and  
red-petaled buds lay in the window;  
drifts of purple bellflowers perfumed the  
air, and white carnations lay like hil-  
locks of snow against the panes of the  
show window, while spikes of perfumed  
hyacinths and cape-jessamine flung their  
scented scents upon the air.

And Dorothy herself, with her round,  
dimpled face, pink cheeks and soft,  
brown eyes, exactly the shade of the  
rippled hair, which was brushed simply  
back from the broad, low brow, was a  
fitting accessory to the scene.

She looked up, as the two gentlemen  
entered, and a sort of crimson shadow  
overspread her face for a second.

"Have you got one of my favorite  
bunches of roses made up, Miss  
Penfield?" Fitzalan asked, with a care-  
less bow and smile.

"I know," said Dorothy, softly. "A  
rosebud and a sprig of heath, and two  
or three myrtle leaves—that is what you  
like. No; I have made up just at  
present; but I can tie up a bouquet in  
half a minute, Mr. Fitzalan."

"One for me, too, if you please," said  
Calverly, touching his hat.

"Just the same?"

Dorothy lifted her long eyelashes, which  
were like fringes of brown silk, and gave  
him a shy glance.

"A little different, please. One—  
your own taste, Miss Penfield."

"I like the double blue violets,"  
said Dorothy, gently, with "geranium  
leaves."

"Then they shall be my favorite  
flowers also," said Calverly, gallantly.  
The gentlemen had hardly taken their  
leave when old Fitzalan, the florist,  
bustled in, with round, red face, shin-  
ing bald head, and an air of business all  
over him.

"Isn't it time you had the theater  
bouquets ready?" said he, looking criti-  
cally around, and moving a glass of  
fresh-cut callas out of the level sun-  
set beams which at that moment fell  
like a sheaf of golden lances, at the deep  
bow window.

"I shall have them ready directly,"  
said Dorothy, starting from her reverie.  
"The flowers are all sorted out."

"We have too many carnations on  
hand," said the florist, fretfully; "and  
those gaudy Cape bells are so much dead  
loss. Let the man from the green-  
houses know, please; there's a demand  
for half-open roses and forced lilies-  
of-the-valley."

"Yes," said Dorothy, dreamily, "I will  
tell him—when he comes."

The closed country wagon, with its  
freight of fragrant leaves and deliciously  
scented flowers, came early in the morn-  
ing, long before the fat florist was out  
of bed, and while the silence almost of  
an enchanted land lay upon Upper  
Broadway.

But Dorothy Penfield was there freshen-  
ing up the stock of the day before with  
wet moss and cool water, and clipping the  
stems of the rosebuds.

"No more carnations, John," she  
said, briskly; "nor amaryllis flowers;  
and we want plenty of rosebuds and  
lilies-of-the-valley. We have an order  
for twenty-eight extra bouquets for a  
dinner-party, and I hope you have  
brought plenty of carnations and scarlet  
geraniums, and some bright flowers."

"I thought perhaps," said honest  
John Deadwood, who measured six feet  
in his stocking feet, and had the face of  
an amiable giant, "you might want to  
go back with me to-day, Dorothy. Your  
aunt has come on from Kansas, and  
there's to be a dance out in the old barn  
with plenty of candles and evergreen  
boughs. And mother would be proud  
to welcome you to the old farmhouse,  
Dorothy. Your cleaner tree is kept care-  
fully at the south window, and—"

"Dear me!" cried Dorothy, interrupted  
Dorothy, "why don't they put it in the  
greenhouse?"

"Because, Dorothy," said the young  
man, reddening, "it reminds us of you.  
And the meadow-lark in the cage sings  
beautifully; and old red Brindle has a  
little spotted calf!"

"Has she?" questioned Dorothy, indif-  
ferently.

John Deadwood looked hard at her.  
"Dorothy," said he, "you don't care  
about the old home any longer?"

"Yes, I do," said Dorothy, rousing her-  
self; "but—"

She paused suddenly, the rosy color  
rushing in a carmine tide to her cheek,  
an involuntary smile dimpling the cor-  
ners of her fresh lips, as she glanced  
through the smilax trails in the win-  
dow.

John Deadwood, following the direc-  
tion of her eyes, glanced, too, just in  
time to see a tall gentleman lift his hat  
and bow as he went jauntily past.

"Is that it?" said John, bitterly.

"Is what?" Dorothy retorted.

"I'm sure I don't know what was  
standing here quietly waiting for, and I  
with the twenty-eight extra bouquets  
to make up by two o'clock. That's all,  
John. I think. Don't forget the lilies-  
of-the-valley!"

"But you haven't answered me,  
Dorothy."

"Answered you what?"

"About the dance in the old barn,  
and coming back with me when the  
wagon returns at five o'clock."

"It's quite out of the question," said  
Dorothy, listlessly.

"Well."

"You promised me, years ago—"

"Nonsense!" said Dorothy, frowning  
the smilax and pinks about in fragrant  
confusion. "I was only a child then."

"But you're no right to go back of  
your word, Dorothy, child or no child."

"I never promised, John."

"But you let me believe that one day  
you would be my wife. And I've lived  
on the thought of it, Dorothy, ever since.  
And if this city situation of yours should  
break up my life's hope—"

"Don't hope anything about me,  
John!" brusquely interrupted the girl.  
"Here comes a customer. Please, John,  
don't stand there any longer looking  
like a ghost."

And honest, heart-broken John  
turned, and went with heavy steps out  
to where the wagon stood and old Roan  
was waiting, with down-drooping head  
and half-closed eyes.

"It does seem to me," he muttered,  
between his teeth, "that there's nothing  
left to live for any longer."

Dorothy looked half-remorsefully after  
him.

"I've almost a mind to call him  
back," said she to herself, as she picked  
out a bunch of white violets for the

newcomer. "I do like John Deadwood;  
but I think he has no business to con-  
sider himself engaged to me, just be-  
cause of that boy-and-girl nonsense.  
One's ideas change as one gets on in  
life."

And Dorothy's cheek was like the reflec-  
tion of the pink azaleas, as she thought  
of Mr. Fitzalan and the turquoise ring  
that he had given her as a betroth-  
ment.

And Mr. Fitzalan came in presently.  
"I've a note from the Sedgewicks on  
Fifth avenue," said he, hurriedly.  
"They always order their flowers from  
Servoss, but Servoss has disappointed  
them. They want the house decorated  
for a party to-night—there's not a minute  
to lose. I've telegraphed to Bolton's for  
a hundred yards of smilax and running  
fern, and a hundred scarlet poinsettias;  
and I think we can manage the rest our-  
selves. You had better go at once, Miss  
Penfield, and plan the decoration—  
you've a pretty taste of your own—and  
I'll send up the flowers, with Hodges to  
help you."

And Dorothy went, her mind still on the  
turquoise ring, with its band of virgin  
gold and its radiant blue stone.

The Sedgewick mansion was a brown  
stone palace, with plate-glass casements  
and a vestibule paved with black and  
orange marble.

Mrs. Sedgewick, a stately matron, in a  
Watteau wrapper and blonde cap, re-  
ceived Dorothy in the great drawing-  
room.

"Oh!" said she, lifting her eye-glasses,  
"you're from the florist's, are you?  
Well, I know nothing about these  
things—I only want the rooms to look  
elegant. Tell your husband to spare no  
expense."

"Mr. Fitzalan is not my husband,"  
said Dorothy.

"Your father, then."

"But he isn't my father," insisted  
Dorothy, half laughing. "He's no rela-  
tion at all. I will tell him, however."

"Exactly," said Mrs. Sedgewick. "I  
particularly desire plenty of white roses,  
as I am told they are customary at this  
sort of affair. It's an engagement party."

"Indeed!" said Dorothy, trying to look  
interested.

"Between my daughter Clara and  
Mr. Alfred Fitzalan," said Mrs. Sedgewick,  
with conscious complacency.

Dorothy said nothing; but the room,  
with its stuccoed ceiling and lofty ceil-  
ings, seemed to swim around her like  
the waves of the sea. And as she went  
out, with Mrs. Sedgewick still chatting  
about white roses and begonia-  
leaves, she passed the half-open door  
of a room all hung with blue velvet,  
where a young-tressed beauty sat smil-  
ing on a low divan, with Mr. Fitzalan  
bending tenderly above her.

"He has only been amusing himself  
with me," said Dorothy to herself.

There was a sharp ache at her heart;  
but, after all, it was only the sting of  
wounded pride. Thank heaven—oh,  
thank heaven, it was nothing worse than  
that!

Honest John Deadwood was driving  
old Roan steadily and soberly along past  
the patch of woods, where the velvet-  
mossed boulders lay like dormant beasts  
of prey in the spring twilight, when a  
gray shadow glided out of the other  
shadows, and stood at his side.

"John!" she whispered.

"Dorothy! it's never you!"

"God bless you, Dorothy!" said the  
man, fervently.

"For good and all, John, if you'll  
take me," said Dorothy, shyly. "I've had  
quite enough of city life; and I'll  
help you with the greenhouses, and I'll  
try to be a good little housekeeper at  
home. Shall I, John?"

John put his arm around her, and  
hugged her up to his side.

"Darling!" said he, huskily, "it's  
most too good news to be true, but if  
my word is worth anything, you shall  
never regret your decision of this day."

So the pretty flower girl vanished out  
of the bower of smilax and rosebuds.  
The Sedgewick mansion wasn't decorat-  
ed at all, and Mr. Fitzalan had lost  
his new customer. And the turquoise  
ring came back to Mr. Fitzalan in a  
blank envelope.

## King and Conjuror.

Signor Bellachini, the renowned  
prestidigitator, who has recently been  
honored by the German emperor with  
the complimentary title of "Royal  
Court Artist," obtained this unprece-  
dented distinction by a somewhat re-  
markable feat of dexterity. Having ob-  
served that the venerable monarch for  
some years past frequently attended his  
performances and exhibited a lively in-  
terest in the magical arts of which he  
is a past master, Bellachini conceived  
the bold project of turning imperial  
favor to account, and made formal ap-  
plication to his majesty for an audience.

His petition was granted, and the em-  
peror received him at an appointed  
hour in the study overlooking the Lin-  
den avenue, his favorite room, in which  
he transacts business every morning  
conjures upon subjects connected  
with his profession, William I. asked,  
with a smile: "Well, Bellachini, and

afternoon. After chatting for a  
few minutes with the accomplished  
what is it you want of me?" "It is my  
most humble request, sire, that your  
majesty would deign to appoint me your  
court artist."

"I will do so, Bellachini,"  
but upon one consideration only—  
namely, that you forthwith perform  
some extraordinarily clever trick,  
worthy of the favor you solicit." With-  
out a moment's hesitation Bellachini  
took up a pen from the emperor's in-  
kstand, handed it with a sheet of paper  
to his majesty, and requested him to  
write the words: "Bellachini can do  
nothing at all." The emperor attempted  
to comply, but, strange to say, neither  
pen nor ink could be persuaded to fulfill  
his functions. "Now, sire," said  
Bellachini, "will your majesty con-  
descend to write the words: 'Bellachini  
is the emperor's court artist?'" The  
second attempt was as successful as the  
first had been the contrary; pen, ink  
and paper, delivered from the spell cast  
over them by the magician, proved per-  
fectly docile to the imperial hand, and  
Bellachini's ingenious trick was re-  
warded on the spot by his nomination  
to the desired honorific office, made out  
in the emperor's own writing.

## Curability of Consumption.

The best physicians are coming more  
to acknowledge that tubercular con-  
sumption can be cured.

Doctor Carl Booth, of New York, a  
man eminent in the regular profession,  
claims that he is able to cure sixty per  
cent of consumptives at all stages; and  
that it is easy to arrest the disease in  
its early stage. His aim is to secure five  
points:

1. To get the muscles which control  
the action of the lungs into such a con-  
dition that they can draw the air forc-  
ibly into the finest passages, thus clear-  
ing the lungs of all phlegm and pus, and  
re-establishing capillary circulation and  
respiration in the affected parts, and  
stimulating the activity of the air-cells  
generally.

2. To establish perfect digestion, as-  
similation, and excretion. In this, he  
does not seek what to people generally  
is the most nutritious and most easily  
digested food, but such as the particular  
patient can most readily digest and  
assimilate.

3. To heal the tubercles by transform-  
ing them into a cretaceous (chalk-like)  
mass. He secures this (1) with food rich  
in salts of lime, (2) certain minerals,  
such as lime and silica; and (3) certain  
acids, such as citric, which promote the  
oxidation of eff matter.

4. To increase the activity of the air  
cells. This is accomplished by bring-  
ing the patient's under the influence, as  
much as possible, of sunlight, ozone,  
fresh air and bodily exercise. He says:  
"They sleep with open windows in  
summer and winter, and go out every  
day. So important is outdoor exercise  
that I insist that my patients go out in  
rain, snow, dampness, and even in night  
air and dew. I have had no instance  
for twenty years where a patient caught  
cold from such exposure. I only guard  
against strong head-winds and extreme  
hot weather."

5. To prevent all unnecessary waste  
of the nervous force, and to employ the lat-  
ter, as far as possible, in promoting the  
nutrition.—*Youth's Companion.*

## "The Dark Horse."

The origin of the term "dark horse"  
is explained in a matter-of-fact way by  
The Cincinnati Enquirer. Once upon a  
time there lived in Tennessee an old  
chap named Sam Flynn, who traded in  
horses and generally contrived to own a  
speedy nag or two, which he used for  
racing purposes whenever he could pick  
up a "soft match" during his travels.

The best of his flyers was a coal-black  
stallion named Dusky Pete, who was  
almost a thoroughbred, and able to go  
in the best of company. Flynn was ac-  
customed to saddle Pete when approach-  
ing a town and ride him into it to give  
the impression that the animal was  
merely "a likely horse," and not a  
flyer. One day he came to a town where  
a country race-meeting was being held,  
and he entered Pete among the contest-  
ants. The people of the town, not  
knowing anything of his antecedents,  
and not being over impressed by his  
appearance, backed two or three local  
favorites heavily against him. Flynn  
moved among the crowd, and took all  
the bets offered against his nag. Just  
as the "flyers" were being saddled for  
the race old Judge McNamee, who was  
the turf oracle of that part of  
the State, arrived on the course, and  
was made one of the judges. As he  
took his place on the stand he was told  
how the betting ran, and of the folly of  
the owner of the strange entry in back-  
ing his eye over the track, the judge in-  
stantly recognized Pete, and he said:  
"Gentlemen, there's a dark horse in this  
race that will make some of you sick  
before supper." The judge was right.  
Pete, the "dark horse," lay back until  
the three-quarter pole was reached,  
when he went to the front with a rush  
and won the purse and Flynn's bets  
with the greatest ease.

## TIMELY TOPICS.

The Cultivator thinks it is about time  
to give up ballooning until some certain  
way has been discovered of guiding and  
governing aerostats. Two ascensions in  
France the other day, one at Rennes  
and the other at Nantes, were equally  
disastrous, and to be added to the long  
list of accidents from the irresponsible  
movements of inflated balloons.

Mr. Gunbaum, a cattle dealer of  
Isola, Austria, was a very wicked  
man. He it was who insured his life  
for a very large sum, murdered a ped-  
dler, dressed his body in his clothes and  
passed himself off for the dead man.

The fraud and crime were soon discov-  
ered by finding the true Gunbaum alive  
and the peddler dead. It is likely he  
will get his deserts, for there is not  
much false philanthropy laying round  
loose in Austria, where justice is both  
swift and sure.

With some people prosperity is harder  
to bear than adversity, although most  
of us are reckless enough to take the  
risk. William Zollinger was killed by  
prosperity. He was an honest, sober  
hard-working man in New York. He  
invested his savings in real estate, which  
rose, and one day recently he sold,  
realizing over \$12,000. He had no faith  
in banks, and didn't know what to do  
with his cash. His newly-found wealth  
became a burden to him, and he went  
and got drunk. He was found dead  
drunk in the gutter in one of the vilest  
localities in the city with \$12,000 un-  
touched in his pockets. He was lodged  
in the station-house, and became crazy,  
fearing that his arrest was a conspiracy  
to rob him. During the night he took  
off his vest, twisted it and tied it to an  
iron bar, put his head through the arm-  
hole and hung himself.

Doctor Guillaume, of the French navy,  
in a recent paper on typhoid fever,  
speaks of the great benefit which has  
been derived from the use of coffee. He  
has found that no sooner have the  
patients taken a few tablespoonfuls of it  
than their features become relaxed, and  
come to their senses; the next day the  
improvement is such as to leave no  
doubt that the article is just the specific  
needed. Under its influence the stupor  
is dispelled and the patient rouses from  
the state of somnolency in which he has  
been since the invasion of the disease;  
soon, all the functions take their natural  
course and he enters upon convales-  
cence. Doctor Guillaume gives to an  
adult two or three tablespoonfuls of  
strong black coffee every two or three  
hours, alternated with one or two tea-  
spoonfuls of claret or Burgundy wine—  
a little lemonade or citrate of magnesia  
to be taken daily, after a while quinine.

An interesting history of the develop-  
ment of the Russian army during the  
last quarter of a century has lately been  
published in St. Petersburg. On the  
first of January, 1853, the Russian army  
comprised 27,716 officers and 968,392  
men, beside 78,144 Cossacks. During  
the Crimean war the strength of the  
armed forces of the empire was, of  
course, largely increased, and, accord-  
ing to the official returns, included on  
the first of January, 1856, no fewer than  
41,817 officers and 2,375,454 men. The  
active army numbered, it is stated, 24-  
654 officers and 1,170,184 men; the re-  
serve troops, 7,876 officers and 572,158  
men; the irregular forces, 3,640 officers  
and 168,691 men; the militia, 5,647 offi-  
cers and 363,421 men; and the Cossack  
troops, 3,441 officers and 156,726 men.  
In 1863, when, according to the returns  
of the minister of war, the Russian army  
numbered 558,997 regular troops, it was  
calculated, after a careful examination  
of the strength of the several units of  
the army, that the probable real strength  
of the regular troops did not exceed  
385,000 men. On the twenty-fifth of  
November, 1879, the Russian army  
comprised 908 generals, 31,414 officers,  
and 886,465 men, while on the same  
date the reserves numbered 742,144 men,  
and the Cossack troops, 1,972 officers  
and 51,359 men, with 105,946 more men  
on furlough.

## The Coming War Ship.

Professor Lowenthal, a German,  
thinks the coming war ship will be  
built of india rubber. His idea is to  
make the entire hull of rubber, one foot  
in thickness, strengthened below water  
line by a light steel frame. The vessel  
will be driven by an ordinary steam  
engine, and have no masts. The crew  
will be on a lower deck, out of the  
range of shot. When a cannon ball  
strikes the india rubber ship, it will  
pass directly through it, above the  
heads of the crew, and the hole made  
by it will immediately close. The  
method of attack of this ship will be by  
torpedoes only. The doomed ship will  
be merely driven some hundred  
yards backward by the recoil fol-  
lowing the explosion. The inventor  
considers such a vessel could destroy  
all the navies in the world, and, after  
her work was done, could be made  
as perfect as ever with the aid of a few  
boxes of cement.

## That Dream of Ours.

Oh, the young love was sweet, dear,  
That dainty dream of ours,  
When we could not keep our feet, dear,  
From dancing through the flow'rs;  
When hopes and my romance  
Were thick as leaves in spring,  
And care was old folk's lunacy,  
And joy the solid thing.

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Were thick as leaves in spring,  
And care was old folk's lunacy,  
And joy the solid thing.

## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Straw hats show which way the wind  
blows.

Is a clothing store a coterie, a pantry  
or a vestry?

In England all the robbery live in  
their castles.

A sweeping change—Bying a new  
broom.—*Rigs.*

The fisherman who catches no fish  
has no fish to eat.

The sparrows are little thieves, but  
they don't do the robin.

The present American flag was  
adopted by Congress in 1777.

The first Sunday-school in New Eng-  
land was established in 1812.

The average expenditure of each travel-  
er to the Yosemite valley is \$600.