



er's California Vinegar
roly Vegetable preparation;
in the native herbs found
ages of the Sierra Nevada
ifornia, the medicinal prop-
h are extracted therefrom
of Alcohol. The question
asked, "What is the cause
led success of VINEGAR BR-
twer is, that they remove
ase, and the patient recov-
They are the great blood-
giving principle, a perfect
avigator of the system,
the history of the world has
in compounded possessing
perties of VINEGAR BR-
ck of every disease men is
are a gentle Purgative as
relieving Congestion or In-
Liver and Visceral Organs,
etc.

I enjoy good health, let
an Bitters as a medicine,
use of alcoholic stimulants

McDONALD & CO.,
al Agents, San Francisco, California,
and Charleston S. C., New York.
Druggists and Dealers.
can take these Bitters
rections, and remain long
d their bones are not de-
cal, poison or other means,
s wasted beyond repair.
ousands proclaim VINEGAR
wonderful invigorant of
the sinking system.
emittent, and Intermit-
tents are so prevalent in the
great rivers throughout the
especially those of the Mis-
sissippi, Illinois, Tennessee,
Kansas, Red, Colorado, Bra-
ve, Pearl, Alabama, Mobile,
oke, James, and many others,
tributaries, throughout our
during the Summer and Au-
tumn, which the Bitters re-
sistibly so during seasons of
and dryness, are invariably
y extensive derangements of
liver, and other abdominal
cir functions, a purgative,
erful influence upon these
t, is essentially necessary,
harmful for the purpose equal
King's Evil, White Swell-
Erysipelas, Swelled Neck,
lous Inflammations, Indolent
t, Gonorrhea, Blisters, and
us of the Skin, Sore Eyes,
hese, as in all other constitu-
t, WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS
eir great curative powers in
nate and intractable cases.
mmatory and Chronic
t, Gonorrhea, Blisters, and
nt Fevers, Diseases of the
Kidneys, and Bladder, these
to equal. Such Diseases are
ated Blood.

Disorders, Eruptions, Tetters,
Blisters, Spots, Pimples, Pus-
tules, Erysipelas, Scalds,
Erysipelas, Itch, Scalds,
of the Skin, Humors and
e Skin of whatever name or
erally dug up and carried out
in a short time by the use of
s, and other Worms, lunk-
tion of so many thousands, are
destroyed and removed. No sys-
ne, no verminages, no antisep-
tic the system from worms
etc.

ie Complaints, in young or
single, at the dawn of wom-
nhood of life, these Tonic Bit-
s decided an influence that
is soon perceptible.
—In all cases of jaundice, rest
our liver is not doing its work,
noble treatment is to promote
of the bile and favor its re-
his purpose. See VINEGAR BR-

the Vitiated Blood when
its impurities bursting through
Pimples, Eruptions, or Bores;
en you find it obstructed and
se veins; cleanse it when it is
things will tell you when. Keep
it, and the health of the system

McDONALD & CO.,
eral Agents, San Francisco, California,
and Charleston S. C., New York.
Druggists and Dealers.

The St. Andrews Standard.

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IN VARIIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic

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Vol 41

Poetry.

A NEW YEAR'S WISH.

I ask one little boon
Of the New Year:
May I through all its days
Carry some cheer
To those who sit in gloom,
Weeping for loss;
To hearts that slowly break
Under a cross.

I who have left my deal,
With none to care;
I who have wept alone,
Facing despair—
Would gladly sweeten lives,
And make them dear—
This little boon I ask
Of the New Year.

They best can serve the gods
Their errands run,
Who call no love their own,
Under the sun.
Let me bear help to want,
And hope to fear:
I ask no other boon
Of the New Year.

A SECOND LORLEI.

UNFORTUNATELY for myself and everybody who
ever saw me, I am very beautiful. It is not ego-
tism to make that remark, for I have had plenty
of mishaps on account of my looks, and
every ill that can befall a family has been laid
to the score of "Frank's terrible appearance."
When I was a child everything went wrong.
Once on a ferry-boat a young and lovely lady,
petting and talking to me, became so interest-
ed that she quietly backed off the edge, and
only the presence of mind and daring of her
husband rescued her in a very damp and chok-
ing condition. Nurse scolded, mamma raised
her hands in horror, and the lady gave me the
name of "Lorlei," which I have ever since re-
tained.

I was a continual source of anxiety lest I
should be kidnapped by some childless people,
and made into a circus-rider, or an heiress. My
life was miserable, with the guard set around
me, to say nothing of a dozen or two toilets a
day, my hair to be combed and brushed inces-
santly, and myself kissed and fondled like a
lup-dog. It grew no better, later. My sisters
happened to be very plain, and I couldn't help
it if I got all the invitations, herquets, and pro-
posals, and they received none. To make it
worse, one of my admirers died of heart disease,
and left me the large fortune that should have
gone to his sisters; and then they loved me
excessively, of course!

I combed my hair in the most horrible way I
could invent, wore stiff collars up to my ears,
plain dresses of sober color, made faces at my-
self in the glass by the hour, and all to no pur-
pose. My hair would turn into the cunningest
little ringlets about my forehead, and fall down
a golden mass of curls just at the wrong
time. The neck above the ugly linen no
mount of sun could make other than white and
well-turned; and the clumsy dress hid a form
of the most perfect mould—stately, smooth
and rounded as only a healthy English girl can
ever hope to be.

I couldn't have any girl-friends, for without
meaning it I captured their lovers; they grew
jealous and called me names; and the attach-
ment usually ended in a storm of tears and re-
proaches on the one part, dismayed and repen-
tance on the other. I couldn't have a gentle-
man friend, for, if single, he proposed in a
month, and if married, the wife came to the
rescue, and I got the worst of it. I tried one
plan, and you shall have the result: I cut my
hair off nearly close, and merrily me—I had
done the business. I was handsomer than be-
fore! I looked a very picture of mischief, my
hair curled tighter than ever, and my eyes
would dance, spite of all the sober looks I read
and all the sad things I tried to think of. I
took Aunt Hetty into my confidence, one day
when she came to the city to buy some furni-
ture for her country house, and promised that
as soon as her sons started for school, I would
be with her to spend the summer. I made my
preparations secretly, and only on the day of
my departure asked and received permission to
go unwatched and alone. Used to my freaks,
mamma asked no questions, but gave me some
advice—"to wear a thick veil in the cars, not
to take my gloves off, and not to wink at any
one." As though I ever knowingly did wink!

My own sisters would not have known the
little brown mouse of a girl that sat so demure-
ly in the car on its way to Newbridge. I had
ordered a wig made of bright red hair, and it
was a very marvel in its way. Short, crisp,
flery curls covered my head closely, well down
on the neck, and twining lovingly around my
ears. A dress of water-proof of the most un-
glacial cut and make, green glasses, shoes and

gloves two sizes too big, and with the exception
of mouth and complexion, I was hideous. Aunt
would not believe that it was myself until I
had shown her my eyes, and spoken to her
several times.

There was not a soul on the place that had
ever seen me, except aunt and uncle; and as
they called me "Lorlei," the servants never
suspected that I was the Frank Morrison they
had heard so much of from the young masters.
There were few neighbors, and I rather avoided
them. For the first time in my life I was ugly,
and consequently happy. I rode the horses,
sat on the barnyard fence during the milking,
fed the chickens, ate apples and new butter,
took long walks in the woods, and my big feet
and scarlet hair never invited a second glance
from any one I passed. What happy, jolly days
they were to me, only those who are blessed
with too much beauty and long to flee from the
consequences can imagine.

One morning I took a book, and going thro'
the orchard, followed the stream to a favorite
nook, by down, and laughed the pretty, must-
ard laugh that was at once a pleasure and a pain.
I laughed to think of myself in this rig in an
opera-box; and looking at the water, I said,
"Why not be real 'Lorlei' for a while?" No
sooner thought than done. Off came the clum-
sy shoes and knitted stockings, and holding my
dress up I went splashing in the shallow waters.
I stepped on a big stone; it rolled with me,
and I sat down cozily in the middle of the
brook, wet to my waist, and my dismay finished
by the heartiest laugh you can imagine. Look-
ing at a part of the bank that I had not before
noticed, I saw a gentleman, in sporting dress,
holding a fishing-rod in one hand and waving
the other at me in the most genial and pleasant
manner. It might have been that my eyes did
not match my hair; at any rate, I fancied that
he stopped laughing rather suddenly, and coming
close down to the water stood eyeing me
inquiringly. I had been angry at first; but my
sudden sense of humor came to my aid, and sit-
ting there, with the lapping water full about
me, I held my sides, and laughed with him un-
til I was tired, and my cheeks glowed like two
roses.

"Well," he finally said, stopping to laugh at
every word or two, "you have succeeded in
your lonely expressed wish, and made a verita-
ble 'Lorlei' of yourself."

"Did you hear me?" I asked, feeling for the
first time a little shy, and rising slowly to my
feet. He saw that I could not come out of the
water in my bare feet, and laughing still, he
answered:

"Yes. But I fear you will continue a water-
nymph until I am gone; so good-bye." And
as suddenly as he had come, he disappeared.

I put on my shoes, and made the best of my
way back to the house. Aunt Hetty laughed
at me when I told her of my adventure, but
stared when I described the man.

"Bless me, child," she said, "it is Walter
Gray, who lives on the next farm, or rather
owns it, and lives in New York. I did not
know he was at home."

The days flew by on golden wings, every
one seemed more happy than the last. I took
an apronful of peaches and a book, and lay
down in the hammock under the elm for a lazy
time one morning. I was scarcely settled when
I heard auntie calling me, and then step-cousin
near to me. I raised myself and who
should be with her but that Walter Gray! He
laughed heartily on recognizing in my aunt's
niece the "water-nymph," but soon made me
feel at ease by his courteous and merry man-
ner. He had come over to see if he could buy
a cow of uncle, and over the merits of butter
and milk we grew quite friendly. Auntie
would have him stay to lunch, and I tried to
enact the country girl, and be as awkward as
possible. Two or three times I almost betrayed
myself by some ungarded remark; but by drop-
ping my fork, upsetting my milk, and knocking
my chair over when I rose, I managed to seem
ill-bred enough to suit my coarse frock, absent
galliar, and tumbled hair.

To my utter astonishment, Mr. Gray asked
me to go to a picnic at the school-house the
next day. While I was staring first at him, and
then at myself in the glass, Auntie said, "She
will go with pleasure." I was ready to beat her,
but beyond a few muttered words, I said noth-
ing until he was gone. Then I made few re-
marks to her which made her look so sorry,
that I kissed her and promised to be peace-
ably.

I made myself look as contrived as possible,
next morning, and my looking-glass told me
that I was no longer even passable. Mr. Gray
made no remark about my appearance, except
to ask if the glasses were absolutely necessary,
and on my gravely assuring him that they
were, he helped me into the carriage, and away
we went. How I enjoyed the glances the
girls gave me, and contempt for my dress and
manner. I found myself alone with Mr. Gray
toward the end of the afternoon, and we sat
down on the moss at the foot of a tree for what
I called a good talk. His manner had been
perfectly kind and courteous, and he had done
everything in his power to make me forget the
difference between myself and the pretty coun-
try girls I had met. After a little I forgot my
part, and letting the glasses fall unheeded in
my lap, I pulled off the yellow cotton gloves I
had worn all day, and lying backward, clasped
my hands above my head, contentedly,
After a minute he said:

"Maggie Thorne is entirely thrown away on
that old man. What a life for a bright, fair
woman to live, shut away in that quiet house."

Following his glance toward the house on the
other side of the road, I lazily answered:

"Imperial Caesar, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away."

The look of utter amazement on his face was
too funny as he gaped out:

"Miss Lorlei, what are you? Hideous and
lovely at the same time, an uneducated coun-
try girl firing Shakespeare at me in that style.
You wear these green glasses all the time, and
yet I have noticed you can see much further
and better without them. You have the most
exquisite hand I have ever seen, and your feet
are large enough for a man. You bow like an
empress, and tumble over your dress the next
minute. I can't understand you."

I kept my face through all his speech; and
then gave him answer, pulling on my gloves:

"I don't know what you mean by Shakespeare,
and you need not insult my feet: I can't help
their size. What made you bring me, if only
to tease?" And without further ceremony I
left him more mystified than ever.

I saw him very often in the next two months,
and learned to like him very much for his kind-
ness to my awkward self. How much I liked
him I scarcely knew, until a letter from mamma
came, saying that summer was long over and
people were growing very curious as to my
whereabouts. With a cold, sick feeling at my
heart, I took the letter in my hand, and went
through the orchard to the place where I had
played "Lorlei" for the benefit of Walter Gray.
Bitterly I regretted my misadventure, for I
thought he could never be brought to like the
red-haired, clumsy girl he had pitied and been
kind to.

I lay on the grass crying, holding in
my hand some of the dead leaves lying all
about me, and thinking over like my own
hopes they were. How long I lay there I
do not know, till some one dropped on the
grass beside me, and a cool, soft hand held
my own.

"Crying! water-nymph?" and before I
knew it I found myself close held by two
strong arms, and a dear voice speaking to me.

"Your aunt says you are going away,
Lorlei; going away to be educated, and
taught many things it is right for you to
know. I dare not let you go, little one,
until I ask if you will think of yourself as
my own Lorlei, and try to become as grace-
ful outwardly as pure, good heart and nat-
ural abilities will let you. I learned to
love you very much, and you will let me
hope, will you not?"

For all answer, I lay quiet, looking up
in his face, and thinking how nice it was
and fearing to break the spell by showing
him my real self.

"Do you like this awkward, ugly, clumsy,
red-haired girl?" I finally managed to
ask, with a long-drawn breath of satisfac-
tion.

"Stop the adjectives," he answered, clos-
ing my mouth gently with a caress (and
how glad I was my mouth was pretty!)
"At times you are more graceful than any
one I ever saw, and as for the hair—"

I sat up eagerly, and asked:

"You like yellow hair, don't you?"

"Yes," he said, wondering at eager look
and manner.

"Turn your head away, and promise not
to look," I said, turning his head so he
could not see me.

"I promise," came the voice I was wait-
ing for. With trembling hands I took out
the pins, unstretched the elastic which held
my red wig, and pulling it off, turned his
face toward me. He looked as though he
had seen a ghost, and stared at the red
hair in my hand and the golden on my
head, in mute astonishment.

"Yes, it's mine," I said, answering his
look; and I pulled one of the short curls
hanging over my eyes. "And I can dance
and sing, and play the harp or piano, and
I love Shakespeare!" I could get no fur-
ther, for reasons lovers can possibly ex-
plain; and when, an hour after, in my pret-
ty white ruffles and womanly figure, I
emerged into the sitting-room, I found Aunt
Hetty talking to Walter, and saw him
gravely kiss her hand as she came toward
me. When I saw the light in his eyes as
he looked at me, for the first time in my

life I thanked God for my glorious beauty.
There was a grand time when I went
home, and for a while my "unfortunate ap-
pearance" ceased to be the general theme
of conversation.

My first anxiety, when nurse brought
me my little Fannie to look at, was wheth-
er she was pretty. I need not have trou-
bled myself. Her nose is flat, her mouth
is wide, and only her blue eyes and sunny
temper keep her from positive plainness.
She has relieved me from all fear of perpe-
tuating the race of "Lorleis."

ALDINE for January.

BROTHER JOHN.
BY MARY BLAKE.

He came home last evening, and before
he fairly had his boots off burst out, with a
great laugh. "Well, I have seen about the
fumes right to-night! Feather-top was a
fine sight, and had to run to catch the train.
Her skirts and ruffles went floppy-flop,
and that boned-up hump she wears be-
hind tottered up and down, and the feathers
on top of her hat nodded like the plumes
on a hawk at a first class fagend. For all
her hurry she didn't make a bit of head-
way, she was so bothered by her ridiculous
dress."

And John kicked off his other boot with
his characteristic vehemence, jerked on one
slipper, then, as if a sudden thought struck
him, stopped with the other one halfway
to his foot. "I say, girls, what is the reason
you women get yourselves up so? Why
can't you wear a reasonable dress? I ne-
ver thought much about it before, but I
believe that's the reason you are so helpless
in any emergency. Bless me! I'd soon
be decently and comfortably wrapped up in
a mummy-cloth, with the proper rites and
ceremonies, as to take my chance of saving
myself with a runaway horse in such a rig
as Miss Feather-top's."

Sister Kitty, a slightly girl of eighteen,
who sat by the table deeply interested in
Mrs. Charles' "Against the Stream," look-
ed up from her book, and half-impatiently
exclaimed: "I don't see why you should
make such a fuss about it, you don't have to
wear 'the dress.'"

"No, thank heaven I don't, but I have
to hear the groanings and lamentations over
the 'bondage of woman' and the 'tyrant
man,' when really you are the slaves of your
own fashions," replied John.

"Here's something would suit you, then,"
said Kitty, turning back a few pages and
reading aloud: "My brother's sensible
tight garments were made of things that
did not tear, made so as to be convenient
for climbing and racing, and in general with
a view to being as little obstructive as pos-
sible, while mine seemed expressly construc-
ted with a view to being obstructions in the
way of everything it was best worth while
to do, and filling up all the leisure spaces
of one's life with making and mending them."

"That's true," replied John; just as I
said: "you women folks are perfect slaves
to your clothes. You can't go out summer
mornings for fear you'll drabble your dress-
es. Summer evenings the starch out of
something or other. In the winter you
can't step across the street without a pro-
tective fling sufficient to fit a man out
for a full dress party. And when you are
so bothered and hampered with your skirts
to hold up, your veils to hold on, your par-
asols and your muffs—" "Parasols and
muffs together in winter," laughed Kitty.

"Do be reasonable, John, if you must
scold!"

"Well, it don't make much difference,"
continued he, "you always manage to have
something for three hands to do or to hold,
and, as you haven't but two, somebody
must wait on you."

"I notice you generally manage to wait
on the pretty ones without much trouble,"
retorted Kitty.

"Then there's your interminable sew-
ing," continued John, not deigning to no-
tice the interruption; "there's always some
big piece of work just begun or just finished.
I had enough of it last week when I was
home sick with a cold. Such a buzzing!
such discussions as Kitty and Miss Snap-
per kept up—'bias folds,' 'fift plaitings,'
'slittings,' and harpings, too, for what
I know. The only thing like sense was
something about postillions being all gone
by, which I supposed was the thing
for postillions to do as lively as possible,
though what they had to do with 'Kitty's
dress I couldn't conceive."

"Now, John," said Kitty, just a little
foxed, "we thought you were asleep on the
couch; who would have supposed there
was a chiel among us takin' notes?"

"But, honestly," spoke up grave eld-
erly Laura, "I believe John is half-right.
I do sometimes wonder if we need to do all
this sewing. I know my clothes are a won-
der and vexation till they're finished, and
chagrin and disappointment till they're
as we are."

worn out, I never hang up a finished dress
without a sigh of regret over the hours it
cost that I might have had for reading. I
thought when I left school that I should
do so much in the way of self-culture, but
my sewing takes all the time I can spare
from the home-keeping. I haven't opened
my German books for two months, Arthur
Domestic has been in the house three
weeks and I haven't looked into it. Then
when I do read I have an uneasy feeling
that I ought to be sewing, which takes a
way half my comfort.

"Why don't you use the machine, Laura?"
asked John, in that tone of easy confidence
and air of general and profound knowledge
of the subject which men always use when
they are showing themselves especially ig-
norant of women's affairs.

"My dear brother," solemnly answered
Laura, "the sewing-machine is nothing but
a temptation to put more work on to clothes
instead of less. Our very under-clothing
has to be made with microscopic tucks and
pullings, because it is so easy to do it on
the machine. If we could only go back to the
simple simplicity of the days before the
machines came, and then have the machines
to help us! And Laura drew a long breath,
as if the very thought was a relief.

"You must do as Mrs. Easy-money does,
then," said Kitty. "She quite agrees with
you that it is wrong to spend so much time
and thought on dress, for I heard her say
that she always went right to Madame Cut-
well's and gave her orders, and that was the
last she thought about it till it came home.
And her children's clothes she gets from
the furnishing store—you know they do
have lovely things there—and the rest her
seamstress does."

"Yes," answered Laura, "but I suspect
Mrs. Easy-money thinks about it, and speaks
too, when the bills come in. And I have
her any more than once that she never had
any money for charity—it cost so much
just to live that Mr. E. was really quite
pinched."

"And as for reading," spoke up John,
with a great contempt in his voice, "she
never reads anything. Or she asked me in
that abominable drawl of hers, at Carrie
Feather-top's party, what the gentlemen
were all talking about the English elec-
tion for—she didn't know they had a Presi-
dent, she thought the Queen was King all
the time."

"John, I am afraid you exaggerate a lit-
tle," said Laura smiling. "But it is very
clear that Mrs. Easy-money is no guide for
us. And really the question of clothes is a
very serious one for people of limited means
and good social standing, who don't want
to be different from the rest of the world,
and yet who find it a great tax on time,
strength and purses merely to 'keep up.'
I really don't see how mothers with three
or four children do it. I called on dear lit-
tle Mrs. Motherly one glorious day last fall,
and her children were just going down the
street with their baskets, for an afternoon
in the woods. She turned to me and said,
'O! dear, I wish I could have a half-holiday.
The air is just delicious this afternoon, and
I fairly long to be out in it, but there's Jen-
nie's dress to be done for to-morrow—and
as she took up her basket, even her con-
tented happy face had a frown on it."

"And yet I'd bet," said John, "if I was
a betting man, that that very same dress
of Jennie's had anywhere from three to
thirty ruffles on it, and if she'd left them
off, she'd have had not a hair but a whole
holiday—now, isn't that so, Laura?"

"Why, yes," answered Laura, hesitating-
ly, "but I didn't think of it then."

"No, of course not, nor she either; and
you bonamed your hard fate together, and
came home and trimmed your new dress
just like hers, though she told you it took
her over a week to do it. I tell you girls,
and John waxed warm again, "you are all
of you bond-slaves to your clothes, and the
worst of it is, you don't know it, but are
continually laying the blame on the cir-
cumscripted sphere of women, and all that
travails. If you'd only circumscribe your
fashions! Here's these women up before
the Woman Suffrage Committee at the
State House, telling what tremendous re-
forms they'd make if they only had the bal-
lot, and not one of them has the moral cour-
age to wear a dress without an over skirt."

Now, John, exclaimed Kitty, "it's all
well enough for you to talk in that way, but
nobody likes to see girls well-dressed better
than you do. You don't want us to make
gays of ourselves. I am sure nobody cri-
tiques me as mercilessly as you do. I
just makes me provoked to hear young men
talk in this lofty style about woman's ex-
travagance and all that, but let a girl dress
herself according to their ideas, and so
how much a notion she gets from them.
Girls like to look pretty and be admired,
and they can't help it, for 'tis their na-
ture to," I suppose," and Kitty laughed in
spite of herself, but when, "I believe the
young men are every bit as much to blame
as we are."