RBITTERS
FREE FROM
CALIFORNIA
ALCOHOL
R BITTERS
r's California Vinegar
ely Vegetable preparation,
the native herbs found
ges of the Sierra Nevada
fornia, the medicinal pro-
are extracted therefrom
f Alcohol. The question
ked, "What is the cause
d success of VINEGAR BIT-
wer is, that they remove
se, and the patient recov-
They are the great blood
giving principle, a perfect
vigorator of the system.
e history of the world has
compounded possessing
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re a gentle Purgative as
elieving Congestion or In-
Liver and Visceral Organs,
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enjoy good health, let
n BITTERS as a medicine,
e of alcoholic stimulants
cDONALD & CO.,
Agents, San Francisco, California,
n and Charlton Sts., New York.
ruggists and Dealers.
an take these Bitters
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their bones are not de-
al poison or other means,
wasted beyond repair.
nsands proclaim VINEGAR
wonderful Invigorant that
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d a hundred other painful
he offsprings of Dyspepsia.
prove a better guarantee of
lengthy advertisement.
King's Evil, White Swel-
Erysipelas, Swelled Neck,
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Mercurial Affections, Old
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WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS
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McDONALD & CO.,
ral Agents, San Francisco, California
ston and Charlton Sts., New York.
Druggists and Dealers.

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The St. Andrews Standard.

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IN MEMORIAM.

Oscar died March 1875.

Fold the tiny hand's over his breast,
Dear little Oscar has gone to his rest.
The death Angel rustled so near us to-day
That he left but this cold, and beautiful clay.

Wasted, so wasted, the dear little face,
Scarce a resemblance there we can trace
To the bright little fellow, of a month ago.
And now we must lay him low, under the snow

Beautiful still, but oh, so cold
This little lamb of the Saviour's fold.
We yield him Lord, but the tears will start.
Thou knowest the pain, Thou knowest the smart.

Thoy knowest it all, we yield him to Thee,
This bright little spirit from sin, set free.
He has gone to his home, gone to his rest,
With Jesus and all that is lovely and blest.

ECHA, St. Andrews.

THE BELL OF ST. JOHN'S.

An Idiot's Wise Thought.

In a large and smoky foundry close by the wharves in the town of B——, a gang of workmen getting ready to cast the largest bell of the St. John's Cathedral chime. Only an hour more, and they would let the glaring, bubbling metal flow from the large furnace into the mould which was buried deep in the black earth close by.

It was just at evening, and, in the gathering twilight, the lurid blue flames that burst from the tall chimney, flashed on earthly glares upon the neighboring windows and house-tops.

The scene within the foundry was weird and almost awful. The swarthy forms of the workmen, partly lighted by the yellow glare, moved about like Tartarian shades, and the sooty beams and ponderous chains, crossing half black, half golden, under the golden roof, recalled the engines of Cyclops under Mt. Ætna.

The clock struck six. It was time for supper. All the men threw down their tools, and ran and put on their outer clothing.

"Be back in half an hour, sharp!" cried the foreman. "We shall make the cast at a quarter of seven."

"All right, sir!" cried the men in response.

"I hear some of the town folks are coming down to see the work," said one.

"Yes," said another, "and it'll be something to open their eyes. There was never such a bell cast in the whole State as this one will be."

In a moment more only one workman and the master was to stay and watch the "blast." He had brought a double allowance of dinner, and he would make a supper of what remained.

"Perhaps we can get the 'inventor' to stay with you, George," said the master, laughing, as he prepared to go.

"Yes, where is he? returned the man in the same jesting tone.

"He's been round the works long enough to know when anything goes wrong. Hollo! Hollo! I say! Where's the inventor? Come here. Ah, there he is." And in silent answer to the summons a shock-haired fellow, with large grey eyes, and a pale, vacant face, appeared from behind a pile of castings. He had on his back a grey shirt, much soiled with dust, and he wore a pair of huge pantaloons, held up by a single suspender.

"Well, Moqus," quoth the man George, slapping him rather roughly on the shoulder; "suppose you've got wit enough to help yell if anything's the matter?"

The young fellow looked stupidly around and nodded his head.

"Then sit here and look at that furnace, and don't take your eyes off."

The poor lad smiled meekly and did as was ordered, just as an obedient dog would have lain down to watch his owner's coat.

A queer fellow was this "Moqus;" stupid enough in ordinary things, to need a world of watching, but withal wonderfully fit to watch a furnace. He knew all the workings of the foundry by what seemed a sort of brute instinct, though really his strange sagacity in this was a remnant of a once bright mind.

If anything happened, or went in an unusual way he would always notice it, and say what ought to be done, though he could not tell perhaps, why it ought to be done.

Two years before he had been an intelligent, promising lad. He was the son of a designer connected with the foundry company, and had always been allowed free access to the shops, and to mingle with the men and watch the work. But one day a great lifting chain broke, with its load, and an iron fragment struck him on the head inflicting a serious injury. From this he partially recovered, and only partially, for his reason was impaired. But his natural love for machinery and mechanical experiments remained, and as he regained his bodily strength, he spent most of his time making small wheels and shafts, and putting together odd contrivances, which he would exhibit with immense pride and satisfaction.

This peculiar trait in the young fellow gained for him the humorous title of "inventor." All the men felt a great kindness for him, even though their manner toward him was occasionally harsh and impatient.

Such was the person left to help watch the great blast for the casting of the king bell of the chime of St. John's. Faithfully he kept his place before the furnace, while the man George sat down at a little distance and began his supper. Doubtless the latter intended to keep a general oversight, but he certainly made the inventor's eyes do the most of the looking. Whether he felt a reckless trust in the instinct of his half-witted companion, or indolently concluded that nothing wrong could happen, he was sadly to blame for charging himself so little with the important duty before him.

Not a word was said by either watcher, and only the deep roar of the furnace was heard through the vast foundry.

George finished his supper, and sauntered into one of the tool shops to find his pipe. "Inventor" sat alone before the great blast. The one rational faculty of his feeble mind enabled him to comprehend what it meant, and even something of the magnitude of the enterprise that was ripening inside those burning walls. He knew that the furnace was full of valuable metal, and that close beside him, buried out of sight in the deep sand, was the huge mold, so soon to be filled with the precious cast. He knew and could see that all the channels for the flow of the fiery liquid were ready, and that near the mouth of the furnace stood the long iron rod that was to be used when the moment came to let on the stream.

All this his limited thoughts took in by habit. Dimly conscious that something was soon to be done, he sat with his eyes on the furnace absorbed and intent.

Suddenly something startled him. There was a slight noise, and a burning crack appeared near the top of the furnace. Then another crack, and a scorching brick fell out and rolled to the ground at his feet.

The lad opened his mouth to shriek, but so terrified was he that the sounds stuck in his throat, as if he had been in a fit of nightmare.

A thin red stream followed the fallen brick, and trickled down the furnace side like running lava. Then came another alarming noise, and a thin gap half way down the masonry let out more of the hissing metal.

Where was George? Was the unfaithful fellow still hunting for his pipe? The furnace was bursting with only a poor, half-idiot lad to guard it.

What could he do? He did what perhaps a lad in his right mind would not have dared to do. Rushing to the mouth of the furnace, he seized the long iron rod that stood near, and tapped the vent. One desperate thrust with a sharp point up the terrible funnel—a few quick prying strokes. Stand back now. The confining clay fell away, and the yellow-white flood spurted out with resistless force. It leaped into the clay lined troughs, and hissed its way, flaming down to the mouth of the bell-mold.

The "fool" had done a deed worthy of a general on a field of battle.

Was it too late? Every moment new fissures opened in the doomed furnace. Some of the upper stones toppled over. Still the metal poured out into the mold. But the waste was great from those gaping flaws. The pressure was relieved by the open vent, but the leaks multiplied continually. It was art running a race with ruin.

"Poor "Moqus!" stood powerless before the coming catastrophe. His knees knocked together and his head swam. A great heap of red hot bricks and rubbish fell at his feet. He had barely thought to get out of the way and save his life. He heard a wild shout of human voices in the distance, then an awful roar behind him, and he saw and felt himself pursued by surges of seething fire. Sharp, blistering pains pierced his flesh at a hundred points. The rest was all a horrible, unintelligible dream. It was as if he had suddenly sank into the earth and had been swallowed up forever.

By seven o'clock comparative quiet reigned again on the scene of the disaster. Ruins lay everywhere. The engines had quenched the flames that had caught the building, and the men, blackened with smoke, stood in silent groups around the remains of the furnace. It had fallen to pieces and nothing was left but heaps of steaming rubbish.

Poor "Inventor," who had been found with the tapping-rod in his hands, lying on his face in the sand, frightfully burned, had been carried to his home.

Little was said, but the few words spoken uttered with no mild emphasis the natural wrath of the master and hands against the man George, whose excuses for himself only exaggerated his offence.

"See what he's done," said they, a few days later, as they stood in the half burned foundry. "Five thousand dollars gone to waste in a minute! The best job in twenty years spoiled! The rascal, to go hunting for his pipe, and leave that stuttering idiot to watch! Is that all he can say for himself? Out upon such carelessness! Why, the boy didn't even know enough to bawl out when he must have seen the furnace tumbling to pieces!"

The master, who had more at stake than the men, of course felt the loss more keenly than they. He almost wept with mingled grief and rage. Suddenly something peculiar caught his eye among the debris, and he cried out in a startled voice.

"Hallo! What's this! what's this!

He snatched up a fragment of one of the troughs which had led from the mold. There were traces of the stream of bronze still running in it. Then the possible meaning of the iron found in the injured boy's hand flashed upon him.

"Bring me a shovel, quick!" he shouted.

A spade was put into his hands, and he began nervously to heave away the hot mass that lay piled over the bell mold. It was a herculean task, but he worked like a giant, and three or four of his men took hold and helped him.

Brick bats, ore, slag, and ashes flew in every direction. Presently the master's spade penetrated the sand and struck something hard. He stooped down. Then he leaped up like one half frantic, and tore away the remaining sand, disclosing what looked like a great metallic ring.

"Men," he cried out, lifting his flushed face, "the bell is cast!"

"Who did this?" asked every excited voice, as soon as the cheering died away.

"Come with me, two or three of you!" cried the master. "I think I know who did it. It's a miracle!"

They hurried away to the home of the half-witted boy. The attendant met them with his finger on his lips.

"The poor boy is in a brain fever," said he.

"Does he say anything in his delirium?" whispered the master.

"Oh, yes, he raves all the time about the big bell mold. 'I hope it will fill—I hope it will fill,' he says."

The men exchanged glances. It was indeed true. The idiot had cast the great bell of St. John's. Just then the physician came out. "Perhaps he will recover his reason by this shock and sickness," he said. "Such things have happened."

"Do you think so? Pray heaven he may!" solemnly ejaculated the master and his men; and turned away deeply moved.

Two months later the great bell hung from a huge derrick in the lathe room of the factory, and beneath it stood a truck upon which it was about to be lowered. A silence fell upon the group of workmen the pale face and feeble form of "Inventor" appeared, borne on a small reclining chair. He had recovered his reason, and was fast getting back his strength. His large gray eyes instantly fastened themselves on the bell, that splendid masterpiece, whose making meant so much for him. They had told him the whole story of the casting, and the disaster in the foundry, but it all sounded like a wild romance to him.

"I remember nothing that happened," said he, shaking his head with a smile. "It's new to me; all new and strange—so strange!"

"Yes," said the master devoutly; "it was God's hand."

Every eye turned upon the invalid. Some of the men felt almost afraid, it was so much like a resurrection to have him there among them, the boy they had known so long underwitted, now a young man, keen, intelligent, as if changed into another being.

"I should like to strike the bell once." Two men lifted him up and put a small hammer in his hand.

He struck one gentle blow. A deep sweet, mournful tone, solemn as the sound of distant waterfalls, rolled from the great bell and echoed through the foundry. Tears filled the eyes of the rough men as they heard it.

"Ah!" said the master, "there's a hallelujah in that, and it may well begin here. Long may this bell praise God! He saved it in the ruins of the furnace by one wise thought in the ruins of a human brain.

Our furnace has been rebuilt, and behold this dear boy has his reason again! This bell and the boy shall glorify God together.

"Amen!" murmured the listeners.

Then the great bell was lowered, and as the truck was rolled away with its melodious burden, the boy was lifted and carried after it, and both went out into the sunny day together, the rough men standing in the doorways waving their hands.

"Little Inventor" afterward well proved his claim to the title so lightly given him in his unfortunate boyhood. His name I now read on many a bell whose matchlessness of tone his genius and skill in metals alone created.

THEY TELL THEIR STORY.

Midnight was past, and the lights of the vessels lying at anchor in the stream were beginning to be extinguished, when two men hurried from different directions towards the shore. The elder of the two had already reached the strand and was preparing to make a leap, the design of which was not to be mistaken; but at that instant the younger seized him by the arm, exclaiming: "Sir, I believe you want to drown yourself!"

"You have guessed it. What is that to you?"

This was the answer, spoken in the most angry tone.

"Nothing, I know. I would simply request you to wait a couple of minutes—when, if you like, we will make the journey together, arm in arm—the best way of dying."

With these words the younger extended his hand to the elder, whose was not withheld. The younger continued in a tone of seeming enthusiasm; "So be it! Arm in arm! Truly, I did not dream that a human heart would beat with mine in this last hour. I will not seek to know who you are—an honest man or a villain. Come?—let us begin the journey together!"

The elder held the young man back, and, fixing his dim, half-extinguished eyes searchingly upon the countenance of his companion, exclaimed: "Hold! You seem to me to be too young to end your life by suicide. A man of your years has still a brilliant, alluring future in his grasp!"

"Brilliant!" answered the young man, scornfully. "What have I to hope in the midst of a world of wickedness, falsehood, treachery and unhappiness? Come!—quick!"

"You are still young! You must have had very sorrowful experiences to make life already thus insupportable to you."

"I despise mankind."

"Without exception?"

"Without exception."

"Well, then, you have now perhaps found a man whom you will not necessarily despise. I have, believe me, during my whole life, lived an honorable man."

"Really! That is highly interesting. It's a pity I had not earlier made your acquaintance."

"Leave me to die alone, young man. Live on. Believe me, time heals all wounds, and there are men of honor yet to be found."

"Now if you take this view, why are you hurrying so fast from the world?"

"Oh, I am an old sickly man, unable to make a livelihood; a man who cannot, will not, longer see his only child, his daughter, blighting her youth, and laboring day and night to support him."

"How, sir! have you a daughter who does this for you?" asked the young man surprised.

"And with what endurance, with what love, does she sacrifice herself for me! She works for me, she goes hungry for me, and has only the tenderest words of love—a sweet smile for me always."

"And you want to commit suicide? Are you mad!"

"Shall I murder my daughter? The life which she is now leading is her certain death," answered the old man, in a despairing voice.

"Good, sir, come with me to the nearest inn that is still open. You will relate to me your history, and if you like I will let you hear mine. So much, however, will I say to you beforehand: chase all thoughts of self murder out of your head. I am rich, and, if things be as you say, from henceforth you and your daughthr shall live a pleasant life."

The old man followed the younger without opposition. A few minutes later the elder began:

"My history is soon told. I was a merchant's clerk, but always unlucky. As I had nothing by inheritance and the young girl I married was poor, I was never able to commence business on my own account, and remained on to an old age in a dependant, subordinate position. Finally, I was discharged on account of my years, and then began the struggle for subsistence. My wife died of trouble, and now my poor child is wearied to gain my support. I cannot bear to see her working herself to death for me—therefore, it is better I go. Now, you know all."

"Friend," exclaimed the young man, "you are the most fortunate man I ever encountered in my life. It is insane to call that misfortune. Nobody is easier to help than you. To-morrow I will make my will, and you shall be—no resistance!—my heir. The coming night is my last. Before this, however, I must see your daughter, out of pure curiosity. I would for once see how one looks who really deserves the name of woman!"

"But, young man, what can it be that thus early has made you so unhappy?" queried the elder, much moved.

"I believe it was the wealth which my father left me. I was the only son of the richest banker of this city. My father died five years ago, leaving me more than was good for me. Since that time I have been deceived and betrayed by every one, without exception, with whom I have had any connection. Some have pretended friendship for me—on account of my money. Other have pretended to love me—again for money; and so it went on. I often mingled, in the garb of a simple workman, with the masses, and thus one day become acquainted with a charming being, a young girl to whom my whole heart soon went out in love. I disclosed to her neither my name nor my position. I longed to be loved for myself alone, and for a time it appeared as if I were going to be happy—at last, at last.

"The young girl and I, whom she still regarded as a simple workman, met every afternoon in the Marcusplatz, where we walked up and down together, passing many happy hours. One day my dear girl appeared with red eyes—she had been weeping—and told me that we must part, confessing that her life belonged to another! With these words she tore herself from me and disappeared in the crowd. Her faithlessness decided my destiny. Vainly did I rush into the pleasures which so-called 'good society' has to offer, but found my peace of soul never, never! I then determined to bring my joyless existence to a close."

"Unhappy young man," said the elder, wiping his eyes; "from my whole heart I pity you. I must acknowledge that I was more fortunate than you; for I, at least, was by two women—my wife and daughter—tenderly loved."

"Will you give me your address, good sir, that I may convince myself of the truth of your story? It is not exactly mistrust, but I must see to believe. To-morrow I will arrange my affairs as I have already told you. You will remain at this inn to-night, and in the morning early I will return. Give me your word of honor that you will not leave this house until I come back, and that you will not in the meantime speak to any one of what has taken place between us?"

"You have my word! Go to my dwelling, to my daughter, and you will find that I have told you but the simple truth. My name is Wilhelm Salms. Here is my address."

With these words he handed the young man a paper, giving the address of his dwelling. It lay in a suburb inhabited by the poorer classes, at some distance from the city proper.

"And my name is Carl Teodor," hereupon said the young man. "Take this bank note; it will serve you till my return."

Carl rang for the waiter, had the landlord called, commended the old man to his care in suitable terms, and left the house.

* * * * * *

Hardly had the morning broke when Carl found himself on the way to the suburb where lived the daughter of the old man with whom he had become acquainted under such peculiar circumstances. It was a poor place. The young man knocked, opened the door, and involuntarily stepped back.

The young girl whose inconstancy had made his life a burden unbearable stood before him!

At his appearance the young girl sprang toward him, overcome with joy, holding out her little hand. The young man waved her back, exclaiming:

"You did not expect to see me?"

Are you Wilhelm Salms' daughter?" aske the young man, coldly, after a pause.

"I am," answered the maiden, timidly.

"And who and where is that other to whom, as you told me at parting, your life belonged?"

"That other is my father," answered the young girl, looking up to the young man with a glance in which spoke the tenderest love.

With lightning quickness the truth dawned upon him; the scales fell from his eyes.

Speechlessly he rushed to Bertha, took her in his arms and pressed her to his breast.

"Come to your father," he faltered.

"My father! Oh, heaven! I forgot! Where is he? He has been out all night. I have watched for him in tears the long night through."

"Your father is saved. He is with me," was

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