

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

É VARIS SUMMUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic.

\$2.50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XLVI.

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, NOVEMBER 26, 1879.

NO. 48.

Little-Tattle.

FROM THE SERVIAN FOLK-LORE.

Pair Nathalie at evening tide

Walked out with her own true love,

The thick green grass beneath their feet,

And the thick green trees above.

Then Zuka said, "My own sweetheart,

Give me one kiss before we part."

The listening grasses heard and saw,

And could not the secret keep—

The dear, sweet secret! Every blade

Whispered the tale to the sheep—

The sailor, who were so glad

The straightway told the shepherd lad.

The shepherd told a traveler

(For he loved fair Nathalie);

The traveler told a sailor boy,

One night on the lonely sea;

The sailor to his roving ship

Too quickly let the secret slip.

For the ship to the salt sea waves,

That ever run to and fro,

Said, "When the inland rivers come

To mix with the ocean's flow,

Ask not Nathalie, pretty one,

And if the handsome Zuka won."

So at the last that river heard

That flowed by Nathalie's cot,

And the maid's mother one fine day

Went there with her water-pot,

And heard the tale, and told the maid,

And now an angry word was said.

Nathalie blamed the river much,

And the river blamed the sea,

The sea said, with an angry roar,

"The ship is to blame, not me."

The ship, tossed wildly to and fro,

Creaked out, "The sailor told me so."

The sailor said, "The traveler

Is the one that should be blamed."

The traveler said, "The shepherd boy

Should never the tale have named;

I surely thought, so far away,

No harm can come from what I say."

The shepherd blamed the tattling sheep,

The sheep cried, "Oh! and alas!

So much of grief and quarreling comes

Because of that tell-tale grass.

What on earth did it see amiss

In little Nathalie's parting kiss?"

—Harper's Weekly.

THE BIRD WITNESSES.

A FRENCH TRADITION.

Monsieur Jules Lafarge was a wealthy manufacturer at Orleans, in France. It was pay-day with him, and he was sitting in his arm-chair at a table covered with account books and papers, in the apartment on the ground floor in his elegant mansion, which he used as a kind of office or counting-room. His nephew, Lucien, sat at the other end of the table with the register book of the working people before him.

Lucien Lafarge called out the names, and the people, men and women, came forward in turn and received their wages. Presently Lucien called out the names of Pierre and Jean Corbeau. They came forward, one sullenly, the other with cringing servility. They were a pair of ill-looking fellows.

"Oh, the two brothers," exclaimed Monsieur Lafarge, sharply, as he surveyed them with a displeased air. "This way, sir; your presence is a reality. However long you stay away from labor, you are always sure to be here upon pay day."

"We had business that kept us away," growled Pierre, who appeared to be inclined to be insolent.

Jean, more submissive, nudged him, and added in a hesitating manner:

"Pardon my brother's roughness, monsieur; we had a little business, as he says; we were detained, you must know, at—"

"At the wine shop," supplied Lafarge, severely.

"Well, if we were at the wine shop," answered Pierre, indignantly, "we don't come here for more than our dues."

Monsieur Lafarge frowned.

"Take what I owe you—two days' pay," he replied, curtly, "and I will give you a little wholesome truth into the bargain. Idleness and drunkenness generally lead to crime; and crime, sooner or later, is followed by disgrace and punishment. Henceforward you will work with me as other people do, or not at all."

"Oh, just as you please," growled Pierre, and he muttered a curse upon the purse-proud tyrant, as he considered him.

"Suppose I were to turn you adrift, you idle knaves, what would you do then?" cried Lafarge, testily.

"Knaves!" repeated Pierre, in a ferocious manner, and he would have made an angry reply had not his brother interposed and led him away, saying as he went:

"It shan't happen again, sir; you may depend upon that. And when he got his angry brother into the open air, he said, 'Are you mad? He has paid us our wages.'"

"Mad! I don't know what I am," answered Pierre, fiercely. "Knaves indeed! He has paid us our wages—he shall soon pay for that insult!"

The working people having been paid, Monsieur Lafarge turned his attention to his letters. The first one informed him of the fact that a merchant of Ant-

werp, named Kadelburger, with whom he had dealings, had stopped payment. He communicated the intelligence to Lucien, and requested him to examine the books and see how their accounts stood with Kadelburger. It was discovered that their last bill of exchange had been paid and his account balanced. He did not owe anything to Monsieur Lafarge. This was very gratifying.

But to Lucien the failure of Kadelburger afforded a great deal of anxiety of mind. There was in Orleans a small merchant named Henri Duvoc, who also dealt with Kadelburger, and he feared he would be heavily involved. Duvoc had a bill of exchange in Lafarge's hands, which was within a day of becoming due, and Lucien feared he could not meet it. He also feared that Lafarge would not be lenient to his creditor, from the simple fact that he, Lucien, loved Emile, the daughter of Duvoc, and his uncle had views for him in another quarter—wishing him to marry the daughter of an old friend of his in Lyons, who, in addition to her fortune, possessed charms of no mean order.

"I fear, sir, our worthy neighbor, Monsieur Duvoc, will suffer by this failure," said Lucien. "If this sudden bankruptcy should disarrange his affairs, surely you wouldn't think of proceeding harshly against him."

Monsieur Lafarge looked displeased. "I understand your interest in our worthy friend, Duvoc," he cried, with asperity. "He has a pretty daughter, for whose sake you refuse to entertain my proposition of marriage with the child of my esteemed friend in Lyons. Put her out of your mind."

"Nay, sir, but hear me," urged Lucien. "This is the first time I have thwarted your wishes. I do not ask for wealth. I desire but that decent competence my honest industry may produce, to support a lovely, virtuous girl, whose character slanders dare not approach—of whose person I have long been enamored, and of whose charms of mind I have long been proud."

"No more, sir!" returned Monsieur Lafarge, irately. "Act just as you please; only keep this all accomplished young lady out of my way—that's all. I have heard of her winning ways; but, thank heaven, I have never seen her—never will see her—no never! unless, indeed, I should happen to meet her by chance; but, if I do, with my own consent, I wish that—"

A servant entered and announced that Mademoiselle Emile Duvoc entreated to see him alone upon business of the utmost importance. Monsieur Lafarge was by no means as hard-hearted as his words would seem to imply. He recognized that the girl wished to speak to him about her father's troubles; and so, notwithstanding his previous words, he bade Lucien quit the apartment, and gave audience to the fair pleader.

Monsieur Lafarge was not surprised at his nephew's love for Emile Duvoc, when the gentle girl stood trembling in his presence. Her fair face warmed even his business modesty and timidity. Prompted by filial love, unknown to her father, she had called to entreat his assistance, as it was utterly out of Duvoc's power to pay his debt, and begged him to extend the time.

Monsieur Lafarge shook his head gravely. He had conceived a little scheme in his mind while listening to her, and he resolved to put it into operation.

"I am very sorry, Mademoiselle Duvoc," he said, "very sorry that I cannot accede to your request; for it unfortunately happens that the sum in question is absolutely necessary to make good one of my acceptances. Monsieur Duvoc is aware, as well as I am, that a merchant's first duty is to honor his own signature."

"I have done, sir," responded Emile, sadly. "Forgive my intrusion, I humbly take my leave."

"Stay! sit down, sit down!" he cried, hastily. "I beg your pardon, made moielle—one word before you depart. You are acquainted with my nephew, Lucien?"

"I have that honor, sir," answered Emile, with rising color.

"Did he ever, mademoiselle—you will pardon the abrupt freedom of an uncle on whom he depends for everything—did he ever give you hopes of obtaining my consent to your union?"

"I believe he may have given himself hope, sir," answered Emile, with gentle dignity; "I never encouraged any."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Lafarge, somewhat surprised at this.

"Lucien is much my superior in worldly fortune," continued Emile, "and I have ever entreated—nay, insisted with tears, for tears, I must confess, would follow the request—that he would never risk your anger by a union so unequal."

"You are a good girl," exclaimed Lafarge, in a gratified tone. "If he then should persist in his proposals, would you reject them?"

"I have rejected them already, and will continue to do so," she replied, sadly.

"My dear Mademoiselle Duvoc, you are an excellent young woman—you might be a treasure to Lucien as a wife—but I have engagements which I must not, cannot break. However, if I could do anything for your father in this exigence—"

Have the goodness to ask Monsieur Duvoc to come, to me directly."

Emile hastened home with a joyful heart, informed her father of what she had done, and he lost no time in calling upon Monsieur Lafarge, who received him very kindly.

"It seems that you cannot honor your bill due to-morrow," said he.

"I cannot, sir," answered Duvoc; "the failure of Kadelburger has disarranged me—has swept from me at one cruel blow the fruit of ten years' hard industry."

"It is very bad indeed," replied Lafarge, kindly. "But could not your brother, who keeps the inn in the forest of Cercottes, give you a lift at this juncture?"

"I would not for the world acquaint him with my difficulties," cried Duvoc, quickly. "His means are slender and he would overwhelm himself to succor me."

"Have you then no one who would come forward in this emergency?"

"No one, if you deny me time—"

"What time is it you wish?"

"Three months for half the sum and six months for the other half."

"Impossible! yet there is a mode of settlement," said Lafarge, beginning to put his scheme forward.

"Name it, sir. I am ready to make any sacrifice."

Lafarge hesitated—a little ashamed of what he was about to propose.

"You have a daughter," he began;

"I think—nay, know that she has interested the heart of my nephew."

Monsieur Duvoc looked surprised.

"Indeed, sir!" he exclaimed, "that is more than I am aware of."

"No matter," proceeded Lafarge. "I have views for my nephew which this attachment would materially disarrange. Could we not, therefore, for both the young people's sakes, contrive to send your daughter on a visit to some relative or friend a few miles distant, until all this nonsense of love and romance is blown over?"

In which case, you understand me, I cancel your note instantly and have no other claim than your word of honor that we settle accounts when you are completely out of your difficulties."

Monsieur Duvoc arose, with honest warmth, to his feet.

"I will persist in a prison first!" he cried. "What, sir, punish my child—compromise her reputation, for money? Never! You may exact your note, sir, and consign me to a dungeon; but while you oppress me, and all that is dearer to me than myself, your accusing conscience will at least force you to respect me."

Monsieur Duvoc bowed haughtily, and instantly took his departure. Lafarge smiled quietly, and took a huge pinch of snuff. He did not seem to be very much offended at what his debtor had said. He summoned his confidential clerk, Dubois, and asked him what he had done with Monsieur Duvoc's bill of exchange.

"I took it, sir," answered the clerk, "that I might have it ready to present with the other bills that become due to-morrow."

Monsieur Lafarge requested him to give it to him, and placed it in his capacious pocket-book.

"I will take care of this myself," he said.

"But, as you are going out of town, how is it to be presented for payment to-morrow?" inquired the clerk.

"I must not be presented at all," answered Lafarge. "Duvoc is an honest man, and I am not a cruel one. I look in that drawer, and see if you can make up twenty thousand francs. I must take that sum with me to complete the purchase of my new country house."

The clerk counted out the notes; and Lafarge placed them in his pocket-book, and as he did so neither perceived the keen eyes that were watching them through the open window.

On the morrow Monsieur Lafarge set forth at daybreak for Artinay. As it was but seven miles, and he prided himself upon his pedestrian powers, he went afoot; and as the road lay through the forest of Cercottes, he took his fowling-piece with him, in the hope that he might bring down a pheasant in the wood. It would also serve as a protection, should he meet with any thieves by the way. But there was not much danger of that, as for the last two years, the grand provost had been invested with the power to try and hang any thief taken in the forest, within twenty-four hours after his apprehension.

At noon that day, an officer of the Marechance discovered the dead body of Monsieur Lafarge, near the inn of Cercottes, and arrested two persons whom he found near the body. These persons were Monsieur Duvoc and a half-witted lad named Coco, who was a waiter at the inn.

The grand provost opened his court at once, and the prisoners were brought before him. The court, for convenience, was held in the garden of the murdered man, and the working people were gathered in timid gazing wonder to view the proceedings. Emile Duvoc and Lucien were both present, both heart-stricken by this unlooked-for calamity.

The prisoners were interrogated, and the evidence against them was very strong. Duvoc had been discovered with the pocket-book of the deceased in his possession, which contained his bill of exchange unreceipted, and the knife with which the crime was committed was proved to be Coco's.

Duvoc explained his presence in the forest by saying that he was journeying to Chevilly to sell his vineyard there, that he might be enabled in part to honor his acceptance. He had heard the report of a gun, rushed forward, and picked up the pocket-book, which had been rifled of everything but the bill of exchange (which the murderer probably knew was valueless to him) and found Monsieur Lafarge weltering in his blood; while stooping over him, and feeling his heart to see if it had ceased to beat he was arrested.

Coco did not deny that the knife was his, but said that he had lost it in the forest that morning. But he knew something unlucky was going to happen to him, as a couple of ravens had flown croaking over the inn, as he ran out, alarmed by the report of the gun. He had seen Duvoc dart into the wood, and following him, found him kneeling over the dead body.

These statements did not avail either of the prisoners. A motive for the crime had been established, and the weapon found and acknowledged, by which the deed had been committed. What so natural as that Coco, Duvoc's brother's waiter, should be a willing accomplice in the crime.

The grand provost ordered them to be led to instant execution, when a strange circumstance occurred. Two ravens flew croaking over the heads of the spectators, and Jean Corbeau, who formed by his brother's side in the throng, suddenly became frantic with horror.

"Ha! there they are!" he exclaimed, "there they are! See—the witnesses of our crime! They come to accuse us of the murder! Oh, save me! save me from them!"

"See those two men!" cried Lucien, remembering the altercation of the previous day. "They are the murderers!"

"Bring those men forward, ordered the grand provost," and he added in amazement, "this is indeed heaven's work!"

The fellow workmen seized upon the two brothers and brought them forward.

"My wound! my wound!" shrieked Jean, as they grasped him roughly by the shoulders.

"Wound! who has wounded you," asked the provost.

"He did—Lafarge," answered Jean, distractedly. "Yes, when Pierre struck the knife into his breast, he fired and hit me. Oh, that the shot had reached my heart! Lead us to death! Heaven will not let us live; it sends its witnesses to blast—to condemn us! The ravens, heard his dying words; for, as they flew croaking over the report of the gun, they flew croaking over our heads—they heard him say, 'Sole witnesses of my murder, heaven grant you may become the accusers of my assassins! They do they do!' He laughed hysterically, and fell to the ground writhing in a fit."

"Do you confess, too?" the provost demanded of Pierre.

He was more obdurate than his brother, and replied, defiantly:

"Yes, since to deny it is useless. He has betrayed me, and I die. Do your worst—hang us as quickly as you like; that is all you can do."

The wretches were taken away to execution, and Duvoc and Coco were released from custody. Their exoneration had been complete.

When the period of his mourning had expired, Lucien, who was enriched by his uncle's untimely death, led the gentle Emile Duvoc to the altar, and it is by their descendants that this singular tradition has been kept alive.

fore him. The court, for convenience, was held in the garden of the murdered man, and the working people were gathered in timid gazing wonder to view the proceedings. Emile Duvoc and Lucien were both present, both heart-stricken by this unlooked-for calamity.

The prisoners were interrogated, and the evidence against them was very strong. Duvoc had been discovered with the pocket-book of the deceased in his possession, which contained his bill of exchange unreceipted, and the knife with which the crime was committed was proved to be Coco's.

Duvoc explained his presence in the forest by saying that he was journeying to Chevilly to sell his vineyard there, that he might be enabled in part to honor his acceptance. He had heard the report of a gun, rushed forward, and picked up the pocket-book, which had been rifled of everything but the bill of exchange (which the murderer probably knew was valueless to him) and found Monsieur Lafarge weltering in his blood; while stooping over him, and feeling his heart to see if it had ceased to beat he was arrested.

Coco did not deny that the knife was his, but said that he had lost it in the forest that morning. But he knew something unlucky was going to happen to him, as a couple of ravens had flown croaking over the inn, as he ran out, alarmed by the report of the gun. He had seen Duvoc dart into the wood, and following him, found him kneeling over the dead body.

These statements did not avail either of the prisoners. A motive for the crime had been established, and the weapon found and acknowledged, by which the deed had been committed. What so natural as that Coco, Duvoc's brother's waiter, should be a willing accomplice in the crime.

The grand provost ordered them to be led to instant execution, when a strange circumstance occurred. Two ravens flew croaking over the heads of the spectators, and Jean Corbeau, who formed by his brother's side in the throng, suddenly became frantic with horror.

"Ha! there they are!" he exclaimed, "there they are! See—the witnesses of our crime! They come to accuse us of the murder! Oh, save me! save me from them!"

"See those two men!" cried Lucien, remembering the altercation of the previous day. "They are the murderers!"

"Bring those men forward, ordered the grand provost," and he added in amazement, "this is indeed heaven's work!"

The fellow workmen seized upon the two brothers and brought them forward.

"My wound! my wound!" shrieked Jean, as they grasped him roughly by the shoulders.

"Wound! who has wounded you," asked the provost.

"He did—Lafarge," answered Jean, distractedly. "Yes, when Pierre struck the knife into his breast, he fired and hit me. Oh, that the shot had reached my heart! Lead us to death! Heaven will not let us live; it sends its witnesses to blast—to condemn us! The ravens, heard his dying words; for, as they flew croaking over the report of the gun, they flew croaking over our heads—they heard him say, 'Sole witnesses of my murder, heaven grant you may become the accusers of my assassins! They do they do!' He laughed hysterically, and fell to the ground writhing in a fit."

"Do you confess, too?" the provost demanded of Pierre.

He was more obdurate than his brother, and replied, defiantly:

"Yes, since to deny it is useless. He has betrayed me, and I die. Do your worst—hang us as quickly as you like; that is all you can do."

The wretches were taken away to execution, and Duvoc and Coco were released from custody. Their exoneration had been complete.

When the period of his mourning had expired, Lucien, who was enriched by his uncle's untimely death, led the gentle Emile Duvoc to the altar, and it is by their descendants that this singular tradition has been kept alive.

Red vs. White.

A singular case has been tried at Coburg, Can., in which a lithe and not unhandsome young Indian, aged eighteen, is charged with eloping with and marrying Miss Taylor, a white girl, aged fifteen, and one of the prettiest girls in all Canada. The red man had been seen in the girl's company once or twice, and her parents forbade her to see him.

On the eighteenth of September the prisoner bought a marriage license, making affidavit that Miss Taylor was eighteen, and that he had obtained the consent of her parents, and on that day, while her father was away from home, they fled to Campbellford and were married. A letter written by the Indian to his sweetheart was read in court, which breathed of love in the untutored breast in a way to make the white man's passion seem dull and tame. He was convicted of perjury and clandestine marriage, but discharged on the accusation of abduction.

"Ma," said a little boy, looking up from an illustrated paper, "I wish I was a little South African boy."

"Why George?" asked his ma. "Why, 'cause their mothers don't wear slippers," he feelingly replied.—*Norristown Herald.*

Tickling induces laughter, except tickling in the throat, which causes coughing—at once removed by Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. 25 cents a bottle.

TIMELY TOPICS.

Repugnance to military life has induced among the inhabitants of a certain village in the department of the Seine, in France, a curious practice of atrophying one of the great toes by some secret method of muscular retraction which has baffled the scrutiny of the most experienced army surgeons. The deformation prevents the foot from being brought fully to the ground. With such success has this system of mutilation been carried on for the past forty years in one particular village, and so discreetly have the peaceful peasants kept their counsels that in the whole period only three conscripts were drawn who were found able to march.

According to the *Chicago Journal of Commerce* the year 1879 will pass into American history as a year of wonderful agricultural prosperity. The cotton crop is larger by half a million bales than ever before; the tobacco crop 12,000,000 pounds greater; and the sugar crop exceeds by some 200,000 hogheads all previous yields. These are crops which belong almost exclusively to the Southern half of the republic. In behalf of the Northern States the excess of products this year over the crops of any previous year is 20,000,000 bushels of wheat, and from 80,000,000 to 100,000,000 bushels of corn. The hog crop is larger this year than for a number of years past—if it be not the largest ever raised.

John Weideman, a boy of ten, living in Marion, Ind., had his right hand and forearm crushed into sausage meat in the cogs of a cane mill. He made no outcry, and when the mill was stopped withdrew the horrible mass, and, laying it on a block insisted that his mother should cut it off. She showed what stock he came of by seizing an ax and doing as she was requested. They then wrapped it up and sent for a surgeon, who desired to administer chloroform, but the boy refused and the surgeon performed the operation, which took ten minutes, without calling out a single groan or exclamation from the lad, his parents witnessing the work without showing any particular emotion.

Plans for rebuilding the town of Szegedin, in Hungary, destroyed some months ago by an inundation, have been laid before a royal commission. Among the most important are, of course, arrangements for preserving the city from the danger of inundation. For protection, it is proposed to raise the level of the city twenty-six feet; but such a work would cost nine millions of florins, and the execution of it would extend over many years. The circular dyke will be constructed at once, and the embankment of the Tisza be raised to thirty feet. The ground will be made to rise from the outskirts to the centre of the city, which would serve as a place of refuge in case of the dykes being ruptured.

The *Nautical Magazine*, alluding to the popular notion that a great part of the crust of the earth is becoming used up by mining operations, and that if the soil which has been dug out of the British mines were piled up it would make quite a mountain range, shows the absurdity of such an idea, by the following figures: A cubic mile is equal to 147,198 millions of cubic feet, and, allowing 294 cubic feet of coal in the solid to weigh a ton, the amount obtained is just 5,000,000 tons of coal in one cubic mile, and this is a greater weight than all that has yet been raised in the British islands. According to the most reliable statistics, the end of 1878 just about completed the first cubic mile of coal, exclusive of waste in mining—the simple fact being, therefore, that if said fuel had been stored in mountain heaps on the surface, instead of being buried in the bowels of the earth, a very small mountain range indeed would have been thus exhibited.

A singular case has been tried at Coburg, Can., in which a lithe and not unhandsome young Indian, aged eighteen, is charged with eloping with and marrying Miss Taylor, a white girl, aged fifteen, and one of the prettiest girls in all Canada. The red man had been seen in the girl's company once or twice, and her parents forbade her to see him. On the eighteenth of September the prisoner bought a marriage license, making affidavit that Miss Taylor was eighteen, and that he had obtained the consent of her parents, and on that day, while her father was away from home, they fled to Campbellford and were married. A letter written by the Indian to his sweetheart was read in court, which breathed of love in the untutored breast in a way to make the white man's passion seem dull and tame. He was convicted of perjury and clandestine marriage, but discharged on the accusation of abduction.

"Ma," said a little boy, looking up from an illustrated paper, "I wish I was a little South African boy."

"Why George?" asked his ma. "Why, 'cause their mothers don't wear slippers," he feelingly replied.—*Norristown Herald.*

Tickling induces laughter, except tickling in the throat, which causes coughing—at once removed by Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. 25 cents a bottle.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

It is not enough to remember the poor.

—Pocayne

A man with a new suit of clothes wonders why every one else looks so shabby.—*Puck.*

The reason why women prefer canaries to parrots is because canaries can't talk back.—*Danielsonville Sentinel.*

He must certainly have had a very serious attack. We refer to the man who was so sick that he threw up his position.

The czar of Russia will celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of his