



THE GREAT REMEDY FOR
ANEMIA, NEURALGIA,
AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE
BLOOD.

COMPLAINTS.

It is recommended by many prominent physicians to be
taken in the following cases:—
Anemia, Neuralgia, Headache, Stomachic, Indigestion,
Dyspepsia, Constipation, Liver Complaint, etc.

It is recommended by many prominent physicians to be
taken in the following cases:—
Anemia, Neuralgia, Headache, Stomachic, Indigestion,
Dyspepsia, Constipation, Liver Complaint, etc.

It is recommended by many prominent physicians to be
taken in the following cases:—
Anemia, Neuralgia, Headache, Stomachic, Indigestion,
Dyspepsia, Constipation, Liver Complaint, etc.

It is recommended by many prominent physicians to be
taken in the following cases:—
Anemia, Neuralgia, Headache, Stomachic, Indigestion,
Dyspepsia, Constipation, Liver Complaint, etc.

It is recommended by many prominent physicians to be
taken in the following cases:—
Anemia, Neuralgia, Headache, Stomachic, Indigestion,
Dyspepsia, Constipation, Liver Complaint, etc.

It is recommended by many prominent physicians to be
taken in the following cases:—
Anemia, Neuralgia, Headache, Stomachic, Indigestion,
Dyspepsia, Constipation, Liver Complaint, etc.

It is recommended by many prominent physicians to be
taken in the following cases:—
Anemia, Neuralgia, Headache, Stomachic, Indigestion,
Dyspepsia, Constipation, Liver Complaint, etc.

It is recommended by many prominent physicians to be
taken in the following cases:—
Anemia, Neuralgia, Headache, Stomachic, Indigestion,
Dyspepsia, Constipation, Liver Complaint, etc.

It is recommended by many prominent physicians to be
taken in the following cases:—
Anemia, Neuralgia, Headache, Stomachic, Indigestion,
Dyspepsia, Constipation, Liver Complaint, etc.

It is recommended by many prominent physicians to be
taken in the following cases:—
Anemia, Neuralgia, Headache, Stomachic, Indigestion,
Dyspepsia, Constipation, Liver Complaint, etc.

It is recommended by many prominent physicians to be
taken in the following cases:—
Anemia, Neuralgia, Headache, Stomachic, Indigestion,
Dyspepsia, Constipation, Liver Complaint, etc.

It is recommended by many prominent physicians to be
taken in the following cases:—
Anemia, Neuralgia, Headache, Stomachic, Indigestion,
Dyspepsia, Constipation, Liver Complaint, etc.

It is recommended by many prominent physicians to be
taken in the following cases:—
Anemia, Neuralgia, Headache, Stomachic, Indigestion,
Dyspepsia, Constipation, Liver Complaint, etc.

It is recommended by many prominent physicians to be
taken in the following cases:—
Anemia, Neuralgia, Headache, Stomachic, Indigestion,
Dyspepsia, Constipation, Liver Complaint, etc.

It is recommended by many prominent physicians to be
taken in the following cases:—
Anemia, Neuralgia, Headache, Stomachic, Indigestion,
Dyspepsia, Constipation, Liver Complaint, etc.

It is recommended by many prominent physicians to be
taken in the following cases:—
Anemia, Neuralgia, Headache, Stomachic, Indigestion,
Dyspepsia, Constipation, Liver Complaint, etc.

It is recommended by many prominent physicians to be
taken in the following cases:—
Anemia, Neuralgia, Headache, Stomachic, Indigestion,
Dyspepsia, Constipation, Liver Complaint, etc.

It is recommended by many prominent physicians to be
taken in the following cases:—
Anemia, Neuralgia, Headache, Stomachic, Indigestion,
Dyspepsia, Constipation, Liver Complaint, etc.

It is recommended by many prominent physicians to be
taken in the following cases:—
Anemia, Neuralgia, Headache, Stomachic, Indigestion,
Dyspepsia, Constipation, Liver Complaint, etc.

It is recommended by many prominent physicians to be
taken in the following cases:—
Anemia, Neuralgia, Headache, Stomachic, Indigestion,
Dyspepsia, Constipation, Liver Complaint, etc.

It is recommended by many prominent physicians to be
taken in the following cases:—
Anemia, Neuralgia, Headache, Stomachic, Indigestion,
Dyspepsia, Constipation, Liver Complaint, etc.

It is recommended by many prominent physicians to be
taken in the following cases:—
Anemia, Neuralgia, Headache, Stomachic, Indigestion,
Dyspepsia, Constipation, Liver Complaint, etc.

It is recommended by many prominent physicians to be
taken in the following cases:—
Anemia, Neuralgia, Headache, Stomachic, Indigestion,
Dyspepsia, Constipation, Liver Complaint, etc.

It is recommended by many prominent physicians to be
taken in the following cases:—
Anemia, Neuralgia, Headache, Stomachic, Indigestion,
Dyspepsia, Constipation, Liver Complaint, etc.

It is recommended by many prominent physicians to be
taken in the following cases:—
Anemia, Neuralgia, Headache, Stomachic, Indigestion,
Dyspepsia, Constipation, Liver Complaint, etc.

It is recommended by many prominent physicians to be
taken in the following cases:—
Anemia, Neuralgia, Headache, Stomachic, Indigestion,
Dyspepsia, Constipation, Liver Complaint, etc.

It is recommended by many prominent physicians to be
taken in the following cases:—
Anemia, Neuralgia, Headache, Stomachic, Indigestion,
Dyspepsia, Constipation, Liver Complaint, etc.

It is recommended by many prominent physicians to be
taken in the following cases:—
Anemia, Neuralgia, Headache, Stomachic, Indigestion,
Dyspepsia, Constipation, Liver Complaint, etc.

It is recommended by many prominent physicians to be
taken in the following cases:—
Anemia, Neuralgia, Headache, Stomachic, Indigestion,
Dyspepsia, Constipation, Liver Complaint, etc.

It is recommended by many prominent physicians to be
taken in the following cases:—
Anemia, Neuralgia, Headache, Stomachic, Indigestion,
Dyspepsia, Constipation, Liver Complaint, etc.

It is recommended by many prominent physicians to be
taken in the following cases:—
Anemia, Neuralgia, Headache, Stomachic, Indigestion,
Dyspepsia, Constipation, Liver Complaint, etc.

It is recommended by many prominent physicians to be
taken in the following cases:—
Anemia, Neuralgia, Headache, Stomachic, Indigestion,
Dyspepsia, Constipation, Liver Complaint, etc.

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

EXCELSUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cicero

\$2 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

No 31

SAINT ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK, AUG. 3, 1870.

Vol 37

Poetry

AT THE WINDOW.

I sit at the window and watch her,
With my books before me spread;
To study the law, my appointed task;
She trimmeth her garden bed.

"Look deep in the rose, my Euphie,
And tell me what you find."
"I find a love that is sweet and warm
Glowing for all mankind."

"Now turn to the breeze, my Eunice,
And say what doth it bear."
"It bears in the touch of its tender wings
A promise of Heavenly care."

"Oh! list to the birds, fair Eunice,
And tell me what you hear."
"I hear a shower of blessings fall
On all things far and near."

No word do I speak to the maiden
As she trips the garden round;
Yet the questions go and the answers come,
Though we utter not a sound.

For I know in the soul of my darling,
Lighting her gladness youth,
Alas! a love for the Father above,
Deep as her sweetness and truth.

And I know, though I dare not breathe it
To the bird on this brushing tree,
That now and then, though she looks away,
Her thoughts they will steal to me.

Miscellany

Charles Dickens.

It is true that the fashion of story tellers
passes away. Every story of literature is
a body of dissonant notes at that truth.

But the influence and the admiration of great
genius do not pass away. There were no novelists
the delineator of the temporary forms of so-
ciety and of persons affected by them, will
gradually become curious as he becomes obso-
lete. But the story teller who deals with hu-
man nature itself, and who paints human char-
acter, which does not lose its freshness with
the lapse of time, although he may die at his
tree at a particular and even a transitory ob-
ject, is not the prey of a changing fashion nor
of a whimsical taste. "Don Quixote" is a
story with a purpose, but it is told by a great
genius, and therefore it is dear to every gen-
eration of men. It is a permanent contribu-
tion to the realm of imaginative creation, like
the dramas of Shakespeare or the tales of Chaucer.

And every story teller, in the degree of his
genius, has the same hold of the world. Sterne
was not a loveable man. He had no especial
humanity. Certainly there was no lofty and
generous purpose in "Tristram Shandy." But
his Uncle Toby is one of the beautiful figures
that the imagination of the English speaking
race will not lose. Sterne will not fade from
the common knowledge like Miss Bevin, or
any other story teller who is already forgot-
ten. It is a great mistake in those who read
Scott's novels thirty years ago to suppose that
they are not read now. So our children will
read Dickens. And the little story teller
who has made this generation rejoice, who has
touched with so masterly a hand the deepest
springs of generous emotion and of high re-
solute—who, far more than any other, has
been the literary minister of that sentiment of
humanity which is the spirit of the age, will
not fade from the English heart like a fashion,
but will rather be, like Chaucer, one of the
darlings of its permanent affection.

When it is said that Dickens was the peo-
ple's story teller, how much is said! The
word people describes a universal range of
sympathy. It signifies no class, but means all
classes. It includes, as the old alliterative
phrase was, the peer and the peasant. And
how immense the service to the general faith
in each other which we all really wish to
cherish, is that of a man who shows, as Dick-
ens did, that the great and the most universal
popularity, the favor of the most ignorant and
of the most educated, may be won without
gandering to a single mean impulse, without
the least ridicule of noble and generous emo-
tion, without any touch of baseness! What
work is so truly lofty as that which, while
morally cheering and strengthening all men,
also inspires and justifies a deeper manual con-
fidence? This is the service of Dickens. It
was not a great artist, so be it. If he was
a caricaturist, so be it. If he was not a gen-
tleman, again so be it. But he was the most
popular author of a time when reading was
universal, and popular without a hint of im-

urity. He was more widely loved than any
author has ever been in his time; and he left
no man living whose death would be so sore
and personal a grief to the English-speaking
race as his has been.

Farewell, kind master! generous heart!
How many and many in America or in Eng-
land, gathering roses in that solemn week of
June, did not wish that they could lay them
upon his grave! For even so, sweet and
perennial as June roses, full of all summer
warmth and beauty, shall be the memory of
the man whose tender touch still makes, and
will yet make, summer in a thousand, thousand
lives.—EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR, in Harper's
Magazine for August.

Interesting Case.

THE FORGED WILL.

A BOLD STROKE FOR A WIFE.

It was my first visit North since I had taken up
my abode and entered on the practice of my pro-
fession in New Orleans.

In the city of New York I had a very dear
friend, my old chum and classmate, George Dick-
son; and as he was the only person I knew in the
great metropolis, of course I lost no time in look-
ing him up.

Three years had passed since our last meeting,
but he could scarcely have produced a change more
marked than had taken place in the appear-
ance and manner of my friend.

Our first greetings and friendly inquiries over,
I longed, yet forebore, to ask the cause of my
friend's melancholy. That evening, in my room
at the hotel, George told me his story. He had
formed an attachment for a young lady, whose
graces of mind and person he portrayed with all
the fervor of a lover's eloquence. She had returned
his affection, but her father had opposed his
suit, having set his heart on the marriage of his
daughter to a nephew of his.

This nephew was a young physician, of profligate
character, my friend assured me—but that
my friend had been prejudiced—who had long but un-
successfully wooed his cousin, to whom his profligate
was as repugnant as to her father they were ac-
ceptable.

Some months since, Mr. Parsons, the young
lady's father, had gone South on business, accom-
panied by his nephew. At New Orleans he had
been seized by sudden illness, which terminated
fatally in three days.

On the day preceding his death he had executed
a will, (which had since been duly proved by
the depositions of the attesting witnesses), contain-
ing a solemn request that his daughter, to whom
he left the whole of his estate, should accept the
hand of his nephew in marriage, coupled with a
provision that in case the latter offered, and she
refused, within a specified period, to enter into the
proposed union, the entire estate devised to the
daughter should be forfeited to the nephew.

To sacrifice her fortune to her father's choice
would not have cost Julia Parsons a moment's
hesitation, but her father's dying request in Julia's
eyes, was sacred. It had surprised and stunned
her, it is true, for in their many conferences on
the subject, he had never gone beyond the most
kindly remonstrances, and had never even hinted
at anything like coercion.

Young Parsons had not the magnanimity to
forego his ungenerous advantage. He might have
been content with his cousin's fortune alone, but
his right to that depended on his offer and her
rejection of an alliance which she felt in con-
science bound to accept. The brief season of grace,
which she had been compelled to beg even with
tears, had already almost passed, and a few more
days would witness the condemnation of two lives
to hopeless misery.

At the conclusion of my friend's narration, I
prevailed upon him to accompany me to the theatre
where we succeeded in finding seats which com-
manded a fair view of the stage and the audience.

In a few moments George touched my el-
bow.

"Observe the gentleman nearly opposite, in
the front of the parquette, seated next the
column, leaning his arm on his cane," he whis-
pered.

I looked in the direction indicated, and saw
a face whose striking resemblance to one I
had seen before caused me to start with sur-
prise.

"Who is it?" I asked.

"Eldridge Parsons," was the reply.

"The nephew of whom you spoke?"

"The same," my friend answered.

"Does he resemble his uncle?" I was on
the point of enquiring, but just then the
stranger drew the glove from his right hand I
saw the first joint of the middle finger was
wanting," a circumstance which, for sufficient
reason, absorbed my attention.

On leaving the theatre, I inquired of my
friend the exact date of Mr. Parsons' death,
which though surprised at my question, he
told me occurred on the 23rd of December.

Next morning found me at the office of Dr.
Parsons.

"Dr. Parsons, I presume? were the words
with which I accosted the gentleman I had
seen at the theatre.

Yes sir.

You may not remember me, Doctor, but I
believe we have met before.

I beg pardon, for not recollecting the occa-
sion.

You were in New Orleans last winter were
you not?

I was, he answered with some embarrass-
ment.

I am the gentleman on whom you called to
draft a will.

He turned pale and made no reply.

I saw a record of that will in the Surrogate's
office this morning I resumed, and—

You speak of my uncle's will, he hastily in-
terrupted.

And yet, I continued, you said it was yours
when you applied to have it written. You
represented yourself as desirous of executing
such a document preparatory to embarking on a
perilous voyage. The paper was drawn in
accordance with your instructions, leaving the
date to be filled in at the time of signing.

Your looks were gray then, and you certain-
ly looked old enough to have a marriageable
daughter, but your disguise was not perfect
and I pointed to the mutilated fingers.

What do you mean? he shouted in a defi-
ant tone, springing to his feet.

I simply that your uncle's signature to that
paper is a forgery? I answered rising, and
confronting him. He died on the 23rd of De-
cember. Your own telegram to that effect is
still in existence. It was on the twenty fourth
day before Christmas, that you called on
me to prepare the paper recorded as his will.

The inference is plain, you undertook to manu-
facture this spurious testament after the death
of your uncle, and wishing to clothe your vil-
lainy in legal form, you procured from my
quadrant, for some one at your instiga-
tion, to simulate the signature of the de-
ceased. The witnesses, who perjured them-
selves in their depositions were procured in
some manner best known to yourself.

Enough sir! he ejaculated, placing his back
against the door; you have shown yourself in
possession of a secret the custody of which
may prove dangerous!

I am not unprepared for your threat, I re-
plied. In the first place I did not come here
unarmed; in the next, I have prepared a full
written statement of the facts to which I have
alluded, with information, besides, of my pre-
sent visit to you. This paper will be de-
livered to the friend to whom it is directed, un-
less within an hour I reclaim it from the mes-
senger, who has been instructed for that length
of time to retain it.

His face grew livid. His frame quivered
with mingled fear and rage, and his eyes
gleamed like that of a wild beast at bay.

What is your purpose? he exclaimed, in a
voice hoarse with suppressed passion.

To keep you see at while you live, I answer-
ed, on condition that you write instantly to
Julia Parsons, renouncing all pretensions to
her hand, and absolutely withdrawing your pro-
posal of marriage.

After a moment's pause he seated himself
at his desk, and hastily penned a brief note,
which he submitted to my inspection; it was
quite satisfactory.

He so good as to seal and address it, I said.
He did so.

I will see that it is delivered, I remarked
taking it up and bowing myself out.

When I met George Dickson that evening
his college look had come back. He had great
news to tell me. The next thing was to take
me to see Julia, and is needless to tell what a
happy evening we three spent together, and
what a happy marriage followed not long af-
ter.

Eldridge Parsons, I have just learned, joined
one of the late Cuban expeditions, and was
killed in a recent encounter with the Spaniards.

IN STATU QUO—A friend in Wooster,
Ohio, sends the following amusing instance of
the simplicity of the African lad, as evinced
in his efforts to attain a knowledge of the En-
glish vocabulary. The boy, some seven or
eight years old, Dan by name, was set to learn
words in an old spelling book that had been
tossed about the house. He soon became in-
terested in watching a race between a small
boy and Time, as represented by an engraving
in the book, and every spare moment of the
day that he could find was devoted to the con-
templation of the (to him) exciting chase.

Night finally compelled the young African to
lay aside the book the book, which his race at
the present day manifest so much pleasure in
studying, and to retreat to his pallet, where, no
doubt, he dreamed of "dat big fellow wid de
mavin' scythe," as he called, in pursuit of the
lark next morning, and the first thing he did
was to get the Speller and look for his heroes
of the race. He gazed intently for an instant
at the picture, and then, with a wild scream of
delight, exclaimed, as he danced all about the
old kitchen, "He ain't cotched 'im yit! he ain't!

cotched 'im yit—Golly! he ain't cotched 'im
yit!"—Harper's Magazine for August.

The History of a Defunct Horse.

A young gentleman just out of college, once
remarked that it was exceedingly insalubrious
to inhale the obnoxious effluvia arising
from the cadaverous carcass of a defunct horse.
He was undoubtedly right, and science has
found a way of remedying the evil. They
now make so many things out of the dead
body of a horse that the animal must be a re-
markably fine one if he is worth as much when
alive as he is in the retorts and kettles of the
chemist. As soon as the horse is dead, his
blood is sought by the manufacturers of albumen,
men, and by sugar refiners, and by the burn-
ers of lamp black. Not a drop of it is allowed
to go to waste.

The mane and tail are wanted for hair
cloths, shives, bow strings, and brushes. The
skin is converted into leather for cart harness,
for boots and shoes, and strong collars. The
hoofs are used for combs, horn work, glue, and
in old times were the chief source of the spirits
of hartshorn, now obtained from the gas house.

The flesh is boiled down in the rendering vat,
and much oil and fat is obtained from it. Some
of the choice bits may find their way into cheap
restaurants, and play the part of beef steak,
or help to enrich the hasty plates of soup of
these establishments. This flesh left after all
has been extracted from it that is of any serv-
ice, is sometimes burned to be used as a nu-
ture, or is worked up into nitrogeneous com-
pounds such as the cyanides, to be used by the
photographer for taking our pictures.

The stomach and intestines make valuable
strings and cords for musical instruments, and
out of the bones so many useful articles are
manufactured that it is almost impossible to
make out a complete list of them. Among
them are buttons, toys, tweezers, knife handles,
rulers, cups, dominoes, balls, and the residue
from all these things is burnt into bone to be
used in the sugar refinery, who thus puts in a
second claim upon the dead horse; and some-
times part of the bone black is burned white to be
used by the assayer in testing for gold; and
when the refiner and assayer have finished
with it, it is converted into superphosphate to
serve as a valuable manure on our land. The
teeth are used as substitutes for ivory; and
the iron shoes if not nail d up over the door
to ensure good fortune to the household, are
worked up into excellent wrought-iron.

Some portion of the bone black is converted
into phosphorus for the manufacture of
matches, and lately a valuable bread prepara-
tion is made of the phosphorus, and medicines
are prepared for the cure of consumptives.

HARD WATER FOR DRINKING PURPOSES.
Dr. Letheby, in an article on the water supply
of London, states that water of moderate
hardness, like that used in London, Paris, Vi-
enna, and some other European cities, is always
to be preferred to that which is entirely soft,
as being less apt for domestic purposes
on account of its being brighter to the eye,
and more agreeable to the taste. He also
makes the singular announcement that the
French authorities are so well satisfied of the
superiority of hard water that they pass by
that of the sandy plains, near Paris, and go far
away to the chalk hills of Champagne, where
they find water even harder than that of Lon-
don; giving as reason for the preference that
more of the constituents from the soft water dis-
tricts are rejected on account of the want of
strength of muscle, than from the hard-water
districts, from which they conclude that the
calcareous matter is favorable to the formation
of the tissue.

Dr. Letheby also states that the mortality in
England is greater, on an average, in places
where soft water is used, other circumstances
being equal, than where the water is hard;
and it is suggested that the "parking hard wa-
ters of the limestone districts are relished, not
only because they are pleasant to the eye, but
because of some hygienic properties in the
excess of carbonic acid they contain, and pos-
sibly because the percentage of lime acts me-
chanically upon the system. The Doctor con-
cludes by expressing his preference for the
very slightly hard water of London over a soft-
er quality, although pre-empting the use of
water containing an excess of mineral matters
—Harper's Magazine for August.

AN INDIGENT COLORED DEACON.—Old
"Daddy" Mingo Pinckney was one of the col-
ored deacons of the May River Baptist Church
near Bluffton, South Carolina. One sultry
Sunday in August, the church being crowded
to hear a thrilling preacher, the intense heat
of the weather proved too strong for Mingo's
strict religious principles, and he fell without
a groan into the arms of Morpheus. The
preacher was thundering away from the text,
"Plow up your fallow ground, and sow good
seed." For some length of time the happy
deacon merely nodded an unconscious assent
to whatever the pulpit said, but at last, sud-
denly springing out of his sleep, he yawned out be-
fore the frightened assembly, "Look yeah,
mass' preacher! You white bucca always do

holler out to we culled folks, "Plow up! hoe
up! plant up!" as if liberty was a cuss and
a delusion! Now I tell you not a nigger in
this church shall lift a lick on de Lord's day!
That ended that.—Harper's Magazine for Au-
gust.

LANGUAGE AND SILENCE.—Language is
the chief means of the expression of the mind.
There is meaning in the glance of the eye and
the gesture of the hand, and there is truth in
the old proverb that "actions speak louder
than words." Some of the sweetest and most
precious confidences that earth ever knows
are those which are shared in silence, when,
with hushed reverence, we sit side by side,
and the clasped hand or the speaking eye are the
only vehicles for the thoughts or the feelings
that could find no adequate expression in lan-
guage. Especially when we approach the
highest of all subjects, our relations with
Divinity, is all more often more eloquent than
words. The influence of religion on the heart
cannot be measured by the frequency or fluency
with which it is described by the lips. There
are doubtless times when the heart is
fired with a holy enthusiasm that longs to im-
part its fervor to others, and its voice then
is earnest and inspiring. But there is also a
ready and fluent utterance of sacred things,
that is in its very nature opposed to true wor-
ship, and which is often the loudest and most
frequent where the devotion it stimulates has
long since died away. The well-known say-
ings, "The heart is too full for utterance," and
"The feelings are too deep for words" have in
them a truth full of significance.

Language seems to hold a middle ground in
our lives, between the wants which ally us to
the inferior creations and the aspirations that
lead us to heavenward. It is the instrument of
all business and learning, and the mainspring
of social life. It is the great means of in-
fluencing others and improving ourselves. But
in the extreme of our nature it retires. Too
often it deals much with the grosser parts,
and too weak to express the highest aspira-
tions, it mingles its limits, and yields to the
superior eloquence of silence.

AN HONEST VOTE.—Many years ago,
when Judge Robert M. Charlton of Savannah,
Georgia, was quite a young man, he, in com-
pany with his late-in-law, Hon. T. U. P. Charlton,
spent every summer in the delightful little vil-
lage of Clarksville, North Georgia.

One day Robert was passing along the
street in Clarksville, and it happened to be
election day. Members of Congress were to
be elected by what was called the general
ticket system and not by districts as they are
now, when he was met by a veritable Demo-
cratic of the mountains, who accosted him thus:
Mr. Charlton, are you the man that is run-
ning for Congress?

No, sir! I am no candidate—my father is
however. But may I ask why this inquiry?

Nothing, only I have not voted yet.

It is consistent with your feelings I would
like if you would vote for father.

I would just as soon vote for him as any-
body.

Mr. C. thanked him and thinking perhaps,
his friend was seeking a treat, invited him in-
to a neighboring bar room.

What will you take?

I never drink anything, but I see they have
some ginger cakes. I would as lief take one
of them with you as not.

Very well. Give us a cake.

My brother is in town with me.

Right, take him a cake with my respects.

Another cake was purchased and paid for,
and the two friends parted. Greeny went to find
his brother, and Mr. C. to join in the merry
dance with his young friends hard by. The
golden hours on angel's wings passed rapidly
away with Mr. Charlton. His friend was
soon forgotten. Late in the afternoon, when
there was a pause in the dance, our veritable
friend very much to the surprise of every one
stalked into the parlor, inquiring for Mr. C.—
Of course all eyes were directed to our friend
as he approached Mr. C. Drawing from his
bosom a four by six inch cake. My brother
had voted alone I see him.

Mr. C's embarrassment was not greater
than his admiration for the fellow's honesty.

"Uncle lies the head that wears a crown."
A head w'd be very uncomfortable without