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Poetry.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

These lines, if crude and undefined,
From empty compliments are free,
A simple wreath of verse entwined
By one who loves and honors thee.

Not for the beauty of thy face—
Fit model for the painter's art—
But for that sweet attractive grace,
Thy loveliness of mind and heart.

Not for the sweet and charming light
That flashes on thy maiden cheek,
But for the spirit pure and bright
That animates their lovely hue.

Not for the rich and glowing rose
That blushes on thy maiden cheek,
Nor for the auburn hair that flows
And curls around thy snowy neck;

But for the sweet angelic soul
That brightens all thy blooming face,
Where I can read as on a scroll,
True virtue and enchanting grace.

THE CLUB FOOT.

A DETECTIVE'S STORY.

One cold January night I was seated cozily by my fireside, enjoying a cup of tea which my wife knows so well how to make, when a violent ring at the front door bell disturbed the repose in which I was indulging.

My visitor was a very handsome young girl of about eighteen years of age. She was dressed with great taste and evidently belonged to the upper ranks of life. She appeared somewhat embarrassed, as if she were at a loss how to begin the conversation.

"Have I the pleasure of speaking to Mr. James Brampton?" she said at last.

"That is my name," I replied.

"My name, sir," continued the young girl, "is Elizabeth Milford."

"Milford," said I. "What the daughter of the gentleman who has lately so mysteriously disappeared, with the account of which the papers have been so full for the past few days?"

"The same, and it is on that very business I have come to consult you. You are perhaps aware that a young man has been arrested on suspicion of having taken his life?"

"Yes, a Mr. Henry Waring, I believe?"

"Yes, sir, that is his name—that young man is innocent."

"I will make a plain statement of the facts of the case, and then I am sure you will agree with me. My father's name, as you are aware, is Mr. Herbert Milford. We live on the banks of the North river, about twelve miles from New York. My father was devotedly attached to me, and we lived as happily as possible together. About a year ago I was introduced to the son of a gentleman living in the neighborhood, and mutual love sprang up between us. Henry Waring visited my father's house every night. But suddenly our dream of happiness was dissipated, and that, too, by an extraordinary circumstance. Henry was early one morning found in the garden attached to our house in a half senseless condition, his clothes and hands were covered with blood, and my father had mysteriously disappeared. Every search was made for him, but without any avail, and Henry was arrested on the charge of having murdered him and concealed the body somewhere."

"That was a very strange conclusion to come to," said I, interrupting her.

"Yes, but you have not heard all," she replied. "My father's watch and purse were found in Henry's pocket at the time he was arrested."

"How does Mr. Waring account for that?" I asked.

"I don't know," replied Miss Milford, "for I have not been permitted to see him. He has been removed to the county jail, and his case has not yet been investigated, owing to the fact of my father's body not having been discovered. But to suppose that Henry could be guilty of murder and robbery, is too preposterous to be believed for a moment."

"Such would certainly appear to be the case," I returned; "but did the place where Mr. Waring was arrested reveal nothing?"

"No obstacle to your marriage with him?"

"None at all, sir; in fact, my father loved him."

"How long ago is it since your father was missing?"

"This is the fourth day. My motive, Mr. Brampton, in applying to you, is to free Mr. Henry Waring from the imputation of a crime of which I am sure he is as innocent as I am."

"It does, indeed, seem improbable that he committed the deed. The first thing I must do is to see Mr. Henry Waring, and hear what explanation he has to give."

"Thank you, sir," said Miss Milford. "When shall I come and see you again?"

"Yes, sir; I am staying with an aunt."

"Very well; when I have anything to communicate to you I will call."

The next morning I started for the town of L., situated on the Hudson River railroad, in the prison of which Mr. Waring was confined. I had some little difficulty in obtaining admission to the prisoner, but when I stated that I was a detective officer, an order was reluctantly given me.

The moment I entered his cell, Mr. Waring advanced to meet me. In a few words I told him of Miss Milford's visit to me, and that I was acting by her instructions.

"I own the circumstantial evidence appears to be very strong against me," he replied, "and I am afraid my plain unvarnished story will not do much toward disproving it. But the following are the simple facts of the case: On the night in question I visited Milford's house as usual. I stayed until eleven o'clock, and then took my leave. I was accustomed to return home by the garden at the back of the house, as I saved something in distance by so doing. On the night I refer to, I was about a dozen yards from the back gate when two men started up from behind some bushes, and seized hold of me. Before I had time to defend myself, one of them struck me a violent blow on the head which knocked me down senseless. When I recovered it was daylight, and I must have been there all night. I found my hands and clothes covered with blood, and my knife which I carried for self-defense abstracted from my pocket. I had scarcely risen to my feet when I was seized and accused of having murdered Mr. Milford."

"But how about the watch and purse?"

"I assure you no one was more surprised than myself when they were taken from my pocket."

"How long a time had you parted with Mr. Milford when you were assaulted in the garden?"

"Mr. Milford usually retired at ten o'clock, leaving Miss Milford and myself together."

After a little more conversation with the prisoner, I withdrew, not very well satisfied with the result of my visit. It is true it served to confirm me in the opinion I had formed of Waring's innocence, but I was no nearer discovering the truth than before.

My next proceeding was to make a strict examination of the premises lately occupied by Mr. Milford, and especially the spot where Mr. Waring had been assaulted. The house afforded no clue, but the garden convinced me that the disorder there had been made after the young man had been struck, and that it was not occasioned by any real struggle that had taken place, but to induce the belief that such a struggle had occurred. There was too much regularity in the uprooting of the flowers and roots, and the shrubbery was broken too systematically not to set this point at rest to the eye of the detective.

I discovered that the most minute search had been made for Mr. Milford's body but without any success. After making these investigations, I returned to New York, and I really saw but little hope of being able to unravel the mystery.

Three weeks passed away, and I had not discovered one single link in the chain I was seeking to find. One day Miss Milford called on me again. In a few words I told her, that up to the present time my researches had all been fruitless. She looked disappointed.

"Have you heard," she said, "that my uncle, Mr. Oliver Milford, is occupying Linden Manor House?"

"Your uncle occupying Linden Manor House?" I exclaimed in a tone of great surprise.

"Yes he appeared there two weeks ago, and claimed all my father's property by virtue of a will which he exhibited, and by which he was made sole heir to all my father's estates."

"Are you sure that the will is a genuine one?" I asked, a ray of hope entering my mind.

"There can be no doubt that it was signed by my father," she replied.

"But who is this uncle of yours? I never heard you speak of him before."

"I had almost forgotten his existence, for the fact is, my father and he were not on good terms together, and his name was scarcely ever mentioned."

"Are you left nothing in this will?"

"Nothing."

"Is it not very strange, Miss Milford, that your father should have left your uncle all his property?"

"It is indeed, very strange," replied the young lady. "They have never spoken to each other for years. My father could never bear to hear the name of his brother Oliver mentioned, and whenever he did speak of him which I have before said was seldom, he always spoke of him as a bad hearted man."

"And yet you say the signature to the will was in your father's handwriting?"

"Yes, sir, I am perfectly satisfied of it; so much so, that when some of my friends advised me to contest the validity of the will, being firmly convinced that my father really did sign it, I refused most positively. I care nothing about my father's wealth, and it is not to regain this that I ask your assistance, sir; my simple wish is to obtain Mr. Henry Waring's release."

"Has this been proved," I asked.

"Oh, yes," she replied, "my uncle has taken full possession."

"And what have you been doing since?"

"I have obtained some music books, and I am doing very well. As I before said, I have no concern about myself."

"Have you any letter or document with your father's signature attached to it?"

"I have a number at home," she replied. "By the way, I think I have a letter of his with me now, written to me, some six years ago, when he was in Albany."

So saying she took from her reticule the letter in question, and handed it to me.

"Will you allow me to retain possession of this," I asked.

"Certainly," she replied; "but I can assure you that if you suppose the will to be a forgery, you are mistaken. The will is undoubtedly genuine."

"Well my dear young lady," I returned, "I do not doubt your word, but you may be mistaken. At all events I should like to judge for myself."

I then bade her good morning, and expressed a wish to see her that day week. When she had gone I immediately put on my hat and coat, and directed my steps to the recorder's office, for the purpose of examining the will. Aided by the index I found it readily, and commenced to read every word of it.

At last I came to the signature. I took from my pocket the letter Miss Milford had given me, for the purpose of comparing the signatures. There could be no doubt whatever but the signature was genuine; the letters were found exactly the same, and were evidently written by the same hand. Still there was a marked difference between the two. That attached to the letter was bold and firm, while that attached to the will was weak and tremulous. The will was witnessed by John Dorsey.

The fact of the difference in the signatures immediately aroused my suspicions. A person's signature rarely differs except when the mind is influenced. But then again I reflected that time might impair a person's writing, and I compared the date of the will with that of the letter. What was my astonishment to find that they were both dated on the same day, namely, January 1, 1843. I next held up the document to the light for the purpose of seeing if there was a water mark on the paper. I found such was the case, and the "Connecticut Mills, 1843," could be made out most distinctly.

Here was a will purporting to have been signed in New York on the first day of January, 1843, by a man who was in Albany on that day, and on the paper that was made three years afterward. And yet there could be no disputing the fact that the signature was a genuine one. The whole truth in a moment flashed across my mind, and I immediately set about unravelling the web. I went to work with a good heart, for I had but little doubt of success.

My first proceedings was to make inquiries as to the exact date of Mr. Milford's disappearance. I discovered that it was on the tenth day of January, and that Oliver Milford had come to take possession of the property on the twenty-first. I also made inquiries as to the past life of the heir of the property, and found that in Boston from which he came, he bore a very distrustful character, and that no one would trust or believe him. I then returned to L., and putting up at the country tavern, I called the landlord to one side.

"Mr. Adams," said I, "do you know any one of the name of Dorsey living in this neighborhood?"

"Yes, sir; there's a Mr. John Dorsey who lives over the river."

"What kind of a man is he?" I asked.

"He's a very tall, strong man," he replied.

"I mean what kind of a character does he bear?"

"Well, I can't say much in his favor, so would rather not say anything."

"I suppose he is not very much liked by his neighbors?"

"You may well say that. Ever since he tackled Mr. Milford so savagely, nobody speaks to him."

"He attacked the late Mr. Milford, did he?"

"Yes, sir; a most unprovoked attack. It seems that Mr. Milford offended this man in some way, and one day there was a sale in town, and Milford and Dorsey both bid for the same article. It was knocked down to the former, and it was after the sale that assault was committed."

"Was Dorsey prosecuted for it?"

"Yes, he was imprisoned for a year, and had to pay a heavy fine."

I learned all I wanted to know, and at once changed the conversation.

I made inquiries as to the exact spot where the witness of the will lived. I procured a boat and rowed directly across the river was not very broad. I then started along the shore until I came to a landing place. After I had proceeded a quarter of a mile, I reached a spot where the mark of horses' feet were plainly to be traced on the snow. It was evident that horses had been embarked at this point on a boat or raft, and had been conveyed to the other side at the point at which I had started.

I made my boat fast and looked about me. I found that the island was small, and thickly studded with green trees, so that I could see but very little in advance of me. Taking, however, the horses' tracks for my guide, I came upon an old dilapidated stone building which had evidently been built long anterior to the Revolution. It seemed to be entirely unoccupied, for the shutters were closed, and thick grass and weeds grew in profusion.

I walked all round the house, but could not find a living soul visible, but I was rewarded with a sight which made my blood tingle in my veins, for it served to substantiate my theory with my respect to clearing up the mystery, and this sight was nothing less than the impression of a club foot many times repeated, near the front entrance of the house, thus showing conclusively that Mr. Oliver Milford was a frequent visitor at Mr. Dorsey's.

I rang the bell, and receiving no answer I opened the door, which was unfastened. It was evident that Mr. Dorsey lived by himself, for there was only one room furnished, and that but meagerly. The first thing that I noticed was a candle and box of lucifer matches on the table in the room. Although it was daylight I lighted the candle and began to explore the house. I first of all examined the upper portion of it but found nothing. I then examined the ground floor with the same success. I did not feel discouraged, for I felt almost satisfied from the fact of the candle being there that such would be the result.

I next proceeded to examine the cellar, and had descended a half a dozen steps before I heard a faint groan. I rushed forward, and entered a spacious vault. In a corner of this damp, dark and dismal den, reclining on a heap of straw, with manacles on his wrists and ankles, I saw an old man whom I was satisfied was Mr. Herbert Milford. I held the candle over his head and saw that he was sleeping. At that moment I heard the sound of footsteps behind me, and turning round I saw that it was Mr. Oliver Milford advancing towards me with all the ferocity of a tiger. A terrible struggle ensued, but I was the younger man of the two, and finally succeeded in overpowering him, and in fixing the manacles, with which he had loaded his poor brother, on his wrists and feet.

The poor old gentleman was conveyed back to his residence, and was soon gratified with his daughter's presence. Young Waring was immediately released from confinement.

I may add that in a month or two Elizabeth Milford and Henry Waring were married. Oliver Milford died after four years confinement in the State prison, where he had been confined for life. Dorsey escaped.

By some means he learned that his victim had been discovered, and at once started for New York. I need scarcely add that it was Dorsey and Oliver Milford who had made the attack on Waring, and placed the watch and purse of their prisoner in his pocket, for the purpose of causing him to be suspected of having murdered the old gentleman.

BOSS TWEED.

Tweed, whose arrest has been confirmed and who is to be surrendered to the United States authorities by the Spanish Government, has swindled the city of New York out of millions, if the following account of his career copied from an American paper, can be relied on:

"On the 31st December, 1869, just prior to the complete formation of his irresponsible Boss-ship, the debt of the city of New York was \$56,234,000; on the 18th of April 1871, a few weeks before his power was broken, it was \$86,541,000, an increase in fifteen months of nearly fifty and a quarter millions! On the evening of the 4th September, 1871, the best citizens of New York gathered in Cooper Institute to protest against the infamous robberies of his gang, which had been laid bare in extracts from the Corporation books published by the New York Times. The case was carried into the Courts, and after long and vexatious delays, Tweed was sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment and to pay a fine of \$180,000, and subsequently he was ordered to refund \$3,000,000. His own aggregate 'stealings' were estimated at \$19,000,000, and those of his colleagues, Swagerty and Connolly, who fled from trial, at \$8,000,000.

"Tweed, having been brought up to be examined in the \$3,000,000 suit on the 4th December, escaped from the custody of the officers. He requested permission to visit his wife at her residence on Madison Avenue, which was granted him. Arriving at the house, the officer remained down stairs in conversation with one of Tweed's sons, while the Boss himself went up stairs and was no more seen. A reward of \$10,000 was offered for his capture, and although a sensational story in the New York papers stated that he spent the winter in Muskogee on the eastern shore of the Georgian Bay, nothing definite has been heard of him until this announcement of his arrest in Spain."

Getting Posted.

A colored man, hobbling along with the aid of a crutch, halted a policeman on Beach street yesterday and said:

"I hasn't been in this town long, an' I wants some advice."

"All right," was the ready reply. "Now, if I was walking along do street an' see a fire what mas' I do about it?"

"Why, you must shout 'fire' as loud as you can to attract attention."

"Yes."

"And then go to the nearest box and sound the alarm."

"I see."

"The steamers will speedily respond and the fire will be put out."

"Dat seems sensible 'an' all right," mused the man, "but dere's one queshun."

"Go ahead."

"What salary does day pay me an' when does de cash begin to come in?"

The officer made a farther explanation and the old man shook his head and responded:

"Coudn't do it—coudn't think of it. While I was gwine fer all doza motions I could make two shillings sawing wood. Ize born into dis world on a cash basis!"

The night Editor of an Eastern journal wrote the following head line to one of his cable dispatches: "The British Lion Shaking his Mane." He was unable to eat his breakfast next morning when he found the printer's version of the matter staring him in the face, thus: "The British Lion Shaking in Maine."

An impetuous but ingenious tramp has left the colored population of Georgetown, Texas, poor in pocket and sore in body by initiating them, at two dollars and a half a head, into "a lodge of Free Masons." The principal part of the ceremony, next to paying the fee, consisted in laying the candidate on a table, face downward, and branding him with a hot poker.

When Dr. Muelin was travelling in Canada he met old D. M., who had a frightful ailment. "I asked how they spent the Sabbath, having no minister. He said, 'I tried to collect the people to hear a sermon; but after reading our sermon, or other they did not come to hear me again. It was too late.' Poor fellow! fancy him reading a sermon."

"Come Pete," said a merchant to a gentleman of the colored persuasion, "what'll you put that load of wood into the cellar for?" "In de fust place, my name is Peter, or, secondly, I see a professional carpet layer and whitewasher; fudermore, I doesn't comete for sich jobs."

A locomotive, without fare or, has commenced running in Paris, on one of the tramways.



California Bitters
Vegetable preparation,
the native herbs found
in the Sierra Nevada
mountains, the medicinal
properties extracted therefrom
Alcohol. The question
is, "What is the cause
of disease?" The answer
is, that they remove
the great blood
poison, a perfect
restorative of the system.
The history of the world has
compounded poisoning
with the use of
every disease man is
a gentle purgative, as
it gives Congestion or In-
flammation and Visceral Organs.

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Bitters as a medicine,
of alcoholic stimulants

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Agents for New York,
New York and Dealers.
In take these Bitters
regularly, and remain long
their bones are not de-
pleted by other means,
and beyond repair.
In the preceding Bitters
and other ingredients that
aiding system.

It is, and Intermittent
fevers are so prevalent in the
rivers throughout the
valley of the Mississippi,
Illinois, Tennessee,
Mississippi, Colorado, New
Mexico, Alabama, Mobile,
Georgia, and many others,
and arises, throughout our
country, during the summer and
autumn, no during seasons of
fevers, are invariably
the result of derangements of
the liver, and other abdominal
organs, a purgative,
it induces upon these
organs, and generally necessary,
for the purpose of
removing the dark-colored
blood, which the bowels are
as a stimulant to the
functions of the digestive

In Digestion, Headache,
Dizziness, Coughs, Tightness
in the chest, Shortness of
Breath, in the Month, Bilious-
ness, Pain in the region of
a hundred other painful
affections of Dyspepsia.
ore a better guarantee of
being by a physician.

ing's Evil, White Swell-
ings, Swelled Neck,
Inflammations, Indolent
Tumors, Affections, Old
of the Skin, Sore Eyes,
as in all other conditions,
ALDER'S BARK Bitters
great curative powers in
and intractable cases.

and other Worms, Urine
of so many thousands, are
and removed. No sym-
ptoms, no verminous, no anhel-
the system from worms

Complaints, in young
age, at the day of wom-
en of life, these Tonic Bit-
teries influence that
can perceptible.
In all cases of Jaundice, red
liver and long its work,
no treatment is to promote
the bile and favor its re-
purpose as VIKSAR BIR-

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