



Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People  
The California Vinegar  
The native herbs found  
in the Sierra Nevada  
are extracted therefrom  
of Alcohol. The question  
asked, "What is the cause  
of success of VINEGAR  
Bitters is, that they remove  
poison, and the patient recovers.  
They are the great blood  
-giving principle, a perfect  
Invigorator of the system.  
The history of the world has  
seen compounded poisons  
of every disease man is  
suffering from. A gentle  
Purgative is  
the Liver and Visceral Organs.  
I enjoy good health, let  
me Bitters as a medicine,  
use of alcoholic stimulants

McDONALD & CO.,  
Sole Agents, San Francisco, California,  
and Charleston, S. C., New York.  
Broughton and Bonham.

I can take these Bitters  
directions, and remain long  
led their bones are not  
dorsal poison or other means,  
as wasted beyond repair.  
hundreds proclaim VINEGAR  
as wonderful invigorant that  
the sinking system.  
lent, and Internit,  
which are so prevalent in the  
great rivers throughout the  
especially those of the Mis-  
sissippi, Illinois, Tennessee,  
Arkansas, Red, Colorado, Bra-  
vo, Pearl, Alabama, Mobile,  
noke, James, and many others,  
tributaries, throughout our  
during the summer and An-  
narkably so during seasons of  
and dryness, are invariably  
by excessive derangements of  
and liver, and other abdominal  
their treatment, a purgative,  
wonderful influence upon these  
is, essentially necessary.  
themselves for the purpose equal  
to the VINEGAR Bitters, as  
sively remove the dark-colored  
with which the bowels are  
a same time stimulating the  
the liver, and generally restor-  
ing functions of the digestive

a or Indigestion, Headache,  
Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness  
Dizziness, Sour Eructations of  
Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bil-  
iousness of the Heart, Inflam-  
mation of the Lungs, Pain in the  
region of the chest, and a  
hundred other painful  
the offsprings of Dyspepsia.  
will prove a better guarantee  
in a lengthy advertisement.  
or King's Evil, White Swell-  
ing, Erysipelas, Scrofula,  
tuberculous Inflammations, Indolent  
as, Mercurial Affections, Old  
sions of the Skin, Sore Eyes,  
these, as in all other constitu-  
tions, Walker's VINEGAR Bitters  
their great curative power in-  
timate and intractable cases.  
Inflammatory and Chronic  
sm, Gout, Bilious, Remittent  
intermittent Fevers, Diseases of the  
Kidneys, and Bladder, these  
no equal. Such Diseases are  
treated blood.

cal Diseases.—Persons con-  
plaints and Minerals, such as  
type-setters, Gold-beaters, and  
they advance in life, are subject  
of the Bowels. To guard  
I take a dose of WALKER'S VIN-  
Bitters occasionally.  
n Diseases, Eruptions, Tetters,  
Blotches, Spots, Eruptions, Pus-  
Carbuncles, Ringworms, Scald  
Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scabies,  
us of the Skin, Eruptions, and  
the skin of whatever name or  
literally dug up and carried out  
in a short time by the use of  
Bitters.  
ape, and other Worms, such  
system of so many thousands, are  
destroyed and removed. No sym-  
ptoms, no verminages, no an-  
tiseptics free the system from worms.  
Bitters.  
male Complaints, in young or  
old or single, at the dawn of wom-  
the turn of life, these Tonic Bitters  
so decided an influence that  
it is soon perceptible.  
CE.—In all cases of jaundice, rest  
your liver is not doing its work.  
sensible treatment is to promote  
of the bile and favor the re-  
turn of this purpose use VINEGAR Bitters.

the Vitiated Blood, when  
its impurities bursting through  
in Eruptions, or Sores;  
when you find it obstructed and  
the veins; cleanse it when it is  
feelings will tell you when. Keep  
pure, and the health of the system

H. McDONALD & CO.,  
Sole Agents, San Francisco, California,  
and Charleston, S. C., New York.  
Broughton and Bonham.

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## FOR LIFE OR DEATH.

"You'll not do it, and get in, you chap, with hair on your head, I tell you that; and, mark ye, Britisher, 'tis no town-bred greenhorn who says it, but old Joe Burton, that has fought injuns and hunted buffler on the Plains afore you left your mother's side, I calculate. 'Taint to be done."

"But, colonel!"—I put in, smiling, yet not quite so much at ease as I desired to appear, for this tough old frontiersman, who remembered the foundation of the settlement, was no light authority as to the practicability of such an enterprise as that which I had, perhaps rashly, undertaken.

"A clear throwing away of life, that's all," gruffly rejoined the veteran, as he stooped to pat the hound that jumps up, whimpering to receive his master's caress. "He that rides the line to the head-waters of the Gila" now has only to thank his own folly if his scalp dries in some peaky wigwam on the prairie. But there, I'm wasting words. A wilful 'ad, like a half-broke mustang, ain't easy to hold back. Anyway, Master Harry Lyndham, I wish you well out of the ugly scrape you have got into."

Colonel Burton was by no means the only friend who strove to dissuade me from my project, but my word was pledged; my mind made up, and it only remained to complete the preparations for my hurried and perilous journey. This was how matters stood with me. I, Harry Lyndham, one of the many young Englishmen whom the hopes of growing rich had drawn to the Far West of America, was then a resident of Tucson City, and a clerk in the employ of Curtis Brothers. The firm consisted of two old and eccentric men—old bachelor brothers—self-educated, as well as, in the commercial sense of the word, self-made, and whose names were known and respected throughout all that wild region that comprises Arizona, Montana, and the northern countries of Texas.

Oddly enough, it was because I was an Oxford man that my then employers had given me the preference over a score of candidates; for, in truth, there was nothing that old John and James Curtis so much prized as the learning which they had never leisure or opportunity to acquire; nor had they had occasion to repent of their choice, since I had served them zealously enough, during the past year, to have gained a high place in their esteem; while I liked them well, since their hearts were as warm as their manners were quaint. Mine were no sedentary duties, and I was more often in the saddle than at the desk; for Messrs. Curtis were speculators and general jobbers, dealing in maize, and wine, and hides, in tobacco, quicksilver, gunpowder, and "notions"; and, above all, in cattle the great staple of the far southwest.

It was not for hire alone that I toiled as I did, earning in Tucson—where immigrants from the old country are seldom held of much account when compared with the bustling Yankee—the reputation of a model clerk, as clerks are understood in that out-of-the-way nook of the earth. My great stimulus was that I was in love with pretty, charming, Rosamond Gray, the daughter of old Mr. Gray, the banker at Cristobal, a town lying to the eastward of the Mimbres, and famous as a market for the agricultural produce of the vast districts bordering on Mexico. In one sense I was happy, for my love was returned; but in another I had met with what was almost a repulse, since Mr. and Mrs. Gray, although entertaining no personal objection to me as a son-in-law, were unwilling to bestow their daughter on any but a wealthy suitor.

"Get rich, Mr. Lyndham," the banker had said good-naturedly, "and I see no reason why Rosamond and you should not be happy according to your own fancy. But neither her mother nor I can sanction an unconditional engagement."

I was in hopes that I might take Mr. Gray's advice, and by growing rich, or at least by acquiring a competence, win Rosamond's hand, the prize that I valued above all earthly considerations; and such is the rapidity with which, in those argentine regions, fortunes are sometimes amassed, that I was not without warrant for aspirations which in Europe would perhaps have seemed futile.

And now to explain the present position of the firm, and the reasons for my undertaking a journey fraught, according to the rugged old militia colonel's dictum, with almost certain disaster. Curtis Brothers, who, by a long course of judicious operations, had raised themselves from poverty to affluence, had at that time on hand a speculation of unusual importance. They had made, chiefly in Texas, very large purchases of horned cattle, sheep, and swine, destined to feed the swarming population of the sterile mining districts, where provisions,

and meat especially, command high prices. The investment seemed the more likely to be profitable, since the twin plagues of New Mexico, drought and locusts, had occasioned a notable mortality among the cattle of Arizona and the adjoining territories, and great pecuniary returns were anticipated.

All these calculations seemed likely to be upset by the sudden outbreak of that smouldering Indian war which never quite comes to an end in that dangerous region. The Apaches, irreclaimable foes of all white men, were on the warpath, leagued, as was reported, with sundry other tribes, the Kiowas, the Navajos, and the deadened Comanches; and already hideous tales of Indian cruelty and massacre reached us from many a lonely homestead within reach of the spoils. The troops had been hastily withdrawn; the caravan about to traverse the prairie had halted for lack of an escort; and it was thought rash to venture more than a few miles beyond the cultivated country. Yet the day was at hand when the great herds of oxen and droves of swine, already purchased, would be waiting at Cristobal for the completion of the bargain, and my employers were well aware that unless the cattle could be paid for in hard dollars, a fatal blow would be dealt to the credit of the firm. Messrs. Curtis had strained every nerve to collect the ready money necessary, and the funds were forthcoming, but the entire scheme bade fair to be frustrated by the abrupt closing of the route, consequent on the war. No man, or party of armed men, could have been bribed to attempt the conveyance of the cash across the plains, now haunted by the savage enemy, when I astonished my employers by volunteering to be the messenger.

"You shall not have to repent it, Harry my boy," said the elder of the two brothers, as he wrung my hand in his own horny one; "you've stood manfully by us at this pinch, and we'd be mean enough for niggers to trample on if we didn't show gratitude a little more substantially than by a few fair words. We never yet did raise a clerk to be partner, but—There, there, Lyndham; I did not intend to egg you on by an offer, as if you needed that," hastily added the honest old fellow, fearing, as he saw the color rise to my face, that I had taken umbrage at his rough speech. "Come safe back to us, lad, and all will be right."

Mr. James Curtis spoke words to much the same effect, at the same time bidding me be careful, and indeed it was curious to watch the struggle in my employers' minds between their natural eagerness to escape a financial wreck that almost amounted to ruin, and the kindly apprehension lest I should lose my life in their service.

As for myself, I knew well enough how great was the risk I ran, and for how momentous a stake I was about to play, and had not the goal before my mental vision been the bright prospect of calling Rosamond my wife, even the prospective partnership would hardly have tempted me to set off on an errand so perilous. I could ride well, too, and was better mounted than most of the residents in that district, where horse flesh is cheap and plentiful, having in my possession a splendid chestnut thoroughbred, originally brought from Kentucky by some United States officer, and which was celebrated for strength and speed. I was fond of Sunbeam, and he of me, for he was docile and intelligent as well as swift, and would follow me for miles as a dog follows his owner, or stand, when I bade him, with the reins hanging loose upon his glossy neck.

There was scanty time for leave-taking. It was deep in the afternoon when I started, a dozen or more of the younger citizens of Tucson riding with me for the first half hour, and giving me a hearty cheer as we parted. More than one strong right hand trembled a little as it grasped mine in token of adieu, and there was an unwonted moisture glistening in the honest eyes of some of the kindhearted young fellows as they wished me "God speed and a safe return." Well do I remember wheeling my steed on a little elevation in the rolling, flower-enamelled prairie, and waving my hat in answer to the waving of hats and handkerchiefs from the little knot of horsemen, not one of whom, I am sure, ever expected to see me again on this side of the grave. Then I rode on, and lost sight of the friendly band of well-wishers.

Some three hours after leaving Tucson I reined up beside the blue, bright waters of a creek, and slackening my horse's girths, I allowed him to drink freely, myself replenishing the metal canteen which was slung at my saddle-bow, for in that desert land another opportunity of appeasing thirst might not readily occur. And presently leaving the grassy prairie, we struck into a tract of country still more lonely and desolate, where the only sound was the thud of my horse's hoofs on the

scorch and barren earth.

Far away, to the left there gleamed against the sky something like a shining wall, impenetrably visible, but which I knew to be serrated crests and mountain peaks of the Mimbres, the natural fastness where dwelt the barbarian tribes whose torch and tomahawk had laid waste too many a happy home. Nor were mementoes of their hostility lacking, as I traversed the track—deeply seamed by wagon wheels and strewn with the bleached bones of mules and oxen—that did duty for a road. Eight or nine times there loomed before me a rude wooden cross, on which was coarsely painted, in letters of black or red, sometimes a name, more often more initials, followed by the simple inscription, "Killed by the Apaches."

The sun went down, the dew glistened on the rank herbage and tufts of the wild sage, and a welcome breeze cooled the heated air, while the broad, bright moon, like a silver shield, rose to shed her chastened light over the vast expanse of prairie.

Onward I rode, until at length, in a sort of oasis, where water, and grass, and trees were to be found, I selected my camping place for the night. With dawn I was again in the saddle, nor did any incident, during that day's journey or the next, vary the monotony of prairie travel. Water was met with, sparingly, indeed, and of poor quality, but the brackish and turbid draught at any rate sufficed to allay that tormenting thirst, which is the great terror of the solitary wayfarer on these burning plains. Wherever there was water, too, there was pasture for my horse; while, for my own sustenance, I was provided with a tiny store of wild-buff-balls, cut in strips and dried in the sun, in Mexican fashion, and with a bag of parched maize-cobs. These, with a flask of French brandy, a Spanish poncho, and ammunition for my carbine and revolver, made up my equipment, save only my canteen with its tin cup and the leathern saddle-bags, wherein were stowed the gold and green backs destined to redeem the credit of Curtis Brothers with their creditors at Cristobal. On the evening of the day I halted in a well watered dell near the head of a creek, and a distance, as I computed, of one hundred and twenty miles from Tucson. Eighty miles more at most would carry me to Fort Webster; and once across the Gila I should be safe, and could make certain of completing my journey to Cristobal. Hitherto I had met with no living soul friendly or hostile. My spirits rose as I proceeded on my way, and I began to feel confident of success.

On that night, lying wrapped in my poncho, with my saddle for a pillow, and my weapons within reach, I dreamed I was at home again, in Old England, and a boy once more, for I saw my sister's faces around me, and those of former friends, and playmates long dispersed, when suddenly I was aroused by shrill, eager neighing of my horse, tethered hard by, and waking with a start, opened my eyes to encounter the fierce eyes gazing and glowering upon me from a hideous painted face, bending over mine, and so close as well-nigh to touch it. I felt an Indian's hot breath upon my cheek, as he stooped over me, while of his purpose there could be little doubt, for, as I could see by the dim light of the dying watch-fire, he was freshly besmeared with paint, and one hand held a glittering knife. As I started up, and grasped the butt of the revolver lying beneath my head, the Indian's other hand clenching me by the wrist, while again my steed neighed shrilly, and as I propped myself on one knee I could see that Sunbeam was plunging and rearing violently, while two dark forms were gliding about the spot where the horse was fastened, apparently intent on undisturbing the long lariet by which he was haltered to the ground.

There are confused recollections of which memory is never able afterwards wholly to unravel the tangled thread. I remember a brief sharp struggle, during which I twice received a slight graze from the knife that the Apache carried, and then my right wrist was freed from the hand that grasped it, and the sharp crack of the pistol, as three shots were successively fired, broke the stillness. Then, almost immediately, I heard the thud of galloping hoofs upon the crisp turf of the prairie, and saw two mounted men, whose fluttering blankets and plumed heads proclaimed their nationality, ride off into the darkness. At my feet lay my first assailant. The two eagles fastened by a silver brooch to his long black hair denoted that he had been a chief or principal warrior, while the paint and tattooing proved him to belong to the great tribe of the Apaches.

My great source of anxiety now was lest the braves who had escaped should have comrades within reach, and I at once decided to press on as my wisest policy.

Up to this time I had spared my horse, but now, heavy as was the sickly heat, and long as were the hours to be spent in traversing the brown, desolate plain, without grass or water, I urged Sunbeam on, the large peaks of the Mimbres becoming more and more distinctly visible as we sped on our way. Poor Sunbeam showed for the first time, signs of distress when we halted beside a stream, the brackish waters of which seemed to burn the thirsty lips that craved for them; but we were now, as I computed, within three hours of the river Gila, beyond which was safety.

The sterile stony desert which spread itself before when, on the next morning, my jaded steed and I set forth upon the track, was almost bare of verdure. The long drought, and the heat of the scorching sun, had withered every green blade, while pools and creeks which ought to have been full of pure water, were mere hollows of dry clay. I shared the last drops of precious fluid I carried in my canteen, and the last bleached corn with Sunbeam, and the good horse seemed as though he were grateful for and understood the kindness, for he rubbed his velvet muzzle curiously against my hand as I stroked his neck. Suddenly as I stood beside him, I looked back, and saw what made, for the moment, my very heart cease to beat, as if an icy touch had frozen the blood in my veins.

Spears and plumed heads, and wild forms, whose shields and scarlet blankets of buffalo robes were distinctly to be seen, were crowded together at the top of a rising ground, coming on over the prairie at an easy, swinging gallop, which a mustang can keep up for half a day. As I set my foot in the stirrup and leaped into my saddle, the Indians, silent till then, set up their fearful war-whoop, and with yells and frantic gestures lashed on their steeds and took up the pursuit with a fury that sufficiently indicated what would be my fate should I be overtaken. Then began a desperate contest—a race for life or death. Sunbeam answered gallantly to my call, and for the first four or five miles I saw little of the enemy; but on they came pitilessly, and soon seemed to gain ground. Had it been on the first day of the journey, I could have laughed at the pursuers, but now the superiority of my noble horse, in stride and strength, was neutralized by the comparative freshness of the shaggy steeds on which the Apaches were mounted. I groaned as I felt Sunbeam lag beneath me, though I urged him on with voice and hand.

Miles upon miles of rolling prairie were traversed, my horse keeping the lead, and speeding on with courage unabated, but staggering as he went, and bearing heavily on the bit as we descended the frequent slopes. The Indians saw their advantage, and pressed on, making every effort to come up with me. One arrow slightly wounded my horse in the neck; a second brushed my cheek, making me feel as though a hot iron had been drawn across it. I bear the thin, blue scar to this day. But maddened with excitement, I spurred Sunbeam on, shook off the pursuers for a while, and presently saw gleaming before the waters of the swiftly-flowing river, which could be no other than the Gila; while beyond it rose the stockaded walls of a lonely building—Fort Webster, doubtless.

I patted my steed's reeking neck as I vociferated the words; and with a faint, friendly neigh, the gallant horse responded to my appeal, and still reeled onward. The river, bordered by tall trees and canebreaks was very near; I could hear its rush and ripple, when Sunbeam, dead beat, stumbled, fell on his knees, and sank slowly down. There was an arrow, unknown to me, sticking in his flank, and the noble brute had actually been bleeding to death as he carried his master with unflinching spirit, over leagues of the weary prairie. For the moment I almost forgot my imminent peril, in grief for the loss of my brave companion; but little time was left for regrets, for already the ground shook beneath the thunder of hurrying horse-hoofs, as with yells and cries of barbarous triumph, the Indians came racing up behind.

Thirty yards before me lay the river, but it was too deep and rapid for a man readily to swim or wade, and though I was weary and worn, yet I could not bear to abandon life while a chance remained. My pistol was in my belt, but my carbine was strapped to the saddle of the dead horse, and so were the bags which held the money of Curtis Brothers, and these I snatched up, though I had scanty prospects of saving either property or life, so near were the ruthless foes. They were but six lance-lengths away from me as I plunged into the brushwood, intending to take shelter among the tall reeds of the bank, in the faint hope that the clamors of the Apaches might bring out the troops from the fort. To my great joy, however, on

reaching the river bank I beheld, moored to the stem of a mimosa tree, a canoe, containing fishing tackle, and probably belonging to the garrison; and leaping into it, I seized the paddles and pushed off into the middle of the stream, just as four or five of the Indians, who had dismounted, came bursting through the bushes, knife and tomahawk in hand.

The river ran swiftly, and I was inexperienced in the management of a canoe; but the Indians, fortunately, hesitated to take the river, no doubt on account of the vicinity of the fort, and although they pursued me with fierce shouts and volleys of arrows, only one of the latter hit me, inflicting a slight wound on my left wrist; while the welcome sound of a cheer and the discharge of a rifle from the further bank told that the Indian war-whoop had attracted the notice of the soldiers, of whose weapons the Apaches stood in wholesome awe. I was soon among friendly faces, although so exhausted was I with fatigue and emotion, that I fainted before reaching Fort Webster.

My story thus hastily narrated, is nearly at an end. The kindness of the commanding officer enabled me to push on, so soon as rest and refreshment had somewhat restored my vigor; and I reached Cristobal without further hindrance or peril, and was in time to save the credit of the firm whose representative I was, and to allay the suspicions of the half-wild Mexican and Texan cattle farmers, who were already beginning to chafe and murmur at the delay. The oxen and other live stock, some weeks later, were sent, along with a wagon train that traveled under a strong escort of the United States cavalry, to Tucson; and I should have availed myself of the opportunity to return, had not an attack of fever, brought on by anxiety and over exertion, prostrated me for a time, though youth and a robust constitution enabled me to shake it off.

I was still very pale and weak, and was shivering listlessly among the magnolia bushes and coffee-shrubs in the garden of the little inn, when I saw Rosamond and Mrs. Gray, whose kindness to me during my illness had been unremitting, approaching me with joyful looks.

"Can you bear good news, Harry?" asked the latter, smiling; and indeed the tidings were very good ones. My quaint, worthy old employers had been better than their word, having not merely taken me into partnership, in recompense for what I had done on their behalf, but also appointed me their resident agent at Cristobal, a far healthier and more pleasant place than Tucson, with a share in the profits of the firm that was only too liberal I have every prospect of competence and ultimate wealth, while my engagement to Rosamond Gray is very shortly to be brought to a happy conclusion; but in the midst of my new-found prosperity, a sad-denial recollection will sometimes intrude itself as I remember the faithful dumb animal whose bones are whitening on the banks of the Gila.

Seeing is not believing. There are many men you can see yet can not believe.

Bystander:—"Keep the lid on, old man, or you'll make it weak!" "Milkman:—"No fear; reckoned on rain, and brought it out over proof."

A Professor asked his class, "What is the Aurora?" A student, scratching his head, replied, "Well, Professor, I did know but I have forgotten." "Well, that is sad, very sad," rejoined the Professor. "The only man in the world that ever knew has forgotten it."

A gentleman questioning a little boy, said:—"When your father and mother forsake you, Johnny, do you know who will take you up?" "Yes sir," said he. "And who?" said the friend. "The police," was Johnny's reply.

The Rev. Mr. Thom, of Glasgow, had a sovereign contempt for civic authorities of all kinds. A portly magistrate having, one Sunday in summer, found his way to the parish church of Govan, overcome by the heat of the weather fell fast asleep during the sermon. In the middle of the discourse a dog which had got into the church most opportunely set up a howl. "Put out that dog," said the minister, "put out that dog instantly—he'll waken the Glasgow magistrate."

A correspondent inquires:—"How can I prevent my little boy from wearing out the knees of his pants?" We only know three sure ways: You can kill the boy, or you can make his pants without any knees; or perhaps the best way would be to get some other little boy, about the same size, to wear the knees out, if you have such objections to your own boy's doing it.