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POETRY.

A SUDDEN CURE.

A melancholy woman lay
In sickness on her bed,
And, in a faint and broken voice,
To her sad husband said:

"Dear David, when my earthly form
Has turned to lifeless clay,
O wait a while, a little while,
Nor throw your arms away."

"I know a woman, kind and true,
On whom you may depend;
Oh! marry Annula Jones—
She is my dearest friend."

"Yes, Hannah, I have wanted long
To speak of this before;
For Annula Jones and I
Have talked the matter over."

"Then you and Annula Jones
Have been too smart an' sly;
I tell you, David Wilkinson,
I'm not a-goin' to die!"

Her dark eyes flashed; her strength re-
turned;
A weak and scarcely passed away
When she was well again.

A London Scandal.

London Society is now sorely scandalized over the escapade of Mr. Hungerford, a young man of good family whose wife is a leading personage in the "Princess of Wales's set," with Lady Tempest, the wife of Sir Charles Henry Tempest, Bart., of Lancashire and Upper Grosvenor street, London. Sir Charles Tempest and his wife both belong to the old Catholic family of Hungerford. Sir Charles's mother was a daughter of the Thomas de Hungerford, the head of one of the staunchest Catholic English families. He was born in 1834, and fourteen years ago married Miss Herbert, daughter of a wealthy London banker, and one of the most popular and highly esteemed Catholic gentlemen of his time in England. Two years after a short married life of two years, and in 1874, to Miss Harriet Gordon, a daughter of Captain Gordon of the "forty-second Highlanders." The marriage was supposed to be a very happy one, and the sad element of Lady Tempest has created therefore an unpopularity, especially in the best Catholic circles in England, in which Sir Charles Tempest is universally esteemed.

Referring to this matter a correspondent of the Milwaukee Sentinel, writing from Racine says: "Tempest came to Racine in 1857. He was then an officer in the British army, but had been expelled from the country for throwing his superior officer from the balcony into the parapet of a theatre. When he arrived here, under his assumed name of Charles Stuart, he went into business with a man named Loker, as forwarding and commission merchant. He ran things with a high hand. A first class tender and dead beat, he got into debt to every body who would trust him. He was overbearing, quarrelsome, and at all times under the surveillance of a man employed by his older brother to watch him. In 1860 or 1861 his brother died, and by this he gained the estate and title he now holds. He went back to England, and he married the lady who has now deserted him. The general opinion here is that she showed her good sense in leaving him, and the only wonder is that she remained with him as long as she did. Many of our citizens have cause to remember him, and would be glad to even get the amount of interest on their little accounts against him."

The town of Nikopolis, which the Russians have captured, is a town of twenty thousand inhabitants, founded by Trajan, 29 miles north-west of Sistova and 50 from Rusebuck. Near this place was fought the celebrated battle of Nikopolis, September 28, 1896, when Bayazid II. defeated the Christian army under Sigismund, King of Hungary. Like Sistova, Nikopolis is situated on two steep hills, and possesses an ancient castle. It has beside a few mosques, better than the ordinary run of such buildings in provincial towns, and some small trade of its own. The fortifications consist of irregular lines, with bastions and earth parapets, surrounded by a deep ditch, flanked by flat bastions. On the opposite Rouma-

nian bank is Glon, where the Aluta flows into the Danube.

A SWELL THIEF.

Doings of a New York Broker.

Lately the dingy back office of a New York detective was the scene of an impressive spectacle. In the presence of two gentlemen—one a well known detective, the other a prominent merchant—knelt a fashionably dressed man of middle age, confessing a shameful story of crime, and imploring mercy.

"I admit all," he cried. "I stole the property, but I cannot restore it. I was driven to the deeds in order to maintain my position in society. My means had largely left me, and I could not resist temptation."

The statement fell like a thunderbolt upon the merchant, who had known the speaker long and favorably. To the detective, however, it was not at all unexpected, as he had already satisfied himself as to the guilt of the man. The stealing which was here confessed is one of those crimes in the higher circles of society which are generally kept hidden from the public.

In the early part of last December the family of a prominent lawyer living on Fifth avenue gave a social entertainment, to which only persons of high standing in society were invited. The following morning it was discovered that rings, watches and jewelry worth several hundred dollars were missing. The most careful search and close examination of servants forced the conclusion upon the family that the robbery had been committed by some of the guests, although this seemed incredible, as every name upon the list of those present seemed to forbid the thought of suspicion. The affair was put into the hands of private detectives who were unable, however, to obtain the slightest clue to the thief or to the property.

A few days later a wealthy merchant entertained a large number of friends, and the following day a wedding ring and other jewelry, in value about \$1,000, but prized far more on account of family associations, were missing. Every nook and corner of the house was searched, and detectives watched the servants, but mystery continued to surround the matter. Meanwhile another held a reception in his brown stone house on a fashionable up town street, and also suffered a loss during the evening of jewelry, watches and other property, valued at from \$200 to \$300. The articles in this case were in a room where the gentlemen assembled, and the theft lay between some one of them and an old servant, whom the master of the house immediately exculpated, declaring he did not suspect him in the least. The investigation of this theft also was given to the detectives, who visited the pawn-brokers' shops of this and other cities, but none of the property was discovered. An entertainment at the residence of another well known citizen, resulted in the disappearance of more jewelry, and a mystery deeper than any already in the hands of the detectives.

One of the detectives at work on these cases becoming convinced that the thief in each case was one and the same person, and moreover that this person was a member of the company at each party, began a systematic course of action, which was crowned with success. The names of the ladies and gentlemen attending all four of the parties were obtained and entered in his note book. The list presented a formidable array of judges, lawyers, editors, physicians, brokers, and other professional and business men and their wives and daughters. Upon investigating the reputation of these persons, the detective was at a loss to know whom to suspect, all of them having the fullest confidence of their friends and the public. At length his attention was attracted to a gentleman whose expensive social habits and recent reverses in business made the detective think that

he was on the right track. This man, a down town broker, now a member of a well-known firm. His name and family are well known in this city, and he has long enjoyed a position in the very best society. For years he has been a prominent club and society man, always dressing in the height of fashion, and rendering himself very agreeable to his numerous acquaintances. He is an unmarried man and having a handsome personal appearance and attractive manners, he is popular with the ladies. He is a member of one of the leading regiments in New York and has sporting tastes.

It was discovered that the broker was in the rooms in the houses in which the thefts were made, and in the case of the \$1,000 robbery he and one of the judges of the Supreme court were the only persons seen in the apartment containing the property; with this and other clues the detective and the families by whom he was employed became convinced that the broker was the thief, and an anonymous letter was sent to him, charging him with the stealing, and informing him that unless restitution of the property was made immediately the circumstances would be given to the public and he would be handed over to the police. This letter had the desired effect, as the broker appointed a meeting with the detective, and, in the presence of one of the merchants whose residence he had robbed while enjoying his hospitality, made a clean breast of the entire matter. The broker in telling his story, said he had not been doing so well financially as in former years, and it was necessary for him to get sums of money from some source in order to meet his obligations and social expenses. The jewelry he had sold for cash and it was now impossible to recover it.

The broker was promptly arrested at the instigation of one of the merchants robbed, but through the efforts of his relatives and friends the affair was kept secret, and he was released upon bail. It was the intention of the parties whom he had wronged not to proceed against him, if proper restitution was made by him or his friends, who are wealthy. Some of his friends reside in this city and some in Europe. As no steps have yet been taken to restore the stolen property or its value, it is the intention of the wronged families to have their lawyers bring this matter to a crisis.

A. O. Bell, a miner near Auburn, Placer County, California, has "struck it rich" after a patient probation of poverty. He sold his horse for \$10 and pawned his wife's wedding rings so as to keep his family in bread during his last desperate attempt to find a successful lead. His fortune star did not desert him, for he struck, entirely by accident a vein of decomposed quartz, sparkling with particles of gold, and panned out with a pestle and mortar enough to pay expenses. At 30 feet depth he had taken out \$1,500 worth of gold, and then the lead became so rich that he could wash the earth and rock it in a pan and earn from \$1,000 to \$1,500 in a pan. In three days he had taken out \$35,000 worth, the last three pans yielding \$10,000, and being a man of moderate and rational tastes and ideas, was about to sell out for \$50,000. His neighbors who had previously called him "Pike" Bell now call him "Mister."

A young lady in Pennsylvania, who was dressed for a party, wore kid gloves that had been cleaned with benzine, and in lighting the gas, the glove on one of her hands took fire, and she was badly burned before it was extinguished.

Who was the first man? asked a school teacher of a little girl. She answered that she answered that she did not know. The question was put to the next, an Irish child, who answered loudly, "Adam, sir," with apparent satisfaction. "Law," said the first scholar, contemptuously, "you needn't feel so grand about it; he wasn't an Irishman!"

THE SULTAN'S JEWELS.

The chief attraction of the Seraglio is the treasury. Here in a chamber, by no means large, is gathered treasures such as one reads of in tales of the genii. The actual value of these stores is almost beyond conception. Each Sultan seeks to exceed his predecessor in the richness of his addition to the collection, and the result is a dazzling, but not very impressive array of theatrical looking properties, that might just as well be made of glass and tinsel; the effect upon the spectator would be just as pleasing. Imagine to yourself a carpet crusted with pearls, many of them as large as sparrows eggs; a throne of gold frosted with pearls; draperies for horses ridden by the Sultan, embroidered with pearls and rubies; a cradle coated with precious stones; inlaid armor, jeweled helmets, sword hilts—none of these is decorated with fifteen diamonds, each one as large as the top of a man's thumb; coffee trays of ebony with a double row of enormous diamonds, set close together; pipestems, sword-belts, caskets, and bushels of necklaces of the most splendid description heaped together in glass show-cases, and flashing like fire-flies in the dark. The most costly article in the treasury is a toilet table of lapis lazuli and other valuable material, richly inlaid with precious stones of every description. The pillars that support the mirrors are set with diamonds, emeralds, rubies, caruncles, etc.; along the edge of the tables hangs a deep fringe of diamonds, with immense solitary tassels. The whole is a gorgeous bore. Multitudes of attendants are stationed through the apartment, and you may be sure that you are never left for a second unobserved by these watchful guardians of the treasure-house.

Not satisfied with \$900,000.

One of our heaviest real estate men has been under the harrow for some months. Today he has abandoned the fight, and given up everything to his creditors. He was a very successful cotton broker. His income was eight hundred thousand dollars a year. One building, near Trinity Church yielded him a rental of ninety thousand dollars per annum. Everything he touched turned to gold. He was loaded down with cotton. One day a merchant handed him a cheque of three hundred thousand dollars to cancel a contract. He took it. Within ten days cotton surged up and he made a fortune. He owned an elegant house on Fifth Avenue. He crowded it with paintings, statuary and works of art. Not content with this he was induced by a speculator to take hold of a railroad. He bought bonds at sixty. Soon after they went down to forty, and the gentle man bought all he could lay hands on. He took the road. He proposed to run it. He found it unfinished. He equipped it; spent three hundred thousand dollars in locomotive and rolling stock. Ruin came to him as it does to every one who dabbles in outside matters. The panic completed his demoralization. His fine New York property was mortgaged for more than it was worth. Today he has ceased to struggle. Few men will be warned and few will be wiser for all this. He is a man who a few months ago had a royal income of eight hundred thousand dollars a year. He wanted to make a million. Today he is hopelessly bankrupt.

An exchange says that some of the ladies of Roxbury, Mass., are making practical use of the telephone. They extend from house to house fine copper wire, covered with silk, and scarcely visible. The ground connection is secured by running a wire from the gas-burner to the mouth-piece and communication is easily had by applying the mouth or ear to the telephone. Vocal and instrumental music is readily transferred by the wire.

Bridal tours are going out of fashion, and the young man can enjoy the first blissful days directly under the watchful eye of his mother-in-law.—*Mil. Sentinel.*

He took a load from her heart.

She was young and fair, and a tear glistened in her eye as she laid her early head upon his shoulder and exclaimed—"Oh, George, I think if I found you did not love me I should die."

"My darling," he answered, passing his hand gently round her dimpled chin, "I will always love you. Do you think I would marry you if I did not feel sure of it? In a few days, at the altar, I shall vow to love you all my life, and I will keep my vow."

A lovely kind of beatific happiness played for a moment like sunshine on her lips, and then she whispered—"Oh, George, I like to hear you talk like that, you have been so good to me. You have given me a diamond locket, and a gold watch and chain, and rings that an angel might wear outside her gloves and not be ashamed of, and if I thought that one day you'd be sorry you'd given me all these nice things and want them back again, I should break my heart."

He held her gently, against his manly breast, and answered with a quivering voice—"Oh, my own darling, there is nothing on earth that could happen that would make me repent giving you a few tokens of my love, or make me want them back again."

She sprang from his arms like a joyous deer, she shook back her sunny curls, and with a whole poem in her hazel eyes, exclaimed—"Oh George, you have taken a load from my heart. I've come to say I can't marry you after all, because I've seen somebody I like better, and I thought you'd want your presents back again."—*London Fun.*

There are unmistakable indications that the United States is about to enjoy an iron trade with Brazil. The barque Matthew Baird has cleared from Wilmington, loaded with iron rails, and another vessel is to follow with a similar cargo. Wilmington has orders for a large number of cars, ten of them being for the Dom Pedro II. railway. A few locomotives have also been ordered.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Harper's Weekly has a good hit at the hard drinkers. The driver of a horse is hailed by an imbecile individual, with the inquiry: "What'll you charge to take me to Twenty-ninth street?" "Don't be in a hurry; I'll call for you soon enough."

German lost his wife and the next week married again, and his new wife asked him to take her out riding. He felt indignant that she should have no more respect than that for the deceased wife, and said: "You think I ride out with another woman so soon after the death of mine frau?"

"I tell you, sir," said Dr. D.—one morning to the village apothecary: "I tell you, sir, the *vox populi* should not—must not be disregarded." "What, doctor?" exclaimed the apothecary. "You don't say that its broken out in town, too, has it? Bless us! what unhealthy times these are!"

A Louisville, Ky., woman was promised ten dollars by a single woman of her acquaintance if she would induce a certain young man to marry her. She praised the young lady so much in his presence that he sought her hand in marriage and a wedding followed. The woman sued for her pay, but the court would not allow it.

BARNUM TAKEN IN.—The prince of humbuggers has been humbugged himself at last. A tactious Texan lately caught a full-grown male-eared rabbit, and, for his amusement, wrote to Barnum about it, giving a glowing description of its fleetness, the difficulty of its capture, its habits, etc., without naming the beast. The alert showman, anxious to possess so singular an animal, offered \$25 for it. It was promptly expressed, the check sent duly in return, also a free ticket to the show, with this appreciative letter from Barnum's agent: "I am anxious to see you, for you are the only man living who ever humbugged Barnum. The rabbit is worth here in the market 75 cents."