

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

E. VARIIS SUMMUM EST OPTIMUM.—CNC.

\$2.50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XLV.

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, OCTOBER 2, 1878.

NO. 40.

The Pestilence.

The night hath come,
And o'er the trembling city, the curse
Hanging brooding o'er the music it hath still
In many hearts and homes.

The sickly moon

Hides, shuddering, her sad and dimmed face
Among the shroud-like clouds that ragged hang
Upon the limbs of the distressed night.
As up from the devoted city there doth rise
The ceaseless sound of one incessant prayer,
Clogged with the cry of anguish, and the wail
Of childless ones and orphans.

Lone and dark

And still, for want of any human voice,
A thousand dwellings from against the skies,
Where once the laugh of children, and the songs
That burst from the light hearts of mothers,
Filled
The echoing halls with gladness.

Behold!

In your poor room a light has flickered out;
But, ere it fled from those damp, dingy walls,
A human spirit left its home of clay,
On its dear mother's breast, the sleeping babe
Lies like a blossom on a blighted bough;
Oh! how it dreads that it hath lost what, here
Below, can never be replaced!

List! God!

How the chilled flesh doth creep at that wild
cry
Which leaps upon the soul and cowering air,
Like the despair of an o'er-mattered heart
Upon the thing that breaks it! 'Tis the shriek
Of a sick mother o'er her dying child,
"Mother, weep not for me—we'll meet up
there!"

A tearless wife clings to the stricken form
Of him in whom is merged her very self,
As if she would resist with her embrace
The fell Destroyer's grasp. Poor, loving thing!
The man is gone thou lovest—thou but clasp
The chain he wore.

The wretched stars grow pale,
From the far East a herald, clad in gray,
Proclaims the morning, blushing from her bed
Like a young bride, is getting timid up
To meet the eyes that wait her. Up on high,
With a continuous melody from earth
To Heaven, the awakened birds take flight,
And dewy mouths of flowers send welcome out,
Fragrant, to greet her in.

Still the curse,
The Yellow Plumed Destroyer, flaps his wings
And, as he wheels and circles in the air,
A thousand shadows from his plumes fall
Upon the earth below. Heavily he screams,
And fixes in the heart his burning beak;
Death, with a grim smile, hath cast him from
His wrist and bid him swoop.

Forever gone!
The old, the young, the rich, the poor; grave,
gay;
The bad, the good; the homely and the fair—
Gone to a common end.

—Charles M. Denie.

That Blessed Rain.

"Oh, yes," said the doctor, rising at
from the bedside of his patient, "we are
mending—we are certainly mending.
All that your mother needs now, Miss
Farley, is a nourishing diet—plenty of
beef-tea and old port—and we shall
keep her with us many a long year yet."

He was a large, benign man, and he
looked down cheerfully on Bertha Farley
as he spoke, rubbing his hands—
his plump, white hands—and anticipat-
ing a delighted answer.

There was none. The girl's lips
moved, but there was no articulated
response, and a look passed over her face
that seemed one of actual agony.

Certainly her cheek grew very pale.
The doctor stared at her in amazement.
"Beef-tea, sir!" she faltered.
"Yes; you know how to make beef-
tea, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."
"A bit of nice beefsteak or a chop for
her dinner, and a very light meal at
night. Avoid heavy suppers."
Bertha bowed, and the doctor took up
his hat and went away.

"A very singular girl," he said to
himself, as he went down the steps.
"She has hung over her mother every
minute for the last three weeks, and
I now assume her that she will get well—
a thing that seemed impossible three
days ago—she doesn't even smile. I hate
these uncommunicative people!"

Such eccentricities were almost the
only thing that ruffled him.
And Bertha Farley? She stood still,
listening to his retreating footsteps. She
stood as pale and still as a marble
statue, a far-away, strained look in her
eyes, that greatly detracted from her
beauty—for beauty she certainly had
had, at least. There was the faint dim
of a dimple in the white cheek; the fea-
tures were finely chiseled; the ripples of
dark hair fine as silk; but the counten-
ance was pale to sallowness now, and the
expression one of monotonous melan-
choly.

Bertha turned aside to a window, at
last, and slipped her hand into the
pocket of her dress. She drew forth a
dainty pearl portmanteau, and unclasped
it. It was empty.

"Nourishing diet—her life depends
on it now, And I have no money!"
No wonder the doctor did not suspect.

The girl wore a dainty wrapper of rose-
colored cashmere. The room was fur-
nished with oak and green velvet. The
hangings of the bed were white as snow,
and the invalid was wrapped in cambric
and lace.

Yes; the room was beautiful, and the
sick woman had been most comfortably
couch and attended. She had suffered
much, and Bertha had kept well the se-
cret that their account at the bank was
overdrawn, and they were utterly penni-
less. But now she was so desperate in
her emergency that it seemed as if she
must cry aloud.

The invalid stirred on her pillow.
"Bertha, dear, are you there?"

"Yes, mother."

Bertha came to the bed and put her
young face down beside the wrinkled
one on the pillow.

"The doctor says I am getting better."

"Yes, dear mother."

"You must not tire yourself out so
now. Stretch yourself here on the bed,
poor child, and have a nap. Mab will
wait on me."

There was a moment's silence.

"Let her make me some toast and a
cup of nice tea with cream in it. Do you
know, dear," with a faint smile, "I
think I am actually hungry?"

Still Bertha did not speak.

"Are you asleep, dear Bertha?"

"No, mamma—I was thinking. Mab
has gone away," she added. "I did not
think we needed her—only us two—and
I will get my lunch."

"Mab gone? Why, Bertha, there is
so much work to do! Stop, child—don't
look so nervous and harassed. Lie
down and rest. I—"

"I must go on an errand, mamma.
I'll not be gone over ten minutes."

Yes, nervous and harassed the girl
looked. She tied a veil tightly over her
face, and caught up her shawl. In an
instant she was in the street.

"Oh, she said she was hungry!" she
obeyed, the tears running down her
cheeks as she threatened several short
treks.

At last she was in the open thorough-
fare, and looked about her.

Right opposite was a window full of
watches and jewelry, and above hung
three gilt balls.

"That must be the place," murmured
Bertha.

With an aching heart, she drew a ring
from her finger.

It was a beautiful ring—a circlet of
very large and pure rubies. They
flashed like sparks of fire in the sun-
light as the girl drew it from her hand.
Then she plunged across the street, and
with desperate haste unlocked the pawn-
broker's door.

There was a fat, black-whiskered man,
smelling of garlic, behind the counter.
He snatched eagerly at the ring as Ber-
tha offered it for his inspection.

No words could describe the pain
with which she saw it seized by his fat
hands.

"This ring? I will lend you seven
dollars on it, my dear."

"Seven dollars? And when I bring
you back the money I can have the ring
back," added Bertha, earnestly.

"Oh, yes, my dear; any time within
twelve months."

He handed her the money in silver.
Her thin fingers closed over it, but she
had removed her veil, and stood looking
anxiously at the man.

"You will be sure and not sell the
ring, sir. I will certainly redeem it be-
fore the twelve months are out. My
name is Bertha Farley," she added; "I
live at No. 870 A—h street."

The old pawnbroker smiled at the
unspontaneous air. His customers were
not usually so willingly frank and com-
municative.

"I will write it down, my dear, and
give you a ticket. You can have the
ring when you bring back the money,"
he added, civilly.

Bertha came out, trying to think only
of the dear money in her hand. It would
buy her dear, sick mother nourishing
food. But when she reached the store
she found that she was still crying softly
for her ring. Again she drew down her
veil. She bought a steak, nice fresh
butter, and a French loaf.

She could have hugged the bundles
with gladness and gratitude as she re-
ceived them.

"Darling mother, your precious life
is safe!" she murmured.

She ran home, coaxed the fire to burn
with a couple of sticks, broiled the steak,
made some tea, and was at the bedside
of the invalid in less than half an hour
from the time she left, with an appetiz-
ing repast upon a tray.

"Oh, how nice!" exclaimed Mrs.
Farley. "Help me sit up, dear. Did
you cook the steak yourself? I don't
remember that Mab ever prepared any-
thing so nicely. It is delicious!"

And weakly, yet with evident enjoy-
ment, she ate and drank all that was
brought her.

Her daughter hung over her with de-
light.

"Bertha, dear, I think you ought not
to have discharged Mab. There are
fires to make—you never made a fire in
your life—and the steps to wash—"

"Dearest mother, I had as soon make
the fire as not; and as for the steps,
never mind. Lie down and sleep, and
then you will get strong."

And Bertha, who for three weeks had
dragged through the unaccustomed task
of making fires, cooking, washing dishes,
sweeping and nursing an invalid day and
night, arranged the bedclothes, lifted
the tray, and ran down stairs with a
light step.

The next day she bought more beef,
and another French loaf; and then she
must needs employ a woman to wash the
great basket of clothes which had ac-
cumulated during her mother's sickness.

Washing and ironing were arts un-
known to Bertha, even if she had the
strength.

But the trouble was that her money
began to dwindle.

"It will not hold out much longer,"
said Bertha, at last. "What can I do?
I must earn some. I must earn enough
to live and get me back my ring."

Still keeping her mother in ignorance
of their straitened circumstances, the
girl daily stole forth during the after-
noon nap of her invalid, and went from
shop to shop offering her services.

But business was dull; there was more
help than occupation; and through many
pleases by her appearance, promised to
give her a chance when times improved,
she effected no engagement.

Weeks of desperate effort and weary
walking went by. The day came when
poor Mrs. Farley, nursed in luxury, and
unequal to the emergency, was required
to know that actual poverty had over-
taken her.

At the most meager rates, Bertha ob-
tained a little plain sewing—enough to
buy their daily bread. Beyond this she
could accomplish nothing; and when at
last the twelve months were up she could
not produce a single dime. And then the
girl shed the bitterest tears of her
life.

Philip Henry had just returned from
abroad. It was summer, and the season
unusually hot. He strolled along A—h
street, a handsome fellow to see, cer-
tainly. But he had seen happier faces,
perhaps.

"A wearisome coming home," he said,
looking along the familiar street. "I
who was coming home to be married."

A look of bitterness crossed the hand-
some face.

"How soon she forgot me! See what
a woman's promise is worth!"

He was proud and resentful. Two
unanswered letters had been enough.
He thought he had whistled his faithless
lady-love down the wind, yet he would
have given all the wealth he had gained
in those two years abroad to have met
Bertha Farley that day face to face.

It was a hot day. Suddenly it was
stifling; and then a great rain cloud em-
bodied itself almost before the sun was
observed.

Everybody hastened to shelter. Philip
Henry looked down at his light summer
shoes, and stepped into a doorway. Of
course, the shower would not last long.

The rain came down in bucketsful.
Watching it absently, it did not occur
to him at first to observe the features of
his locality. At last he saw the three
gilt balls.

A pawnbroker's establishment some-
times holds rare curiosities, and the
rain still falling heavily, Henry obeyed
an sudden impulse, and stepped within.
The owner was fat, black-whiskered,
and smelled of garlic. He was arranging
some rings on a velvet cushion.

"Are those rings to be sold?" asked
Henry, carelessly.

"Oh, surely, my friend."

Suddenly the cool, blonde face flushed.
"That circlet of rubies—will you let
me see it?"

The man permitted.

"I once owned this ring. Will you
tell me who brought it here?"

"It is not stolen, eh?" cried the old
pawnbroker, in alarm.

"Oh, no. I shall not claim or take it
unless I pay for it. But I should like
to know who brought it here."

Henry was trembling, though he made
an effort to conceal it.

"It is a very nice ring," the man
hesitated. "A young lady brought it.
She pawned it with me, but the time
has run out. I put it in the window for
sale."

"It is a very nice one, as you say.
The young lady did not care for the
ring, I presume?"

"Perhaps she did, though. She had
been crying, I remember. She was in
trouble, I thought. I often see people
in trouble, sir."

"Do you know her name?"

"Yes—Miss Bertha Farley, No. 870
A—h street."

"What is the price of this ring?"

"You may have it for fifty dollars.
It is worth twice the money, sir."

Henry did not speak again. He paid
for the ring and left the establishment.
Half an hour later, Bertha, sad, pale,
and weary, opened the door to a hand-
some and prosperous young gentleman
—very unlike any visitor who had en-
tered her door of late.

"Philip!"

"Bertha! Can this be you?"

Before the girl's white, tired, mel-
ancholy countenance all his resentment
faded into thin air. Before she could
speak he had drawn her into his arms,
and kissed her dear, thin cheek.

"We have been very unfortunate,
Philip."

"I see. Why did you not answer my
letters from California?"

"I never received them. I have had
no word or news of you for over a year."

"Nor I from you. And I had con-
cluded that you had repented of your
engagement."

"Repented? I? Oh, Philip, it
seemed so hard when you seemed to go,
too! Papa died, and then the property
went piece by piece—there was no one
to manage rightly. I did not care that
we were no longer rich, but to suf-
fer."

"Bertha, did you need to pawn my
ring?"

"Philip, my mother was almost starv-
ing. She was sick and weak, and the
doctor said she must have nourishing
food. I had none for her. I wept over
my dear ring before I let it go; but there
was no other way; it was all I had that
was valuable. I did such violence to
my feelings to put it to such a use; but
I was desperate. I promised myself to
redeem it soon, but I have had no money
since."

"Don't—don't, my darling, look so
broken-hearted! Poor bird! How cruel
the world has been to you! Bertha, see
—here is your ring."

"Oh, Philip! how—"

"This blessed rain drove me into the
shop where it was. From what the
pawnbroker said, I gathered hope that
you were not, as I had believed, indiffer-
ent and fickle. I had such an angry,
miserable heart, child, when I found it.
To think that you should barter away
the ring which had symbolized my
faith in you! It looked bad—did it not,
Bertha?"

"Yes."

"But he said you had been crying.
This turned my thoughts. I never saw
you cry, brave, happy little thing that
you used to be! I wondered what was
wrong. Then the shocking thought that
you might be in need came to me, and
drove here. I saw the great, rich house,
Bertha, so poor, suffering in this house."

"But we cannot eat the house?" said
poor little Bertha.

"Child, it would easily sell, in these
hard times, even."

"Well, said nineteen-year old Ber-
tha, "how could I sell a house? And
mamma knows less about such things
than I do."

"Poor little thing! You could have
let it for enough to live on in comfort
all your life!" laughed Philip, with
tears in his eyes, as he looked down in
the pretty, puzzled face. "Fortunately
you did not. We will keep it now for
our home. And the larger shall never
be empty again, Bertha!"

That blessed rain!

Words of Wisdom.

Innocence is always unassuming.
Patience and gentleness are power.
Joys are our wings, sorrows are our
spurs.

What is joy? A sunbeam between
two clouds.

A man's own manner and character is
what best becomes him.

A philosopher should be every day
subduing his passions and laying aside
his prejudices.

There are few people who would not
be ashamed of being beloved when they
love no longer.

Out of suffering have emerged the
strongest souls, and the most massive
characters are seamed with scars.

The universe is but one great city
full of beloved ones, divine and hu-
man, by nature endeared to each other.

He who is false to present duty breaks
a thread in the loom, and will see the
defect when the weaving of a life time is
unsettled.

"What I have known," says Dr.
Priestly, "with respect to myself, has
tended much to lessen my admiration
and my contempt of others."

Fashion is a tyrant from which noth-
ing frees us. We must suit ourselves to
its fantastic tastes. But being com-
pelled to live under its foolish laws, the
wise man is never the first to follow,
or the last to keep it.

TIMELY TOPICS.

Prof. Charles Crandall, of Cornell
University has married a blind girl. She
was his schoolmate years ago, and lost
her sight through close study.

The Great Eastern, it is said, has been,
bought by a company for use as a cattle
boat to carry Texas meat to England.
Her capacity will be 2,200 head of cattle
and 8,600 sheep.

Within the last seventy years New
Orleans has had twenty-seven visitations
of yellow fever. The most deadly of the
number was in 1853, when the death
roll reached 2,252, the greatest mortality
on any one day being 283.

The increase in the export of live stock
from the United States to England in the
year ending June 30, was 30,800 head of
cattle, and 4,000 head of sheep. The
actual numbers exported were 80,040
cattle and 183,995 sheep. In addition
thereto, 54,000,000 pounds of beef went
over, an increase of 5,000,000 pounds.

Five strangers recklessly resolved to
capture Kenton, Ohio. They marched
into the village flourishing clubs, terri-
fied a few women, and began to pillage
stores. Their triumph was short. The
villagers gathered in force, stripped
them, dipped them into a barrel of tar,
rolled them in sand, and drove them
out of town.

A Berliner taught his dog to howl
when Bismarck's name was mentioned;
in the seclusion of the prison cell he
wishes he hadn't. Carl Otto Super-
czynski, when the Emperor's health was
proposed, did not fill his glass. As his
father was dying and his mother had
taken to her bed, ill with anxiety, he was
let off with three months' imprisonment.

As many as 7,000,000 persons in all
are computed to have died in the Chi-
nese famine. The province of Szechuan
alone is said to have lost 5,000,000 of
inhabitants in the last winter; in the
districts where the distress is most se-
vere, people pray upon each other like
wild beasts; and in hundred, or even
thousands of villages, seven-tenths of
the population are already dead.

Before the recent marriage festival of
the daughter of Prince Frederic Wil-
helm of Prussia, it was thought advis-
able to test the strength of the floor of
the great reception room of the new
palace at Potsdam. With that view a
number of soldiers were ordered to enter
it in double file, and to their great sur-
prise were then ordered to dance the
polka. They at first considered the mat-
ter as a joke, but as the strains of the
band gave them encouragement they
went through both a polka and a galop.
The floor was found satisfactory.

A remarkable instance of the increase
in the fisheries of a region, from agenc-
ies only indirectly those of man, has
lately been brought to light on the coast
of France. A vessel loaded with so-
called Portuguese oysters was wrecked
six or seven years ago on the sand-bar
at the mouth of the river Gironde, and
its contents were scattered in the water.
They seemed to find it a suitable abode,
as it has recently been ascertained that
they have multiplied to an extraordinary
degree. All the rocks along the coast
for twenty-four miles are covered with
oysters of which 60,000,000 were gath-
ered in 1875, 80,000,000 in 1876, and
150,000,000 in 1877. Of these the green
ones bring readily fifteen cents per doz-
en, by the wholesale, in Paris, while
the white oysters from the same place
are worth two or three times as much.

Edward Bradley's Child.

Fifteen years ago Edmund Bradley,
of New Haven, ran away and became a
drummer boy. He went home after the
war, but rebelled when his parents pro-
posed to send him to Yale, and—this
was in 1867—started for the West.
They next heard, last November, of a
man of his name being killed in a skir-
mish at Cow Island with the Nez Percés,
and on inquiry found that the dead man
was their son. He was the only man hit.
He had settled down as a frontiersman,
leading a aimless life, had married a
Gros Ventre woman, and had attained
to a position of some influence among
the Indians. Mr. Power, of Benton,
placed a monument over Bradley's
grave and bought Bradley's three-year-
old daughter from his Indian mother for
six sacks of flour. His father's mother
went on from Connecticut and brought
it home. It talked Gros Ventre freely,
played with the other children about
the hotel, was as indifferent as the most
stoic member of its tribe could be when
placed in a palace car, but speedily
learned the uses of the orange and pes-
nut of railroad commerce.

Items of Interest.

The lap of luxury—a cat eating cream.
The universal life preserver—bread.
A gross mistake—Eleven dozen for
twelve.

A speaking likeness—Your twin
brother.

Policemen assist each other by club-
bing together.

Only about one per cent. of the shots
fired in war take effect.

"I love you," said Mr. Sheep to Mrs.
Sheep. Said Mrs. S., "Bah!"

"You're sweet on us," as the buck-
wheat cakes remarked to the sirup.

How is it possible for a mirror to flat-
ter when it always casts reflections on
one's personal appearance?

When a man reaches the top of a stair-
way and attempts to make one step
higher, the sensation is as perplexing as
if he had attempted to kick a dog that
wasn't there.

There is a species of South American
lizard which is highly esteemed by the
natives as an article of food. The steaks
of this lizard surpass those of the turtle
in delicacy and flavor. At certain sea-
sons the eggs in the year the female of the species
carries its eggs in a sort of pouch at her
side. She is captured fastened, the
pouch cut open and the eggs removed.
The aperture is then sewed up carefully
and the reptile given her liberty. The
removal of her eggs in this manner does
not kill the lizard, but makes her com-
paratively worthless. The eggs are deli-
cious to eat.

THE GRAPE.

See the azure-glittered grape,
Gleaming grape—
What a world of colicosity
The children would escape
If by any art of learning
And by any mode of turning
They could learn
How to turn
From the grape.
As it dangles on the vine
With its entrails full of wine,
There's detected in its shape.
All the horrors
And the sorrows
That bedevil the hearse and cradle.
Yet we grapple with the grape,
And we grope through all the groupings
Of the grippings of the grape—
Oh, the grape, grape, grape,
Grape, grape, grape,
Oh the group of grappling groupings of the
grape.

—St. Louis Journal.

Assassination of Gen. Mezentsof.

The following account of the assas-
sination of Gen. Mezentsof, chief of the
Czar's private police, is given by a cor-
respondent of the Paris Temps: "He
was in the habit each morning of taking
a walk after performing his religious
duties. He generally went in the di-
rection of the Gostinoy Dvor, or bazaar;
at other times he extended his prome-
nade toward the Newsky Prospect. His
favorite walk was the Place Michel, near
the centre of the town. He, as a rule,
went out between eight and nine o'clock
in the morning, and alone. This habit
of the general was evidently well known
to the assassin. On the day of his
death he rose as usual, dressed him-
self in uniform, and accompanied by his
friend and companion-in-arms, Col.
Makaroff, in civil costume, went to take
his accustomed and favorite promenade.
On reaching the corner of the Place Mi-
chel two well-dressed men were observed
close to a coffee-house. They had, accord-
ing to