



ter's California Vinegar
arely Vegetable preparation,
om the native herbs found
nces of the Sierra Nevada
ifornia, the medicinal prop-
are extracted therefrom
s of Alcohol. The question
asked, "What is the cause
of the success of VINEGAR
Bitters is, that they remove
case, and the patient recov-
They are the great blood-
giving principle, a perfect
Invigorator of the system,
the history of the world has
on compounded possessing
qualities of VINEGAR Bitters
ick of every disease man is
are a gentle Purgative as
relieving Congestion of In-
Liver and Visceral Organs,
and

I enjoy good health, let
ARBITTERS as a medicine,
use of alcoholic stimulants

McDONALD & Co.,
Agents, San Francisco, California,
and Charleston, S. C., New York,
Drugists and Dealers.

can take these Bitters
freely, and remain long
of their homes are not de-
of poison or other means,
wasted beyond repair.

Thousands proclaim VINEGAR
Bitters a wonderful Invigorant that
the sinking system.

Intermittent, and Intermittent
such are so prevalent in the
great rivers throughout the
world, especially those of the Mis-
sissippi, Missouri, Tennessee,
Alabama, Florida, Colorado, Braz-
il, Pearl, Amazon, and others,
and many others, and many others,
tributaries, throughout our
continent during the summer and
autumn, and during seasons of
drought, are invariably
of extensive derangements of
the liver, and other abdominal
organs, a purgative,
and a powerful influence upon these
organs, is essentially necessary,
and for the purpose equal
to any other medicine, as
it removes the dark-colored
bile which the bowels are
same time stimulating the
liver, and generally restor-
ing the functions of the digestive

or Indigestion, Headache,
coughs, Coughs, Tightness
of the chest, Sour Eructations,
and Taste in the Mouth, Inflam-
mation of the Heart, Inflam-
mation of the Lungs, Pain in
the side, and a hundred other
afflictions of the system, and
prove a better guarantee of
a healthy system.

King's Evil, White Swell-
ing, Erysipelas, Swelled Neck,
and Inflammations, Indolent
Mercurial Affections, Old
Sores of the Skin, Sore Eyes,
and in all other constitu-
tional diseases, and in
WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS
is a great curative power in
all the most intractable cases.
Biliary and Chronic
Gout, Bilious, Remittent
Fever, Diseases of the
Kidneys, and Bladder, these
diseases, and such Diseases are
cured.

Diseases, — Persons en-
ticed and Minerals, such as
Sulphur, Gold-beaters, and
advances in life, are subject
to the Bowels. To guard
against a dose of WALKER'S
Bitters.

Diseases, Eruptions, Tetters,
itching, Spots, Pimples, Pus-
tules, Ringworms, Scald
Head, Erysipelas, Itch, Scour,
and of the Skin, Humors and
Skin of whatever name or
kind, dug up and carried out
in a short time by the use
of

and other Worms, lar-
vae of so many thousands, are
removed, and no syn-
drome, no verminages, no anthel-
mintic system from worms.

Complaints, in young or-
dinary, at the close of wom-
en of life, these Tonic Bit-
ters decided an influence that
soon perceptible.

In all cases of Jaundice, rest
of the liver is not doing its work,
the best treatment is to promote
the bile and favor its re-
turn to the system.

Itiated Blood when
purities bursting through
pimples, Eruptions, or Sores;
you find it obstructed and
stagnant; cleanse it when it is
swollen and when it is
and the health of the system.

McDONALD & Co.,
Agents, San Francisco, California,
and Charleston, S. C., New York,
Drugists and Dealers.

The St. Andrews Standard.

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Poetry.

TWILIGHT SONGSTERS.

BY GEO. J. VARNNEY.

The summer day was high its close,
The early moon in shadow rose,
The sun in cloud was sinking;
I watched the flush,
As in the hush
I soberly sat thinking

The busy birds, from silence long,
Salute the night with burst of song—
Their tender vigils keeping;
And, loving, prate
With wailing mate,
Down where the brood lies sleeping.

The kingbird leads with silver bell,
And whippowills of sorrow tell,
Then cuckoo's mellow cooing;
Though seeking food
For hungry brood,
He can't forget his wooing.

The sparrows raise their varied song,
With thrill and flute-note sweet and long;
And robin sings his lusty
About the farm—
There is no harm
If golden vest be rusty.

With whistle musical and bold,
The oriole flirts his jet and gold;
And, in the starlight's fading,
A catbird tries
Rare melodies,
Though mates sit by deriding.

Then all the echoing woodlands fill
With thrush's whistle, sweet and shrill;
The chirping locust plaintive;
The stars increase,
And songsters cease,
And dreamy silence reigneth.

LITERATURE.

THE MANIC SAILOR.

OR, THE ADVENTURE OF A JOURNALIST.

One sultry day in August, 1859, I found myself at Malden, a Canadian village at the mouth of the Detroit River, with a prospect of not being able to get away before a late hour in the afternoon—I mean to get back to Detroit. The town was dull, the people sleepy, the weather terrible, and the prospect of remaining there for seven hours was anything but agreeable.

However, there came a little ripple of excitement when a hotel room for my stay was secured. As I sat in the hotel room reading over and over again a steamboat time-table tacked on the wall, a boy came running in with the information that one of the patients at the insane asylum, located near the town, had nearly killed one of the attendants by possession of a large knife, and made his escape across the fields.

The landlord roused up enough to hope that the maniac would be caught, and five minutes afterwards the circumstance had passed from my thoughts, as I supposed that recapture generally followed escapes from such institutions. Looking out from the window I saw a trim little schooner being made fast to the wharf, before deserted by man and vessel, and anxious to kill time, I made my way to the river. On the way down, I passed the three French sailors who constituted the crew of the craft, but gave them such little notice that I could not have recognized one of their faces five minutes after.

Going on board the schooner, which was named the Lafayette, and was of about ninety tons burthen, I stretched myself out in the shade of the mainmast, which had not been lowered more than half way down. The craft was light, being on her way to some port down the lake for cargo. The crew, as I afterwards ascertained, had been obliged to stop off at Malden to attend a lawsuit. There was scarcely a breath of air stirring when I first went on board, but in the course of half an hour a fine breeze sprang up from the north-west, and not knowing what caused the detention of the crew, I greatly wondered that they did not return. I, however, soon had reason to believe that the breeze was to be taken advantage of, and a step on the wharf, some one jumped over the rail, and I rose up and encountered a roughly-dressed but not a savage-looking man.

"Fine breeze—fine breeze," he exclaimed, rubbing his hands together and kicking at a coil of rope. "We must get under way as soon as possible. If you were only going up the river, instead of down, nothing would suit me better than to keep you company, I replied, knowing how cool and pleasant the ride would be.

But I am, he returned, pulling away at a halcyard. I did think of going to the North Pole, but

I have changed my mind. If you'll help me get sail on her, you shall be in Detroit in two hours.

He laughed when he spoke about the North Pole, and I joined in, supposing that he had referred to some point down the coast, and that he felt in particularly good humor. When I asked about the balance of the crew, he stood for a moment puzzled, and then, striking his forehead, exclaimed:

"O yes; I understand now. The men have concluded to remain here until I get back. They had a curiosity to look through the insane asylum, and I thought I would give them a holiday. We can manage her alone, I guess."

At that moment, a boy about fifteen years old made his appearance on the deck, carrying a bundle in his hand. He asked the captain which way he was to sail, and, having told up the river, offered to help sail the schooner as far as Detroit for the sake of getting transportation. He was told to come on board, and was with us the next moment. The schooner laid with her bow up stream, and was made fast by a rope thrown over a "snatching post." Instead of sending any one to cast off the rope, the captain shipped it free on board of the rope running out through the hawse-hole as the current started the schooner down stream.

"Here! take this and push her off!" he exclaimed, handing me a long pine pole, and at the same time ordered the boy to hoist the jibs.

Both orders were promptly obeyed, and in three minutes, to my great amazement, the Lafayette had swung around and was going down stream. I was somewhat confused, as was the case with the boy, but this did not prevent us from promptly obeying the subsequent orders to hoist the fore and mainmast, and we soon had all sail set. The schooner was into the lake by this time, and after a moment's hesitation I walked aft to where the captain stood at the wheel and inquired:

"Do you call this going to Detroit? What are you trying to do?"

"None of your business!" he shouted in reply. "I am captain of this vessel, and I shall sail her where I please!"

But, you said—

"I want no mutiny here!" he interrupted, so I forward and had in a little on that forehead, and if I hear another word from you, you'll get this!"

He reached one hand to his bosom, pulled out a large knife, and laying the weapon on the cabin roof before him, repeated his order for me to go forward. The moment I caught sight of the knife my hair came up on end, for it instantly occurred to me that the captain was the escaped maniac! I saw it in his look and actions, was convinced in a moment, and my legs trembled so that I could scarcely walk forward to where the boy was standing at the sampson post. I had just reached the sheet to give it a haul, having called to the boy to aid me, when the maniac sang out:

"Here! you devil! come here, quick!"

Feeling that it was the best course to obey him, I hastened aft, and he let go of the wheel and signed that I should take it. At the same moment I heard a shout astern, and my eye caught a small sailboat coming in pursuit, being manned by four men, and then not over thirty rods astern. The maniac had noted the pursuit, and this was why he called to me.

"Here! take the wheel—give her another point—the devils are after us!" we must get our affairs ready!"

He ran around to the companion way and down into the cabin, being very much excited. The men astern were waving their hats and shouting, one of them calling to me that the escaped patient was on board, and saying that he would murder me if we did not look out. The boy had come aft, and this information gave him such a shock that he ran forward, slipped over the bows, and got a seat on the chain.

I could hear the maniac rummaging round the cabin, and I made up my mind to bring the schooner up into the wind and hold her there until the pursuers could come up. The breeze was freshening every moment, and a black cloud was beginning to blow up in the southwest, portending a thunder-storm. There was already quite a heavy sea on the lake, making the vessel jump and toss like a cork. I saw that the sea was getting too much for the sailboat, and therefore gave the wheel a sharp turn to starboard, and hauled the schooner as near the wind's eye as she could come without her sails "jibing." The effect was of course to stop her headway, and the jibs began snapping and cracking like a score of goat whips.

The pursuers gave a cheer as they saw the manœuvre, and put their boat directly for the schooner, but our trip was the matter of a moment. The sound of the snapping jibs caught the attention of the maniac, and he rushed up to ascertain the cause.

"He! you are betraying me!" he shouted, leaping at me and tearing up from the wheel. "You shall die for this, yes. I'll cut your heart out and feed it to the sharks!"

As I went whirling along the deck, he gave the

wheel a turn, the schooner's head fell off, and every inch of canvas was soon drawing again. The pursuers were within ten yards of us as the sails filled, and, seeing what had occurred, again shouted to me, telling me to leap overboard and they would pick me up. They also shouted the same words to the boy, having caught sight of him in the chains; and why he did not do it is more than I can conceive, although I believe that he could not swim, and was fearful of drowning before they could come up. As for me, I should have taken the leap, being a good swimmer, had not the man suspected me and cried out:

"If you attempt to go, I will plunge after and stay you with this knife!"

He had the knife close at hand, and I saw that he could leave the wheel and strike me before I could fling myself over the rail. I therefore abandoned the idea, the sooner because there was then a distance of half a mile between vessel and boat, and the weather was growing worse every moment. I started to go forward, but the maniac called me back and ordered me to take the wheel. He threw his hat, coat and vest overboard, removed and tossed over his shoes, and when he looked up I saw a change for the better in his countenance. His eyes had lost some of their fire, the hard lines had left his face, and I saw him smile.

"Wouldn't it be glorious if we could be the first to discover the golden islands?" he began, cooing up and laying his hand on my arm, and speaking as gently as a woman. "I have been looking for them all my life, but I never had a ship or a crew, and could not run before the wind. The islands are all gold—solid gold, and we are being right for them. There's enough gold to make us all rich—to buy us fine houses and nice clothes, and you shall have half. Won't it be a grand thing?"

He pulled up the sleeve of his shirt while speaking, and I caught sight of anchors and hearts tattooed into his arm. This was enough to show that he had been a sailor, and I believed that the golden islands of his talk were some of the localities which had been brought up in the castle of an ocean vessel. While these thoughts were running through my mind, I was also thinking that it was best to fall in with his whims and to do our best, so I replied:

"That's just where I was going to—the golden islands. We will have a fair wind, and you shall be captain all the time. The boy and I—"

"The boy—O yes!—here! where is he?" interrupted the man. He glanced along the deck up aloft, and not seeing the lad, the hard lines crept back into his face, and his eyes resumed the serpent look which I so much dreaded.

"I know where he is—here, you take the wheel, and I'll find him," I returned, feeling that he would go forward and injure the rig if need be.

He took the wheel, and I went forward down at the compass, and I went forward to the boy. He was terribly frightened, and refusing for some time to leave his hiding place. I had persuaded him over the bows, and I was trying to reason his fright away, when I saw that the schooner was going wild, and in a moment she came up to the wind and the jibs commenced flapping. I was just turning when there came a step, a scream of rage, and I was knocked against the starboard bulwarks by a heavy blow on the ear. I heard his hoarse cry, there was a struggle, and then the madman shouted:

"You black devils! You plott'ng hyenas! You were planning to rob me of my ship and gold!"

As I rose up I felt the vessel tossing and bounding, saw the boom swinging, and knowing she was about to broach to I ran for the wheel. The lad was struggling and screaming, the waves were dashing over the bows, and I hardly knew what I did as I seized the wheel and flung it over until the Lafayette was on her course once more. Just as I had accomplished this, the maniac rose up, having the lifeless body of the boy in his arms. The lad's face was as black as coal, and his tongue protruded from his mouth two or three inches, showing that he had been choked to death. I screamed out and jumped for the madman just as raised the corpse on the rail, but I was too late. I was not half way to him when he gave the boy a push, and then with a hoarse shout leaped for me.

I ran back to the wheel, whirling it over as I passed forward to the foremast, around it and back to the cabin, pursued by the howling fiend, and there I picked up a belaying-pin and stood at bay. He hesitated for a moment, and then going to the rail, he armed himself in a similar manner, and began advancing towards me as the tiger creeps upon his prey. His eyes shone like fire, his teeth were firmly set, he grasped the oak pin with both hands, and I knew that a struggle for life was at hand. He was within ten feet of me, and creeping slowly up when the schooner came up in the wind again, the ropes cracking like musketry. In an instant almost the man changed from a lunatic to a practical sailor. He saw the danger, realized that something must be done, and he stepped back, tossed the pin overboard, and said:

I was only j-k-ing; I won't hurt you. We are to sail to the golden islands together, and we must both be captains. Throw your pin away, and keep her off.

Though retaining the pin, I stepped to the wheel, and once more put the little ship on her course, the lunatic going forward and easing off the sheets a little. The storm, which had been threatening, was now close at hand. The clouds were rolling up almost against the wind, a sign that the tempest would be a severe one, and the Lafayette was being lifted and knocked about like a cork. I knew that immediate preparations ought to be made to meet the storm, and therefore called to the lunatic. He had eased off the sheets and trimmed the jibs until the Lafayette had heeled over to port, and if the wind increased, the sails must fly or the schooner go over on her beam ends. I brought her a little nearer the wind as he came aft, and then desired him to take the wheel.

"I know what you want!" he yelled, whipping out the knife which he carried in his bosom; you want to shorten sail and keep us back. You don't want us to reach the golden islands. But you shall not. Ho! there! Keep her off—steady now—if you touch me I'll give you a taste of this!"

But, captain, come here, I replied, as he started to go forward. You know that if we are wrecked, some other ship may reach our gold first—pass us as we are drifting about on the waves. Let us lower the main-sail, haul down the jibs, and keep her under a reefed foresail until the storm is over.

He was a sailor as well as a lunatic, and after a brief glance at the black cloud, he walked forward to shorten the main-sail peak halyards, he began shouting, leaping and dancing. His fury was again aroused, and he seized and tossed overboard everything he could hit.

Blow! blow! blow! he screamed, running toward me with the knife uplifted. It is going to be a grand storm! The mermaids will ride on the white caps, and the dolphins will wash in the foam. Keep her off! keep her off! We must travel faster than this.

I crouched down again, glared at me with his bloodshot eyes, and then began creeping toward me holding the knife ready for a thrust. I looked him straight in the eye, and mistook the wheel. He came closer, and a white foam, stained with blood, began to soak out of his mouth. His hair was cut short, and it stood up on his head like so many sentinels. His eyes were full of blood, his teeth were hard set, and I saw that he meant to murder me. If I left the wheel, the schooner would broach and capsize; but I meant to do it as soon as he made his spring, believing that life would be safer in a battle with the waves.

I never took my eyes off his for a moment. He came creeping slowly on, halting an instant now and then, and at length he was within five feet of me. Then he strained up, his face looked more fiendish, and I saw that he was about to spring. I wanted to speak, to say something to break the spell which had seized me, but my mouth was sealed. I could not utter one single word to have saved my life. I saw his arm raise, he drew a breath, and then he leaped. He leaped high from the deck and ahead, as a tiger would have done, and the next instant was dashed against the bulwarks with great force, his knife falling at my feet. Intent upon watching him, I had brought the schooner into the wind, and a huge wave had caught and lifted her up, and flung her away as a boy would toss a ball.

I picked up the knife, held the schooner where she was for a moment, and had just decided to run forward and lower the sails, when the maniac leaped to his feet, and the storm broke. There was a flash of lightning, a terrible roar, and for the next moment it seemed to me as if the wind ceased blowing and the waves stopped their dash. The sailor looked over the rail, then forward, and then suddenly gave a loud shriek and began to dance. He whirled, leaped, jumped, tossed his hands, and every moment uttered shrieks and yells which sounded more like the howls of a wounded wolf than the voice of a man. Then came the storm. The wind lulled, whipped about, and in a moment blew from the other direction, whistling and screaming a regular tornado. The boom jibed over, the sails filled on the new tack, and then the schooner made a plunge under. I thought she would go straight under, and for a moment it was a hard struggle. Then there was a boom! boom! boom! and the two jibs and foresail went flying to leeward, rent like ribbons. Eased of the burden which was holding her down, the schooner came out of the waves, shook a deluge of water off upon us, and started off like a bird. The main-sail was new, and might have helped us to outside the storm but for the lunatic. He let go of the sheet, to which he had been clinging, leaped upon me, tore me from the wheel, and dragged me around the deck, shouting:

"Oh, isn't this grand! How fast we go! All the devils in the world can't steal our gold now! Waltz—shoot—scream—dance!"

I was like an infant in his hands, and he pulled me around, up, down, port and starboard, whither he pleased. His fingers ate into my flesh as if they had been talons. He

flung me upon the cabin, dragged me off, and twice he tried to throw me overboard, felled each time by the heavy lurches of the vessel. In the midst of the maniac dance I heard a hoarse voice from dead ahead, sing out:

"Ahoy! there! Port—hard sport, for God's sake! You are running into us."

The next instant the Lafayette grazed the side of a barque. I caught sight of half a dozen sailors, heard the crash as our vessel tore their yawl of the davits, and then came our mishap. The schooner came up, shivered a moment, the boom went ponding, and then she fell over on her side as if a thousand giants had been lifting on the weather side. The fiend had me by the throat with his murderous grasp when the accident occurred, and would have strangled me in a moment more.

I cannot remember just what followed. Something tore us apart, flung us clear of the vessel, and after what seemed an age to me, I rose to the surface close to the cross-trees of the mainmast and drew myself upon them. There were ropes in plenty about me, and I soon had a hold which would keep me.

Ho! ho! you tried to cheat me, and I will kill for it, yelled a voice behind me. You want to steal my gold—you are one of the devils who used to beat me when I shouted for my wife!

I looked around, and beheld the maniac clinging to the cross trees of the foremast, and flourishing above his head a belaying-pin he had picked up. The waves dashed over us every moment, so I could not see him plainly, but he kept shouting all the time. At length the schooner swung around, lessening the dash, and giving me a clear view. At that moment the man was within ten feet of me, drawing himself along by the mainmast stay, and grimacing in anticipation of his murderous work. What came over him I could never understand. He suddenly let go of the stay, threw up his arms, and giving utterance to a shriek which will ever haunt me, went down from my sight.

I have but little more to relate. Floating, drifting, sometimes buried under the waves, sometimes lifted high on the crests, I clung to my seat for two long hours after the madman went down to his death, and was then rescued by a boat from a brigantine which how to on catching sight of the wreck. My friends have often badgered me because I refuse to sail, and because the information that an insane person is traveling about the city gives me a nervous chill. My story constitutes my explanation.

In a Detroit Court.

They have a funny judge in Detroit, and he handles his cases with the wisdom of an Art-mus Ward. Listen to him:

John Maroney said it wasn't his fault that he had been arrested for vagrancy. He had hunted the town over for a situation, but everybody turned a cold shoulder. Bank Presidents said it wasn't a good day for hiring cashiers; wholesale merchants said they didn't want a head booker per that day, and leading jewelers advised him to go and learn how to bang himself. Thus he was rebuffed and discouraged at every turn. His ducats went over one, his clothing gave out, and when found he was sitting upon a pile of clam-shells in an alley, straw in his hair, stars in his eyes, and a general non-sensical about his face that made the policeman think of the time he was lost in a shortleaved swamp in the north woods.

I'd like to take you off one side and lay down and struggle with you, said his Honor, but as there's others to come, the struggling business is adjourned 'till die. Have you anything to say why I shouldn't send you up for three months?

I want three lawyers and a jury, replied the prisoner.

I could send out and get you a dozen lawyers and a hundred jurymen, said the Court, but it isn't necessary. You have had a fair trial, been convicted, and as soon as Bijah seats you in the buggy the curtain falls.

Bijah took him out and seated him, and when Maroney shed tears the kind old officer went across the road and got him a three cent lemon, cut the end off and handed it up in such a kindly way that the newsboys threw up their caps and sang:

He is good and he is kind,
You'll never, never find,
A better man than old Bijah Joy.

A D 1900. Scene before a cremation undertaker's shop, where a disconsolate lover is awaiting results. Lover (to undertaker)—"Sir, is she incinerated yet? If so, please fill this vial with her ashes." Undertaker—"Can't do it, young man. Orders are strict to send 'em all home to her ma; so you can't have any ash."

Professor Watson says that there is never more than a million stars in sight at once, but it will be safe to count 'em before swallowing the statement.

What portions of the body are the best travelers? (The two wrists (tourists).)

Why are toddlers like "ong skirts"? Because they come for long rents.

Why are lawyers like Jews? Because one receives his laws from the prophets, and the other his profits from the law.