

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

E. VARIS SUMMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic.

\$2.50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XLVII.

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, JULY 14, 1880.

NO. 29.

A Chapter of Flowers.

A is anemone—child of the wood;
Shyly she roams in her dainty white hood.

B is Sir Buttercup—waving his bell;
The sunshine to catch in its aureole cell.

C is Miss Crocus—all brilliant in bloom;
She trips out to tell us bright springtime has come.

D is for dandelion—golden her breast;
The flower of all flowers that baby loves best.

E is sweet eglantine—blooming in June,
When children and flowers, and birds are in tune.

F is forget-me-not—blue-eyed and small;
She bids us forget not the Giver of all.

G is geranium—crownlet we name,
Call her one or the other, she'll greet you the same.

H is Miss Harebell—nodding so shy
To the welcome she sees in Sir Buttercup's eye.

I is for ivy—of loveliest green;
But poison is lurking where'er she is seen.

J is for jasmine—so laden with sweets,
Her breath showers fragrance on all that she meets.

K is Sir Kingcups—to Buttercup kin;
Indeed, I'm not certain he is not his own twin.

L is for lilac—in rich purple dress
She spreads forth her branches in odorous caress.

M is for marguerite—"day-eye" we call,
The dearest and daintiest pet of them all.

N is Miss Nettle—the beautiful thing
That always returns your caress with a sting.

O is for ox-eye—that daisy so white
That sprinkles the fields with beauty and light.

P is for pimpernel—true weather-glass;
She closes her eyes while the rain-clouds pass.

Q is quince—hard name and rough,
You'll care not for his features, his name is enough.

R is for rose—white, yellow or red,
Their beauty surpasses all the poets have said.

S is for snowdrop—with rosy-tinged cheek;
Eggleton of courtesy, modest and meek.

T is for tulip—gay, flaunting and bold—
Yet her beautiful eyes are a joy to behold.

U is for ulex—tender and true,
So here we must leave him standing alone.

V is for violet—tender and true,
With odorous breath and heavenly hue.

W heralds the willow's soft fur,
With the name of a little home-pet, that will purr.

X, poor unfortunate! brings no bloom,
Yet for sweet charity he shall have room.

Y is for yarrow—for heartache a cure,
And this will insure it a welcome, I'm sure.

Z is for zeb—maning doctor they say;
A zampersand closes our chapter for May.

—Mrs. H. A. Brown.

THE FLOWER GIRL.

"She has got a face like one of her
own rosebuds," said Mr. Fitzalan.

"I've heard of her more than once,"
returned Frank Calverly. "The
Pretty Flower Girl, people call her,
don't they? Old Frixham has doubled
his custom since she came there."

"And the best of it all," added Fitzalan,
with a laugh, "is that she is quite
unconscious of her own attractions—
a little country lassie, who thinks only
of her own business, and never dreams
that she herself is the sweetest flower
of all the assortment."

"Let's go in and buy a Marchionel Niel
bud and two or three sweet verbenas
leaves," said Calverly. "I should really
like to see this modern Flora of yours."

Dorothy Penfield stood behind the
counter of the florist's store, sorting
over a pile of fragrant blossoms which
lay on a tray of damp green moss. Trails
of smilax wreaths, heaped of gold and
red-petaled buds lay in the window;
drifts of purple bellflowers perfumed the
air, and white carnations lay like hil-
locks of snow against the panes of the
show window, while spikes of perfumed
hyacinths and cape-jessamine flung their
scented scents upon the air.

And Dorothy herself, with her round,
dimpled face, pink cheeks and soft,
brown eyes, exactly the shade of the
rippled hair, which was brushed simply
back from the broad, low brow, was a
fitting accessory to the scene.

She looked up, as the two gentlemen
entered, and a sort of crimson shadow
overspread her face for a second.

"Have you got one of my favorite
bunches of roses made up, Miss
Penfield?" Fitzalan asked, with a care-
less bow and smile.

"I know," said Dorothy, softly. "A
rosebud and a sprig of heath, and two
or three myrtle leaves—that is what you
like. No; I have made up just at
present; but I can tie up a bouquet in
half a minute, Mr. Fitzalan."

"One for me, too, if you please," said
Calverly, touching his hat.

"Just the same?"

Dorothy lifted her long eyelashes, which
were like fringes of brown silk, and gave
him a shy glance.

"A little different, please. One of
your own taste, Miss Penfield."

"I like the double blue violets,"
said Dorothy, gently, with "geranium
leaves."

"Then they shall be my favorite
flowers also," said Calverly, gallantly.
The gentlemen had hardly taken their
leave when old Frixham, the florist,
bustled in, with round, red face, shin-
ing bald head, and an air of business all
over him.

"Isn't it time you had the theater
bouquets ready?" said he, looking criti-
cally around, and moving a glass of
fresh-cut callas out of the level sun-
set beams which at that moment fell
like a sheaf of golden lances, at the deep
bow window.

"I shall have them ready directly,"
said Dorothy, starting from her reverie.
"The flowers are all sorted out."

"We have too many carnations on
hand," said the florist, fretfully; "and
those gaudy Cape bells are so much dead
loss. Let the man from the green-
houses know, please; there's a demand
for half-open roses and forced lilies-
of-the-valley."

"Yes," said Dorothy, dreamily, "I will
tell him—when he comes."

The closed country wagon, with its
freight of fragrant leaves and deliciously
scented flowers, came early in the morn-
ing, long before the fat florist was out
of bed, and while the silence almost of
an enchanted land lay upon Upper
Broadway.

But Dorothy Penfield was there freshen-
ing up the stock of the day before with
wet moss and cool water, and clipping the
stems of the rosebuds.

"No more carnations, John," she
said, briskly; "nor amaryllis flowers;
and we want plenty of rosebuds and
lilies-of-the-valley. We have an order
for twenty-eight extra bouquets for a
dinner-party, and I hope you have
brought plenty of carnations and scarlet
geraniums, and some bright flowers."

"I thought perhaps," said honest
John Deadwood, who measured six feet
in his stocking feet, and had the face of
an amiable giant, "you might want to
go back with me to-day, Dorothy. Your
aunt has come on from Kansas, and
there's to be a dance out in the old barn
with plenty of candles and evergreen
boughs. And mother would be proud
to welcome you to the old farmhouse,
Dorothy. Your cleaner tree is kept care-
fully at the south window, and—"

"Dear me!" cried Dorothy, inter-
rupted Dorothy, "why don't they put it in the
greenhouse?"

"Because, Dorothy," said the young
man, reddening, "it reminds us of you.
And the meadow-lark in the cage sings
beautifully; and old red Brindle has a
little spotted calf!"

"Has she?" questioned Dorothy, indif-
ferently.

John Deadwood looked hard at her.
"Dorothy," said he, "you don't care
about the old home any longer?"

"Yes, I do," said Dorothy, rousing her-
self; "but—"

She paused suddenly, the rosy color
rushing in a carmine tide to her cheek,
an involuntary smile dimpling the cor-
ners of her fresh lips, as she glanced
through the smilax trails in the win-
dow.

John Deadwood, following the direc-
tion of her eyes, glanced, too, just in
time to see a tall gentleman lift his hat
and bow as he went jauntily past.

"Is that it?" said John, bitterly.

"Is what?" Dorothy retorted.

"I'm sure I don't know what was
standing here quietly waiting for, and I
with the twenty-eight extra bouquets
to make up by two o'clock. That's all,
John. I think. Don't forget the lilies-
of-the-valley!"

"But you haven't answered me,
Dorothy."

"Answered you what?"

"About the dance in the old barn,
and coming back with me when the
wagon returns at five o'clock."

"It's quite out of the question," said
Dorothy, listlessly.

"Well."

"You promised me, years ago—"

"Nonsense!" said Dorothy, flinging the
smilax and pinks about in fragrant
confusion. "I was only a child then."

"But you're no right to go back of
your word, Dorothy, child or no child."

"I never promised, John."

"But you let me believe that one day
you would be my wife. And I've lived
on the thought of it, Dorothy, ever since.
And if this city situation of yours should
break up my life's hope—"

"Don't hope anything about me,
John!" brusquely interrupted the girl.
"Here comes a customer. Please, John,
don't stand there any longer looking
like a ghost."

And honest, heart-broken John
turned, and went with heavy steps out
to where the wagon stood and old Roan
was waiting, with down-drooping head
and half-closed eyes.

"It does seem to me," he muttered,
between his teeth, "that there's nothing
left to live for any longer."

Dorothy looked half-remorsefully after
him.

"I've almost a mind to call him
back," said she to herself, as she picked
out a bunch of white violets for the

newcomer. "I do like John Deadwood;
but I think he has no business to con-
sider himself engaged to me, just be-
cause of that boy-and-girl nonsense.
One's ideas change as one gets on in
life."

And Dorothy's cheek was like the reflec-
tion of the pink azaleas, as she thought
of Mr. Fitzalan and the turquoise ring
that he had given her as a betroth-
ment.

And Mr. Frixham came in presently.
"I've a note from the Sedgewicks on
Fifth avenue," said he, hurriedly.
"They always order their flowers from
Servoss, but Servoss has disappointed
them. They want the house decorated
for a party to-night—there's not a minute
to lose. I've telegraphed to Bolton's for
a hundred yards of smilax and running
fern, and a hundred scarlet poinsettias;
and I think we can manage the rest our-
selves. You had better go at once, Miss
Penfield, and plan the decoration—
you've a pretty taste of your own—and
I'll send up the flowers, with Hodges to
help you."

And Dorothy went, her mind still on the
turquoise ring, with its band of virgin
gold and its radiant blue stone.

The Sedgewick mansion was a brown
stone palace, with plate-glass casements
and a vestibule paved with black and
orange marble.

Mrs. Sedgewick, a stately matron, in a
Watteau wrapper and blonde cap, re-
ceived Dorothy in the great drawing-
room.

"Oh!" said she, lifting her eye-glasses,
"you're from the florist's, are you?
Well, I know nothing about these things—I only want the rooms to look
elegant. Tell your husband to spare no
expense."

"Mr. Frixham is not my husband,"
said Dorothy.

"Your father, then."

"But he isn't my father," insisted
Dorothy, half laughing. "He's no rela-
tion at all. I will tell him, however."

"Exactly," said Mrs. Sedgewick. "I
particularly desire plenty of white roses,
as I am told they are customary at this
sort of affair. It's an engagement party."

"Indeed!" said Dorothy, trying to look
interested.

"Between my daughter Clara and
Mr. Alfred Fitzalan," said Mrs. Sedgewick,
with conscious complacency.

Dorothy said nothing; but the room,
with its stuccoed ceiling and lofty ceil-
ings, seemed to swim around her like
the waves of the sea. And as she went
out, with Mrs. Sedgewick still chatting
about white rosebuds and begonia-
leaves, she passed the half-open door
of a room all hung with blue velvet,
where a young-tressed beauty sat smil-
ing on a low divan, with Mr. Fitzalan
bending tenderly above her.

"He has only been amusing himself
with me," said Dorothy to herself.

There was a sharp ache at her heart;
but, after all, it was only the sting of
wounded pride. Thank heaven—oh,
thank heaven, it was nothing worse than
that!

Honest John Deadwood was driving
old Roan steadily and soberly along past
the patch of woods, where the velvet-
mossed boulders lay like dormant beasts
of prey in the spring twilight, when a
gray shadow glided out of the other
shadows, and stood at his side.

"John!" she whispered.

"Dorothy! it's never you!"

"God bless you, Dorothy!" said the
man, fervently.

"For good and all, John, if you'll
take me," said Dorothy, shyly. "I've had
quite enough of city life; and I'll
help you with the greenhouses, and I'll
try to be a good little housekeeper at
home. Shall I, John?"

John put his arm around her, and
hugged her up to his side.

"Darling!" said he, huskily, "it's
most too good news to be true; but if
my word is worth anything, you shall
never regret your decision of this day."

So the pretty flower girl vanished out
of the bower of smilax and rosebuds.
The Sedgewick mansion wasn't decorat-
ed at all, and Mr. Frixham had lost
his new customer. And the turquoise
ring came back to Mr. Fitzalan in a
blank envelope.

King and Conjuror.

Signor Bellachini, the renowned
prestidigitator, who has recently been
honored by the German emperor with
the complimentary title of "Royal
Court Artist," obtained this unprece-
dented distinction by a somewhat re-
markable feat of dexterity. Having ob-
served that the venerable monarch for
some years past frequently attended his
performances and exhibited a lively in-
terest in the magical arts of which he
is a past master, Bellachini conceived
the bold project of turning imperial
favor to account, and made formal ap-
plication to his majesty for an audience.

His petition was granted, and the em-
peror received him at an appointed
hour in the study overlooking the Lin-
den avenue, his favorite room, in which
he transacts business every morning
conjuror upon subjects connected
with his profession, William I. asked,
with a smile: "Well, Bellachini, and

afternoon. After chatting for a
few minutes with the accomplished
what is it you want of me?" "It is my
most humble request, sire, that your
majesty would deign to appoint me your
court artist."

"I will do so, Bellachini,"
but upon one consideration only—
namely, that you forthwith perform
some extraordinarily clever trick,
worthy of the favor you solicit." With-
out a moment's hesitation Bellachini
took up a pen from the emperor's in-
kstand, handed it with a sheet of paper
to his majesty, and requested him to
write the words: "Bellachini can do
nothing at all." The emperor attempted
to comply, but, strange to say, neither
pen nor ink could be persuaded to fulfill
his functions. "Now, sire," said
Bellachini, "will your majesty conde-
scend to write the words: 'Bellachini
is the emperor's court artist?'" The
second attempt was as successful as the
first had been the contrary; pen, ink
and paper, delivered from the spell cast
over them by the magician, proved per-
fectly docile to the imperial hand, and
Bellachini's ingenious trick was re-
warded on the spot by his nomination
to the desired honorific office, made out
in the emperor's own writing.

Curability of Consumption.

The best physicians are coming more
to acknowledge that tubercular con-
sumption can be cured.

Doctor Carl Booth, of New York, a
man eminent in the regular profession,
claims that he is able to cure sixty per
cent of consumptives at all stages; and
that it is easy to arrest the disease in
its early stage. His aim is to secure five
points:

1. To get the muscles which control
the action of the lungs into such a con-
dition that they can draw the air forc-
ibly into the finest passages, thus clear-
ing the lungs of all phlegm and pus, and
re-establishing capillary circulation and
respiration in the affected parts, and
stimulating the activity of the air-cells
generally.

2. To establish perfect digestion, as-
similation, and excretion. In this, he
does not seek what to people generally
is the most nutritious and most easily
digested food, but such as the particular
patient can most readily digest and
assimilate.

3. To heal the tubercles by transform-
ing them into a cretaceous (chalk-like)
mass. He secures this (1) with food rich
in salts of lime, (2) certain minerals,
such as lime and silica; and (3) certain
acids, such as citric, which promote the
oxidation of eff matter.

4. To increase the activity of the air
cells. This is accomplished by bring-
ing the patient's under the influence, as
much as possible, of sunlight, ozone,
fresh air and bodily exercise. He says:
"They sleep with open windows in
summer and winter, and go out every
day. So important is outdoor exercise,
that I insist that my patients go out in
rain, snow, dampness, and even in night
air and dew. I have had no instance
for twenty years where a patient caught
cold from such exposure. I only guard
against strong head-winds and extreme
hot weather."

5. To prevent all unnecessary waste
of the nervous force, and to employ the lat-
ter, as far as possible, in promoting the
nutrition.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Dark Horse.

The origin of the term "dark horse"
is explained in a matter-of-fact way by
The Cincinnati Enquirer. Once upon a
time there lived in Tennessee an old
chap named Sam Flynn, who traded in
horses and generally contrived to own a
speedy nag or two, which he used for
racing purposes whenever he could pick
up a "soft match" during his travels.

The best of his flyers was a coal-black
stallion named Dusky Pete, who was
almost a thoroughbred, and able to go
in the best of company. Flynn was ac-
customed to saddle Pete when approach-
ing a town and ride him into it to give
the impression that the animal was
merely "a likely horse," and not a
flyer. One day he came to a town where
a country race-meeting was being held,
and he entered Pete among the contest-
ants. The people of the town, not
knowing anything of his antecedents,
and not being over impressed by his
appearance, backed two or three local
favorites heavily against him. Flynn
moved among the crowd, and took all
the bets offered against his nag. Just
as the "flyers" were being saddled for
the race old Judge McNamee, who was
the turf oracle of that part of
the State, arrived on the course, and
was made one of the judges. As he
took his place on the stand he was told
how the betting ran, and of the folly of
the owner of the strange entry in back-
ing his eye over the track, the judge in-
stantly recognized Pete, and he said:
"Gentlemen, there's a dark horse in this
race that will make some of you sick
before supper." The judge was right.
Pete, the "dark horse," lay back until
the three-quarter pole was reached,
when he went to the front with a rush
and won the purse and Flynn's bets
with the greatest ease.

TIMELY TOPICS.

The Cultivator thinks it is about time
to give up ballooning until some certain
way has been discovered of guiding and
governing aerostats. Two ascensions in
France the other day, one at Rennes
and the other at Nantes, were equally
disastrous, and to be added to the long
list of accidents from the irresponsible
movements of inflated balloons.

Mr. Gunbaum, a cattle dealer of
Isola, Austria, was a very wicked
man. He it was who insured his life
for a very large sum, murdered a ped-
dler, dressed his body in his clothes and
passed himself off for the dead man.
The fraud and crime were soon discov-
ered by finding the true Gunbaum alive
and the peddler dead. It is likely he
will get his deserts, for there is not
much false philanthropy laying round
loose in Austria, where justice is both
swift and sure.

With some people prosperity is harder
to bear than adversity, although most
of us are reckless enough to take the
risk. William Zollinger was killed by
prosperity. He was an honest, sober
hard-working man in New York. He
invested his savings in real estate, which
rose, and one day recently he sold,
realizing over \$12,000. He had no faith
in banks, and didn't know what to do
with his cash. His newly-found wealth
became a burden to him, and he went
and got drunk. He was found dead
drunk in the gutter in one of the vilest
localities in the city with \$12,000 un-
touched in his pockets. He was lodged
in the station-house, and became crazy,
fearing that his arrest was a conspiracy
to rob him. During the night he took
off his vest, twisted it and tied it to an
iron bar, put his head through the arm-
hole and hung himself.

Doctor Guillaume, of the French navy,
in a recent paper on typhoid fever,
speaks of the great benefit which has
been derived from the use of coffee. He
has found that no sooner have the
patients taken a few tablespoonfuls of it
than their features become relaxed, and
come to their senses; the next day the
improvement is such as to leave no
doubt that the article is just the specific
needed. Under its influence the stupor
is dispelled and the patient rouses from
the state of somnolency in which he has
been since the invasion of the disease;
soon, all the functions take their natural
course and he enters upon convales-
cence. Doctor Guillaume gives to an
adult two or three tablespoonfuls of
strong black coffee every two or three
hours, alternated with one or two tea-
spoonfuls of claret or Burgundy wine—
a little lemonade or citrate of magnesia
to be taken daily, after a while quinine.

An interesting history of the develop-
ment of the Russian army during the
last quarter of a century has lately been
published in St. Petersburg. On the
first of January, 1853, the Russian army
comprised 27,716 officers and 968,392
men, beside 78,144 Cossacks. During
the Crimean war the strength of the
armed forces of the empire was, of
course, largely increased, and, accord-
ing to the official returns, included on
the first of January, 1856, no fewer than
41,817 officers and 2,375,454 men. The
active army numbered, it is stated, 24-
654 officers and 1,170,184 men; the re-
serve troops, 7,876 officers and 572,158
men; the irregular forces, 3,640 officers
and 168,691 men; the militia, 5,647 offi-
cers and 363,421 men; and the Cossack
troops, 3,441 officers and 156,726 men.
In 1863, when, according to the returns
of the minister of war, the Russian army
numbered 558,997 regular troops, it was
calculated, after a careful examination
of the strength of the several units of
the army, that the probable real strength
of the regular troops did not exceed
385,000 men. On the twenty-fifth of
November, 1879, the Russian army
comprised 908 generals, 31,414 officers,
and 886,465 men, while on the same
date the reserves numbered 742,144 men,
and the Cossack troops, 1,972 officers
and 51,359 men, with 105,946 more men
on furlough.

The Coming War Ship.

Professor Lowenthal, a German,
thinks the coming war ship will be
built of india rubber. His idea is to
make the entire hull of rubber, one foot
in thickness, strengthened below water
line by a light steel frame. The vessel
will be driven by an ordinary steam
engine, and have no masts. The crew
will be on a lower deck, out of the
range of shot. When a cannon ball
strikes the india rubber ship, it will
pass directly through it, above the
heads of the crew, and the hole made
by it will immediately close. The
method of attack of this ship will be by
torpedoes only. The doomed ship will
be merely driven some hundred
yards backward by the recoil fol-
lowing the explosion. The inventor
considers such a vessel could destroy
all the navies in the world, and, after
her work was done, could be made
as perfect as ever with the aid of a few
boxes of cement.

That Dream of Ours.

Oh, the young love was sweet, dear,
That dainty dream of ours,
When we could not keep our feet, dear,
From dancing through the flow'rs;
When hopes and my romance
Were thick as leaves in spring,
And care was old folk's lunacy,
And joy the solid thing.

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