

GLAND SETTLEMENT IN  
NEW JERSEY.  
MONTMONT TRACT  
IN NEW JERSEY  
...  
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## Poetry.

### The Return of the Birds.

A tender breeze fills the sky,  
Where milky-white clouds shine;  
And sweetly blue the hills lie  
Along the far horizon line.

Beneath a spotted-tinted veil  
The green curves to left and right;  
And through the slender mist each hill  
Is visible in the April light.

The maple's silver tapering stems  
Are tipped with buds now Spring is here;  
And decked with tiny coral gems  
The tall elms at the gate appear.

The beechen branches, decked with shade,  
Reach timid buds toward the light,  
Where, looking out across the glade,  
The snowy dog-wood blossoms white.

The pale arbutus gently trails  
Its buds where southern slopes are seen;  
On steel blue wings the swallow sails  
Over sunlit fields of gleaming green.

They catch the winds blow soft and bland,  
As though they speed each feathered wing;  
An emerald vesture robes the land  
To greet the herald of the Spring.

Mark ye! a song is heard distinctly  
The forest thrush as they pass;  
Poured from the thicket's sacred throat  
In yonder flowering aspen.

An answer comes, full, sweet, and clear,  
As each bird on the first notes clear;  
It is the linnet's voice I hear  
From out the elm-tree's leafy top.

Perched on the last year's naked stalk,  
With every wind the sparrow sings;  
Before me, down the garden ways,  
In unconcern the catbird strays.

Oh, birds, that fill the sweet south wind  
With songs that make the woodlands ring,  
From lands your flight has left behind  
What welcome things do you bring?

Southward the earth is clothed in green,  
The blossoms fall from off the tree;  
The rich, old-fashioned fields are seen  
Along the borders of the sea.

Oh, sweet new year, that smiles at last,  
Rich gifts with larger harvests blend;  
And kinsmen friendship strong and fast  
Our noble land from end to end!

### CHANGES IN THE TARIFF.

Animals—Horses, per head, \$15; Horses,  
Cattle, \$10; Swine, \$2; Sheep, \$1.  
Acids—Sulphuric, half cent per lb.  
Starch—2 cents per lb.  
Oils, viz: coal and kerosene, distilled, puri-  
fied and refined, 15 cents per gallon.

Starches—63 cents per gallon.  
Sugars—cane, 10 and above No 9 Dutch  
Standard, one cent per lb. and 25 per cent ad  
val; below No 9: three tenths of one cent and  
25 per cent ad val. Cane sugar, a cup of sugar  
or of sugar cane, syrup of molasses or of corn  
or of molasses, two tenths of one cent per lb.  
Sulphur, 10 cents per lb. and 25 per cent ad  
val.

Molasses, not for refining or manufactur-  
ing, 25 per cent ad val.  
Pepper and Parsnips 25 per cent  
ad val.

Books, Periodicals and Pamphlets,  
not being foreign reprints of British copyright  
works, not blank account books, not copy books,  
nor books to be written or drawn upon, nor  
reprints of books printed in Canada, nor printed  
in Canada, nor printed sheet music, 5 per  
cent ad valorem.

Type, 5 per cent ad valorem.  
Ale, Beer and Porter, 10 per cent in  
addition to present duties—two quart and ten  
pint bottles to contain a gallon.

Wines of all kinds, 10 cents per gallon and  
twenty per cent ad valorem—five quart and  
ten pint bottles to contain a gallon.

Essential Oils, left and bottles, lemons,  
oranges and citrons, or the rind of such when  
imported in bulk, for the purpose of being  
perfumed, 10 cents per lb. and 25 per cent ad  
val.

Coffee, sugar and cane sugar, and all articles of  
officers' mess, and medicine for hospitals, are  
to be taken from the free list, and pay 15 per  
cent ad valorem.

Casks, Barrels and other Packages, con-  
taining sugar, molasses, cane juice, molasses or  
syrup, and casks containing sulphuric acid  
15 per cent ad valorem.

The following are to be added to the  
free list—push for hatters, flour (wheat or rye)

fish bait, grain of all kinds, Indian corn, Indian  
meal, railroad frogs, steel chains and fish  
plates, and cocoa in bean and shell.

The Treasurer is also instructed in the case  
of "ships' cables" to read "half inch, instead  
of three quarters."

## Interesting Tale.

### CHILD OF THE PRAIRIE.

BY METTA VICTORIA FULLER.

#### CHAPTER VI.—(Conclusion.)

The next day he began to display that en-  
ergy which had not particularly marked his  
character since the main spring of hope had  
been withdrawn. He took Mrs. Dennison and  
Myrtle out to his place to select a situation for  
the man who had already partially  
contracted for. Of course, the elder lady was  
told to have voice in a matter which might  
be of importance to her, and she  
looked for every favorable symptom that she was  
asked to make one of the party. Hugh was  
was only acting upon her suggestions that he  
must have a person for the young girl.

The young fellow, the cabin door, where  
John Jones, the artist, came out and assisted  
the ladies to alight. Did Hugh mark the blush  
upon the cheeks of the young couple? Of  
course he did not. Never was there a man  
blinder to truth and fate than he.

After Mr. Fielding had exchanged greetings  
with the denizens of his house, and been intro-  
duced to their nephew, he invited the latter to  
accompany them, and they started out on their  
search.

The fine, artistic taste of the boy as soon  
attracted Hugh's attention, and he determined that  
the young man was an artist by profession. It  
was John himself who, with becoming de-  
sire, pointed out the spot where he would deem  
most suitable; and his admirable fitness strik-  
ing all the rest of the party, helped to complete  
the good opinion Mr. Fielding had involun-  
tarily formed of him.

There is certainly a good deal of genius about  
that young fellow, he remarked to Myrtle,  
when John was busy talking about pictures  
with Mrs. Dennison. He has a glorious eye  
—full of fire and frankness.

How the young girl's heart leaped up at  
while she made not the least reply. Alas,  
Hugh flattered himself that that glowing  
check and drooping eye was an evidence of  
some gentle emotion of his!

Learning that the young artist had made  
architecture his study, Mr. Fielding gave him  
a commission to draw the plan for the proposed  
residence, giving him a summary of what he  
should like as to size, style, and expense. He  
was usually a man of piercing vision, and but  
few things escaped his keen apprehension, yet  
all absorbed as he was in his own dreams, he  
did not notice the expressive glance and stolen  
pressure of hands which Myrtle and the  
young man parted. Mrs. Dennison, too, be-  
wildered by gorgeous visions of a mansion over  
which she was to preside, the site for which  
she had just been selected, was deaf and dumb  
and blind to everything but Mr. Fielding.

So the party drove back to town as contented  
with each other as when they had started  
out.

Myrtle was impatient to get away from the  
city, as school girls generally are. She  
did not know how to wait till the new house  
was built.

If it would not have involved the necessity  
of driving John Jones, away she would not  
have wished the cabin immediately vacated,  
that they might return to their old, romantic  
way of living. Mrs. Dennison was so con-  
tinually with them that it seemed as if she  
should never get an opportunity of revealing  
to her father the weight that was on her heart  
—a confidence she did not fear so much to  
make, since she saw how he favored her lover.

When she actually found herself walking out  
to the farm alone with Mr. Fielding, her heart  
began to palpitate thrillingly with anticipa-  
tion. She found that what she longed to say  
was very hard to put into words, after all.  
So they passed onward, Hugh doing most of  
the talking, until they reached the house.

The sight of the spot where her lover had sunk  
his knee at her feet impelled her to the  
trial.

Dear father, she began, in faltering voice, I  
have wished so much for an opportunity—  
A long pause, while she stood picking a rose  
to pieces, the color suffusing cheeks and brow.

Dear father—  
Never call me father, again I cried, Hugh,  
in a sudden burst of passionate energy.

She looked up, amazed. His cheek was  
likewise flushed, and his dark eyes were bent  
upon her with an expression which she could  
not understand.

I cannot endure it, he said, grasping her  
hand tightly. Every time you have uttered  
that word since my return, it has almost dis-  
tressed me. Cannot you guess why, Myrtle?

Her eyes fell under the glow of tender light  
which burned in his. She trembled with a  
sudden apprehension.

It is because I love you with other than pas-  
sionate love, darling Myrtle. Since the first  
moment of my return, I have felt how impos-  
sible it was for me to resist the torrent of pas-  
sion which rushes through my heart. You  
are to me my Myrtle—the Myrtle of old, whom  
I once loved with the fervor of youth. It is  
true that your mother—for I feel that she was  
your mother—was false; but, in your heart,  
Myrtle there is nothing but truth. You have  
not learned the ways of the world. You are  
my boyhood's dream. Will you marry me?

Poor child, how she trembled! He thought  
it was all with maiden timidity, and put his  
arm round her and drew her to his side. She  
leaned her head upon his shoulder, sobbing:  
You are my father, Mr. Fielding. Oh, still  
remain so, or you will break my heart!

Father! again he exclaimed, in a voice of  
such concentrated feeling that she involuntarily  
looked up into his pale face.

I tell you I will not hear it. Wife is a much  
dearer term than daughter. Myrtle—how ten-  
derly he spoke the word wife—and if you  
cannot be that, I must go away again back to  
the lonely life I led before I found you, a  
little sleeping, helpless child, upon the wild  
prairie.

With a great hearted struggle of duty  
and gratitude over youthful love, Myrtle flung  
her arms, in the old childish way, about his  
neck.

You shall not do that, for— Hugh, I will  
be whatever you wish, I will be your wife,  
Mr. Fielding.

CHAPTER VII.  
Mr. Fielding was reclining at his leisure  
upon a knoll beneath a tree, half-hidden by  
the long grass which rustled around him. And  
a volume of "Shakespeare" open at the "Mid-  
summer Night's Dream," had nearly dropped  
from his hand, for he had forgotten all about  
the fancies and the lovers of the play in musing  
upon his own happiness. The clink of the  
workmen's hammers, as they carved and pol-  
ished the stone of his new house, smote upon  
his ears pleasantly; for as the hum of the bee  
tells of summer and summer sweets, the soft  
tinkling of the distant work told of a home and  
a wife.

The first thing which roused him from his  
reverie was the sound of approaching voices,  
conversing in low but earnest tones. Looking  
up, he saw his Myrtle and the young artist  
slowly walking arm in arm, and from, on the  
level stretch just beneath him.

At first, he could distinguish no words, and  
heed not the sound of the play in musing  
upon his own happiness. The clink of the  
workmen's hammers, as they carved and pol-  
ished the stone of his new house, smote upon  
his ears pleasantly; for as the hum of the bee  
tells of summer and summer sweets, the soft  
tinkling of the distant work told of a home and  
a wife.

A pretty scene! beheld it, ye heavens! and  
earth! mattered little between his compressed  
lips, his vest buttons ready to burst with  
his suppressed anger—Is there no truth in  
woman?

After yielding to their passionate grief, for  
a time, Myrtle stood back, and folded her hands  
tightly together. He could see her beautiful  
face buried in tears.

Go, John, she said, in that voice of forced  
calmness which tells most plainly of despair.  
I must never see you again. You will not  
blame me, for, in your thought, I know—  
You will not call me false. It should be false  
to every impulse of gratitude and duty, did I  
consent to my happiness before that of my friend,  
my benefactor, my more than father. You  
know all he has done for me—all the  
claims he has upon me. I should rather we  
should both be miserable all our lives than to  
be the one to inflict pain upon him. You do  
not ask it, do you, John?

No, no, I do not. His claims are superior  
to mine. But oh, Myrtle, it is killing me!  
Don't say that, John. You will be happy  
some time, if only to reward you for your noble  
sacrifice now. I know you will. Heaven will  
bless you. Good-by.

Her companion gazed at her as if he could  
not see himself away!  
Go, go, dear John. Good-by.

Oh, Myrtle! Good-by.

He turned from her with a listless, weary  
step, and went away, leaving her leaning a-  
gainst a young maple-tree, looking after him  
with blinded eyes.

Hugh had seen and heard it all. Slowly  
his anger had melted away, as he heard this  
youthful pair bravely recounting what was  
their evident happiness for him. For the first  
time, his own selfishness appeared to him—  
What right had he to require the love and duty  
of that young heart which had turned so much  
more naturally to a more fitting mate? Yes,  
he had to acknowledge, proud and conscious of  
his rare acquisitions, as he was that John  
Jones; with his boyish beauty and enthusiasm  
and fresh feeling, was a more suitable com-  
panion than he for the fair girl who had chosen  
him.

Yet he had not meant to be selfish. He  
loved Myrtle too well for that. Ah, it was  
always his fate to play the martyr—to see the  
untold pain snatched away, to know no fra-  
tion of his hopes. He was too much of a hero  
to shrink from the crisis. He could not blight

the happiness of two young souls for a few  
years of bliss for himself. He would emulate  
the generosity which he had just seen. He  
wanted to rise and call the boy to return and  
receive from his hands the most precious gift  
which he had to bestow.

While he was still debating within himself  
whether it was possible for him thus suddenly  
to forsake himself, another person was ad-  
ded to the scene of which he had been an un-  
known spectator.

A lady came along the path from the cabin,  
looking about as if in search of some one. When  
she caught sight of Myrtle, she paused a mo-  
ment, and looked at her earnestly—but not  
more earnestly than Hugh was now regarding  
her. She was a fine-looking woman, of per-  
haps forty—she looked thirty five—and beau-  
tiful as in her earliest youth. Her bonnet was  
swinging from her arm, for the day was warm.  
Her hair was put in a classic braid behind,  
and clustered in rich ringlets down either side  
of her face; her cheeks were as fair as a  
girl's, and flushed with exercise; her form  
was full, but graceful; and her step light.

Is the dear alive? asked Hugh.

She heard and saw him not; her eyes were  
upon the face of the young girl. She threw  
her bonnet and scarf upon the grass, and ran  
and clasped her in her arms.

My child—my own little Minnie! say, are  
you not? she cried, holding the surprised girl  
away from her, so as to gaze again upon her  
countenance.

I am Myrtle—Myrtle Fielding.

What do you mean? asked the young girl,  
confused by this apparition.

Fielding! said the lady, in a voice which  
thrilled to Hugh's inmost heart. Hugh  
Fielding!—was it he who found you?

It was.

And were you lost fifteen years ago this  
day, upon a prairie? speak, speak quickly;  
are you my child?

Are you my mother? was the response;  
and the two clasped hands and clung together  
as if they had longed for each other since the  
moment they were so terribly separated.

Myrtle, do I see you again? said a deep  
voice beside them.

Both started, but it was not our Myrtle  
who was addressed this time. The lady gave  
one glance of those still glorious eyes into  
Hugh's and sank fainting in his arms.

Forgive, he heard her whisper, as her  
senses deserted her.

Myrtle ran for water to the lake, while  
Hugh supported that beautiful head upon his  
bosom with a strange emotion. She was sure  
she saw him kissing those pale cheeks as she  
hastened back with her straw hat dripping  
from the wave.

It was too much, said Mrs. Sherwood, as she  
came back to life. It is weak and feeble, for  
well people to faint. But to find my child, and  
to find you, Hugh!

Whose fault was it that you were lost? he  
asked, with bitterness, as the dreariness of  
twenty years returned upon his heart.

Not mine alone, was the reply. That I  
was not firm enough in resisting the mandates  
of a father, who had a selfish purpose in giv-  
ing me to that man, that man, she added, with  
a slight quiver, who perished so fearfully,  
and who was father of my child; for that, I  
shall remember him with respect, if not af-  
fection.

When Mrs. Sherwood was recovered suf-  
ficiently to sit upon the grassy knoll under the  
maple, and tell the story of the past while hold-  
ing tight to her daughter's hand, she gave a  
brief account, which she afterwards made more  
circumstantial, of what happened after they  
were surprised by the Indians and her hus-  
band murdered. Herself and her companion  
in suffering, the wife of the other murdered  
man, were driven off in the wagon; and, in  
an attempt to escape with her child from the  
back of the vehicle, she had been detected,  
and jerked back so rudely as to cause her to  
drop the infant. They would not pause to  
pick it up, but hurried on, unmindful of her  
anguish.

She herself chanced to have a knife in her  
pocket, which she resolved should liberate her  
by death, if no other chance of success offered;  
and possibly it might be of service in securing  
her both life and liberty.

The first day, they left the wagon, and  
journeyed on foot through the wilderness. Her  
companion sank down, and died before  
night. She journeyed on, urged by the speed  
of her tormentors, until the second night, when  
they bowed her, hungry, weary, with bleeding  
feet and anguished heart, to the earth, and went  
off for water and food, intending to return and  
camp at that place. They had stopped before  
reaching water, because she could go no fur-  
ther. As soon as they disappeared down a  
hill side, leaving not one to watch her, she  
cut the things which bound her, and ran for  
her life. She did not know, when she arose,  
that she could place one foot before the other;  
out fear and hope gave her superhuman  
energy. In a few minutes, she came to a  
stream. In this she wanted to put them at  
fault. The cool water soothed her wounds;  
and revived her somewhat. She ran for  
a long time down the stream, until, coming to

a wild place where rocks and ravines promised  
places of concealment, she made her way up  
the bank, and, by fortune, stumbled into a  
cavern, over which she drew the vines which  
had before concealed it, and lay down in the  
darkness, for it was now twilight. Overcome  
by fatigue, she fell asleep, despite her fear of  
wild animals and her wilder tormentors.

When she awoke, it was day.

All that day she did not dare to venture  
out. Some berries were growing among the  
rocks at the mouth of the cave, and with a  
handful of these she cooled her thirst. Hear-  
ing nothing to alarm her, as soon as it again  
came night, keeping her knife open in her  
hand, she crept out, and went as rapidly as  
her strength would permit, still further away  
from the place. She walked half the night  
and slept the rest. The next day, she found  
berries; the third, she emerged from the woods  
into a strange country. A single cabin told of  
civilization. She crawled to the door, and  
was received by an old woman, whose hus-  
band hunted and fished for a living. There  
she was ill for a month, lying on a bed of bri-  
fale-berries; but the people were as kind to  
her as they knew how to be. She had some  
money, but they would not take it. When  
she was able, the old man accompanied her,  
a couple of days till they reached the edge of  
a settled country, and left her. She found out  
that she was a hundred miles from the spot  
where her husband was murdered. After  
various trifling adventures, by begging and  
working, she reached her own home, where  
every one had long given her up for dead.

They told her about Mr. Fielding's letter, and  
she then knew that her little babe had perished  
of fright and hunger in the solitary prairie.

It was several years before she recovered  
entirely from the effects of her suffering and  
grief. She had never been a happy woman.

By the merest chance she had heard, only a  
month or two before, of the circumstances of  
a child being found and adopted by a cer-  
tain man near Wakarusa. She had come, im-  
pelled by a faint hope, to that city, and there had  
heard more particulars.

When she heard a brief and hurried nar-  
rative, Hugh told the little trembling hand  
which lay in her lap, and pressed it between  
his own, as if to assure her that her troubles  
were over.

Dear father, whispered Myrtle in his ear,  
don't you think you could be persuaded to let  
me pass as my little daughter, again?

Go, go, he said, laughing, and find and  
bring back that boy you sent off in such a hurry,  
for an hour ago.

Nay, anything he said about a double wed-  
ding? or how Mrs. Dennison, though an ex-  
traordinary lady, was not the mistress of the man-  
sion? or, how the story is still told in Wak-  
arusa of the finding of the beautiful Child of  
the Prairie?

Luther, when studying, always had his dog  
lying at his feet—a dog he had brought from  
Wakarusa, and of which he was very fond. A  
very grumpy dog, the dog, before him.

He worked at his desk for days together with-  
out going out, but when fatigued, and the ideas  
began to stagnate, he took his guitar with him  
to the porch, and there, excited to no musical  
fantasy (for he was a skillful musician), when  
the ideas would flow upon him as fresh as  
flowers after a summer's rain. Music was his  
inward's solace at such times. Indeed, Luther  
did not hesitate to say that, after theology  
was the first of arts, "Music" said he,  
"is the art of prophets; it is the only art, which  
like theology, can calm the agitation of the  
soul and put the devil to flight. Next to  
music, if not before it, Luther loved children  
and flowers. That great, godly man had a  
heart as tender as a woman's."

A little boy in Lowell was asked how many  
mills make a cent. "Ten, sir," was the prompt  
reply. "Immediately a bright faced little girl  
held up her hand in token of dissent. "Well,  
miss, what have you to say?" "Please, sir,  
ten mills don't make a cent. It says, all the  
mills in town don't make a cent."

"Kisses," says Sam Slick, "are like crea-  
tion, because they are made out of nothing and  
are very good."

"They are also," says the Galaxy, "like  
sermons, requiring two hearts and no applica-  
tion."

"Daughter," said a fond mother, whom oil  
speculations had made aristocratic, "has Mr.  
Brown proposed to you?" "Yes, ma," replied  
the daughter, "he proposes that we go out this  
evening and get some cy-tars."

The following scene is laid in a first class  
hotel; Traveler—"Is there to be called at six  
o'clock?" Clerk (with a gold chain)—"If you  
will ring the bell at that hour, one of the boys  
will attend to your case."

Hood in describing the meeting of a man  
and a lion, says: "The man ran off with all his  
might and the lion with all his mine."

What a gentleman can, with any sense of pro-  
priety, is a lady to lean on the arm.

B. R. Stevenson,  
Clerk of the Peace Office,  
St. Andrews, N. B.,  
July 13, 1897.

Dr. Parker,  
served to the Cottage in Queen's  
at the Agency of the Commercial B  
opposite to the Sheriff's.  
St. Andrews, N. B.,  
Nov. 19, 1897.

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