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My Philosophy.

Through life's mutations
I onward move,
And all gradations
Of fortune prove;
To-day, in sunlight—
To-morrow, shade,
I meet all changes
Of some afraid.

I take the pleasure
So freely given,
In toil or leisure,
Thanking Heaven,
Whatever the sorrow,
Whatever the joy,
No grief or sorrow
That shall annoy.

I live for duty,
Yet always find
Flowers of beauty
For heart and mind.
Whither my pathway
Daily leads,
There's constant bounty
For daily needs.

Sometimes in sadness
I walk alone;
And then in gladness
—Forget to moan.
The dark hours flying,
Reveal the day;
The clouds but shadow
The burning ray.

De mine the power
To cheer the sad,
The happy spirit
To make more glad,
Oh that my words
And deeds could prove
To fellow mortals
That God is love!

Still to be faithful,
Gentle, true,
All that is noble
I would pursue.
A grateful spirit
I never give,
And I shall thank
A God above!

—E. B. Russell, in Home Journal.

PEARL'S GOLD PIECE.

"Red wins!"

It was the croupier's hoarse cry, again and again reiterated, only diversified by that of "Red loses," which broke the stillness in the superbly appointed room at Hamburg, with the gaming table in the center, round which was gathered its eager votaries, behind whom were the scarcely less interested group of lookers-on.

"Come away my dear," said a very lovely woman among the spectators, in a low whisper to her husband. "I am sorry we came. This is no place for Pearl," indicating, with a nod of the head as she spoke, an exquisitely beautiful girl, scarcely more than a child of some twelve or thirteen summers, who stood beside them.

"Come, Pearl!" the father said. But the girl stood entranced, her eyes fixed upon a man's face seated at the farthest end of the table. It was a strikingly handsome face, even when wearing, as it now did, an expression of calm, born of desperation. No trace of color was in either cheek or lips.

His eyes shone with a strange and hard glitter, and were fixed upon the balls as they swung round, as though on the color uppermost lung his hope of life or death.

And so it was! He had sat down possessed of a fortune; he rose a beggar! Fate had turned him with his mocking hopelessness, until he had played his last stake, only to see it swept mercifully from him.

He half rose from the table. What more was to be done, save to go out somewhere in the still night air, and send a bullet through his heart and brain?

It was at this moment the girl, with flushed cheeks and half-parted lips, dashed to his side.

"Take this," she pleaded, "for my sake," and pressed a gold piece into his cold hand.

He turned. To his excited imagination she seemed scarcely mortal, in her pure child-like loveliness. His first impulse was to return her offering—he was not yet an aim-taker; but again rang out the croupier's cry of command to take the stakes.

The child stood breathless in her expectancy, her eyes burning with feverish interest.

A sudden impulse overmastered him. Without speaking a word he placed the gold upon the table.

The next minute a small pile of gold was at his elbow. He staked it all again. Again he won. A bright spot of scarlet replaced the pallor on his cheek, which spread and deepened as Dame Fortune, who had so persistently frowned upon him, now reserved for him only her smiles.

Morning was breaking when he arose from the table, no longer a desperate man, but with his fortune three-fold returned to him.

After the first winning he had turned to return the child her offering, but she had vanished. Should he ever find her, ever repay the debt? He knew not; but,

standing out under the clear blue sky, with a great weight lifted from heart and brain, Harry Clayton vowed that it should be his life search, but that the lesson taught him should never be forgotten, and the gaming tables should know him never more.

Six years passed, and Harry Clayton was winning name and fame in his own land in his profession as an artist.

Standing one night in a crowded assembly some one in passing touched him lightly on the shoulder with her fan, and glancing around, he met the smiling face of his hostess.

"Come," she said, "I want to present you to my belle. If you can prevail upon her to give you a sitting, and transfer her coloring to canvas, you will render yourself immortal."

"Is she then so beautiful?" he questioned.

"Judge for yourself," she lightly rejoined, leading him to a little group doing homage to the fair girl in its center.

"Miss Rayburn—Mr. Clayton," were the formal words of the introduction, as Harold bowed in acknowledgment before the woman whom his artistic eye confessed the most beautiful he had ever met.

Before the evening was ended he might have added, the woman he had ever loved, since she had awakened in him an interest as new as it was strange.

Through the next week the face haunted him. They met again and the charm grew and deepened. He could not define it, he scarcely acknowledged to himself; only away from Miss Rayburn he was restless and uneasy, until he again found himself within the scope of her fascination.

Yet her nature remained an enigma to him. Although so young in years, so beautiful in form and feature, she seemed cold even to haughtiness, reticent almost to scorn.

It was as though some exquisite marble statue had risen in his pathway, which might some day warm into life.

She welcomed him whenever they met in a manner which, while it gave him no cause for complaint, yet chilled the hope springing within his breast.

One day, on going to her home, the servant met him at the door with the announcement that she was very ill. This knowledge brought other knowledge—the fact he could no longer conceal from himself that he loved her, and that on his hope of winning her hung his life's happiness.

He went back to his studio, wretched and despairing, and seated himself at his easel. He had not meant to paint her face—his brain seemed unconscious of his finger-tips—yet, when the morning broke, it was her features smiling upon him from the canvas, and he remembered the hostess had uttered on the night he first had met her—that thus should he render himself immortal.

He grew pale and wan in the days of anxious suspense, when those who watched over her couch knew not which would conquer, the angel of life or death. But there came an hour, never to be forgotten, when he was admitted into her presence.

She was very white, very fragile, but more beautiful than in the coloring of perfect health. A new expression, too, was in the violet eyes raised to welcome him.

"I am very glad to meet you again," she said, gently. "I hear you have been anxious about me. You were very kind."

Then the words he had not meant to speak burst from his lips:

"Anxious!" he said. "Can a man, Miss Rayburn, perishing with hunger, hear of the famine without a shudder? I am presumptuous, you will say. It is true. What is my life with its many sealed pages in which your eyes could never look, that I should dare offer it to you. And yet, purified by your love, I would try to make it worthy. Tell me—answer me! If I served as Jacob served Rachel, is there hope that I may win you? My darling! my darling! I love you! I cannot live my life without you! Will you not share it?"

Lower and lower dropped the lids, until the long, dark lashes swept the marble cheek, while the sweet mouth trembled; but the momentary weakness passed as she spoke:

"Forget all that you have said, Mr. Clayton. It can never be."

"You do not love me?" he questioned sadly.

Again that swift expression of pain flitted across her lovely face.

"I shall never marry," she answered. "But, and in her voice crept an almost pleading tone, "I need my friend very much, Mr. Clayton, do not desert me!"

"I cannot," he replied. "To desert you would be to desert the hope of one day forcing you to assuage your cruel words—the hope which will go with me to my grave."

What was the barrier between them? This was the question ever ringing in Harold Clayton's ear. As she looked when she pronounced his doom, so he fancied she might have looked when the statue was wrought into life.

Since then she had been colder, more distant than before; but he had caught the momentary expression and transferred it to the picture, on which his every leisure moment was spent.

He was thus engrossed one morning, ever striving to add new beauty to his almost perfect work, when a low knock at the door aroused him.

"Come in!" he called, and then bent aside his task, without so much as raising his head, until a low laughing voice sounded beside him.

"We were caught in the shower, Mr. Clayton, and I persuaded Margaret to seek shelter with me here. I did not dream she would find herself stalled."

It was Mrs. Somers who spoke—the lady who first presented him to Miss Rayburn—whose introduction he had, unknown to her, carried out.

"Margaret," she added, turning to her friend, "you have been sitting for your portrait and did not let me know. Why have you kept it such a secret?"

He had now sprung to his feet in time to see the rosy tide spread over Margaret Rayburn's face.

"It was a liberty I took without Miss Rayburn's knowledge, Mrs. Somers," he explained. "I assure you I have never been so fortunate as to secure a sitting."

"Well, you shall have one now, and you must thank me for it," she rejoined, while Margaret turned away to examine the sketches lying around in profuse confusion.

"Here are sketches taken while I was studying abroad, Miss Rayburn," said Harold. "Will you amuse yourself by looking at them?"

"I will return in a few moments," interrupted Mrs. Somers. "Wait for me, my dear."

A word of expostulation rose to Margaret's lips, but too late. The door had closed behind the speaker.

Silence fell between the two thus left behind, when a low cry arrested Harold's attention. He sprang to Miss Rayburn's side.

Her eyes were fixed on a little sketch she held in her hand. It represented a gambling table, at one end of which sat a man, haggard, desperate, despairing, and in his hand, holding out to him a single gold piece, with a smile in her eyes, and seemingly a prayer on her lips.

"You would know the history of that picture," he said. "Let me tell you. Years ago I was in Hamburg. The gaming tables attracted me, and every night found me beside them, losing or winning according to the fortunes of the hour. One evening the demon ill-luck pursued me. I lost and lost, till I found my all was slipping from me. In the vain hope of retrieving it I went on, until I knew I was beggared. Mad, dazed, desperate, I determined to put an end to my miserable life, when some one touched my shoulder; a child angel stood before me, and slipped into my hand a piece of gold. For my sake, I staked it, and won, and won, and won, until I gave her back her own she had fled. When I arose from the table I had covered all and more, but I vowed a vow to my unknown deliverer that I would never again hazard a dollar of the fortune I considered hers. I have never found her, Margaret. The child will never know her work, but I am not afraid to meet her, for I have kept my pledge."

"Harold!"—It was almost a whisper, but something in his voice, his smile, his heart, gave a wild, joyous leap—"I have known you all this time, and you have just found me out! It was this, Harold, which separated us. I dared not give my life to a man whom I had first known as a gambler. I supposed you still played, and I thought to see again the expression on your face I had seen that night would kill me. Tell me, is it true? Have you never touched a card since?"

"Never!" he answered, solemnly. "And it is to you I owe it—and life Pearl—little Pearl, can you not trust the man who has been so long faithful to the child to be still faithful to the woman? My own, you will not doom the life that you have saved?"

But at this juncture, Mrs. Somers, opening the door, beat a precipitate retreat. Harold's statue was warmed into life, and pressing the lovely lips to his, he thanked God that it is his breath which has awakened it.

The most wonderful surgical operation ever heard of is thus reported in the *Limestone (Texas) New Era*: A boy at Weatherford was suffering from an obstruction of the windpipe, from which he nearly died before his parents would suffer him to be operated upon.

It was the intention of the attending physician to have operated before death, but he did not arrive in time. When he did come the operation was at once performed, and the boy resuscitated. He is now living and will recover.

Very taking—Colds. Very glad—The drug-gists. The very best remedy—Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

John, King of Abyssinia, although only in his thirty-eighth year, has already proved himself a man of no ordinary calibre, both as a soldier and as a sovereign. He has thrice defeated and all but destroyed the invading forces of Egypt, while at the same time making head against the disaffection of two powerful vassals, who have since made submission and accepted commands in his army. Among his immediate attendants is the Ras Warena, the conquered chief of the Amhara province, who seems quite content with his position at the court of his conqueror. A traveler, who spent some time with the king, his camp at Ambachura, describes him as short in stature, with small hands and feet, but perfectly proportioned and possessing great strength and endurance. His finely cut profile, delicate mouth and chin, and almost feminine smallness of ear, are striking enough in a barbaric African chief. "He is grand to see on his beautiful charger," continues the narrator, "carrying his spear and shield, bareheaded and barefooted, with only the great toe of each foot in the stirrup, which is merely a silver ring. He is a splendid shot, and very fond of firearms. His demeanor is extremely simple, being entirely devoid of the boastfulness and vanity that distinguish most savage princes; and he is naturally of a studious disposition, well read in the laws of Ethiopia, and of remarkable temperance and piety of life." King John's ceaseless activity and wonderful capacity for business recall the popular descriptions of Frederick the Great, to whose personal habits his own are in some points closely akin. He rises every morning at three and reads the Psalms of David by candle-light for two hours. Then comes church, after which he holds his court of justice for several hours, often before tasting food. The rest of the day is divided between State affairs and the native sport of gollas, a sort of javelin-throwing, like the Moorish jorje. The evening hours are spent in study, and by nine he is in bed, as befits such an early riser. The king's ordinary dress is the simple native kuarie or white blanket, with a crimson stripe along the edge. The same is the uniform of the Abyssinian church. The king professes great friendship for England, and has placed a translation of the queen's letter to him in every church of his kingdom. One of this model ruler's London agents was the late well known publisher, Mr. Henry S. King, in whose store on Cornhill the autograph of "John, King of Ethiopia," is still to be seen.

A Wild Ride.

A Leadville (Col.) correspondent of the *Philadelphia Record* thus describes descending the Rocky mountains in a coach: It is now six o'clock and to-day is dark. Lamps were placed on the leading coach, and we start again in finding it to complete our journey.

These are the feelings in such a coach. Descending the mountains in a darkness nearly relieved by the starlight, the coach rolling and jumping at every step, ladies and children begging to be taken out and allowed to walk, with a light snow commencing to fall, and every prospect of being caught in a storm. I find myself placed, with two others, on the outside back seat of the second coach, and it was not many minutes before we all three found ourselves rolling over in the snow, with the hind wheel of the coach hanging over a gulch. The two leaders on our coach were skittish animals, and overpowering our driver, bolted. Fortunately, just ahead of us was a siding, made to allow vehicles to pass each other without danger. Our driver had sufficient presence of mind and also control over the leaders to guide them to a place of safety, but just before reaching it a bounding jump of the coach threw all three of the rear outside passengers off, only one of the number, an old traveler, jumping clear and alighting on his feet. It was well for me I fell in a soft place. Some passengers in the first coach rushed to the heads of the horses and stopped them at a moment when the hind wheel of the coach was hanging over a gulch, and when the team was nearing a narrow and dangerous pathway. The ladies and children were screaming and begging piteously to be let out of the coach, but the driver was inexorable. We had taken our chances and he was determined to push on. We mounted again and proceeded cautiously, still on the descent, every step seemingly to us being full of danger, on account of the almost total darkness and the difficulty of seeing the track from drifting snow. Again our leaders bolt, but this time our driver quickly recovers his command over the beasts, and requesting some of the passengers to go to their heads he unharnessed them, and hitching them behind the coach drove down to the level country with four horses only.

Over 1,500 persons are employed in chair making in the town of Gardner, Mass., yielding over \$2,000,000 worth of stock annually. They required sixty-five new houses last year.

Timely Topics.

The quickest courtship and marriage on record is reported from Batavia, Ohio. Miss Lucy Roberts, of that place, and Mr. Lighter, of Finlay, Ohio, being the contracting parties. Mr. Lighter, who is a young blacksmith, visited Batavia on business, saw Miss Roberts, became enamored at first sight, sought her acquaintance, proposed, was accepted and married her instantly. The whole proceedings did not occupy more than three hours. Miss Roberts is a brunette, very fascinating and has some reputation as a musician.

The latest swindle on the farmers is the "census-taking." A gentlemanly fellow drives up with blanks for statistics of the farm—bushels of wheat, number of cattle raised, acres under cultivation, etc. Between the tables and the foot of the page, where the farmer signs his name attesting the statement, is a blank space, whose existence is accounted for as affording room for miscellaneous information. In a month more the farmer receives notice from a neighboring bank that his note for \$150 is due. He knows nothing of the note, but investigation shows that the "census-taker" has filled in the blank with a promise to pay, which, being now in the hands of an innocent holder, must be paid by the unlucky dupe.

Minnesota weather is famous for its intensity in the winter season. A clerical friend of the *New York Observer* writes from Caledonia: "I drove twelve miles over the sparkling snow, and through the crisp air, with the thermometer ranging from twenty-four degrees to thirty-five degrees below zero. It was certainly cold, but if I had not left my foot-stove at home, I could have stood worse weather. One of these still cold days, with the air almost free from moisture, is far more enjoyable than a damp cold day in New York city, with the mercury much higher. Of course, I was well wrapped in a light overcoat, a shawl tied in the Scotch way, and over all a Buffalo great-coat extending from my nose to my heels. My beard was so full of ice when I reached home that I could hardly have bitten into an apple."

For several years efforts have been making to find an acceptable substitute for mules in hauling coal barges on the Pennsylvania canals. A new attempt will be made this spring. A steam canal boat is now in course of construction, to be put on the Lehigh and Delaware canal between Mauch Chunk and New York. The craft is to be entirely of iron, except the cross beams and deck. It will be eighty-eight feet in length, ten feet seven inches in breadth, and will be propelled by a ten-horse power steam engine with a screw wheel. It is said that, by a new invention to be applied to the screw, there will be but little agitation to the waters, and the washing out of the banks will consequently be avoided. The boat will have a carrying capacity of 105 tons of coal when drawing five feet of water. If it works satisfactorily a number of them will be constructed.

The reports of ravages of diptheria in Russia offer a fresh and most lamentable instance of the extent to which the greatest human calamities may be aggravated by ignorance and superstition. It is often found absolutely impossible to persuade the Russian peasants to accept medical aid of any kind, even when in extremity. To all such offers they reply with their wonted fatalism, "If we are to die, no medicine can save us; if we are to live, we don't need it." The prolonged fasts of the Greek church, the practice of baptizing infants in ice-cold water, which it would be thought impious to warm, and of clothing them insufficiently until the age of seven, in compliance with some absurd superstition, yearly cause countless deaths. Nothing is more astounding to a foreigner than this utter recklessness of life among the Slavonian races, which evinced itself during the great cholera epidemic of 1871, in details whose grotesque horror surpassed anything in DeFoë's history of the London plague. One poor wretch actually pointed with pride to a coffin which he had "bought cheap" as soon as the pestilence began, and kept standing in a corner of his room ever since, in readiness for immediate use. "You know," he added, with a ghastly chuckle, "if my wife and I should die about the same time, we can both go into this coffin, and that will save the expense of another!"

An "elegantly dressed gentleman" walked through the crowded streets of London the other day, followed by a little black pig, answering to the name of Johnny, and he kept as close to his master's heels as would an affectionate dog. A recent traveler in Italy says he saw a grown pig used there to hunt birds, and he would scent, stand and flush them as well as the best-trained pointer or setter.

There were 8,614 deaths in Chicago during the year 1879.

Then and Now.

I plucked a rose from a wayside hedge. One summer long ago; "This flower," I cried, in my swelling pride, "In the love of her who walked away side, "In its odor sweet and burning glow, Our future shall be the pledge; Its token shall it be. And all the young hearts of the town For my happy lot, my rose, full blown, They envied me.

In my hand I hold a withered flower; Flod like my youth in its burning glow, Its petals are black in the same young spark. It has been the crown of life, albeit— Since that summer of long ago, When I crowned the maid in boyhood's hour With its bloom in boyish glow, And yet for the love of that early day, For the memories fond that round it play, It is dear to me.

—Boston Transcript.

Items of Interest.

The Alta Italia railway (Italy), recently advertised for 1,000 employees, and 28,000 applied for places.

It's the same with men as with eggs. You can't tell whether they are good or bad till they're broke.—*Leader*.

Spain has ninety-two, dukies, 886 marquises, 632 counts, ninety-two viscounts, and ninety-eight barons.

Up at Manitoba the thermometers have to have basements; they can't get low enough on a dead level.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

The value of farms in the United States is eleven billions. In four years, therefore, the farm products equal the value of the farms.

A Miss Nannie Williams has become the wife of Mr. Goat, of Stephenville, Texas. She is now Mrs. Nannie Goat.—*Rochester Herald*.

One-third of the world's supply of sugar is made from beets, and the continent of Europe annually produces 1,500,000 tons of it.

A Peoria woman sneezed her jaw out of place lately, and the married men of the place have been buying snuff ever since.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

At the Philadelphia pound 3,014 dogs were smothered during last year. Each one, before expiring, remarked, sadly, "This is a dog-gone world!"—*Boston Transcript*.

Paint and putty can be taken off glass by wetting the glass several times with a strong solution of soda. Wet the glass often with it till the spots soften and can be washed off, and then polish with alcohol.

They call it a romantic marriage in Michigan when a couple of the neighbors get the bride's father into a back room and sit him down to prevent his interrupting and breaking up the wedding.—*Boston Post*.

In the doorway of a mansion Spoke the owner's voice quite clear, "Welcome give to eighteen eighty, Welcome, for it is leap year."

And a tramp's form rose before him And his voice became quite still— "And the tramp said: 'Since ye have said it It is leap year will.'"

Then the owner of the mansion To the tramp his boot he sent, Kicked him out into the roadway, With "tis this leap here I meant." —Ed. L. Adams.

A Wonderful Phenomenon.

The attention of sight-seekers has for more than a year been attracted to the Kane geyser, or spouting water-well, situated in the valley of Wilson's Run, near the line of the Philadelphia and Erie railway, and four miles from Kane, Pa. It was drilled in the spring of 1878 to a depth of 3,000 feet, but petroleum not being found in paying quantities, the casing was drawn and the hole abandoned. In drilling, fresh water veins were met with to a depth of 364 feet, which was the limit of the casing. At 1,415 feet a heavy "gas vein" was struck; and the gas was allowed free escape while the drilling was continued. When the well was abandoned, the fresh water flowed in, and the conflict between the water and gas commenced. The water flows into the well until the pressure of the confined gas becomes greater than the weight of the superincumbent water, when an expulsion takes place, and a column of water and gas is thrown up to a great height. This occurs at present at regular intervals of thirteen minutes, and the spouting continues for one and a half minutes. Measurements have shown the column to vary in height from 106 to 138 feet. The gas of the mixture can be readily ignited, when, after nightfall, a grand spectacle is presented. The antagonistic elements of fire and water are so prominently blended that each seems to be fighting for the mastery. At one moment the flame is almost entirely extinguished, only to break forth the next instant with increased energy. During sunshine the spray forms an artificial rainbow, and in winter the columns become encased in huge transparent ice-chimneys.—*Pittsburg Chronicle*.