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# The St. Andrews Standard.

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## The Turkey's Last Request.

A THANKSGIVING POEM.

Now, hark ye, merry gentlemen,  
And hush your foolish squabbles,  
And listen to the turkey, when  
His last request he gobbles.  
The scanty time I have to live  
Is spent in observation;  
So pray you, gentlemen, forgive  
The turkey's dissertation.  
I do observe among you all  
A selfishness surprising;  
You're satisfied when others fall,  
And envious when they're rising.  
This wicked world a barn-yard is,  
And when a corn shower rattles,  
Each craves a share that is not his,  
And with his neighbor battles.  
The juncy fowl with head in air,  
He crows in exultation;  
The rest a look of meekness wear,  
And fawn in adulation.  
But let misfortune clip his wings,  
Ye meet him with suspicion,  
And every friend the whisper flings  
That waits him to perdition.  
Oh, petty race of greedy men,  
That kill me at Thanksgiving,  
Does conscience never prick you when  
You see the way you're living?  
How many of you spend your days  
In honest, cheery labor?  
Whose head up on his pillow lays  
At peace with every neighbor?  
You're merry when the skies are fair,  
Your selfishness pursuing;  
Your charity is cold and spare,  
And left for other's doing.  
What care you for the poor man's lot,  
Of for the widow's sighing?  
The mournful sound ye hear it not  
Of orphan children crying.  
To-day my coat is old and brown,  
My gait an awkward hobble;  
Mong barn-yard fowls I seem a clown,  
My voice is but a gobble.  
But when upon your board I lie  
In golden yellow glory,  
With fragrant incense steaming high,  
Then don't forget my story.

Oh, petty race of greedy men,  
When I have died for others,  
Pray think upon your duty then  
To all your suffering brothers.  
Above your head the skies are fair,  
O'er yonder roof they're murky;  
I beg you'll send my runaway turkey,  
And please the martyred turkey.

—H. W. P. Weekly.

## NUMBER SEVENTY-NINE.

A THANKSGIVING ROMANCE.

Rhoda Bruce sat alone by the parlor window in the dim November twilight, watching the flicker and flare of the gas in the street-lamps, as the cold eddies of the winter wind came surging round the corner.  
It was Thanksgiving eve; and, after a day of busy preparation for the morrow's festivity, everything had settled down into quiet at last.  
Rhoda had heartily enjoyed the excitement of helping her aunt, with whom she lived, arrange rooms for the expected guests, and prepare flowers for the tables and mantles, putting graceful, girlish touches upon all the adornments. Toward night, aunts and uncles and cousins had poured in from the different trains, and Rhoda's brother Ralph, her especial admiration and adoration, had surprised her by coming from his college to spend the holiday with her. Altogether it had been a happy day, and was a joyous prelude to the hymn of praise and thanks, which Rhoda felt sure she would sing out gladly on the morrow.  
But it was just a trifle dull alone in the parlor to-night; Aunt Carry had taken the girls, her two daughters, off up stairs for a confab, and others of the aunts and cousins were singing babyhood in their rooms to protesting babyhood; Uncle Boyed was smoking up in the library with the husbands and brothers, and Ralph, after a little confidential converse with Rhoda, had rushed down to the Continental to meet some of his chums.

It looked very pleasant over the way at the Welden girl's house; the gas was lighted in the parlor, the blinds up, and they seemed to be having a jolly time. Some one had told Rhoda that Letty Welden's beau was coming on from the West to spend Thanksgiving with her, and Rhoda desired him in the group.  
"Heigho-ho!" sighed Rhoda; "he don't rush off to meet a comrade as soon as he has arrived. I wish I had a lover! They must be very nice. I wonder if I will have one next Thanksgiving?"  
Just then a voice in the darkness made her start with the words:  
"If you love me, you'll do something I want you to very much."  
"But it was only Cousin Gilbert who had spoken, and as he was but fourteen, and only up to her shoulder, even a comely flirtation was out of the question.  
"Well, what is it, Gil?" laughed Rhoda; "faint heart never won fair lady, you know; ask, and see if I will not grant you a favor."  
"Rhoda, dear, it's awfully stupid up in the library, they're talking stocks, and if I go where mamma is, she'll want me to go to bed; and Rhoda," coming

closer, and coaxing in rough boy fashion, "I never saw a great city lighted up; I wish you'd take me down the street a little ways, please?"  
"Certainly I will," replied Rhoda, jumping up; "get into your overcoat quickly, and wait in the hall until I come down," then, running up stairs for her own seal-skin jacket and cap, Rhoda burst into the nursery with an incoherent sort of explanation that she was going out a little way, and would take Gilbert as escort.

"Poor fellow!" she said to herself, as she tied her cardinal cloud tight down over her ears, and wound it round her throat; "he lives such a humdrum sort of life up in that little village; how grand the city by night will look to him! I'll walk a little way down Broad street, and then return; he will be protection enough, if he is only a boy, and I shan't feel at all timid."  
A brisk walk, with Gilbert's constant boyish chatter and pleasure at seeing the long continuous line of lamps, that it seemed a band of light along the straight stretch of streets, soon brought them down into the more central portion of the city; and, almost before she realized it, Rhoda found herself in a crowd of men and boys, who appeared to think that keeping Thanksgiving eve consisted in shouting and jostling and pushing every one with whom they came in contact. Presently a loud clang and boom rang out upon the air, and, then, a rush on the part of the crowd, followed by a rattle and clatter of noisy engines along the street, and a whirl of hurrying people with cries of "fire! fire!" upon their lips, flew past.

"O Rhoda! I never saw a fire; come, let us go!" and Gilbert caught her by the hand, and she, obeying a wild sort of impulse which she could scarcely understand, and felt powerless to control, followed him until they stood at last in the midst of a shouting crowd, far down in the city, watching the raging flames that now burst forth from the building from whence the alarm had sounded.

There was a fascination in the sight of the long curling tongues of fire that licked the walls of the house caperingly, and a terrible grandeur in the final topple and crash of the mighty fortress of flames, Rhoda stood spellbound at the sight, as was her companion, until some one rudely pushed by her, peering into her face and laughingly addressed her as "Little Red Ridinghood," then she suddenly became aware that it was night, and that they two were far from home, and alone.

"Come, Gilbert, come," she whispered, quickly pulling him away; "we must go home," and, hurrying through the crowd, she discovered, upon reaching the first open street, that they were at least two miles from home, and from a clock in a store near by she saw that it was considerably after ten.

"Have you any money, Gilbert, we must ride home at once?" she asked, after feeling in her own pocket and finding her purse was not there.  
"Ten cents; but that isn't enough, is it? Can't we walk, I'm not tired?"  
"I don't believe we can; I am cold and tired, both! O Gilbert! why did we come?" and there was a slight suspicion of tears in the trembling, frightened voice, as Rhoda realized their uncomfortable position; two miles from home, after ten o'clock, and not enough money to ride; it was not a pleasant state of affairs, surely. Rude men passing now, began to notice the girl, and boldly stared in her pale face.  
"Gilbert," she whispered, shrinking from their gaze, "Gilbert, we must get into a car; I will explain to the conductor, and we can pay the rest of the fare to-morrow."

But there were no cars in sight, and it was growing colder every moment. After waiting some time upon the corner, Rhoda cried:  
"There is a policeman, Gilbert, I'll ask him how soon the car will be along?" and timidly accosting the officer who stood near by, and who appeared to be noticing their evident distress, Rhoda was informed that in consequence of the fire, that line of cars was stopped.  
"But," added the officer, politely, "you can take an Arch street car and exchange with one of the north-bound lines."  
"O Rhoda, two exchanges, eighteen cents! and we've only ten," cried Gilbert, pathetically; "we'll have to walk, and you are shivering with the cold, and you say fault for bringing you out."  
The officer came nearer now, and, speaking to Gilbert, but looking at the tired, pale face in the scarlet hood and seal-skin cap, said, kindly:  
"If you'll allow me, my lad, I will arrange all that," and he took from his vest pocket a silver piece and put it into Gilbert's hand, and adding: "your sister is not able to walk far this cold night, please accept this little loan."

Rhoda bowed and said:  
"You are very kind; I do not think I could walk back, and you see we haven't any money; but I will recollect your station, and," looking up at his cap, "oh, yes! I see your number is seventy-nine. Remember, Gilbert, policeman No. 79. Thank you, very much, for the loan!" and, taking her cousin's arm, Rhoda hurried on toward the car.

"I tell you, you've got first-class policemen here, Rhoda. Wasn't he a stunner?" cried Gilbert, as they reached the car, and he paid their fare out of the silver piece; "I'll return the money the first thing in the morning; it will be a real Thanksgiving, won't it? I don't know when I ever felt more grateful; why, we might have been arrested as tramps and taken to the station-house."

Upon reaching home, the two runaways found that their stay had occasioned much consternation in the household. Rhoda's brother Ralph stood upon the door-step, anxiously awaiting their appearance, not a little disappointed and alarmed to find his sister gone upon her return from the hotel.

"Why, Rhoda, how imprudent to be out so late! Where in the world?" he began, but Gilbert rushed into such an enthusiastic description of the great fire they had witnessed, that Ralph was forced to laugh off the little brotherly scold he had been preparing.

"And it was just awful!" said Gilbert, "and we would have had to walk all the way back, two miles in the cold, if—a look from Rhoda, who did not care to be reproved further, changed his finishing the sentence, "if we had not have rode."

"That is an indisputable fact, surely," laughed Aunt Carry; "but I really think it is about time we all had some rest now; Gilbert, are dissipating too freely, and Rhoda, I want you to get some beauty sleep, for Ralph tells me his friend, Captain Hardy, will dine with us to-morrow, and you certainly will want to appear at your best."

Thanksgiving morning dawned bright and clear; and, directly after breakfast, after a little whispered consultation with Rhoda, Gilbert started down town to find the officer who had been so kind the night before. He did not return in time to accompany his cousins to church, and Rhoda felt certain qualms of anxiety over his delay.

"I ought to have gone with him," she kept saying over and over to herself. "Oh, dear, what a bother boys are! I'll all his own fault for insisting upon running to the fire; and now, perhaps, he has got lost, and I shall be blamed!"  
Ralph Bruce wondered what made his sister so absent-minded and quiet all the morning; but as he too was feeling annoyed and anxious over the non-appearance of his friend Captain Hardy, he did not question her curiously silent manner.

Walking from church, as the two turned the corner of the street on their way home, what was their astonishment to behold both delinquents face to face, Gilbert merrily laughing and talking with a handsome young gentleman in full uniform; the gentleman as interestedly listening to his boyish chatter.  
"Why, Hardy, my dear fellow, what—who—where," cried Ralph, looking from the Captain to Gilbert, and from Gilbert back to the Captain, in the greatest surprise.

Here he is, Rhoda, and he isn't a policeman at all; he's a regular; but I found him there at the place, you know, and he wouldn't take the money, and he knows Ralph, and I brought him right along," and quite out of breath, Gilbert passed at length in his explanation.  
Ralph now included his sister in his scrutiny.  
"Why, really, Hardy," he began.  
Rhoda blushed and looked confused.  
"Shall I explain matters a little more lucidly?" asked the Captain, smiling, and looking at Rhoda, who nodded affirmatively. "Things do look complicated, don't they Bruce?" he said, turning to Ralph; "but the solution of the mystery, is that last evening I met your sister and this lad in the crowd near the fire down town; and they, supposing me a public officer—I wore a fatigue cap—asked me a question concerning the cars, and—"

"And we only had ten cents," interrupted Gilbert; and he loaned me a quarter to ride home, and I went down town to pay him back this morning, and—"

"Ah, I begin to see light dawning at last!" said Ralph. "It is a complicated case, as you say; but I thank you, Hardy, for your kindly personation of a policeman. I doubt if the genuine article would have dealt so gentlemanly with such a pair of greenhorns. But now let me introduce you to the damsel toward whom you have so gallantly played knight. Rhoda, my friend Captain Hardy, of the Seventy-ninth Regiment. Hardy, my sister, Miss Rhoda."

Bruce, and O, Gil! this is Captain Hardy, a 'Regular,' as you have discovered; Captain, my cousin, Gilbert Gaines; and now that we are at our gates—the party having reached the door by this time—"let us go in and eat our dinner with—"

"With thanksgiving and praise!" broke in Gilbert, who had been giving Rhoda a series of pokes and hunches as he walked along beside her.  
"That is just it, exactly," replied the captain. "It is a true Thanksgiving day for me; I don't know when I have felt such a desire to return thanks," with a warm look at Rhoda's blushing face.

It was some time before Rhoda could summon sufficient confidence and courage to address her brother's friend as Captain Hardy.

"Only think, Gilbert," she said, "I called him number 'seventy-nine' that night, and I shall always think of him as number 'seventy-nine,' and I am so afraid I shall address him by that name."

But with the captain's frequent calls at the house, during the rest of the winter, Rhoda gradually overcame her timidity, and before spring she had learned not only to call him "Captain," but to qualify that title in her mind and thoughts with the tenderest of adjectives; and in due time it came to pass that she promised to change her name of Bruce to that of Hardy.

When she wrote a little note to Gilbert announcing their engagement, he wrote back, "you owe me one for him, anyhow; if it were not for me you would never have met him so romantically at least—it was that pretty red hood of yours that first attracted him; he is my Thanksgiving present to you, and I want to come to Seventy-ninth's wedding."

A year from the night Rhoda sat in the dim twilight waiting for a lover, she was married to Captain Hardy of the 79th regiment; and Gilbert was there!

## Rome Sentinel Brevities.

He is a very shrewd man who can flatter without being suspected of a motive for so doing.

"Where do our sponges come from?" No matter about that. Let us rather devise a means to get rid of them.

The mule must be the most stubborn of all animals, but he cannot certainly be the most ignorant, for does he not manifest plenty of brain?

A man in St. John, N. B., has been amusing himself by firing at street lamps. He should be labeled "Death," because he loves a shining mark.

Grandma, in a sentimental mood—"When the heart is overflowing," interrupted by mischievous five-year old, with practical demonstration—"Then the nose will get a blowing."

"Be ever ready to acknowledge a favor," says a writer. We are, sir; we are. What troubles us is that on one side we are completely loaded down with readiness, while on the other side opportunity is painfully scarce.

American sociability is strikingly illustrated when two next door neighbors come out of their gates at the same moment without bidding the top o' the morning to one another, or as much as saying boo, both going down the street unconcerned, one behind the other, each seeming oblivious of the other's proximity.

## How the Errors Crept In.

Florence De Laigue, who recently published some verses on "Autumn" in these columns, writes to ask: "Who is responsible for the typographical errors in the *Hawkeye*?" Lean down here, Florence, while we whisper in your ear: "—ah, nobody is. The editor writes so plainly that even a blind man can spell out his words; the compositors are college men who have edited papers of their own, and set up the matter exactly as it is written and correct what mistakes the editor makes; the proof reader is a professor of rhetoric and philology in an Iowa college, and never makes a mistake in his life; and he corrects what few mistakes the compositors may make; the foreman is a Gottingen graduate, who has nothing to do but see that the matter is perfect when the forms go down. There isn't a mistake in the *Hawkeye* when it reaches the press. But we'll tell you, as a professional secret, Florence, how the mistakes creep in. The pressman told the manager, and the manager told us; it's the ink, Florence, it's the ink. We pay out thousands and thousands of dollars a year for good ink, and we can't get an article that won't fairly make the paper with typographical errors.—Burlington Hawkeye.

The eating of horse flesh has become very common in European cities, but more especially in London and Paris. There are 168 marble quarries in Italy.

## TIMELY TOPICS.

Thirty-one churches were burned in the United States during October.

One of the articles shipped from India to China is salted rats, which are, as is well known, highly appreciated in China as an article of food.

A resident of Ellinwood, Kansas, recently killed forty-five ducks. He cannot tell a lie; he did it with his little double-barreled shot-gun at one discharge.

One of the great causes of the superior quality of Dutch butter, of which so much is sold in the London market, is the extreme degree of cleanliness observed through the course of management.

Forty-five millions of pairs of sewed shoes and fifty-five millions of pairs of pegged shoes were made and sold by the manufacturers of the United States in 1877, and eighty-five per cent. of the work done on these shoes was done by machinery.

In 1877 Great Britain paid the United States for bacon, hams, beef, butter and cheese, \$67,500,000, against \$17,500,000 in 1868. The average annual amount paid by Great Britain during the last five years for American cotton was \$135,500,000.

There are in London, 1,928 architects, 971 surveyors, 5,657 builders, 31,699 carpenters and joiners, 17,983 bricklayers, 853 marble masons, 6,029 mason pavers and 27,219 plumbers, painters and glaziers. The plasterers and paper-hangers probably number 8,000 more.

The London police force consists of four petty racket superintendents, twenty-five superintendents, 270 inspectors, 1,051 sergeants and 9,000 constables. The total expenditures of the department last year were \$5,376,185. The police force of the city of New York numbers some 2,500 men, and the estimated cost of the department for the current year is \$3,999,895.

The prison discipline of California is pronounced the worst in the world. One of the delegates to the constitutional convention, who is also one of the leading lawyers of the State, says that "you enter the State prison, and are received by a gentlemanly trustee, who probably offers you a cigar. Passing on, you find yourself in a flower garden, where the music of birds greets your ear. You imagine you are entering a palace instead of a prison. There is no punishment there except to be deprived of indulgence in dissipation."

The Chinese authorities find their imperial canal so costly to keep in repair that it is not unlikely to be abandoned as a commercial highway. This year grain was for the first time since the canal's construction sent from Nanking by sea with the consent of the government. The length of the canal is 700 miles. It runs from north to south, extending from Canton to the extremity of the empire, and passes through forty-one large cities. It has seventy-five large sluices or locks, and several thousand bridges. Even the imperial pleasure grounds have never been exempt from having canals cut through them, and it was formerly customary for the emperor when the works reached his ground to turn the first sod, with the words, "This is to let all know that private must give way to public good."

## Birth and Death.

How quickly one generation of men follows another to the grave! We come like ocean waves to the shore, and scarcely strike the strand before we roll back into the forgetfulness whence we came. "There is a skeleton in every house." Ay, in some, many. We can stand upon the corner of any street, and, looking back, we shall see that all the houses have changed occupants in a few years. The old men have gone, and a generation that knew them not has taken their places. Yes! while we look, we ourselves grow old, and pass on to join the great caravan whose tents are almost in sight on the other side. In youth, the other world seems a great way off; but later we feel and realize that it is closer at hand; and, what is better, nature does the preparatory work for passing into it, so that easily we grow into it—we are born into it.

"Mother wants you to let her take your polonaise pattern, and be so kind as to fill this cup with yeast, and is your clock right, and what time is it, and a little meal in this pan, and won't you write down your recipe for my muffins, and please not let your turkey roost on our fence any more, 'cause dad says he'll shoot them."—*New Haven Register*.

## No Nonsense About Her.

They parted at a country house. It was a balmy summer night: They met at an autumn town-carnival. "Mid flowers, music and gas-light. They met in the pauses of a dance, In which her foot had gaily sped. "My dear"—she parried his fond glances. "No nonsense, sir," she said.

He touched her on her soft white arm. He led her to a maze of flowers; "And is it," asked he, "any harm I've longed for these dreary hours. My brain is dazed, my blood is fire, With passion is my being fed; But still I know that you desire—"

"No nonsense, sir," she said. "It may have pleased your fifth heart. When skies were bright and beams few, To tease me with a woman's art; But that I can't believe of you. I may have been too forward, dear; Yet though your anger much I dread, I still do hope that you will hear—"

"No nonsense, sir," she said. "You knew me little nor for long, Nor knew if good or ill my fame; You had no thought of right or wrong, Or where I lived or whence I came. Your thoughts of me, most like, were few, Though dreams of you my fancy led, And I had hoped to say to you—"

"No nonsense, sir," she said. "You are a woman of the world, And yet an angel of the sky— A dainty darling, kissed and curled, Dropped onto earth from on high. You bring a shyness from above, That with aplomb is sweetly won, And how I wish that you would love—"

"No nonsense, sir," she said. "That shyness I can robe in gold, And that aplomb in silk attire; And though you came from heights unthought, Still I can lift you one step higher. A soft pink flush suffused her cheek, Against his arm she laid her head; And I assure you that I speak—"

## Items of Interest.

A dealer in Texas. The tormentor. There is an arsenic spring in California.

There are 287 illustrated papers in England.

Hanging is too good for a pain that is poorly executed.

Red Cloud promises well, but doubtful if he has a silver lining.

The Sultan of Zanzibar has a cultivation of 90,000 trees, all bearing.

It is only a century and a half since the general introduction of newspapers.

Many so-called camel's hair brushes are made from the hair of the tail of squirrels.

There are 175 places in the United States called Washington, besides one in the District of Columbia.

Nearly 15,000,000 of the new silver dollars have been already coined. It is difficult to realize that, this is so, we remember that only two of us have called upon us.—*Norristown Herald*.

A physician, finding a lady read "Twelfth Night," said: "When I speak wrote about patience on a monument, did he mean doctors' patients?" "No," she answered, "you don't come on monuments, but under the stones."

## Causing His Bride's Arrest.

A Belgian bridegroom being about to start for Paris on his honeymoon, was informed by his bride that she thought of concealing several thousand francs' worth of lace about her, by its sale to pay the cost of her journey. The bridegroom was not smitten with this frugal project, and pointed out that there were custom house officers and a female searcher at Equeulines who were sometimes struck with an accountable fancy for examining passengers' pockets. This she said he would not mind, and his bride, to him, promised to give up her plan; of course, she secreted the lace all the same without telling him about it. The train approached the French frontier, the husband reflected that, if wife were not searched, his fears would be mocked at as having been groundless and he would start on his married career with prestige impaired. This not desirable—not rather was it easier that he should from the very onset assert his infallibility. So, when the train stopped at Equeulines, and passengers alighted, the Belgian bridegroom led his bride's arm for a moment, and, sidling up to a customs officer, whispered:

"I think if you search that lady's der you may find some lace." The officer winked, and the bride was accosted with an invitation to walk into the female searcher's room. She turned pale and jittered, but, led away, and five minutes later the sounds of hysterics were heard. The officer re-appeared and said to the horrified husband:

"Thank you, sir; it's a good captain. The lady will be taken to prison, half the fine will go to you."