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The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH. E. VARIES SUMMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic.
VOL. XLVII. SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, MAY 26, 1880. \$2.50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. NO. 22.

Songs of the Soul.
Oh! the wonderful songs that never are sung
With words for an outward token;
But go singing themselves for aye in the soul,
In a language that never is spoken.
Songs that are sweeter than poets' or penmen;
All their power and their beauty exceeding;
With a melody purer and tenderer far,
Than the notes that their numbers are swelling.
Songs every true love sings to his love,
Born on his deep-hidden feeling;
Such as sing themselves low in the pure
maiden's breast,
For fear of an outward revealing.
Songs that the mother-heart sings to the babe
In peace on her bosom reclining;
That give spirit voice to her hopes and her fears,
Tender beyond all defining.
Wild, thrilling songs, that awake every chord
When the soul is exultant with gladness;
That sigh through its chambers like voices of night
When they utter its burden and sadness;
That breathe through the spirit with soft
whispering notes,
Like winds over June roses sighing,
When passion is stilled and peace reigns
within,
And the heart hushed and tranquil is lying.
Such songs are sung through all the wide
world,
And never once known are the singers;
But their music is echoed from heart unto
heart,
And its sweetness and power ever lingers;
And but for the singing of such voiceless
songs,
In souls filled with hoping and longing,
Oh! dreary indeed would be the dark road
Earth's children are hurriedly thronging.
For naught the poets whose numbers are
formed
In the unwritten language of spirit,
While few are the ones who in words the
lips frame
The power to express them inherit;
And now is the voice that is perfectly tuned
When words are the outward token,
But never as a soul can sweet music make
In the language that is never is spoken.
—W. S. Ralph in Boston Transcript.

The Trials of a Schoolmistress.

When the inhabitants in, and legat-
voters of "school district number one
of the town of Westcastle, in the State
of Massachusetts, chose Deacon Samuel
Carter and Ross Wallace directors they
rather congratulated themselves on
having made the best possible choice.
For all parties had been suited. Deacon
Carter was an old, and Mr. Wallace a
young man. The venerable deacon was
a married man, who rejoiced in the
large family of sons and daughters that
gathered around his table. Mr. Wallace
was unmarried, and to tell the truth
rather tyrannized over a somewhat vir-
gin housekeeper. He was, however,
something more than bashful, he was
actually afraid of the girls and never
went into society, and, it was said, al-
ways left the church before the benedi-
ction, so as to get rid of passing
through the ordeal of having to bow,
perhaps even to speak to a score of what
he termed "giggling girls."
The principal duty of a school director
is to select the teacher, and Mr. Wallace
anticipated little trouble on that score,
as Deacon Carter had been one of the
directors for many years, and was a man
always willing to take the responsibility.
"Ross," observed the deacon to his
young associate in official honors, as
they met in the store one morning, "I'll
call around this evening and see you
about the district. That is unless you'd
rather come over to my house and spend
a social hour. Mrs. Carter an' the girls
would make you welcome I've no
doubt," and the deacon smiled blandly,
as fathers of good-looking daughters are
apt to smile on a well-to-do and moral
young man desirable in every way as a
son-in-law.
"Oh, call over and see me," said
Wallace. "It would be a great deal
more convenient for me if you would."
"All right," replied the deacon, "only
you must be a little more neighborly
than you have been," he added with
another benevolent smile, and the two
parted, the deacon to return home to
hasten and superintend the prepara-
tions that were being made for a visit of
at least four weeks that he was about to
make to a brother who resided in Cen-
tral New York, and the unsuspecting
Ross to return home to eat a "picked
up" dinner and to listen to the com-
plaints of his housekeeper.
"Mr. Wallace, have you got my
starch?" demanded the housekeeper, a
spinster of fifty winters; there had evi-
dently been no starch in her life.
"Miss Hart, I must—I—that is,"
stammered Ross.
"That is, you've forgotten it ag'in,"
snapped the spinster.
"I'm afraid I have, ma'am," replied
Ross, dolefully.
"Which the same being the case you
won't get your shirt front done up for
Sunday as I can see," said the house-
keeper with a look of ill-concealed tri-
umph.

Ross winced, for like many another
bashful man he was particular in regard
to his personal appearance and the meal
proceeded in silence till the spinster
broke out afresh.
"Mr. Wallace, I calculate that it
wouldn't be convenient to let me have
Len an hour or two to-morrow, would it?"
"Len" was Mr. Wallace's right hand
man in all farming operations, and he
carried on farming on quite an exten-
sive scale.
"No-o, that is, not very—"
"Then I calculate you'll have to drive
down to the depot and take up my nieces
yourself. They'll come up on the ten
o'clock train in the forenoon, and leave
at eight o'clock in the evening," said
the housekeeper.
"Drive down yourself," suggested Mr.
Wallace, "the drive will do you good."
"Ross Wallace," said the spinster in a
severe tone, "I do believe that you'd
be glad to have me killed. Me drive
one of them get-up-and-get horses of
yours," as Len calls 'em, though I don't
know what he means by the slang."
"I'll let Len go, I guess," observed Mr.
Wallace, as he rose from his seat.
"That woman will be the death of
me yet," said the farmer to himself as
he made his way to the back lot where
his men were at work. "Well, I may
as well go down to Boston to-morrow
as to go down next week for the matter
of that, I suppose."
"Me an' the girls will have the day to
ourselves," chuckled the ancient, as her
employer left the house, and she heard
the door "bang" after him. "I'll bet a
dollar that he'll be off for somewhere
bright and early to-morrow morning."
Evening came and with it came also
the deacon.
"Ross," observed the pillar of the
church, "you'll have to attend to gettin'
the teacher."
"What did you say, deacon?" in-
quired the horrified Ross.
"My brother John is sick, pretty low,
in fact, an' as I haven't sent him for
now goin' on twenty years I thought it
my duty to make him a visit. John
ain't got no near connection but me, an'
maybe he'll come back an' stay with me
till he's called, that's what he hinted
at in his letter, an' he's my brother
an' I well off, an' so I'm goin' to Cen-
tral New York to see him," replied the
deacon.
"How long will you be gone?" asked
Ross, with a last gleam of hope.
"Well, John thought him an' me
might get his affairs settled in about a
month."
"When must school commence, deacon?"
"The district voted to have it begin
a week from next Monday, Ross."
"When do you go?" anxiously in-
quired Wallace.
"To-morrow," calmly replied the
deacon. "The mistress'll board at Mr.
Frye's. (He gets too much for it; three
dollars a week is a big price, as it stands
to reason that she won't eat much,
bein' a woman,) an' all you've got to do
is to get the right kind of a girl," he
added.
Wallace groaned.
"Has any one applied?" he asked.
"Well not exactly applied," said the
deacon, cautiously. "There's the
Brown girl, Julia, she told her mam
to tell Mrs. Carter to tell me that she
didn't know but what she might take
the school if she didn't take some other,
an' Mary Liscomb called before the
meetin' was held to say that she might
teach this summer, and ag'in she might
not."
"What shall I do?" said Ross, des-
pondently.
"Well, you'd better harness up an'
ride around for a day or two an' see if
you can't pick up a good passable kind
of a girl that wants to teach," replied
the deacon, as he rose to go.
Never in the whole course of his life
had Ross Wallace been in such a fix.
The idea of being put in such a position
almost drove him mad. He, Ross Wal-
lace, who had never been called upon by
one of the young ladies, even of his im-
mediate neighborhood, now asked to
ride around and hunt up a "passable
kind of a girl," who might "want to
teach." The thought was maddening.
Ross went to Boston the next day.
The day after he was uncommonly
busy on the farm and found no time to
attend to the hunting up of the re-
quired "passable kind of a girl" search
needed by school district No. 1, of the
town of Westcastle. The evening found
him in his room reading Hallam's Mid-
dle Ages, when the housekeeper
knocked at his door and made the too
him-fearful announcement—
"A young lady's in the sitting room
waiting to see you Mr. Wallace."
"Angels and ministers of grace, de-
fend us!" exclaimed Ross. "I wonder
if she's the Brown girl, or the Mary
Liscomb, that the deacon told me
about?"
Plainly there was nothing to do but
to go down and meet his unwelcome
visitor.
"If she's anyway fit to teach the
school I'll engage her," thought Ross
as he entered the sitting room.
His visitor was not so imposing a one

after all. It was not the "Brown girl,"
and it was not Mary Liscomb; that
much he decided on at the first glance.
A graceful lit le lady, small and slender,
with a sweet face framed in masses
of curls, black and shining. Hair that
recalled to the mind of the school official
a little curl that lay upstairs
among his papers. A curl cut from the
head of the mother who had died be-
fore his remembrance. The thought
sent the moisture to his eyes, and the
little lady in black had won her suit
before it was proffered.
"This is Mr. Wallace, the school di-
rector, I presume," she said, breaking
the silence that was getting embarrass-
ing to both.
Mr. Wallace bowed.
"I am Kit Freegan, and I called to
see about taking your school; I gradu-
ated at Vassar. I am out of work—
and my mother is dead, and I am all
alone in the world."
"Poor little girl," thought Mr. Wal-
lace, as he noticed the tears gather in
her eyes and caught the trembling at
once of lip and voice, and if Miss Kit
had lacked anything of having gained
the place she sought that would have
secured it. Old deacon Carter might
not have thought her "a passable girl,"
but Mr. Ross Wallace did. Twenty-
five will differ from sixty-five on such
subjects.
A long—yes, actually long—conver-
sation followed, and Miss Kit was not
only engaged, but left the house feeling
quite well acquainted with Mr. Wallace,
and wondered how any one could call
him "odd," saying to herself with just
a little blush, "I'm sure he's just splen-
did, and not odd at all; and I'm sure,
too, that I shall have a splendid time
teaching the school."
Poor, self-deceived Miss Kit! Fool-
ish, confident Miss Kit, to expect a
"splendid time" as the mistress of a
country school. Deacon Carter, the
author, or almost any other old man,
could have told her better; and yet to
what purpose? Why not be merry
while we may? Why not take pleasure
in anticipation while there is so little
pleasure in the reality? Surely there is
no harm and some little good done.

CHAPTER II.

"There's a snarl of uncommonly bad
children in this district," observed the
boarding mistress to Miss Kit. "A
snarl of 'em, an' anything one is worse
than the other, if possible. You must
be firm and let 'em know you're master,"
she continued with a calm disregard of
the sex of the party addressed.
"I think that I can manage them,"
said Miss Kit.
At school, she found that the task
would be a hard one indeed. The
scholars kept reasonably quiet while the
teacher was taking their names and
assigning classes, but the trouble com-
menced in earnest then. A set of boys
attended who reported themselves as
"too big to go to a woman's school,"
as the ring-leader informed Miss Kit,
and she quite agreed with him, and only
wished that his parents would think so
also. Miss Kit had no peace in her life
whatever hope she might have in her
death, which she declared to be near,
as the children were bound to kill her.
A worse school could hardly be im-
agined. Miss Kit had led in repeating
the Lord's Prayer, a part of the regu-
lar schooling exercise, for a few days with
head bowed and closed eyes, but she
found that the assuming of that rever-
ent attitude was the signal for raining
a shower of paper balls on her devoted
head, and she concluded to "watch as
well as pray," and led that portion of
the school exercise with eyes wide open
and head erect.
The children acted worse and worse,
as days went by, and little Miss Kit,
who tried the best she could to keep
order, was sorely perplexed. As Mrs.
Deacon Carter expressed it, "Them
critters at the school-house act as if
posseessed with witches," and Miss Kit
felt that she would gladly have ex-
changed them for the whole company
of the servants of the "prince of the
power of the air," that of old time so
sorely afflicted the good people of the
ancient town of Salem.
Such a state of affairs could not of
course long escape the notice of the only
remaining school director, and Mr.
Wallace had frequent interviews with
the perplexed teacher, and he found
himself thinking of her in a way that
he had never even dreamed of thinking
of a woman, yet I suspect he would
have been astonished if any one had
suggested that he was in love. He was
interested in Miss Kit—and in the school
—because it was his official duty to be.
Only that and nothing more. It was
his duty to attend to the school and he
discharged that duty in the most pains-
taking manner.
By the advice of the director Miss Kit
took a firmer stand and punished one or
two pupils, but a rebellion is much more
easily suppressed in the commencement
than after some time has passed, as all
history teaches, and Miss Kit found.
The school had been running two
weeks.
Deacon Carter was expected home
Monday night, and the people predicted

that he would at once bring order
(which is heaven's first law) out of
what pretty closely resembled chaos as
far as law was concerned, by the dis-
charge of the teacher, and the hiring of
either the Brown girl or Mary Liscomb
who, it was said would thrash the
rebels into instant and unconditional
submission.
Saturday evening Mr. Wallace called
at the school-house after the school
had been dismissed. It had rained
more or less all day and the road was
rather muddy.
"If Miss Kit is here I'll take her
home," Mr. Wallace had thought as he
drew up his horse in front of the tem-
ple of knowledge.
Miss Kit was there.
And Miss Kit was in tears.
And naturally Mr. Wallace inquired
what fresh trouble had occurred; in-
quired, he it said, with a sad heart, for
he could not disguise from himself the
fact that Miss Kit must go.
"They are getting worse and worse,"
sobbed Miss Kit, "and to-day when I
saw Tom Dyer under the desk to punish
he cut my rubber to bits," and the
little teacher held up the fragments of
what had once been a dainty little rub-
ber. "And now," she added, "they
tell me that cross old Deacon Carter
will make me leave, and where can I
get another engagement?"
"I'll tell you," said Ross Wallace.
She looked up and read the love story
that his eyes told, and her own black
eyes fell again.
"Take me for a life-long pupil. Be my
wife," he said.
Miss Kit looked up shyly and whis-
pered something that probably was not
a refusal, as Mr. Wallace gave—and re-
ceived—his first love kiss.

Bonanza Farming in Dakota.

We spent an evening in the comfort-
able home of one of the superintendents,
and heard him explain the system of
bookkeeping. Every man is engaged
by contract, for a certain time, to do cer-
tain work, for certain wages. He re-
ceives his money up shyly and whis-
pered something that probably was not
a refusal, as Mr. Wallace gave—and re-
ceived—his first love kiss.
Deacon Carter returned home on Mon-
day, and "the Brown girl" was at once
installed as mistress of the district
school, and succeeded in keeping the
term out in peace, and Miss Kit was in-
stalled as mistress of the home of Mr.
Ross Wallace some few weeks later.
Portland New Eng.

Hints on House-Cleaning.

Where hard-finished walls have al-
ready been kilsomined, the soiled coats
should be washed or scraped off before
a new one is put on. This is the most
disagreeable part of the process. The
furniture should be covered, as lime
makes spots that are removed with great
difficulty, especially upon black walnut.
Those who have tried paint on the walls
of rooms speak very strongly in its favor.
It closes up the pores of the plaster so
that it cannot absorb ill odors, it can be
easily cleaned with soda and water,
(soda and water make it spotty) and it
can be made of any desired tint. In
washing painted walls it is a good plan
to remove from the room everything
that can be injured by steam, and then
hang sheets wrung from hot water in
the room. The vapor condensing on the
walls softens the dirt and it may be
wiped off with woolen cloths wrung
from soda water. Ceilings that have
been smoked by a kerosene lamp should
be washed off with soda water. If the
wall about the stove has been
smoked by the stove, cover the black
patches with gum shellac and they
will not strike through either paint
or kalsomine. Furniture needs clean-
ing as much as other wood-work.
It may be washed with warm soap suds
quickly, be wiped dry, and then rubbed
with an oily cloth. To polish it, rub it
with rotten-stone and sweet-oil. Clean
off the oil and polish with chamois skin.
For ordinary wood-work use whitening
to rub the dirt off and ammonia. Mortar
and paint may be removed from window
glass with hot, sharp vinegar. Grained
wood should be washed with cold tea.
Carpets should be thoroughly beaten on
the wrong side first and then on the right,
after which spots may be removed by the
use of ox gall or ammonia and water. If
paper has been laid under the carpet all
just may be easily removed with it with-
out raising any. The warmth of floors is
greatly increased by having carpet lining
or layers of paper under it. Drain pipes
and all places that are sour or impure
may be cleansed with lime water, cop-
pers water or carbolic acid. Coppers
mixed with the whitewash put upon
the cellar walls will keep vermin away.
Strong brine may be used to advantage
in washing bedsteads; hot alum water
is also good for this purpose. Oil of
lavender will drive away the fleas.
Hellebore sprinkled on the floor at night
destroys cockroaches; they eat it and
are poisoned. Cayenne pepper blown
into the cracks where ants congregate
will drive them away. The same
remedy is good also for mice. If gilt
frames, when new, are covered with a
coat of white varnish all specks can
then be washed off with water without
harm. Good fires should be kept up
during the house-cleaning time even
though the doors and windows be kept
open and more than usual attention
should be given to the provision of a
nutritious and generous diet. Under
the most favorable circumstances house-
cleaning makes immense de-
mands upon the nervous system as well
as on the muscular, and good food at
regular intervals will be a great help in
enabling one to be patient.—New York
Tribune.

Recent Signs of the Sky.

The superstitiously inclined might
regard the signs of the sky for the last
month or six weeks as ominous.
Meteors and shooting stars have been
unusually plentiful. The newspapers
in all parts of the civilized world have
contained accounts of their appearance.
Not a week has passed without one or
more brilliant fire balls having been
seen in England or on the continent of
Europe. One night, several weeks ago
the people of some parts of Northern
New Jersey were startled by a sudden
illumination of doors, followed by
the rapid flight of a large meteor across
the heavens. Two or three fire balls
have been seen recently in the Western
States. The other day the residents of
two towns in Connecticut were ac-
tonished to hear a noise like thunder
overhead, although the sky was serene
and cloudless. It is reported from
Sicily that recently a shower of meteor
dust, containing a large amount of
meteoric iron in small particles, fell
there. Any one crossing the ferries at
night, especially in the early part of the
month, if he watched the sky, was
pretty sure to see one or more shooting
stars before the trip was ended, remind-
ing him of the fact that the earth is con-
tinually being
"Pelted with star dust; stoned with meteor
balls."

Beautiful Hands.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They are neither white nor small,
And you, I know, would scarcely think
That they were fair at all.
I've looked on hands whose form and line
A sculptor's dream might be;
Yet are these aged, wrinkled hands,
Most beautiful to me.
Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
Though hearts were weary and sad,
These patient hands kept toiling on,
That the children might be glad.
I almost weep on looking back
To childhood's distant day;
I think how these hands rested not
When mine were at their play.
Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They're growing feeble now;
For time and pain have left their mark
On hand and heart and brow.
Alas! alas! The nearing time,
And the sad, sad day for me,
When 'neath the daisies out of sight
These hands will be laid.
But oh! beyond this shallow land,
Where all is bright and fair,
I know full well these dear old hands
Will palms of victory bear.
Where crystal streams through endless
years
Flow over the golden sands,
And where the old grow young again,
I'll clasp my mother's hands.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

It is estimated that 250,000 people in
Europe are engaged in sea fisheries.
Dr. Erasmus Bailey, of Compton, R. I.,
makes \$1.75 per hen per annum from the
efforts of over 1,300 hens.
A Kansas weekly publishes "fourteen
rules to be observed during a tornado."
Only one is necessary. Be somewhere
else.
The savage process of obtaining a fire
by the friction of pieces of wood is daily
performed in London by a company of
Zulus.
In the United States 100,000 bushels
of hemp seed are annually consumed
for bird food alone. Much of it is im-
ported.
The total amount already disbursed
for arrears of pensions is over \$34,000,
000, and the claims for arrears on file
number 230,000.
"Help from an unexpected quar-
ter," as the tramp remarked when a
twenty-five-cent piece was handed him
by the "lady of the house."
Colonel Wright, of New Haven,
Conn., has just made a clean \$75,000 in
Arizona mining stocks, which reminds
us that we'd rather be Wright than
President.—Boston Post.
The poor, guileless Indian can be in-
duced by the shrewd white man to trade
his pony for a rifle not worth \$8. But
it takes a deal of vigilance to prevent his
stealing the pony back when it comes
night.
At Bowling Green, Ky., Jesse Thomas
lost nine good hogs. Just sixteen days
thereafter he found them. The ground
where the beds were had suddenly sunk
and they were entombed fifteen feet be-
low the surface.
The sunny skies of Raleigh, N. C.,
were recently overclouded by a shower
which fell softly and lightly like white
snowflakes, but the "snowflakes" were
dull gray bugs almost the size of a grain
of corn. They fell thickly and for some
time.
The German empire has now twenty
universities, all having the same consti-
tution. As they are partially supported
by the State, it claims a general right of
control. But at present each university
virtually manages its own affairs, even
the appointment of the professors de-
pending in the main on the faculties to
which they belong.
One Hundred Canary Birds.
On West State street in Ithaca, N. Y.,
there lives a lady who has as many as
100 canary birds in one room.—Mrs.
Ellis is the lady's name. The floor of
the room is covered with nice, clean
sawdust, and there are two pretty trees,
in the boughs of which the birds swing
and sing and swing until one might sup-
pose that their little heads would be-
come dizzy, and their musical little
throats wear out. What is very interest-
ing is that ninety-eight of the birds are
the children and grandchildren of one
pair. And such children! Some of them
are as yellow as a ball of yellow zephyr;
others are green, many black, a few
nearly white, and almost all variegated.
Mrs. Ellis knows every bird in the room,
for every one of them has a name—Rob,
Chick, Keet, Quet, Chewie, or some
such name—and she can tell the exact
age to a day of every bird. The only
door opening into the room has a wire
screen in the place of glass, so that the
little fellows may have plenty of air,
and in summer time a fire-screen takes
the place of the panes of glass. All
around the room are little boxes or
cages with doors open and covers off,
and in them the members of the family
sleep, with heads under wings, all night.
Perhaps Mrs. Ellis has the largest bird-
cage in the United States.