

well & Co.,  
ice St.,  
York.

r Establishment.

g Bureau, No. 19 Spruce  
establishment intended to  
systematic planning  
is conducted upon the  
to be the right ones for  
the advertiser.

nt American newspaper  
the city of New York and  
Religious, Agricultural  
and other subjects, and  
specially and keep on the  
the of every description

Newspaper Adver-  
to American  
papers.

ices to newspapers, and do  
the management of other  
as books, sign-books, post-  
ch of advertising we make  
aligns to newspapers pub-  
litical limits of the United  
States.

Service which it is  
to Render to  
vertiser.

is an established credit  
have at hand a schedule of  
in its columns; to be able  
advertiser who wishes to  
the prompt insertion of the  
extra charges for the service  
quoting the price,  
duplicate the copy for  
forwarding the copy for  
to see that the adver-

and in the manner that it  
cheapest terms of the adver-  
in a book kept for that pur-  
ject to the inspection of the  
tains in each paper the ad-  
to that who will give the  
urposes of having the files ex-  
specially upon the advertiser  
searching a whole paper or  
near, it is our duty to notify  
request for labor, postage or  
if that the publisher of the  
for the specified service for  
traced.

romise.  
entire who entrust their ad-  
vertising to us, we warrant  
d, in any instance, any more  
of the paper than we will give  
use of any advertisement other  
by any other publisher, and  
praise of responsibility. We  
without any profit, and never  
orally with the promise made  
is advisable.

angement for News-  
r Files.

system for filing newspapers,  
a recorded and indexed list  
of the paper, it is intended to  
or place his hand upon any  
newspaper in the city.

Money to be Expended.

of little experience as advertisers  
and understanding of what they  
are entirely ignorant of the pro-  
for such persons a plan of adver-  
tising of \$100, and on only  
I found our customer damaged  
to expense, he not having con-  
exceeding \$200 or \$300. In such  
cases have saved, if it is the com-  
pensation the advertiser had been  
ready as you prepared to devote

of Our Patrons a  
Prime Importance.

prime importance to us, for the  
ing our influence with publishers,  
we understand among them that  
the advertising to be done, or  
referred upon, and to file and  
returning patrons must be upon  
advice and good faith.

Entitled to Our Best  
Services.

doing the advertising for any  
we consider them entitled to our  
by request using a paper which we  
do for the purpose, we say so and  
often expand a good deal of  
advertising space, much more than  
the usage would warrant; but we are  
willing to do what they have to do  
in our direction the patronage of  
maintenance.

Rowell & Co.,  
Spruce St.,  
New York.

Original issues in  
Poor condition  
Best copy available

# The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH,

E VARIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—CIC.

\$2.50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XLV.

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, AUGUST 7, 1878.

NO. 32.

## Youth and Age.

When the bloom was on the peach,  
When the light was in the sky,  
And the lore the heart would teach  
Fled the lip but lit the eye;  
When the joy we dared not measure  
Came as wanton as a bird's,  
And the hand's first gentle pressure  
Told a tale too deep for words!  
Oh, how sweet it was to wander,  
On those tender afternoons,  
Where the reek of hissing thunder  
Cooled the air of sultry June;  
Where the waves retreating, swelling,  
Swept the seashells on the shore,  
Beating music to the telling  
Of those tender tales of yore!  
Ah! how sweeter still to linger,  
Ere the moon was in the sky,  
While the West with lifted finger  
Hushed the earth for day to die;  
Oh, how sweet it was to wander,  
Down the brookside by the lane,  
There with bated breath to greet her  
With a rapture wrought to pain!  
Or beside the old farm orchard,  
Out beyond the meadow-plot,  
Shy, enchanted, hushed, tortured—  
Will she come or will she not?  
Oh, those days and oh, those meetings,  
Such soul-pleasures, such heart-beatings  
What has after-life like this?  
One fond smile—to last forever!  
So we deem it at the time;  
Hands enclasped, that ne'er shall sever;  
Mark the faith of youth sublime!  
Yet life's joys and bitternesses,  
Stamping in their gradual truth,  
Prove that garnered age confesses  
Treasures richer far than youth.

—New York World.

## RUTH.

He came from his day's work feeling  
just as he used to when he was a boy,  
after he had been romping and racing  
over every hill within a mile of home,  
until he had worked himself up into a  
fearful state of perspiration, and then  
had sat down to rest and get cool. The  
next day he was sure to feel anguish,  
and a dull, heavy pain would find every  
particular bone in his body, and all  
that he wanted was to lie down on the  
bright-covered lounge by the fire, and  
have mother sit by him and give him a  
drink, once in awhile, from the cup of  
mysterious tea which he had used to be-  
lieve was a sure panacea for all ail-  
ments his flesh was heir to. Just so  
he felt now. His head ached, and his  
bones ached; and every little while he  
went off into a series of terrific sneezes  
which seemed to threaten utter demoli-  
tion to the top of his head, and the  
poor little plaster shepherdess on the  
mantel, for she went into a jingling  
paroxysm every time, probably from  
some mysterious and occult sympathy  
which he hardly comprehended.

"Dear me! such a cold as I have  
got!" growled David Reade, kindling a  
fire in the little stove, while his teeth  
were fairly chattering. "I'll keep me  
tied up to the house for a week, just  
as like as not, and I ought to be down  
to the store every day."

He got the fire to burning at last, and  
pulled up the hard, uncompromising  
old chair, which was one of the three or  
four articles of furniture the room con-  
tained, before the feeble blaze and tried  
to get his feet warm.

But poor David couldn't get warm,  
nor feel comfortable. Cold chills crept  
up his back and down his legs, and regu-  
larly, every fifteen minutes, as if he  
were run by clock-work, and marked  
off the quarters, he kept up his sneezes,  
and the shepherdess danced her jigs on  
the very edge of the mantelpiece to their  
accompaniment.

"Seems to me I never felt quite so  
miserable before," growled David with a  
shiver. "Seems to me, too, that this  
room looks a little like the worst I ever saw,"  
and he looked about him with a great  
deal of dissatisfaction written on his  
face.

It was a bare little room. There was  
no mistake about that, David Reade.  
There was a bed in one corner, and the  
chair he occupied; a bureau that had  
amalgamated with a wash-stand, and be-  
came rather a nondescript article of  
furniture in consequence, and his  
trunk. Yes, and there was the stove,  
and a little shabby old table that had  
been so weak in the legs ever since he  
had known anything about it, that it  
had to have the corner all to itself in  
order to have it stand up at all.

He was head bookkeeper in a great  
store down town, and he had saved quite  
a sum of money. Sometimes he thought  
he would get a more comfortable room,  
and furnish it nicely, and get some good  
out of his earnings. But he hadn't any  
faith in his ability to keep things look-  
ing orderly and neat, for he abominated  
an untidy, littered room, and he wouldn't  
have the chambermaid putting things to  
rights for him on any account. That  
would spoil everything, for it would  
seem like sending out and hiring a home  
at so much a week to have some one  
who was paid to do it keeping things as

they should be. So he had never car-  
ried out his plan, but had continued to  
live on in his cheerless bachelor quar-  
ters.

"Dear! dear! how I do ache!"  
growled David, getting up and pacing  
up and down the floor. "A fellow  
doesn't feel the need of a home so much  
when he is well; but when he's under  
the weather, he begins to wish he had  
somebody to care for him and nurse him  
up."

A ray of light flashed across the dark-  
ness—for by that time it was night—  
and made a bright spot on the wall of  
his room. He went to the window and  
looked across the way. The light shone  
from the attic window of a tenement  
house. He could see into the room from  
which it shone, and it revealed a pretty  
and pathetic little picture to him. A  
woman, seated at a little table, copying.  
A great many pages of manuscript lay be-  
side her elbow, and he knew by the  
pile before her that her task would not  
be done for hours yet.

It was a very pretty face that bent  
over the paper. Not a girlish face, but  
it had a sweet, grave kind of beauty in  
it, and the brown hair banded back  
smoothly from the forehead, shown like  
gold in the lamplight falling on it. It  
was a poor little room that she worked  
and lived in, as far as David could make  
out from the glimpses afforded by the  
window, but it was a wonderfully neat  
one. He knew that, for he had often  
watched her sweep and dust it, and put  
things deftly in their places. Yes, he  
David Reade, bachelor, had been guilty  
more times than he would have liked to  
confess, of watching his neighbor across  
the way.

He stood there to-night and watched  
her until his feet seemed to be standing  
in a puddle, and the cold, shivering sen-  
sations in his bones warned him that he  
had better be trying to warm himself at  
the fire than watching Ruth Doane. The  
last look he got of her was more satis-  
factory than any previous one had been,  
for she looked straight toward the win-  
dow. David drew back as if he felt sure  
she would discover him watching her;  
and then the light of her lamp seemed  
to get tangled up in the rose bush in her  
window, and he dragged his aching  
body back to the stove and sat down.

Sat down to think and dream.  
What he thought about was Ruth  
Doane, and what he dreamed was this:  
In the little glow which came from the  
crack in the stove door, the whole room  
seemed suddenly changed into a scene  
of comfort, that to David Reade stood  
for a type of heaven, because it was  
home. There was a soft, warm carpet  
on the floor, and a lounge, whose curv-  
ing sides seemed made to embrace some-  
body and for nothing else in the world,  
stood where the table stood in the room  
that he was sitting and dreaming in to-  
night. There were bright, cheery pic-  
tures on the wall, and a bird slept in a  
cage in the window, where half a dozen  
blossoming plants grew, vigorous and  
green, and kept summer in the room the  
whole year round. There was a little  
table before the open grate, where the  
warm fire leaped and danced as if it were  
a sentient thing, and enjoyed the con-  
tinence of the room, and on this table there  
were books and papers. And he sat be-  
fore the fire, slippers on his feet, and a  
dressing-gown about him, instead of a  
clumsy old coverlet; and he was happy,  
for close by sat the very Spirit of Home  
—a woman with a sweet and tender face,  
and the face was Ruth Doane's.

It was such a beautiful, beautiful  
dream! He awoke from it with a chilly  
groan, and came very much nearer sneez-  
ing his head off his shoulders, and the  
shepherdess off the mantel, than ever before.  
"Dear me!" growled David: "what's  
the use of working, day in and day out,  
and making money to lay up and take  
no good of it?"  
After which interrogation he sneezed  
in a subdued manner, by way of post-  
script to his other sneezes, and conclud-  
ed to go to bed and try to sleep off his  
cold.  
When he got up in the morning he  
knew he wouldn't get down to the store  
that day. He felt worse than he had  
when he went to bed. He built a little  
fire, and told the boy, whose unfor-  
tunate career in life had so far been among  
the shoals and quicksands of errand-go-  
ing and waiting on everybody, to tell  
Mrs. Scraggs to send up some tea and  
toast; and he wouldn't come down to break-  
fast.

By-and-by Mrs. Scraggs knocked at  
the door with the articles called for, and  
acting on the supposition that the po-  
sition of landlady made her a sort of a  
stepmother to her boarders, she came to  
find out what the matter was, and see  
what ought to be done.

"You've got pneumonia on your  
lungs," announced Mrs. Scraggs.  
"Leastwise, an attack of it. It's awful  
bad to break out at some season of the  
year. You want camomile tea, hot, an'

a brick to your feet, hot likewise, an' if  
you can get a good sweat, you'll feel  
better, I guess."

Accordingly, poor David took "camo-  
mille tea, hot," and disposed himself in  
bed, with a brick at his feet, and wrap-  
ped up to his ears; and sweat he did.  
But felt as bad after taking the treat-  
ment prescribed by Mrs. Dr. Scraggs  
as he did before.

Such a long day as it was! He could  
n't read. He couldn't stay in bed, and  
his bones ached so that he couldn't sit  
still with any degree of comfort, not-  
withstanding Mrs. Scraggs sent up her  
most comfortable rocking-chair for him.  
All the comfort he did take was in  
watching for glimpses of Ruth Doane,  
and thinking of her. He remembered  
that it was just three months ago that  
day that she first applied at the store  
for copying to do. Three months! It  
seemed as if he had known her as many  
years, and yet he hardly knew her at all.  
Their acquaintance had gone but little  
farther than a smile and a bow when  
they met, and occasionally a few com-  
monplace words. But for all that she  
didn't seem at all like a stranger to David.

Poor David was in love.  
If the light of Ruth Doane's love  
could only shine into his life, as the  
light from her window did into his room,  
how pleasant everything would seem.  
And then he dreamed in a wide-awake  
fashion of the home they would make.  
The light on the wall seemed the fire  
on home's hearthstone; its dancing  
flames made him warm, and he fell  
asleep and dreamed it all over and over.

But he didn't feel well by any means,  
when morning came. He sent word to  
the store that he couldn't come down  
yet awhile; and partook sparingly of  
Mrs. Scraggs' tea and toast, but utterly  
repudiated camomile tea and bricks,  
suggested the advisability of another  
course of treatment similar to yester-  
day's. And he wouldn't have a doctor,  
he declared. He'd feel better to-mor-  
row, and doctor's stuff he didn't believe  
in any way.

In the afternoon, Mrs. Scraggs knock-  
ed at his door, and said Miss Doane  
was in the parlor. The store had got her  
to do some writing, and the store didn't  
understand just how it ought to be, and  
the store had told her to see him, and  
he'd tell her all about it, as he knew  
what it ought to be, seen' as he had  
charge of it, and the store didn't. After  
the delivery of which message, Mrs.  
Scraggs waited for instructions.

Ruth Doane had come to see him!  
That was the first thing he thought of.  
Then he remembered that it was on  
business, and that took away something  
of the first pleasure of the thought.  
Should he go down, or ask her up?  
"Would there be anything improper  
in her coming up here, if you came with  
her?" he asked.

"I can't see as there would," answered  
Mrs. Scraggs, "bein' as you're re-  
spectable, an' it's business for the store."

"You may ask her to come up then,"  
said David. "I don't feel like stirring  
about much, for fear I'll take more cold,  
tell her."

Mrs. Scraggs withdrew. David had  
an object in view, in asking Miss Doane  
to his room. He thought the sight of it  
would awaken a feeling of pity in her  
tender heart. He knew, in some unex-  
plainable way, that her heart was tender.  
He was quite sure of that.

Mrs. Scraggs was back presently, with  
Miss Doane. How bright her face made  
the room, the minute it passed the door!  
It made it seem so cheerful to David,  
that he was afraid his design in getting  
her there was a failure. She wouldn't  
dream of its being bare and cheerless, if  
it looked to her as it did to him.

"Mr. Graham told me you were sick,"  
she said, sitting down by the window.  
"I got some extra work to do, in con-  
sequence;" and then, while Mrs. Scraggs  
busied herself in putting things to  
rights, she explained what her errand  
was; and David instructed her in regard  
to the writing to be done; and made the  
explanation as elaborate and minute as  
possible, in order to keep her there.  
She began to think she had undertaken  
a fearfully responsible and important  
task before he had got through his in-  
structions.

When she was gone, David groaned.  
The mean little room seemed more dis-  
mal than it ever had before. But she  
had been there! and there was some  
mysterious influence left to linger where  
she had been, like the subtle breath of  
fragrance the rose leaves behind it, when  
it has been borne out of sight.

And that night he watched the light  
upon the wall, and dreamed more  
dreams, and every one was sweet with  
thoughts of Ruth, and love and home.  
The next day he confidently expected to  
be able to visit the store, and "see to  
things" in his particular department.  
But he didn't. He couldn't get rid of

that miserable feeling of dullness and  
languor, and every time he tried to ex-  
ercise much, he felt such a chilly sen-  
sation, and such a rushing, roaring sound  
in his head, that he was glad to keep  
still.

"Here's somethin' as Miss Doane  
sent over," said Mrs. Scraggs, coming  
up with some gruel. At first David  
supposed it was the gruel Mrs. Scraggs  
referred to, and began to fancy the  
aroma of that particular bowlful of the  
article named was as delicious as the  
fragrance supposed to emanate from the  
"rose gardens of Ispahan;" and up to  
that time he had declared that the gruel  
was his particular abomination, and per-  
took of it under protest. But he pres-  
ently discovered what Miss Doane had  
sent was not gruel, but a rose—such a  
beautiful great red rose, with a yellow  
heart, and it filled the room with a per-  
fume that was delicious enough to en-  
chant any man.

"Ain't it beautiful?" demanded Mrs.  
Scraggs, presenting the gruel in one  
hand and the flower in the other. "I'll  
put it in a tumbler, and it'll keep ever  
so long. She's a dear, good soul, I tell  
you. It's a pity she hain't a home, an'  
some one to take care of her; though  
fur's that's concerned, she's willin' an'  
capable of takin' care of herself. But  
every woman needs a home, I think."  
Mrs. Scraggs watched David, to see how  
he took her view of things, and was  
gladified to see that it interested him.  
"Tell her I thank her very much,"  
said David. "It makes me think of  
mother's roses; tell her that."

The flower made his room almost  
beautiful, and his heart seemed full of  
dreams, for he did nothing but dream  
the rest of that day, and it must have  
been the rose's fragrance that made him  
do it.

Another day of confinement! Would  
he ever get out again? He went to the  
window and watched the skies. They  
were forbiddingly gray. It would rain  
by to-morrow. But while he stood there  
the sun seemed to burst forth, and the  
world was suddenly bright and gay.  
Other people might have failed to see  
any wonderful change; but looking over  
the way, he saw Ruth at her window  
watering her rose, and she saw him, and  
bowed and smiled, and that accounted  
for the sudden brightening up of every-  
thing.

The next morning it rained; a slow,  
dull, drizzling kind of rain, that didn't  
amount to much as a rain, but effectually  
prevented him from going to the  
store, as he had intended to do.

Ruth was at the window, setting her  
rose on the sill to catch the drops as  
they fell, when he looked across the way  
after breakfast. She nodded and smiled  
to him, and the air seemed alive with  
rainbows. He threw up his window and  
said, "Good morning," and they had  
quite a pleasant chat together. Being  
so high, they could carry on their  
conversation without interfering with  
anybody.

He sat at the window and tried to  
read, that afternoon. But his eyes  
would keep wandering from his paper  
to the window over the way.

By and by Ruth came to take in her  
rose. She threw up the window and  
reached to get the pot; but by some  
mishap it slipped from her grasp and  
went tumbling down to the ground,  
where it broke into fragments, and the  
rose was a poor, mangled thing, with its  
life crushed out of it forever.

A cry broke from Miss Doane's lips—  
a cry full of pain and grief. Her rose  
was like a friend, almost the only friend  
she had in the world. And it was gone!

David sprang up, pulled on his coat,  
put on his hat, and started for the old  
German florist's, round the corner,  
"that sudden," Mrs. Scraggs declared,  
"that she thought he was took worse,  
an' wondered if he wasn't out of his  
head."

Pretty soon he came back with a pot  
under each arm; one held a rose-bush,  
twice as large as the one that had met  
such a sad fate, full of beautiful roses  
and scarlet buds; and the other a calla,  
with two magnificent blossoms gleam-  
ing out whitely from its broad green  
leaves.

David went straight to Ruth Doane's  
room. He never stopped to think any-  
thing about the propriety of the action.  
He knocked at her door, and she came  
to let him in with a tearful face. She  
had been crying over her poor rose.

"I saw it," cried David. "I knew  
how you cared for it, and I brought  
these to take its place."

"Oh, what beautiful things!" she  
said, bending over them, while her face  
was fairly radiant. I don't know which  
pleased her most, the flowers or the  
kindness which prompted the gift.  
When she looked up her eyes were full  
of tears.

"I can't think of words to tell you  
how thankful I am," she said. "But if  
you know how few beautiful things my

life has in it, and could only know how  
much like friends flowers are, you could  
understand it."

"I do understand," he said, softly.  
"Oh, Ruth, would love make your life  
any brighter?"

She looked up wonderingly, question-  
ingly.

"I love you," he said simply, and his  
face was transfigured by the holy light  
of his affection. "I love you, Ruth. I  
want you. May I have you?"

He held out his hand toward her. She  
was pale now.

"Are you sure you want me?" she  
asked.

"Quite sure," he answered, smiling—  
"surer than I ever was of anything else  
in my life."

She put her hands in his, and a sweet  
rain of tears broke over the violets of  
her eyes. He folded her to his breast  
and kissed every tear away, while his  
heart was ringing with sudden music.

"My Ruth," he said, very softly,  
very tenderly, and kissed her again.  
"How happy I am! I wonder if you  
know?"

"I think I do," she whispered, "be-  
cause I am so happy myself."

By-and-by, David, sitting by the little  
table where Ruth had written hour after  
hour, while he had watched her light  
upon the wall, told her of his dream.

"Such a pleasant home as we will  
have!" he cried, and the rose bush  
shook all over in its mysterious glee,  
and the trumpet blossoms of the calla  
seemed ringing out jubilant peals.  
"Home," she repeated, musingly.  
"It's a word I've almost forgotten the  
meaning of."

"We'll learn what it means," he said.  
And they have. The fire on their  
hearth is as bright as any hearth-fire in  
the land. Home is home to them, and  
not a place to live in.

## TIMELY TOPICS.

President McMahon was allowed the  
sum of \$100,000 extra, to spend in en-  
tertainments during the Paris Exposi-  
tion.

Dr. Hembold has been adjudged by a  
Philadelphia court to be a lunatic with  
lucid intervals, and an application for  
his discharge from custody was denied.

Letters from Fiji give an account of a  
great earthquake at Tanna, New Heb-  
rides, which raised the land along the  
shore of the harbor about twenty feet.  
Millions of fish were thrown up and de-  
stroyed.

Thirty thousand persons assembled at  
Gleniffer Brges, near Glasgow, Scot-  
land, recently, to celebrate the 104th  
anniversary of a poet called Tannahill,  
of whom the rest of the world is rather  
ignorant.

A well-known London publishing  
house has decided to set apart a sum  
every year from their profits for the  
benefit of its employees. An amount  
varying from \$125 to \$500 will be paid  
to families of clerks and workmen who  
die in their service after remaining with  
them seven years. There will be also  
payments to persons who, after seven  
years' service with the firm, become in  
any way incapable of further work.

The geese of Geringsingen must be di-  
rect descendants of the historical geese  
who saved Rome. They have saved their  
parish. Between eleven and twelve at  
night the angust president of that com-  
mune and his wife were roused from their  
sleep by the horrible noise of their  
geese. When the burgomaster went out  
to see what was the matter he found his  
barn on fire, and was just in time to  
quench the flames and save the little  
town from a probable conflagration.

A party of miners were assembled at  
an inn near Newcastle, in England, and  
one of them named Laverick dared an  
other named Brain to pick off with a pin  
a piece of white paper on the end of a  
small metallic case which he produced.  
Brain expressed his readiness to pick off  
the piece of paper, and a pin having  
been procured, he proceeded to perform  
the task. In doing so he did not observe  
that the other men, including Laverick,  
had quitted the room. Presently the pin  
penetrated the case, which proved to be  
a dynamite cartridge, and an explosion  
at once followed. Brain, on regaining  
his senses, found himself lying on his  
back in the room, his arms stretched out  
on each side, and his left hand shattered,  
while the right hand was also injured.

He scrambled to his feet, and the other  
men came in, looking very much scared  
by the result of their joke. Brain was  
taken to a surgeon's. His left hand had  
been blown to pieces, and he was other-  
wise severely wounded.

Over at the Exposition they are laying  
up something for a rainy day—not an  
umbrella, but a Paris-haul.

## Items of Interest.

An oiled animal—the horse.

Who ever saw an eye scream?  
Best shoe for summer—"Shoo fly!"

Covered coaches were used by the  
Romans.

A thread of silk is the 2500th of  
inch in diameter.

A button is a small event that  
always coming off.

Silver was first coined by Phidias  
King of Argos, 869 B. C.

When does a ship tell a falsehood?  
When she lies at the wharf.

What is it that by losing an eye he  
nothing left but a nose! A nose.

What is that which makes everything  
visible, but is itself unseen? Light.

Caterpillars, in the course of a month  
destroy 60,000 times their own weight  
in aliment.

The greatest height in the atmosphere  
which any human being has ever reach-  
ed is 23,000 feet.

Boiled water tastes flat and insipid  
because the carbonic acid has been  
driven off by boiling.

The average weight of 20,000 men and  
women weighed at Boston was, men,  
141 pounds; women, 124 pounds.

To many a schoolboy's fond delight,  
Now comes the festive apple green;  
He early puts some out of sight—  
The pain begins at 8:15.

Wounds in animals are quickly cured  
by washing several times a day with  
turpentine in which the yolks of eggs  
has been thoroughly mixed.

The dimensions of the pyramids of  
Egypt are as follows: Base, square,  
745 feet; inclined height, 568 feet;  
height, 450 feet; weight, 6,848,000 tons.

Till 1750 no peas, turnips, potatoes or  
grass were raised in Scotland, and no  
cattle fattened. Oats and barley alone  
were cultivated, and peat turf was the  
fuel.

When a bridegroom finds all the cloth-  
ing he owns in the world hung one over the  
other on a hook behind the pantry door,  
he realizes for the first time that the  
honeymoon is over.

A widow once said to her daughter:  
"When you are my age it will be time  
enough to dream of a husband." "Yes,  
mamma," replied the thoughtless beauty  
"for a second time."

A man whose knowledge is based on  
actual experience says that when calling  
on their sweethearts young men should  
carry affection in their hearts, perfection  
in their manners, and confection in their  
pockets.

William came running into the house  
the other day and asked eagerly, "Where  
does charity begin?" "At home," was  
replied, "in the words of the proverb,  
"Not by a good deal," rejoined the boy  
"it begins at sea, (C)."

Amherst student: Leaning on his arm  
with her head almost touching his shoul-  
der, she said: "Mr. B., I know what  
makes you catch cold so easily." "What  
is it?" "Because so much of your  
body is on the ground!" Mr. B. has re-  
turned to the bosom of '80 and has order-  
ed new shoes.

## Words of Wisdom.

With the humble there is perpetual  
peace.

The crow thinks her own bird the  
fairest.

Sands form the mountain, moments  
make the year.

Keep clear of a man who does not val-  
ue his own character.

He who goes the wrong road must go  
the journey twice over.