

# The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

E. VARIIS SUMMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—CIG.

\$2.50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XLVII.

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, MAY 12, 1880.

NO. 20.

## Heart of Mine.

Oh, heart of mine, the longest night  
Has somewhere in its pulseless breast  
A ray of love divine, of light  
That lights the way to future rest!  
I know that night is full of fear,  
And goblin shapes, that awesome rise;  
But now, oh heart, that dawn is near,  
When vanquished doubt and terror flies!  
Be still, be still, oh heart of mine,  
Trust love divine!  
Oh, heart of doubt, why flatter so;  
In safety passed thou yesterday.  
Canst thou not see the beacon glow  
Of suns in the west away?  
The longest day must have a close,  
A sweet dim twilight fall of peace,  
That o'er the languid spirit throws  
The mantle of a sweet repose.  
Be calm, be calm, oh heart of doubt,  
Trust love without!  
I know glad earth, oh heart of mine,  
Is hidden and the winter snow.  
I know the icy hand like death,  
Has stilled the tuneful brooklet's flow;  
But summer, with the soft south breeze,  
And zephyrs like a sweetheart's breath,  
Will sway the orchard's blossomed trees,  
And earth will smile, oh heart of faith!  
Be patient still, oh heart of mine,  
Trust love divine!  
—Will E. Baker, in *Potter's Monthly*.

## THE OLD STONE HOUSE.

"Where is Alice?"  
"In the old house, Charley—where she always is. I was going to say. But she does come out for her meals, and to sleep."  
Charley Burnett looked somewhat surprised as his sister Eunice answered him thus.  
The pretty face, half averted from him, bent over the needle, that she plied with a hasty, trembling hand.  
She looked disturbed, grieved and rather angry, he thought; and there had been a tone of offense in the words she uttered.  
All this was new to him. His sister Eunice was noted among her own girl friends and in her own family for the gentleness of her temper and the sweetness of her disposition.  
As for their orphan cousin, Alice, no one had welcomed her more warmly than Eunice, when, at her father's death, she came to them from the West, homeless and friendless, but for the home and the affection she had found with them.  
It was at the death of winter that Alice arrived at the Burnett farm. Summer would soon be upon them now. And here was Eunice, her fast friend, her almost sister, so changed, so cold to ward her, after the lapse of a few happy weeks.  
Intensely happy weeks they had been to Charley Burnett. If ever he had thought farm-life dull and tame, he thought it no longer. If ever he had wished to leave his home and go out into the world to seek his fortune, the wish was forever gone.  
To live and die at the old homestead was all he craved to do; to toil each day, and find a poetry in such toil; if only his pretty cousin Alice would share the home thus won!  
But half this happiness—to which he looked forward with such simple faith—would be lost to him if Eunice could not, as he phrased it, "get along well" with his wife.  
He loves his orphan sister as dearly as she loved him.  
There were but two of them. And on his death-bed, his father had exacted a promise from him to give Eunice a good home beneath the old roof, so long as she should need it.  
"That will be till James Stoughton is ready to take her to his home. And James cannot marry for a year or two yet, unless business takes a sudden start. I wonder what has gone wrong between the girls? If Eunice would only say!"  
Musing thus, and keeping his eyes unconsciously fixed on "the old house," as he stood by his sister's side at the open parlor window, Charley Burnett suddenly started and leaned forward, straining his eyes through the window like one in doubt of what he saw.  
No, there could be no mistake!  
There, standing out at the side door of the old house, with a cautious, fearful tread, was the very man of whom he was at the moment thinking—his sister's lover—his sister's plighted husband—James Stoughton himself!  
The young man glanced keenly at the east end of the house, where the sitting-room generally used by the family was located. Leaping no one at either window of that room, he turned back, said a few laughing words to some one in the old house, and stole away, around the corner of that house, into a path that led across the fields to his home in the village, half a mile away.  
Pale as death, Charley Burnett turned to his sister.  
"Is this the reason why you dislike Alice?" he asked, sternly.  
Eunice burst into tears.  
"Charley, I have tried not to hate her, but I cannot help it. We have done by her, and only see how she is repaying us! She knows that James

is engaged to me; and for ten days, Charley, he has not been here, to this house, but every afternoon, at this time, he has met Alice, and spent two hours or more with her out there. I have been mean enough to stay in here to watch them. I knew that James would never look for me here. Oh, Charley! I am afraid that you and I both will have good cause to rue the day when she came to our home! What can I do? Shall I send for James, and ask him what it all means?"  
"Don't send for him, dear. Never exchange another word with the pitiful wretch!" said Charley, hotly. "As for her, if she is here, and sharp enough to carry on an intrigue so cunningly, she needs no advice from you or me."  
"But is this to go on?" asked Eunice, wonderingly. "I cannot endure it, Charley! And only think of the scandal, if any one else should happen to see what we have seen!"  
"I will send Stoughton a letter to-morrow that will keep him away, Eunice. I won't meet him at present. For your sake, I don't wish to quarrel openly; and if I see him, I shall do it. As for her, I cannot see her."  
Charley's voice trembled.  
"You must tell her, Eunice. She will not wish to stay here, once found out. But don't send her away penniless. Give her that from me, and tell her always to apply to you if she is in need. Let her be what or where she may. I will always help her. For I did love her, Eunice, very dearly."  
There was a long, sad silence.  
"And to-morrow is my eighteenth birthday, and all the things are ready for the birthday feast," said Eunice, bursting into tears. "You can't think how I was looking forward to it, Charley."  
"We can have no rejoicings now," said Charley; "but I will ride into the city and get the gift I promised you, all the same. Break it to her as soon as I am gone, dear; and don't, don't let her be here when I get back. You and I will spend the evening alone. But let us have no more of this shameful treachery and falsehood here in our home—our home that was so happy before she came!" he added, wiping the tear away from his own eyes, as Eunice, quite heart-broken at the task assigned her for the morrow, sobbed her heart out, lying with her head upon his breast.  
At ten o'clock, the next morning, Charley Burnett mounted his favorite bay horse and rode away from the farm, with a heavy heart. Alice, at her chamber window threw him a kiss, and a "good-bye, Charley!"  
He lifted his hat and he bowed profoundly, but neither looked up nor spoke.  
"Good-bye, Charley!" Aye, it might be "good-bye" forever! And she knew it not.  
He left a sealed letter with the clerk at James Stoughton's law office for his master, and went on to the city, where his business kept him till the chilly evening was fairly ushered in.  
Arrived at home, he lingered in the stables for some time, watching over the comforts of his horse.  
At last he was forced to go in. He took a little box from his breast pocket, containing a small golden locket, and opened the door of the sitting room.  
Eunice was there—not in grief and tears, as he had expected to find her, but nicely dressed, and radiant with happiness, for Stoughton sat at her side.  
He sprang up and caught Charley by the hand.  
"You rascal! write me such a letter!" cried he, pretending to threaten him with his clenched fist. "What have I ever done that you should give me up so easily?"  
"Yes, Charley, we were wrong, and James and Alice were not," said Eunice, taking his other hand. "What is this? Oh, you dear, good, generous Charley! What a love of a locket! With a revolving case in it for four photographs. Only look at it, James! It is just the thing for a copy of the portrait; and Alice and Charley shall give me their pictures, too."  
"But you haven't explained things to Char—your brother yet, Eunice," said a sweet, but anxious voice.  
And the bewildered young farmer saw in the further corner of the room a little portrait of James Stoughton, mounted on a tall easel.  
Behind the easel, Alice, looking lovelier than ever, in her gala dress of white merino, with blue ribbons in her light brown hair, stood in the shadow, blushing deeply as she met his ardent gaze.  
"That was their work in the old house, Charley," said Eunice, penitently. "James' portrait, taken by dear Alice, as a surprise for my birthday. I don't know how she can ever forgive me!"  
Charley Burnett sprang forward, caught Alice by the hand, and whispered something in her ear.  
And certainly she must have forgiven him; for Eunice now wears in her locket the pictures of her own husband and child, and those of Charley and his wife.

The cattle exports from the United States in the past six years were of the value of nearly \$23,000,000.

## Cotton Possibilities.

One-half of the entire crop of the merchantable cotton of the world is grown in the United States. The cotton trade is watched more closely than any other. There are daily reports of the amount of cotton received at the centers of distribution, and how much is sold and exported. Great pains are taken to get at the exact facts regarding the supply and consumption of this great staple. As a gentleman once expressed it, a cotton statistician would chase a single bale all over the country to see what finally became of it.  
The figures that express the growth and use of cotton are astounding. The best authorities place the production annually at 4,500,000,000 to 5,500,000,000 pounds, or from 2,250,000 to 2,750,000 tons. There is no surplus. What is produced is all used from year to year. Mankind uses an average of fully three pounds of raw cotton every year for every man, woman and child on the face of the globe.  
When, however, we inquire how much land is needed to raise this vast crop, the reader will be surprised when we say that there is land enough, exactly suited to the production of cotton, in the State of Texas alone, to supply the whole world.  
The average production of cotton in Texas is about one-half a bale to an acre. The highest estimate of the world's crop is 12,000,000 bales, of 480 pounds each. An area of 24,000,000 acres is therefore all that is needed, and that is but 37,500 square miles. The area of Texas is more than seven times that number of miles, and the part that could be profitably devoted to cotton-growing is many times greater in size than would be required.  
The cotton that is used for manufacture is the wing of the seed. It corresponds to the light filament that carries the seed of the thistle, that pest of the farmer. There are about two and a half pounds of seed to every pound of cotton fiber. How much cotton seed, then, is raised every year in the world? Between six and seven million tons!  
The uses of cotton seed are many, and yet it is only lately that the great value of the article has been recognized. When pressed, the kernels will yield about one-eighth of their weight in oil, which can be used for many purposes. Indeed, it is more than suspected that a large part of the "pure olive oil" from Leghorn, is either pure cotton-seed oil, or a mixture of cotton seed and other oils.  
What is left after the oil is expressed is "seed-cake." This is sent in vast quantities to Europe, where it forms the best known feed for cattle, and no better fertilizer is known than the manure of cattle fed upon it. The hulls of the cotton seed have usually been thrown away, but now it is known that they are as good for food as the seed itself.  
We are just beginning to use economy in the cultivation of cotton, and in the use of the other products of the plant. The production of cotton is increasing from year to year. The crop of 1879 was the largest ever gathered. But the consumption of the staple is also increasing.  
In the United States we consume more than thirteen pounds of raw cotton a year for every person in the country. The average amount for each person in Europe is only four and a half pounds; in Asia about three pounds; in Africa less than one-third of a pound. As enlightened civilization extends and wealth increases, the consumption of this article of trade must also grow; and it is the mission of America to supply it to the whole world.—*Youth's Companion*.

## A Tale of a Rat-Trap.

She was a woman of Bloomington, Ind. Her husband was a mechanical genius with a hankering after a perpetual motion machine, and her son was a live boy with a taste for hunting rats. The son one day set a steel trap in the cellar and went away to borrow a rat dog. The woman went into the cellar with a requisition for rat food, and her searching gaze fell on the trap. "Oh, dear," she sighed, "John Henry has made another perpetual motion machine," and prompted by a womanly curiosity she picked it up by the trigger to see how the old thing worked. She saw. With hideous howls she climbed the cellar stairs like a whirlwind and went wailing through the house, and fled into the street, wailing the echoes with dissonant shrieks, while the neighbors shouted fire and thronged into her house and began pitching out the furniture. Order once more reigned in Bloomington, but that woman has posted a placard on the doors notifying all to whom these presents may come greeting, that hereafter it is to be all perpetual motion machine or all rat-trap about that house, she don't care a cent which, but she isn't going to have the thing mixed any more.—*Burlington Hawk*.

The Hudson river tunnel, whose projectors propose to take passengers from Jersey City to New York in six minutes without changing cars, is making steady progress.

## How Spools are Made.

Drummondville is situated on the St. Francis river, and the northern division of the Southern railway, Canada, passes through it. Several years ago the prevailing wood which grew in the vicinity was white birch, which does not, we believe, make first-class firewood, but which appears to be best for the manufacture of spools. This probably was the reason why Drummondville was selected as the place in which to locate these factories, and the farmers in the vicinity can always find a ready market for this kind of wood at about \$2.50 to \$3 per cord. The wood, after being delivered to the factories, is first sawed into pieces about four feet long and from an inch to an inch and a half square, according to the size of the spool it is desired to make. These pieces are put into a dry-house and thoroughly dried, from whence they are taken into the factory and given to the roughers, who, in an incredibly short space of time, bore a hole in the center a couple of inches deep, turn about the same space round, and then cut off the length required for a spool. The machines used for this purpose are revolving spindlers, in the center of which is a revolving gimlet or bit, and immediately to the right a small circular saw with a gauge set to the proper size for the spools. The roughers receive one and a half cents per gross for their work, and experienced men can turn out from 100 to 130 gross per day. The round blocks pass from them to the finishers, who place them in machines which give them the shape of spools and make them quite smooth. It is quite interesting here to notice the men at work. A man stands with his left hand upon a small lever, and with the right he places the blocks one at a time in the lathe, then draws the lever toward him for an instant, and the work is done; the lever is pushed back, and the spool drops into a box below, while the right hand is ready with another block. These blocks are handled at the rate of twenty-five or thirty per minute. The finishers also receive one and a half cents per gross, and they each turn out from 100 to 130 gross per day. The spools are thrown loosely into a large cylinder, which revolves slowly, so that the spools are polished by the constant rubbing upon each other for some time. On being taken out of the cylinder they are placed in a hopper which they pass down a slide for inspection. Here the inspector sits and watches closely to see that no imperfect spools are allowed to pass, and a very small knot or scratch is sufficient to condemn them. The spools then pass into the hands of the packers, who handle them very lively. They are packed in large boxes, made the proper size, so that the layers of spools exactly fill the box, and no additional packing is needed. These boxes receive one-quarter cent per gross for packing, and a smart boy who is accustomed to the work can pack about 200 gross per day. One proprietor ships over 3,000,000 spools per month to England, and another firm ships over 1,000,000 spools to Glasgow, Scotland.

## Warts.

As much as warts and corns may be thought to resemble each other, they are quite different in origin, character and means of cure. A corn is simply a thickening and hardening of the skin, or epidermis. It is always caused by pressure, and is removed only by the removal of the pressure. And we may here state that, so absolutely are they thus removed, a protracted period of sickness will gradually lift them wholly out of the flesh.  
A wart, on the contrary, belongs to the skin proper—the vera cutis—and consists of an abnormal growth of one or more papillae, in which the nerves and blood vessels terminate. For this reason, while the substance of a corn is as insensible as that of the finger-nail, the substance of a wart is peculiarly sensitive beneath the scar-skin which covers the head of the papillae, and which these carry with them as they push upward.  
In most cases, as the equalized action of the parts is restored, they go off by themselves. They can be speedily removed, however, by touching them repeatedly with nitrate of silver, or by applying nitric acid to their extremities. Care should be taken not to touch the adjacent skin.  
Many superstitious notions prevail respecting the cure of warts among the people. They have been handed down from the remotest times, when superstition had more to do with medical methods generally than true science.  
In the aged, when the cuticle is hard, the epithelial cells, instead of developing upward, develop downward into the tissues, and give rise to painful tumors, which the physician alone can eradicate.  
Sometimes moles tend to enlarge and become painful. A little nitric acid applied to them a few times will arrest the tendency.—*Youth's Companion*.

## TIMELY TOPICS.

The recent decision of the United States circuit court holding that a State may impose a tax on commercial travelers without violating the Federal constitution is one of no little interest to the commercial world. The case arose under a statute of Nevada, passed in 1877, which requires that "every traveling merchant, agent, drummer or other person selling or offering to sell any goods, wares or merchandise of any kind to be delivered at some future time," or carrying samples and soliciting orders, shall get a license and pay twenty-five dollars a month for it; and provides that whoever sells or tries to sell in violation of the statute shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and liable to a fine not less than fifty dollars nor more than five hundred dollars.  
The latest discovery intended to preserve butter is the production of the continent of Europe. It is called ozonia. It is vouched for by Dr. Cameron and Prof. Sheldon, British chemists. It is said that there is no other known substance approaching it in efficacy and utility. It is also stated that the utility of ozonia is not restricted to butter. It is claimed that it is equally applicable to milk, eggs, bacon curing and fish preserving. As overhauling in the instances of butter, hams, bacon and other articles in which salt is used as a preservative is the chief cause of their depreciation, such a discovery as it is claimed ozonia is must be an immensely valuable one. America is especially interested in it. The great objection to our butters and meats in Great Britain is in their over-salting, and the great point with our packers is to obtain what is called a "solid cure" that will at the same time preserve the meat.

Henry H. Hadley, secretary of the New York city business men's moderation society, has made his first annual report, and the following figures show some of the work done during the year: Number of public meetings held, 39; number of letters written, 1,003; number of circulars distributed, 135,000; prominent gentlemen visited by invitation, 56; inebriates visited, 70; number of pledges distributed during the year to applicants, 29,616. The pledges were divided as follows: The red pledge, or total abstinence, 5,661; the white pledge, not to drink during business hours, 4,100; the blue pledge, not to treat or be treated, 12,855. In addition to this many were distributed at meetings and otherwise, probably bringing the whole number signed to more than 25,000 during the year. The society is free from debt. No salaries have been paid, the labor as well as money having been cheerfully contributed. Letters from clergymen and others, encouraging the movement, are appended to the report.

A short time ago George L. Taylor, a well-to-do citizen of Denver, Col., began to feel a weightiness in his cheeks. The muscles appeared to be growing stiff and the skin certainly had become hardened. Mr. Taylor's friends made joose remarks about his "cheek" when the hardening began, but the sufferer himself was in no mood for fun. Before the expiration of a week both sides of the man's face had assumed the solidity of marble. He was unable to hold up his head. His eyes took a stony glitter. One side of the neck also grew hard, and in another week the victim died. The Denver physicians pronounced the case one of decided petrification. Mr. Taylor was eighty-two years of age, and just before the appearance of the singular disease weighed sixty-five pounds. After death the petrification continued, so that the weight of the old man's body is now six hundred pounds. Mr. Taylor had the use of his tongue until the hour of his death, and realizing the oddity of his taking off, requested that his body be sent to the Smithsonian institution.

## Words of Wisdom.

Ability and necessity will dwell near each other.  
A good article is always worth the money you pay.  
There is nothing so imprudent as excessive prudence.  
Men may be ungrateful, but the human race is not so.  
By over-sugaring of all good qualities you may turn them to acidities.  
Success in most things depends on knowing how long it takes to succeed.  
No man can end with being superior who will not begin with being inferior.  
Blushing is a suffusion—least seen in those who have the most occasion for it.  
Knowledge without justice becomes craft; courage without reason becomes rashness.  
If mortals could discover the science of conquering themselves, we should have perfection.  
Cheerfulness or joyousness is the heaven under which everything not poisonous thrives.

## The Happy Season.

The season that I love the best of all,  
Is when sweet April soaks her life away,  
And weeping dries upon the breast of May.  
When luscious cowslips bloom and oxlips fall;  
When meadow songsters warble, coo, and call,  
From greening hedgerows all the lengthening day;  
When frisking lambs on daisied hillocks play,  
And cattle bask where genial sunbeams fall,  
Flash the bright streams, valleys and woodlands ring,  
All nature's revels then in life's excess,  
Her cup o'erflows with new-born happiness,  
Spring's glamour lallies upon everything,  
Blossom fair flowers in every sunny spot;  
Ah! sad the spirit that rejoiceth not.  
—John Ashman.

## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

It is in a bass drum that two heads are better than one.—*Saturday Night*.  
The Union stock yards at Chicago occupy 350 acres of land, and will accommodate 136,000 head of live stock at one time.  
Tobaccoists say it is injurious to smoke a cigar more than half its length. It is, very injurious—to the cigar trade!—*Hawkeye*.  
A man living at Rimmersburg, Pa., is the father of thirty-four children, twenty of whom are living; nine were burned to death at one time.  
It costs from \$1 to \$1.25 to produce a bushel of wheat in England. In Minnesota wheat has been produced at a cost of forty cents per bushel.  
An elephant has 40,000 muscles in his trunk. A man was once struck by one of these trunks. He estimated that he had 9,000,000 muscles at the very least.—*Elmira Free Press*.  
M. Galliard, a Parisian, travels the streets in all weathers and seasons, hatless, having vowed never to put a hat on until the commune was the recognized government of the city.  
A down-East circus has a cannibal among its attractions, but the foolish reluctance of women to give up their babies, deprives him of many opportunities to show off.—*Chicago Times*.  
The skull of Confucius, captured with the loot at Peking in 1860, stripped of the \$75,000 worth of jewels with which it was decorated, seeks unsuccessfully for a purchaser at a London curiosity shop.  
A scientist says: The skulls of the African negroes are dolichocephalic, mesocephalic, prognathous, platyrrhine and mesocephalic, while the Adamese are brachycephalic, microcephalic, mesocephalic, mesorhine and megalencephalic.  
There is in Hart county, Ky., what is known as the "Sun-down spring." The water of this spring flows incessantly during the day in a stream the size of a man's arm, but as the sun nears the western horizon it grows perceptibly less, makes a peculiar sound heard at a distance of fifty feet, and then, just to the minute the sun sets, stops running. This phenomenon occurs daily.  
M. Seguin, about 1850, placed several toads in an equal number of vessels and inclosed them with plaster of paris. After an interval of several years the vessels were opened and one of the imprisoned toads was found still living, although the extremely hard cement had become exactly molded on the animal, leaving no vacant place between them. On liberation the creature crept out into the light of day.

## "I Never Take Medicine."

During the short administration of President Taylor, a young man visited Washington to sell cholera medicine. Thinking it would aid him in his business, he called at the White House while a public reception was being held, to present the President with a bottle of the medicine.  
He had rehearsed a little speech with which to preface the presentation. But when he found himself face to face for the first time with a live President, his nerves were too much disturbed for him to speak it. He, therefore, mumbled a few words, more amusing than honest, about the medicine being "a dead shot," and pulled out the bottle—only to hear the President say, in a tone loud enough to be heard through the room:  
"I thank you; but I never take medicine, cholera or no cholera."  
The young man almost fainted from mortification. But in less than ten days General Taylor died of cholera, caused by his own indiscretion in eating.  
On a very warm fourth of July the cornerstones of the Washington monument were laid. President Taylor participated in the ceremony, and drank freely of ice-water.  
On his return to the White House he complained of feeling hungry, and ate freely of cherries, washing them down with iced milk.  
At dinner, against the remonstrance of a physician, who was present, he again partook heartily of cherries. In an hour's time he was attacked by cholera-morbus and died within four days.

REASE.  
\$9.00  
WARD.  
that Cough  
BALSAM  
FIER  
NS.  
TY  
E VICTOR  
RT'S  
CH  
BI-CARD  
SODA  
PATENTS  
HOUSEHOLD  
OPEDIA  
NE  
LOR