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All Round the Year.

All round the year the sun shines bright,
The pale moon sheds her softer light;
The day a brilliant beauty shows,
The night in drowsy stillness goes:
The massive links of mountain chains
The dimpled swells of fertile plains,
The boughs of trees, the roots of flowers,
At least are always here,
And Nature keeps her sacred powers
All round the year.

All round the year the brave hearts beat,
The ruddy limbs are strong and fleet;
With youth and health the fountains lie
Of glowing cheek and flashing eye;
No chilling influence need we know
In summer's shine or winter's snow;
Warm hands to clasp, warm lips to press,
Warm friends forever dear,
Warm life, and love and happiness
All round the year.

All round the year the trusting soul
May find the word of promise whole;
The eye of Faith once firmly stayed,
No doubt can move, no sorrow shade;
The flight of time, unknown above,
Breaks not our Father's boundless love;
Unbroken be the tranquil light
That folds our lives in night;
As ever pure, and calm and bright,
All round the year.

Then mourn not, friend, the cutting air,
The fields so white, the trees so bare;
Let no false grief employ your tongue,
Nor wish the year forever young;
The flower must fade, the leaf must fall;
But one great Power is over all;
He thro' the ceaseless round of change,
One unchangeable will appear,
Unmoved, undimmed, may we range
All round the year.

—Elsie Goodale, in Sunday Afternoon

MARY'S LOVE LETTER.

"So you won't marry Hawkins Jessup?" said Squire Bergamont, knitting his black eyebrows together until they formed an ominous black bar across his forehead, and nearly frightened his bright-eyed daughter out of her senses. But Mary Bergamont stood bravely to the guns of her little tirade.

"No, father," said she. "O, how can you ask me, father, when you know I don't love him, and never can?"

"Never is a long while," said the squire.

"Yes, papa, I know that," said Mary. "But, indeed, I mean it."

"You mean it, do you?" said the squire, in low and measured tones. "Now, let me tell you what! It isn't that you don't like Hawkins Jessup, but that you have been foolish enough to go and fall in love with that young idiot, George Lake!"

Mary turned very red.

"Papa!"

"There's no use mincing matters," said the squire. "An artist, indeed! Why don't he go into white-washing and painting, and get a decent living?"

"But, papa—"

"Needn't attempt to argue with me, miss!" said Squire Bergamont, sternly. "I'll have none of it, and so I tell you if George Lake comes into my house, he'll be put out very quick! And so you may tell him."

So saying, the squire strode out of the room. Mary looked after him with soft, sorrowful eyes. She was a delicate, oval-faced girl, with sunny brown hair and straight features, as unlike the rosy and positive squire's as light to darkness. But as she put down the iron with which she was "doing up" her father's shirts—Squire Bergamont would have thought it a crying sin to employ a laundress while his daughter enjoyed her ordinary health—she leaned up against the window where the arrowy sunbeams came in through the tremulous veil of heart-shaped morning-glory leaves and drew from her pocket a note written in a strong, masculine hand:

"My Dearest Mary—I love you, Will you promise to be my own wife, spite of all opposition? Will you tell me so with your own lips?"

"Ever yours, faithfully to death," "George."

How her eyes glittered as she read and re-read the short and simple lines, pressing them finally to her red lips.

"I do love him! I will be his wife!" she murmured. "And I will tell him so the very first opportunity I get. Only papa!"

A momentary cloud stole over her serene brow at this, but it was transient.

"I don't believe in elopements," said Mary Bergamont, still riveting her eyes on the sheet of paper in her hands. "I never did. But if papa still persists in opposing our marriage, I will leave my home and go out into the world hand-in-hand with George."

Just as the revolutionary thought passed through her mind the door creaked on its hinges. A heavy, well-known footstep sounded on the threshold.

"It's papa!" cried Mary. In her consternation our poor little

her pocket in the multitudinous fold of her dress. For a second she was in imminent danger of detection; then she hurriedly thrust the incendiary document into the yawning mouth of a paper bag of choice seed-corn, which hung by the kitchen window. And the next instant Squire Bergamont was in the room.

"Mary," said he, "go up stairs to the left-hand corner of my middle bureau drawer and get me a clean pocket-handkerchief."

And Mary went out with a dubious glance at the nail on which the bag of "Early Sugar Corn" hung.

"When she returned the room was empty, and Squire Bergamont was just climbing up into his lumber box wagon, in front of the picket fence.

"Bring it out here," said the squire. "I'm going over to Miss Polly Pepper's to get my empty cider cask. She might have had the sense to return it herself!"

He stowed the pocket-handkerchief away in his pocket, and was just taking up the reins when Mary rushed out again, crimson to the very roots of her hair.

"Father, that bag of seed-corn?"

"O, it's all right—it's all right," said the squire, placidly. "I promised a little to Miss Polly Pepper, and this is already shelled."

"But, father," gasped poor Mary, "let me tie it up first."

"Nonsense," said the squire: "I just folded over the top, and it'll go as snug as a thief in a mill, right atop of my bags of meal."

Away he rattled over the stony road as he spoke, and poor Mary ran back into the kitchen to cry herself into a second Niobe.

"O, my letter!" sobbed she; "why was I such an idiot as to put it there?"

Miss Polly Pepper, a giant spinster of a very uncertain age and a very certain infirmity of a temper, opened the bag of seed corn as the squire drove off.

"Might brought it before, said she. "Promised it to us last fall. I do despise these folks that are always putting off things. Mercy upon us! what's this?" as she drew out the note; "some receipt that that shiftless Mary's tucked away here to get out of the way! No, it ain't. It's a love-letter!—and to me—"

"My dearest Mary"—and signed at the foot George Washington Bergamont; and that's his name. Well, I do declare! Ain't he far gone? 'All opposition!' I s'pose he means Mary and my two brothers-in-law, that think a woman over forty hasn't no business to marry! But I'll see 'em funder afore I'll let 'em overturn my matrimonial prospects—see if I don't. 'Tell him with my own lips.' Of course I will! I'll go right over there at once. Delay is dangerous! And see if he really is in such a hurry."

Miss Polly's fingers trembled as she took her little cork screw curls out of their papers, and pinned on a fresh collar tied by a blue ribbon.

"Blue's the color of love," said she to herself, with a simper, "and it was so romantic of my dear George to think of proposing in a bag of seed-corn!"

The squire was at his supper when Miss Pepper walked in, flushed with her long expedition on foot.

"Sit down and have a bit, won't you?" said the squire. "Mary, fetch a clean plate."

Miss Pepper took advantage of the momentary absence of her stepdaughter to proceed directly to business.

"George," cried she, almost hysterically, "I am yours!"

"Forever and ever!" said Miss Pepper, flinging herself upon the collar of his coat.

"Are you crazy?" said the squire, jumping up.

"You asked me to be your wife," said Miss Polly, meltingly.

"I didn't!" said the squire.

"Then what does this letter mean, eh?" demanded Miss Polly. "It's a clear declaration of love as ever was writ. And good ground to sue on."

The squire stared at the sheet of paper as Miss Pepper waved it triumphantly over his head.

"But I didn't write it," gasped he.

"Mary," said he, "go up stairs to the left-hand corner of my middle bureau drawer and get me a clean pocket-handkerchief."

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Freaks of Moths.

A writer in *Nature* says: I was coming by one of the lake steamers from Como to Menaggio in September, 1875, and saw a humming bird hawk-moth fly to some bright colored flowers on a lady's hat on deck and hang poised over them for a short time and then fly away.

During the process it made one of those short familiar darting off for a moment and then returned, after the manner of the moth when disturbed, and it remained long enough to convince me that it had tested the flowers and found them wanting.

Another incident comes across my mind while writing this, which though it does not exactly bear upon the point, yet is of a somewhat kindred nature. I was crossing from Harwich to Antwerp in August of the same year, and as the weather was fine and the boat crowded, I remained on deck all night.

About four o'clock in the morning I saw what appeared to be a bird or a bat flying rapidly about the rigging. As I was watching it the funnel of the steamer poured forth a thick column of black smoke, owing to the fresh coaling it had just received.

Off went the creature as soon as it perceived the change, or, at all events, as soon as the change took place, and flew for some time in and about the smoke, now darting through it close to the funnel mouth, and then letting itself be borne along with it for some distance, as if in sport, looking very strange and weird-like in the process.

After awhile, as the full daylight broke, it left the smoky region above and came down toward the deck, and I then discovered it to be neither bird nor bat, but a specimen of the death's-head moth, Sphinx Atropos, whose flight I then witnessed for the first time.

After running the gauntlet of several of the passengers, who tried to catch it with their hats, it settled somewhere on the spars or woodwork of the boat and escaped, perhaps to renew its flight in similar manner the following day.

Origin of Meteorites.

This is a subject which has long been discussed by mineralogists, who are much divided on that question. Prof. Tschermak, after prolonged study comes to the conclusion that the active agent in the process is volcanic. He points out that the bolides which fall to the earth are angular in form; that they have no concentric structure even in their interior; that their external crust is not an original characteristic; and that they are evidently fragmentary.

Examination of the crust has shown that during the latter stages of the flight disruption of the meteorite itself frequently takes place. From such evidence of this character, Prof. Tschermak has been confirmed in his views. He argues that the finding of hydrogen in meteoric iron is a proof that permanent gases, and perhaps vapors, which are the great agents in transmitting volcanic energy, have played a part in the formation of meteorites; and although we may never have the possibility of obtaining direct evidence of the volcanic activity which is supposed to have hurled these mysterious masses of stone and metal into space, yet such proof as the violent gaseous upheavals on the solar surface, the action of our terrestrial volcanoes, and the stupendous eruptive phenomena of which the lunar craters tell the history, lend powerful support to any theory assuming that meteorites owe their formation to volcanic agency.

Diphtheria Cured by Sulphur.

A few years ago, when diphtheria was raging in England, a gentleman accompanied the celebrated Dr. Field on his rounds to witness the so-called "wonderful cures" which he performed, while the patients of others were dropping on all sides. The remedy, to be so rapid, must be simple. All he took with him was powder of sulphur and a quill, and with these he cured every patient without exception.

He put a teaspoonful of flour of brimstone into a wine glass of water, and stirred it with his finger, instead of a spoon, as the sulphur does not readily amalgamate with water.

When the sulphur was well mixed he gave it as a gargle, and in ten minutes the patient was out of danger. Brimstone kills every species of fungus in a man, beast and plant in a few minutes.

Instead of spitting out the gargle, he recommended the swallowing of it. In extreme cases, in which he had been called just in the nick of time, when the fungus was too nearly closing to allow the gargling, he blew the sulphur through a quill into the throat, and after the fungus had shrunk to allow of it, then the gargling. He never lost a patient from diphtheria.

If a patient cannot gargle, take a live coal, put it on a shovel and sprinkle a spoonful or two of flour of brimstone at a time upon it, let the sufferer inhale it, holding the head over it, and the fungus will die.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Light Dumplings.—Take as much light dough as will make a loaf of bread, work into it one-half pound of raisins, tie loosely in a cloth and boil one hour and a half.

South Milk Pancakes.—Add enough flour to one quart of sour milk to make a thick batter; leave it over night; in the morning add two well-beaten eggs, salt and half a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a very little boiling water; cook at once.

Good Family Apple Sauce.—Two quarts of water, a pint of molasses, a root of ginger, and boil all together twenty minutes; put in while boiling a peck of pared, cored and quartered apples. Stew till tender.

Cheese Stew.—Sift one cupful of flour upon a pastry board, make a well in the center, and put into this two tablespoonfuls of cream, three ounces of grated cheese, two tablespoonfuls of butter, the yolks of two eggs, and a half teaspoonful of salt, a dust of pepper, and a little nutmeg; if the paste is too stiff, use a little milk until you can work it without breaking; roll out thin, cut it in narrow strips, lay them on a buttered tin, and bake to a pale yellow; serve as a relish, hot or cold.

Pigeon Pie.—Take six young pigeons, have them neatly drawn, trussed and singed, stuff them with the chopped livers mixed with parsley, salt, pepper, and a small piece of butter. Cover the bottom of the dish with rather small pieces of beef. On the beef put a thin layer of chopped parsley and mushrooms. Season with pepper and salt. Over this place the pigeons. Between each two put the yolk of a hard-boiled egg. Add some brown sauce or gravy. Cover with puff paste, and bake the pie for an hour and a half.—*Forest and Stream.*

Farm Notes.

It is found that 1,550 pounds of potatoes are required in cattle feeding to form the same quantity of flesh that 100 pounds of beans would do.

Dryness is one of the essential requirements in a poultry house. Exposure to damp, particularly at night, frequently produces attacks of the most fatal and, in its severest stages, contagious disease termed roup.

In hot countries and dry seasons the quantity of milk yielded is less, but the quality is richer. Cold favors the production of cheese, while hot weather augments the amount of butter.

Most soils are improved by the application of suitable manure, but the kind required varies with the nature of the soil. Lime is a good manure for clayey soils and gypsum for sandy ones, because the former retains and the latter attracts moisture.

If milk cows be fed upon dry hay it cannot be expected of them to give full supplies of milk, for without succulent food the udder cannot, except upon a limited scale, carry on its milk secreting operations. In view of these facts every farmer should make it a part of his business to raise a sufficient quantity of beets, carrots and parsnips to give each milk cow on his farm half a bushel daily during the winter and early spring.—*German Town Telegraph.*

Brood mares, cows and heifers in calf require, from the demands on their system, feed of extra quantity and nutritive value. While they should not be kept fat, their condition ought to be such as to stand the drafts upon their vitality and endurance. Warm and dry shelters should be furnished, that they may escape from winter storms. To permit them or young, growing animals to run down in condition during the winter is the worst kind of management. They ought to be kept growing all the time and thriving.—*American Farmer.*

Causes and Cure of Croup.

Swelling of the udder, or mammitis, or garget, is sometimes caused by rheumatism, and is not always an immediate effect of inflammation caused by partition. It sometimes results from cold taken by the cow lying in a wet field, or upon cold, damp ground. It is always accompanied by fever, or by a chill, during which the animal shivers and trembles. The proper treatment consists of removing the fever by a dose of salts, and afterward giving saltpetre (nitrate of potash) in half ounce doses, twice in one day. If there is a chill, the animal should be well rubbed with woolen cloths, made hot, and then wrapped in some hot blankets. A brisk purgative should be given, and the udder fomented with hot water for two or three hours. The milk should be drawn by a milk tube, and to facilitate this a weak solution of soda should be injected by means of a syringe.—*American Agriculturist.*

Postmaster-General Key started in life as a school teacher at fifteen dollars a month.

The Bloom of the Heart.

Under the blue of the mid-May sky,
Watching cloud-shadows drift idly by,
Free from the thrall of fate and time,
Lulled by the murmur of breezes and the
Twitter of songsters, flutter of spray,
That sweetly blend with the waking dream,
And whisper one magical word away;
Held by the spell of an exquisite face,
A voice that is dearer than all things do,
Ah, but the world is a fairy place
In the bloom of the heart, the May of
year!

Sitting alone in the waning light,
In the dead November's leaden death,
Watching the mist rise ghostly white,
And blend in the shadows, and quest
earth;
Musing for aye on the night-have-been—
Sweet might-have-been that may not
The tender hopes and the fancies green
That faded and fluttered from life's fall
Haunted away by a vanished face,
A voice that is dearer than all things do,
Ah, but the world is a fairy place
In the bloom of the heart, the gray of
year!

Items of Interest.

A cow belle.—The milk-maid.
One-armed men always shake with
left hand.

New York city is said to have an
of ten thousand marriageable women.

"What will the present year
forth?" asks an exchange. Bring
of July, of course.—*Fulton Times.*

No less than 247 Indians have
the dust in frontier wars during the
year. And each bite cost the U
States \$11,578.24.

A woman in St. Louis had her
broken last week by the explosion
toy steam-engine with which her
dren were playing.

A drunken policeman in Toledo,
fired at a dog, and narrowly
avoiding an editor in his office
other side of the street. The
wrote that policeman up.

Here is a guileless advertisement
the Paris *Figaro*: "A young man
couple desire to know a lady or
man without heirs who would
fortune to some young married
couple."

THE GIRL WHO IS ALWAYS GOOD.

She never sighs;
She never grumbles;
She never cries
When down she tumbles.

She never soils
Her pretty dresses;
She never spoils
Her silken tresses.

With cap on head,
And wee hands folded,
She's put to bed,
And never soiled.

Oh, she's a pearl!
No mischief scheming;
There's such a girl—
Don't think I'm dreaming.

But not to tell
Her name were folly;
You know her well,
For she's your Dollie!

—George Cooper, in *Nursery*

Throwing Old Shoes after a Boy.

The slipper or shoe is popularly
posed to be thrown for good luck
in some parts of Europe the custom
to throw it after sailors about to
voyage, and after all who enter
perilous enterprises, such as mar-

A writer in *Notes and Queries* traces
back to the Hebrews, where it
different meaning, symbolizing a
fer of authority or dominion.

ences to this custom may be found
Psalm ix, Psalm cix, and in Deu-
He supposes that the receiving
shoe was an evidence and symbol
serting or accepting dominion or
ship; the giving back a shoe the
of rejecting, or resigning it. He

that originally the throwing of the
after the bride was a symbol of
father or guardian renounced his
ity over her, and the receipt of
shoe by the bridegroom, even a
dental, was an omen that that au-

was transferred to him. There
doubt that such was something
meaning of the transfer of a shoe
is related by a Danish poet that a
vegan king in the eleventh to
century, having conquered a por-

Ireland and Scotland, sent to
his thirty shoes and command
king; who lived there, "to wear
with honor on Christmas day
royal state, and to own that he
power and kingdom from the
Norway and the Isles." If such
original meaning of shoe-throwing
has now lost its significance,

of one shoe, a dozen or more are
and in some countries wheat, rye
accompany or take the place
shoes. The supposed meaning
is that the shoe thrown after a
married couple will give them
luck.