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SOAP MAKING.
each can for making hard.
1 lb. 10c. 5 lb. 45c.
AND STRENGTH.
T and S (no salt) Concentrated
with salt and soda, and soap
AND BUY THE
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PHILADELPHIA.

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NO. 39.

On a Rich Man's Table.

There sat two glasses filled to the brim
On a rich man's table, rim to rim,
One was ruddy and red as blood,
And one was clear as the crystal flood.
Said the glass of wine to the paler brother,
"Let us tell the tales of the past to each other;
I can tell of banquet and revel and mirth,
And the proudest and grandest sons on earth.
Fell under my touch as though struck by blight,
Where I was king, for I ruled in might.
From the heads of kings I have torn the crown,
From the height of fame I have hurled men down;
I have blasted many an honored name,
I have taken virtue and given shame;
I have tempted the youth with a sip, a taste,
That has made his future a barren waste.
Far greater than any king am I,
Or than any army beneath the sky.
I have made the arm of the driver fall,
And sent the train from the iron rail;
I have made good ships go down at sea,
And the shrieks of the lost were sweet to me;
For they said, 'Behold, how great you be!
Fame, strength, wealth, genius before you fall,
And your might and power are over all.'"
Ho! ho! pale brother, laughed the wine,
"Can you boast of deeds as great as mine?"
Said the water glass, "I cannot boast
Of a king dethroned or a murdered host;
But I can tell of a heart once sad
By my crystal drops made light and glad.
Of thirst I've quenched and of love I've loved;
Of hands I have cooled and of souls I have saved;
I have leaped through the valley, dashed down
The mountain,
I flowed in the river and played in the fountain,
Slept in the sunshine and dropt from the sky,
And everywhere gladdened the landscape and eye.
I have saved the hot forehead of fever and pain,
I have made the parched meadows grow fertile grain;
I can tell of the powerful wheel of the mill,
That ground out the flour and turned it my will;
I can tell of manhood debased by you,
That I have lifted and crowned anew;
I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid;
I gladden the heart of man and maid;
I set the wine chained captive free,
And all are better for knowing me."
These are the tales they told each other,
The glass of wine and the paler brother,
As they sat together filled to the brim,
On the rich man's table rim to rim.

—Boston Transcript.

No. 33.

AN ENGINEER'S STORY.

It was a sad scene. Around Tom's bed at the hospital was his wife and Tom's old father. Tom had a house of his own, but as the accident had happened at our end of the line, some seventy miles from Perrington, he had been taken at once to the hospital. I knew Tom quite well, for, as I was in the pay department, when I traveled occasionally on his section of the road, it was mostly on Tom's engine. Tom was a matter-of-fact man, temperate, well educated for his station in life, and not given to whims.
It was touch and go with Tom, but at last, thanks to good nursing, he seemed to be coming slowly around. Though he might be crippled, still there were hopes that he would not lose his place. If, at the worst, he couldn't run his engine, he might find a berth in the company's repair shops, for he was a good all-around mechanic. Tom was able to sit up when I last saw him. For the first time he seemed chatty. His mind would, however, revert to the accident, in which some eight people had been killed outright, and some twenty-five wounded. A careful investigation had followed the accident, and it was clearly proved that it was no fault of Tom's. I didn't see why he should mope so and seem to have trouble on his conscience.
"Bunker," said Tom to me, "it's in my mind, and it will take years before that accident will be cleaned off my brain. If I had only followed my inclinations, I never should have run 33. Eight killed and twenty-five wounded! I never thought of that before—that makes thirty-three!" "Nonsense, Tom," I said, "what has thirty-three to do with it?" "No, it ain't nonsense. I felt she was growing vicious. She was about eighteen months old, and had been running rather ugly, when six months ago she got to be as cruel as a tiger. She showed it to me. I ought to have known it."
"Come, old man," I replied gently, interrupting him. "It's the stimulants that you have been taking, by the doctor's orders, and your nerves are unstrung. Take some of this calming medicine the doctor has left you, and stop talking."
"I ain't a bit nervous, but am cool as a cucumber, and my head is as clear as a bell. I ain't a bit shaky. Now just you listen. Thirty-three was built in the company's shop, and I had a hand in her construction. Just the day before we put steam in her there came an old fellow into the shop who claimed that we was infringing on an injector or feeder, or something of his invention. It wasn't any of our business in the shop, so, though we were civil, he didn't get much redress. He was a-cussing us for thieves,

and all that kind of thing, for stealing his patent, when the boss of the shop walked up, and hearing the chinning, ordered the old man out. It was Bub Harrington that hustled the old chap out, under the boss' orders, of course. Just as the old fellow got to the door, and Bub was bounding him, he turned round and wished that every one of us around that engine might meet our death. We thought him crazy. Well, thirty-three was put on the road, and Bill Given he ran her. She commenced right off killing stock. It was a cow or a horse that was smashed most every week. It was alleged that Bill was to blame, and he was discharged. Then Bill took to drinking, and went to the bad. Bub Harrington then got sick of shop work, and he took his old place of engineer. Just then he married Sue Morris. I was at the wedding, seeing that Sue is a second cousin of my Jenny. Now, Bub had gone through the war, and wasn't skerry. This spring—it was in May—I met Bub at Hopping Junction. Denny Keef was his helper, and 33 had a hot journal, or something was out of kilter, and Denny Keef was a-cussing and oiling of her. I was running 33, and was on the siding waiting for the through freight to pass. Says Bub to me, 'Tom, I ain't going to run 33 no more.' 'Why?' says I. "'Cause she's showing temper,' says he. "'How?' says I laughingly; 'and I remember I borrowed some cavendish from him.' 'Tom,' says he, 'engines is like humans. For the last week 33 has been showing spite.' 'Mebbe she wants overhauling,' says I. 'Nary a bit,' says Bub. 'She's just out of the shop. She makes steam kind of reckless, and wants watching. I have to keep my eyes on the steam-gauge all the time. Sometimes, out of pure cussedness, she won't burn her coals, and all of a sudden you would think she wanted to melt out her grate-bars. She is always a-getting something jammed or sprung, and heating on her bearings, no matter how you keep 'em oiled. She is beginning to throw sparks and burning up things. Three days ago she set fire to an awning in a shop a full mile from her.' 'Cool your head, Bub,' says I, 'at the next water-tank.' Just then the freight train passed along, and I started my old engine, and we went lumbering along. How it happened I don't know, but the face of the old man in the shop who had cursed us appeared before me. That very night 33 killed poor Bub Harrington!"

"Nonsense, man!" I exclaimed. "No; it is no nonsense. As Bub was crossing Sane's bridge, over Soldier's Creek, he put his head out of the cab window. Some of the hands had been working on that bridge, and had left a bit of scaffold, a piece of four by six square stuff, hanging over a truss. His head struck plumb against it, he tumbled out of the cab a dead man, and the tender cut him in two. That very next week 33 was showed on me. I told Jenny I didn't want her, and Jenny she laughed at me. I was mighty careful of her. First thing she did, that was Monday, two weeks ago, was to play hob with a wedding party. There was three carriages in a file, and they were crossing the bridge at Stapleton, most thirty feet above the track. I stopped the exhaust to kill her morking, and was sliding down grade, making no noise worth mentioning, when the horses on the first carriage got frightened and turned around, and last I see of 'em they were galloping down the hill." "Stop Tom, how do you know they were people going to a wedding?" I inquired skeptically. "'Didn't I read about it next day in the Stapleton paper? I was kind of thankful that it was not worse. The man had only his collar-bone broken and a couple of ribs smashed, and the marriage had to be postponed. Next night she killed her first man. You know Mather Hollis?" "Yes, a half-witted lad." "So they said he was, but he was a human being all the same. Never was known to have done such a thing before—and, poor fellow, he never will do it again. It was pitch dark, a raining, storming and thundering. I was keeping a sharp lookout as we came to Cross Hollow about nine o'clock. How that boy was killed the Lord only knows. He was either half asleep or dazed. We never saw him—neither I nor Keef, the fireman, until he stood right up on the track before us. He might have got off but for his fish-pole. That was driven clean through him. I got down-hearted then. I felt that something dreadful was in store for me. One thing about 33 that was strange was that, from being a tidy engine, all of a sudden she got to be dirty, always splashing herself with oil, and accumulating cinders. A week passed along without anything

happening, only she kept burning more coal than she should, so that I was grumbled at for waste. Then came Friday two weeks ago. Right off on starting she showed her spite on a little girl that had crept almost on the track. So help me heaven, I think the cursed beast of an engine tolled children on the track. We just grazed that baby. Everything went contrary that morning. Denny Keef, who was a merry fellow, would keep a-cussing jokes, but I couldn't laugh. First, there was a bother about a freight train that had broken an axle ahead of us. That kept us back. At Orley's the station-master got orders for me to make up some sixteen minutes I had lost, because there was an excursion train back of me, waiting to be on time for a rowing match as was to take place on Lilly Lake. Well, I let her have it, and she just took the bone in her teeth, and kind of shrieked and howled, her whistle keeping a-moaning. Every now and then I had my hand on the throttle to be certain of her. It hadn't been raining for some days, and I knew no sleepers could be loose, and that there were no washways. But I had a kind of presentiment. I seed the face of the old man and Bub Harrington. Poor Bub was before me when—All I remember was seeing poor Denny Keef mangled by my side. I could hear—my God!—his bones crunch! All I knew after that was that I was in bed here, with poor Jenny a-crying over me. They say it was a broken rail. Now, in freezing weather a rail can break, but in summer mostly never. It was 33 that had made up her mind to go a-killing. The only thing I am glad about is that 33 has gone. When Mr. Malcomb, that's the boss of our repair shop, came to see me this morning, (he's been mighty kind, his wife a-sending me jellies and soups), he asked me if I had no inquiries to make about 33."

"33," said he, "is ground up into fine bits. Just a lot of smashed up and battered iron. Her bed-frame even is cracked." "Only fit for the scrap-heap?" I said. "'That's where most of her is now,' said Mr. Malcomb. "Then thank God for that, says I—for a more murderous engine the hand of man never turned out. She was a-cursed before she started." Poor Tom had a bad relapse which ended in a brain fever which set in that night. Poor Jenny's a widow now. Tom raved about 33 until exhaustion came, when he passed away. As it was easy for me to have access to the machinery account and accident book of the road, I did look up the history of 33, and I am forced to say that poor Tom Massey's story, as far as related to that particular engine, was true to the letter. Have, then, machines certain idiosyncrasies?

Branding Bulls.

The writer felt early in action. In trying to avoid a personal encounter with a Pecos bull of two summers, his ankle was so sprained, and his system received such a shock, as to unfit him for further bull-races; so he was appointed heater of the branding iron. A new Mexican branding iron is no joke, but an instrument which cauterizes the bovine's cuticle from the shoulder to the hip—this being the "road" brand of our cattle, and known as the "One-Eye" or "Rail" brand. Four iron running in the bright sunshine, with the thermometer gallivanting round the hundreds, it more than once occurred to me that I had too many irons in the fire; but, for once in my life, I let none of them burn. To get a Mexican bovine in a branding position is no child's play. A lasso is first thrown over its head; then some "old roper" scientifically ropes its two hind legs, as if frantically attempts to free itself from the neck-rope. The enraged animal is then caught by the tail and thrown to the ground, when business commences. After being subjected to the process of branding, the animal is released from the lasso, and its soul is immediately filled with a strong desire to wreak vengeance on the persecutors; and the sooner said persecutors evacuate the safer it will be, at least for a portion of their wardrobe. Often have I seen some poor inexperienced "short-horn" elevated over an light-bar fence by an enraged Mexican bull, in the most artistic style imaginable. These bull races were at first very thrilling to witness; but, after about 376 hairbreadth escapes, the most exciting heat caused no emotion beyond the actual contest. —Montana Correspondence Chicago Tribune.

John O. Calhoun, of South Carolina, was the only person who ever held the office of Vice-President under different Presidents—John Quincy Adams and Andrew Jackson.

Butchery of Mountain Trout.

The trout go up the river in schools of thousands toward their spawning-beds. If unimpeded in their course, they would separate into numberless crystal-line trout brooks and deposit their spawn far up the stream, out of reach of sawdust or fishermen. But just at the foot of the Sierra Nevada, in the state of Nevada, close to the California line, is the Verdi dam. This dam has been constructed to supply a fine saw-mill with water, and great precaution was taken to arrange a suitable fishery at one end. The water is made to flow over a sort of apron, or plank floor, which has such a gradual incline that any fish can ascend. This fishway is further improved by means of the rocks and earth of the river bank. There is a large pool or eddy just at the foot and lower side of the apron, where the fish collect in great numbers preparatory to making the final leap or struggle which carries them over the dam. The fishermen, however, fastened two or three heavy planks just across the upper edge of the apron, and so the trout find an impassable wall at the place where they should enter the reservoir above the dam. Thus the fish are imprisoned.

Such restless, impatient, struggling prisoners as are these mountain trout cannot be found elsewhere. They attempt to leap over the main dam, only to be hurled back by the falling water. They spring fully five feet in the air, and strike the main apron of the dam with terrific and sometimes fatal force. They bruise their bodies and heads until oftentimes they die. They learn nothing from experience, but continue to jump against the dam until, worn out and nerveless, they drift, completely exhausted, into the eddies formed by the piers of the dam. One can watch kind, his wife a-sending me jellies and soups), he asked me if I had no inquiries to make about 33."

Success is dazzling. Men are so constituted that everybody undertakes what he sees another successful in, whether he has aptitude for it or not. One prosperous gold miner in California gives half a continent a fever for seeking gold. One successful general fills the dreams of thousands of youth with the possibilities of military renown.

Scenes in the African Diamond Fields.

We take these extracts from an interesting article on the diamond mines of South Africa in *Scribner's Magazine*: The hotels of Kimberley are provided with a large "bar" at which liquors are sold, a billiard room and long dining hall, and ranging down on either side of the dining room a series of little bedrooms—narrow, coffin-shaped chambers, containing a bed, a chair, a wash-stand and a trunk. At the hotel, and at the better class of cantones, are met the floating population and the men of leisure about town, the latter apparently permanent fixtures of the place. Business, i. e., drinking, begins early and continues until it is early again. Perhaps what strikes one at first the most oddly, is the careless manner in which diamonds are handled about and displayed. Drawing forth from his pocket a little metal or wooden match box, the digger opens to show his "finds." It is full of diamonds of all sizes and qualities, just as they have come from the ground, lustrous and glowing with their soft white or yellow lights. The box is passed around the crowd quite out of sight of its owner, different gems are taken out of it and admired, and it is finally returned quite as it left him. Another draws from his trouser's pocket a handful of good-sized "stones," and lays them down upon the table. One by one they are taken up and distributed about the crowd present for inspection, the owner quietly awaiting their return from the different quarters of the room, quite undisturbed as to the safety of his property; they all come back. Slipping his thumb and finger into a side vest pocket, a fresh comer pulls out a perfect beauty—a hundred-carat yellow, as large as a marble, far brighter and more lustrous than any cut glass or crystal; alas, worth now at the depreciated price of "off-color," not more than \$5,000!—in the days before "off-color" were plentifully found, worth \$20,000. This too is passed freely about. There is no danger of the gems being stolen, because the whole community is a "committee of public safety," and cannot afford to allow dishonesty. To steal a diamond would be like horse-stealing in our western country—it is stealing a man's life, and the crime is so heinous and so nearly affects every one that all are equally interested in punishing it.

Duns in India.

The Mahatma mode of recovering debts is curious. When the creditor cannot get his money, and begins to see the debt as rather desperate, he sits *dhurna* upon his debtor; that is, he squats down at the door of the tent, and becomes in a certain mysterious degree, the master of it. No one goes in or out without his approbation. He neither eats himself, nor suffers his debtors to eat; and this fastidious contest is carried on till the debt is paid, or the creditor begins to feel that want of food is a greater punishment than the want of money. This curious mode of enforcing a demand is in universal practice among the Mahatmas; Seindiah himself, the chieftain, not being exempt from it. The man who sits the *dhurna*, goes to the house or tent, of him whom he wishes to bring to terms, and remains there till the affair is settled; during which time, the one under restraint is confined to his apartment, and not suffered to communicate with any persons but those whom the other may approve of. The laws by which the *dhurna* is regulated are as well defined and understood as those of any other custom whatever. When it is meant to be very strict, the claimant carries a number of his followers, who surround the tent, sometimes even the bed of his adversary, and deprive him altogether of food; in which case, however, etiquette prescribes the same abstinence to himself; the strongest stomach, of course, carries the day. A custom of this kind was once so prevalent in the province and city of Benares, that Brahmins were trained to remain a long time without food. They were then sent to the door of some rich individual, where they made a vow to remain without eating, till they should obtain a certain sum of money. To preserve the life of a Brahmin is so absolutely a duty, that the money was generally paid; but never till a good struggle had taken place, to ascertain whether the man was staunch or not; for money is the life and soul of all Hindoos. —Smith's Journeys.

The number of changes which may be rung on a peal of bells is very curious. The changes on seven bells are 5,040; on twelve 479,001,600, which, at two strokes a second, would require ninety-one years to complete. The changes on fourteen bells could not be rung through at the same rate in less than 16,275 years; and on twenty-four they would require more than 117,000,000,000 years.

Items of Interest.

Motto for would-be rogues—Keep to the right.
A Texas baseball player has just been killed by lightning.
A man, who calls himself a hunter shot a deer in the Adirondacks the other day. He subsequently stood over the farmer's dead horse and shelled out \$50.—*Norwich Bulletin*.
The Indianapolis *News* having rashly asserted that "hip-pockets are a comparatively modern invention," the classical *Courier-Journal* points out that they were invented by Hippocrates.
"Ten mills make one cent." When we are a youngster on the farm, and the wheat had to be ground, we were the one cent; One mill, however, was sufficient at that time.—*Cincinnati Breakfast Table*.
Practice simplifies everything—even the manufacture of glass eyes. The workman is provided with a number of thin glass rods, of the colors required, and heating the end of one of these by means of a blowpipe, he "gathers" from it sufficient for his purpose on the end of a wire—this first, gathering being generally of white or colorless glass, to form the white of the eye. He then takes the rod required to form the iris and "gathers" from it on the white; and, lastly, a little spot from a black rod is added to form the pupil. During the process, the gathering on the end of the wire is rotated in the flame of the blowpipe, and occasionally pressed against a smooth surface, to obtain the most perfect evenness of outline.
MOSQUITO SONG.
I come from the hums in marshy land,
I make a sudden sally,
I buzz and sting with sprightly ping
Through thoroughfares and alley.
My merry play is not for day,
I'm sticking to the wall then,
But when in bed you lay your head
No louder I'm at all then.
I come in host, and no man boasts
He feels but one proboscis;
His flesh I sting while others sing
And watch the stinging process.
He snaps, he flaps, he elaps and claps,
But in vain is all his curing;
By spank on flank or cranky yank
His fate he's not reversing.
My legs dangle in the air,
My goggle-eyes they stick out;
I bite you on the nose, and then
Your angry legs you kick out.
You burn, you turn, you burn you learn
That while you thus are kicking
A dozen of us settle down
And glad begin our picking.
Oh, hark! Oh, hear! how this and clear
My elin horn is blowing;
At early morn your horn, my friend,
Will charmingly be growing.
I hunch, I saunch, I punch, I crunch,
I fly up to the ceiling;
To howls or growls or howls the bow's
Of mine are void of feeling.
—New York World.
He Killed It in Self-Defense.
Major Sam. V. Reid always was sympathetic, good-hearted gentleman and a believer in the doctrine of a fair division of comforts, as the few survivors of the gallant company he led in 1861 '62 can testify. One of the boys brought a lamb into camp once upon a time, a fact which the major (then a captain) was not long in discovering. "Carter," said he, "how did you come into possession of that lamb?" "I killed it, cap'n," was the unhesitating reply. "I presume you did, sir," rejoined the captain; "but don't you know that it is a violation of orders to steal the property of the people?" This seemed for a moment to pose the lover of fresh mutton but for a moment only, for, after scratching his head, he retorted, "Captain, I didn't steal it. The confounded beast chased me all around a forty-acre field and I had to kill it in self-defense. I would have been a shame to leave it there for the buzzards, and so I saved the meat for my mess. I'll send you a quarter of it after dark." A good many officers would have doubted the soldier's statement and confiscated the meat, but Capt. Reid took it all in, and remarking, "Don't let this happen again," moved off to his quarters, satisfied with the correctness of Carter's statement.—*Courier-Journal*.
Fruit Culture in the United States.
Fruit culture is making rapid progress in the United States. According to recent official statements, the land appropriated to this branch of industry is 4,500,000 acres. Upon this there flourish 112,000,000 apple trees, 28,000,000 pear trees, 112,270,000 peach trees and 141,260,000 grapevines. The total value of the fruit crop, throughout the United States is set down at \$128,216,700, an amount equal to half the value of the average wheat crop of the country. Toward that large sum apples are held to contribute \$50,400,000, grapes \$14,180,000, peaches \$43,135,000, grapes \$2,118,000, strawberries \$5,000,000 and other fruits \$10,432,000.