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Lines to a Turtle.  
MARKED BY THE PLEASANT BIRD IN 1841, AND  
MET AGAIN WHILE HAYING IN 1878.

Well met again, old crony queer!  
To me you little changed appear  
Since first I met you in the year  
Forty and one,  
Though seven-and-thirty years, 'tis clear,  
Since then are gone.

The same stern face, and nose so Roman;  
His counterpart "Aunt Liz," could show one—  
Are you a turtle-man or woman?  
Aunt Liz was both,  
And not a crawler or a slow one,  
I'd take my oath.

Well, well! you seem to take life easy;  
No cares oppress or troubles tease ye;  
If doubt, misapprehensions seize ye,  
In goes your head,  
And for as long as it may please ye  
You're same as dead.

How different with human kind!  
In constant harassment of mind,  
And if no real ill be find  
To brood and ponder,  
Imagination stands behind  
All drafts to honor.

Ab, little could the mower tell  
The day he car'd-up upon your shell  
The et'ra that begin to spell  
His humble name,  
What held the future, fair or fell,  
Or praise or blame!

Of those who wrought with him that day,  
Here by the brookside making hay,  
All, save himself, are laid away  
In their last sleep,  
And one brave heart lies in the gray  
And solemn deep.

The changes, too, that scarce the tongue  
Can tell, or comprehend the young!  
Here where the tool of Time we swung,  
The team is mowing;  
And where the whistle's music rung,  
The gear is going.

Then news was stale 'er we could hear  
From the old world, now brought so near  
By telegraphic contrivance queer  
From Morse we borrow,  
That if to-day "Vic" scratch her ear,  
We know to-morrow.

And now the telephone, they say,  
Will bring a voice that's far away  
Close to our ear, so that we may—  
When one may try so—  
Hear old Zip Coon his banjo play  
Out in Ohio.

And more than that, so rumor teaches,  
We may can up, as one would peaches,  
Music and poems, sermons, speeches,  
And then let loose  
Their softest tones and loudest screeches,  
Where'er we choose.

Since then have politics run mad;  
We've segged to leeward, and the bad;  
A bitter dose of war we had,  
And still are ailing—  
A war which all the country had  
In weeds of wailing.

Then strait and narrow was the way  
Up leading to eternal day;  
At least our preachers need to say  
Such was the case,  
It's widened now, and thereon they  
2-40 pace.

New lights have dawned on us beighted;  
Credulity thrives well delighted;  
The medium sergeant,  
Nor warns up spirits to be sited—  
(None seen but ardent.)

But you seem anxious to be going;  
No wonder, after such bestowing;  
But who knows what Time will be showing  
Four decades on;  
When we no more at time of mowing  
Shall meet anon.

Good-bye! 'Fall long you've borne my card;  
Long o'er it yet may you keep ward!  
I hope that none will use you hard,  
But when they meet you,  
Respect the feeling of a bard,  
And kindly greet you.

—J. D. Canning, in Springfield (Mass.) Re-  
publican.

## A WOMAN'S CAPRICES.

"Men are never so awkward, never so ungraceful, never so disagreeable, as when they are making love. A friend is a luxury, a husband ditto, I suppose; but that intermittent class of beings denominated 'lover,' are terrible bore. It does very well for a woman to blush and look flustered now and then, when occasions make it desirable; but to see a man with his face as red as a ripe cherry, and a real parcel of steeple-headedness, self-reliance and masculine dignity, done up in broadcloth and starched linen, quaking from the top of his shirt collar, his mouth dry, and his tongue twisted into convulsions in the vain attempt to say something sweet—O gracious!"

So said Nancy Lynn aloud to herself as she sat swinging backward and forward before the window, half buried in the cushions of a luxuriant arm-chair, and playing with a small ivory fan which lay upon her lap.

"It also seems so strange, not to say tiresome," she continued, with a running musical laugh, "after one has waited and sung, and flattered, and talked nonsense with anybody till one is puzzled to know which of the two is the most heartless, one's self or one's companion, to hear him come plump down on the subject of matrimony as though that was the legitimate course of every

insipid acquaintance! For my part I never had a lover (here Sophie fluttered her fan and looked pleased, for she had more than one) that I wasn't sick of after he proposed. There was Capt. Morris—I thought him the handsomest man in the whole circle of my acquaintances, until he went on his knees to me and swore he should die if I didn't take pity on him. Somehow he always looked like a fright to me afterward. Then there was Dr. Wilkins, he was really agreeable, and people said very learnedly I was delighted with him for a while; but he spoiled it all with that offer of his—what long-winded adjectives! and how the poor fellow blushed, puffed and perspired! He called me an 'admirable creature,' and hiccoughed in the middle of 'admirable!' Horrors! I have hated him ever since. Then there was—"

Here Sophie started. She heard the door-bell ring. With a nervous spring she stood before her mirror, smoothing down her brown hair with a haste truly comical.

"It won't do to seem interested," she said, as she took a finishing survey of her person in the glass, and shook out with her plump jeweled fingers, the folds of her airy muslin dress.

The moment afterward when a servant entered to announce Mr. Harry Ainslee, she was back in her old seat by the window, rocking and playing with her fan, apparently as unconcerned and listless as though that name had not sent a quicker thrill to her heart, or the betraying crimson all over her pretty face.

"Tell him I will be down presently," she said.

The girl disappeared, and Sophie flung open the window that the cool, fresh air might fan away the extra roiness from her complexion. Then she went again to the mirror, and after composing her bright, eager, happy face into an expression of demureness, descended to the parlor. A smile broke over her features, and she reached out both hands to the guest; but as if suddenly recollecting herself, she drew them back again, and with a formal bow of recognition she passed him and seated herself in a further corner of the room.

It was very evident that something was wrong with Sophie; that she had made up her mind either not to be pleased or not to please. Could it be that she had foreseen what was coming?—that a presentiment of that visit and its results had dictated the merry speeches in her chamber? Be that as it may, a half hour had not elapsed before Harry Ainslee's hand and fortune (which latter, by-the-way, was nothing wonderful) were in the same place where Capt. Morris and Dr. Wilkins had been before them.

"The first man that I ever heard say such things without making a fool of himself," muttered Sophie, emphatically and evidently gratified, yet without designing any reply to the gallant, straightforward speech, in which her lover had risked his all of hope.

"He ought to do penance for the pretty way he managed his tongue. He's altogether too calm to suit me." And Sophie shook her curly head meaningly, holding her fan before her for a screen. Did she forget what he had been saying? "I wonder if I could snore the way old Uncle Jones used to in church?" she soliloquized.

"Wouldn't it be fun and wouldn't it plague Harry, if he thought I had been asleep while he was talking?" Sophie's blue eyes danced with suppressed merriment as she gave two or three hearty breathings, and followed them up with a nasal explosion worthy of an orthodox deacon. It was well done—and theatrically done—and poor Harry sprang bolt upright, surprised, mortified, chagrined. Human nature could stand it no longer, and Sophie gave vent to her mirth in a burst of triumphant laughter.

"You little wretch—you mischief—you spirit of evil!" exclaimed the relieved Harry as he sprang to her side and caught her by the arm with a grip which made her scream. "You deserve a shaking for your behavior!" Then following his voice he added, gravely: "Will you never have done tormenting me? If you love me can you not be generous enough to tell me so, and if you do not, am I not at least worthy of a candid refusal?"

Words sprang to Sophie's lips that would have done credit to her womanly nature, for the whole depth of her being was stirred and drawn toward him as they never before had been toward any man.

But she could not quite give up her ratiocination. She would go one step further from him ere she laid her hand than all the world besides. So she checked the tender response that trembled on her tongue and flinging off her grasp, with a mocking gesture and a

ringing laugh, darted across the room to the piano.

So she seated herself, ran her fingers gracefully over the keys, and broke out in a wild, brilliant, defiant song, that made her listener's ears tingle as he stood watching her, and choking back the indignant words that came crowding to his lips for utterance.

"Sophia, listen to me!" he said at length, as she paused from sheer exhaustion. "Is it generous—is it just to trifle with me so—to turn into ridicule the emotion of a heart that offers to you the most reverent affections? I have loved you, because beneath this volatile surface character of yours, I thought I saw truthfulness and simplicity, purity of soul, and a warm current of tender, womanly feelings that would bathe with blessings the whole life of him whose hand was so fortunate as to touch its secret springs. You are an heiress, and I only a poor student; but if that is the reason why you treat me so scornfully, you are less the noble woman than I thought you."

Sophie's head was averted, and a suspicious moisture glistened in her eyes as Harry ceased speaking. Ah! why is it that we sometimes hold our highest happiness so lightly—carrying it carelessly in our hands, as though it were but dress, staking it all upon an idle caprice.

Then she turned her countenance toward him again, the same mocking light was in her eyes, the same coquetish smile breathed from her lips.

"Speaking of heiresses," said Sophie, "there's Helen Myrtle, whose father is worth twice as much as mine. Perhaps you had better transfer your attention to her, Mr. Ainslee. The difference in our dowries would no doubt be quite an inducement, and possibly she might consider your case more seriously than I have done."

Like an insulted prince, Harry Ainslee stood up before her—the hot fiery indignation blood dashed in a fierce torrent over his face—his arms crossed tightly upon his breast, as if to keep his heart from bursting with uprising indignation—his lips compressed and his dark eyes flashing.

Not till he had gone—gone without a single word of explanation, leaving only a grave "good-bye" and the memory of his pale face to plead for him—did the thoughtless girl wake to a realization of what she had done. Then a quick, terrible fear shot through her heart, and she would have given every curl on her brown head to have him beside her one short moment longer.

"Pshaw! what am I afraid of? He will be back again within twenty-four hours and as importunate as ever," she muttered to herself, as the street door closed after him; yet with a sigh that was half a sob, followed the words, and could Harry have seen the beautiful pair of eyes that watched him so eagerly as he went along the street, or the bright face that leaned away out through the parted blinds with such a wistful look as he disappeared, it might have been his turn to triumph.

In spite of Sophie's prophecy, twenty-four hours did not bring back Harry. Days matured into weeks and still he did not come, nor in all that time did she meet him. And now she began to think herself quite a martyr, and acted accordingly. In fact, she did what almost any heroine would have done under the circumstances—grew pale and interesting. Mariana began to suggest the delicacies to tempt Sophie's palate. "The poor dear child was getting so thin." In vain Sophie protested that she had no appetite.

In vain papa brought dainty gifts and piled up costly presents before his pet. A faint smile or abstracted "thank you" was the only recompense. If sister Kate suggested that Harry's absence was in any manner connected with her altered demeanor, Sophie would toss her ringletted head with an air of indifference, and go away and cry over it hours at a time. Everybody thought something was the matter with Sophie—Sophie among the rest.

Her suspense and penitence became unreportable at last. Sister Kate who had some so near the solution of the mystery—she knew all, so said Sophie; perhaps she could advise her what to do, for to give up Harry seemed every day more and more of an impossibility.

"Will you go into the garden with me, Kate?" she asked, in a trembling voice, of her sister one day, about a month after her trouble with Harry; "I have something of importance to tell you."

"Go away, darling, and I will be with you in a few moments," replied Kate, casting a searching glance at Sophie's flushed cheeks and swollen eyes.

Running swiftly along the garden path, as if from fear of pursuit, Sophie turned aside into her favorite arbor, and flinging herself down on a low seat, buried her head among the cool vines,

and gave herself up to a paroxysm of passionate grief. Soon she heard steps approaching, and an arm was twisted tenderly about her waist, and a warm hand was laid caressingly on her drooping head.

"Oh, Kate, Kate!" she cried, in the agony of her repentance, "I'm perfectly wretched. Come very near, though you have come very near guessing two or three times. Harry and I—"

Here a convulsive sob interrupted her, and the hand upon her head passed over her disordered curls with a gentle, soothing motion.

"Harry and I"—another sob—"quarrelled two or three weeks ago. I was willful and rude, just as it was natural for me to be, and he got angry. I don't think he is going to forgive me, for he has not been here since."

Sophie felt herself drawn up in a closer embrace, and was sure Kate pitied her.

"I would not have owned it to anybody if it had not been just as it is," she continued, rubbing her little white hands into her eyes; "but I think I almost love him almost as I do you and father and mother."

A kiss dropped on Sophie's glossy head, and tighter was she held. She wondered that Kate was so silent, but still kept her face hidden in the vines.

"He asked me to be his wife," she continued, "asked me as nobody else ever did—in such a manly way, that he made me feel as though I ought to have been the one to plead instead of him. I could not bear that, and I answered him as I should not. He thought it was because he was poor and I was rich; and all the time I was thinking I would rather live in a cottage with him than in the grandest palace in the world with any other man, only I was too proud to tell him so to his face. What can I do? Tell me, Kate, you're much better than I am, and you never get into trouble. I am sure I shall die if you don't." And Sophie wept away.

"Look up, dear, and I'll tell you." Sophie did look up with a little start, and the next moment, with a little scream, leaped into the arms—not of sister Kate, but Harry Ainslee.

Sophie declares to this day that she has never forgiven either of them, though she has been Mrs. Harry Ainslee nearly two years.

## The Romance of Arithmetic.

The most romantic of all numbers is figure nine, because it can't be multiplied away, or got rid of anyhow. What ever you do it is as sure to turn up again as was the baby of Eugene Aram's victim. One remarkable property of this figure (said to have been discovered by W. Green, who died in 1794) is, that all through the multiplication table the product of nine comes to nine. Multiply by what you like and it gives the same result. Begin with twice nine, 18; add the digits together, and 1 and 8 make 9. Three times 9 are 27; and 2 and 7 make 9. So it goes on up to eleven times nine, which gives 99. Very good; add the digits; 9 and 9 are 18, and 1 and 8 are 9. Going on to any extent, it is impossible to get rid of the figure 9. Take a couple of instances at random. Three hundred and thirty-nine times nine are 3,051; add up the figures and they give 9. Five thousand and seventy-one times nine are 45,339; add the sum of these digits is 27; and 2 and 7 are nine. M. de Moivre found out another queer thing about this number, namely, that if you take any row of figures and, reversing their order, make subtraction sum of it, the total is sure to make 9. For example:

Take 5,071	
Reverse figures 1,705	
4,366—18, and 1 and 8 are 9.	

At Sunset.  
It was just the close of day.  
The west shone in scarlet splendor,  
and dimpled cloud-ships lay serenely  
peaceful in sun-kissed argosies over the  
celestial vale, where all was sweet tranquility.

The robin was chanting his vesper song, and the roses drooped idly in the balmy breeze, and seemed wafled to a realm of delicious visions.

"Never till now," I replied.  
And then she looked at me most lovingly, and I drew her close to my bosom, and was just kissing her for the second time when the vision broke, and I paid the dentist and left. It was my first experience with nitrous oxide gas. —Puck.

**TIMELY TOPICS.**  
The cash value of farms in the United States is set at \$9,262,803,861.

A child six weeks old, on exhibition in Maryland, weighed one pound and three quarters.

There is a rumor in Vienna that the ex-Empress Eugenie is to be again married, but the favored individual is not indicated. The lady has been residing in that city for a few weeks of late under the title of Comtesse de Pierrefonds. She is accompanied by the Duchess de Monchy and by the Count de Piennes as aides-de-camp.

Nobeling, the intended assassin of the Emperor William, has made a second attempt at suicide. While the jailer was dressing the wounds he inflicted upon himself immediately after firing at the Emperor, he contrived to secrete a small pair of scissors used in cutting the bandages. Upon the departure of the jailer Nobeling attempted to open an artery in his arm with the scissors. The jailer, missing the instrument, returned and Nobeling, suddenly hiding both hands under his bed covering, affected an air of tranquil unconsciousness. The jailer, however, was not to be deceived. The wound was found to be slight.

The Sacramento (Cal.) Recorder-Union explains how a certain man could not be scared. Near Florin, a few days since, a party of men engaged in harvesting, were discussing the subject of highway robberies, when one of the party declared stoutly that he would die before he would surrender a cent, no matter how many robbers were in sight. That evening two of the others layd him on the road, to test his bravery, and when he came along each presented a monkey wrench at his head and his money was demanded. He shelled out every cent he had without a murmur, and even expressed regret that the amount was so small.

The pigeon of M. Gaspard Heutz, of Aix-la-Chapelle, which won the great match from Rome, for which over two thousand birds were tossed up, upon its return from Brussels, to which city it had been sent to be identified beyond dispute, received a reception that was perfectly royal. The whole town was afoot and met the distinguished conqueror at the railroad station. Two police officers in full uniform headed the triumphant procession; then came a rank of drummers and another of fifers; then the Pigeon-Flying Society; then a band of music escorting a transparency presented by the colombophiles of Brussels; then a torch-light procession, and at last, in an open broughie, four gentlemen, one of whom bore on his knee a cage of carved wood in which, calm and proud, was the winner, a superb gray bird.

## King Birds and Bees.

A correspondent of the San Francisco Rural Press, gives that paper his views as to the habits of the king bird, in an apian, as follows: I have followed the raising of bees for the last seven years, and made it my only occupation. I, at one time, thought the bee-birds were destroying my bees, and what to do there got rid of them I did not know, for there were hundreds of them in the spring building their nests in the oak timber under which my bees are sitting. After watching them very attentively for several years I discovered they did not eat the working bees, but fed on the drones. Around my house, and for 300 yards below and above, there are small oak trees, under which my bee-hives are sitting. I can sit in my door and see hundreds of bees coming in and going out of the hives, and sitting on twigs are half a dozen bee-birds. They paid no attention to the working bee, but as soon as I would hear a drone I could see one of the bee-birds give a swoop and capture him. A drone is much larger than the honey bee, and he makes a louder noise and can easily be seen and heard at a distance. In place of the bee-bird being an enemy to the working bee he is their friend. He is a protector of the poultry yard; a crow or hawk dare not come near my premises. If a stray one should come this way he will be certain not to try it again. The bee-bird is the king and terror of the feather tribe. As soon as they and the honey bees kill off the drones the bee-bird disappears and you see him no more until the next spring. Some people kill the bee-bird and examine his craw and find bees in it and that is sufficient evidence to condemn him, but if they would be more particular they would find the food to be drones. This is my experience and my conviction.

Nothing betrays the innocence of men's natures more than to see one feeling all over his coat-tails to find a pocket which is in his coat at home.

**Items of Interest.**  
The Hindoos vaccinated 4,000 years ago.

Why is a hen sitting on a fence like a penny? Because she has a head on the one side and a tail on the other.

The Prince of Wales has accepted an honorary membership of the "Boston Ancient and Honorable Artillery."

A woman is never thoroughly interested in a newspaper article until she reaches the place where the balance is torn off.

A man in Detroit has recently invented an apparatus for arresting and extinguishing sparks. Are the girls going to stand that?

The lover teases, the watch dog seizes, the piano pleases, the maid makes breezes, the family sneezes, then the courtship ceases.

It is not uncommon for Spanish ladies to possess a hundred fans. They collect and hoard them as a geologist hoards after specimens.

In the stomach of a large fish recently caught in the river near Port Washington, Ohio, was found the watch and chain lost by a man wading the river over two years ago.

A boy lately died in Paris through eating an inordinate quantity of peach pits, which are well known to contain a greater proportion of Prussic acid than is found in the stones of other fruits. The boy was found writhing in agony, and survived but a short time.

A little girl of six in Georgetown, D. C., after leaning out some time over the window-ledge, drew back and exclaimed, with her hand on her stomach, "Oh, that hurt right on the place where God forgot to put any bones!" Another time, gazing out upon a cloudy evening, she said, "Mamma, there isn't a single star in bloom."

**The Women Clerks at Washington.**  
A Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial writes as follows in regard to the women clerks at the departments: Copying and figuring is the work mostly done by the women. In the Department of the Interior five hundred girls and women are employed. Their wages range from \$50 a month to \$1,400 a year. Few get the latter price. One young lady, Miss Cook, a stenographer in the Indian office, gets \$1,600 a year, the highest price paid a woman official in Washington.

But, lest all the bright young lady shorthand writers who read this should at once start off, in a body, to get \$1,600 a year, it may be as well to state that there are only places for about six stenographers in the whole Interior Department. These six places are filled, and the occupants are healthy. They do not intend to marry. They are afraid every man wouldn't be worth \$1,600 a year to them.

Women clerks are more troublesome to manage than men. This is the verdict in most of the departments. They are more regular and faithful in their duties than men; at the same time they are more quarrelsome among one another. A standing cause of war among them, ridiculous enough, is the opening and shutting of windows. This one wants ventilation, while the next one to her is dead sure to be afraid of a draught. This one slaps the window up, and that one runs after her and slams it down; and so the game goes on, slap, slam, while the ladies' eyes dart fire, and their little throats choke up too full for speech. This childish quarrelling went so far in the Post Office Department that at last the United States authorities had to interfere, and make the rule that windows should not be raised till a certain time of day, so that the windows of the United States General Post Office are now opened and shut according to government orders.

Many unjust stories have been circulated in the newspapers about the women clerks at Washington, by correspondents who were not half or quarter as good as they. The simple fact is that the great majority of them are modest, faithful, hard-working women. They are quite as good and intelligent as the same number of women anywhere else in the world. Most of them have families or relatives to support. The stories that have been told about them are not only lies, but under the circumstances, they are extremely cruel. At the same time, the conduct of a few incompetent women, who get their places through political favoritism, really has been such as to give color to the newspaper stories. They do their work indifferently, or not at all, come together and gossip by the hour in the dressing-rooms, squabble and raise petty rows in the departments until it is even wished that they were dead. Such women are kept in their places because they have masculine relations at home that can vote, and the men who keep them there are honorable senators and representatives who declare that civil service reform is a humbug.

Small vertical text on the left margin, including advertisements for 'HOLERA SYRUP', 'IS OWN PRINTER', 'ALPHABET', and other notices.

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