

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

E. VARIIS SUMMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic.

\$2.50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XLVII.

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, MARCH 10, 1880.

NO. 11.

How They Criticized.

As I once was out walking on my farm, I heard a talking, And very stily tipping, I hid behind a tree; For an annual convention claimed my curious attention, And I feared if I were noticed it would break it up, you see.

There were pig and cow, and donkey, and colts so tall and lanky, And a goose of vast importance that was sitting in the chair; For they all had met together to discuss their faults, and whether There was any one among them they could easily repair.

Rose a duck, and said, "You waddle, my friends, you waddle-waddle, Waddle or you try to walk about. I say it for your good."

"And suppose that, dear," squeaked a pig, "you're much too fat, dear, And your greediness in eating is a fact well understood."

Said a cat, so cross and grumpy, "Your knees are big and lumpy," "Quick, quick!" pronounced the chairman; "your voices are too rough."

Cried a turkey, "Gobble, gobble! ere you get into a squabble, Remember, self-importance in itself is fault enough."

Then rose a lamb so fleshy, "I'm sure 'tis not so easy," He humbly said, "to cure the faults of others as our own."

If we our evils seeking—"But, braying, quacking, squeaking, His every friend quick fled away, and left the lamb alone."

I coddled very sadly, and woke up, oh, so gladly! As I pondered the dream-lesson as I sat there in the grass, Conscience, it is daring to assail with blame is disparaging.

The noble D. D., I am tearing, would be quickest in appearing, He seemed to take a peep into a moral looking-glass.

—Clara L. Burnham, in Youth's Companion.

Grandmother Gresham's Will.

If I said that Grandmother Gresham was a vain old woman, I suppose it would not be very reverential. But still, she certainly did take an immense interest in her personal appearance, and that with some reason. A tall and commanding figure and portly presence, her black eyes glittering in her pale face with nearly the glow of their youth, and not a shiver thread yet pointing any contrast with the blackness of her hair there was something startling about her as if she were the apparition of a dead youth. She was never visible till late in the day, and any one who had the temerity to break the rule and enter her apartment would be flung and find her sitting before the old-fashioned mirror, in which her grandmother had dressed to be married, as she used to say, and occupied, with the help of old Rose, in twisting in a tress of false hair here, a curl there, in darkening an eyebrow, or making a cheek more blooming with her little hare's-foot—a curious weird face reflected on her from that glass meanwhile before which she so constantly practiced these rites, a handsome face when all the work was done. It was not easy for us to see the flash and glory of our youth, to realize that she could not bear to acknowledge even to herself the departure of her own, and was but keeping up the old fiction as she might. There was a full-length portrait in its old frame in the great dark hall, the likeness of a graceful, stately girl in her peach-blossom silk, and hood and scarf of black lace, with the great loose ringlets of shadow over her round shoulder, and blowing back from her dazzling brow, with the glow of expectation in the dark and shining eyes and in the joyous smile. Sometimes Grandmother Gresham paused as she passed, and rested upon her cane, and looked at this lovely picture that brightened all the gloomy place; and we none of us ever dreamed that she was thinking what a travesty and caricature of it she was now, with her patches and powders and paints, and in the velvets and India cashmires that every night when she took them off were laid away, lest she might be rise to wear them again, in the big chest, for Amelia Gresham.

But none of us had any of Grandmother Gresham's beauty. The fact was, she was not our grandmother. We were the descendants of her first husband by his previous marriage, and she had married twice since, and if life were long enough, might have had as many husbands as Gudrun the Beautiful, for all we knew. She had married our grandfather when she was very young, and on his early death had married soon again, and had let his children drift from her, leaving her, he having left them each only a souvenier and a recognition to the young stepmother, to whom in his infatuation and passion he had bequeathed everything else. She had sited on in her career of sunshine and shadow, losing her husbands and children, but, with her handsome bank ac-

count, never knowing trouble that might have touched her more nearly; and now, in her old age, she had been forced by public opinion to take into his house the children of her first husband, left orphans and nearly penniless. She treated us with a gracious hauteur. "Manners like ice cream," Annie used to say; "such cold sweetness." But although so distantly kind to us, all her love was for Amelia Gresham, her late husband's daughter, a pretty minx, who, in return, cared nothing at all for her, and would not live with her in the dingy rat-trap, as she called the dear old mansion house, but made her home with relatives in a gay city, where grandmamma punctually paid her board, and only returned for a fresh outfit of the favors and fineries with which grandmamma larded her.

It was understood, long before we came to the house to live, that grandmamma had made her will and given all she had to Amelia Gresham, and we never thought of making any effort to that disposition of things altered; for although it seemed a great outrage, if one reflected on it, the property having originally been our grandfather's, nevertheless it was her own now, and she had a right to do as she chose with her own. Moreover, I can't say, after all we had heard about her, but that we were a little pleased to see that she had a heart, and could really love somebody. We came to the house only while we were preparing ourselves to make our own way in life; for we each had some little aptitude, I with music, and Georgie with painting, and Anne—well, Anne was our beauty, and was to be married to Francis Evans at some time or other; that was her aptitude apparently.

But while we were in her house we determined to do our whole duty to grandmamma, forgetting the years of neglect and oblivion, and returning to her what we might for the remembrance of us at last. We never intruded on her in the solemn hours when she sat before her glass if we could avoid it, except once, that I remember; we always spoke kindly of Amelia Gresham, and treated her like a princess on her rare and brief visits.

The only time that we varied our manners toward Amelia was when she once tossed her head and gave grandmamma some shockingly rude speech on one of these occasions, and started to run from the room with her fingers at her ears, when Anne, whose position as the married one—or at least, you know, we felt as if she were as good as the married one—gave her more authority than the rest of us, laid her hand timidly upon Amelia's arm and said, in a half-whisper: "It isn't possible you are so cruel as to wound the old heart that loves you so!" And Amelia, who had perhaps never been reproved in all her life before, turned on Anne with a gaze of astonishment, and then broke out laughing. "Oh, you little nonette!" she laughed. "If you are going to be so careful of people's feelings, you had better begin by considering mine, bored to death with the thousand-and-first hearing of this sort of stuff."

"Bored to death," said Georgie, "when it's like a story!" Grandmamma was looking at Amelia. I saw a tear suddenly start in her hard, glittering eye.

"Ah, don't mind her," I whispered, stealing my hand over and taking hers, for I sat on a low seat near her; "she's only jesting."

And grandmamma looked in the fire then, without making any reply, but took my hand between her own; she showed her age in her hands, and always wore fine-meshed mitts to hide their shriveled backs, just as she bound her throat up high with lace. But Amelia saw the little action, which, I am sure, meant nothing, and burst out in one of her rages, which grandmamma, for all her majesty, had trembled under before; because it is always the one that loves that is at a disadvantage; the other is in the saddle.

"Oh, yes!" she cried. "Honeying round her with your pussy ways! Let me tell you she likes honesty. And you won't get a dollar of Mrs. Gresham's money, for all—"

"Let me tell you," blazed out our gentle Anne at that, "that we don't want a dollar of Mrs. Gresham's money. We are making ourselves ready to earn our own. And we think more of many other things than we do of money. And whoever gets it, anyway, we shall not forget that it was our grandfather's money, not theirs."

"That is so," said Grandmamma Gresham, as if the thought had never occurred to her before. But she rose slowly, and grasped her cane, and went away to her own rooms, and we did not see her for three days. Rose waiting on her till she was ready to reappear again.

"Isn't it too bad, Francis," asked Anne that night, "that anybody should have our own grandfather's house but ourselves." But she checked herself as Amelia came back with a rose in her hair, and even frowned down Georgie's innocent remark about its being such a dear old place.

And that it was; an elm-shaded, many-gabled, century-old house, set in gardens, with a patch of blue lake just below it, and the slope of a green hill just behind it—a hill on whose summit the cannon had been fired every fourth of July, and on every twenty-second of February, and on every anniversary of the battle of New Orleans, since time began for those days.

It was not a great while after the night when Amelia came back with the rose in her hair, that I began to notice a strange trouble in our sweet Anne's face. Her gray eyes would dilate and grow fixed in reverie, and at one time such a deep color would burn in old her face, and at another she would be deathly white; that at last when I saw Francis walking in the garden with Amelia, and her glance pursuing them, I knew what it meant. I might have known before if I had had the sense to understand the angry expostulation of Grandmamma Gresham with Amelia that once I overheard; but it never occurred to me that any one could be so shameful as Amelia was. But I knew how to sympathize with Anne better than once I might have done, to be tender with her, and to let her alone; for I had begun to think that, after all, giving music lessons would not be the work of my life, since Dr. Dinsmore had begun to visit us.

"It is a pity," said Grandmamma Gresham to him one day, "that such nice girls should be destitute. But then there is one thing—such nice girls do not need money. I had none."

But it was the very next morning that Dr. Dinsmore asked me to be his wife. And I was so glad and so proud, and so surprised and so sorry, too, for Anne, that I had to go to some one, and I did burst in on Grandmamma Gresham at her toilet, and hid my face on her poor old breast, and cried there. She laughed at me, although she lifted my face and smoothed my hair; that is, she laughed in her own way—she was very careful about laughing on account of her teeth. "Well, my dear," said she, "you are going to have a good husband, that is enough for anybody. I shall give you your wedding gown, but that is all I shall give you."

Amelia seemed to find it a great deal pleasanter with Grandmamma Gresham than she ever had before, and now it was her flying visits that were made the other way, and she came back and staid longer at the mansion house every time.

It was when Amelia was away on one of her short stays that grandmamma sent for some gentlemen to come and see her, and she was closeted in her sitting-room with them nearly all day; but we were none the wiser, and we did not say anything about it to Amelia when she came in with Francis, who had met her at the station. She gave us no time, in fact, for as soon as she had thrown off her cloak and furs she plunged into the German lesson that Francis was giving her, while Anne sat by with a trembling lip.

It was at about this time that one day we found Grandmamma Gresham sitting dead before her glass.

It was a great shock to us. But I don't think it was any greater shock than it was to see Amelia quickly and quietly go to grandmamma's drawers and take out the jewels and lace, there, carry them away to her own room, and come down to dinner that night with the diamonds in her ears. We were not quite prepared for her taking the head of the table; but she did, and of course Anne said nothing.

On the day after the funeral, having assembled as all in grandmamma's sitting-room, she produced the will, and requested Dr. Dinsmore to read it. It gave everything to her.

"I am very sure there is a later will than that, miss," said Rose, firmly.

Amelia dismissed her on the spot, as Rose might have known she would; but Rose repeated firmly what she said, and then Mr. Dinsmore calmly told Amelia that she could not afford to let such a statement pass as that. But of course we could not have overheard Amelia's trunks if we had wanted to do so, and it is, without more publicity and scandal than we cared to have, although, to tell the truth, on a hint from Rose, we had already privately looked in every nook and corner that we could command, and had taken down and opened every book in the library, but to no purpose. There had been something in Grandmamma Gresham's manner toward Anne, especially of late, that made Georgie and me think she could not be meaning to leave her altogether unbefriended; the more, too, because she seemed to feel bitter and ashamed concerning Amelia's conduct. I will confess that I was more malicious than avaricious about it, however. I knew that Francis Evans was only thinking of Amelia's inheritance, that in his heart it was Anne for whom he cared, and he was selling his soul's birthright for a mess of pottage, and I should have liked to balk and baffle him.

"A family physician," said Amelia, with a great dignity that did not become her sort of nose, "is allowed some license, but perhaps so much will not be taken again when it is known that I now have a protector!"

"A protector?" said Georgie, without thinking.

"Yes," she answered. "And I will tell you now, because we are going away for a week, that I don't suppose it will be particularly pleasant for you to be here on our return, as Francis and I were married this morning."

There was a dead silence for a moment in the gloomy room that dark winter morning, and then the report of a cannon rolled through the air, followed by another, and I remember, as I ran to the window, hardly knowing what I did, but doing anything in my embarrassment, that it was the twenty-second of February.

"Washington's birthday," said Georgie, feeling just as I did. "Dear me! I should think the father of his country might have had powder enough in his lifetime." But she stopped, for Dr. Dinsmore was speaking, and I never shall forget how proud I felt as I turned and looked in his honest eyes.

"We cannot congratulate you Amelia," he said, "on your choice of a husband who has been willing to play so infamous a part." All at once the room was illuminated by a mighty flash, and a report clapped through it and out again, and seemed to shake the very rafters of the roof and the stones of the foundation. The great gun on the hillside had burst, and at the same moment Grandmamma Gresham's swinging glass in which her own grandmother had dressed to be married, as she so many times had told us, answered to the fearful vibration, rent in cracks, like the rays of a great sun, from side to side and from top to bottom, in countless splinters, and the shivered, shattered bits tumbled out upon the floor, and with them a large folded sheet of paper.

"... Out flew the web and floated wide; The mirror crack'd from side to side; 'The curse is come upon me,' cried The Lady of Shalott."

I exclaimed, in a sort of hysterical excitement, as I saw that paper and sprang for it.

TIMELY TOPICS.

In some colleges a course of "hazing" is included in the regular programme, but the course at Glasgow, Missouri, furnishes instruction in serenading, with practice on tin-pans, oyster cans, horse-fiddles, aggravated by the natural voice. The professor to whom they recited this lesson heard them through and then gave them a short chapter on the use of the shot-gun with a charge of bird-shot. The report he made was so unfavorable that they quickly dispersed.

A table in the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* shows the increase in the quantity of cereals produced in the United States. The comparison is made between the crops of 1870 and 1878. The bushels of corn produced were 1,094,355,000 in 1870, and 1,388,218,750 in 1878. The bushels of wheat were 235,884,700 in 1870, and 420,112,406 in 1878. The bushels of oats were 247,277,400 in 1870, and 413,578,560 in 1878. The bushels of potatoes were 114,775,000 in 1870, and 134,226,650 in 1878. The tons of hay were 21,525,000 in 1870, and 37,608,396 in 1878.

At the paper mills of Crane Brothers, Coltsville, Mass., large quantities of banknote paper are made for the government. The strictest inspection as to quality is observed, a spot or speck no larger than a pin-head being sufficient to condemn a sheet, and the employees, arriving and departing are carefully watched. Armed guards patrol the premises and grounds day and night, and no approach to them is permitted. Twenty-four women were sent from the treasury department as counters and examiners, and each are able to count 30,000 sheets daily. These precautions are necessary to prevent duplication of sheets for dishonest purposes.

W. L. Fox, a wealthy oil producer of Foxbury, Pa., owns a sleigh which has an interesting history. It is a clumsy, heavy sleigh, and although more than 100 years old, is in excellent repair, and is used by Mr. Fox whenever there is sleighing. It was built for Robert Morris, the financier of the revolution, during the early years of that war. While it was his property it was used by George Washington and his wife, Benedict Arnold, General Lee and many other distinguished people of that day, while guests of Mr. Morris. It passed from the Morris family when misfortune overtook the financier, and had been in the possession of an old Philadelphia family for many years, until recently, when Mr. Fox was placed in possession of it and its history.

General Daniel Ruggles, of Virginia, at the request of the senate committee on agriculture, appeared before them in Washington and briefly explained his method of precipitating rainfalls by scientific means. His method (for which he has recently been granted a patent) is to send up to the cloud realm carriages of dynamite or similar explosive materials in skeleton balloons and to explode them either by time fuses or by magnet-electricity, through light metal wires connecting the balloon with the earth. General Ruggles, as the result of many years of study and investigation of this subject, claims that the different mists passing over arid regions, or localities suffering from unusual drought, may readily be consolidated into rainfalls by concussions and vibrations thus artificially produced.

The Legend of the Winter Palace.

Referring to the attempt made upon the life of the Russian Emperor by blowing up the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg, a New York paper says: This is the second time that the famous palace has been the scene of a projected murder, in singular confirmation of the gloomy legend which clings to it. After the destruction of the building by fire in 1839, Count Kleinmichel, then prime minister, sought to gratify the Czar Nicholas by restoring it in an incredibly short space of time. The work proceeded night and day, and not a few of the laborers were killed or crippled during its progress, while many more were permanently injured by the stifling fumes of the fresh paint. It is said that the mother of one of the victims imprecated a solemn curse upon the palace, saying that "as the Romanoffs had made it fatal to their people, so their people should make it fatal to them." This malediction, whether authentic or not, has, indeed, been amply fulfilled. The ill-famed building witnessed the disgrace and expulsion of Kleinmichel himself only a few years later. It saw Nicholas die of a broken heart (by his own hand, as some say), in one of the small rooms of the wing facing the Neva. It was the scene of an attempted assassination of the czar in 1870, and it has now witnessed another and a deadlier one.

John Parke, a Vermont man, has twenty-one children. Though not rich in lands, he has many little Parkes.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Coffee palaces are in favor as a substitute for liquor saloons in Europe.

The man who sells oil-wells is in the hole-sale business.—*Salem Sunbeam*.

Wyoming has another petrified man. It is not necessary to say that he is stone blind.

The labor of a yoke of oxen is the result of neat's foot toil.—*Marathon Independent*.

A wise man never puts the hot end of a cigar in his mouth more than once.—*Huckensack Republican*.

A Leadville woman who attempted to drive a pet cat from under a bed with a broom had her face frightfully scratched and one eye put out by the enraged animal.

"We stand at life's west windows," and think of the days that are gone; "while the grocer's boy licks the molasses, and a pair of goats bat on the lawn."—*New York News*.

The North Georgia *Citizen* says that "lath is on the rise." On the rise, is it? Well, it's either on the rise or fall most of the time. The only peculiarity is the rapidity of its movements. The precision with which it rises and falls is marvelous. Ask the small boy if his experience doesn't verify this statement.—*Waterloo Observer*.

"What do you read?" said Mr. James T. Field, upon a visit to the Boston boy-friend, Jesse Pomeroy, convicted, among other atrocities, of the murder of three children. "Mostly, one kind," was the reply; "mostly dime novels." "And what is the best book you have read?" "Well," he replied, "I like 'Buffalo Bills' best. It's full of murders and pictures about murders." "And how do you feel after reading it?" "Oh, I feel as if I wanted to go and do the same!"

John Nevins was a fireman on the Evart and Osceola railroad in Michigan. A log was chained to the track one night, and his locomotive was wrecked, killing him instantly. His widow sued the company for \$5,000 damages. While the suit was pending a good-looking young fellow made her acquaintance, professed to fall in love with her, and made a marriage engagement. Having confidence in him, Mrs. Nevins told him that the log was placed on the track at her request, she desiring to get rid of her husband, while they were to have all the money that could be gained by a lawsuit. The woeful inductor her to repeat the story in the hearing of witnesses, and then had her arrested. He was a detective in the company's employ.

The White House and Mrs. Hayes.

It is a historic fact that the White House is modeled after the palace of the Duke of Leinster. This accounts for the wily walls so decorated and beautified in frescoes that they resemble in intention if not in genius, the noble creation wrought by Raphael and Michael Angelo. As the eye descends from the ceiling it rests upon the inlaid floor; but this is covered with carpeting so thick that the tramp of a regiment would be noiseless as phantom wings. Ebony furniture with the richest satin upholstery; can delabra that reach from floor to a nantel holding waxen candles all ready to light pictures on the walls, huge baskets of flowers, with decorated pots of greenery, scattered everywhere. In a row, like schoolgirls in a class, stood the wives and daughters of the cabinet officials with Mrs. President Hayes at the head. That it was strictly "official" was proved by the order observed in their positions. Just as the departments are ranked the women stood. State, treasury, war, post-office, interior and attorney-general.

Mrs. Hayes may safely be called "handsome woman," and there will be none found brave enough to dispute the palm. A brunette of the pure type with large, brilliant eyes that convey the idea of surface but not depth—like transparent window that opens into space—a rather low, Greek forehead over which is banded that shining mass of satin hair. If the glossy coronal could be improved by waves or bangs but the dark, rich brunette complexion forbids this modern fashion, and Mrs. Hayes is an artist in one or more ways. Clad in rich, ruby satin and silk combination, the corsage square and low as Pompadour invented, to call attention to her charms, no fault can be found with Mrs. Hayes, for her dress is as costly and showy as any worn by the celebrated beauties who flourished in the cabinet during the Grant reign. Mrs. Hayes has invented a way to shake hands which ought to be known to the official world, as it saves this useful member from crushing annihilation. Never give your fingers to the crowd and instead of allowing your own hand to be seized, grasp the unruly enemy by the hand as far as the unfortunate thumb will permit you to go; one vigorous squeeze and the torment is over. All this is done on the same principle of a collision at sea. It is the vessel that it hit that sustains all the harm.—*Philadelphia Times*.

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