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## The Farmer Feeds All.

My lord rides through his palace gate,  
My lady sweeps along in state;  
The sage thinks long on many a thing,  
And the maiden muses on marrying;  
The minstrel harpeth merrily,  
The hunter ploughs the foaming sea,  
The huntsman kills the good red deer,  
And the soldier wars without fear,  
But high or low, what's the befall,  
The farmer he must feed them all.

Man builds his castle fair and high,  
Wherever river runneth by;  
Great cities rise in every land,  
Great churches show the builder's hand;  
Great arches, monuments and towers,  
Fair palaces and pleasing bowers;  
Great work is done, be it here or there,  
But work or rest, what's the befall,  
The farmer he must feed them all.

## AGATHA.

She was a mere child when Ralph Ayre first saw her in the weedy garden of that lonely old country house with her wrinkled, blue-eyed nurse. He paused suddenly, and coming close to the fence, he called out to her two great, ripe peaches.

"Say thank you," prompted the old nurse, dropping a courtesy to the rich master of Ayre.

The child stood silent, clutching the peaches and looking at him from under her bent brows.

"Thank the gentleman, Miss Agatha," commanded the nurse, shaking her, by way of emphasis.

Still no thanks.

"Mademoiselle will lose her play-hour if she doesn't say 'thank you' directly."

No sign of relenting. The wrinkled crone made her second courtesy to the gentleman, and poor little Miss Agatha was marched off from the garden without further ado.

Ralph Ayre resumed his walk, shrugging his shoulders with a low laugh. He wondered greatly if the little culprit was not glad to forego an hour among the weeds and nettles of the neglected place, where bird and butterfly never seemed to come. His gardener stood trailing up a vine, heavy with scarlet flowers, near by.

"Johnson," he said, "do you know anything of that new family at the hall?"

"A very little, sir."

"Who are they?"

"A sick lady and a child."

"The name?"

"Stanford."

"Do they remain long?"

"The sick lady has bought the place, sir."

Ralph Ayre went on his way again. The hall had been tenantless for a long time before their coming—he had a natural curiosity to know who his neighbors might be, and that child was certainly a very odd little thing—that was all.

A pelting rain came up at twilight. The crimson sunset gleamed through it fiercely, then died out behind the dark, watery clouds. In the west wing of the hall a single lamp glimmered through the casement.

The Ayre library faced the west wing. Some one sat at the grand piano there playing stretches of wild, mystical German melodies. It was Ralph Ayre.

Presently, something clattered upon the piazza, and ran along it, with sly feet, to the window, where it crouched down in the rain.

Ayre played on—an hour or more. Every rose on the sill was trembling with rapture. There was no cessation in the weird, wonderful sweetness of the music till the last sweep crossed the polished keys.

"Pshaw!" he said, rising from the music-stool, and actually yawning.

The something at the window looked in, white and immovable. It caught his astonished eyes at once. He went up to it. It was a small, white face, pressed close to the pane, with a Quaker bonnet pushed back on loose, light hair, and two great, black eyes staring into his with the most profound admiration and awe.

Mr. Ralph Ayre recognized the black eyes. He raised the window, and held it up.

"Come in!" he commanded, dryly.

Miss Agatha stepped through, looking very sober, but in no way discomfited. She was a pretty child with those wonderful eyes, and a peculiar blackness of eyelash and purplish of skin, and her figure was exquisitely petite, though she was eleven or twelve years old, certainly.

"What in the world are you doing here?" he began.

"I never heard anybody sing like you," she said. "I had to get up and come when Nurse Bernard went away, and I dressed myself."

He did not doubt it—her clothes looked literally flung upon her.

"Give me your hand," he said, imperiously.

They stepped out on the piazza. It was quite dark and still raining. He

dropped the little hand there, and lifted her in his arms.

"I shall carry you. Now be quiet!" She clung to him as he lifted her up.

"Don't let me fall, please," said the little voice.

His arms enclosed hers, strong as iron. He crossed the grounds with long strides, leaped the fence at a bound, and went through the weedy old garden of the Hall.

"Nurse Bernard will whip you for this, Miss Agatha."

Her little head lay on his shoulder.

"Oh, no, mamma won't let her," sleepily.

He sat her down on the broad stone step. Nurse Bernard opened the door.

"Mon Dieu!" she cried out.

"I advise you to put this child to bed," said Ralph Ayre, dryly.

A soft voice called to the nurse from an inner room.

"Will monsieur come in?" said Nurse Bernard.

Agatha writhed out of her clutch.

"Come in and see my mamma—my pretty mamma! Oh, come—she wants you!" cried Agatha.

She tried to draw him in. He stepped into the wide, dark hall, almost mechanically. Nurse Bernard led the way into that inner room. A low couch was drawn up to the fire—Mrs. Stanford's.

Ralph Ayre was ill prepared for the scene. He clutched at his mantle, looking at Mrs. Stanford, as if she had been a specter from the dead. She raised her self up.

"Ralph!"

"Agatha!"

He took the hand she held out to him.

"I knew that it was you," she said, in a voice unrecognizable to him.

"And I—"

"You did not dream of another meeting of earth!"

He sat down. The child on the floor looking at him with dark, wide-opened eyes. They were silent for a long time. She turned at last among the soft cushions, a red hectic coming out like a blossom of fire, on her beautiful cheek.

"Ralph, how many years is it since you and I parted?"

His face was grave and sad, but he had thrust one hand into his vest, and a drop of blood stained the white palm where the nails had pierced it.

"Thirteen, I think."

"And in all that time have you learned to forgive a woman's falsity?"

"Long ago," said he calmly.

"And you have married, Ralph?"

"No—I shall never marry!"

Her hand shaded her face a moment; then she cried out, with a sharp pain in her voice:

"Do you see that I am dying?" I think I have hungered more for your forgiveness than for life itself."

"It was a mistake—that is all," he answered. "fifty years hence it will not matter."

She pushed back her heavy, shining hair, with a wild despairing gesture.

"You are happy?"

"Yes," gravely.

"Thank God for that, at least."

She fell back among the cushions—the woman that Ralph Ayre had once loved so madly—and that child sat watching them, so still and motionless that neither remembered she was there. It was her first lesson—a dark, dreary lesson.

Ralph Ayre broke the painful stillness at last by rising to go. The pale lady held out her hand with piteous, imploring eyes.

"There will be an hour when I shall ask you to come to me again, Ralph."

"I will come."

"She dropped her hand."

"Then good-night."

He opened the door and went out hurriedly.

She had been the one only love of his life. How the past years came back! How utterly he had loved her—how false she had been to him! Well, it did not matter now—he went on and on, through the rain, and all the old reproach went out of his heart, and some of the old love turned to pity and came in.

After that the days passed swiftly, deepening toward autumn. Ralph Ayre sat in his lonely, sumptuous home, and looked off to the shadowy blue mountain in the distance, and waited for his summons.

It came one night in early October. He crossed the garden once more, and entered that still room in the west wing.

She lay on the same low couch by the fire, propped up by pillows, the large eyes wild and glassy, the beautiful brow damp with its death-dew. He knelt down beside her.

"My little Agatha, Ralph—I leave her all alone."

And Ralph Ayre took the thin, white hand, and answered:

"No, not all alone!"

Her lips moved eagerly.

"O, for the sake of the old, dead years, will you take her—will you care for her?"

"As God hears me, yes, Agatha!"

"For the sake of the old, dead years, Ralph Ayre?"

She fell back, closing a smile up in the sad, dark eyes. A little current of blood bubbled through the white lips—she had gone with the echoes of his name.

So the old hall among the poplars was sold, and that was how little Agatha Stanford came to find a home with the grave master of Ayre.

And so six years went by.

"My dear uncle!"

The tall, grave gentleman, pacing back and forth across the library floor, paused quietly, and said:

"Well?"

"Is Miss Stanford to arrive in the next train?"

"Yes."

"Then I beg to inform you that it is due in fifteen minutes."

"I have sent Robert for the horses," said Mr. Ayre.

Barclay Ayre, nephew and heir presumptive of the speaker, and as handsome a young fellow as "le beau monde" could boast, laid down his paper and cigar, languidly.

"Country life is a bore; I am glad she is coming—it will help to save us from complete stagnation."

Mr. Ayre drew on his gloves—his grave eyes opened a little.

"Do you know Miss Stanford?"

"A trifle."

"How do you know her?"

"I saw her at New York with the Alford—she spent a vacation with them."

Mr. Barclay Ayre stretched his handsome length upon the velvet sofa.

"Well?" said Mr. Ayre.

"She is handsome as a houri—the handsomest woman I ever saw, and in the matter of accomplishments, cannot be surpassed."

"Ah!" dryly.

Barclay lay back among the sofa pillows, and looked up at the ceiling.

"Poor Jack Clifford turned Zouave, because she frowned on him at the Alford. 'Pon my soul, good-looking young ladies, one and all, seem to be the natural enemies of the peace of mankind."

Mr. Ayre went out quietly, and taking the reins of the gray horses from Robert, leaped into his buggy and drove away to the station.

A slender figure in a gray traveling dress came across the platform. She raised her veil—two large, dark eyes scanned him one moment from head to foot; then a little, gloved hand was held out to him.

"Mr. Ayre?"

"Agatha!"

Nothing more. He took the little hand quietly, and assisting her into the buggy, gathered up the reins, and dashed rapidly off down the village street.

Madge Lyon, a pretty little blonde, with blue eyes and pale golden hair, came running down the staircase with a rustle of pink silk and a clatter of high-heeled French slippers, and met Miss Stanford in the hall, with a rapturous school-girl embrace.

"O, you darling! I've so much to tell you—O, O—"

Barclay Ayre's handsome, envious face interposed. He took Miss Stanford's hand, looking down into her face with great, sparkling, blue eyes.

"Welcome to Ayre—a thousand times welcome!"

"And did you leave New York to say that to me?" wickedly.

"That, and more."

"How very good of you!"

He flushed.

"I left New York because after you were gone there could possibly be no attraction for one there."

Her black, dangerous eyes laughed at him.

"Unfortunate Gotham!"

"Agatha!"

She would hear no more. Ralph Ayre was coming up the steps behind her, and Agatha ran up the broad staircase with Madge Lyon, and was seen no more till tea time.

An hour or too later, when she sat on the broad piazza amid the roses and the summer moonlight, with Madge Lyon leaning over her chair, and handsome, dashing, Sydney Faxon singing with her an old Scotch melody, Barclay pushed forward a Turkish cushion from the bamboo settee under the vines and sat down at her feet. Her voice was not powerful, it was only sweet and clear.

"Made for one fireside and one ear only," Barclay said to himself.

She looked like a spirit in the moonlight. Rose Faxon, a stylish brunette, was fondling a little King Charles spaniel in the window, threw a white rose into her lap.

"Don't fly away, ma belle!"

Agatha laughed.

"Fly away from all the riding, rowing and bowling that Madge has prepared for to-morrow! Oh, no!"

And Barclay Ayre whispered over the white hand:

"And from the hearts at your mercy Agatha."

Did she understand? Rising carelessly, she took Sydney Faxon's arm, and went sauntering down the gravelled walk, with the moonlight striking in flecks on her soft bronze hair, and every fold of her dress shaking out perfume.

The ensuing weeks went by like a dream. Country life did not prove to be so much of a bore to Barclay Ayre, after all. Riding with Agatha Stanford through purple clover lanes, walking with her up the slopes of the mountains, reading "Owen Meredith" at her feet of hot noons in the dim conservatory, and listening to her low, voice among the vines in still, moonlit evenings, were rather pleasant than otherwise.

Sydney Faxon sniled, then made fierce love to Madge Lyon, and the long bright days sped on; and Ralph Ayre held aloof and went on in his quiet, sober way, watching them quietly.

One dreadful July day, the news of a bloody and disastrous defeat thrilled across the wires—the battle of Manassas.

Jack Clifford's company has deluged itself with glory," cried Sydney Faxon, who had returned from the town with the latest papers; "poor Jack's got a shot in the arm, though."

"And Gus Lyon—"

Barclay paused abruptly. Poor Madge! it was her only brother, badly wounded and not expected to survive. A sad termination to so many days of pleasure.

She must start for New York that night. Sydney Faxon would accompany her—they had been betrothed a week. Agatha stood pale and shivering, in the hall door looking out on the departure.

"O, Mr. Ayre," said Madge, piteously, what a dreary night—it is raining fast!"

He wrapped his great blanket-awl quietly about her. His grave, strong manliness made her cling to him then, in spite of Sydney Faxon. He lifted her to the carriage. A gust of wind swept through the rose thickets, a peal of thunder rattled above the mountain.

Ralph Ayre drew Agatha gently into the hall as the carriage rolled away.

One quiet afternoon, just succeeding Madge's departure, Agatha sat in the old library, leaning back in Mr. Ayre's easy chair, with half closed eyes, and her white hands listlessly crossed in her lap. The air was heavy with perfume—a languid, slumberous heaviness, and not a breath of wind stirred the scarlet creepers over the window. Rose Faxon lay asleep in her own room.

Somebody crept suddenly up to that easy chair, and dropped a spray of jasmine on the soft bronze tresses of the dreamer.

"Dolce far niente!" said the low, mellow voice of Barclay Ayre.

Her white lids flashed up.

"Was it your wrath or yourself, sir, that I saw riding from Ayre not a half hour ago?"

"It was myself."

"You returned in haste," dryly.

"Yes, I am tired of by-play."

The white fingers closed together nervously, and a dash of scarlet came and went on the peachy cheek.

"There is no reason why we should not understand each other now, Agatha!"

"Don't!" she said, warningly.

He started up eager, desperate.

"I must—I will!"

She held up her hand, as if to ward his word away.

"Spare me—spare yourself!"

He caught her hand, covering it with his passionate kiss.

"One word of hope, Agatha!"

"I cannot. You know it—you must have known it long ago."

She pitied him so! Her eyes filled slowly up with tears.

"But I thought you would learn to love me!"

"Never, Barclay!"

Her calm voice told him how useless it was to multiply words. He looked hopelessly into that pale, exquisite face, then dropped her hand, and went out, closing the door.

She drew a long, deep breath. She had lived in dread of this for weeks. It was a relief, at least, to know that it had passed. He was wise enough to spare her another meeting. Miss Faxon and the housekeeper sat alone at the tea-table that night, and Rose greeted her with a good natured laugh.

"Two forlorn belles, with not a beau left to quarrel about—just think of it! I shan't live a week."

"There's Mr. Ayre, I'm sure," said the housekeeper, pouring Agatha's tea, "and to my taste, he's the handsomest man of them all."

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" cried Rose, "the idea of calling him a beau! I should as soon think of flirting with a marble statue."

A footstep came along the piazza to the window. Agatha looked up.

The dusk was fast gathering. At first she thought it was Barclay returned, but a second glance undeceived her. Ralph Ayre stood there, holding back the honeysuckles.

"Shall I come in?" he said.

"If you haven't been eavesdropping," answered Rose.

"Won't you scream?"

He stepped through. Rose cried out, shrilly. The tall figure had a gleam of gold upon it from head to foot. There were two silver eagles fastened to the broad shoulders.

"Oh, Mr. Ayre, what have you done?"

He was deaf to her voice then. Agatha had arisen, and stood beside him, dumb, colorless—looking at him with great, dilated eyes. He held her off, as if not daring to trust himself. One of those quick, intuitive perceptions that come to all of us sometimes in our changeable lives made Ralph Ayre pause.

"My God, Agatha!"

He caught her two hands in his, searching her face one moment.

"It is true!" he cried, passionately, "speak to me—tell me you love me!"

In the very face and eyes of Rose Faxon and the housekeeper, figuratively speaking, though both were sobbing behind their handkerchiefs, Agatha Stanford raised her white arms and twined them round her guardian's neck. Then she answered:

"More than all the world beside!"

The beautiful head sank quickly on his heart. And in that one moment, as he held her there in all her youth and beauty, Ralph Ayre stood repaid for the losses of his life.

John B. Gough.

A New York correspondent, referring to the departure for Europe of Gough, the well-known lecturer, mentions some interesting facts about him, as follows:

A very surprising feature in his character is his endurance. He mentioned to me, at our last interview, that he found no difficulty in giving five lectures a week through the season. For a young man this would be something of a feat, but at the time referred to Gough was sixty-five. His earnings during the season averaged \$1,000 per week, of which a large part went in charity. As Gough expects soon to return I speak of him as still at home. He is a married man, but has no children. His wife is of American birth, and their home is at Worcester, Mass., where he has a farm of 120 acres. This is worked by a tenant, but Mrs. Gough has a great love for fancy poultry, to which she devotes much attention. Her collection includes the rarest and most beautiful as well as the most useful breeds in existence.

Gough is but little at home, except on Saturdays and Sundays. He is a member of the Congregational church, and a regular attendant at public service. During his lecturing itinerancy he is accompanied by his brother-in-law, who assists in all minor duties, and who is also a guardian against any sudden temptation. Ever since Gough fell from his rectitude he has needed such protection. The fall referred to took place in this city in 1843, and I well remember the excitement it occasioned. Had he been properly guarded this never would have occurred. In personal appearance Gough, when traveling, is a rough looking fellow, but he carries a special suit for the platform. He told me that in order to tone down his nervous system he spent an hour after lecturing in the perusal of some entertaining volume, and then found no difficulty in getting a good night's rest.

A Crow Playing Beggar.

The crows of India are quite tame. They are cunning birds, and seemingly watch a person's habits in order to get the best of him. They come on the veranda and watch until the inmates of the house leave the breakfast table. Then they fly in and pounce upon the first savory object they see, and are off in a twinkling.

A lady residing in India noticed an apparently lame crow, which visited her veranda every morning at the breakfast hour. He limped along sideways in the most pitiful manner. The lady's compassion was moved, and she regularly threw him a bone, or some other pleasing morsel. One day, however, this crow, growing careless, appeared to walk as well as crows usually do. She watched him, and discovered that though he came limping, the instant he had his morsel, he hopped off nimbly on both legs. He was playing the blind beggar.

Mayne Reid, the boys' favorite novelist, has embarked in the wild and daring occupation of sheep farming.

## Items of Interest.

Rifle practice—Picking pockets. A nigh witness—One who was there. A great moral show—the hypocrite. A perspiration proof collar has been invented.

Only one house out of seven in Paris is lit by gas.

Can you call a clerk in an oil store a servile fellow?

"Is fun to court, but oh, how sad, To court your girl 'fore 'ma and dad."

Persons on the shady side of life are just as liable to sunstroke as other people.

The Germans say that more people dig their graves with their teeth than with spades.

Centee joke—The New Orleans Picayune informs us that there are more ladies than Gentile men in Salt Lake City.

It having been stated that none of the boatmen can pull a sunstroke, it is suggested that "That depends upon the scull."

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

The difference between the weather and a baby is simply that "One never rains but it pours, while the other never rains but it roars."

An enterprising Iowa man has named his daughters Time and Tide, so they will wait for no man, and have got a first mortgage on matrimony to begin with.

The New Haven Register says: Jennie Quigley, the dwarf, says that she makes money by being small. She hasn't a monopoly of the business by any means.

What would you say if you should see the Indians cooing right down upon you now?" asks an Oregon paper. Haven't given the question much thought, but strikes us we would say, "excuse my back."—Detroit Post.

A young man, on being affianced, was desirous of presenting his intended with a ring appropriately inscribed; but, being at a loss what to have engraved upon it, he asked his father's advice. "Well," said the old gentleman, "put on 'When this you see remember me.'"

The young lady was surprised, upon the receipt of the ring, a few days later, to read this inscription: "When this you see remember father."

THE DEAD CHILD.

A lily broken by the rain,  
Before a single earthy stain  
Has on its velvet whiteness lain;

A snowy bird that close caressed  
By the soft, brooding mother breast,  
Dares yet forsake the sheltering nest,  
And straight, before its silver wings  
Have ever stooped to looser things,  
Flies up to heaven, and flying sings—

These and all other pure and mild  
And lovely objects undefiled,  
Are types of what thou wert, my child!

Apes not Man's Ancestors.

The position of science with regard to man and the anthropoid apes is, that in no case can these latter be considered our progenitors or descendants. The physical and mental characteristics are too diverse to admit of such conclusions. The apes have evidently come down another line of descent, although the time when both the apes and man may have emerged from a common branch of the tree of animal life may not be so very long past. But, whenever the line of man and that of the anthropoid apes coincide, it is clear that now the tendency must be to diverge more and more. The resemblance between the apes and man, however, cannot be overlooked by the thinking mind. They are so great that if we assume the theory of degeneracy to be true, and so were willing to throw the whole animal kingdom backward on its tail instead of forward on its feet, we might consider them to be degenerated and "wild" men. And it is interesting to find that this is what they were formerly held to be. The early pictures of the orang and chimpanzee exemplify this notion to great perfection human features and erect position, brutalized only by their hairy body. They were, in fact, assumed to be a very abandoned kind of man, and not a very elevated kind of monkey. It is thought by some tribes of men to this day that the apes could talk if they would, but they are afraid that if they do they will be made slaves of and obliged to work. From the naked white skin, through the yellow and red to the black and then to the black with hair, does, indeed, seem a gradual transition; and if we concede the erect posture, the admission of the ape into the human family carries with it no little show of justice.—Professor A. R. Grote, in Popular Science Monthly.