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Untouched by Time.
Time sallies forth with scythe in hand,
To reap his harvest off the land,
And leave his foot-prints in the sand.
He marks his progress with decay,
Streaks the dark mountain side with gray,
And over earth holds regal sway.
On beauty's cheek he leaves his trace,
Carves deeper wrinkles on the face,
And takes what he can ne'er replace.
Our childhood's home, the haunts of youth,
Our later pleasure grounds, forsooth,
Bear marks of Time's corroding tooth.
He drapes the fields with fringe of gloom,
Makes of the sea a mighty tomb,
And earth goes mournfully to her doom.
Nay, Time may have a monarch's power,
With cruel greed our realm devour,
But Love has its triumphant hour.
Time enters not within the soul,
O'er faith and hope has no control,
Nor marks the boundary of the goal.
Though palaces and temples fall,
And underneath the funeral pall
Is laid the dearest one of all,
With songs immortal and sublime,
Love lifts us to a loftier clime,
For Love is still untouched by Time!

WINNIE'S FORTUNE.

The handsome dining room in the Mayberry mansion was all a glitter with floods of gaslight and the genial glow of fire—for Mr. Josiah Mayberry was a very "queer man," according to his wife's opinion, and this fancy of his to have nasty, ashy fires all over the splendid mansion before the weather became cold enough, was one of his "eccentric freaks." Mrs. Mayberry called it, with a curl of her lip, a toss of the head and a smile, almost of contempt, directed at the hale, hearty, honest-faced old gentleman who had married her for her pretty face, ten years ago, when he was an immensely rich widower with his handsome half-grown son for a not very desirable incumbent.

They were sitting around the handsome table, discussing their seven o'clock dinner, with the solemn butler and his subordinate, in silent, obsequious attention—these three Mayberrys, father, son and the haughty, well-dressed lady who was wearing a decided frown of displeasure on her face—a frown she had barely power to refrain from degenerating into a verbal expression of anger, while the servants were in waiting, and which, as the door finally closed on them, leaving the little party alone, burst forth impetuously:

"I declare, Mr. Mayberry, it is too bad! I have gone over the list of invitations you have made, and to think there is not one—no, not one—of our set among them, and such a horrid lot of people as you have named."

"I told you, didn't I, Marguerite, that it was my intention to give an old-fashioned dinner? And by that I meant, and mean, to whom it will, indeed, be cause for thankfulness. As to making a grand fete, and seeing around our table only the people to whom a luxurious dinner is but an every-day occurrence—I shall not do it. And as to the guests on my list being 'horrid' and 'common,' you are mistaken, my dear. None of them have any worse failing than poverty. There is not a 'common,' vulgar person among the whole ten names on that paper."

Mr. Mayberry's good old face lighted up warmly as he spoke, and Ernest Mayberry's handsome face reflected the satisfaction and pride which he felt in his father's views.

Mrs. Mayberry flushed, but said nothing. She knew from experience that, kind and indulgent as her husband was, there were times when he suffered no appeal from his decision; and this was one of these times.

"We will have dinner ordered from twelve o'clock, as it used to be when I was a boy. We will have roast turkey, with cranberry sauce and mashed potatoes and turnips, boiled onions and celery, all on the table at once. For dessert, pie, cheese and cider and nothing more. Marguerite, shall I give the order to Lorton, or will you attend to it?"

Mrs. Mayberry twisted her diamond rings almost roughly.

"Oh, don't ask me to give such an insane order to him! I have no wish to appear as a laughing stock before my servants, Mr. Mayberry. It will be as severe a strain on my endurance as I am capable of, to be forced to sit at a table with such people as the Hurds, and the Masons, and that Thyrza Green and her lame brother, and that little old Wilmington, and his grand-daughter, and—"

Mr. Mayberry interrupted her gently—"Old Mr. Wilmington was a friend of mine before he went to India. Since he came home with his son's orphan daughter and lived in such 'obscure' comfort although plain, for Winnie earns enough as daily governess to support them both cheaply—I regard him

as more worthy than ever. Ernest, my boy, I shall depend upon you to help entertain our guests, and especially at the table, for I shall have no servants about to scare them out of their appetites."

And Mr. Mayberry dismissed the subject by arising from the table.

"Would I like to go? Oh, grandpa, I should! Will we go, do you think?" The little wizened old man looked fondly at her over his steel rimmed glasses.

"So you'd like to accept Mr. Mayberry's invitation to dinner, eh, Winnie? You wouldn't be afraid of your old-fashioned grandfather, eh, among the fine folk of the family? Remarkably fine folk, I hear, for all I can remember when Joe was a boy together with myself. Fine folk, Winnie, and you think we'd better go?"

"I would like to go, grandpa. I don't have many recreations—I don't want many, for I think contented, honest labor is the honestest thing in the world, and the best discipline, but somehow, I can't tell why, but I do want to go. I can wear my black cashmere, and you'll be so proud of me."

"Proud of you, indeed, my child, no matter what you wear. Yes, we'll go." And thus it happened that among the ten guests that sat down at Josiah Mayberry's hospitable, overflowing board that cold, blue-skyed day, Winnie Wilmington and the little old man were two—and two to whom Ernest Mayberry paid more devoted attention than even his father had asked and expected.

Of course it was a grand success—all excepting the cold hauteur on Mrs. Mayberry's aristocratic face, and that was a failure, because no one took the least notice of it, so much more powerful were the influences of Mr. Mayberry's and Ernest's courteous, gentlemanly attentions.

"I only hope you are satisfied," Mrs. Josiah said, with what was meant to be withering sarcasm, after the last guest had gone, and she stood for a moment before the fire; "I only hope you are satisfied—particularly with the attention paid to that young woman—very unnecessary attention, indeed."

Mr. Mayberry rubbed his hands together briskly.

"Satisfied? Yes, thankful to God I had it in my power to make them forget their poverty for one little hour. Did you see little Jimmy Hurd's eyes glisten when Ernest gave him the second triangle of pie? Bless the youngsters' hearts, they won't want anything to eat for a week."

"I was speaking of the young woman who—Mrs. Mayberry was icily severe, but her husband cut it short.

"So you were—pretty little thing as ever I saw. A ladylike, graceful little girl, with beautiful eyes enough to excite the boy for admiring her."

"The boy! You seem to have forgotten your son is twenty-three—old enough to fall in love with and marry—even a poor, unknown girl, you were quite enough to invite to your table."

"Twenty-three? So he is. And if he wants to marry a beggar, and she is a good, virtuous girl, why not?"

A little gasp of horror and dismay was the only answer of which Mrs. Mayberry was capable.

"Grandpa!" Winnie's voice was so low that Mr. Wilmington only just heard it, and when he looked up he saw the girl's crimson cheeks and her lovely, drooping face.

"Yes, Winnie, you want to tell me something?" She went up behind him, and leaned her hot cheek carelessly against his, her sweet, low voice whispering her answer.

"Grandpa, I want to tell you something. I—Mr. May—Ernest has spoken—he—wants me to—oh, grandpa, can't you tell what it is?"

He felt her cheek grow hotter against his.

He reached up his hand and caressed the other one.

"Yes, I can tell, dear. Ernest has shown his uncommon good sense by wanting you for his wife. So that is what comes of that dinner, eh, Winnie?"

"And may I tell him you are willing, perfectly willing, grandpa? Because I do love him, you know."

"And you are sure it isn't his money you are after, eh?"

She did not take umbrage at the sharp question.

"I am at least sure it isn't my money he is after, grandpa," she returned, laughing and patting his cheek.

"Yes, you are at least sure of that; there, I hear the young man coming himself. Shall I go, Winnie?"

It was the "young man himself," Ernest Mayberry, with a shadow of deep trouble on his face as he came straight

up to Winnie and took her hand, then turning to the old gentleman.

"Until an hour ago I thought this would be the proudest, happiest hour of my life, for I should have asked you to give me Winnie for my wife. Instead, I must be content to only tell you how dearly I love her, and how patiently and hard I will work for her to give her the home which she deserves—because, Mr. Wilmington, this morning the house of Mayberry & Thurston failed and both families are beggars."

His handsome face was pale, but his eyes were bright with a determination and braveness nothing could daunt.

Winnie smiled back upon him, her own cheeks paling.

"Never mind, Ernest, on my account; I can wait, too."

Old Mr. Wilmington's eyes were almost shut beneath the heavy frowning forehead, and a quizzical look was on his shrewd old face as he listened.

"Gone up, eh? Well, that's too bad. You stay here and tell Winnie I am just as willing she shall be your wife when you want her, as if nothing had happened, because I believe you can earn bread and butter for both of you, and my Winnie is a contented girl. I'll hobble up to the office and see your father; he and I were boys together, a word of sympathy won't come amiss from me."

And off he strode, leaving the lovers alone, getting over the distance in remarkable time, and presenting his wrinkled, weather-beaten old face in Mayberry & Thurston's private office, where Mr. Mayberry sat alone, with rigid face and keen, troubled eyes, that nevertheless lightened at the sight of his old friend.

"I'm glad to see you, Wilmington. Sit down. The sight of a man who has not come to reproach me is a comfort."

But Mr. Wilmington did not sit down. He crossed the room to the table at which Mr. Mayberry sat among a hopeless array of papers.

"There is no use wasting words, Mayberry, at a time like this. Did you know your son has asked my Winnie to marry him?"

Mr. Mayberry's face lighted a second, then the gloom returned.

"If my son had a fortune at his command, as I thought he had yesterday at this time, I would say, 'God speed you in your wooing of Winnie Wilmington. As it is—for the girl's sake I disapprove.'"

"So you haven't a pound over and above, eh, Mayberry?"

"There will be nothing—less than nothing. I don't know that I really care so much for myself, but Ernest—it is a terrible thing to happen to him at the very beginning of his career."

Mr. Wilmington smiled gleefully.

"Good. Neither do I care for myself, but for Winnie, my little Winnie. I tell you what, Mayberry, perhaps you will wonder if I am crazy, but I'll agree to settle a quarter of a million on Winnie the day she marries your boy. And I'll lend you as much more if it'll be of any use, and I'll start the boy myself, if you say so. Eh?"

Mr. Mayberry looked at him in speechless bewilderment.

Wilmington went on: "I made a fortune out in India, and it's safe and sound in hard cash in good hands—a couple of millions. I determined to bring up my girl to depend on herself, and to learn the value of money before she had the handling of her fortune. She has no idea she's an heiress. Sounds like a story out of a book, eh, Mayberry? Well, will you shake hands on it, and call it a bargain?"

Mr. Mayberry took the little dried up hand almost reverentially, his voice hoarse with thick emotion.

"Wilmington! God will reward you for this. May He a thousand fold!" Wilmington winked away a suspicious moisture on his eyelashes.

"You see it all comes of that dinner, old fellow. You acted like a gentleman, and between us we'll make the boy and Winnie as happy as they deserve, eh?"

And even Mrs. Mayberry admits that it was a good thing that her husband gave that dinner, and when she expects to see Mrs. Ernest Mayberry an honored guest at her board, she candidly feels that she owes every atom of her splendor and luxury to the violet-eyed, charming girl who wears her own honors with such sweet grace.

A man from Chicago would not confess astonishment at anything he saw in Nevada. As he was passing a hotel in Virginia City, a cap blew from one of the chimneys. It was a circular piece of sheet iron, painted black, slightly convex, and the four "supports" were like legs. The wind carried it down street, and it went straddling along like a living thing. The Chicago man inquired what it was. "A 'bug' from the hotel," was the reply. "By George, I never saw anything like that!"—he began, and then added, "outside of Chicago."

Not the Kind She Wanted.

"Are these young chickens?" asked a lady of a market woman.

"Oh, yes, indeed, lady. They're nice and tender—as fine as any you ever saw," said the woman.

"They don't look like it," remarked the customer, pinching one of them critically.

"It's the honest Christian truth I'm telling you, lady. I raised 'em myself, and could give you their age to a day if my old man was here, for he put it down in the almanac the self-same day they were hatched. And they're nice and fat, too, lady see,"—holding up the choicest in the lot.

"You're quite sure they are not tough, then? Young chickens are sometimes nearly as tough as old ones, you know."

"Yes, yes; very true. But I'm certain you'll find these tender. I had a couple out of the same brood for dinner, Tuesday, and they were as nice as could be."

The customer opened her purse and took out a brand new trade dollar, as she placed her basket on the stall, and the market woman bustled around with a feeling of charity in her heart for all humanity, as she brought out a fresh quire of wrapping paper, and prepared to fill what she believed would be the biggest order of the morning.

"You'll stand by what you said about those chickens?" queried the lady, pausing with the coin in her hand.

"And I believe you are here every market, ain't you?"

"Oh, yes, lady; I'd sooner have ten of 'em spile on my hands than to say a single word that wasn't true, and if you don't find it just as I told you, come back and get your money."

"They won't do for me then," said the lady, putting back the money and picking up her basket. "I want a fowl that'll do to make soup for a couple of days without falling all to pieces, and then do for pot-pie afterwards. Times are very hard, and the best choice figuring to keep boarders now-a-days without losing money."

The market woman watched the landlady in speechless wonder until her figure was lost in the crowd, and then she huddled down again over her charcoal furnace and muttered:

"Why didn't I stick to the truth and close out the lot to her. She may search this market over and not find anything that ever wore feathers that can stand bilin' like these old roosters will. Well, well; honesty's the best policy after all, but it don't always look that way. Here you are, lady—chickens? Just the thing for boarders. Three years old last fall, and tougher'n a boot-black."

Cincinnati Breakfast Table.

A Chinese Dog Story.

Siu Chuan nourished in his household a dog to which he was much attached. One day as Siu Chuan was sleeping heavily in a thicket, the governor of the province, who was out on a hunting expedition, chanced to pass, and ordered the grass of the thicket to be fired in order to frighten from it whatever game it might hide. The dog tagged at Siu Chuan's clothing, but could not arouse him; then running to a stream hard by plunged into it, and returning to where his master lay rolled himself over and over, wetting the grass. This performance he repeated several times, till he had so saturated the ground that his master was safe from the flames; then, exhausted and cruelly burned, he laid down by his master's side and died.

Siu Chuan, awakening, was not slow to comprehend the danger to which he had been exposed, and the means by which it had been averted. With many tears he carried home the body of the dog, wrapped it in a costly shroud, and placed it in a handsome tomb, which the governor caused to be called ever afterwards, "The Tomb of the Faithful Dog."

How a Match was Broken Off.

The Jersey City (N. J.) Journal says: A comical affair occurred in Newark recently which promised to have a serious result. Mr. Heisfelder, who is, or was engaged to marry Miss Schellbroener, both Germans, was escorting the young lady, who was to act as bridesmaid on the occasion, to a wedding. They were late, and took a short cut to the church along the canal towpath. On the way they had a lovers' quarrel, and the damsel said Heisfelder insulted her. She sheered off from his side, but sheered too far, and tumbled head over heels into the canal. The young man went immediately after her, and with much difficulty hauled her 185 pounds of avoirdupois and her wet bridesmaid's clothes to dry land. But her wrath was not cooled though her body was, and she went home alone, and now says she will not marry Emil at all. This may be entitled a comedy of errors on the tow-path.

Relative Strength of Wood and Metal.

The Cincinnati Gazette contains an interesting report of recent experiments made at the Ohio Agricultural and Mechanical College, with their mammoth testing machine, for determining the strength of different kinds of metal, timber, etc. "The first six tests were of tenacity. A quarter-inch annealed wire broke at 2,160 pounds; another piece of annealed wire, of the same size, broke at 3,860 pounds; a piece of iron, half-inch square, broke with 13,660 pounds; a bar of Bessemer steel, scant half-inch square, only gave way under 30,320 pounds, the two latter tests showing clearly the comparative strength of iron and Bessemer steel. A piece of hickory, one and a half inches square, broke at 10,460 pounds, and a piece of black walnut, same size, at 3,270 pounds. The arrangement of the machine for transverse tests was illustrated by breaking a bar of apple wood, one inch square and one foot long, supported at the ends and weight applied in the middle, with only 960 pounds. A two-inch cube of white Waverly sandstone was crushed with 12,560 pounds. Such cubes of oak stood a test of 7,000 and 8,300 before being crushed. The last experiment was the breaking of a 15x16 inch iron screw bolt, which was accomplished by a pressure of 25,800 pounds. All specimens of metal could be seen to stretch very materially before breaking, becoming of less diameter near the place of rupture. It was interesting to note the heat generated when this stretching took place, which is ascribed to molecular friction. The tests followed each other rapidly, and the gentlemen present, who included rolling-mill operators, practical engineers, and manufacturers interested in the experiments, were delighted at the prompt and accurate working of the machine. Prof. Mendenhall is desirous of making tests of the comparative strength of the various materials used by manufacturers, builders and others, and will be very glad to receive any and all specimens of those tests would seem to be of great value in many building and other enterprises, yet Professor Mendenhall states that he was actually obliged to buy specimens for the tests above described.

When it was said that Mars had three moons, it was remarked: "Think of young people living in a planet where there is no shady side of the street at night."

The horseshoe at Niagara is now a right angle, rather than a curve. The rocks in the center have been eaten away from year to year, and now the side walls are crumbling.

Russia's captures during the war, as compiled from official sources by Le Mende Russe, aggregate twenty-nine pashas, seven hundred and four cannons and 73,128 officers and men.

There is an iron safe in Cincinnati which lay for six years on the bottom of Lake Erie with \$20,000 in it. It was got by diving bell process, and now serves its old purpose in an express office.

In Queen Victoria's crown there are 1,363 brilliant diamonds, 1,173 rose diamonds, and 147 table diamonds, one large ruby, seventeen sapphires, eleven emeralds, four small rubies, and 237 pearls.

To remove foreign bodies from the throat an English naval surgeon recommends blowing forcibly into the ear. Powerful reflex action is produced, during which the foreign substance is expelled.

Blessed is the man who had rather subscribe for a newspaper than borrow one, and blessed is he who when he borrows one will return it without getting it soiled and torn.—McDuffie (Ga.) Journal.

A Gambler's Varying Luck.

A gambler told this story to a Cincinnati reporter: "There used to be an actor here who was a great gambler. His name was Johnny Mortimer. He was a member of the stock company at Pike's in 1862. He was a magnificent dresser, and prided himself on being the best dressed man in town. One December night I saw him, after the play was over, come into a house at the corner of Vine and Fifth. He was dressed to perfection—overcoat, shining plug, cane, watch, big chain—everything gorgeous and the best. There were no players and the game was idle, but he made them open up for him. He bought \$20 worth of chips, and lost. He changed in \$20 more, and lost. He lost all his money and then offered his clothes. He was allowed \$200 for his overcoat, and lost that. He passed over his coat and got \$10 worth of chips, and lost. He played in his watch and chain, his vest, his hat, his cane—even his shoes and pantaloons—and got desperate. He asked me to go and get something for him to drink to keep him warm and get an old barrel for him to walk home in. He then offered his necktie as his last chance, and was allowed fifty cents for it. His five chips won, and he struck a streak; won his clothes back and came near breaking the bank."

The late Sir Titus Salt, the famous alpaca manufacturer, though immensely rich and generous, had the habit of economy. He was always careful not only of his money, but of such trifling things as blank leaves of letters, which were not thrown into the waste basket, but laid aside for use. When he began to make money he thought of buying himself a gold watch, but he resolved that he would not buy it till he had saved a thousand pounds. How proud he was of that watch in his after life! It was worn by him till the close of his life, and when his own hand became too feeble to wind it, he handed it to others to be wound in his presence. He had little knowledge of literature and little love of it. "His library," as his biographer records with pride, "was large and well selected; but his knowledge of books was limited, and the range of his reading confined to religious publications and the daily press." In his old age some one asked him what books he had been reading lately. "Alpaca," was the quiet reply; then after a short pause he added, "If you had four or five thousand people to provide for every day, you would not have much time left for