

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

A VARIIS BUNEDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic.

POST-PAID. [52 50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

No 23

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, JUNE 7, 1876.

Vol 43

Poetry.

THE SWALLOW'S FAITH.

A swallow in the spring
Came to our granary, and 'neath the eaves
Essayed to make a nest, and there did bring
Wet earth and straw and leaves.

Day after day she toiled
With patient heart; but ere her work was
crowned,
Some sad mishap the tiny fabric spoiled,
And dashed it to the ground.

She found the ruin wrought,
But not cast down, forth from her place she flew,
And, with her mate, fresh earth and grasses
brought,
And built her nest anew.

But scarcely had she placed
The last soft feather on its ample floor.
When wicked hand, or chance, again laid waste
And wrought its ruin o'er.

But still her heart she kept,
And toiled again; and last night, hearing calls
I looked, and lo! three little swallows slept
Within the earth-made walls.

What truth is here, O man!
Hath hope been smitten in its early dawn?
Have clouds o'ercast thy purpose, trust or plan?
Have faith and struggle on!

KIM'S LAST WHIPPING.

BY SOPHIE MAY.

There was once a wretched little unpainted
schoolhouse, that stood in a sand bank all winter,
waiting for a strong north wind to blow it
over.

"Say, what will you sell that schoolhouse
for?" asked a traveler of a little boy who stood
on one foot on the rickety doorstep.

"For a bunch of matches," answered the
little boy, quick as thought.

The man laughed and rode on. The boy was
Kimball Price, the rogue of the town of Skool-
dale, District No. 3, and the try-patience of all
his teachers. He was a handsome lad, ten
years old. I don't mean that he was always
tall; but that was his age when Miss Pentecost
whipped him, and there is where our story
begins.

Now, Miss Pentecost taught the school that
summer at District Number Three. She liked
Kim—everybody liked him; but that was no
reason why he should be allowed to tie the
girls together by the hair—they were long
braids in those days—or five paper balls, or
eat chocolate, or stick pins in the benches
to make the ABC scholars cry "Oh!" when
they were not saying their letters. Miss Pen-
tecost never winked at naughtiness; and as
whippings were fashionable at that time, she
whipped Kim regularly three times a week.
It was considered the most direct way of reach-
ing the conscience.

But Kim never could remember a whipping
more than a day and a half, or at the longest
three days; and Miss Pentecost began to grow
discouraged. Must Kim always go on doing
naughty, and neglecting his lessons—a boy who
could learn so well if he chose?

She knew his mother—a poor widow, with a
large family of children—and she was sure
Mrs. Price could not afford to send Kim to
school merely to play.

"What can I say or do to make an impres-
sion on that child?" thought Miss Pentecost,
one day, as she tied the strings of her gingham
"log cabin" under her chin, and stepped out of
the schoolhouse.

Just then she caught these words, spoken by
Kim with energy and a flourish of fists.

"Tell you it's true, Bob Whiting, for mother
said so; and if mother says it's so, it's so, if it
is."

Miss Pentecost laughed all to herself, and
passed on through the sandbank into the
dusty road. When she had gone as far as the
big willow she paused a little and laughed
again.

"I like to hear a boy talk so about his
mother even if it is nonsense. Kim is an af-
fectionate little fellow, and I shouldn't wonder
if he is a pretty good son. Any way I've got
an idea, and I mean to try it, and see how it
will work."

Next day was the time for one of Kim's
regular whippings. He had been more trying
than usual, and Miss Pentecost sent Bob Whit-
ting out for a remarkably strong birch stick,
which could express her feelings better than
the old one, which stood in the corner. She
spent some time in trimming the new twig,
though she was careful to leave a few little
knots on it, which would give emphasis to the

blows.

"I don't think I ever saw a better birch
stick," said she, looking at it admiringly. "Now,
Kimball, you may take off your jacket."

He was used to taking it off, and he always
kept half the buttons unfastened to save
time.
Miss Pentecost gave him an unusually hard
whipping; and, after it, he cried till he could
hardly see out of his eyes. He thought that
was enough, and was what the boys called a
"square thing"; but at night, as he was run-
ning out of school, whistling, Miss Pentecost
called him up to her desk.

"Well, Kimball, I've whipped you hard to-
day—very hard."

Kim thought there was no doubt about that.

"Yes'm," responded he meekly.

"Look at this stick. Didn't I take pains to
get a good one?"

"Yes'm," said Kim; but he didn't gaze at the
stick as if he loved it.

"Do you know, Kimball, it's a very hard work
to whip you? It takes my arm and hurts my
feelings. Really, I can't afford to do it day
after day, for nothing."

Kim looked up in surprise. This was a new
view of the matter.

"You understand me, Kimball? I can't af-
ford to do it for nothing any more. There's
not another in school I've whipped so often as
you; and this time I must be paid for it. Don't
you think that's fair?"

"Yes'm," said Kim in intense amazement,
his eyes black and shining like water-melon
seeds.

"Well, Kimball, I think it's worth at least
twenty-five cents; and I don't want you to
come to school to-morrow without bringing me
the money. Tell your mother about it, and
tell her if you don't bring it I shall have to
send you home for it. Good night, Kimball,
and remember what I say."

"Yes'm."

"What did she do to you this time?" asked
Joe Fuller, who had been waiting outside.

"O, go 'long now; she didn't do anything to
me," replied Kim, sheepishly. "Come, let's
run down to the pond and catch blood-suck-
ers."

Next morning about school time, Kim stole
along into the shed kitchen, and hung about the
cheese tub where his mother was making
curd.

"Why don't you start for school? You will
be late, my son."

"The mistress whipped me yesterday," mut-
tered Kim, helping himself to a lump of curd.

"Did she? Well, I've no doubt you deserved
it. There, run along, and see if you can't be a
better boy to-day."

"But, mother—"

"Well, what?"

"Why, you see, the mistress—"

"Well, speak it out, sonny; I'm in a hurry."

"Why, you see, mother, the mistress wants
twenty-five cents for whipping me."

"Twenty-five cents?"

"She says it landed her arm," said Kim,
hanging his head. "She says she can't do it
for nothing, and if I don't bring it she will have
to send me home."

Mrs. Price looked down on the curly-haired
culprit with a twinkle of fun in her eyes—she
had black eyes very much like Kim's.

"Well, sonny, go get my purse out of the end
cupboard. If I am poor it shan't be said I
don't do all I can for my children's education."

Kim brought the purse—a red worsted one,
with steel rings.

"Yes, here is a silver quarter, with the pillars
on it. We are out of gingerbread, and I was
going to spend it for molasses; but never mind;
I don't blame Miss Pentecost. I know it was
hard to whip you, and she deserves the
money."

"Thank you, Kimball," said Miss Pentecost,
when she received the bright new quarter.

"Didn't your mother think I deserved it?"

"Yes'm," replied the boy, his chin sinking
into the hollow place in his neck.

"I thought she would. Well, now my dear,
I shall carry this quarter home and keep it,
and the next time I whip you you must bring
me another. Do you understand?"

Kim scowled down at his little bare toes, and
tried to stick them into a crack in the floor.

Why, this was getting serious! Would the
woman keep on crying "quarters" forever? It
was perfectly ruinous. His mother had had all
she could do to support the family before;

what would become of them now?

"You may take your seat," said Miss Pen-
tecost, still in a low tone, so that no one could
hear, but with a smile that expressed pos-
sibly, "It is dreadful that you will be naughty;
but then, you see, the more I whip you the
more money I shall get; and perhaps, before
the summer is out, I shall have enough to buy
a new dress."

"No, you don't," the boy Kim, shutting his
teeth together. "Watch me letting my mother
buy a dress for me! Why, we've got to go
about gingerbread to-day. You don't get
another chance to whip me for one while,
I am—now you see."

To avoid a whipping it was necessary to
study; for Kim was a boy that must be busy at
something. He saw Bob Whiting go to sleep,
and longed to drop a tame cherry into his
mouth. He saw Joe Fuller sauntering down
the aisle, looking straight before him, and it
was the "best chance" to trip him up; but
Kim resisted these allurements and fifty more,
and got his geography lesson so well that Miss
Pentecost patted him on the head, and said,
"That's my good boy," which would have been
delightful if he could have forgotten that gin-
gerbread!

Next day he tried studying again, and rose
to the head of his spelling class.

"Why, I can't had a whipping since Tues-
day," thought he, Saturday noon, as he ran
home with the silver medal on his neck. After
that he seemed somehow to fall into the habit
of studying. Studying is a habit, let me tell
you, just as much as playing, though I suppose
it is rather harder to acquire.

The little fellow's will was aroused, and that
was precisely what he needed. In short, Kim
had had his last whipping from Miss Pen-
tecost or anybody else, and instead of being
her most troublesome boy, he became the best
scholar in school.

"I shan't be able to buy that dress, after all,"
said she, the night after she left Skooldale; "but,
Kim, dear, I know you are glad."

"Yes'm," replied Kim, meeting her eye with
a smile.

"And I'll keep the quarter to remember you
by. Your mother says she wishes me to."

"Yes'm."

Kimball Price is now one of the wealthiest
and most respected men in his native State.

"And that man," said Squire Hatheway, the
other day, his Fourth of July oration, "was
educated over at Skooldale, boys, in the little
place schoolhouse, that is so poor and mis-
erable that, when it took fire a few years ago, it
wouldn't burn down."

Mr. Kimball Price returned from Europe,
last May, with his wife, and we heard Mrs.
Hatheway say—she was once Miss Pentecost—
that he thought her last whipping had made a
man of him.

"He wanted that old quarter of a dollar,"
said Mrs. Helen Hatheway, laughing, "but I
couldn't bear to part with it; so he cut it in
two, and we've each got half."

A Clevelander drummer was in Egypt a
few Sundays ago, and while sitting in his
room, heard from the next room, the mys-
terious question and answer:

"Whose ducky are you?"

"So your ducky!"

A few moments passed, during which
the drummer sat in open-mouthed wonder,
and the silence was again broken:

"Whose ducky are you?"

"So your ducky!"

Unable to stand it much longer alone,
the Clevelander hurried down to the office,
learned that a newly married couple were
in the home, invited three other drummers
to hear the fun, and tipped back to his
room. The wicked quartette crammed
their handkerchiefs in their mouths, and
during the next quarter of an hour, heard
that four concordiums put and answered no
less than four times by the unconscious
rustic and his blushing bride.

At dinner, as luck would have it, the
bride and groom were seated between two
of the drummers, while the original dis-
coverer of the bonanza sat opposite. The
table had been cleared of the substantial,
and orders for desert had been given.
At that moment a spirit of mischief took
entire possession of the Clevelander, and
leaning across the table he looked archly
at his nearest friend, and in dulcet tones
propounded the conundrum:

"Whose ducky are you?"

The other clasp was equal to the emer-
gency, and in tones of affected sweetness
put in his answer:

"So your ducky!"

"Two rustler rustic faces, the flutter of
a white dress through the doorway, two
vacant seats at the table, and four crazy
drummers, laughing till the tears ran,
flashed across the vision of the spectator
as the curtain fell.

France has one man under arms for
every 82 persons of the population; Ger-
many, 1 in 98; Italy, 1 in 124; Russia, 1
in 127; Austria, 1 in 150; and England, 1
in 212, without counting the men in the
Indian service.

A jurymen was asked if the judge had
charged him. "Faith," said he, "the little
fellow lectured us a good deal, but I don't
think he means to charge for it."

A ST. ANDREWS MAN ABROAD.

The following paragraph copied from a
London paper received by last mail from
England, refers to a gentleman known here
in his youthful days. We rejoice to learn
of our young friend's success. His long
experience in the gold mines of Australia,
qualified him to compete for the prize of
£50, "for the best and most practical
method for clearing the mines of water,
and taking out the diamondiferous soil
and reef." It appears that Mr. Jack James
was the successful competitor, and that he
has been appointed Engineer to the Min-
ing Board, at a salary of £1,000 per ann.
He was sent to England to employ a staff
of men, and purchase the necessary ma-
chinery, the cost of which will be upwards
of £18,000. Mr. James has a kind feeling
for old St. Andrews, where he spent his
happiest days when a boy among us. It
has always afforded us pleasure to record
the success of St. Andrews men in distant
countries, and of none more so, than our
young friend Jack James.

From the London Express.

MR. JOHN W. JAMES.—It gives us much
pleasure to have to announce the recent
arrival of Mr. John W. James, C.E., in this
country from the Diamond Fields, in con-
nection with important works connected
with the drainage of the Kimberley Min-
ing district, and with raising the diamondiferous
soil to the surface in a man-of-war depth
of about 250 feet—a matter which has given
the Mining Board as well as the
diamonders much anxiety for some time past.
Mr. James, it appears, was the successful
competitor last week when the Mining
Board of Kimberley offered a premium of
£50 for the best and most practical
method for clearing the mines of water,
together with taking out the diamondiferous
soil and reef, in other words, the vertical
sides which are constantly falling in
on the claims. In consequence of his re-
port and plans being accepted he was ap-
pointed Engineer to the Board, and in-
structed to proceed to England forthwith
to order the necessary machinery with the
view of putting his scheme into immediate
operation. We congratulate the Mining
Board on the choice they have so judi-
ciously made in selecting such a thoroughly
competent man as Mr. James to undertake
the duties of the above office. It shows
that they have carefully considered the ex-
igencies of the case. As regards Mr. James,
it might be stated that he has very great
and varied practical experiences in the
matter of working and drainage of mines
in one of the best schools for such work, viz.,
Australia. Mr. James's practical acquaint-
ance with the machinery necessary for
such work coupled with his extended
knowledge of Colonial life is a sufficient
guarantee that the work he has undertaken
to do will be well and faithfully done. We
believe that Mr. James returns to the Cape
in about two months time accompanied by
a staff of skilled mechanics &c., and will
take out with him the necessary machinery
which his experience teaches him is the
best for the work in question.

A Ninety-Nine Years' Sentence.

The St. Louis Republican of Friday even-
ing says:—
"On the 16th of April, 1875, a negro
named Peter Brown, pined his wife's
breasts out with a club in a little hut among
the woods of that portion of the Mis-
souri River bottom known as Hog Hollow.
He carried the body on the following
night to the Missouri River and sunk it,
after which he burned his cabin and de-
parted. The cause of the murder was an
expelled determination on the part of the
murdered woman to desert her home and
come to St. Louis to live, she having
formerly lived here. Brown was arrested
at Junction City, Kan., and although he
indicated the spot where he sunk the
woman, the body could not be found. He
made and signed a confession in presence
of Chief Harrison, Capt. Fox and Detec-
tive Stiles. Then the 'Hog Hollow murder
case' figured as an anomaly in the courts,
there being only one other murder case in
the history of St. Louis wherein the body
of the murdered person had not been
found.

On trial Brown denied having made the
confession, but the jury convicted him of
murder in the first degree. He was sen-
tenced on October 15 to be hanged on
November 26, but the case was taken to
the Court of Appeals, and that tribunal
reversed the judgment and remanded the
case, because the criminal court had ruled
out questions tending to show that the de-
fendant had, in his confession, made state-

ments different from that which were
written down, and to which he had
voluntarily and understandingly attached
his signature. The case was again set for
hearing in the criminal court on April 29,
and was continued all next term on account
of absence of witnesses. This morning
Peter Brown, the prisoner, appeared in
Court, and at his request the continuance
was set aside and he was permitted to
plead guilty to the charge of murder in the
second degree, preferring to accept the
punishment attached to his crime rather
than again take the risk of going to the
gallows. Judge Jones in accordance with
this plea, sentenced the prisoner to im-
prisonment in the Penitentiary for a term
of ninety-nine years. There is a State
Law which enables a man who has been
sentenced for life to demand and receive
his discharge at the end of fifteen years'
imprisonment. Hence the term of ninety-
nine years was fixed.

BANKRUPT NATIONS.—There are several
nations in the civilized world which are in
a hopelessly crippled condition financially
that bankruptcy is the only way out of
their difficulties. Spain according to the
London Times, has a debt of \$3,500,000,000
the interest on which, at 3 per cent, is
\$105,000,000, while the entire revenue of
the country is not over \$300,000,000. Peru
is equally as badly off in the relative pro-
portions of the interest on her debt and the
total amount of her revenue, and one
payment of interest has already been de-
faulted. In the case of these nations the
result will probably be a composition with
the creditors rather than outright repudi-
ation of the debt. Turkey is a poor debtor,
from whom nothing can be expected. The
holders of her bonds will not even have a
chance to realize on her assets, as they are
likely to be gobbled up by the hungry
powers that stand waiting the opportunity
to seize and divide.

For some time past the workmen in the
Zoological Society's Garden in London
have been busily employed in the con-
struction of a large temporary building
and an adjoining yard, intended for the re-
ception of the Prince of Wales's living col-
lection of Indian animals, which will be
deposited there on his return to England.
The collection is said to be extensive, com-
prising nearly 150 animals and birds,
among which are four elephants, five
tigers, two lions, one Cashmere deer, six
other deer, and a very fine series of Hin-
dian pheasants. There were also living
at the time the collection left Suez speci-
mens of the Indian marten and goral or
Himalayan chamois, neither of which
animals has yet been introduced alive into
England. Unfortunately the valuable an-
madillo died on the passage from India.

Why is a store that don't advertise like
Enoch Arden? Because it "sees no sale
from day to day."

An editor in Michigan talking about
corn professed to have a couple of ears fit-
teen inches long. Some folks are remark-
able for the length of their ears.

Two young gentlemen were discussing
whether or not etiquette demands that a
young lady upon putting at the gate or
door shall ask the young man to call again.
"Certainly it is," urged one. "Certainly
it is not," said the other. "I go to see a
young lady who knows what politeness re-
quires, and she never asks me to call a-
gain."

"Do they ever bark?" asked old Mrs.
Dorkins, gazing at a pair of stuffed sea-
dogs in the museum. "No, mam," said
Ethan, "not now. Their bark is on the
sea."

California has 2,500,000 acres of wheat,
this year, and expects a yield of 50,000-
600 bushels. The sale of agriculture im-
plements and seeds is immense, the export
trade still refusing to ship wheat in bulk.

"Tavina."—Happy Swain (she has
named the day)—"And now, dearest
Edith, that is all settled. With regard to
jewelry, my love, would you like a set in
plain gold, or—?" Edith (economical and
courageous) and who suffers a good deal
from toothache)—"Oh, Augustus, now you
ask me—do you know—I really—but—
Mr. Clinch told me yesterday that he could
extract all I have, and put in a beautiful
new set for only fifteen guineas!"—Punch.

"What's going on?" said a well-known
bore to Douglas Jerrold. "I am," was the
reply, and on he went.

"Can you spell donkey with one letter?"
asked a silly young man of a bright girl.
"Yes," she answered, "U."