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A Summer Evening in the Country.

The summer sun is setting,
The sky is red in the west,
And over all hangs silence,
And a feeling of peace and rest.

The sultry day is over,
The light begins to fade,
The farmer's weary horses
Are standing in the shade.

The golden light of sunset
Shines on the corn-fields round,
And the breeze, as it passes over,
Makes a sweet rippling sound.

The range of distant mountains
Looks dark against the sky,
And right across the river,
A path of light doth lie.

I gazed till my eyes were dazzled
At the slowly sinking sun;
Till the stars peeped out above,
Telling the day was done.

Evan and the Squire.

I sat spinning at my little wheel, in the sun, for the autumn day was cold, when I heard some one whistling, and looking up, there was young Squire Turner, with his arms folded on the gate, looking over. When he caught my eye he laughed and blushed; and I rose and made him a courtesy.

He was a handsome gentleman, the squire, and the hand from which he pulled the glove shimmered in the sun with pearls and diamonds; and he was bonny to look at with his hair like spun gold in the October sunlight.

When I courtesied he bowed, making his curls dance over his shoulders, and said he, "I've spoiled one pretty picture that I could have looked at all day, but I've made another as pretty, so I'll not grieve. May I come in?"

"And welcome, sir," said I; and I sat a chair for him, for he was grand; the squire's landlord; but for all that I felt uncomfortable, for I was not used to fine company.

He talked away, paying me more compliments than I was used to, for grandmothers, who brought me up, always said, "Tandem is as handsome as a horse," and "Beauty is but skin deep." Since I'm telling the story I'll tell the truth. I had done wrong about one thing. Neither of the old folks knew that I wore Evan Locke's ring in my bosom, or that we'd taken a row to each other beside the haystack in the green in the church lane. I never meant to deceive, but grandma was old and a little hard, and that love of mine was such a sweet secret. Besides, money seems to outweigh all else when people have struggled all their lives through to turn a penny, and they knew Evan was a poor struggling surgeon. I thought I'd wait a while until I could sweeten the news with the fact that he'd begun to make his fortune.

Grandma came in from the dairy five minutes after the squire was gone, and heard he had been there. I didn't tell her of the fine speeches, but there was a keyhole to the door she came through, and I have a guess she heard them.

That night we had something else to think of. Misfortunes had come upon grandfathers; but I didn't foresee that, when the half year's rent should come due, not a penny to pay it with would be found.

All this time Evan Locke and I had been as fond as ever of each other, and he came as often as before to talk with grandpa on the winter nights; and still every little while our young landlord, Squire Turner, would drop in and sit in his lazy way watching me knit or spin. Once or twice he was flushed with wine, and over bold, for he tried to kiss me. But, squire or no, I boxed his ears for his pains, and no softer than I could help either.

I could not help his coming, nor help seeing him when he came, and I did not deserve that Evan should be angry with me. But he was. Eh, so high and mighty, and spoke as though one like the squire could mean no good by coming to so poor a place as the schoolmaster's.

He made me angry, and I spoke up. "For that matter, the squire would be glad to have me promise to marry him," said I. "He thinks more of me than you do just now."

"May be you like him better," said Evan.

"I don't say that," replied I. "But bad temper and jealousy scarce make me over fond of another. I pray I may never have a husband who will scold me."

For he had been scolding me. There was no other name for it.

Well, Evan was wroth with me and I with him—not heart deep, though, I thought—and I did not see him for more than a week. I was troubled much, though. I knew he would come

round again, and mayhap ask my pardon. For before you are wed you can bring your lover to his senses when you will.

So I did not fret after Evan's absence, nor quite snub Squire Turner, who liked me more than ever. But one night grandfather came in from a lonely ride, and shutting the door, stood between grandamma and me, looking at me, and so strangely that we both grew frightened. At last he spoke:

"I've been to the squire's," said he. "For the first time I had to tell him that I could not pay his rent when due."

I opened my lips. grandamma's hand covered them. grandpa drew me to him.

"Thou art young, lass," he said "and they are right who call thee pretty. Say, could'st thou like the squire well enough to wed him?"

"Eh?" cried grandma. "Sure you're not wandering?"

"Squire Turner asked me for this lass of ours to-night. Of all women in the world there is but one he loves as he should his wife, and that is our Agatha."

"I dreamt of golden rings and a bunch of white roses on Christmas eve," cried grandpa. "I knew the lass would be lucky."

But I put my head on grandfather's shoulder and hid my face. The truth must out, I knew.

"Will have him, and be a rich lady?" said grandpa.

And when he had waited for an answer, I burst out with "No" and a sob together.

"She's frightened," said grandamma. "Nay, we must all wed once in our lives, my child."

Then grandpa talked to me. He told me how poor they had grown, and how kind the squire was, and I had but to marry him to make my grandparents free from debt and poverty their lives through. If I refused and vexed the squire, heaven only knew what might happen.

"She'll never ruin her poor grandpa," sobbed grandamma.

Ah! it was hard to bear—bitter hard; but now there was no hope for it. I took the ring from my bosom and laid it in my palm, and told them it was Evan Locke's, and that I had plighted my troth to him. And grandamma called me a deceitful wench, and grandfather looked as though his heart would break.

Oh, I would have done anything for them—anything but give up my true love.

That night I kissed his ring, and prayed heaven that he might love me always. In the morning it was gone, ribbon and all, from my neck. I looked for it high and low, but found no sign of it. And I began to fear the loss of the dear ring was a sign that I would never marry Evan Locke. The days passed on, and he never came near me.

"Oh, it was cruel in him," I thought. "To hold such anger for a hasty word he had provoked, when I spoke it that he must know I loved him so."

And grandpa would scarcely look at me (I know why now), and grandpa sighed and moaned, and talked of the work-house. And I thought I should die of grief among them.

One day grandpa said to me, "It seems that your sweetheart is not over fond of you, nor over anxious to see you."

"Why not?" said I.

"Where has he been this month back?"

"Busy, doubtless," said I, with a smile, though I thought my heart would burst.

"Perhaps you know all about it," said grandpa. "You are going with him, maybe."

"Where?" said I.

She went to the kitchen door and beckoned in a woman who sat there—Dame Coombs, who had come over with eggs.

"I heard you rightly," she said. "You told me Evan Locke and his mother were making ready for a voyage."

"They're going to Canada. My son, a carpenter—and a good one, though I say it—made the doctor a box for his things. The old lady dreads the new country, but she goes for the doctor's sake. There's money to be made there, they say. That's what takes him."

"I told you so," said grandmother.

"I don't believe it," said I.

"They've sold the house, and gone to Liverpool to take ship; and you may find the truth for yourself, if you choose to take the trouble," said Dame Coombs.

"I'm no chatterbox, to tell falsehoods about my neighbors." And she went away in wrath.

And still I would not believe it until I had walked across the moor and had seen the shutters fast closed and the door barred, and not a sign of life about

the place. Then I gave up hope. I went home all pale and trembling, and sat down at grandmother's knee.

"It's true," said I.

"And for the sake of so false a lad you'll see your grandfather ruined and break his heart, and leave me, that have nursed you from a babe, a widow."

I looked at her as she sobbed, and I found strength to say:

"Give me to whom you will, then, since my own love does not want me."

And then I crept up stairs and sat down on my bedside, weak as though I had fainted. I would have thanked heaven for forgetfulness just then, but it wouldn't come.

The next day Squire Turner was in the parlor as his accepted lover. How pleased he was, and how the color came back into grandfather's old face! And grandpa grew so proud and kind, and all the house was aglow, and only I said, "But I couldn't forget Evan—Evan whom I had loved so—sailing away from me without a word."

I suppose they all saw I looked sad. The squire talked of my health, and would make me ride with him over the moors for strength.

The old folks said nothing. They knew what ailed me; only our little Scotch maid seemed to think there was aught wrong. Once she said to me:

"What ails ye, miss? Your eye is dull and your cheek is pale, and you braw grand lover canna make ye smile; ye are na that ill, either."

"No, I'm well enough," said I.

She looked at me wistfully.

"Gin ye'd tell me your ail, I might tell you a cure," she said.

But there was no cure for me in this world, and I couldn't open my heart to simple Jennie. So the days rolled by, and I was close on my marriage eve, and grandpa and Dorothy Plume were busy with my wedding robes. I wished it was my shroud they were working at, instead.

And one night the pain in my heart grew too great, and I went out among the purple heather on the moor, and there I knelt down under the stars and prayed to be taken from the world; "for how can I live without Evan?" I said.

I spoke the words aloud, and then started up in affright, for there at my side was an elfish little figure, and I heard a cry that at first I scarce thought earthly. Yet it was but Scotch Jennie, who had followed me.

"Why do ye call for your true love now?" she said; "ye sent him frae ye for sake of the young squire."

"How dare you follow and watch me?"

But she caught my sleeve.

"Dinna be vexed," she said. "Just bide a wee, and answer what I speer. It's for love of you, for I've seen ye waste like the snow wreath in the sun sin the squire wooed ye. Was it your will that lad loved the ground ye trod on should have his ring again?"

"What do you mean?" said I.

"I'll speak gin I lose my place," said Jennie. "I rode with the mistress to young Do for Locke's place passed the moor, and there she lighted and gave him a ring, and what she said I know not, but it turned him the tint o' death, and said he: 'There's na a drop o' true bluid in a woman's gin she is false.' And he turned to the wall and covered his eyes, an' your grandma rode home. There, 'tis all I kin—will it do?"

"Ay, Jennie," said I; "heaven bless you!"

And had I wings on my feet I could not have come to the cottage door sooner.

I stood before my grandmother, trembling and white, and I said: "Oh, don't tell me, you have cheated me and robbed me of my true love by a lie. Did you steal the troth ring from my neck and give it back to Evan, as if from me? You I've loved and honored my life long—I'd rather die than think it."

She turned scarlet.

"True love?" said she; "you've but one love now—Squire Turner."

"You have done it!" I cried. "It's written on your face."

And she looked down and fell to weeping.

"My own true love was breaking his heart," she said. "My husband and I have loved for fifty years. I did it to save him. Could I let a girl's fancy, worth nothing, stand in my way, and see him, a beggar in his old age? Oh, girl, girl!"

And then I fell down at her feet like a stone. I knew nothing for an hour or more; but then, when I was better, and they left me with Jennie, I bade her fetch my hood and cloak and her own, and away I went across the moor in the starlight to where the hall windows were ablaze with light, and asked the housekeeper to let me see the squire.

She stared at me for my boldness—no wonder—but called him. So in a moment he stood before me in his evening dress, with his cheeks flushed and his

eyes bright, and led me into a little room and seated me.

"Agatha, my love, I hope no mischance brings you here," he began.

But I stopped him.

"Not your love, Squire Turner," I said. "I thank you for thinking so well of me, but even after all that has passed, I—"

I could say no more. He took my hand.

"Have I offended you, Agatha?" he said.

"Not you. The offense—the guilt—oh, I have been sorely cheated!" and all I could do was to sob and think he thought me mad. At length strength came to me. I went back to the first and told him all—how we had been plighted to each other, waiting only for better prospects to be wed, and how when he honored me by the offer of his hand, I angered my grandparents by owing to the truth, and of the ring grandpa had stolen from my breast, and the false message that had sent my promised husband from me.

"And though I never see Evan Locke again," said I, "still I can never be another man's true love, for I am his until I die."

Then, as I looked all the rich color faded out of the squire's face, and I saw the sight seldom see more than once in a lifetime—a strong young man in tears.

At last he arose and came to me.

"My little Agatha never loved me," he said. "Ah, me! The news is bad—I thought she did. This comes of vanity."

"Many a higher and a fairer have hearts to give," I said. "Mine was gone ere you saw me."

And then, kind and gentle as though I had not grieved him, he gave me his arm and saw me across the moor, and at the gate paused and whispered:

"Be at rest, Agatha. The Canadian ship Golden Gate has not sailed yet."

I liked him better than I had ever done before that night when I told grandpa that I would never wed him.

Eh! but he was fit to be a king—the grandest, kindest, best of living men; who rode away with the break of the morning and never stopped till he reached Liverpool and found Evan Locke just ready to set foot upon the Golden Gate, and told him a tale that made his heart light and sent him back to me, but our young squire? Heaven bless him!

And who was it that sent our grandfather the deed of gift that made the cottage his own, and who spoke a kind word to the gentry for young Dr. Locke that helped him into practice? Still no one but Squire Turner, whom we taught our children to pray for every night.

For we were married and in a few years had boys and girls at our knees; and when the eldest was high two, the thing I needed to make us quite happy happened—and from far over the sea, where he had been three good twelvemonths, came our squire, with the bonniest lady that ever blushed beside him, and the hall had a mistress at last—and a mistress who loved the squire as I loved Evan.

Words of Wisdom.

Ennui is the ghost of murdered time.

He is rich who is poor enough to be generous.

If laughter is the daylight of the soul, it is his twilight.

Never relate your misfortunes, and never grieve over what you cannot prevent.

Let amusement fill up the chinks of your existence, but not the great spaces thereof.—Theodore Parker.

Dare to change your mind, confess your error, and alter your conduct, when you are convinced you are wrong.

If you wish to know whether anybody is superior to the prejudices of the world, ask him to carry a parcel for you.

When we are alone we have our thoughts to watch; in our families, our temper; and in society, our tongues.

Every one looking downward becomes impressed with his own greatness, but looking upward, feels his own littleness.

Life is the living. The marble palace is not always the bower of love. Every kind word is a flower which will beautify our final home. Every good deed is an evergreen, which will mark our resting-place.

"Suppose," said an Iowa lawyer to a witness he was trying to badger recently, "suppose I should tell you that I could bring a dozen men of your town to this court room who would say they would not believe you on oath, what would you say?"

"I would say you lied." A gentle smile diffused itself all over the court room and the unflinching witness stood down.

Japanese Assassins.

The Japanese assassins who recently murdered the Minister Okubo (the Emperor's favorite minister) were a curious set of murderers. According to the Tokio Times they announced their purpose before executing it. A Japanese paper has a box wherein persons may drop communications designed for publications, which box is opened every afternoon at three o'clock. On Wednesday a letter was found signed on the outside by a fictitious name, but within by two of the assassins, Shimada and Oho.

The title of the composition was "Zan kan jo," which may be translated "A letter on the murder of the traitor," and its contents were substantially as follows:

"We are about to assassinate Okubo for five reasons: First, he is selfish and tyrannical, preferring despotism to liberty; secondly, he considers and uses the law as his plaything, and is very arbitrary and proud; thirdly, he employs the public money in a foolish and extravagant manner, fourthly, he will not admit patriots to a share in the government, thus exciting rebellion; fifthly he does not know how to sustain the national dignity in dealings with other governments." This document which covered thirteen pages of manuscript, and which was clothed with scholarly language, was handed in to the police by the proprietors of the paper when its character was discovered. In the meantime the six assassins had met Okubo, cut him to pieces, washed their hands at a neighboring spring, and proceeded to the palace, where they proclaimed the deed and gave themselves up to justice.

The mikado of Japan spared no effort to do honor to the remains of his murdered adviser. The prince imperial bowed humbly before the inanimate body, and the seven sons of Okubo, one after another, down to the little one of four, laid bundles of green, bound with white ribbon, before the casket. The fate of the assassins is not known, but as torture has not been abolished, their punishment was no doubt terrible.

A Bridge Two Miles Long.

The railway bridge across the Tay at Dundee (Scotland) is over two miles long. Including the extension on the northern shore, the exact length is 10,612 feet—that is to say, it is longer than the Victoria bridge, Montreal, and Britannia tubular bridge taken together.

This great length is taken in eighty-five spans of varying width. There are longer viaducts over marshes and meadows, but there is no bridge of the same length over a running stream.

The greatest difficulty which the engineers encountered arose from the varying character of the bed of the river. Near the shore, the rocky bed was easily reached, and on it piers were built of brick throughout.

Further out it was found that the rock suddenly shelved away to a great depth under clay and gravel. There the cylinders, filled with concrete, which form the foundation, were made of much greater diameter, and, above the high-water level, iron pillars were substituted for brick. The level at the shores is between seventy and eighty feet above the sea; in the middle it is 130 feet above high-water mark. The platform on the top of the bridge, which carries the single line of rails, is only fifteen feet wide.

Ammonia in the Kitchen.

The pantry shelves are getting grimy, or finger-marks around the door latches and knobs are looking dark and unsightly. For lack of time they are left day after day, for it is hard work to scour all the time, and it wears off the paint, too. The husband keeps his bottle of oil, or perhaps a large can holds it, he never stints in that. Now suppose his wife has her bottle of spirits of ammonia to use: she takes her basin of water and a clean cloth, just puts on a few drops of the fluid, and wipes off all the dirt; it is worth more than half a day's labor, and does not hurt the paint either. She could put a few drops in her dish water and see how easily the dishes could be cleaned; a few drops on a sponge would clean all the windows in the sitting-room, making them shine like crystal. It would take the stains off the teaspoons, and a teaspoonful in the mop-pail would do more good than ten pounds of elbow grease applied to the mop handle. A housewife has just as much right to make her work easy and expeditious as her husband has. If she does not do it, the fault is her own in a great measure.

A rapid writer draws his pen through the space of a rod (16 feet) in a minute in writing thirty words; in forty minutes the distance equals a furlong. Sixteen curves or turns of the pen is the average in writing a word; in a minute we must make 480 turns; in an hour 28,800. In five hours (a day) 144,000; in 300 days 43,200,000.

Items of Interest.

Head man—The phrenologist. The muscles of the human jaw exert force of 534 pounds.

The only people who really enjoy bad health are the doctors.

There is a sad lack of work among the laboring classes in Italy.

Texas is larger than France by more than 40,000 square miles.

Lost at sea—the boy who doesn't know his alphabet past B.

An ordinary gas flame requires a much air as nine persons.

How to make a match safe—Suck the head of the match in water.

The light of lightning, and its reflections, will penetrate through a distance of from 150 to 200 miles.

It was an American belle, just back from Europe who said of Switzerland: "Pretty place, but it struck me there were too many lakes and too few young men."

It is said that following many vocations has ruined the life of many a man. Following none has ruined a great many more.

A heavy dew is regarded as the precursor of rain, because its formation indicates that the air is saturated with moisture.

Before paper came into use letters were written on wooden tablets, made from birch or beech wood, and hence is derived the word book.

When a man is deeply, madly, irrevocably in love, even the air seems filled with lumps of sugar, while the shingle on the house that contains his Dulcinea look like sheets of molasses taffy.

A wonderful thing is seed—The one thing deathless forever! The one thing changeless—utterly true—Forever old and forever new. And fickle and faithless never.

Plant blessings, and blessings will bloom; Plant hate, and hate will grow; You can sow to-day—to-morrow will bring the blossom that proves what sort of thing is the seed—the seed you sow.

The Journal's printers are selected with great care. None but the brightest intellects in the profession are suffered to manipulate the lead that presses the pure gems of thought that ripple from the æsthetic department.

Yesterday a sad-eyed person made his appearance and politely requested the foreman for a job. "You may go to work," said the foreman, "but if you do not prove satisfactory you may expect summary dismissal." "Very well," said the man, "I can stand a summer's dismissal at this season of the year."

This shocked the foreman, but he had presence of mind enough to say, "Go winter your alley at once and go to work." "Yes," answered the villain, "I will fall to immediately." "Spring then!" yelled the foreman. "I don't think you autumn make me"—but before he could say theret he was a stark dank corpse.—St. Louis Journal.

Chinese Barbers.

The Chinese mode of wearing the hair makes the flowery land the paradise of barbers, and the Chinese barber has no counterpart the world over. From dawn he is in the streets carrying upon his shoulders at either end of a long bamboo, adorned with an effigy of a child, a mechanical creature, the paraphernalia of his craft. Eagerly on the lookout for any one whose poll is not perfectly shaven, as soon as he detects such an one he has him in a trice installed on a stool beneath a large parasol fixed in the ground. In the twinkling of an eye Ah is ready, and the skull under his manipulations soon becomes as smooth as ivory. That done he passes on to the pigtail, which he brushes, perfumes, and dresses with the greatest care. Useless as it seems to us, it really is by no means so. The schoolmaster brings it smartly to bear on the fingers of recalcitrant youth, the ass driver has no other instrument wherewith to stimulate his beast, the man tired of life employs it as a hanging rope, and lastly the executioner seizes hold of it when he decapitates a man.

Week-Day Rhymes.

The following two sets of week-day rhymes are common in the North of England.

Monday's hair is fair of face,
Tuesday's hair is full of grace,
Wednesday's hair is full of woe,
Thursday's hair has far to go,
Friday's hair is loving and giving,
Saturday's hair must work for his living,
But the hair that's born on Sunday
Is brisk, bonnie, wise and gay.

Born on Monday will have health,
Born on Tuesday will have wealth,
Born on Wednesday will have good luck,
Born on Thursday will meet with losses,
Born on Friday will meet with crosses,
Born on Saturday will do no good,
Born on Sunday has nothing particular.