

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

E. VARIES SUMMERUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic.

\$2.50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XLV.

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, JUNE 26, 1878.

NO. 26.

Summer's Here.

Purple violets have died;
Snowdrops lost their leaves of snow;
But in valleys green and wide
Honeysuckles grow;
Robins with their rainbow breasts
Through the sunshine flashing go,
Drearing of their hidden nests
Built high and low.
There's a rain of silvery singing,—summer's here,
You know!
From the maple tassels red,
All the fire has burned away,
And the soft green leaves instead
On the branches play;
Butterflies, with wings of gauze,
In the gold air golden glow,
Coasting them to blow;
There are blue skies, heavenly tender,—summer's here,
You know!
Where the hill-sides weep in spring,
Grows the verdure fresh and bright;
And the swollen rivers sing
Rippling with delight;
Lilies, swaying with the tide,
In the shore-kissed waters blow;
And the swallows as they glide
Shadows fling below;
There's a whole world's throbbing pulse,—summer's here,
You know!
—Mrs. L. C. Whitten.

A Strange Marriage.

It was at the commencement of the reign of Louis XVI. The pure morals of the new king banished the vices of the court, as the sun in the early morning disperses the dark fog arising from the marsh.
Among the many gentlemen who earnestly seconded the good intentions of the king and queen, was the young and handsome Count de Laguy, who was a distinguished attaché of the court of Marie Antoinette. It was the day after the exile of Mme. Dabary, and he was for the first time to draw his sword in a duel. It was with a champion of the favorite, and ended in de Laguy leaving six inches of steel in his body.
M. de Cernac—such was the name of his antagonist—recovered from his wounds, but thought of nothing but revenge. Aided by a certain Chevalier de Nainville, an old friend of Caligostro, who passed for a trickster, he induced the count to join a party at faro, and succeeded in ruining him the same day that he should have paid a regiment which he had purchased.
Louis XVI. scolded M. de Laguy a little and pitied him sincerely. Then, as the count could not pay his debts, he offered to assume them himself. But the count refused the kindness and quitted the court, ruined, desperate, and regretted by all.
A month after, languishing with *ennui* and remorse in a humble manor in Normandy which belonged to his parents, he received from an unknown M. du Perron a letter, calling him to Paris on business of the utmost importance. He left at once and, upon arriving, found in M. du Perron a very distinguished young magistrate, for a smilingly apologized for troubling his retreat and read to him the following letter, to which de Laguy listened with the most profound attention:
"PARIS, March 25, 1774.
"MY DEAR DU PERRON:—This letter is my will. It is given to you when I shall be no more. I leave behind me fifty thousand livres de rentes, and a niece whom you know to be charming—Mlle. Louise de Lirol. Be, after me, her guardian and her executor. Tell her she will find all her fortune in her 'corbielle de Mariage.' When will this marriage take place? I will arrange it even from the other world.
"There is a gentleman to whom I have never spoken, but whom I know for the bravest sword, the noblest spirit, and most generous heart in France. It is M. le Comte Hector de Suvigne. I have seen him twice; the day he fought the courtier of the Dabary and the day he refused the acquittal of his debts by his king.
"I know none but he who has done as nobly, and I have never forgotten him since that time. Send for him when you have read this letter. Announce to him that I leave him the half of my fortune if he will marry my niece. It is the gift of the dead; he should not refuse it. He has never, I believe, seen Louise de Lirol. Arrange their meeting; and if in a month he will offer her his name, assure yourself that he has fulfilled the conditions that I impose on him, which you will find in the attached codicil, to be opened the twenty-fifth day of April.
"I permit you all three, after that time, to call me an original. Remember

that my niece knows nothing until the time designated.
"Signed, MARQUIS DE SUVIGNE."

You may imagine if you can the surprise of Hector de Laguy. He re-read the letter—he was moved even to tears. He hesitated to accept a legacy so strange. To be brief, he was presented to Mlle. de Lirol. M. du Perron had foreseen that this last would facilitate his decision.

Mlle. de Lirol was a young girl of the most exquisite beauty. This was the first quality which struck the count; it gave him the most lively desire to become acquainted with the others. The interview took place at the house of a kinswoman of M. du Perron, at a reunion of eight or ten persons, gathered simply to conceal his purpose from his young ward.

M. de Laguy gazed long at her before approaching. She was seated on one of those pretty *fautouils des medallions* for which our time so envies the latter part of the nineteenth century. Her hair massed at the back part of her head, displayed all the delicacy of her features, all the brightness of her eyes, all the charms of her figure. She wore two skirts, one opening over the other, and trimmed with ribbons and puffs, interspersed with symbols of mourning. Her alabaster neck and arms emerged from a cloud of lace; those of Venus were not more beautiful when she arose from the foam of the sea.

Assuredly, had the count met her without premeditation, his first impulse would have been to have thrown himself at her feet. But the more right he had to do so, the more he wavered. He dared not possess himself of this treasure, the right to which he would have disputed yet merited.

All at once he saw appearing a cavalier whom he recognized, trembling. It was M. de Cernac, his old adversary and the author of his ruin. He had come to play, and pay his court to the rich heiress. He approached Mlle. de Lirol with an injured and concealed air, uttered a thousand compliments in bad taste, and seated himself near her with the air of a privileged adorer.

It needed no more to decide M. de Laguy. He was presented at once to Louise, and—*not less happy in this new field than on the fencing ground*—he obliged his rival to best a retreat by the strength of his wit and grace. Then, in a more intimate conversation, he spoke to the young girl of her uncle, and was assured by the earnestness of her regrets that the goodness of her heart fully equalled the beauty of her person.

"*Eh, bien*," demanded the executor as they went out, "do you accept the inheritance?"

"Yes," answered the count. "But what is this condition which has been fulfilled?"

"Ah! you will not know that before a month. I believe it will not be beyond your power."
"I hope not. God grant it."
From this time the young people saw each other every day, and the admiration of the count became a profound passion. He felt that his happiness would be complete if married to Mlle. de Lirol; that his despair would be fulfilled if he found himself unable to fulfill the secret condition. He passed the days and nights in thinking of this mystery which hung like a black shadow over his hopes.

At last the twenty-fifth of April arrived. Invited to dinner at the house of M. du Perron, the count and Louise found themselves for a few moments alone. M. de Laguy fell at her feet and let his heart speak with that eloquence which the mind seeks for in vain. Troubled by his avowal, the young girl heard him with emotion. The count demanded her hand, and declared that she alone could decide his fate. She hesitated to reply, and M. de Laguy trembled from head to foot, when M. du Perron came to break the interview. He held in one hand the open will of the Marquis de Suvigne; and in the other, the sealed codicil containing the terrible condition.

The count solemnly renewed his demand to her guardian, and the latter read to her ward the last wishes of her uncle. Louise listened with tears of tenderness and gratitude.

"Are these sentiments all for the dead, and is not the poor squire to have his share?" asked Hector, with mingled hope and anguish.

"Let us see," said the magistrate, "if you have fulfilled the condition."

He unsealed the codicil. The count turned pale; his strength failed him, and he believed he saw the same signs of emotion in his beautiful companion.

"The only condition that I impose on M. Hector de Laguy in marrying my niece, Louise de Lirol," read the magistrate, "is that he pleases her, and that she loves him."

M. du Perron smiled and regarded the young people. The count looked at Louise, but she dared not raise her eyes.

"Well," asked Hector and M. du Perron.
"Well, the condition is fulfilled," replied the young girl, giving her hand to de Laguy, who covered it with tears of joy.

"As the marquis has given us the right, let us say that he is truly 'a great original,'" said the magistrate.

A short time afterward M. de Laguy returned in triumph to the court and presented his wife to the queen.
"I pardon your first duel," said Louis XVI. to him, "in consideration of your second. You have beaten M. de Cernac as he deserves to be beaten, and I find you so true a gentleman that I make you gentleman of my chamber."

"And I offer to the Comtesse de Laguy," said Marie Antoinette, "*a tabouret* of 'Lady d'honneur' at the palace."

The following month, the regiment that the count had lost was again offered for sale. M. de Cernac undertook to buy it with the profits of his gambling; but he found a competitor who obstinately out-bid him, and who finished by obtaining it. This competitor was Hector de Laguy.

"*Nous voilà, monsieur*, sleeve to sleeve," said the gambler, as he came to his side.

"And back to back, monsieur," said the count, taking his brevet.

Looks and Habits of Edison.

The personal appearance and habits of Thomas A. Edison, inventor of the speaking photograph and numerous electrical wonders, are described as follows by the Boston Journal: He is a hard man to describe, and no description yet given of him seems exactly correct. He looks young and yet old—worn and yet fresh. His face is boyish and has still a predominance of many characteristics. A finely shaped head is thick with a somewhat unruly shock of hair, well sprinkled with gray, which projects over, but does not overhang a fine shaped forehead, that bears several well defined though not deep lines. His countenance is open, his gray eyes are bright, his nose and mouth are well shaped, and he is in face very far from being a homely man. Clean shaven, his flesh is pale and unhealthy in appearance. When he is experimenting he wears a thoroughly earnest look, and as he speaks his countenance tells quickly whether the thought in his mind is one of weight or of playfulness. In height he is about five feet seven inches, and excepting a very slight stoop of the shoulders is of good figure and is firmly built. He is not so deaf as has been described, and it is not a fact that he has never heard the voice of his own invention. He is very hard of hearing, but by placing his ear close to the sounder of the telephone he hears readily, and is very quick to detect false tone or false tones. His voice is soft and pleasant and he is something of a singer. With a very retentive memory and a wide range of reading, he is able to repeat many poems from memory, and in doing so delivers the lines with good taste and expression. He has been described as being careless and slovenly in his dress, but the Boston party found this description scarcely justified. There was a little of carelessness in his get-up, but there was no evidence of slovenliness. With Mr. Edison's previous history the public is already more or less familiar. He was born at Milan, O., Feb. 11, 1847, his ancestors having come to this country in 1730. The Edisons are a long-lived race, the great grandfather having lived to be 102 years old, his grandfather 103. Mr. Edison's father is still living, at the age of seventy-four, hale and hearty, and visiting his son the other day out of him in a short frock. Edison's mother was a Massachusetts lady, cultivated and educated, and was so faithful a mother that although her son never went to school more than two months in his life he is well educated, being master of several languages, and well read in history, general literature and science. His early years were full of change, and as train boy, proprietor of a newspaper station, engine hand, newspaper publisher, telephone operator and electrician, he saw many phases of life before he reached his majority. At all times he was given to making experiments, and after becoming a telegraph operator he made a number of ingenious devices, some of which, however, were to enable him to shirk his regular duties, or appear more efficient than he really was.

"Brave men, wise men, true men!" shouts the Newark Journal, "to the front!" Thank you, thank you kindly. Now if the usher will please show us right up to the orchestra chair.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Grape Culture.

The following brief, practical and condensed rules for the management of grapes were given by Dr. Whiting at the Farmers' Institute, recently held at Saginaw, Mich.:

The soil best suited for the grape is decomposing shale, but any good clay soil thoroughly drained will do. The ground should be carefully prepared, and only well rotted manure used.

Decomposing turf is one of the best fertilizers; when it can be obtained no other will be required.

The vines selected for planting should be good one-year old layers or cuttings. They may look small, but will make the best vines.

Good culture is as necessary to the vine as to corn or cabbage.

Mulching and watering the first year should not be neglected if drouth is excessive. One good soaking is better than many sprinklings. More water can be saved with a hoe than can be put on with a sprinkler.

In planting out the vines back to two buds, whatever its strength or age. Summer pruning consists in pinching off weak and straggling shoots in order to confine the sap to the main branches.

The first summer allow but one main shoot to grow. In the fall after the first frost, cut all the summer growth back within two buds of the ground.

The second year confine the sap to two branches, and in the fall cut back to three buds each.

The third year, if your vine has made vigorous growth, a few stems of grapes may be allowed to mature, but better take off all the fruit than to suffer too much to grow.

Too heavy bearing while young will weaken the vine for all future time. The trimming now depends on what kind of trellis you wish to cover.

After you have obtained a good vigorous root you can make it grow in almost any place or shape you wish, by keeping the branches desired tied up, and all the others pinched back.

Each year a few of the strongest branches should be allowed to grow as bearers of fruit the following year.

In trimming cut away as much of the old wood as possible, and save the new, as all the fruit buds are on the new wood.

You can easily tell how much to cut away by holding your new wood up to the trellis and imagine a branch with three stems of grapes for each bud.

If you do not cut off enough in the fall, and you find that the vine is going to be too thick, don't fail to attend to it when the new shoots are from three to six inches long, in the spring or while in blossom. As soon as the fruit is set examine the vine, spread out the new wood so that each bunch of grapes will hang free and clear; pick off all the small stems of fruit and fasten the vines securely, so that the wind will not destroy your crop by breaking the young and tender branches.

When the wood has grown so that there are three leaves beyond the last bunch of grapes examine the vine, select the branches you wish to save for fruit bearing the coming year, and keep them tied up until they have grown as long as you wish to make use of. The ends of the other bearing branches should be pinched off as they reach this point, "three leaves beyond the last stem of grapes."

Break off all shoots and laterals as fast as they make their appearance, but on no account injure the leaves on the bearing canes.

The fruit will color but not ripen if the leaves are destroyed. Grapes for fall and winter use should be picked as soon as ripe, and when perfectly dry packed in fine, dry sawdust. Select your box or jar, cover the bottom with sawdust, then layers of grapes and sawdust alternately until full. Keep in the coolest place you can find free from frost until wanted for use.

Receipts.

HUSK.—Bits of bread thoroughly dried in the oven, then rolled fine on the moulding-board. Eaten in milk it is very much relished by the children.

SASSAFRAS BEER.—Pour two quarts of boiling water upon two large spoonfuls of cream tartar and add ten drops of oil of sassafras, ten drops of oil of pimento, ten drops of wintergreen, then add eight quarts of cold water and a pint of good yeast and sweeten to taste; let it stand twenty-four hours and then bottle it. This makes a delicious beverage.

YEAST.—One handful of hops, eight good sized potatoes in two quarts of water; boil until the potatoes are done. Have a pint of flour ready in a pan, and pour the boiling hop water into it, also adding the potatoes, which must be

mashed; beat and mix well; then add one tablespoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of sugar, one tablespoonful of ginger; when sufficiently cool; add a cup of yeast, or one and a half yeast cakes; set in a warm place to rise.

"Gerrymandering."

The political papers have lately had much to say in reference to what the Republicans call the new "gerrymandering" of Ohio. It is not for the *Companion* to say whether the term is rightly or wrongly applied in this case, for that would trench upon the field of politics, which we must not enter. But the term itself should be explained, for real gerrymandering is one of the most unjust and disgraceful of political tricks. Under our system of allotting representatives in our State legislatures and in Congress according to population, it becomes necessary to change the lines of districts almost as often as a new census is taken. Under the census of 1860, Iowa, for example, had only six representatives in Congress; but her population as revealed by the census of 1870, entitled her to nine. Of course it was necessary to redistrict the State.

This work can be done fairly or unfairly. Gerrymandering, as now generally understood, is doing it unfairly. Originally, the sense of the word was restricted to a particular form of unfairness.

In 1811 the Anti-Federalists were in power in Massachusetts. As the legislature had the duty that year of dividing the State into districts, the idea came to some of the representatives to arrange the lines so as to make as many Anti-Federalist and as few Federalist districts as possible. Accordingly, they formed the districts without any reference to their geographical position or the convenience of the people.

One of the districts, in particular, was in form a long, narrow, crooked one, starting from the coast just north of Boston, and after passing into the interior, came back to the coast at the north-eastern boundary of the State. A Federalist editor drew a plan of the district. Its form was something like that of a lizard, with head and tail drooping. The editor added wings and a mouth to it, and showed it to his friends, saying that it looked like a salamander.

"Salamander!" exclaimed another indignant member of the same party; "I should say it looked more like a Gerrymander."

The Governor of Massachusetts, that year, was Mr. Elbridge Gerry, afterwards Vice-President of the United States, and a very distinguished man. He probably had nothing to do with the formation of the district, but, as he signed the act, he was held responsible for it.

The word Gerrymander was caught up, and soon became the recognized term for a shapeless district, constructed for partisan purposes. It has since, as we have already said, received a more general application. —*Youth's Companion.*

King and Servant.

In the negotiations between the courts of England and Spain, King James the First, then at Theobalds, was one day much vexed at missing some important papers which he had received relative to the marriage of his son to the Spanish princess. On recollection, he was persuaded that he had given them to the care of his old servant, Gib, a Scotsman, who was one of the gentlemen of the bed-chamber. Gib, on being called, declared humbly and firmly that no such papers had ever been given to his care, which so enraged the king that he kicked him as he bent down before him.

"Sir," exclaimed Gib, instantly rising, "I have served you from my youth, and you never found me unfaithful." He had not deserved this from you, nor can I live longer with you since my honesty is disputed. Fare ye well, sir, and I will never see your face more."

Poor Gib instantly set off to town. No sooner was the circumstance known in the palace than the papers were brought to the king by Endymion Porter, to whom he had given them. His majesty then asked for Gib, and being told that he was gone, ordered his servants to post after him and bring him back, vowing that he would not sleep until he had seen him and made some reparation for the wrong he had been guilty of in suspecting so faithful a servant. When Gib entered the royal apartment, the king ran to embrace him, then kneeling down, he begged his pardon; nor would he rise from this humble posture till he had compelled the deeply wounded but now astonished servant to pronounce the word of absolution.

The small boy between a circus and a base ball game, is in the pathetic condition of the mule who starved to death between two bundles of hay equally attractive.

Items of Interest.

In Asia the Dead Sea.
The worst thing out—out of cash.
Musical morality—An upright piano.
Over 120,000 persons are more or less affected by the strike of cotton operatives in England.

The proof of the pudding is in the state of your stomach the morning after you have eaten it.

The man who jabbed a ten-penny nail in the bottom of his foot, exclaimed, "The iron has entered my sole!"

"A rolling stone gathers no moss," but it often collides with a man's shins, which is a much sadder reflection.

There is a custom in Scotland which forbids a man's father-in-law from visiting him without written permission.

A gilded youth in Paris, the only heir to a name of European celebrity, lost \$600,000 at cards last year in that city.

What is the difference between a grass plat during a drouth and a washer-woman's house? One is a dry lawn and the other a laundry.

The two richest widows in California are Mrs. Coleman and Mrs. McDonough. Their combined wealth amounts to \$13,000,000.

I wouldn't give ten cents a yard for all the pedigree in this world; if a man has got a level head on his shoulders, and an honest lark in his body, he has got all the pedigree I am in search of.—*Josh Billings.*

Now wield the girls the mallet sticks
With strange infatuation;
And meanwhile play fantastic tricks
With loudest exclamation;
Their mallets swing, the game to win,
Regardless of the friction;
Till suddenly one strikes a shin,
And, though she struggles hard to grin,
She shrieks her mallet-diction.
—*New Jersey Republican.*

Evil-May Day (May 1, 1517) was thus called on account of the violence of the apprentices and populace of London, directed against foreigners, particularly the French. The rioters were headed by one Lincoln, who, with fifteen others, was hanged; and 400 more in their shirts, and bound with ropes and hal-ters about their necks, were carried to Westminster, but upon crying "Mersey, mersey!" they were all pardoned by the King, Henry VIII.

There's many a fossil
Who sits near his door-still,
With tears, bitter tears in his eyes;
And he'll wait long at home,
For the trade that won't come,
Because he will not advertise.
—*Hackensack Republican.*

O, he'll wait in vain, sir,
And naught will he gain, sir,
To make money one must spend it;
One must advertise well,
If he has goods to sell,
Or would borrow cash or lend it.
—*Meriden Recorder.*

Words of Wisdom.

Unreasonable haste is the road to error.

A woman who wants a charitable heart wants a pure heart.

Many are willing enough to wound who are yet afraid to strike.

Some mourn more the shame which sin brings, than the sin which brings the shame.

We esteem others not so much for what they are worth, as for what they are worth to us.

The mind has a certain vegetative power, which cannot be wholly idle. If it is not laid out and cultivated into a beautiful garden it will of itself shoot up weeds or flowers of a wild growth.

Talent is power; tact is skill. Talent makes a man respectable; tact makes him respected. Talent convinces; tact converts. Talent commands; tact obeys. Talent is something; tact is everything.

It is astonishing how much one with out money may give. A kind word, a helping hand—the warm sympathy that rejoices with those who weep. No man is so poor, no woman is so poor, as not to be able to contribute largely to the happiness of those about them.

We have nothing of our own but our will; all the rest is not ours. Sickness deprives us of health and life; riches are taken away from us by violence; the talents of the mind depend on the disposition of the body; the only thing that is truly our own is our will.

It was finely said by Socrates that the shortest and most direct road to popularity is "for a man to be the same that he wishes to be taken for." People are egregiously mistaken if they think they can ever attain to popularity by hypocrisy. By mere outside appearances, and by disguising not only their language but their looks. True popularity takes deep root, and spreads itself wide; but the false falls away like blossoms; for nothing that is false can be lasting.

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