

MAGNIFICENT HOTEL. Andrews, M. B. JAMES NEILL. NEAL. THYSELF. Glass Pianos. WILLARD & CO. MOTION. STEWART, JR. MISSES AND GENTLEMEN'S Hats and Shoes. CHOE MANUFACTORY. WANTED. LET YOUR PRINTING DONE IN OFFICE.

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH. E. VARIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic.
VOL. XLIV. SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, NOV. 28, 1877. NO. 47.

Jennie, the Milkmaid.
My heart is so light,
I sing day and night.
Look, look,
Look.
My path is now ready,
I carry it steady,
Moo, moo,
Moo.
My Jamie comes whistling,
He knows I am listening,
So, so,
So.
He smiles in my face,
And then takes my place,
Stand, look,
Stand.
I think right by his side,
My warm blushes to hide,
Wink, look,
Wink.
He looks down in my eyes,
I peep up in surprise,
Low, look,
Low.
Look, Jennie, look yonder!
I turn in great wonder,
Back, look,
Back.
Round my neck his arm steals,
On the air his laugh peals,
Slow, look,
Slow.
On my lips, quick as light,
He springs like a wight,
Turn, look,
Turn.
Then away I run fast;
He sings out: "Caught at last!"
Bye, look,
Bye.

The Burnt Letter.

It was a gossiping neighbor who had been spending an hour with Mrs. Webb, and just before she went she had let fly the arrow she had kept in her quiver. "Your son Grantley goes over the hill to the Burdock's pretty often, Mrs. Webb," said she. "I don't know if it does," replied the old lady. "Naturally he wouldn't tell you until the last, after old Burdock's quarrel with his dead father," said the neighbor. "But everybody else knows. It's said to be a settled thing. Why, Keziah saw him kiss her at the gate one Sunday night, and even Ann Burdock would hardly go so far as that unless it was so, eh? Well, good-bye."

She hurried off leaving her hostess dumb and motionless at the door. It was some moments before she even thought of going in and casting herself into her chair, but she did it at last, and fell to talking to herself in this wise: "Oh, it's worse than anything that ever happened to me. I've had trouble, heaven knows, but it was the kind I had to bear if God sent it, but this doesn't seem right. My Grantley to marry Steven Burdock's daughter, the child of the very worst enemy his father ever had, a girl brought up by a woman I despise! Sarah Burdock never had the ways I liked, nor did the things I thought right for a woman to do. Everything is so different with the Burdocks, so strange. Like ought to marry like, or there'll never be a happy home. But that's the way with men! A pretty face strikes them and away they go, and Grantley is like the rest. Why should he choose Sarah Burdock's daughter?"

She rocked to and fro as she spoke, letting her neglected knitting drop into her lap. "There's Fanny White," she murmured. "A nice, thrifty girl; and Minnie Holm. Why, her mother is the best friend I have. There are plenty of girls I could have made up my mind to, though I don't know why Grantley should marry any one yet. But Ann Burdock, with her showy ways, and her airs and graces, I never can welcome her, never. I must go away and live by myself if she comes here to lord it over the house; and her mother, no doubt, will come and sit and talk in her foolish, flighty way; and the sisters will sit in the parlor windows, and take up the table. They'll be here half the time, and make nobody of me. I know them. Oh! if my Grantley does marry Ann Burdock. But it can't be! It can't!"

Just then a foot struck the floor of the porch, the window raised a little, and through the aperture came flying two letters. One a yellow, vulgar-looking missive, the other a little white envelope with a monogram upon it.

The old lady looked up.

The postman, who had thus easily delivered his letters, looked over his shoulder and laughed and nodded at her, as he hurried away with his leather bag upon his arm, and she put on her spectacles to read the superscriptions.

The yellow envelope held only one of those circulars with which tradesmen of all sorts are in the habit of flooding the

country. The white one was not addressed to her, but to her son, and the monogram was a very pretty silver and blue A. B.

"Ann Burdock," said the old lady. "It's a note from her. Now, I wonder what she has written to my boy? I'd like to know. It's very easy opening these envelopes. 'Tisn't as if they were sealed; and what harm would it be for a mother to read a letter to her son? I've half a mind to do it. Only he'd be angry, maybe. Well, then, I'm angry too, and with more reason. Yes—I will."

A little old-fashioned copper kettle simmered and bubbled upon the stove. A little spirit of steam arose from its spout.

The old lady looked at it. Then, rising, she crept across the floor in a guilty sort of fashion, and held the envelope with its flaps downward, close to the mouth of the spout.

She held it for a few moments, and then softly touched it with her thumb and finger.

It was quite damp, and one fold peeled away from the other very easily, and there lay the little note in her hand.

She might have read it if she chose; only thing that seemed to him impossible if there were secrets in it, Miss Ann as he sat at his window, staring through Burdock should have secured them bethe startled midnight at the roof of the terrace she could with the little touch Burdock dwelling, never guessing that of mullage the maker of those enveunder their eyes Ann Burdock sat, at once angry and sorry, thinking of him and Mrs. Webb took off her glasses, wiped none other.

He had not answered her note; he was upon them, and, still standing, opened unforgetting; but she had vexed him. She gram like that upon the envelope, and read as follows:

"DEAR GRANTLEY—You went away—the big front bedroom of the Webb angry with me on Sunday evening, and home with a dream of letters that curled said that if I would not take back whatup into tinder over the red coal—had I had said you would never come to seemore on her conscience than she knew. me again. And I was too proud and too. For though Ann grieved, she did not angry to say a word to keep you. But, was her heart upon her sleeve, but was Grantley, dear, I'm sorry for it now, outwardly gay, but ever, and flirted you were in the right, and I was too she never had before, until at last blame, and I take it all back—everythe same neighbor who had brought the wool. I never meant it. 'Tis some of Grantley's love affair to his downright you think one must mean alimother, dropping into tea, gave Mrs. one says, and indeed I never meant it. Webb is in a bit of gossip as against Mrs. Webb, and she has been showing her temper, and angering Grantley. Well, if he has this, it's his fault, and I choose I never need. It is for his good, I know! Ann Burdock is not the girl for his I'll keep him from her."

She dropped Ann Burdock's letter upon the fire. There it lay, a black and shrivelled fold of tinder, as her son stepped sounded in the hall, and she creder it from sight with the letter.

In came Grantley, his face bright with the outer cold.

"Setting yourself on fire, mother?" he asked. "I smell something scorcing."

"It's not my dress," she answered, and busied herself with the teapot, and rang the bell for the tea things.

In came the girl with the tray, and said that a love-letter, is it?"

She tossed him the tradesman's circular. He glanced at it and put it down.

How sad he looked! What gray tints there were about his eyes and temples! How much thinner he seemed than he did a week or so ago!

Was it all that quarrel with the Burdock girl? Would it have been better that she should have had that monogrammed note?

The mother put the bought from her. She spread the littlere of dainties before her son and led to make him eat; and though she had been so frightened by his questis, she could not help approaching the ngerous subject herself.

"Are you going out night?" she asked.

"No," he answered; "think not."

"The neighbors were ting me you went over the hill to the Burdock's rather often," she went on.

"Well, if I have, mother," he answered, "that is no sign I sh go again."

"Well, there are better places than the Burdock's," said Mrs. Webb, "and I thought you'd never take of a girl whose father quarreled with yours, and

may have the evil temper of her mother. She's a flirt, too, they say."

Then she bounced out of the room. When she came back Grantley had gone upstairs.

She heard the boards of his bed-room floor creak as he walked up and down for hours, but she did not see him again that night.

"Well, well," she said to herself, "he'll get over it."

But, whatever the feeling was, love, anger, or grief, it did not agree with Grantley Webb. He grew thinner and thinner. He took less interest in that which went on around him. He avoided all the other young people of the place, and seemed to have neither youth nor spirit left.

Could it be all about that girl Ann, old Mrs. Webb asked herself, trying to cheat herself into the idea that the boy was only ill.

But in vain she made him warm possets and bowls of herb tea. Even if he had then softly touched it with her thumb and finger.

It was quite damp, and one fold peeled away from the other very easily, and there lay the little note in her hand.

She might have read it if she chose; only thing that seemed to him impossible if there were secrets in it, Miss Ann as he sat at his window, staring through Burdock should have secured them bethe startled midnight at the roof of the terrace she could with the little touch Burdock dwelling, never guessing that of mullage the maker of those enveunder their eyes Ann Burdock sat, at once angry and sorry, thinking of him and Mrs. Webb took off her glasses, wiped none other.

He had not answered her note; he was upon them, and, still standing, opened unforgetting; but she had vexed him. She gram like that upon the envelope, and read as follows:

"DEAR GRANTLEY—You went away—the big front bedroom of the Webb angry with me on Sunday evening, and home with a dream of letters that curled said that if I would not take back whatup into tinder over the red coal—had I had said you would never come to seemore on her conscience than she knew. me again. And I was too proud and too. For though Ann grieved, she did not angry to say a word to keep you. But, was her heart upon her sleeve, but was Grantley, dear, I'm sorry for it now, outwardly gay, but ever, and flirted you were in the right, and I was too she never had before, until at last blame, and I take it all back—everythe same neighbor who had brought the wool. I never meant it. 'Tis some of Grantley's love affair to his downright you think one must mean alimother, dropping into tea, gave Mrs. one says, and indeed I never meant it. Webb is in a bit of gossip as against Mrs. Webb, and she has been showing her temper, and angering Grantley. Well, if he has this, it's his fault, and I choose I never need. It is for his good, I know! Ann Burdock is not the girl for his I'll keep him from her."

She dropped Ann Burdock's letter upon the fire. There it lay, a black and shrivelled fold of tinder, as her son stepped sounded in the hall, and she creder it from sight with the letter.

In came Grantley, his face bright with the outer cold.

"Setting yourself on fire, mother?" he asked. "I smell something scorcing."

"It's not my dress," she answered, and busied herself with the teapot, and rang the bell for the tea things.

In came the girl with the tray, and said that a love-letter, is it?"

She tossed him the tradesman's circular. He glanced at it and put it down.

How sad he looked! What gray tints there were about his eyes and temples! How much thinner he seemed than he did a week or so ago!

Was it all that quarrel with the Burdock girl? Would it have been better that she should have had that monogrammed note?

The mother put the bought from her. She spread the littlere of dainties before her son and led to make him eat; and though she had been so frightened by his questis, she could not help approaching the ngerous subject herself.

"Are you going out night?" she asked.

"No," he answered; "think not."

"The neighbors were ting me you went over the hill to the Burdock's rather often," she went on.

"Well, if I have, mother," he answered, "that is no sign I sh go again."

"Well, there are better places than the Burdock's," said Mrs. Webb, "and I thought you'd never take of a girl whose father quarreled with yours, and

law. I owe her no grudge—remember that, and don't tell her what I say."

Grantley never did. And old Mrs. Webb has often been heard to say that Ann Burdock has turned out better than could have been expected.

Field Marshal Wrangel.

The cable recently brought intelligence of the death at Berlin of Field Marshal Count Friedrich Heinrich Ernst Wrangel, a distinguished soldier of the Prussian and North German armies, who has been of late years called the "Grandfather of the army" on account of his great age and years of service, having been a soldier over eighty years. He was about thirteen years the senior of Emperor William, being ninety-three years of age in the month of March of 1877. He entered the Prussian army at an early age, and was engaged in many of the most historic fights of the then Prussian Kingdom. He was one of Emperor William's closest friends, and advised the king to arrest his son when that young man had run away during the first constitutional struggle between Bismarck and the cabinet. The order was given, but Bismarck never executed it. Field Marshal Wrangel had a right to give stern advice to his sovereign, for he himself had acted with unflinching resolution in the sad case of his own and only son. Young Wrangel, who was an officer in the Prussian army, had got into some scrapes, and his father contemptuously assisted him out of them. When again he had done so he handed his son a pistol, saying briefly: "For a Prussian officer who has disgraced himself there is no way but this." The son, obedient to command, there and then blew his brains out before his father's eyes, and the stoical old soldier never mentioned his name. Of such grim iron stuff are made the personal friends of Emperor William of Germany. A regimental cadet when King William (now emperor) was born; a *decore* for valor in the field, of the first days of the present century; a colonel at Waterloo, and general over fifty years ago, it was some years since thought very possible that this extraordinary veteran, of whom the Berliners said: "He has forgotten the way how to die," might outlive his sovereign, who he had outlived four Prussian kings.

Swindling the Indians.

A Washington dispatch to the New York *Tribune* says: The investigation now in progress into the management of Indian affairs is said to have disclosed a new method invented by beef contractors to swindle the Indians. Three years ago Professor Marsh reported that the Indians at Red Cloud were being cheated in the weights of their meat; the contractors and inspectors simply guessing at the weights of cattle by looking at them instead of driving them upon the scales. Since the investigation which followed, Professor Marsh's account has been adopted at all Indian agencies, and it is said to be fair enough, but for the fact that the inspectors at one or two points have allowed themselves to be hoodwinked by the contractor. A large boral, it is reported, was surrounded by high board fences. In the centre of one side of this, the scales were placed, the beam extending outside, where the inspector stood and made a record of the weights. A little box was built upon the scales large enough to hold twelve steers. It has been discovered, so it is reported, that the contractors, by driving the same cattle twice on the scales, have secured certificates for the delivery of a much larger amount of beef than was actually furnished. It is reported to have been discovered that the excess of beef paid for over that actually delivered has been millions of pounds.

A Woman's Spite.

The *Troy Times* says: One of the queerest manifestations of feminine rancor that we have heard of lately is reported from Rochester. A married woman named Maggie Connors announced to a policeman that she was about to steal a pair of shoes, in order to be sent to the penitentiary. He endeavored to dissuade her, but she carried out her intention by pilfering from a store a pair of rubber overshoes. With this trophy in her possession Maggie made her appearance at the police office and entered a complaint against herself. Remonstrance was useless. She declared that if not convicted and sent up she would commit some other crime. So a fine of \$10 was imposed, with the alternative of sixty days in the penitentiary. And then the motive for this strange performance came to light. The woman had been quarreling with her husband, and chose this method of wreaking vengeance upon him.

One Harvard student is paying his way through college by turning his room into a stationery and book store, and another, a graduate from Wesleyan University, is meeting his expenses at the law school by working in a barer's shop.

Items of Interest.

The boss team—A yoke of oxen.

Two-button kids—A young goat fight.

Agony personified—A bachelor editor trying to prepare an able and judicious article on the baby show.

Charles Barth made a treasury of his bed in Boscobel, Wis., and after his death securities for \$13,000 were found in it.

There are over 1,900 convicts in the penitentiary at Joliet, Ill., and the number is increasing at the rate of 100 a month.

The man whose sole ambition is to win applause of the world, is sure to be disappointed, whether he wins or loses.

A murder jury at Reading, Pa., offered prayer at every meal, and petitioned the Divine Providence to direct them in their verdict.

The Black Hills papers say if 1,000 women would immigrate there they would at once find remunerative work and husbands.

A grub of a boring species was found in a four-foot-lath the other day, in Berlin, Conn., that must have been in the wood for thirteen years at least. It had eaten almost the whole length of the lath, leaving only a shell.

If I should come to high renown,
And compass things divinely great,
And stand a pillar of the State,
And count an empire all my own,
And make myself—I were a child,
That sold himself to slavery
In some fair castle by the sea
That glimmered toward his mountain wild.

To be forgotten as soon as dead is the melancholy lot of man everywhere, but it is only in the more populous places of the world that this forgetfulness anticipates the two-fold oblivion of the grave, and that men are considered dead because they cease to be remembered.

From under the bluff on which the town of Huntsville, the capital of Madison county, Alabama, is situated, bursts an immense spring, clear and cold, supplying the whole town with water for domestic uses, for watering the streets, and for use by the fire department. It is the largest spring in Alabama.

In France a murderer is never hung if the jury appends to its verdict the words "with extenuating circumstances." The consequence is that, no matter how atrocious the crime may be, it is almost impossible to obtain a verdict of guilty without the addition of these words. A few years ago a man killed his mother and his father. He was found guilty, with extenuating circumstances. These circumstances were that he was an orphan.

In Auburn (N. Y.) prison there were recently 1,405 convicts. Fifty-three of the number were "life men," of whom the oldest was the oldest was seventy-seven years old; the youngest, fifteen. The man longest in the prison was sent there on September 25, 1858. The average cost of supporting each convict is \$70.31 yearly; or nineteen cents and three mills daily. Superintendent Filshie is negotiating for contracts, which, if obtained, will give employment for 1,000 convicts. The total earnings per convict are increasing. In 1876 they were \$51.36; in 1877, \$53.76.

Linens.

The manufacture of linen may be referred to a higher antiquity than that of cotton. Cruden has collected more than twenty allusions to it from the Holy Scriptures, some of them relating to periods of very high antiquity. A few may be quoted here. For instance, Deut. xxi, 11: "Thou shalt not wear garments of divers sorts as of woolen and linen together." Lev. xix, 19: "Neither shall a garment mingled of linen and woolen come upon thee." Lev. xvi, 23: "And Aaron shall come into the tabernacle of the congregation, and shall put off the linen garments." 1 Sam. ii, 18: "Samuel ministered before the Lord, being a child, girded with a linen ephod." 1 Kings x, 28: "Solomon had horses brought out of Egypt, and linen yarn."

The swaddling bands so profusely wrapped round the mummies of Egypt are generally made of linen. Linen was, in fact, the clothing material of that industrious nation; it was held in such high esteem as to be used as a ransom by royalty, and diligently imitated by the neighboring nations. The Jews, Greeks and Romans probably derived their knowledge of the linen manufacture originally from the Egyptians. Alexander Severus was the first Roman emperor who wore linen; but the use of it did not become common until long after his time.

From Rome or its dependent provinces the linen manufacture extended to various parts of Europe; but it appears to have been in the British Isles that it has made most progress. It is supposed to have been carried on uninterruptedly since the time when the Romans conquered Britain; and has ever since formed an important part of British manufacture, particularly in Ireland and Scotland.