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Wait a While.

Wait a while,
Cheerily smile,
Soon the storm will be over,
There's a bit of blue
In the sky for you,
There's a sweetness yet in the clover.
Trust and wait,
Though burdens great,
Hard on the heart is pressing;
For a hand of love
Will the cross remove,
And leave in its stead a blessing.
'Neath the snow
No roses bloom,
And there no bees are humming;
But they gather sweets
In their dark retreats
To brighten the days that are coming.
Dusk and drear
The skies appear,
When the cloudy day's declining,
But the night must fall
And cover all,
Ere the sun renews its shining.
Wait a while,
Cheerily smile,
E'en through the tears of sorrow;
Grief may have away
O'er your life to-day,
But joy will return to-morrow.
Rest is sweet
For the weary feet;
And the soul that in faith reposes,
When the night comes on
And the noontide sun
Its gateway of splendor closes,
Never will miss
Its most of bliss,
Or grieve o'er joys abating,
For the earth must turn,
That our hearts may learn
How little is lost by waiting.

A ROUGH DIAMOND;

OR, FARMER JONES' THANKSGIVING.

The cold northern blasts had settled themselves down into legitimate winter business, bridging streams and locking up nature in fetters of ice. Every where through the broad and fertile lands hung harvests were stored with the golden granaries, cellars actually groaning with their rich stores of fruit and vegetables, and the thrifty and industrious inhabitants were about to celebrate their annual thanksgiving to the great and bountiful giver of such plenty, prosperity and peace.

But nowhere did greater bounty prevail than in the homestead of Farmer Joel Jones. His broad acres lay but a mile from the thrifty village of Centerville, where he found an easy market for all his produce, and where every Sabbath his round and ruddy face might be seen alongside of the thin and sallow one of his spinster sister, Betsy, in the old family carry-all on their way to the village church, which ever found a willing heart and ready hands in the unscrupulous Joel Jones, as his thrifty aspect fully attested.

A few days previous to the one appointed as Thanksgiving, he came into his ample kitchen with a huge golden pumpkin in his strong arms.

"Here, Betsy," he said, "is one of the real Yankee pumpkins, and I want ye to spread yourself a makin' a batch of pies. And jest say when ye want that air chicken killed."

"What fur, I'd like to know, Joel? You talk as ef yer war goin' ter feed a regiment, when that is only you and me and the hired hand to eat the best Thanksgiving dinner ever invented."

"I know as well as ye, Betsy, we hain't got no folks to speak of, but that in't no sign we hain't ter eat like other Christians on Thanksgiving day, spec'ly when I've worked the hull year like everything, and been perspered beyond my desarts."

"An hour later he looked in upon Betsy and her sullen preparation for the coming feast.

"I'm goin' ter town with er load of oats, and I'll bring you some crumbers to go on with yer turkey, Betsy," said he, "an' if yer want anythin' else speak quick, fer I'm off."

The answer of the spinster was a grunt of dissatisfaction as she continued kneading the heavy bread, while the pumpkin steamed and sputtered on the stove in the most savage manner.

"Betsy grows grunter every day of her life, poor thing. She's gittin' old, and the work is tew heavy for her. But it hain't no use speakin' of gettin' help. She'd fight me down on that for ever," soliloquized the old man, as he drove along.

"Hey, bub, what spec' ter ride?" he called out to a small specimen of humanity, who was trudging along under a heavy load, and who most gladly accepted the kind offer. "Yer Widow Burton's boy, hain't ye?"

"Yes, sir," answered the boy, who had scrambled up behind and perched himself upon a bag of grain.

"Yes, sir," answered the boy, who had scrambled up behind and perched himself upon a bag of grain.

"What ye got in yer sack, bub?"

"Coal, sir, that I have been picking up along the track."

"Dangerous piece o' business, and it's strange yer ma should send yer out

on sich er errand. Ther cars will come erlong some day and chop yer inter chinee-meats."

The poor little pale-faced lad made no reply. He was too happy in the enjoyment of the unexpected ride to care for any anticipated danger. At the door of his humble home the farmer stopped, and, to the surprise of the lad, got down from the wagon and hitched his horses.

"I want to see yer ma. So I'll jest run in fer a minit, if ye'll mind the team."

One of the children answered his summons and conducted him into the little kitchen, where the widow sat sewing with her brood of little ones about the scanty fire.

"Don't git up, Miss Burton. I can't stop but a minit. I give yer boy a lift as I come along, and he told me that he goes over on the railroad ter pick up coal, and I thought may be ye didn't know it was dangerous. Ther lad is tew small fer sich work, and some day he'll git killed. So I hope ye won't take it amiss that I named it ter you."

Tears were in the good woman's eyes long before he had ceased speaking, and she answered:

"Ye are very kind, sir, but what can I do? It is hard for me to keep my little family together simply with my needle, and the coal the children gather from the track keeps one comfortable, and leaves my scanty earnings for other needs."

"Yer girls hain't any on 'em old enuff ter work out, be they, Miss Burton?" If so, I'd take one on 'em ter help sister Betsy. That would be one less mouth to feed, at any rate, and she'd fair well."

"Jane is twelve years old, and has been brought up to be useful; and wash dishes, sweep, and do a great deal of the ordinary work of a household."

"All right, Miss Burton. Have the girl ready when I come along back from town, and I'll take her home with me."

Again in his wagon, Farmer Jones communed with himself.

"Don't seem to be much of a show for a Thanksgiving dinner at Miss Burton's. Poor thing! It's agin nature that sich a pretty girl as she used to be should have married that shiftless, drunken Jim Burton, only to be left with a lot of young ones ter slave for."

All that day Farmer Jones seemed in an uncommon grave mood. The town people missed a certain heartiness in his manner, and not once did his old boy-like laugh ring out to notify Centerville that Joel Jones was in town.

It was almost dark when he reached the widow's cottage, and a furious snow-storm had commenced. But, securing his restless team, he stamped into the little kitchen.

"It's stormin' terribly, Miss Burton, and I guess your little Janey better not think of goin' to-night."

"No, thank you. I fear it would be too tedious for the child. But will you not be seated, Mr. Jones, and get warm before you go?"

"Slim chance for that," thought he. But after an awkward pause he answered: "I would like to have a word with you in private, Miss Burton."

With an expression of surprise she led the way into the cold and cheerless little sitting-room.

"Jane Burton," began he, after clearing his throat, "you and I have known each other since we war children. We war young folks together, and, though you war er pile above me, I always loved ye. But knowin' I war n't fit fer ye ter wipe yer old shoes on, I never said a word, and let yer marry Jim Burton, while I took Nancy Price. Since then ther good Lord has taken both on 'em, leavin' you with an empty purse, and me with an empty house. Well, ter make a long story short, I hain't had ye out of my mind since I war here this mornin', and my heart is chock full of ye. And now, Jane, if I'm good enuff fer yer, say so, and I'll try and do duty by ye and the little ones."

During his earnest, stammering speech the poor woman had blushed and grown like a full-blown rose, and actually looked youthful again, and like the fair young girl he had loved before; and tears dimmed her eyes as she answered:

"I cannot think for a moment of accepting no noble and generous offer. Reflect what a burden you would assume. I can bring you nothing but a broken constitution and five helpless children. No, my good friend, I shall think of you ever as the kindest and best of men."

She broke down completely, and could only extend her hand. The good man grasped it with a vise-like pressure, and, as the little woman began to sob, he took her in his great, strong arms and to his ample breast, whether she would or no, and talked so earnestly and long that the children grew tired of staying alone in the dark (for the mother had carried away the lamp), and the horses were stamping impatiently outside in the storm.

"God bless ye, Jane. Ye'll come to a big heart and a warm, full house," said the farmer, as the little woman at

last smiled her consent, and blushed more than ever as he fervently kissed her and took her departure.

If ever man walked on air, Joel Jones did for the next two days, and Betsy declared to the hired man that he acted "jest like a crazy critter." He was almost omnipresent—went in and out of the house in a state of mental disquiet, and mixed himself up with the domestic preparations for the coming feast in the most promiscuous fashion. He insisted upon an immense plum cake being made—stewed raisins, beat eggs—and declared, with many a chuckle, when it was at length finished, "that it looked for all the world like a bride's cake!"

And then when Betsy actually iced it, and placed a wreath of pressed and dried gorgeous autumn leaves upon its bridging top by way of ornament, he was in ecstasies.

"Wal, there it is, Joel, and I do hope you are satisfied for once. Ye will have a grand dinner, and no one to it," said his sister.

"Don't you believe that Betsy. Jest set the table for a full half dozen beside you and me, and see if I don't fetch along somebody ter fill their places when I come home to-morrow from church."

Betsy gave a sniff of disapproval, but continued the completion of the preparations, thinking what an old fool her brother was getting to be.

Thanksgiving day dawned clear and bright, though very cold, and the good folks of Centerville were quite surprised to see Farmer Jones come dashing up to the church door, in his fine new sleigh with a most jubilant chime of bells and the widow Burton, snugly tucked beneath the robes, by his side.

And a little later they actually took away the breath of the congregation as they marched up the aisle—the little woman clinging to his arm, dressed in some simple gray material, with a rich shawl about her shoulders—the very one he had purchased the day before, and, as he said, "for sister Betsy."

A pretty little girl velvet hat, with a dash of lavender and white flowers and ribbons completed the delicate bride-like costume.

They passed many unoccupied pews, and only paused when they had gained a position opposite the pulpit. And then, before the wondering people realized it, Parson Doolittle was reading to them the marriage ceremony, and when it was completed the happy man gallantly kissed the bride and led her to his own pew, now and forever Mrs. Joel Jones.

If ever a Thanksgiving sermon failed to reach listening ears it did that day, for the little congregation were in the most blissful flutter. They had actually witnessed the knitting of two lives together, and, though they were not youthful ones, yet there was romance in the suddenness and surprise of the whole thing.

The benediction said, how hearty were the congratulations, and how bright and blushing the bride! Away they dashed at last, amid cheers and the merry chimes of the bells. At the cottage they paused, and "look in the little brood"—as the farmer called them—and drove merrily on, amid youthful shouts and laughter, to his great white farm-house, whose blue, curling smoke proclaimed warmth and good cheer within.

"As I live," exclaimed Betsy, looking out of the window, "if Joel hain't brought that stack-up Widow Burton and her brats to dinner. Ther war n't a hull piece of the old-fashioned chinee left on the table. If I had dreamed of his bringing them, I wouldn't have put it on, even if Joel did insist on it."

The Widow Burton and her brats—as she called them—were ushered into the parlor by the master, where a cheerful fire blazed, and where Miss Betsy stiffly received them and their wrappings.

When the dinner was announced, very much to the disgust of the brother came out with the little woman by his arm, and leading the youngest child by the hand.

"If ye have no objection, Betsy," said he, "I'd like to place this little woman at the head of my table, especially as it is the position she is likely to occupy the rest of her days, thank God."

"Joel, ye hain't goin' to get married?" screamed the horrified spinster, and she almost dropped the "chinee" pot of scalding tea in her excitement.

"Never again in this life," he chuckled, as he seated his new wife at the head of the table, despite her protest; and, as he spoke, he stooped and kissed her, while Betsy looked on in blank and horrified amazement, utterly speechless at such disreputable conduct.

"For this day, in Centerville church, this little woman has promised to share my joys and sorrows for the rest of her mortal days."

"Married?" gasped Betsy; "and all them air children?"

"Yes, they all belong ter me, thank God. I've got some folks of my own now, Betsy, and no more lonely days and nights for me, or cheerless Thanksgivings."

He bustled about and seated each lit-

tle child, rewarded by a tearful glance of gratitude from their mother's eyes. Then such a tremendous prayer of thanksgiving praise as ascended from that bountiful board, was rarely heard by men or angels. Then came the feast. And how everybody did eat, except Miss Betsy. She received the praise of her cooking in frightful silence, and actually refused to taste the bride's cake.

"No wonder," thought she, "that Joel was so set on bringin' it made. I'd a cut my right hand off before I'd have touched it, ef I had only knowed what he was about—the sly old fool."

The next day she packed her trunk and departed to find a home with some other of her relatives in Connecticut, positively refusing to share a home with the new mistress where she had so long reigned supreme.

But peace and prosperity smiled upon her brother as the happy husband and father, and the "little woman" blesses the day she accepted the rough diamond for a life partner—all of her days being those of thanksgiving.

United States Postal Service.

A comparison of the growth of the post-office department by States for the fiscal years 1869 and 1879 shows some curious results. The aggregate receipts almost doubled in the ten years mentioned, but the increase was very disproportionate in the several States. The following will show at a glance how many States have grown over others (cents omitted).

States.	Receipts.	Receipts.
Maine	\$909,224	\$177,486
New Hampshire	199,238	291,491
Vermont	191,310	263,450
Massachusetts	1,389,731	2,989,228
Rhode Island	149,860	223,347
Connecticut	418,648	620,623
New York	3,818,667	5,710,311
New Jersey	115,000	618,907
Pennsylvania	1,774,987	2,732,533
Virginia	275,917	449,606
West Virginia	90,697	153,896
North Carolina	113,400	220,279
South Carolina	106,481	181,780
Georgia	222,929	338,088
Florida	167,869	306,676
Ohio	1,185,718	1,979,440
Michigan	500,107	1,004,487
Indiana	485,615	828,731
Illinois	1,442,349	2,388,627
Wisconsin	445,591	736,379
Iowa	438,676	936,856
Missouri	622,882	1,124,536
Kentucky	282,681	441,762
Tennessee	210,627	322,704
Alabama	118,878	237,512
Mississippi	115,000	504,213
Arkansas	62,397	154,672
Louisiana	236,678	237,719
Kansas	115,000	618,907
California	448,718	934,229
Oregon	35,851	124,629
Montana	171,000	446,161
Nebraska	61,888	254,983
Colorado	12,214	222,131

The striking feature of this table is the enormous growth of the Western States. The growth is equal to anything known in American history, although the period covers the six years of panic and depression, from 1873 to 1879. Colorado, for instance, increases her postal receipts nearly 2,000 per cent. Nebraska jumps from \$61,000 to \$254,000; Kansas from \$115,000 to \$504,000; Oregon from \$35,000 to \$124,600, and so on. Should the same rate of increase continue for the next ten years, some of these new Western States will rank with the greater States to the eastward. The older Western States, like Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan and Iowa, about double their receipts, and in some instances more than double them.

Every State in the Union shows a handsome increase, the New England and older Southern States showing the least per cent. increase.

A Mother's Anguish.

A stylishly dressed young woman was taken into the Forty-seventh street police station last evening. She was very drunk, and her silk dress was rumpled. Her mother came looking for her an hour later.

"Can't I see her?" she asked.

"She's too drunk to speak," the sergeant said.

"What shall I do?" the mother cried, despairingly. "I must see her."

"Can't be done."

The aged mother burst into tears, and leaned on the shoulder of the man who was with her.

"This is awful," she said. "Oh, dear!"

"Don't take on so," said the sergeant. "You will see her in the morning."

"It isn't that," the mother replied: "It's all right. It's the silk dress I'm troubled about. She'll tear it all to pieces before morning."—New York Sun.

Fever and Ague.

There are some situations where fever and ague prevails every season, and this is the case in the vicinity of creeks and swamps. An acquaintance of ours, who has resided for several years on one of these creeks, has never had a single case of fever and ague in his family, while all his neighbors have been more or less affected with it every season.

He attributes his immunity from this troublesome disease to the use of a good fire in his house every chilly and damp night in summer and fall. When the Indians travel at night or early in the morning in swampy regions they cover their nose and mouth with some part of their garments to warm the air which they inhale, and this they say prevents chills and fevers.—Scientific American.

TIMELY TOPICS.

A little more than one year ago, the Stewart vault in St. Mark's churchyard, New York, was rifled, and the body of the deceased, Alexander T. Stewart, taken therefrom by thieves. Apparently all search has hitherto proved fruitless for its recovery, and the matter is now as much in the dark as ever.

Some persons, however, believe that the body has been recovered and quietly interred in the magnificent mausoleum erected for it by Mrs. Stewart, at Garden City, Long Island.

This has been a bad year for most men connected with the hop interest in England. Some hop fields have not been thought worth picking. The scarcity has, however, quadrupled the price, and a farmer with a fair crop will do pretty well. English brewers were at one time prohibited from using hops, as they were supposed to spoil the flavor of ale, and beer was the name which gradually came to be applied to the beverage made with hops. England has about 60,000 acres under hops, about half of it in Kent, heavily taxed.

The quickest railroad building in Nebraska was performed at Lincoln recently on the Burlington and Missouri extension, when a gang of sixty men, with two trains, laid one mile of new road, putting in two bridges and two crossings, and making connections at both ends with the main line. This was all done between eight o'clock in the evening and breakfast time, and the men who drove the spikes were obliged to have lanterns held close to their work. The work was hurried because it passes across the proposed right of way of the Union Pacific branch.

The Feji Times records a sad incident. A canoe left Loma Loma with twenty-five natives on board, bound for Totoya. They were going about, when a sudden squall sent the sail against the mast, capsizing the canoe. The unfortunate passengers clung to the canoe, and might have escaped with consequent loss, but worse than those which would have attended discomfort and exposure, but for the fact that the capsizing occurred in a locality infested with sharks. These ravenous monsters seized the victims one by one, devouring twenty-three out of twenty-five unfortunate whose lives were thus placed at their mercy. Of the two who escaped, one is a woman; but her situation is very critical, the whole of the flesh being taken off one leg.

It is now said that the captive Zulu king, Cetwayo, is "very sorry" that he fought against the English. He confesses he was wrong, desires the "great queen" to pardon him, and to allow him to return to his own country and build himself a kraal where he may live. Cetwayo is described as a fine specimen of a brave savage, nearly six feet high, well proportioned and fully developed, and about fifty years old. When he sees new and strange things, he expresses his wonder by remarking: "I was only born yesterday."

The New Ocean Cable.

The new ocean cable, known at present as the Ponycy-Quertier cable, will reach from northeastern Massachusetts on Cape Cod to Brest, France. It is owned by French and American shareholders, the former having a controlling influence, and has a paid up capital of \$8,400,000, which is soon to be increased \$2,000,000. The cable has been constructed by the English company that made the direct cable, and is considered the most perfect that has yet been produced. It is thus described: A central wire of copper is surrounded by ten copper wires, twisted, ensuring absolute conductivity in all weather. For insulating purpose, three envelopes of gutta percha surround the wire, and outside of the gutta percha is placed a wrapping of manilla hemp, treated with Chatterton's compound. An armor of steel wire for protection is outside the hemp, the wires composing the armor being laid in a peculiar manner, side by side, so that fractures seem almost impossible to occur. Surrounding the armor is another covering of manilla hemp, saturated with an anti-corrosive compound, which makes assurance doubly sure that the cable will always be ready for use.

It is being laid by the famous cable steamer Faraday, and reaches from Brest, France, to St. Pierre, Miquelon, and thence to North Eastham, Mass. When the main line is finished the Faraday will lay a connecting link between Brest and Land's End, England, and next year a new line will be constructed from Land's End to St. Pierre, thus establishing a double line. The Faraday was at work laying the cable during the cyclone which created such havoc in mid-ocean, but she kept on her way without deviating from her course, and her hourly signals back announcing her progress. She reached the Massachusetts coast safely.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Australia is being supplied with a flock of sheep from California.

Texas has a single flock of sheep bearing 60,000 head.

Paris contains ten cemeteries with its walls and two outside.

A breeder who does not advertise like a bell without a tongue.

The tea-plant will not grow so readily in California. So say California papers.

A good many men wear a ten-cent silk hat over a ten-cent canvas coat.

American money in the comb has become a popular article of diet in land, and large shipments are made.

An old sea captain says that when aboard ship he is never governed by mate, but when he is at home he is.

We see lip salve advertised. We sume it is applied with the lips, but doubt if it keeps the little chaps Danielsonville Sentinel.

Put away the long blonde tresses. That our darling used to wear. She will never, never need the For our darling bangs her hair.

"I predict," said Caudle the day to his bosom friend, "a mild ter." "On what grounds?" "My and her mother have gone to Euro stay till spring."—Cincinnati Courier.

"Pa," said a little boy, "a ho worth a great deal more, isn't it, it's broke?" "Yes, my son. W you ask such a question?" "Bee broke the new reeking-horse you me this mornin'."

The czar has a nice little income of \$25,000 a day. The sultan \$18,000 a day; the Emperor of Austria \$10,000; the Emperor of Germany \$8,800; the King of Italy, \$6,400. It is the King of the Belgians, \$1,043.

It is said that as soon as a Chin man marries an American lady in this try he amputates his queue. This conclusively evidence that the he Chinese has been a close student of ried life in this country.—Norfolk Herald.

Limberger cheese is considered profitable to the maker than any cheese, because, from a given quantity of milk, more weight is obtained better prices realized. Thousands of are produced in New York and Wisconsin at less than half the cost of the ported article.

A French statist has come to the conclusion, after a very laborious examination of the number of deaths from way accidents in all parts of the States in search of health. Dr. Or was born and raised in Burgetts His education was of the best. He came an honored clergyman of united Presbyterian church and chaplain of the One Hundred and tieth Pennsylvania Regiment during war. Late one night in 1878, while was in bed, word reached him in Vinton, Pa., that his residence an library at West Alexander had burned. This was a great shock to In March of last year he complained in his head. For two months was unconscious and lost his sp Gradually he began to make know thoughts, but he was very much child. Mrs. Ormond and the child worked hard with him, and finally learned the alphabet and could out short words. He knew the names of his children, but could not remember their names. When he wanted he would ask for Clara. The physician advised that his mind should be overturned again. They also concluded that his weight should be reduced he was in robust physical health, as was fed with skimmed milk. By treatment his weight was brought from 220 to 150 pounds. He has proved any for the last year. His line is merely a mechanical act—a copy of the words his wife writes him. Singularly enough, he is a count, and can make a good bargain the transaction takes place on the occasion. He takes great interest. Grant room, and likes to have not it read to him. Physicians cannot count for his condition. He goes walking tour to strengthen his His wife and daughters are carrying a furnishing store in Burgetts Pittsburgh Dispatch.

"Ah, how well do I remember—the bleak November," when I caught it that was wearing me awfully and swiftly but I heard of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, and am as well as ever.

OUT!

Orneville edition of the "Bible of new ready; and as the not containing any quite it is sure to be extensively, lively French village it in the highest quality. Words unobjectionable.

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