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POST-PAID.

The St. Andrews Standard.

Published by A. W. Smith.) E VARIIS SUMENDNM EST OPTIMUM.—*Cic.* ($2.50 per Annum in Advance.

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Poetry.

BOTH SIDES.

A man in his carriage was riding along,
A gaily dressed wife by his side;
In satin and laces she looked like the queen,
And he like a king in his pride.

A wood sawyer stood on the street as they passed;
The carriage and the couple he eyed;
And said as he worked with his saw on a log,
"I wish I was rich and could ride."

The man in the carriage remarked to his wife,
"One thing I would give if I could—
I'd give my wealth for the strength and health
Of the man that sawed the wood."

A pretty young maid with a bundle of work,
Whose face, as the morning, was fair,
Went tripping along with a smile of delight,
While humming a love-breathing air.

She looked on the carriage; the lady she saw,
Arrayed in apparel so fine,
And said in a whisper, "I wish from my heart
Those satins and laces were mine."

The lady looked out on the maid with her work,
So fair in her calico dress,
And said, "I'd relinquish position and wealth,
Her beauty and health to possess."

Thus it is in the world, whatever our lot,
Our minds and our time we employ
In longing and sighing for what we have not,
Ungrateful for what we enjoy.

LITERATURE.

AN OLD MAN'S DARLING.

"Dolly Hubbard married to old Mr. Ponsonby!" echoed Mrs. Stapylton. "Well, if that isn't perfectly ridiculous!"

"But why is it ridiculous?" said Major Fitzgerald, taking a pinch of rose scented rappee, after a philosophical fashion.

"Old Ponsonby is seventy, and Dolly can't be seventeen," argued Mrs. Stopylton.

"Well what then?" said the Major. "Love don't always go by the calender, and Ponsonby is certainly a fine looking fellow."

"She has just married him for his money," said Mrs. Stapylton; "that's all."

"Then," said Major Fitzgerald, laughing, "I wish I had a hundred thousand dollars, if it would enable me to purchase such a lovely little human rosebud as Dorothy Hubbard."

"It's neither more nor less than barter and sale," said Mrs. Stapylton, indignantly, "I've no patience with such a state of things."

And Major Fitzgerald, who knew very well that Mrs. Stapylton had three daughters in the matrimonial market, on the qui vive for rich husbands, remarked drily that it was very sad indeed, and took a second pinch.

It was as Mrs. Stapylton had inferred—Dolly Hubbard was the penniless daughter of a half pay officer, a beautiful, gazelle-eyed young creature, with a slender, high-bred throat, lips like wet coral, and a soft, low voice,

And when Lieutenant Hubbard died, Dolly was contemplating the propriety of either going out as governess, or seeking a situation as shop girl, to support herself, when Mr. Ponsonby asked her to be his wife.

"I—I'm afraid I'm not in love with you," said Dolly, piteously.

"I don't expect that, my dear," said the old gentleman, kindly.

"But I don't know what else to do," added frank Dolly, "and I'll try and be a good wife to you, sir, if you are willing to marry any one so young and inexperienced as I am."

"I'll resk it," said Mr. Ponsonby, smiling.

He took Dolly out of her shabby back parlor in Mrs. Henwood's bearding house, and installed her as mistress of his own brown-stone palace on Carleton Square.

The little girl, who had always hesitated long before she ventured to lay out a sixpence, found herself all at once, mistress of a satin lined clarence and a pair of high-stepping bays, while her one turned and re-turned black silk was abdicated in favor of a whole ward-robe ordered direct from Paris.

"Oh, Mr. Ponsonby, you are too kind," said little Dolly, earnestly.

"My dear," said the old gentleman, "I am sufficiently rewarded if you are pleased. But don't you think you can call me Charles?"

"It sounds too familier," hesitated shrinking Dolly.

"Well, it will come all in time," said Mr. Ponsonby, gently.

"Excuse me Ponsonby," said Trapper, a misanthropic old bachelor, who had viewed his friend's policy with wonder and contempt; "but you are an idiot."

"I dare say," said Ponsonby. "We're all more or less addicted that way, Trapper. Foxley keeps a yacht; you buy expensive black letter editions of the poets; I prefer a young wife."

"Yes," said Trapper, with a vindictive snarl; "but Foxley's yacht lies at anchor where she is moored; my book-case don't change; while your young wife, my friend——"

"What of her?" sternly demanded Ponsonby.

"She may elope any day with some of the young idiots who are scorching their silly moth-like wings in the flame of her beauty!" hinted the old Diogenes.

"I like her to enjoy herself in young society, said Ponsonby, with an indulgent smile.

"Precisely," said Trapper. "And that is the reason! said you were an idiot. Look here, Ponsonby, we're old friends, and I don't like to see you hoodwinked. A word to the wise is sufficient. Lawrence Earl goes to your house a great deal too much. People talk."

Mr. Ponsonby was silent.

Nobody likes to have the privacy of his own domestic affairs invaded in this unceremonious sort of way. And to Ponsonby, who worshipped his beautiful young wife as a parsee worships the orb of day, this obtruded advice was particularly obnozious.

He went home, pondering to himself; was he then impurdent in allowing Dolly to surround herself with society of her own age and standing?

Not that he for a single second doubted her; but she was nothing more than a child after all, and this world was full of troubles and temptations.

The thoughts were yet in his troubled mind when he reached his own door.

The servant let him in obsequiously eager.

"Where is Mrs. Ponsonby?" said he.

"She is in her boudoir, sir; Mr. Earl is with her.

Mr. Ponsonby started a little; this was rather a sudden confirmation of his friend inuendo.

"Do not disturb her," he said; I will go to my study."

The study was a handsome, secluded room separated by a pair of folding doors, draped with fluted silk, from the back drawing room beyond; and as Mr. Ponsonby sat down in the bay window, he heard the sound of voices.

The servant had been mistaken, it seemed.

"Dolly," and her visitor were in the drawing room, after all.

Hark! they are talking. He was about to enter when his foot steps were arrested by the sound of strange words.

"Dolly," cried out young Earl, "I love you! I have always loved you?"

"Stop!" retorted Dolly's low, clear voice. "How dare you address such language to me, the wife of another man.

"Because I love you! Because you love me before——"

"That is utterly false!" said Mrs. Ponsonby, quietly. "I may have entertained an idle fancy for you once, when we were children together, but it is dissipated long ago. All the love I have to give is bestowed upon my dear and noble husband."

Half a minute before, Ponsonby's heart had sunk like lead within his bosom.

Now it sprung up, just a floating thistle-down.

"Pshaw!" uttered Lawrence Earl. "You are trying to deceive me. You are deceiving yourself. As if it were possible to love an old man like that."

"But I love him persisted Dolly. "He has been more than good to me. I love him, and I respect him more than any other living man. And for you, Lawrence Earl, you are not a gentleman to try and win away the heart of a married woman. Leave this house, and do not presume ever to enter it again."

Just an instant afterwards old Charles Ponsonby entered the presence of his wife, with eyes shining full of love and outstretched hands.

Dolly stood in the middle of the room, with downcast gaze and cheek slightly flushed with carmine.

She started a little at the unexpected apparition of her husband.

"Dolly!" he uttered in a voice half choked by emotion. "My wife! Nay, do not look so terrified I have heard it all!"

"Oh, Charles! And do you not blame me? pleaded Dolly.

"Blame you, my precious treasure, my gift of Heaven!"

And he folded her tenderly to his heart.

"I must have been giddy and foolish, or the man never would have dare to presume thus!" faltered Dolly, hiding her flushed face on her husband's shoulder.

"Nothing of the sort, my dear," said the old gentleman. "You are very young, and he—is very foolish. But you have acted nobly, and I am very proud of my wife."

Mr. Earl did not call again at the house in Carleton Square, nor did Mrs. Ponsonby regret the cessation of his visits.

Dolly and her husband were happy together., to the infinite chagrin of Mr. Trapper.

One year afterwards Charles Ponsonby died leaving the whole of his great fortune unconditionally to his eighteen year old widow.

"She'll marry again before the twelvth month is out," snarled old Trapper. "A lucky riddance for her. I always said old Ponsonby was an idiot."

But Mrs. Ponsonby never married again.

Strange as it seemed to Trapper, and men of that stamp, she loved and reverenced the memory of her deceased husband too dearly ever to give herself in marriage again.

And this "Old Man's Darling" remained true and loyal to him to the end of her days.

If two hogsheads make a pipe, how many will make a cigar?

If five and a half yards make a perch how many will make a trout.

A SPANISH GENERAL'S ESTIMATE OF BRITISH DISCIPLINE.

It was found, even in the Peninsula, that what told with the greatest effect was a calm redliness to wait in obedience to orders till the moment had arrived when the powers of the weapon could be brought to bear with the deadliest result. One of the ablest of the generals opposed to us in Spain (Marshal Bugeaud) has given a most lively and generous description of the manner in which a fight in those days between his own troops and ours used to take place. The following may serve as an epitome of his account, the French being, he says, almost always the assailants:—The attacking columns move to assault the position held by the English, just beyond the crest of some gently rising hill. The English either at first laying down or standing with the but-ends of their rifles on the ground, give no signs of their existance except a line of motionless red, which just shows and no more along the crest, while behind it, here and there, an officer is seen riding quietly up and down. At first the French, dash forward with furious courage, chattering a good deal, abusing the English most savagely. The excitement increases from moment to moment. One after another cannot be restrained from breaking the ranks, that he may relieve his feelings by a shot at the enemy. The column becomes more and more confused. As they get further and further up the hill, the excitement and hurry tell more and more: the pace cannot be kept up. They realize ever more and more unpleasantly the fact that all their excitement and flurry have produced no effect upon the red line above them. These feelings have full time to react upon the previous over-exciteme it. At last an unpleasant chill succeeds, and now they are in point-blank range of the enemy. They hear a single cool word of command repeated all along the English line. Down come all the muskets toward them. A moment more. Then comes a volley of which few shots go astray. The smoke clears away. Moving straight down towards them they see a line of bayonets. Then a loud cheer rings out from the hitherto silent ranks. They are coming on now steadily, rapidly—with an evident intention not to stop—straight at them. The strain is too severe. The colmun does not wait to be attacked, but breaks and flies. "Never," says the old marshal, "did I see other than one end to it."—*Technical Educator.*

The other day I went to hear the Rev. M——, in——street church. The place was crowded, mostly with muscular Christians, and the minister hammered hard at his subject, "The Nerves and the Soul." My neighbor was a typical New Englanc woman of sixty or thereabouts, thin, dark, cultivated morally but not mentally; her eyes were sharp, her mouth straight. She confided to me (I had never seen her before) that she hoped "he would tell us how to cure neuraligy, for most everybody suffered from it."—*Contributors' Club, Atlantic Monthly.*

"Good for the crops," said a Salam man, looking out of the car window into the rain. "Yes," answered a Cape Anner, "our granite never looked more promising than it does this morning.

Contagion in Soap.

There is no article in household economy of more importance than good soap, yet nothing is more neglected. Quantity rather than quality seems to be the ruling criterion, and as long as such neglect continues, just so long will the vile custom of adulterating soap with large quantities of dirty rosin, marble dust, white clay, and pulverized white flint continue. Many of the highly perfumed laundry, as well as toilet soaps, are made from putrescent fats taken from dead animals and from slaughter-house, tenement house, hospital and prison garbage, the contagious seeds of which are not destroyed in process of manufacture, but are left to transmit disease and death. The medical faculties of London and Paris are said to attribute diptheria, typhus, and other malignant diseases to this source, children being the principal victims. This assertion startling as it may appear, is not inconsistent with reason.—The remedy is obvious: avoid all soaps not known to be made of honest materials.

It is Better.

It is better to wear a calico dress without trimmings, if it be paid for, than to owe the shopkeeper for the most elegant silk, cut and trimmed in the most bewitching manner.

Better to live in a log cabin all your own, than in a brown-stone mansion belonging to somebody.

Better walk forever than run in debt for a horse and carriage.

Better to use the old cane-seated chairs and faded two-ply carpet than tremble at the bills sent home from the holsterer's for the most elegant parlor set ever made.

Better eat thin soup from earthen dishes if you owe your butcher nothing, than to dine off lamb and beef and know it does not belong to you.

Better meet your business acquaintances with a free, "don't owe-you-a-cent" smile than to dodge around the corner from a dun.

Better gaze upon bare walls than upon pictures unpaid for.

The King of Burmah is very proud of his new Krupp gun, and lately amused himself by throwing shot with it into the Irawaddy river. One struck a rice laden dhow, which sank, drowning the captain. The King was in raptures for he had pointed the gun himself. Shells were then tried at long ranges, a village on the opposite bank being the target. All Mandaly turned out to watch the sport, and the village was soon in flames. The inhabitanst "ran about like mad" in such a comical manner that his Majesty laughed heartily. Then the crowd on the Mandalay side tempted the military ardour of the gracious sovereign, who suddenly gave the sightseers a dose of grape and canister. The crowd instantly scattered, leaving some twenty men women, and children lead on the groundr His Majesty was highly amused; the next criminal is to be blown from the mouth of his gun after the English fashion. The King feels quite equal to the exigencies of a European war.

Some little time ago, at a bar conclave at a southern hotel in the States, generals, majors and colonels were each, with much declamation, giving an account of an incident of the last civil war. A quiet man stood by, and at last said, "Gentlemen, I happened to be there, and perhaps might be able to refresh you memories as to what took place; and he gave, succinctly and inoffensively, the exact details of a smart action. The hotel keeper said to him, "Sir what might have been your rank?" "I was a private," was the reply. Next day the quiet man, as he was about to depart, asked for his bill. "Not a cent, sir—not a cent," answered the proprietor. "You are the very first private I have ever met.

We cannot too soon convince ourselves how easily we may be dispensed with by the world. We think that we are the life of the circle in which we move. In our absence we fancy that life, existence and breath will come to a general pause; but, alas! the gap that we leave is scarcely perceptible, so quickly is it filled again.

A wag presented an Elizabeth saloon keeper with a pair of steel engravings of Sanky and Moody, representing them to be correct portraits of Tilden and Hendricks. They now adorn the walls with Tilden's letter of acceptance underneath.

An Irish soldier, pretending to dumbness, was discharged. He in a short time afterward enlisted in another corps, and being recognized by an old comrade, was questioned how he learned to speak. "By St. Patrick," he replied, "ten guuines would make any man speak.'

A Curious Pair of Jaws.

A VISIT TO FOSTER & SON'S NAIL AND TACK WORKS—HOW NAILS ARE MADE—RAPID WORK.

Don't you think it must be a curious pair of jaws that can bite a chunk of cold iron as easily as you can bite a stick of candy? You can hardly believe it. Wait till I tell you.

One of the most interesting places we have visited is the Messrs. Foster's nail and tack works, where there is a large room filled with these monsters with the sharp steel jaws, called nail machines. In the first place the noise made by so many of these machines in one room is something absolutely fearful. I wanted to stuff my ears with cotton, but I thought that would not be civil to my guide, and after a little while I got used to it, and soon found myself so much interested that I really forgot the noise. Some machines nip off the tacks so fast that a stream of finished tacks run down an iron spout into the box or reservoir prepared for the purpose—thousands in a minute. Listen to the ticking of the clock, and reflect that at the least twenty tacks are snapped off to the tick. But I must tell you how they do it. First, then, the iron is made from bars or blooms at iron works for that purpose, where it is put between immense iron rollers, which flatten it out as nicely as a cook can roll a pie crust with a rolling pin. It is first made into a sheet just thick enough for the nails they want to make. The sheet goes next to the slitting machine, which makes no more fuss about slitting it into proper widths for nails than your scissors make about cutting paper. It is cut a little wider than the nail or tack is to be, because the heads are to be made. When the strips of iron are all ready, a man takes one and slips the end into the steel jaw I told you. These jaws are worked by steam power, and instantly they bite off a nail, while a furious little hammer springs out suddenly, and, with one blow on the end of the bit of iron, flattens it out, and thus makes a head. If you want to know what a blow it must be, take a piece of iron and try to pound a head on it yourself. The instant the head is made, the jaws open and the nail drops out, finished. Of course, it is done much quicker than I have been telling you, for a machine that can make shoe brads (which I need not tell the boys are small nails without heads) at the rate of 3,000 a minute. It is said that "figures wont lie," and I hope they won't; but I must admit is hard to believe that story.—*St. John Telegraph.*

KILLING A TOWN.—The Kennebec Journal furnishes the following information, which will open the eyes of croakers to some truths which they will do well to ponder upon:

"The following is an excellent recipe for killing a town: Underrate every present and prospective public enterprise; tell everybody the hotels are bad, enlarge the vices of the people, especially the young people; withold patronage from your merchants and tradesmen, and go to some other town to do your trading; never subscribe for your home paper, and if you are doing business refuse to advertise or get your jobprinting done in the town. The above recipe is no humbug, but if strictly followed up, will surely ruin the healthiest town in America in a few years. And yet there are some people whose little all, is in towns we could name, that pursue this suicidal course." The above facts we can bear testimony to.

A Sheffield, Eng., boy, nine years old, taken care of his one year old sister while the mother was out, first tried to set her clothes on fire, failing in which he began cutting her throat with a carving knife; interrupted by neighbors, he attempted to hang himself, and was nearly successful, being quite black in the face when cut down.

After having written a squib with much care and deliberation, and the dignified compositor up stairs halloos downthepipe; "Is this a joke or an advertisement?" such a salute is calculated to make a funny man take an interest in the means of cheap suicide.—*Eastern Free Press.*

Days come and go the thermometer rises anp falls' but the industrious weevil, the wide-awake chinck bug, and the heroic army worm pursue their way unchecked, and the farmer, as he meditates thereon, wishes that churches and ministers had no absurd prejudices against profanity.

An Indiana Town has the following ordinance: Dogs that are collared and labelled, no matter how respectably connected, will have their narrative amputated one inch south of their ears.

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