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THE HIDDEN ROSES.

Even now within the frozen stems,
June's roses lie concealed,
Till throbbles sing, and larks soar up,
And Summer be revealed.
E'en now, in their enchanted sleep,
Beneath the frozen clod,
The little baby-blossoms wait
The summons of their God.

The snow-time and winter-storm
Will vanish like a cloud;
Soon Spring will cast her swallows forth,
And May-trees blossom proud.
Rainbows will arch the sunny air,
Lamb's leap in every fold,
And thro' the dark warm earth pierce thro'
The crocus flung with gold.

Winter, the disrowned King, will cast
The white mask from his face;
And Spring, his rosy child, with smiles
Will see the swallows chase.
From Night's black grave, like Lazarus,
The springing day comes forth,
The winter-storms sow seeds of joy,
East, west, and youth and north.

Spring comes with sound of gl'ning leaves,
And songs of waking birds;
The joy of May-time is too great
To shape itself in words.
Soon buds will widen into flowers,
And Summer be revealed;
E'en now within the frozen stems,
June's roses lie concealed.

THE MAN THAT KILLED HIS NEIGHBORS.

Reuben Black was a torment in the neighborhood where he resided. The very sight of him had a chilling effect. His wife had a sharp and uncomfortable look. His boys seemed to be in perpetual fear. The cows became startled as soon as he opened the barn-yard gates. The dog dropped his tail between his legs, and eyed him askance, as if to see what humor he was in. The cat looked wild and had been known to rush straight up the chimney when he moved towards her. Even the trees on Reuben's premises had a neglected and desolate appearance. His fields were red with sorrel or overrun with weeds. Everything about him seemed hard and arid as his own countenance. Contant lawsuits involved him in so much trouble and expense that he had not time nor money to spend on the improvement of his farm.

Against Joe Smith, a poor laborer in the neighborhood, he had brought three suits in succession. Joe said he had returned a spade he had borrowed, and Reuben swore he had not.—He sued Joe and recovered damages, for which he ordered the officer to seize his pig. Joe, in his wrath, called him an old swindler, and a curse to the neighborhood. These remarks were soon repeated to Reuben. He brought an action for slander, and recovered very small damages. Provoked at the laugh thus occasioned, he watched for Joe to pass by, and set his dog on him, crying out furiously, "Call me an old swindler again, will you?"

An evil spirit is more contagious than the plague. Joe went home and scolded his wife, boxed little Joe's ears, and kicked the cat, and not one of them knew what it was all for.—Joe's temper grew more and more vindictive, and the love of talking over his troubles at the ginshop increased upon him. Poor Mrs. Smith cried and said it was all owing to Reuben Black, for a better hearted man never lived than her Joe, when she first married him.

Such was the state of things when Simeon Green purchased the farm adjoining Reuben's. This had been much neglected, and had caught thistles and other weeds from the neighboring fields.

His steady perseverance and industry very soon changed the aspect of things on the farm. The trees soon looked clean and vigorous. Fields of grain waved where weeds had only grown before. Moss covered half the house. Even the rough rock which formed the doorstep was edged with golden moss. His wife was a woman of few words, but she some-

times said to her neighbors, with a quiet kind of satisfaction, "Everybody loves my husband that knows him. They cannot help it."

Simeon soon heard of Reuben's character, and remarked, "If he exercises it upon me, I will soon kill him."

"Kill me, will he?" exclaimed Reuben. He said no more; but his tightly compressed mouth had a significant expression. Reuben turned his horse into the highway that very night, he hopes he would commit some depredation on neighbor Green's premises.—But Joe Smith, seeing the animal at large, let down the bars of Reuben's own corn-field, and the poor beast walked in and feasted as he had not done for many a year. It would have been a great satisfaction to Reuben if he could have brought a suit against his horse; but as it was, he was obliged to content himself with beating him.

His next exploit was to shoot Mary Green's cock, because he stood on the stone wall and crowed a few inches beyond the frontier line that bounded the farm.

A pear-tree in Reuben's garden very improperly stretched an arm a little over Simeon Green's premises. One day little George Green, as he went whistling along, picked up a pear that had fallen into his father's garden.—The instant he touched it he felt something like the sting of a wasp. It was Reuben Black's whip, followed by such a storm of angry words that the poor child rushed into the house with an agony of terror. But this failed also. The boy was soothed by his mother, and told not to go near the pear-tree again; and there the matter ended.

This good-nature caused Reuben to dislike Simeon more than all the rest of the people put together, because he made him feel so uncomfortably in the wrong.

Not long after some laborers employed by Simeon Green, passing over a bit of marshy ground with a heavy team, stuck fast in a bog occasioned by long continued rain. Simeon ventured to ask assistance from his waspish neighbor, who was working at a short distance.

Reuben replied gruffly, "I've got enough to do to attend to my own business."

"Wait awhile," said Green, quietly, smiling; "I will kill him before long. Wait and see if I do not."

It chanced after that Reuben's team did stick fast in the same bog, as the workmen had wished. Simeon noticed it from a neighboring field, and gave directions that the oxen and chains should be sent to his assistance.

"You are in a bad fix, neighbour," said Simeon, as he came alongside the foundered team; "my men are coming with the oxen; we shall soon help you out."

"You may take your oxen back again," replied Reuben; "I want none of your help."

However, the team was soon drawn out, and Simeon and his men went away without waiting for thanks.—When Reuben went home that night he was unusually thoughtful. After smoking awhile in deep contemplation, he gently knocked the ashes from his pipe, and said, with a sigh: "Peg, Simeon Green has killed me!"

Next morning Reuben marched off to the garden, and cut a big ripe melon, saying that he was going over to Green's to thank him for the oxen.—His wife stood at the door, with one hand on her hip and the other shading the sun from her eyes, to see if he would carry the melon into Simeon Green's house. She could hardly believe her own eyes. He walked quickly, as if afraid he should not be able to carry the unusual impulse into action if he stopped to reconsider the question. "Mrs. Green, here is a melon my wife sent to you, and we think it is a ripe one."

The friendly matron thanked him, and invited him to sit down. But he stood playing with the hatch of the door, and, without raising his eyes, said, "Maybe Mr. Green is not in this morning?"

"He is at the pump, and will be in directly," she replied; and before her words were spoken, the honest man walked in.

"I am glad to see you, neighbour. Take a chair—take a chair."

"Thank you, I can't stop," replied Reuben. He pushed his hat on one side, rubbed his head, looked out of the window, and then said, suddenly as if by a desperate effort, "The fact is Mr. Green, I did not believe right about the oxen."

Never mind—never mind," replied Mr. Green. "Perhaps I shall get into the bog again one of the rainy days. If I do, I shall know whom to call upon. We must try to be to others what we want them to be to us." You know the good looks says so. I have learned by experience that if we speak kind words, we hear kind echoes. If we try to make others happy, it fills them with a wish to make us happy. Perhaps you and I can bring the neighbours round in time to this way of thinking and acting. Who knows?—let us try, Mr. Black, let us try. But come and look at my orchard. I want to show you a tree which I have grafted with very choice apples."

Coming Down in Life.—The great lesson which the wise man is learning all through life, is how to come down without giving up. Learning from the many mortifications and rebuffs to think more humbly of ourselves, and still resolve to do our best.

We aim high at first. Children expect to be always eating pudding and drinking cream; clever boys expect to be famous men. Our vanity and self-love and romance are ever in upon to-day; but if we are wise we never give up.

A form of social "coming down" falls to the lot of many women when they get married. Young girls generally have a glorious ideal of the husband they are to find; handsome, clever, kind, affectionate, probably rich and famous. But a sad pressure is put upon all such fancies.

And men of an imaginative turn do not always find the sympathetic companion of their early visions. Think of the great author walking in the summer fields and saying to his wife, as he looked at the frisking lambs, that seemed so innocent and happy, that he did not wonder that in all ages the lamb has been taken as the emblem of happiness and purity. Fancy the convulsion in his mind when the lady replied, "Yes, lamb is very nice, especially with mint sauce!"

But to return to solemn things, the heroic view is this: Things are bad, but they might be worse, and if we can do no better, rank ourselves with "Nature's underwood and flowers that prosper in the shade."

AT SINTOVA.

Sintova, says Edward King, of the Boston Journal, was inhabited by a large number of wealthy Turks, who have doubtless left much treasure buried in the neighborhood. All the visitors have brought back great quantities of plunder in the shape of elegantly printed and bound Turkish books, caps, pipes, slippers, a good red wine, which is not especially stimulating, and which, despite the famous protest of the Khoran, seems to have been the product of some Turkish vineyards. It appears that it was agreed by the Bulgarians that every one who wished distinctly to espouse the Russian cause should place a chalk mark representing a cross upon his house, and should wear the word "Christian" upon his arm, or shoulder, in short, declare his preference for the Christian faith in some marked manner. The whole town therefore now presents a curious appearance; it seems, at first sight as if every house in town had a cross upon it. It is announced on very good authority that the Turks, who are not lacking in rough shrewdness, marked their houses with the sacred symbol, and thus escaped the pillage which they feared. This is highly probable.

Hunting the Beaver.

"Have you ever hunted them yourself?" asked Willie.

"I once, when quite a young man joined in a hunting expedition with a number of others, some of whom were Indians and experienced trappers," answered his uncle. "Tell us all about it, Uncle," said both boys in the same breath. "It must have been famous sport."

"For us it certainly was," said Uncle George, laughing; "but whether the beavers enjoyed it as well, I leave you to imagine. We started out armed with spears and other necessary instruments, and having arrived at a collection of their houses, we proceeded first to stake the river all the way across, to prevent them from passing. This done, the more experienced of the number walked along the edge of the banks, knocking repeatedly against the ice with a club attached to the end of a staff four or five feet long, with which each was provided. Those accustomed to it can tell at once by the sound when they strike opposite any of the holes which form the beavers' retreats, and an opening was made in the ice, large enough to admit an old beaver. In this way they proceeded until all, or at least, as many as possible of the holes had been discovered. While this was being done by the principal men, the others, including myself, were busy breaking open the houses, and I assure you we found it no easy work, for some were five or six feet thick, and one less than eight feet thick on the crown. We could easily tell when the beaver retreated to their holes in the bank for shelter, by attending to the motion of the water. This being seen, the entrance was blocked up with stakes of wood, after which the animal was dispatched with a spear, and drawn up by the hand, if he could be reached; if not, by means of a hook fastened to the end of a stick intended for that purpose. Sometimes, however, they are caught in nets, and in summer very frequently in traps."

Fred, who was very fond of animals, and possessed pets of all kinds, now wished to know if they were ever tamed.

"Yes," said Uncle George. "I had one given to me, which had been trapped, when I was a youth. At first I confined it in a wire cage, but afterwards it became so tame that it would answer to its name and follow me around like a dog. If I were absent it evidently missed me, and, upon my return always showed unmistakable signs of pleasure. We were often amused by the little fellow's antics, and, one day on returning, found that he had woken the branches given him to nibble upon, through the bars of his cage, forming a dam; having filled up the holes by pieces of carrots and other vegetables, given as food, littered into the required size and shape. Before this he sat with a satisfied air, as though he had performed as necessary a task as the same would have been had it been erected in a lake or river. This feat was afterwards repeated several times in our sitting room, where I kept him during the winter, the dam being made up of such articles as he could contrive to lay hold of, thus showing that the beavers, ingenious and clever as he most assuredly is, must be guided entirely by instinct, and not by reason."—From "A Visit to the Beavers."

A North Carolina boy up a tree tied a rope around his neck, told his sister he was going to hang himself, and jumped to the ground, supposing the rope was long enough to reach, but it was seven feet too short and he broke his neck.

A Greek, well known to be a Russian agent has given the Committee of National Defence at Athens 10,000 chassepots and 2,000,000 cartridges, and the gift has been accepted.

When a dog barks at night in Japan the owner is arrested and sentenced to work a year for the neighbors that were disturbed, and the dog is killed.

Amusing Incident at a Bridal Party.

One evening recently a member of the Elk Association, of Brooklyn, N. Y., was married to a young lady residing on Humboldt street. In the height of the festivities the joker of the association by some means got possession of the bride's tiny satin slipper. This he circled about his head as the guests, attracted by the bride's timid scream, began to gather about him.

"How much, ladies and gentlemen," said he, "am I offered for this?" The guests, fully appreciating the joke, freely made bids. Upon a bid of \$70 being made the amateur auctioneer figured to be displeased, and exclaimed: "Why, the little bunch of fibbons on it is worth more than that." The bid having been raised to \$125, by an admirer of the young bride, the members of the association themselves began to compete for the possession of the slipper, and with a call of \$150 gained the prize. The fortunate gentlemen intend to cover it with a glass case and place it in a prominent position in their club-rooms. During this bidding the blushing bride and disconcerted groom stood utterly dumfounded on the outskirts of the crowd of laughing guests. The occurrence is said to have aroused the groom's mathematical ardor, and he is reported to be studiously engaged in endeavoring to solve the problem: "If the little slipper is worth \$150, how much is the little girl herself worth?"

Vitriol Vinegar.

The Board of Health of the District of Columbia has condemned five car loads of vinegar sent there from Chicago, on the ground that it is not a genuine article, and is injurious to health.

An analysis of the so-called vinegar has been made. It appears, according to the report of the Board of Health, that the vinegar contains 54.34-100 grains per gallon of anhydrous sulphuric acid, combined with lime, to form a sulphate of lime equivalent to 117.25-100 grains of gypsum per gallon, and besides that, five grains of free sulphuric acid per gallon. The Board also reports that this sample was taken from an invoice of more than 1,000 barrels brought there to be sold as vinegar, and that it is likely to find a ready sale on account of its low price. The report concludes as follows:—"When we think that oil of vitriol (sulphuric acid) can be bought at five cents per pound, and that a pound of said acid would render a barrel of fluid as acid as the strongest vinegar, the woe that will befall the consumer, and the danger to the public health, is a fact of which the people will readily believe. It is asserted that probably one half the vinegar sold at city groceries is a rank poison, with either sulphuric or other objectionable acids for its base.—Scientific American.

The following verse is very common in some cemeteries, it first appeared with the date of 1493, as follows:

"Behold and see, as you pass by,
As you are now, so once was I,
As I am now, so you must be;
Prepare for death and follow me."
It caused some critic to write underneath,
"To follow you I am not content,
Until I know which way you went."

Cement for Fastening Knives and Forks into their Handles.

Take one pound resin and half pound of powdered sulphur; melt together, and mix in about twelve ounces of fine sand or powdered brick. Fill the cavity of the handle with this mixture, melted. Make the Shank of the knife or fork quite warm and insert in place and let it remain until cool, when it will be found to be firmly fixed. The handles of knives and forks should not be put in hot water.

How to make Old Steel Pens Good as New.

A subscriber says a pen sometimes becomes the inside corners wear off, and look like the bottom of a M. To restore it, rub the end square and even on a whetstone. Bring the slope of the nib to a point to suit you. Then, holding the pen nearly upright, roll it around, holding the nib on the stone to make the point round. Make it as round as you can.

James Gordon Bennett is to start a paper in London.

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