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## In the After-Glow.

Can it be that the day is gone?  
It seems not very long  
Since the morning joys were won  
With treasures of light and song;  
And the hills were fair in the golden dawn,  
And the waves were merry and full of play,  
And the daisies laughed on the green, green lawn.  
For joy of the day,  
But the morning passed full soon,  
And the light was strong and brave,  
As it blazed in the skies at noon,  
And silvered the shining wave,  
And the gray old rocks looked young again,  
And the sober trees grew light and gay,  
And all the people forgot their pain,  
And the whole earth joined in a glad strain,  
And "glory to God" was the sweet refrain  
That rose from the sea and spread o'er the plain.  
For joy of the day,  
But the early eve was the best,  
Oh, fair was the hour to me  
When the sun shone out in the West  
O'er the tranquil sea;  
And the softer lights like a chastened pleasure,  
And a lower calm, like a solemn measure,  
Came luring my heart away;  
And the golden hues of the sea and shore,  
The shadows behind and the lights before,  
The wistful light story told o'er and o'er  
Brought a picture I had never known before  
For joy of the day,  
But I saw the sun sink down,  
Away in the farthest west;  
He was wearing his brightest crown,  
As he royally sank to his rest;  
But I turned away in sadness  
That I never again might know  
The fair, strong light of the brilliant day,  
The mirth and the music passed away—  
When I found myself in my gladness  
In the after-glow.  
Farewell to the busy day,  
The labor and strife and care,  
The music and mirth and play,  
And welcome the hour of prayer!  
When the last red light fades out from the west,  
And the hour is come that I love the best,  
And the darkening sands by my feet are pressed,  
I shall pass away to my home of rest  
Through the after-glow.  
—Marianne Farnham.

## A Strange Story of Real Life.

The New York correspondent of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* vouchers for the truth of the following story:

A few years ago, when P. T. Barnum was about to open his hippodrome in New York city, among others who applied for a position as "driver" to one of the four-hand Roman chariots was a fine-looking girl of eighteen, about medium height, with a lovely blonde complexion, light brown hair flecked with gold, and blue eyes. She attracted Mr. Barnum's attention at once, though more for her manners than her appearance, which were very modest and lady-like. On being questioned, she refused to say anything about herself, and when finding she was a fair musician and a good German scholar, she was asked why she did not teach, or get a position as a companion to some lady, she replied that no one would take her without references, and these she could not furnish. After giving some specimens of her skill in driving, she was engaged and joined the company.

As generally known, hippodrome racing is a dangerous amusement, but the few accidents usually result from the wild state of excitement into which both horses and drivers get when entered for a race and striving for a prize which is usually offered. Knowing their risk, it is with difficulty that women with sufficient nerve and physical strength can be found to drive, and when they are they command high wages. When, then, this young girl, who was known in the company as "Mlle. Louise," offered her services, it was with surprise that they saw the courage and skill with which she handled the "ribbons." Night after night she went through her part triumphantly, and grew to be a great favorite with the public, especially as she frequently came out ahead, the horses understanding her so perfectly that they obeyed every inflection of her voice.

On a certain memorable evening there was present among the spectators a prominent young lawyer of New York city, a man of good looks, bearing and means, and who at that time was conducting a lawsuit of the company, which led him frequently to the office of the business manager, which was in the building. On one occasion the two were chatting together when Mlle. Louise entered. The lawyer remarked upon her good looks. "Yes," said the manager, "but she is more than good-looking. She is thoroughly good, and lives like a man. There has never been one word of scandal connected with her name. She gets more flowers and love letters than any other woman in the company; but she never takes any notice of either, and won't even take them home with her."

"Where does she come from?" asked the lawyer.  
"That is more than any one has found out yet. She is a lady, of that I am

sure, and I have heard her speak in both French and German. But don't cast your eye in that direction, my young friend, or you will get shipped like the rest."

Nevertheless the man of legal lore became anxious to know what manner of woman this was, and finally got into the habit of dropping in nearly every evening to take a look at her. For a long time she seemed oblivious to his presence, though she could not help noticing him, as he always stood in the same place; but one evening, as she drove into the green room, and jumped out of her chariot, her dress caught in the wheel; he released it. She thanked him, and so the acquaintance began. For a time she was only coldly polite, but, gradually acquiring confidence in him, became more talkative and cordial, though she refused his repeated requests to call.

One evening Mr. Barnum offered a laurel wreath to the winner of the race, and Mlle. Louise declared she would win it, but, nevertheless, through some trifles, she came in second. Seeing her disappointment the gallant young lawyer told her she should have another chance, and forthwith he had made at Tiffany's an elegant gold-mounted riding-whip. When the evening came the prize was announced by the manager, and quite a flutter of excitement ensued. As Mlle. Louise mounted her chariot, her admirer noticed that she was very pale, and he said (half laughing and half in earnest), "Now, take care. I don't want anybody killed in riding for that whip." At this she shrugged her shoulders disdainfully, and replied: "Do you suppose I am afraid? No, it is not that; but I hope I shall never leave that track alive."

"That is a dreadful speech to make."

"Is it? Well, it needn't make any difference to any one that I know of. Before he could reply the signal was given, and the eight glittering chariots, drawn by thirty-two magnificent horses, adorned with golden harnesses and flying ribbons, started. Every driver wore his own color, and Mlle. Louise had chosen flaming garments of pale blue, and a helmet of silver. Down the track flew the chariots and riders, the steeds seeming to have a human understanding of the struggle; the band burst into loud martial strains; the people cheered, and now red passed blue; then came yellow to the front; but gleaming blue and silver shot by; with tense faces and erect figures the three women urged on their horses, and the young lawyer watched with a chill at his heart this desperate race.

The goal was almost reached, and with her fair hair flying over her blue mantle, a burning flush on either cheek, and clenched teeth, Louise cheered on her horses only a length more, when the woman in red pulled her steeds slightly to the right—a fearful crash followed, the wild neigh of a horse in agony, a woman's groans, and a crowd of horrified attendants rushed to the rescue, separated the horses, and drew from under their feet the form of Louise, for she had been thrown over the front of her chariot and under their very hoofs.

A litter was brought. She was laid upon it, and amidst the murmurs and exclamations of the bystanders, was carried out. Almost the first at her side was the young lawyer, who gazed with terror on her cold, rigid form, with its white agonized face, upon which was the imprint of a hoof, and the staring eyes which saw nothing. Seizing her hand to feel her pulse, her fingers closed like a vise on his, and with a convulsive effort she murmured: "That was a terrible wish," and relapsed into unconsciousness. Doctors were sent for, and, on examination, they found an arm broken, a knee-cap almost crushed, and many cruel bruises. She was carried home, and, he it said to Mr. Barnum's credit, was not allowed to get up for anything. Her new friend called frequently to leave fruit and flowers for her, and at last, when she was announced convalescent, was admitted to her presence. Then she told her story, simple, short and sorrowful.

Born and brought up in a little town not a hundred miles from Albany, and by parents who, though not wealthy, were in comfortable circumstances and the owners of a small hotel, she had led a happy life until she reached seventeen, at which age she enjoyed all the dignity of leading the village choir and driving her own span of ponies. About that time the salesman of a well-known firm in St. Louis stopped at her father's house, fell in love with her, proposed marriage and was accepted, she thinking it a very fine thing to have a lover from a large city.

Shortly afterward they were wedded and went to St. Louis to live, her husband taking her to his sister's home. His sister was a spinster of uncertain age and temper, but having a large interest in the firm which her brother represented, carried things with a high hand and completely ruled him. When the young wife was introduced she was first found fault with because she was young, then because she was pretty; her manners, clothes and acquaintances

were all criticized and condemned, the husband, not having courage enough to uphold his wife, siding with his sister.

To Louise, a petted and only daughter, this treatment was maddening. She resented it, and matters went from bad to worse. Finally, without taking even a change of clothes with her, she ran away in a fit of desperation and came to New York city, where she joined the hippodrome as related.

The young lawyer listened to the story with painful interest, deciding on only one thing, that she must not renew her circus life. At first she insisted on rejoining the company when she was well enough, but finally yielded to his suggestion—study for the stage, as she had considerable dramatic talent. This she did with Miss Fanny Morant, who asks \$200 a month for two terms, and with such success that she felt warranted in making her appearance at McVicker's last season in the "Two Orphans," and under the name of Miss Meroe Charles.

It is needless to say that the young lawyer paid the expenses of her dramatic training, and furnished her outfit, but it is useful to add that all his efforts for her were made with a disinterestedness as rare as it is beautiful in the generosity of man toward woman, especially toward the woman who is loved. Her confidence in his honor he held sacred by upholding hers, and so it happened that afterward, while on a Southern tour with Edwin Booth, who took a kindly interest in her, they played in St. Louis; and among the audience was her husband, who at once recognized her.

The next day she received a long letter from him expressing sincere repentance for the past, acknowledging his lack of courage, and adding that his sister was now dead, and that if she would return he would devote the remainder of his life to making her happy. This letter she gave to the man who had so generously befriended her, with a note saying that to him she owed everything, and promising to follow his decision.

Realizing that the offer meant for her honor, comfort and peace, he answered in one word, "Return," which she did, and is now settled in her own home in St. Louis; and that is the reason that the world theaters know no more of Meroe Charles.

## A Western Romance.

The Dubuque (Ia.) *Times* prints the following romantic story: Not many moons have waned since it became known throughout society circles of this city that Mr. C. Blank was deeply enamored of Miss —. The engagement ring glittered upon a shapely finger, and the loving couple were wedded, sailed and visited together through the lovely days and evenings of the summer past.

A few weeks ago circumstances made it practicable, if not necessary, for the young lover to seek more distant and fresher pastures in which to gather the wherewithal for the maintenance of a wife. So one fine day C. took his innamorata to his arms, impressed a farewell kiss upon her alabaster forehead or her coral lips (history does not record which), and he was whirled away over the iron rails of the Illinois Central to another and more promising State between Iowa and New Jersey. C. is a young man of good habits, of keen business sagacity, industry and integrity. He was soon ensconced in a pleasant and lucrative situation, and in hopeful and enthusiastic strains indited loving missives to his lady love in this city. Notwithstanding the fact that C. possessed all the many qualities that are supposed to fit a man for the highest walks of business and social life, there was yet wanting a nobler, sublimer and rarer gift without which no man can pass the portals of the world's approbation—the gift of fortune's smiles. A man may be rich in nature's gifts, but if the fickle goddess withholds her golden smiles, those that nature may lavish upon him are of little avail. This being his exact dilemma, the family of Miss — of course very properly turned up their noses and perceptibly sneered at the idea of a match so ill assorted as that of C. and the charming and only daughter of the house of —. This family of "long descent" had hoped that absence would conquer love and that the flame would die upon the shrine of forgetfulness. Not so, as a letter carelessly left one day by the young lady upon her dressing table revealed the curious eyes of an overly anxious aunt and mamma. Then a scheme was concocted by which no more loving billets-doux would be transmitted by wily Uncle Sam from the excellent and impoverished lover in the East. The morning and evening mails were carefully collected by the guardians of domestic peace and happiness. The love letters were intercepted, read and consigned to the kitchen flames. Miss — began to think her lover, like most other lovers, had grown indifferent and inconsistent. Mr. Blank reciprocated the opinion in regard to his absent love, and it began to look as though one Dubuque wedding cake, at least, was all

dough. The young lady confided her suspicions of her lover's perfidy, his neglect and silence to a "mutual friend" and correspondent of Mr. Blank's. Another week passed, and through this providential Frank Moulton a voluminous letter was placed in the young lady's hands. The oft-repeated story that had been repeated through long consumed letters was told again, and then the lady, fortified with the document, confronted the mamma and the aunt, when a scene ensued that can be more graphically imagined than described in written words. Camphor, chloral, valerian, all failed to quiet the nerves of the two badly broken females, but when the young lady informed them that her persecuted, wronged and faithful lover held a lucrative position in a well-known banking house in the East, they so far recovered composure as to give a reluctant consent to an early marriage. The affair was soon settled. A few weeks ago there was a quiet wedding up town, and in a few hours more the bride and groom were gone, while those who are left behind have come to the conclusion that the best thing that the sisters and the cousins and the aunts, and we may add, nervous man-mans of lovers can do is to let Cupid run his own business, on his own plan. The more he is interfered with, the more trouble he will make, and above all things, the letters which he dictates are sacred to the eyes only for which they are intended, and he will brook no meddling in his affairs.

## "For Grandma."

A bit of a girl, not more than eight years old, wearing a faded old hat, and her calico apron full of rents and holes, entered the postoffice yesterday with an unstamped letter in her hand and said to the first person she met:

"Say, I've writ a long letter to my grandma, and I want to know if this is the place to leave it?"

"Yes, this is the place," he answered, "but you must put a stamp on it."

"Won't they carry a little girl's letter to her grandma for nothing?" she asked.

"I guess not."

"Then I don't know what to do, and I am awful sorry, for I told her I had a new doll baby, and that my cat was dead, and that ma was awful sick, and that the little girl who used to play with me was dead. If they'll send my letter, I'll pay just as soon as ever I can."

"I'll put on a stamp for you," said the gentleman, as he took the letter.

"Will you? Now, that's real good. Maybe I'll be rich and you'll be poor some day, and I know I'll lend you tea and coffee and whatever you want. Is your grandma dead?"

"Yes."

"That's too bad! Did she have the scarlet rash or the measles?"

"I hardly think so. Here—I'm afraid your letter won't go."

"Oh, yes it will, for I got a big boy to direct it, and he writ just as slow and big as he could."

It was directed: "For Grandma," Ohio, and almost every other letter was a capital. The man shook his head, and the child cried out:

"See how big the writing is! It'll go straight to grandma, and she'll be tickled to death to hear from me! I was more'n a whole week writing it, and at the end it says: 'I'd give anything to kiss you.' Oh! I know I'll go!"

He looked into her child-face and could say nothing to crush the hopes she had cherished and the work she had accomplished.

"It may reach her," he said as he posted it.

"And she'll write back and tell me if any of her cats are dead, and if the hen have got more chickens, and if any more boys have fallen into the pond! Just think of me writing to my grandma away off, and grandma writing back and putting a regular stamp on the letter! I can't wait, for I know I'll feel awful big over the other girls! Well, goodbye—I'll pay you just as soon as ever I can, and I hope to die if I don't!"—*De troit Free Press.*

## Poor Substitutes.

Savings banks have, of late years, excited some distrust; but the *Free Press*, for them, says the Detroit *Free Press* cannot be highly recommended. An Illinois gentleman recently placed the coupons of bonds in a tin box and the tin in a stove pipe. The cold spell came on. It seized that gentleman with alternate fits of hotness, reaching home one day, he found a fire in the stove. The Washington Bureau of Redemption refused to cash the ashes, not because they were ashes, but because they were detached from the bonds. Hereafter be mindful to put bonds and all into your stove pipes!

Near Sacramento a woman had \$120 in coin and no place to put it. Thinking that no one would expect to find "eagles" at least not double ones—in a hen's nest, she laid them there, making them an occasional visit. She or somebody else—went once too often for her own comfort; her eagles had evidently been hatched and had flown away.

## Getting Out the Newspaper.

The following from *Blackwood's Magazine* sketches the process of getting out the paper, and will be recognized by all journalists: Nimble fingers are moving by instinct about the compartments of the type boxes mechanically translating thought into metal. There is a hum of "reading" from a dozen different places, and every now and then, from chamber apart, comes spasmodically the steady click of the telegraph. You are never secure from some fresh interruption of news, that may compel a modification of arrangements that must always be provisional. A revolution may have broken out in Japan, or death may have surprised some distinguished personage, and compositors are to be outstripped by commenting on the facts, and elaborating details, autobiographical, or otherwise. Conceive the feeling of the respectable Herr Faust, could he have dropped in upon the quick-witted and facile scribes who have replaced Paccius and his slow-going compeers. There are laborious individuals still busy with the scissors and the paste when the eyes of their families and friends have been closed for hours in peaceful slumber. There are two gentlemen at least dashing off the leaders, pronouncing judicially and literally with the rapidity of thought on the debate that is drawing to a close in the House, or the event that may be the starting point of a new cycle of policy. It is an accomplishment that readers scarcely appreciate at its value—that of writing calmly and reflectively under an excess of high pressure; with the arriere pensee that you are hopelessly lost should you hesitate or your inspiration fail you. When the thread of your ideas is in danger of being perpetually interrupted by the presentation of quick but close revision of the earlier slips of your comprehensive article; and when you know that your brain-work will be scanned by the capable expert whose ideas you are countervailing. Then there are the "able editor" and his faithful aides, who must always have all their wits about them night after night and month after month. It is for them to direct and control the whole; to procure at least a creditable semblance of consistency on the widest range of conceivable subjects, political, religious, financial and social. A decision to be dashed at on the spur of the moment may commit them to a policy there is no reconsidering and no irretrievable injury to their reputation for perspicacity; while the matter for a damaging action for libel may be lurking in the lines of the most insignificant paragraph. Happily the inexorable hour is approaching which dismisses them to an interval of comparative repose. Time and expresses will wait for no one, and the items of belated news must stand aside for the later editions. Then the bustle is promptly stilled as by enchantment; the troops of disheveled workmen disperse, the jaded editor and his staff go home to supper and bed; a practiced hand or two and some half a dozen boys may be trusted with the completion of the mere mechanical operations. The endless web gliding through the grasp of the cylinders is turned into piles of copies of the *Times* or the *Standard*, and an hour or two later they are being scattered broadcast over the country, to be thrown aside the next day for their ephemeral successors.

## A Smart Trick.

A few days since a young man dressed in the height of fashion came, with all the other travelers, of the train which had just reached Paris from Brussels. He had scarcely quitted the car when he was accosted courteously: "You wish a porter, sir?" "The very thing I was looking for. Will you take this valise and show me the way to Hotel de la Roumanie, Boulevard de Michel. As this is my first visit to Paris, I prefer going there on my own feet. At your service, sir, crossed Pont Neuf, when the instead of following St. Michel, the port of arms, turned to the left, went to the Quai de l'Horloge and entered the Prefecture of Police."

He went to the owner of the valise: "I am going to introduce you to the master of the house," as he ushered him into the office of the head detective. The latter no sooner laid eyes on the stranger than he said: "Why, good day, M. Vanwater. You have just come from Antwerp, where you stole a large sum of money. You have already spent five years in jail for a similar crime. What on earth possessed you to want to put up at Hotel de la Roumanie, where lodgings are dear, when you know I had a chamber at your disposal for which I would not charge one cent?" The thief was put in a cell until the legal papers to warrant his extradition reached Paris.

Mrs. W. G. Venson, who gave Texas its "one star" title has recently died at Crawford, Ga. The incident occurred in 1835, when Mrs. Venson, then Miss Frautman, gave Col. Ward's command of Georgians, enlisted for the war in Texas, a silk flag with one star upon it. The banner was taken to Goliad, Tex., where it remained till Texas declared its independence of Mexico, when it was taken down and torn to pieces.

## Practice What You Preach.

Advice is cheap, the market's full,  
O'er ready some to teach,  
While o'er the eyes the wool they pull,  
Nor practice what they preach.  
The monstrous "beam" is never seen,  
The "mote" provokes their scorn,  
The while seductive vice they screen,  
Nor practice what they preach.  
Sweet charity take by the hand,  
Fair justice's height to reach,  
Where others slip, you firmly stand,  
And practice what you preach.  
Precept is good, ex-ample's best,  
Be chary then of speech,  
So live that very life attest:  
You practice what you preach.  
—Quincy Morgan Argo.

## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The Paris Omnibus Company owns 12,000 picked horses.

Of the 9,000,000 voters in the United States, 6,000,000 are farmers.

Olio papers complain that the forests are disappearing in that State.

Frank P. Blair's monument, which St. Louis is to raise, will cost \$30,000.

In 1860 there were 1,311,246 hands engaged in the manufacturing industries of the United States; in 1870 the number was 2,053,996; in 1880 the number will not be less than 3,500,000.

The peanut crop for this year is reported larger than that of last, and is estimated at 125,000 bushels for North Carolina, 600,000 for Tennessee, and 1,000,000 for Virginia, making a total that is an increase of 335,000 bushels over the yield of last year. The value of last year's crop at first hands was \$1,500,000.

The Baldwin Locomotive Works, of Philadelphia, have at the present time no less than 2,250 names on the mechanics' pay-roll. Six years have elapsed since anything approaching this number of men were in the shops. The total production of locomotives for the year will reach 400. This is the largest manufacture for any one year since 1873.

One of the returned warriors from Zululand was at Rorke's Drift and witness to the following incident: A clergyman in clerical attire was hard at work handing out cartridges to the men, and he did it with a will. A private near was taking shots at the Zulus and cursing the while in the most ingenious manner. "Don't swear, man!" shouted the clergyman. "Don't swear at them; shoot them!"—*London Truth.*

A curious incident happened during a fishing excursion of three men from Cumberland, Md., on the South Branch. A string of fish was fastened in the water at the edge of the river. When the fishermen came to take the fish they found that a fine bass had been added to the string. On examination they found that the big bass had swallowed one of the smaller ones on the string and then could not get away, falling a victim to his greediness.

On the continent of Europe the land is cultivated in much smaller parcels than is customary in England. According to M. Lavigne, 50,000 proprietors in France possess each an average of 750 acres, 500,000 have an average of seventy-five acres, and 5,000,000 an average of ten and a half acres. In Belgium, 1,500,000 are even more minutely subdivided in France, the average property rate plots is given by at 1.36 acres.

Under wheat in 1878 there was 30,000,000 acres, the United States what it is in England, or above since 1875 being estimated the 400,000 acres. The average yield of wheat, however, is about half the average yield per acre in the United Kingdom. The acreage under oats in this country is now nearly 12,000,000 acres, and that under Indian corn about 51,000,000 acres, the increase since 1870 being fifty and thirty-one per cent. respectively.

## Largest Bee Farm in America.

The Canada Farmer pronounces the bee farm of D. A. Jones, near Beeton, Ontario, the most extensive and successful in the country. It consists of four bee yards, each covering about an acre of ground carefully enclosed, and contains besides the hives and summer store rooms, a house for wintering the bees. The hives used are oblong, pine wood boxes, with a cubic capacity of 3,240 inches, the inside measure being fifteen by eighteen by twelve. Mr. Jones' four bee yards contain 250, 150, 150 and seventy of such hives respectively, and he reckons 30,000 bees a rood swarm for one of them. At the end of July Mr. Jones had secured 50,000 pounds of honey from 600 stocks of bees. He expects a total yield for the year of 70,000 pounds of honey from his 19,000,000 little workers, in which case he would get between \$7,000 and \$10,000 for the year's product, without taking into account the sale of swarms or of queen bees. This successful apiarist estimates the year's total outlay at \$2,100, nearly half of which, however, is interest on capital which has grown up with the business.