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The Song of the Fiddler Man.

The fiddler man was old and gray,
The fiddler man was thin,
And his fiddle it had a grumpy crack,
All up and down its poor old back,
And it let a discord in,
But wherever he went, or wherever he came,
The fiddler's welcome was ever the same;
And the song that he sang had a cheery sound
As day as he traveled his weary round;
The sun may shine, and the rain may fall,
But the good God ruleth over all;
Sung the fiddler old and gray,
The fiddler man had neither lands,
Nor flocks, nor herds, nor gold;
He earned what he had of meat and drink,
And lodging, and clothes, and a bit of chink,
With his fiddle so cracked and old;
As up and down each street and lane,
In the sultry sun or the chilly rain,
With twang string, but with cherry strain,
He fiddled and sang the old refrain—
"The sun may shine and the rain may fall,
But the good God ruleth over all,"
And all are fed by his hands."

The fiddler man had wealth untold;
Aye, sure he had great gain;
For he came and went, as free as air,
And his brow was bent with brooding care,
As he trudged through street and lane,
And over city pavements, hot and dry,
Or by grassy lanes 'neath the open sky,
As he toiled along on his busy feet,
The children hopped his steps to greet,
As he cheerily sang to the great and small,
Of the God who ruled over all,
And whose love is better than gold.

Ab, fiddler man, the grass is green
Above the grave-yard hill,
And the fiddle that had such a grumpy crack
All up and down its poor old back,
Forevermore is still,
But wherever thy name, the fiddler's name,
Is kindly welcome is ever the same;
In the rose-hedge lane or the city street,
Where oft went singing his weary feet,
Fond hearts re-echo the cheery sound
Of the fiddler's song, with its faith profound—
"Though the sun may shine, or the rain may fall,
Yet the dear God ruleth over all,
So they kept his memory green."
—Christian Union.

"LITTLE GIRL."

Pretty as a picture was Little Girl,
Silky, faint-golden hair; eyes "deeply,
beautifully blue;" lashes long and dark,
lips daintily curved and red as strawberries,
and the most angelic expression
of contentment—an expression that
artists seek in vain when endeavoring to
portray infantile saints or cherubim.
Ethel was the name that her sponsors
in baptism unto her did give; but, being
the only girl among ten children, as well
as the youngest of them all, "Little
Girl" she had been dubbed by her nine
brothers, immediately on making her
appearance in the family circle, and "Little
Girl," with various fond adjectives
prefixed, she had remained ever since.
Never, I verily believe, in all this world
was child so adored by her father and
mother—so worshipped by her brothers—
so petted and caressed by her uncles,
her cousins and her aunts—of whom she
had a great number—as Little Girl. She
had actually gone through the first four
years of her life without ever hearing an
impatient word, much less receiving an
impatient blow. But in the beginning
of the fifth year Little Girl came very
near learning the crisp, old English word
"spank" and feeling the definition of it.
And the way it happened was this:
Aunt Delia Steele, who lived in New
York, came to visit Mrs. Raymond, Little
Girl's mamma, that summer. She was
a tall, fine-looking woman—girl she
called herself—with great heavy braids
of jet-black hair—arched eyebrows to
correspond—rosy cheeks and chin, and
dazzling white teeth. She owned to
being twenty-five years old, played and
sang tolerably well—danced, not badly—
and talked upon many subjects with
so much animation and so many shrugs
of her shipping shoulders and flashes of
her black eyes, that you wondered why
it was you could never remember a single
thing she said.

Shortly after her arrival at Raymond
House—Mrs. Raymond, by the bye,
was only a half-sister, and as different as
possible—being fair, short, and rather
stout—the following conversation took
place between the two ladies one bright
morning when they sat sewing together
in the cozy sitting-room:

Mrs. Raymond—Delia, my dear, it is
really time you were settled.
Miss Steele—As if I didn't know it,
Minnie! And you've no idea how stingy
pa is getting—raised an awful row about
my last dressmaking bill. I do wish I
had accepted Will Hazelton.

Minnie—Why didn't you?
Delia—I thought Harvey Young, who
had a thousand a year more, was coming
forward. I'm sure he gave me every
reason to believe he was—but he didn't.

Minnie—(sentimentally)—If girls would
only wait until the men they want did
come forward before jitting the men who
want them—

Delia—Yes, yes, I know all you were
going to say. I've heard it a hundred
times before. And there hasn't a soul
proposed to me since Will—that's two

years ago—except Mr. Beers, and I
couldn't marry him, you know—now
could I? He had a dreadful squint and
six children.

Minnie—(dropping her work and clasp-
ing her hands)—I have it, Elam Bean!
Delia—What name? Who is he?
Minnie—A young farmer who lives a
couple of miles from here. His mother
died a few months ago, and I know he
wants a wife. He has houses, lands,
cattle and money. Is decently well edu-
cated, tall, good-looking and generous.

Delia—(with a grimace)—A farmer! I'm
afraid I never could bring myself to love
pigs and chickens.
Minnie—You'd have nothing to do
with the pigs and chickens. You'd have
a splendid home and be near me and Little
Girl—(dwelling with fondness on the
pet-name). You'd better make up your
mind to marry him, Delia. I'm sure you
can if you choose. There's no one in
this place to rival you. He wants an ac-
complished wife. He has told me so.

He's a few years younger than you—
Delia—But he needn't know that.
Minnie—Of course not. That is, he
needn't know how many. It may be
your last chance, Delia, and it's almost
good enough to be a first one. Nice
house, fruit orchard, pony, phaeton—
Delia—(interrupting)—Enough. Ring
up the curfew. Enter Elam Bean.
Minnie—I'll invite him here to-mor-
row evening.

She did, and he came and was smitten
at once with the dark hair and brows,
the rosy cheeks and chin, the wonder-
fully fine teeth and the brilliant con-
versation of the stately city lady.

He, himself, as Mrs. Raymond had
said, was a tall, good-looking young fel-
low, with broad shoulders, blue eyes,
chestnut hair, a loud, honest voice, and
a hearty, laugh-provoking laugh.

Sombody in the village thought him
very handsome—poor little Libby Green,
the dressmaker, who lived at Trumpet-
vine cottage, the first small house after
you passed Bean farm, and who had been
a great favorite with Elam's mother, and,
in consequence, Elam having no sisters,
had inherited the good old lady's few
old-fashioned trinkets.

Elam, too, had been very kind to Lib-
bie, and once—before he went to board-
ing-school—used to call her his little
wife. But, alas! she had been able to
go to school only a very short time dur-
ing her life, having always had a blind
father to look after, and her reading was
queer, and her writing peculiar, and she
often said "them" when she should
have said "those," and just as often used
"went" in the place of "gone," and it
was the hardest work for her to remem-
ber that "two negatives are equal to an
affirmative;" and she knew nothing of
music or singing save a few old hymns
which she was wont to sing, as she
sewed, in a sweet bird-like voice; and
she had never waltzed nor galloped in
her life, and wasn't a bit "stylish" in
her simple calicoes and muslins.

Truth to tell she was scarcely pretty,
but she had a winsome face, and made
you think of dandelions and daisies—
friends of the grass and clover.

Elam had liked the little woman in
times gone by very much—still liked
her very much—but she possessed none
of the graces and acquisitions he had
resolved his wife should possess. Miss
Steele seemed almost the realization of
his dreams—as near, indeed, as he could
ever hope to come—and poor Libbie felt
that her fate was sealed the first time
they drove past her home in his buggy,
looking smilingly in each other's faces;
and laying aside the gray silk dress she
was making, for fear the tears might fall
upon and stain the shining fabric, she
wept with all her heart and soul full fif-
teen unhappy minutes.

A month had passed since the fair
match-maker had brought the young
farmer and her not-as-yet sister to-
gether, and all sorts of gayeties and
pleasures had been crowded into that
month. Picnics, drives, singing-parties,
dancing-parties and reading-parties,
at each and all of which Miss Steele had
quipped it with her elegant costumes,
her regal manner and her accomplished
manners.

"I wish she were a little younger,"
said Elam to himself one lovely August
morning as he passed out of his gate on
his way to call on his lady-love; "for to
confess the truth, I would like to have
my wife my junior; but she is so hand-
some—I never saw such hair and teeth—
and so dignified and so clever, I'm sure
I couldn't do better, and I'll propose this
very day." "Ah! Libbie, good morning!"
and with a little twinkle at his heart, for
which he could not account, he strode
past Trumpet-vine cottage, where poor,
pale Libbie (her cheeks used to be red
as roses, he evidently remembered) was
standing, ostensibly tying a fallen vine-
branch to one of the pillars of the porch,
in reality waiting to see him pass.

As he entered the front door of Ray-
mond House (which stood hospitably
open) Little Girl—nurse was in the
kitchen having a chat with the cook, and
the brothers had gone fishing—with
whom he was a great favorite, came joy-
fully running to meet him.

"Vey's out," she said, in her sweet,
baby way, "few minutes to Mrs. Mills'."
(Mrs. Mills was the next neighbor,

about a quarter of a mile away.) She's
going to show you her new dress. I
creamed to go to, but mamma said a
sick dirly vos vare; so me stayed home.
Tell a story."

Elam lifted the pretty little thing upon
his knee and gave her a kiss. "I'll tell
you a story directly," he said. "How is
Aunt Delia?"

"Nacky Aunt Delia—don't love her
any more," tossing her shining head.

"Don't love pretty Aunt Delia?"

"Ain't pretty. Hor's a witch."

"A witch? Why, what do you mean,
Little Girl?"

"You'll never tell," said Little Girl,
standing up on his knee and grasping his
head in her dimpled arms.

"Never!" promised he, shaking him-
self free.

"Vare vos com'ny last night—lots
—six, four, two. An' vey put two strange
chilluns in my bed—hollid chilluns—one
had holes in her stockin's, an' mamma
said I must keep will Aunt Delia. An'
I woked up when Aunt Delia comed up,
an' I looked at her, an' her's a witch—a
hollid old witch. Vare's one in my
fairy-book Santa Claus gib me Christ-
mas."

"But why do you think she's a witch?"
asked Elam, laughing, as the child
broke off in her story to kiss him on the
very top of his nose.

"Cause," said Little Girl, with de-
cision, "she is. She tooked off all her
hair, an' ven she washed her face she
had no red cheeks, an' only one eye-
brow; an' all her tee' fell out, an' I vos
so'raid I frowed myself out vebed an'
runned to mamma. Wouldn't?"

But Elam hastily placed her upon the
floor, and, telling her that he had for-
gotten something and must go home
again, fled from the house, taking a path
which did not lead to Mrs. Mills'.
And the Raymond family, much to
their astonishment, saw no more of
him. "He had been called away un-
expectedly," his old servant told the
messenger they sent with a note of in-
quiry.

But, two weeks after, the milk-boy
brought the news that Elam Bean had
returned to Bean farm, and was married.
"Married!" almost screamed Mrs.
Raymond.

"Yes, ma'am, to Libbie Green, the
dressmaker."
"What ever could have possessed
him?" she said a few moments after to
Miss Steele, who was packing her trunk
preparatory to starting for New York.

"I'm sure I can't imagine," replied
that dark-haired lady, with a scornful
curl of the lip.

If she could have imagined father,
mother, grandmamma, nine brothers
and all the uncles, cousins and other
aunts would have been unable to re-
strain her avenging hand, and Little Girl
would have certainly added "spank" to
her rather limited vocabulary, with a
painfully realizing sense of the meaning
of the word.—Detroit Free Press.

A Noise that Startled Nevada.

Last Thursday morning at 4:30 o'clock,
says a recent issue of the Virginia (New)
Enterprise, there was heard at the San-
tiago mill, Carson City, a tremendous
report and a concussion that not only
shook the building, but which also ap-
peared to shake all the surrounding
mountains. Mr. McKay, superintendent
of the Santiago mill, says the report
was as if an immense quantity of giant
powder had been exploded somewhere
in the neighborhood. The report was
succeeded by a sound as though millions
of bricks were falling. The shock felt
was not like that of an earthquake, as
it did not seem to come from any particu-
lar point of the compass. It was a sort
of side-to-side or rocking motion,
apparently stronger eastward than in
any other direction. Mr. McKay is of
the opinion that the report and concus-
sion, with the great after-quake, were
caused by the fall of an immense meteor.
The report and attendant noises and
phenomena were also heard and observed
by the watchman at the Vivian mill.
We believe Mr. McKay to be correct in
his view of the matter, &c., that the ap-
parent commotion were occasioned by
the bursting and fall of an immense me-
teorite. The same morning, between
the hours of two and three o'clock, a
similar phenomenon was observed in
California, where it was thought that an
earthquake of a peculiar character had
occurred, the shock felt being of about
the same nature as that observed by Mr.
McKay. The earth being but a speck in
the universe, the distance between Ne-
vada and California would amount to a
mere trifle in case of a body coming out
of space and exploding as it approached
the earth. Allowing for the difference
in time, we find that the two fragments
of the meteor reached the earth about
the same hour. It is not unlikely that
other fragments fell between the points
named; also, perhaps, at wide distances,
all over this hemisphere.

The official report on the recent fire
at Irkutsk, Siberia, which destroyed
about 300 houses, shows that sixty lives
were lost, the greater number of whom
were children.

Smitten With the Circus Fever.

Last evening, after the performance
was over at the circus, a young man
called on Chiarini and said he wanted
to see him on private business. The old
veteran took him into his office and
received him with his usual politeness.

"I came up all the way from Carson
to see the show, and I'd like to join,"
said the young man.

"Oh, I see," said the circus man;
"you are a well formed, healthy look-
ing young fellow, and I like to encour-
age such as you." The youth's face
brightened.

"You don't chew, smoke or drink. I
hope."

"Oh, no; honor bright—except soda
and beer."

"You must leave off these bad habits.
They weaken the muscles and paralyze
the nerves. You can soon stop drink-
ing, but your salary will not be large until
you have overcome these tendencies. A
little lemonade—circus lemonade—is all
the performers drink. Call at eleven
o'clock to-morrow morning and I will
see what I can do. You mustn't expect
more than \$50 a week, though, at first.
We never pay high salaries until we
know just what a man can do."

The delighted Carsonite went away
and this morning was on hand.

Chiarini took him to a tent where
three immense Bengal tigers were caged.
Handling him a currycomb and a pair of
shears, he remarked:

"Your duties will be comparatively
light at first. You will go into the cage
and curry the tigers down every morn-
ing, and about once a week cut their
claws; keep 'em down pretty short, so
that when they attack the tiger tamer,
Mr. Wilson, they won't lacerate him
much. Sometimes, but not more than
once a month, you may have occasion to
fight their teeth. You just throw the ani-
mal on his back and hold his head be-
tween your knees. If he acts rough,
belt him on the nose a few times. Keep
belting him until he quiets down."

"Haven't you got a vacancy in the
art department?" asked the young man
from Carson.

"Is art in your line?" inquired Chi-
arini.

"Yes," drawled the young man. "In
the circus I've always run with I was
employed to paint the stripes on the
zebras. I killed so many tigers keepin'
'em straight that the boss wouldn't let
me handle 'em. He said I used 'em too
rough."

Chiarini swears that the terror from
Carson shall have the first vacancy.—
Virginia (New) Chronicle.

Lost Bonds.

The amount of bonds and money lost
by carelessness, says a Washington cor-
respondent, almost exceeds the limits of
belief. Repeated instances have been
brought to the attention of the Treasury
of large losses of notes or bonds by fire
or other causes. Only recently a man
presented for redemption bonds that
would amount to a number of thousands
of dollars. He hid them in the earth at
the bottom of his smoke-house for safe
keeping, and forgot where he had placed
them. Fall came and he commenced to
smoke hams. A fire had been burn-
ing a number of days before he re-
membered that he had placed his
bonds there. He extinguished the fire
and found the bonds had
been completely baked. They could,
however, be identified, and new
ones were issued for them. Instances
have been reported where bonds and
notes have been stored for safe keeping
in old stoves in the summer and forgot-
ten until after fires had been kindled
in the fall. Recently there was pre-
sented for payment at the Treasury an
old obligation of the District of Colum-
bia for \$100, the accumulated interest on
which amounted to \$112. It had been
found in an old trunk. The Treasury
officials remember a great number of
instances which have come within their
observation, and estimate, therefore,
that the actual loss of greenbacks by fire
and carelessness amounts to \$20,000,000.

Emigration Statistics.

According to the records of the Com-
missioners of Emigration 3,772,707 aliens
landed at the port of New York, from
August 1, 1855, to January 1, 1879. Of
these 1,521,566 gave their destination as
New York, and 354,803 went to Illinois,
195,607 to Ohio, 81,955 to Iowa, 69,369 to
Missouri, 51,863 to California, 47,087 to
Indiana, 38,793 to Utah, 21,738 to Kansas
and 19,728 to Nebraska. The destina-
tion of the remainder is unknown.
At a conference of delegates rep-
resenting 200,000 English miners, held in
Manchester recently, a resolution was
unanimously passed in favor of emigra-
tion to the United States.
Similar action has been taken by the
Amalgamated Engineers' Society, whose
headquarters are in London. The en-
gineers on strike in Bradford have been
urgently invited to come to this country,
with promise of immediate employ-
ment and better wages than they can
ever hope to get in England. It is said
that some 300 Bradford engineers are pre-
pared to emigrate, with assistance fur-
nished by the society.—Scientific Ameri-
can.

TIMELY TOPICS.

The Secretary of the United States
Navy has received from Commodore
Shufeldt, in command of the United
States steamship Albatross, on the
west coast of Africa, samples of cotton
goods, showing the prevailing styles and
colors in demand among the natives of
that country and supplied by British
manufacturers. As it is believed that
goods of similar kinds can be supplied
from the manufacturers of the United
States at the same, or lower prices than
these, he is anxious to bring them to the
notice of American merchants and others
who may be disposed to engage in trade
with that country. In order that they
may be informed of the kinds and quality
of the goods in demand, he will send
samples to all such as may desire them,
together with the length, width, and
prices of each kind.

The Appleton (Wis.) Post reports the
discovery in Wisconsin of a curious
plant which produces a kind of cotton
and flax from the same stalk. It has
already been woven into fabrics, and as
any article that will make as good cloth
as can be made from this plant will
make good paper, it has been called the
paper plant. It can be planted in the
spring and cut in the fall and winter.
It bleaches itself white as it stands, and
will yield at least three or four tons to
the acre. From a single root that was
transplanted last spring there grew
twenty large stalks, with 365 pods con-
taining the cotton, with at least sixty
seeds in each. From this root were ob-
tained seven ounces of pure cotton and
over half a pound of flax. It is a very
heavy plant, and grows from six to
seven feet high.

"I asked a famous chemist a few days
ago," says a correspondent of the Cin-
cinnati Commercial, "why platinum and
iridium are so scarce, and his answer is
probably news to most of your readers,
as it was to me. He told me that the
highest degree of heat that can be ob-
tained artificially by electricity is 4,000
degrees centigrade. The heat of the sun
is about 12,000 degrees centigrade. At
that intense temperature the various
gases do not mix, and by the aid of the
spectroscope it is known that all the
metals that are in the earth are also rep-
resented in the sun, but at the surface
of the sun the heavier metals are not
found, and such metals as gold, plat-
inum and iridium, on account of their
superior attraction, form the core of our
sun. In the same way these metals ab-
ound in the center of the earth, while
comparatively small quantities are found
near the surface, so that the electricians
of the future will either have to find
Symmes' hole or do without iridium."

A gorilla from the west coast of Africa
is now lodged in the Crystal Palace,
London. The chimpanzee and orang-
outang have arms that enable them,
with a slight stoop, to touch the ground,
while the arm of a gorilla is not much
out of proportion to a long-armed hu-
man being. In the form of the hand and
fingers, too, it is more like man, these
being much shorter than those of the
other two. Most of all, its ear is strik-
ingly human, for it is small and beauti-
fully formed, and instead of a thin,
leathery flap jutting outward, is set well
to the head. It has also a well-formed
brow, and its dark brown eyes are light-
ed up with an expression that seems to
speak of latent intelligence. In profile
it has the exact resemblance to a little
Guinea native; but looked at full-faced,
the almost total absence of a nose, the
flat open nostrils, the long and powerful
jaws, and the vast cavity which forms
the mouth, rob it of what is suggestive
of the "human face divine." When
standing at its full height the gorilla
may be about two feet, but if it lives to
be full grown it may attain from four to
five feet.

A Well-known Rifleman's Reverses.

Colonel Bodine, one of the best shots
in the American rifle teams that won the
international matches at Creedmoor in
1874 and subsequently in Ireland, has
been forced by business reverses to accept
a position as one of the attendants in
the New York Court of General Ses-
sions. Judge Gildersleeve, who was
captain of the American rifle teams in
the international rifle matches of 1874-5,
is judge at this court, and procured the
place for his old friend. The place is
worth \$100 a month to "Old Reliable,"
the title given to Colonel Bodine when
by the last shot in the closely-contested
match at Creedmoor he turned the tide
of affairs and scored about 1,000, thereby
securing a victory for the American
team. Colonel Bodine, who is a man of
fine presence, and about fifty years of
age, is one of the best long-range shots
in the world. He had a range fitted up
at his home in Highland, Ulster county,
N. Y., at which he practiced constantly,
his collection of rifles being the finest
and most expensive in the United States.
Much sympathy is felt for the rifleman
in his changed condition of affairs, and
he has established himself as a favorite
among the attaches of the Court of Gen-
eral Sessions.

Little by Little.

Little by little the time goes by—
Short if you sing through it, long if you sigh
Little by little—an hour a day,
Gone with the years that have vanished away;
Little by little the race is run,
Trouble and waiting and toil are done.
Little by little the skins grow clear;
Little by little the sun comes near;
Little by little the days smile out
Gladder and brighter on pain and doubt;
Little by little the seed we sow
Into a beautiful yield will grow.
Little by little the world grows strong,
Fighting the battle of right or wrong;
Little by little the ground gives way,
Little by little the right hath away;
Little by little all longing souls
Struggle up near the shining goals.
Little by little the good in men
Blossoms to beauty for human ken,
Little by little the angels see
Prophecies better of good to be;
Little by little the God of all
Lifts the world nearer the pleading call.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

There are 313 churches in Chicago.
Motto for bakers—Dough to dough
right.—Toronto Graphic.

Too much of a good thing, as the kit-
ten said when it fell into the milk pail.
There are 1,250,000 miles of telegraph
wires in the world. They cost \$200,-
000,000.

A goose is an inoffensive fowl, and yet
everybody gets down on her.—Ontario
Republican.

In the new Eddystone lighthouse, off
the Cornish coast, the new electric light
will be tried.

General Garibaldi has arrived on the
island of Capra, where he intends to
pass the rest of his life.

In all the important fossil discoveries
of the past thirteen centuries, no fossil
has yet been found that was as big as its
name.—New York.

The New York horse-car companies
are experimenting with a view to sub-
stituting compressed air instead of
horses as a motor.

The fifty-three young men whom Alex-
ander H. Stephens helped to an educa-
tion repaid the money as soon as they
were able to earn it.

Three prominent silk manufacturers at
Mooresfield, England, are coming to
Paterson, N. J., next year with several
hundred workmen to carry on their busi-
ness.

Mrs. A. T. Stewart refuses to give
\$200,000 for the dead body of her hus-
band. And she does right. She can get
a live husband for less money.—Norris-
town Herald.

In 1859 Flora Temple made herself
famous by trotting a mile in 2:19; in
1867 Dexter covered a mile in 2:17; in
1874 Goldsmith Maid fixed her record
at 2:14, and in 1879 Rarus made a mile
in 2:13.

Two years ago the farmers in Han-
cock county, Ky., "posted" their lands so
as to prevent sportsmen shooting upon
them. In the interval the squirrels
have so multiplied that a large part of
the corn crop in the county has been de-
stroyed.

Stop Scowling.

Don't scowl, it spoils faces. Before
you know it your forehead will resem-
ble a small railroad map. There is a
grand trunk line now from your cowl
to the edge of your nose, intersected by
parallel lines running east and west, with
curves arching over eyebrows; and, oh,
how much older you look for it.

Scowling is a habit that steals upon
us unawares. We frown when the light
is too strong and when it is too weak.
We lie our brows into a knot when we
are thinking, and knit them even more
tightly when we cannot think. There
is no denying there are plenty of things
to scowl about. The baby in the cradle
frowns when something fails to suit.
"Constitutional scowl," we say. The
little toddler who likes sugar on his
bread and butter tells his trouble in the
same way when you leave the sugar off.
"Cross," we say about the children, and
"worried to death" about the grown
folks, and as for ourselves, we can't
help it. But we must. Its reflex influ-
ence makes others unhappy; for face
answereth unto face in life as well as in
water. It betrays our religion. We should
possess our souls in such peace that it
will reflect itself in placid countenances.

If your forehead is ridged with wrinkles
before forty, what will it be at
seventy? There is one consoling thought
about these marks of time and trouble—
the death angel always erases them.
Even the extremely aged, in death, often
wear a smooth and peaceful brow, thus
leaving our last memories of them calm
and tranquil. But our business is with
life. Scowling is a kind of silent scold-
ing. For pity's sake, let us take a sad
iron, or a glad iron or smoothing tool or
some sort, and straighten these creases
out of our faces before they become in-
delibly engraved upon our visage.—Es-
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