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Song.

Oh, kiss me once, good-bye sweetest,
Oh, kiss me once, good-bye!
Since love was made to roam, dear love,
And birds were made to fly,
And your light heart so lightly loves,
Then kiss me once—good-bye!
Stay! Love me once good-bye!
In all the lone some years
I'll hold that hour a shining gem,
Too sweet to dim with tears;
One star in all my weary night,
Too high above all tears, dear love,
Too sacred-sweet for tears.

Ah, kiss me once, 'tis my heart's cry—
My love, my sweet, my knight!
As royally you pass me by
Into the brave sunlight!
See, I am kneeling in the dust!
But pitifully smiling crave
One kiss, my love—good-bye!

I've laid my heart beneath your feet—
Is it not worth one kiss?
Ah, grandly paid, my king, my sweet!
I'd hold it as your bliss—
What—could as winter's cruel breath!
Nay, stoop and kiss me ere I die,
For I am wounded to the death
And you pass scathless by!
Yet, kiss me once good-bye sweetest—
Good-bye—it is good-bye!

—New York World.

A NEST OF TIGERS.

In the year 1863 I was traveling in the province of Bengal, on business connected with a large cotton manufacturing house in Manchester. I was sent there as a judge of cotton, to buy up the best that could be found, in order to supply the demand arising from the failure of the American market.

Brown, Jones & Co. footed all my bills, and I must say that I enjoyed my trip.

I should have enjoyed it much more but for the intense heat of the weather. This caused me much distress in the middle of the day, and at such times I have been forced to halt and repose under the shade of the stately banyan, by the borders of some roadside tank.

My bearers made no objections to these halts, but, on the contrary, enjoyed them. I was traveling by *dawk*, as it is termed in India, having relays of bearers to carry my palanquin from village to village.

The method of journeying is one of the most luxurious in the world, as the motion is easy and gentle as to dispose one to sleep, and all the comforts you can need are carried in the palanquin. The only improvement on it that I know of is the Nile boat, with its luxurious cabin; or a rich man's yacht. Both these are very expensive luxuries; whereas *dawk* traveling is as cheap as a railway.

After going about for some time on the great cotton estates, and buying many valuable crops for my employers at favorable credits, I began to think of returning homeward. I was stopping at the time on the estate of Mr. —, one of our best customers, a rich Scotchman who had immigrated to India to start cotton-farming, and succeeded well, like his countrymen all over the world.

Mr. — insisted that I should stay a week at his place, now that our business was done, and he would show me some sport. Knowing that a week more or less, in my departure would make but little difference, since my cotton was on its road to Calcutta, I accepted his invitation, and passed a very pleasant week, shooting the multifarious kinds of game that thronged the neighboring jungles.

Outside the cotton-fields lay a narrow belt of wood toward the south, separating Mr. —'s estate from the patches of rice and the *paddy* fields of the neighboring *ryots*. These fields stretched for the next two hundred yards, and were then lost in the thick jungle, the home of wild hogs, peafowl, and various other winged and four-footed game. Hares and foxes were plenty, and my host had two or three brace of magnificent English grayhounds, with which we enjoyed splendid sport.

I was also shown the native Indian sport of hawking, practiced with the Indian Peregrine Falcon, known as the *bahree*; where the great lead-colored stork, the *cyrus*, with his crimson head and neck, was chased down and killed by a hawk half his size.

I shot numerous peacocks and black-crested forkens, and went out hunting the wild boar, or "pigsticking," as it is now termed in India.

I had many risky adventures, out of which I luckily came scot-free, both with hogs and snakes; but the climax of all was one that I stumbled on by accident one morning, and which came near costing me my life.

I had started from the house about an hour before daybreak, to reach a certain tank about five miles off, where I was informed that game was very plentiful,

as the tank was a regular morning watering place.

Mr. —'s chief *shikkar*, or hunter, went with me as a guide, and I was warned to keep in the open ground, and avoid the jungle, as the place was very "tigerish."

Young and ardent as I was, it was the chosen wish of my heart to see a tiger—a thing I had not yet succeeded in doing in the daytime. Thinking that I should probably meet one coming home from his nocturnal stroll if I arrived early enough, I took my Henry rifle along with me, resolved to bag one if possible.

I had knocked over too many grizzlies on the prairies to be afraid of a sneaking tiger.

I was destined, as the sequel will show, to have a surfeit of tigers; and if it had not been for the aid of my trusty "repeater," I should not now be telling the story.

Mohammed, the shikkar, stole softly along by my side in the gray dusk of the morning, bearing his long matchlock on his shoulder, and as noiseless as a ghost, with his bare feet. A *tulwar*, or curved sword, as keen as a razor, hung by his side, and he bore at his back a bundle of—what do you think? Why, skyrockets.

"What in the world do you want with those rockets, Mohammed?" asked I curiously. "Do you expect to scare the beasts of the forest out of their wits?"

"Sahib shall see," replied Mohammed, quietly. "Sahib tell Mohammed take good care of Sahib, this morning. He go very dangerous. Tiger much angry if disturbed at sleep. Sahib get cat up if no carry rocket!"

"Nonsense, Mohammed!" I replied. "What in thunder's the use of those things? They won't kill any one. More there's old 'Sweet Sixteen'—worth more than all the bundle."

By "Sweet Sixteen" I meant my sixteen-shooting Henry rifle, my companion in several hunts.

"Sahib, see," replied Mohammed. "Maybe glad to hab rocket near by soon."

I ceased to argue with Mohammed, and we proceeded in silence along the path. The east was all aglow with the fervent blush that heralds the rising sun, the dew was sparkling on every tree and bush of the jungle, and myriads of birds were singing their morning melodies of praise to their great Creator.

We walked briskly along the road that wound through the jungle to the lonely tank, and just as we arrived there, we leaped the broad red sun, pouring a blaze of gold on the surface of the water.

The tank was an immense artificial reservoir, built in times past by some pious prince to preserve the blessing of abundant water in that dry climate. As we came near it was all alive with water-fowl.

Ducks and wild geese innumerable, of various bright colors, swam to and fro, gabbling loudly. Peacocks screamed discordantly from the encircling jungle, and monkeys and parrots kept up their harsh chorus.

At the further end of the tank, nearly a quarter of a mile long, stood a huge elephant, drinking peacefully, while several herds of deer and antelope shared the enjoyment. I plainly saw that it was useless to approach by the front, and therefore, motioning to Mohammed to follow me, I plunged into the jungle, intending to make a circuit and intercept the elephant.

But I had miscalculated the difficulty of the path. Ere long I had lost the direction of the tank, hidden so soon from view in the thick jungle, and was wandering I knew not where, among copes of low bushes interspersed with taller trees and little open glades, where the coarse yellow *surpuit* grass lay matted all over the ground.

I toiled on for some time, thinking I was parallel with the edge of the tank, but I could see no opening anywhere, and at last I turned round to inquire the way of my follower. But Mohammed had disappeared. Whether he was scared at my temerity in venturing alone into a tiger-haunted jungle, or had failed to keep up with me on account of his heavier load, I could not tell. All I knew was that I was alone, and lost in the jungle.

I began to feel a little nervous, but I pooh-poohed the thought of danger. I would remember the direction to the tank, I thought, and push toward it. I tried to calculate the distance of the tank by this time from the east, and started in the direction I thought the tank ought to be. I stole cautiously and quietly on, not daring to make much noise on account of the supposed vicinity of tigers, and I began to flatter myself I should reach the tank safely, when I suddenly halted spellbound.

Right before me, within ten feet, lay a huge royal tiger, as large as an ox, fast asleep.

The old rascal had been out all night, and was enjoying his morning nap,

curled up like an old tabby cat. He had not heard my footsteps, and I halted in dead silence. He lay right in my path, and I could not pass him without waking him. I was afraid to lose my direction, for fear I might wander *ad infinitum* in the devious tangled jungle. Still I could not pass on without disturbing the tiger. I would have tried a bullet, but, from the position in which he lay, I should have probably missed his brain or heart. I stepped softly back to retreat, keeping my gaze fixed on the tiger; when, as luck would have it, my very first step brought me on a dry stick, which snapped in two with a loud noise.

In an instant the tiger awoke.

"Only partially, however. He was dazed with the light in his eyes, and glared around with an inquiring stare. No time was to be lost.

I was not twelve feet from the huge brute, and well within his spring. I sent "Sweet Sixteen" to my shoulder, and aimed right between the fierce, green eyes, as the tiger half rolled up on his side with his head raised. As I pulled the trigger, the flash and smoke obscured everything from my vision for a moment, but I heard no sound; and as the smoke cleared away, I beheld the striped monarch of the jungle lying dead before me.

But I had scarcely time to note this, when, horror on horrors! up started five more tigers within a radius of twenty or thirty feet, and stood staring at me in apparent astonishment. They could not have been more astonished than I was to see them.

The striped coat of the tiger, brilliant as it appears, is yet so well suited to the color of the jungle, as to be well-nigh invisible. Hence my ignorance of the proximity of the beasts.

My hair began to rise right up on my head at the idea of my danger, as I surveyed these five monsters, any one of them being able to gobble me up at a meal and want more. But I had not fought "Old Eve" among the Rocky Mountains to give up even among such straits.

"Sweet Sixteen" had the barrel reversed and a new charge in the barrel before you could say "Jack Robinson." I took a steady aim at the tiger immediately in front of me, and bowled him over as dead as a door-nail. His comrades started as they saw him fall, and taking advantage of the pause, I dashed forward over his body toward the tank.

My flight was the signal for pursuit. Scarcely had I cleared the dead tiger when four simultaneous roars of anger greeted my ears, and I could hear the crash of the falling bodies as all four sprang for the spot I had just vacated. So eager were they that they fell against one another. But they were disappointed in their leaps, and, like all felines, looked ashamed, and hesitated before making another.

I saw that boldness was my only salvation. I was not six feet from the foremost tiger, and pointing my gun at his broad forehead, I had the satisfaction of seeing him bite the dust. What I should have done with the other three I cannot tell, for they were taken off my hands very unexpectedly. A sudden hissing and sputtering arose close by, and a fiery-bellied monster shot through the air into the midst of the three tigers, blowing up with a loud report immediately between the two rear-most.

You ought to have seen those creatures get. The rocket took all the fight out of them in a moment, scaring them almost to death. All three galloped off, with their tails swelled out to three times their natural size with terror, while I stood laughing unrestrainedly at the ludicrous figure cut by my lately formidable opponents.

Mohammed, the shikkar, had proved my salvation. He had been hunting for me when he heard my first shot close by, and hastened to the spot to be of assistance if possible. He just arrived in the nick of time. His rockets proved even more efficacious than my bullets, and I learnt a lesson, not to go too far into the jungle alone again, for fear I might fall unawares into another nest of tigers.

"Come on, Sikesby, let's go down to the river and stone Mother Flaherty's geese," yelled one newboy across Third street to another, the other morning.

"Can't go just yet, Bill. Hold on a little while," was the reply.

"Why, what's to hinder?" "You've sold out, ain't you?" asked Bill.

"Yes, but I must hold on a few minutes."

"What you waitin' for?"

"I'm layin' low for that feller with a yaller mustache. It's about time he was comin' along, an' I don't want him to dodge me. He owes me for four days' papers, an' the house he clerks in has busted. He don't come no 'gment business on me; not if I can spot him afore he hears the news—just charge your mind with that."—Cincinnati Breakfast Table.

Catching Elephants.

In February, 1819, about three thousand persons were assembled in a place of rendezvous on the skirts of a jungle in India, in order to catch elephants. The haunts of several having been ascertained, a line of circumvallation was formed by the people, who were provided with fire-arms, tom-toms, etc. The line extended for several miles, each end reached a chain of hills, the passes through which had been previously stopped and guarded by parties of matchlock men. The object of this line was to drive the elephants toward a particularly narrow place surrounded with steep hills, and in which there was abundance of food and water for several days. This, however, was not an easy task, as the elephants frequently attempted to force the lines and get off to the eastward; but the line gradually closed on them, and after halting every night, and keeping up large fires, after ten days' labor they succeeded in driving them into the preserve, where they were surrounded and kept for several days.

In the meantime, at the debouché of this pass, several hundred people were busily employed digging a deep ditch, enclosing about a quarter of a mile of ground, leaving only the space of a few yards untouched as an entrance. On the outside of the ditch a matting of branches was placed, to give it a formidable and impassable appearance, and green bushes were placed at the entrance, to give it as much as possible the appearance of a jungle.

When all this was completed the people were removed from that place, and those at the other end commenced firing and shouting, and making as much noise as possible with drums and horns, which so intimidated the elephants that they made the best of their way to the opposite end, and the people following close, with the assistance of a few rockets, drove them straight into the enclosure, where the remaining part was dug away and the ditch completed. People were immediately posted round outside the ditch, armed with long spears and matchlocks, to repel any attempt the elephants might make to cross it.

Next day eight tame elephants were introduced into the enclosure; the mahouts conched close on their necks, covered with dark cloths. The object of the tame ones was to separate one of the wild ones from the herd and mob him. When this was accomplished, four mahouts, whose profession is to catch elephants, crept between the legs of the tame ones, and having fastened strong ropes to the legs of the wild fellow, secured him to the nearest tree. The mahouts then retired toward the ditch, and the tame elephants, leaving the captive to his struggles, went after others. In this way twenty-three elephants were captured in six days, without the parties engaged meeting with the slightest accident, to the great amusement of the spectators, who, perched on trees overhanging the enclosure, witnessed the sport without sharing in the danger.

The sagacity of the tame elephants, the address and courage of the mahouts in approaching the wild ones, the anxious moments which passed from the cast of the first rope until the last band was tied, the rage of the animals upon finding themselves entrapped, and their astonishing exertions to get free, afforded altogether a scene of no ordinary novelty and interest.

An Acre of Silver.

One of the most remarkable mines in California Gulch is in leads three feet in thickness, the ore from which yields from 240 to 270 ounces of silver to the ton, and lies like a coal bank in a stratification of limestone, dropping about fifteen degrees. Two openings have been made at points 600 feet apart, and sufficient ore is in sight to make millions of the "dollars of our daddies." The owners have gone far enough to know that there is a full acre of the ore in one solid body, and some conception may be formed of the amazing richness of this discovery by a brief calculation of its dimensions. A cubic foot weighs 170 pounds, and, as the ore lies, twelve cubic feet make a ton. There are 43,560 square feet in an acre; and the acre of ore, being three feet in thickness, makes 130,680 cubic feet, which, with twelve cubic feet to the ton, makes 10,890 tons, worth \$250 per ton, or the enormous value in the aggregate of \$2,722,500. The Crescent is another mine worked like a coal bed, the ore lying horizontally in the large room that has been opened, the roof being held up by heavy timbers with very stout caps and tugging poles. The ore breasts from a foot to three and four feet, and occasionally very fine specimens of lode silver are found.—Rocky Mountain Tourist.

A Milwaukee man escaped from a fire by sliding down his ear from the fourth story of a building.

The Boy Who Advised.

The architect who plans high front steps to a house is in league with certain boys who have a "large and assorted stock" of meanness, born in their natures. Proof of this can be found any day in the week in Detroit, and the latest was gathered in no later than Saturday afternoon. A very nice young man, dressed in the noblest style, and sporting a cane which never cost less than a dollar, walked up the high front steps of a Jefferson avenue mansion and pulled the bell. It was plain enough even to the driver of a street car that the young man had an affection for some one in that house, and that he was about to meet his charmer. But it wasn't so plain to a stub-nosed boy who was drawing a picture of an Indian warrior on the flagstones with a piece of indigo. He looked up, quit his work, and loafing along to the gate he called out:

"Them air folks don't want any patent tooth-paste to-day!"

The noble young man gave a sudden start of surprise, but he instantly realized the vastness of the gulf separating him and that street boy, and he did not reply.

"Our folks don't want any clothes-wringers to-day, and you want to hear me!" called the boy.

The young man heard him. "Several pedestrians also heard him, and as they looked up the young man wondered why no one answered the bell.

"I'm telling you fellow up there," said the boy, "that we don't keep no boarding house here! If you want cheap board you must go around the corner and three blocks straight on! Do you propose to pay in advance?"

As no one came to the door the young man pulled the bell again.

"I'm telling you that you can't pass yourself off on us as a grasshopper sufferer!" shouted the boy. "If you want some cold vittles go around to the side gate!"

Four pedestrians had halted on the other side of the street, and the young man looked down on the boy and softly said:

"Boy, can you catch ten cents?"

"We don't sign no petitions here for a national monument to the inventor of the diab-pan!" replied the boy. "What I'm talking to you is that you want to go around to the cook's door!"

The young man wished a wish containing 413 grains fine that the builder of those high steps had been dead for forty years, but the door didn't open, and the boy hung right to him calling out:

"Hain't I been telling you that you can't get in there! You may be the private watchman on this block, but you can't go around pulling front door bells and putting on airs! If I have to argue much longer I'll call the police!"

"I've got half a dollar here, boy!" said the young man as he turned around.

"Let's see how it looks!" softly replied the lad.

But the half dollar was at home. The young man searched for it in vain, and the disgusted boy turned to the men across the street and called out:

"Isn't it agin the law for a fellow to be taking a beeswax impression of a front door lock in the daytime?"

They started to come over, and the young man hurried down the steps and up the street! He gave the boy just one look. It was a look in which railroad collisions and steamboat blow-ups were equally mixed and then frosted with a Bogardus-kicker.

"Oh! ye kin wink at me and try to buy me off!" growled the boy, "but these principles of honesty were painted all over me when I was a baby, and they can't be rubbed out nor bought up for wealth!"

Just then a young lady threw open the door and smiled and bowed and got as far as: "Why, Fred!" when she discovered he wasn't there. The footman was out and she had waited to "fix up," and "Fred" had gone. She backed in and shut the door, and the mean boy got down to fish his Indian.—Detroit Free Press.

Roch, the French headman, has executed eighty murderers during the six years that have elapsed since (April 4, 1872) he assumed his ghastly office, namely, sixteen in 1872 (nine months), seventeen in 1873, thirteen in 1874, ten in 1875, ten in 1876, eleven in 1877, and three in 1878 (three months). One of the criminals beheaded was a woman. On seven occasions two prisoners were executed on the same scaffold. The longest time between executions was 159 days—between Jan. 8 and June 15, 1876. April is the month most affected, leading with sixteen executions; July and October come next, each with nine; June had eight; January and December, seven each; September, six; March and August, each five; February, four; May, three; and November only one.

Items of Interest.

Man proposes but—he is not always accepted.

I. Freeze keeps an ice-cream saloon at Bellaire, Ohio.

Among Japanese doctors shampooing is the remedy for rheumatism.

A rheomakers advertisement "medicinal boots." The virtue is in the heel.

When is a man, like friendship, most severely tried? When he stands a *load*.

Why is father's nose like a well-trained child? Because it is always under a parent's eye.

Hymn-books, pocket-books and reporter's books are alike in one particular. They are of value only when the contain notes.

The art of cutting and polishing diamonds has been introduced into this country, and is successfully practiced by young women in Boston.

The first woman might have been made from the rib of a man, but a number of ribs in the human body plenty large. You find this out as soon as you try to push through a crowd surrounding a dead horse.

In a population of 1,986,784 in Paris the deaths in 1877 were 53,353, which is an increase of 1,705 over 1876; marriages were 18,088, which is an increase over 1876 of ninety-six; births were 58,472, showing an increase over 1876 of 3,769.

"What," asked a youth timidly of eminent philologist, "what, sir, is the meaning of this phrase: 'Modus operandi'?" and with great languor whose mind was saturated with the literature of ancient Greece and Rome, replied: "It is Latin for 'how the thing works'."

Mrs. Baker, of Flint, Mich., who gave birth to triplets a little over a year ago, which was christened Faith, Hope and Charity, and for which an elegant triplet baby carriage was ordered from a Detroit manufactory, and paid for public contribution, has just become mother again, this time to twins.

Baltimore Tunnel is one of the great feats of engineering that has been undertaken in the United States. The tunnel is to give Baltimore a permanent supply of water. It is six miles long and will cost about \$4,000,000. Operations have been going for two years. Thirty-one lives have already been lost in its construction.

One little head of yellow hair;
Two little cheeks, so round and fair;
Two little lips, with fragrant sighs;
One little nose, and two blue eyes;
Two little hands, so soft as a peach;
Two little feet, with five toes each;
Two little smiles, and two little tears;
Two little legs, and two little ears;
Two little elbows, two little knees;
One little grunt and one little sneeze;
One little heart; no little sins;
Plenty of skirts, and plenty of pins;
One little cloak, and lots of frocks;
One little hood, and two little socks;
A big disposition to hawl and to pull;
One little stomach, never full;
One little mouth, of the rose's tint;
One little bottle of peppermint;
Plenty to eat and lots to wear;
And yet this baby's cross as a bear.

Words of Wisdom.

Never relate your misfortunes, never grieve over what you cannot prevent.

Education pays an annual income of life, without expense for insurance, pairs or taxes.

Never wait for a thing to turn up, and turn it up yourself. It takes time and is sure to be done.

Write your name in kindness, and mercy, on the hearts of those come in contact with, and you will be forgotten.

A pleasant, cheerful wife is as a bow set in the sky when her husband's mind is tossed with storms and pests; but a dissatisfied and fretful in the hour of trouble, is like one of those fiends who are appointed to torture lost spirits.

A sad thing it is in human nature, a man may guide others in a good way without walking in it himself; he may pilot others well over dangerous reefs, and yet wreck his own vessel its first and only passage over the rocks.

Memory can glean, but can never new. It brings us joys faint as the perfume of the flowers, faded and gone of the summer that is gone.

A beautiful smile is to the face countenance what the sunbeam is to landscape; it embellishes an infatigable and redeems an ugly one.

The condition and characteristic vulgar person is that he never looks either help or harm from himself only from externals. The condition characteristic of a philosopher is that he looks to himself for all help or harm.