

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

E VARIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic.

\$2.50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XLV.

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, JULY 31, 1878.

NO. 31.

The Tale of the Terrible Fire.
I will tell you the tale of the terrible fire:
It springs from the earth—it is dreadful and dire.

In the dark
Winter sky,
See the spark
Upward fly;
See it grow
In its frame—
See it grow
Into flame!

See it burning and blazing;
See it spring into life
With a vigor amazing—
How it longs for the strife!
Hear the noise and the rattle—
How it swells, how it grows,
Like the crash of a battle,
Like the clash of the foes!

See it rushing and rising and roaring;
See it trying to touch a tall star;
It seems in the sky to be soaring
Like a flag of fierce flame from afar.
See it turning and burning and blazing—
See it streaming and gleaming and red!
Ah! the smoke in the air now is waving
Like a winding-sheet of dull lead.

Hear it laugh with wild glee at each futile endeavor
To quench or to quell its exuberant force;
It is flaming and free and fantastic forever;
It delights and exults with no pang of remorse,
With no pain, with but passion—mad passion—
It quivers
With the pannon of scarlet, the bloodiest hue,
With its gleaming streams and its rearing rivers,
It dares to do all things that flame dares to do.

How it darts, how it dances and dashes,
As though it had taken for aim,
To reduce a little world into ashes
And to fling all the stars into flame!
It is glittering and glowing and glaring—
And raging it rings its own knell;
It is showing its wonderful daring—
It is turning the sky into hell!

How it lazily lingers
With its evil and its fall;
With its fiery fingers
Warily weaving a pall;
With its horrible biases,
Like the wind in a storm;
With its blustering kisses,
On face and on form!

Of its flashes
Berf,
Only ashes
Are left,
Till its doom
Fell its doom
And it dies
In the gloom.

I have told you the tale of the terrible fire;
It has sung its last song to its luminous lyre—
It has sung its last song, it has breathed its
last breath,
It has lived without life, and has died without
death.
—Appleton's Journal.

How She Got A Life Position.

Charlie Carleton was one of the happiest mortals in Washington the day he received notice of his appointment to a position in one of the government departments. Not that it was a matter of such dire necessity with him as with many other less fortunate ones, who hung week after week and month after month about the secretary's office, sick with hope deferred, for Charlie's father was a well-to-do Western farmer, who would gladly have had his boy remain at home, and relinquish his desire to feed at the public crib. But Charlie had an idea that it was a "big card" among the boys to be able to boast that he filled a government office at Washington, though that office might be only a third or fourth-class clerkship, and he had friends whose influence in public quarters was strong enough to secure him, without delay, one of the higher grades of clerkships. The letter notifying him of his appointment informed him that his term of service would begin on the first day of the following week, but that in the intervening three days he could call on the present incumbent of the position at desk No. — who would instruct him in the duties that would be required of him.

Charlie hastened without delay to the department building, and was directed by an officer in charge where to find desk No. —. Coming upon it suddenly he was startled at seeing a sweet-faced little maiden seated before it. Her blue eyes looked up inquiringly from the official-looking documents spread out before her, and she asked in a business-like tone:

"What can I do for you, sir?"
"I—I beg your pardon," he stammered, his usual sangfroid somehow greatly disturbed by those blue eyes. "I believe I am the new incumbent of your position."
"Sir!" she exclaimed, bewildered, rising to her feet. "You must be mistaken. I have received no notice of my removal."

What more could he do than hand her the notice of his appointment. He saw how, as she glanced at it, her hand quivered convulsively at the door, and

how her face became pale as death. He thought she was going to fall, the way she trembled and tottered for a moment, and he sprang to support her, but by a very great effort she controlled herself, and handing back the letter, she said, in a tone choking with unuttered sobs:

"It is true; you are to be my successor; I had not been informed of it."
"Is it possible? Do they often treat employees to dismissal like this?" he blurted out indignantly.

"Frequently, and it is a little painful for the moment," she replied, with a bitter smile, and with unshed tears in her eyes, adding hastily, as if to draw his attention from herself: "Will I now explain to you the duties of the position?"
He would have liked to question her more, but this little lady had suddenly grown frigid as an iceberg. Almost unwillingly seating himself beside her at the desk, he tried to master the intricacies of the heaps of official documents lying before him, while she explained, illustrated and advised, with a terse, business-like graphicness that surprised him. He discerned at once the very great business capacity this little blue-eyed damsel possessed, and in his wonder at it—for he had always believed woman's capabilities were limited to cooking, housekeeping and dressing—and in his very grave doubts, too, whether the government was doing a wise thing in appointing him her successor, he silently forgave the ill-concealed hauteur and impatience with which she treated him and his efforts.

And yet all this from a blue-eyed bit of a girl who seemed not over sixteen or seventeen at most.
Once there was a long silence, during which he was engaged in copying an official report, but it was broken by the unmistakable sound of a deep sigh. Startled and looking up hastily, he beheld a tear coursing madly down the fair cheek of his instructor. She flushed red, and, dashing aside the tear, turned away angrily; it may have been from shame at being detected in such a weakness, or it may have been with indignation at the tender sympathy which his eyes spoke. Nevertheless, from that moment she was less repellent toward him, and while he seemed to grow more stupid in mastering the duties of his new office, she grew more patient and gentle with him in his blunders. And then, with the wavy folds of her hair frequently touching his brow and strangely thrilling him, they bent over the desk together, and if their eyes happened to meet they both grew flushed and confused, and if their hands touched they both grew tremulous.

All of that night Charlie Carleton tossed in sleeplessness, and thought less of his new honor, less of the duties of his position than of the sweet-faced, blue-eyed girl at desk No. —. He could not drive her from his mind; the terror of her face on realizing that she was discharged, the smothered sigh, the pearly tear stealing down her cheek, and, finally, her sad, patient resignation, all haunted him, until his brain was almost crazed with conflicting emotions. And, to outdo all else, he actually caught himself kissing the places on his own hands which her tiny hands had touched.

Charlie was up by daylight, and it seemed an age from that time until the government departments opened. He was at desk No. — a full half hour before business began, but already Nettie Marsh, the blue-eyed damsel, was there. But the blue eyes were dim and swollen, and, though she made a great effort to greet him with a pleasant smile, her face was, nevertheless, very sad and careworn. If he had before wavered in the course he had, during the morning, marked out for himself, he did not now, after reading from that face the secret of a night of weeping. She began silently to prepare for their day of joint labor, but his gentle touch restrained her.

"You have lost your stupid pupil," he said, smilingly. "I have declined the position tendered me, on the condition that you shall be retained in it."
She uttered a smothered cry of joy, and with tears of gratitude in her eyes, looked up to thank him, when apparently divining from something in his face no tender with sympathy for her, how much his self-denial cost him, she replied painfully:

"I am deeply grateful, Mr. Carleton, but I cannot accept your sacrifice."
"And yet," he said, "you seemed for a moment rejoiced at the thought of retaining the position."
"I was thinking of another then, not of myself," she explained very sadly.

"What other?" he fiercely questioned Charlie, the flame of suddenly awakened jealousy firing his face.
"My invalid mother. I do try so hard not to complain or feel despondent," she said, pleadingly; "but the future seems very dark. We were very poor when I secured this position, with my liberal salary. Father had died a

year previous, leaving unpaid a good many debts of honor. All that I have saved since, by the most careful economy, has scarcely sufficed to pay these and the expenses of his burial. Now, without employment, without means or credit, and with my helpless mother to be cared for, you will not wonder that for a moment I was tempted to accept the sacrifice you, in your sympathy over my apparent distress, felt called on to make. Your action is noble and unselfish, and I shall ever remember and esteem you for it; but I cannot accept your sacrifice."

"You must, Miss Marsh!" he replied, firmly. "I confess that it is a sacrifice to give up this long-coveted position. On getting the appointment, and before knowing that I was to supersede you, I wrote my friends, magnifying the position, in my ignorance, into one of great honor! and in resigning it so soon, they will misconstrue my motives, and their sneers and jibes at my expense will be unbearable. I am too sensitive, under these circumstances, to return to my home, and I must seek some less ambitious employment elsewhere. I will not be the instrument of taking the means of support from any struggling girl, and certainly not from you, Miss Marsh, whom I place among the noblest of your sex."

Blushing deeply at the warmth of his words, and of the look of admiration accompanying them, she pleaded further with him to withdraw his resignation of the position, and she was firmly persisted in the sacrifice he had made. At length, finding that he was fixed in his determination, she exclaimed, between a pout and a sad little laugh:

"Since you will persist in making a martyr of yourself, just to benefit me, it is too bad that there is not some way in which we could both hold the position in partnership. The salary is large enough to support both of us."

He stared violently, and his face brightened, apparently at some happy thought.
"We can arrange that, Miss Marsh," he replied, "or I have a better plan, if you will accept it. I know of a position, suited only to a lady, and which you can fill more satisfactorily than any one else ever will. I can assure you that you will find the duties light and pleasant, and the emoluments of the position will at least provide you and your mother with a cheerful home and every necessary comfort of life. Once installed in this position, you need not fear being ever superseded by any other; it is a life position. Now, I will withdraw my objections to being your successor here only on condition that you will take this position. Do you accept?"

"O, so gladly, Mr. Carleton," she exclaimed excitedly, in the exuberance of her sudden joy. "It all seems too good to be true, and I shall never be able to repay you for your kindness to me. When can I feel sure that this new position is to be mine, and how soon can I enter upon its duties?"

"In reply to both your questions I can say—at once. The position is that of—my wife."

The utterly bewildered, amazed expression that passed over Nettie Marsh's face at this moment was too comical for mere words to express. Dropping her face in blushing confusion before his anxious, tender scrutiny of the depths of her blue eyes, she stammered out:

"I—I don't understand you; indeed I did not, or I would not have given you that bold answer."

"But I have your promise, and you will not withdraw it?" he questioned, very anxiously.
"I—I don't know. I can't think what is right. O, please spare me!" she pleaded, pitifully, in her helplessness.
"Listen, Miss Marsh," he replied; "I ask you to become my wife not from a desire to gain the paltry salary of this situation, nor merely from motives of sympathy over your helpless position, but because in the single day in which I have known you I have learned to sincerely admire and truly love you. I shall not withdraw my resignation until this evening. The answer you will then give me shall determine whether I am to reside over desk No. — or leave this place miserable and unhappy forever."

A grateful look for this respite was Nettie's only reply.

The evening of that long day came at last—that day during which these two young people, working at the same desk blushed every time their eyes met, started guiltily every time they touched each other, and trembled every time they addressed each other—that day which, in the amount of work free from erasures and blots done by these two, was a dead loss to Uncle Sam; and when Nettie Marsh was guiltily stealing away without saying a word to Charlie, he suddenly blocked her path, holding the resignation of his appointment to desk No. — open in his hands.

"What disposal shall I make of it?"

he asked, meaningly. "You know my terms."

"I—I think you had better destroy it," she stammered, turning her face, beaming with happy blushes, and her eyes, eloquent and dewy with tender emotion, full upon him for a single moment, and then hiding them in her hands.

And thus it happened that in losing her position in the government service, Nettie Marsh gained another position for life.

A Costly Toy.

A Washington correspondent writes: I must not forget to mention a curious and really exquisite model on exhibition here, which is awaiting its transportation to the Paris Exposition. It is a model—about two and one-half feet in length and some eight inches in width—of a Pullman drawing-room car, and is made entirely of gold and oxidized silver. It is finished perfectly, to the minute details; the rails upon which it stands are silver and the wheels gold. The platform at either end is of gold, chased with crossed lines to represent the uneven surface of the common platform. The body of the car is of oxidized silver exquisitely chased, and the doors of the same, while the knobs and hinges are of gold. Windows of plate glass, shaded by silk curtains, alternate with mirrors in rich frames. The revolving chairs and foot-stools are of silver covered with silk velvet, and even the inevitable spittoon, no larger than a porcelain button, is perfectly made in silver. On the floor lies a handsome velvet carpet, and at each door the accustomed mat. The ceiling is tastefully frescoed, and tiny but perfect lamps of crystal are suspended therefrom, while the ventilators around the top of the car are minute domes of gold. Looking in at one of the windows, you see locked securely in its closet the stove, in silver, which supplies warmth, and in another window you see that the dressing-room with all its appointments is not forgotten. The owner and maker, who has been exhibiting this with pardonable pride in the model room of the Patent Office, says that the roof consists of seventy plates of gold; that it cost him between \$4,000 and \$5,000 to make this model, and its price is \$13,000. His statement is that it weighs 108 pounds. It is certainly a most complete and beautiful piece of workmanship, although a somewhat expensive toy.

How to Make A Paper.

Some people estimate the ability of a newspaper and talent of its editor by the quantity of original matter. It is comparatively an easy task for a frothy editor to pour out daily a column of words—words upon any and all subjects. His ideas may flow in one weak, watery, everlasting flood, and the command of his language may enable him to string them together like bunches of onions, and yet his paper may be a meager and poor concern. Indeed the mere writing part of editing a paper is but a small portion of the work. The care, the time employed in selecting is far more important, and the tact of a good editor is better shown by the selections than anything else; and that, we know, is half the battle. But, as we have said, an editor ought to be estimated by the general conduct of his paper—its tone, its uniform, consistent course, its aims, manliness, its dignity and its propriety. To preserve these as they should be preserved is enough to occupy fully the attention of any man. If to this be added the general supervision of the newspaper establishment, which most editors have to encounter, the wonder is how they find time to write at all. —Exchange.

A Sympathetic Miner's Gift.

The San Francisco News Letter prints a story about a Comstock miner as follows: "After all, these Virginia City miners have large, generous hearts. The other evening one of them, who was finishing up a week's spree in 'Frisco, stepped out of the Palace after dinner, and ran against a haggard-looking, shabby-gentle woman, who was weeping on a corner. 'What is the matter, marm?' said the miner, respectfully. She told him a sad story—poverty, sickness, a large family of children, nothing to do, nothing to wear. 'Is that the best frock you've got?' said the rough fellow, gently. She said it was. He felt in his pocket. It contained just one twenty, which he had intended to devote to wine that evening. 'Stop here a moment, marm, and he dodged around the corner into a dry goods store. In a few minutes he returned, and pressing a small bundle into the woman's hand, disappeared with the air of a man who had done a kind act gracefully. The starving female eagerly undid the package. It contained a pair of embroidered silk stockings."

TIMELY TOPICS.

Chicago wants to have the "World's Fair" in 1880.

The United States pays annually to other countries \$100,000,000 for sugar and molasses.

In the United States there are 530 females practicing as doctors, 420 as dentists, five as lawyers and sixty-eight as preachers.

Miss Vance, of Indianapolis, took offence at some remarks addressed to her by a local rough and dealt him a fearful blow straight from the shoulder, breaking his nose and knocking him down.

Probably the oldest married couple in the country are Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, of Mountain City, Texas, who have lived together eighty-two years. They are 108 and 102 years old respectively.

Professor Knowlton, of San Francisco, spells potato "Ghoughphtheightest," according to the following rule: "Gh stands for p, as you'll find from the last letters it hiccough. Ough stands for o, as in dough. Phth stands for t, as in phthisis. Eigh stands for a, as in neighbor. The stands for t, as in gazette, and can stand for o, as in bean."

An Iowa man has invented a balloon-turban fire-escape, to be placed on the head and fastened firmly beneath the chin. When a fire breaks out the wearer adjusts it firmly on the head and jumps out of the window; the air fills the balloon and expands it, and the wearer floats to the ground as lightly and gently as a thistle-down. By the way of additional precaution padded shoes, with springs in the soles, are provided.

A curious law suit has just been decided in Paris. Michael Mason (his real name is Gandichot), the well-known and voluminous dramatist and novelist, married in 1824. His wife died in 1871, and the seventy-two-year-old widower almost immediately remarried. His son thereupon sued his father for half the copyright of all the books and plays the latter had written during the life of his wife, alleging that these works belonged to the common estate. The courts granted his suit, and the son is declared entitled to half interest in fifty-six books and seventy-six plays.

The Paris Figaro, on the morning of the recent grand review, printed in six parallel columns and six different languages, French, German, English, Spanish, Italian and Greek, the programmes of the fête. The English version, which is innocent of any punctuation mark of less importance than a period, speaks of the "Marshall," who was to be received amidst "drum beating and clarion-ringing." The whole force was "under the immediate command" of General Aymer, who was recognizable by a fanon held behind him by a horseman. Most of the brigades were commanded by "brigadiers."

In San Angel, near the city of Mexico, a family expected a package containing roses and other religious articles. A box arrived which was supposed to contain the expected things. The mother directed it to be opened, and indulged in prayers before that work was begun. A servant began with hammer and chisel, and a few blows disclosed that the box contained a smaller one. The second box was opened, and two small zinc boxes were disclosed. The first stroke on one of these was followed by a tremendous explosion, which destroyed the furniture of the room, broke windows, doors and walls, and killed all in the room except one woman.

It is seldom, indeed, that a man rises from a drummer to become a general. Such, however, was the case with a gallant officer, Major-Gen. Wm. McBean, who has just died in England. His career has often been quoted as a remarkable example of promotion in the British army. From a drummer in the Ninety-third regiment he rose step by step until after more than forty-five years of service he attained the rank of lieutenant-colonel in command of the regiment in which he had spent his life. In October last he was made a major-general. He had served with great distinction in the Crimean war and in the Indian mutiny. In the Crimea he received the medal and clasp, the Midjidie, and the Turkish medal. In India he earned the Victoria cross, his breast rank, and the medal with two clasps. Recently, after undergoing a hazardous operation in London, he was told that he could not survive many days. He asked to be taken to the hospital at Woolwich in order that he might die among the soldiers.

Items of Interest.

A share-holder—A plow.

To make a man feel sheepish—"Lam" him.

Bootless attempt—Trying to go bare-foot.

A pair of ensupenders—A brace of hang-men.

In writing, millers use floury language.

The more educated a man is the less comfort he has. Compare yourself with the wooden man in front of the tobacconist's, who never requires a new hat.

A Mississippi mule has been having regular shakes of the ague, and when the chill comes on he goes and tramples on the flower-beds, so as to have some one warm him up.

Extreme cold produces the same perception on the skin as great heat. When mercury is frozen to forty degrees below zero, the sensation is the same as that of touching red hot iron.

An uncle recently found his nephew playing the violin, and the following hits took place: "I fear, nephew, you lose a great deal of time with this fiddle." "Sir, I endeavor to keep time." "You mean, rather, to kill time." "No, I only beat time."

She (bewitchingly): "Oh, I'm so glad you're going to see me to my carriage, Mr. Brown." He (flattered): "Indeed and may I ask why?" She: "Oh, because the girls are so jealous, and I want to prove that I do not monopolize all the good-looking men." Brown satisfied but not so happy as he expected to be.

A rich old bachelor, Mr. Shaw, lives on a five hundred acre farm in Lewis county, Ky. He dresses like a monk of the thirteenth century, and devotes his whole time and fortune to flowers and tropical fruits. His farm is surrounded by a high fence, without gates or bars. His house is covered with rare vines, and his fig trees twenty years old and flowered by the acre. He never derives a cent from his outlay of money and labor, but delights in "multiplying curious growths and combining nature and art in wonderful forms." He calls his large colony of bees his children, and the birds that feed from his table his little angels. The birds follow him through the walks and take the berries from his hand.

Articles of Paris.

A Paris correspondent writing about the Exposition says: An exhibition I directed to that of machinery, which is ways densely crowded, takes up nearly the entire vestibule of the Champ Mars. It is called the hall of the classes of Paris. In this great sweep there are a dozen or more circles in which group workmen and women are at work, turning out by the means of ridiculous light machinery a million trink knock-knacks, and what we call "kee notions." The exhibition is wonderfully interesting. Old and young here longest, watching with delight deft and busy hands fashioning the numerous objects which are the joy children the world over. The industry is by no means confined to infantile fies. Every conceivable object is in galvanized steds, pen holders, mental baskets, monograms, perfume boxes, pocket memoranda—indeed don't know what isn't made—the material ranging from gold to gutta-percha and from jute to plantain leaves. A larger part of this work is done in Parisian manufactories, which have been delegations of women to show public how certain articles can be made at low prices and yet be made. There are perhaps fifty different branches of light mechanical labor in which we are exclusively employed, and it pays those who are interested in question of women's existence to over and study the subject. I can no more than call attention to it. I mean until that great magnifying sweep of crystal-walled and crystal space is filled with the most deplorable hosts of the whole multitude,

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