

# The St. Andrews Standard.

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SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, MAY 26, 1869.

Vol 36

## Poetry.

### Three Words of Strength.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.]

There are three lessons I would write—  
Three words as with a burning pen—  
In tracings of eternal light  
Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope. Though clouds environ thee,  
And gloom hides her face in scorn;  
Put thou the shadow from thy brow;  
No night but hath its morn.

Have Faith. Where'er thy bark is driven,  
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth,  
Know this: God rules the host of heaven,  
The inhabitants of earth.

Have Love: and not alone for one,  
But man, as man, thy brother call,  
And scatter, like the circling sun,  
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul—  
Hope, Faith, and Love, and thou shalt find,  
Strength when Life's surges rudest roll,  
Light where the cold evert blind.

## Interesting Case.

### ONLY A BLUNDER.

Don't you know of some one who would  
make me a good wife, Doctor Ellsworth?

Salmon Hayden chewed anxiously on a bit  
of shaving as he spoke.

Well, Hayden, I don't know. Can't you  
find somebody for yourself? replied Dr. Ellsworth,  
folding a powder in a bit of blue paper.

No, Doctor, I can't, answered Hayden,  
hopelessly. I have been refused so many  
times I feel rather delicate about trying. If  
you could do something for me! I should  
like to get married. It is very difficult find-

ing help, and the best of help don't take that  
interest in a wife would. Why, everything's at  
these ends in my house. Lamentable—that's  
my old-timer—the best she can; but what do  
young girls know about planning and  
contriving?

Sure enough, responded the Doctor, feel-  
ingly. Having taken to himself a "child wife" in  
his old age, he was supposed to know what  
"childlessness" is.

And then, again, continued the would-be  
Benedict, rolling the shaving under his tongue,  
as if it had been a bit of sweet and bitter  
fancy—when again it cuts a sight of money  
to live so much. Says I to myself, mor'n six  
months ago, says I, Salmon Hayden, do you  
look round for some smart driving, go-ahead  
woman, and marry her if you can! But some-  
how I haven't seemed to have any luck.

The Doctor rubbed his left ear reflectively.

Suppose now I should say Priscilla Dan-  
ley? She would make an excellent wife, I  
am sure; and I really think she would be wil-  
ling to change her situation. There is nobody  
else who occurs to me at this moment.

Salmon Hayden's eyes lighted like the eyes  
of Jonathan after he had tasted the honey in  
the wood.

Well, she's a woman I don't know; but if  
you think she will do, why, all right. I must  
consider my children, you understand, and  
get somebody who will make a good mother  
to them. But I have a great deal of confi-  
dence in your judgment, Doctor, and if it is  
your opinion she will suit all around, you  
would confer a great favor by saying a word  
for me.

Doctor Ellsworth folded another powder in  
a bit of white paper.

I think, said he, you had better do the speak-  
ing. I am not accustomed to such business  
myself; never did anything of the kind but  
once, and that was on my account.

If you only would help me this once I shall  
ways account you my best friend, said Hayden,  
in a pathetic tone which struck home to the  
Doctor's benevolent heart.

So he promised; and that very evening took  
occasion to call at Mr. Danley's residence  
of asking after old Mr. Danley's rheu-  
matism.

Priscilla met him at the door.

I would like to see you a few minutes alone,  
Miss Danley, said the Doctor, blushing like  
Aurora.

To be sure you may, answered Priscilla,  
briskly, if you'll step into the kitchen where  
I'm paring apples. It's a busy time just now,  
and I can as well keep my hands going while  
I talk.

What has he got in his head now? thought  
she, as they walked along together. Come to  
borrow money, I'll warrant. He may as well  
save his breath; for I've taken all the money

out of my stocking to pay off that mortgage—  
as far as the heel.

Miss Danley, said the Doctor, after a few  
desultory coughs and a few preliminary sile-  
nces, "I would like to ask you your candid opinion  
in regard to matrimony."

Priscilla punched the apple-corer a little  
way into the tail of her thumb.

My opinion, Doctor? You did not come  
all this length of way to hear that? If you  
did it's a pity you shouldn't get it, though; so  
I'll out with it, and not wait to be coaxed—  
It's my candid opinion that matrimony does  
very well in its place.

But in your own case, Miss Priscilla? Sup-  
pose now a good, likely man, and an excellent  
provider—

Priscilla sprang up as if one of Cupid's ar-  
rows had suddenly hit her, and ran to the sink  
in the most irrelevant manner to wash her  
hands.

A man that would give you a comfortable  
home—  
No more of your 'supposes,' Doctor Ellsworth,  
worth. If you've got anything to say, say  
it.

So I will, all but the name. I've no idea  
of trifling with you, Miss Priscilla. He is a  
man I can recommend.

A widower?  
Yes.  
How many children?

Six.  
What are his means?  
Well to do, Miss Danley, or I wouldn't have  
come here on any such errand.

What do you want me to say, Doctor? I  
shouldn't like to have the certificate made out  
for you, and the minister spoken to, before  
I had set eyes on the man!

Doctor Ellsworth laughed. The worst was  
now over, and Miss Priscilla's matter of fact  
manner had set him quite at his ease.

All I ask of you, Miss Danley, is this:  
Will you or will you not see him?

I will, certainly; why not? replied Miss  
Priscilla, looking at her questioner with eyes  
as penetrating as two blue gimlets and with  
as much composure as though it had been a  
suit of clothes instead of a wife Doctor Ell-

sworth was bespeaking.

Oh well! Then it's all right. I will call  
over with the gentleman and introduce him,  
returned the Doctor, hastily drawing on his  
gloves. By the way, he added, remembering  
his pretended errand, and turning back at the  
door, "how is your grandmother, Miss Pris-

cilla?"

Miss Priscilla threw up her nose, which was  
as sharp as a fish-knife, disapprovingly—  
"Grandmother is no better," said she, and she  
will be no better while she continues to live  
on blue-pills and Dover's powders. All my  
wonder is that she is alive.

I have told the old lady, observed Doctor  
Ellsworth, mildly, as became a warrior who  
would not speak to the prejudice of his own  
weapons, that too much medicine may affect  
one as unfavorably as too little; but she thinks  
she has lived long enough to judge for her-

self; and as I can do nothing for her, I will  
wish you good-bye for the present, and call  
again soon, with your leave, to introduce the  
gentleman referred to.

Of course. Only not Monday of the week,  
or Saturday—that is, taking day. Men are  
such fools, and the most foolish thing about  
them is, they don't know they're fools, said  
Miss Priscilla aside, taking up a pan of apples  
and setting it down again with an emphasis.

Miss Danley's figure was adapted to wiry  
strength rather than grace, and she carried de-  
votion and capability in every thread of her  
chocolate curls. Her hair, which was the  
color of white pepper, looked by an in-

flexible steel comb, and her complexion was  
more like a russet apple than an apple-blossom.  
But, though not strictly beautiful, Miss  
Priscilla Danley had other attractions besides  
those in her money-stocking. She never  
made a failure of anything she turned her  
hand to, from pies to poetry; and in sickness  
she was worth her weight in diamond dust.

Dr. Ellsworth was quite conscious of this  
as he shut the door of the thrifty Danley man-  
sion; yet somehow, such is the perversity of  
the heart of man, he went home to his silly  
"child-wife's" pretty face and gay spirits with  
special satisfaction that night.

Next week, on the afternoon of ironing day,  
which everybody knows is Tuesday, he called,  
with the impatient Mr. Hayden, on Miss  
Priscilla.

And this was the way the fates had ordered  
it: She and her cousin Mrs. Pillsbury, not  
expecting visitors before tea, were engaged in  
taking to pieces and putting together again  
the sewing machine. "Now Miss Priscilla's  
slender waist was tied a blue checked apron;  
in her left hand was a kerosene lamp with  
the top off; while in her right hand brandish-

ed a feather.

It was not at an opportune moment that ne-  
phew David, aged sixteen, roughly ushered  
the two callers into the sitting-room. Miss  
Priscilla was conscious that scarlet violet  
russet in her face, and that the tight twist at

the back of her head was stuck full of knitting  
needles.

Introductions were hurried over, and the  
Doctor took his leave, feeling very guilty, and  
very much the severe glance which the gim-  
let eyes were boring into his soul.

So that is your widower, is it? And a  
pretty time of day to bring him here, without  
so much as a word of warning!

The Doctor lingered for no further re-  
proaches, but shut the front door behind him  
with the utmost dispatch, while Miss Pris-  
cilla ran up stairs to arrange her toilette, leaving  
Mr. Hayden and her cousin together.

As it was a day of blunders, and the fates  
had matters in their own hands, it is not to be  
wondered at that Mr. Hayden had made a  
mistake at the outset—the trifling mistake of  
supposing Mrs. Pillsbury was the lady of his  
love.

I am glad it was not the other one, said he  
to himself, complacently; for Mrs. Pillsbury's  
comely face and plump little figure did cer-  
tainly contrast very favorably with the grim  
ness and angularity of "the other one."

There was not the shadow of a doubt in Mr. Sal-  
mon Hayden's mind that the lady with her hair  
full of knitting-needles had left the room on  
purpose to give him an opportunity to express  
his sentiments. There was no time to be lost,  
he thought; for she might come back again as  
suddenly as she had gone.

I am a poor bereaved man, said he trying  
to get a view of the sole of his left foot, whom  
I suppose my friend the Doctor has told you.

Mrs. Pillsbury looked up sympathetically,  
I am sorry for you Mr. Hayden.

There was a tear in her eye, which was  
very encouraging to the poor stammerer.

Yes, a poor bereaved man, repeated he, in  
more earnest tones, and really Madame, a word  
of condolence from you is worth a great deal  
to me—worth more than you can think.

Mrs. Pillsbury looked up again this time  
with innocent surprise. It was not really  
clear to her why her sympathy should be so  
especially valuable.

You have a feeling heart, Madame.

I hope I have Mr. Hayden; but your lon-  
ely condition must touch any one, I am sure—  
I always thought a house must seem utterly  
desolate when a man goes home and finds  
motherless children in place of his wife.

Mrs. Pillsbury, as she spoke, looked up in-  
to the eyes of the bereaved man, with such  
tenderness as head. She would as lief pour tea  
for him as for any man she knew; and being a  
woman who did what she had to do in the  
shortest space of time and with the fewest pos-  
sible words, she soon made the ecstatic man  
acquainted with the state of her heart; where  
upon he smiled like the sun after a shower,  
and immediately called together all the scatter-

ed rays of his affections and beamed down upon  
her tropically.

After supper Mrs. Pillsbury stepped into  
her cousin's parlour once more. Not, as before  
in the affection of her sister, but this time  
more accurately in her work of clearing away  
the table and overlooking Miss Sam Danley's  
little children, who, from oldest to youngest,  
inherited their mother's incapacity; "Hannah  
all over," as their Aunt Priscilla often said,  
with a discouraged sigh. And thus Miss Dan-

ley had time for a little necessary conference  
with her elected bridegroom in the parlor. A  
season not wholly lost, for Miss Danley always  
carried a ball of yarn and a crochet hook, in  
her pocket, and many was the tidy yard of  
edging that had grown out of such odd mi-  
nutes.

I hope, said Mr. Hayden, with the impa-  
tience of a householder rather than a lover—  
I hope you won't keep me waiting long.

Nothing to wait for, as I know of; I never  
was one to dawdle. When there is anything  
to be done do it, say I, returned the intended  
bride, making a rapid calculation of the neces-  
sary time for the preparation of a state dress  
and bonnet, with the inevitable contingencies  
of washing, baking, and ironing thrown in.

Tuesday, said she, with a reflective thrust  
of her hook into the heart of a tidy, already  
predestined to cover Mr. Hayden's best rock-  
ing chair—Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,  
yes, well—two weeks from today is as early  
as I can arrange to leave here. There are  
theodresses to finish for the children, and I  
have promised to make some bottles of kaba-  
parilla and cordial for grandmother; and then  
there will be some little things for myself—  
Yes, to day two weeks, we will say, and you  
can call again next week; there may be  
something to talk over. I shall not expect  
you more than that once, for I shall be very  
much engaged, and it must be just the busy  
season with you.

Thus, in her practical way, Miss Priscilla  
took at once the family reins, which she held  
with a firm hand ever after. As a housekeep-  
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He watched her, sitting upright before the  
little Japan tray, pouring a steam of tea as  
nearly at right angles with the nose of the tea  
pot; and thought within his own soul that this  
other one would rule his house better than  
the sympathetic Mrs. Pillsbury, on whom he  
had wasted five minutes of hopeless and un-  
lawful adoration. Yes, he was satisfied that  
the happiness of his future life depended upon  
one short word from Miss Danley's decisive  
lips, which as yet had only opened to ask her  
guests if they would take sugar and cream in  
their cups.

Miss Priscilla did not for a moment forget  
the proprieties of the occasion; but while she  
was acting her part as hostess with the strict-  
est decorum, her mind was busy with thoughts  
of the future. Should she, or should she not  
accept the horny hand of Salmon Hayden, and  
with it the six responsibilities which rumped  
around his hearthstone?

There was Sam—that was Priscilla's broth-  
er—he had a wife just now gone a visiting—  
she usually was gone visiting—and eight chil-  
dren. Was it Priscilla's duty to stand for-  
ever over those children with a towel, a cake  
of soap, a darning needle and a pair of scissors?

She had done it thus far ever since Sam had  
married that incapable Hannah Lovejoy, and  
did it she might to the end of the chapter, and  
who was there to thank her for it? Six was  
not as bad as eight. She could take these six  
into her own hands as no maiden aunt might  
dare, and there would be only an irresponsible,  
easy going man to say, why do you so?

Miss Priscilla considered and considered,  
as for the mistake Mr. Hayden had made in  
himself, it did not weigh a feather with the  
sensible Priscilla. It only showed what an  
absent minded, flighty man was the doctor to  
risk the possibility of such a blunder. If the  
distracted Salmon had made love to Sarah  
Matilda, he supposed he was making it to  
Priscilla; so pray what was the difference?

It is not best to split a hair from west to north-  
west side, and Miss Danley never wasted time  
on such a purely employment. She had been  
weighing this matter of marriage ever since  
the Friday before; and now that she had seen  
the bridegroom expectant she had no particu-  
lar fault to find with him, except he would  
talk with his mouth full, and before the pile of  
fruits had sunk to nothingness Mr. Hayden's  
prospects had risen in inverse proportion.

Miss Priscilla had decided that which she pre-  
sented to sit at the foot of the table at which she pre-  
sented as head. She would as lief pour tea  
for him as for any man she knew; and being a  
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GAS EXPLOSION.—There was a serious  
gas explosion in Portland, Me., on Saturday  
evening. The Press says:—

Saturday a workman took off a gas bracket  
in a chamber in the third story, but, neglected  
to plug the pipe. About 11 o'clock at night  
Mr. Barnum noticed that the upper part of the  
house was filled with gas, and proceeded to  
ascertain the cause. He lighted a gas jet at  
the head of the stairs in the second story, and  
then went up to the room in which the gas  
was escaping. No sooner had he opened the  
door than a terrific explosion took place throw-  
ing out the whole of the upper story of the  
building next to the Clapp mansion and also a  
portion of the front on Congress street, start-  
ing the stairs, smashing the glass, destroying  
the furniture and setting fire to the house—  
Capt. Barnum was prostrated by the shock  
and was terribly burned, his clothing being al-  
most reduced to cinders. The explosion was  
so loud that it was heard a great distance, and  
hundreds of people were soon on the spot—  
The alarm of fire was sounded which quickly  
brought the firemen to the scene, but the  
flames were extinguished without using the  
machine. Capt. Barnum was rescued from his  
 perilous situation by his wife, who had one  
of her hands badly burned. Several of our  
most eminent medical men were quickly there,  
and all was done that was possible to relieve  
his sufferings. It was thought he could not  
survive so badly as he was burned. The skin is  
literally stripped from his whole body. Yes-  
terday there were more hopes of him though  
his pains were intense, and he was unconscious  
most of the day. In the evening he recovered  
consciousness and was comparatively comfort-  
able. The house was visited by thousands  
yesterday who were astonished to witness the  
effect of the explosion of gas. Gunpowder  
could not have made greater havoc.

CHEAP WASH FOR BUILDINGS.—Take a  
clean, water-tight cask, and put into it a half  
bushel of lime. Slack it by pouring water  
over it boiling hot, and in sufficient quantity  
to cover it five inches deep, and stir it briskly  
(it thoroughly slaked). When the lime has  
been slacked, dissolve it in water, and add  
two pounds of sulphate of zinc and one of  
common salt. These will cause the wash to  
harden, and prevent its cracking, which gives  
an unseemly appearance to the work. A beau-  
tiful cream color may be given to the wash  
by adding three pounds of yellow ochre, or a  
good pearl or lead color, by the addition of a  
lamp of iron black. For lawn color, add four  
pounds of amber, one pound of Indian red  
and one of common lamp black. When ap-  
plied to the outside of houses and to fences, it  
is rendered more durable by adding about a  
pint of sweet milk to a gallon of wash—  
[Scientific American.]

Funny Facts for Fancy Farmers.

A distinguished agriculturist contributes the  
following valuable and seasonable hints to  
fancy farmers, which may be of service to them  
in their Spring's work:

To have your fields well dressed you must  
sow as large a breadth as possible. A grain  
of foresight in this matter will insure a sight  
of grain at harvest.

A man may fleece his sheep, but not his  
land. The farmer's game is to "give and  
take."

Mind your peas—the ge will take care of  
themselves.

It is not a lazy farmer who takes to his bed  
in the morning and stays till night—if the bed  
is in his garden.

Ploughshares are the best investments—  
the dividends are sure in the fall.

Fencing is not commendable, but there is  
no objection to carrying favor with one's cat-  
tle.

The best motto for dealing in short hay is  
—never full stop!

It is sheer nonsense to shear sheep too  
early, take off your own and your flock's over-  
coats at about the same time.

Now is the time for the farmer to mend his  
ways—highways and byways.