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NO. 7.

The Time is Short.
I sometimes feel the thread of life is slender,
And soon with me the labor will be wrought;
Then grows my heart to other hearts more tender.

The time,
The time is short.
A shepherd's tent of reeds and flowers decaying,
That night winds soon will crumble into naught;
So seems my life, for some rude blast delaying.

The time,
The time is short.
Up, up, my soul, the long spent time redeeming;
Bow thou the seeds of better deed and thought;
Light other lamps, while yet thy lamp is beaming.

The time,
The time is short.
Think of the good thou might'st have done,
When brightly
The suns of life's choicest seasons brought;
Hours lost to God in pleasures passing lightly.

The time,
The time is short.
Think of the drooping eyes thou might'st have lifted,
T' see the good that heaven to thee hath taught;
T' see unhelped wrecks that past life's bark have drifted.

The time,
The time is short.
Think of the feet that fall by misdirection,
Of noble souls to loss and ruin brought,
Because their lives are barren of affection.

The time,
The time is short.
The time is short. Then be thy heart a brother,
To every heart that needs thy help in aught;
E'en thou may'st need the sympathy of others.

The time,
The time is short.
If thou hast friends give them thy best endeavor,
Try warmest impulses and thy purest thought,
Keeping in mind, in word and action ever,

The time,
The time is short.
Ere thou thought resentful from thy mind be driven,
And cherish love by sweet forgiveness brought;
Thou soon will want the pitying love of heaven.

The time,
The time is short.
Waere summer winds, aroma-laden, hover,
Companions rest, their work forever wrought;
S on other graves the moss and fern will cover.

The time,
The time is short.
Up, up, my soul, ere the shadow falleth;
Some good return in later seasons wrought;
Forget thyself, when duty's angel calleth.

The time,
The time is short.
By all the lessons prayer to thee hath taught,
T' others teach the sympathies of heaven.

The time,
The time is short.
To others teach the overcoming power
That thee at last to God's sweet peace hath brought;
Old memories make to bless life's final hour.

The time,
The time is short.
—Boston Transcript.

IRENE'S AUCTION.

"And must all go? Can nothing be saved?" querulously questioned Mrs. Arthur, her hands listlessly folded across her lap, her air betokening utter helplessness, as she looked pitifully toward the beautiful girl whom she addressed.

"Nothing, mamma," answered the latter, drawing nearer as she spoke, and kneeling by the other's side, while she laid her finger caressingly upon her mother's pale cheek—"only each other; but papa's death has taught us how much that is. Don't worry, dearest. I hope the sale will enable us to buy furniture more suitable to the few rooms which for a time must be our future home, until I can secure some pupils and get the little home in the country where you are to live, surrounded by birds and flowers, and forget that the red flag ever waved from your door."

These were brave words, bravely spoken—so bravely as not to betray the effort they cost the speaker.
Six months before, Irene Arthur had reigned a belle in her father's magnificent home, when, like a thunderbolt from a clear summer sky, came that father's failure and death in quick succession, with the lessons experience only teaches, of friends deserting in the hour of need—little by little learning the necessity of standing alone and seeing hope drifting further and further in the distance, until the present, with its absolute emergencies, roused her to action.

The small head, set so regally upon the slight, sloping shoulders, held itself more regally still; the red, full-curved lips were pressed more proudly together as Irene buckled on her armor for the fray.

The hardest part was over now. Her mother had been told the worst which could befall them. She must now take her from this spot, hallowed by memory, before the desecrating foot of strangers entered it.

A few days' search, and she was rewarded by finding, in a quiet house, a suite of rooms which met at once her purse and her requirements—in sad contrast to the elegant luxuriance with which she had been surrounded her life long, but where, at least, her mother was saved the sight of the red flag, which seemed to her to be dyed in her heart's blood.

"Is there nothing you would like to save, Miss Arthur?" questioned a voice at her side, the morning of the sale.
She turned haughtily toward the stranger, but something in his clear blue eyes, bent upon her, witnessed the words held honest meaning.

"I beg your pardon, sir," she answered, unable to disguise wholly the pride these latter days had developed so forcibly; "I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance."

"It is for me to beg pardon, I forgot I might not be known to you personally, though I am the auctioneer appointed by the estate. Your father once did me a great kindness; and though I would not seem intrusive, I should like very much to preserve any article you may desire."

"With many thanks, sir, I desire to receive no favors," she replied, coldly, and passed on to take one fleeting look ere she fled to the place she must now learn to call home; to be haunted all day by the sound of the auctioneer's hammer and the voices of strangers desecrating the halls.

But when, in the dusk of the evening, a cart stopped before the door, and one by one articles hallowed by association—her father's chair, her own desk, her mother's favorite pictures—were brought in, the feelings so long repressed gave way to a burst of tears.

Who had done this thing? For one moment the honest blue eyes which had not her own that day rose before her. But, no! such delicacy belonged not to her owner's rank in life. Nor was it a stranger's work. Some one must have drawn her well to have selected the few things it had been such bitter warfare to part with.

They were, indeed, like old friends sent to comfort her, as, in the weary days that followed, her tired eyes would rest upon them in her bitter struggle for the daily necessities of life for herself—the luxuries which to her mother had become necessities.

Business had thrown her more than once with Earl Kenneth, the owner of the blue eyes. There had been matters connected with the sale which had compelled her to meet him, and at times she would forget the social gulf which separated them—she, the once wealthy banker's daughter, he, a man who had risen from the humblest ranks, but whose soul was that of a nobleman.

The friends she had once known, she no longer knew. They rode; she walked, and must stand on the curb to let their carriages drift by.

Earl's cheery voice and pleasant smile mother loo grew to welcome, and the few choice flowers, or the early fruit, he ever laid so quietly in Mrs. Arthur's hand, growing daily paler and thinner.

One evening, as he sat by Irene's side alone, very calmly, very truly, yet with a certain humbleness, he told her that he loved her, and asked her to become his wife.

"I cannot bear to see you struggle," he said. "Once, as you well know, I could not have asked you to become my wife; and though I have not forgotten, dear, that I am a man who has only honor and ambition, I yet can take you from this life of toil, can shield you with my breast, can toil for you and yours, if you will give me the precious assurance I seek."

Was the man mad? The pride she had forgotten in these quiet months now surged upward, and she turned toward him with pale and sparkling eyes.

"Sir, you insult me!"

"No man insults a woman with his honest love, Miss Arthur," he answered, the pride in hers bearing its reflex on his face. "I loved you—nay, I love you! My love you spurn. I can never offer it again, Miss Irene; but remember—should you ever need it, it is always yours, ready to do for you, to suffer for you, to die for you."

"Why does not Earl come?" questioned the invalid. "I want to see him—I miss him. Write, Irene, and tell him he must call this evening."

She wrote, in obedience:
"Mamma asks for you. She knows nothing. If you will occasionally drop in to see her, I shall be glad."

It cost her pride a struggle to send even this; but it was possible it also could befall them. She must now take her from this spot, hallowed by memory, before the desecrating foot of strangers entered it.

The weeks had seemed strangely long without him. Why had she thus answered him? Of course the thing he asked was impossible; but, ah, how cruelly she had spurned him!

Had he forgotten it? She had expected some trace of sorrow on the handsome brow; but when he entered, in obedience to her summons, the old frank smile lit up his face as, devoting himself to the invalid, he spoke to her only when courtesy required.

Somehow, three weeks seemed to have improved him, too. He had acquired a polish; or was it only indifference where love had resigned?

"Men easily forget," she thought, and, with the thought, she sighed.

The winter wore to an end, and slowly the invalid grew weaker and more weak. The shock had been greater than her nervous system could bear, and she sank under it day by day, until the exertion of moving from her bed to her couch became too great; when, for the first time, the realization burst upon her daughter that she was soon to be left desolate indeed.

Earl, during these months, came and went as of old; but sometimes Irene asked herself if his words to her had not been a dream.

Not once did his eyes rest on her with the old look—not once did he hold for a single moment the little fingers within his own, and a sense of empty disappointment, none the less bitter because unacknowledged, brought to the proud young eyes many an unshed tear. But bitterer sorrow was in store, as the invalid's rest approached more and more near, until the angel of death stooped and gathered her to his breast. Earl was there at the last, and as she lay so quietly on her pillows—they thought her spirit had already flown—she suddenly roused and laid her daughter's hand in his.

"Take her!" she said. "I give her to you!" Then the eyes closed forever.

"Do not mind it; she meant only as a brother, Irene," he said, in comfort, lays after, to the weeping girl, and Irene wondered why she could not as such accept it.

So the weary days merged into weeks, the weeks into months, and the proud young spirit learned its own bitterness. She saw Earl rarely now—there was no longer the invalid's impatient demands upon his time. Some of the old friends came forward in this second hour of suffering; but through all she missed him, and the thought that he had learned forgetfulness brought her no comfort. She was thinking of him one evening, when he entered.

"I am going away, Miss Irene," he said. "Will you bid me Good-bye?"

The old pride struggled for mastery against the choking in the slender throat, but the words she strove to utter refused to come.

"I have been studying law during these years of hard work, and am now able to wait for the practice I hope will come. You will think of me sometimes, Miss Irene, and if in trouble, remember the words I once said—that I stand always ready to act the part of a friend? Is even this asking too much?" he added, as his silence continued.

Had he, then, forgotten all his words—the love he had said was hers forever—or did its pale ghost lie buried, too? But she must speak—she must not let him know.

"Good-bye!" she faltered; then, spite of herself, the words she had thought locked in her heart burst from her: "Earl, do not go. I cannot bear it."

"Irene!" Where had his icy indifference fled now? His face was pale; his voice trembled in his struggle for calmness. "What matters it to you?"

"Everything," she exclaimed, as her pride lay with folded wings at her feet. "Or, if you must go, take me with you."

"Irene, do you know what your words mean—that I can take you only as my wife? My darling, is this true?"

But in answer she sprang into his open arms, dimly realizing that the color mantling her cheek was the abhorred red flag with which she had announced the auction of herself to the highest bidder; but Earl, holding her close to his heart, will yield his prize nevermore.

"Have you 'Brown Eyes'?" inquired a charming brunette, as she raised her soft and melting orbs to a clerk, whose optics are of the particular shade described in a music store yesterday. He blushed modestly as he replied: "Yes, miss, you know I have; but of what possible interest can that be to you?"

"It's the music I want," she softly responded.—Baltimore Gazette.

Chinese Customs.

In China the left hand is the seat of honor, and a Chinese guest in a European's house may often be observed to be uneasy at finding himself, as he imagines, slighted by being placed on the right hand of his host. They are painfully scrupulous about this matter of seating hosts and guests. To a European it is most irksome to have to go through the pantomime of bows and graces which always precedes the disposition of guests and host in a Chinese reception-room, and it not unfrequently ends in the impetuous Aryan assuming the seat closest to hand, irrespective of all ceremonial rules, whilst the Turanian sits down in despair and disgust at having to entertain such a hopeless savage. Then, in the matter of costume, a Chinaman, as is well known, is notable for the length and capacity of his skirts, whilst his wife and daughter wear—and not unfrequently display—the breeches. Silk and satin are his favorite materials for clothes, and the handsomer the pattern, and the more heavy and showy the embroidery, the better dressed he considers himself. A necklace of beads forms an indispensable adjunct to the full dress of every mandarin, and a fan is rarely out of his hand either when at home or abroad.

On entering a room or receiving a visitor, a Chinaman's first care is to put on his hat, not to take it off; and where a friend in Europe might say, "Keep on your hat, pray," in China the entry would be, "Oblige me by dispensing with your hat." In Europe a host begs his guest to take a seat, and suits the action to the word by sitting down himself. In China it would be regarded as the height of rudeness to sit down before every guest is well seated. In Europe friends grasp each other by the hand by way of greeting, whereas a Chinese clasps his own hands together and shakes them at his visitor. In the matter of visiting-cards the same eccentricity of purpose is observable. A Chinaman uses a small card only when on familiar terms with the person visited, and then it is from five to six times larger than what Europeans are in the habit of employing. When a little more ceremony is requisite, the card is trebled in size; and on very formal occasions it grows into a perfect pamphlet of several sheets, which, by-the-way, it is considered correct to return to the guest. At banquets or formal dinners the guest brings his card of invitation with him (also a many-leaved pamphlet), and restores it, with a solemn bow, to the host before assuming his seat at the table. Scarlet is the usual color for all visiting-cards, save during mourning, when purple or lavender-gray paper is used according to the extent of the loss; and the entire card is colored—red, as with us, the edge alone. Here we are reminded of another instance of the antagonism of Chinese and Western ideas: plain white being regarded as the color for mourning costume, not black. A man mourning for his parent or grandparent, or a woman lamenting the loss of her husband—in both of which cases the code prescribes the deepest mourning—is expected to be clad in white from head to foot; and custom demands that the hat, boots, fan, and everything about the person, even down to the end of silk cord which is plaited into the queue, shall be of the prescribed color.

Words of Wisdom.
The physically blind feel their infirmity; but what shall we say of the moral blind?

The morning is a rose, the day a tulip; night is a lily, and evening is another morning.

In every action reflect upon the end, and in your undertaking it consider why you do it.

Temperance gives nature her full play, and enables her to exert all her force and vigor.

Upright simplicity is the deepest wisdom, and perverse craft the merest shallowness.

Pace is the evening star of the soul, as virtue is its sun, and the two are never far apart.

No matter how many of our laden ships may come safely into port, that one lost at sea will always seem to us to have carried the richest cargo.

Let no man think lightly of evil, saying in his heart it will not come nigh me. Let no man think lightly of good, saying in his heart it will not benefit me. Even by the falling of water-drops a water-pot is filled.

Hope is the ruddy morning ray of joy, recollection is its golden ring; but the latter is wont to sink amid the dews and dusky shades of twilight; and the bright, blue day, which the former promises, breaks indeed, but in another world and with another sun.

TIMELY TOPICS.

A railroad train in the Caucasus recently fell from the track, a distance of about fifty feet, killing the engineer, fireman and brakeman, and eighteen passengers, and injuring thirty-eight other passengers.

The official list of patents granted by the United States during the six years beginning with 1872 and ending with 1877, shows that Thos. A. Edison received 100 patents during that time, nearly all for telegraphic improvements.

A remarkable cavern has been discovered near Columbia, Tuolumne county, Cal.; which has been explored over a mile. Some of the chambers are described as being of remarkable beauty and grandeur. Crowds are visiting the cave daily.

In only eight States in the Union the postal service pays its way—New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Michigan—the net surplus of revenue from these States being over \$2,530,000.

Statistics show that diphtheria is much more fatal in cold than in warm weather. During the six years ending December, 1876, 7,579 persons died of diphtheria in the city of New York. Of these, 437 died in the June months, and 865 in the December months.

The Emperor William's reader, Privy Counselor Louis Schneider, has just died. For the last thirty years he had preserved all the hair clipped from his head by the barber, and with it was stuffed the cushion on which his head rested in the coffin. The inscription for his tombstone was also prepared in advance, with a blank left for the date of death.

The highest salary ever paid in Boston was that of J. Wiley Edmonds, who at the time of his death was receiving \$50,000 per annum as treasurer of the Pacific mills. The highest salary paid to a bank president in Boston at present is \$10,000; the highest to a cashier is \$3,500. The range of salaries of dry goods salesmen is from \$5,000 to \$500 a year. In the wholesale boot and shoe trade the highest salary is not over \$4,000.

Concerning the world's silver production, the following statistics are given: Amount in the world in 1492, \$1,129,000,000; production from 1492 to 1877, \$7,311,000,000; total production from and including 1492, \$8,440,000,000. If, from this sum, we deduct an estimated loss by abrasion, shipwreck, etc., of thirty per cent., or \$2,532,000,000, we shall have as the net total amount (in coin, bullion, plate, etc.) now in the world, \$5,908,000,000.

The Endurance of a Horse.

The Haynesville Examiner states that a gentleman of North Lowndes came to this city some weeks ago. While here he bought a buggy and horse. On his way homeward, at Gunter's hill, he got out of the buggy for some purpose, and the horse ran off with it. Darkness had set in, and the gentleman looked in vain for his missing property. He went home and gave notice of the escape, and was much troubled at the failure to recover the beast and vehicle. At last they were found in the woods of Pinckney swamp, near the place of escape. The buggy had become fixed among the trees in such a manner that the horse could not draw it, and there the unfortunate beast had stood, without food or water, for ten days. Though emaciated and feeble, the horse was driven home without being taken from the buggy. We view this fact, which is vouched for on the best authority, as a contribution to the scientific knowledge and speculation of the day, and hardly know of a parallel.—Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser.

Cipher This.

If our readers are inclined toward deciphering the mysterious, we offer them the annexed puzzle and recommend the original riddle to the careful consideration of our readers who think it means them:
I
FY
OUO
WEFO
BYOUR
PAPE
RPA
YU
P
By a careful and continued application for a time it may be solved, and we can not very greatly lengthen of time will elapse before the benefit of this solution will be felt in a form that we can really appreciate. This conclusion, however, may be problematic, but shall anxiously await its determination, trusting that it may be in our favor.—Exchange.

Side by Side.

They were sitting side by side,
And he sighed, and then she sighed.
Said he, "My darling! do!"
And he smiled, and she smiled.

"You are creation's belle!"
And he belov'd, and she belov'd.
"On my soul there is such a weight!"
And he waited, and she waited.

"You shall have a private gig!"
And she giggled, and he giggled.
She said, "My dearest Luke!"
And he looked, and then she looked.

"I'll have thee if thou wilt!"
And he wiled, and then she wiled.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Firm friends—Partners.
The ways of the world—Roads.
It is better to give than to receive—a bill.

No one ever found fault with a musician for putting on airs.

Why is a lazy man like a magician? Because he works by spells.

The successful bank robber should be possessed of nerves of steel.

A lumber dealer failed last week—could not pay his board bills.

Of the mothers who bore children in New York last year, 442 were over fifty years of age.

Seventy tons of chewing gum were required to keep American jaws moving during the year.

In 1878 about \$20,000,000 were lost to breeders and farmers in the United States through hog cholera.

In England the number of insolventcies in 1878 is set down at not less than 5,000 greater than that of 1877.

It may please some folks to learn that 456 more dime novels were issued in 1878 than during the previous year.

Chicago leads the world in the important industry of pork packing. In the year 1877 Chicago men cut up fully three million hogs.

"Excuse these steers," said a sad-eyed stock drover to an elderly lady, after his infatuated cattle had tossed two of her offspring into the mud.

"See how I ride o'er the raging main!" exclaimed a man who was thrown over his horse's head into a ditch on the other side of the fence.

Careful estimates place the number of freight cars that were blockaded on various lines between Chicago and New York during the recent storm at 15,000.

The watch worn by Major Andrew when he was arrested as a spy is said to be the possession of an Oshkosh (Wis.) woman. It is a curious oval-shaped watch, inscribed inside "John Andrew 1774."

The inhabitants of Marseilles pride themselves on the genial climate of their city. Alphonse Karr happened to be there when there was a foot of snow on the ground. Said he to a native: "Well, you can scarcely deny that this is snow?" "Call it snow if you like," replied the Marseillais, taking up his hat and holding it bravely for a moment or two; "but 't is not co'snow."

Wanted to Be Ahead.

About mid-afternoon yesterday the cry of "runaway—look out!" was started on Michigan avenue, near Cass street, by a dozen persons. A young man with his pants tucked into his boots had just come out of a harness shop, and seeing the runaway horse coming down the street he dropped the horse-collar from off his arm and made a dash for the flying animal. Just how it happened no one could say, but horse and man and sleigh were piled up in a heap the next moment, and from the mass issued a string of yells as it did not seem possible one man could utter. The crowd separated one from the other after a while, and the man appeared to be dragged through several brick holes and then run through a threshing machine. Some wiped the blood off his ear, while others hunted up his broken suspenders and missing boot heels, and when he got his breath he said:

"Oh, I don't care for these scratches. Where are the ladies who lives I saved?"

"There was no one in the sleigh," answered one of the crowd; "no one but a sack of buckwheat and a quart of beef, and they are safe."

"Didn't I rescue anybody?" demanded the young man.

"No; but you are a hero just same."

"I'll be blamed if I am!" he indignantly exclaimed. "Here, some one put that horse-collar over my hitch a swill-cart to me and drive me down for a mule, for I don't know enough to be a first-class fool."—Press.

Women
Lush, luxuriant
of abundant,
it must use
HAIRON. This
article always
it grow freely
it from falling
and cures gray-
hair and
as the hair
it a curling
keeping it in
position. Beau-
fair is the sure
Kathairon.

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