



# The St. Andrews Standard.

POST-PAID.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

VARIIS SEMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Ct.

\$2.50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

No 5

SAINT ANDREWS, N.W. BRUNSWICK, FEB. 2, 1876.

Vol 43

## A NIGHT OF TERROR.

This night, which will dwell in my memory with vivid distinctness while life and reason are left me, was in October a long time ago. I was at that time a telegraph operator stationed in a little Canadian town upon the Grand Trunk line of railroad.

There was by no means a model place of residence. There were beer-gardens, drinking-saloons, gambling-houses, out of all proportion to the more respectable shops and residences; we had two arrests of counterfeiters, and there was scarcely a day passed that there was not a brawl amongst the ruffians around us. Still, there was a school, and a timid, blue-eyed woman had come to teach there.

How long an unprotected woman might have lived here, I can only guess, for Alice Holt had been there but three months when she consented to walk into church with me one day, and walk out my wife. This was in July, and we had occupied a pretty cottage nearly a quarter of a mile from the telegraph office since our marriage.

Being the only man employed in the telegraphic business in the town, I was obliged to remain constantly in the office during the day and part of the evening, and Alice herself brought me my dinner and supper.

There was a small room next to the office, with a window but only one door, communicating with the larger room. Here Alice had fitted up a dressing-table, mirror, wash-stand, and some shelves, where she kept pepper, salt and pickles for my office rejects. The two rooms were on the second floor of a wooden building, that stood alone.

With this necessary introduction, I come to the story of that October night, and the part my blue-eyed Alice, only eighteen, and afraid of her own shadow, played in it.

I was in the office at about half-past seven o'clock when one of the railway officials came in hurried, saying:

"Stirling, have you been over to the embankment on the road to-day?"

The embankment was not a quarter of a mile from the office on the east side.

"No, I have not."

"It was a special Providence took me there, then. One of the great masses of rock has rolled down directly across the track. It will be as dark as a wolf's mouth to-night, and if the midnight up-train comes without warning, there will be a horrible smash-up."

"It must stop at Pottsville, then," I replied.

"I will send a message."

"Yes; that is what I stepped in for. The down track is clear, so you need not stop that train."

"All right, sir."

I was standing at the door seeing my caller down the rickety staircase, when Alice came up with my supper. It was hot and I was cold, so I drew up a table, and opening can and basket, sat down to enjoy it. Time enough for business, I thought, afterward. As I ate we chatted.

"Any messages to-day?" my wife asked.

"One for John Martin."

"John Martin?" Alice cried; "the greatest ruffian in the neighborhood.—What was the message?"

"Midnight train."

"Was that all?"

"That was all. Mr. Hill had just been here to tell me there is a huge rock across the track at the embankment; so I shall stop the midnight train at Pottsville. The passengers must wait for a few hours there, and come on in the morning after the track is cleared."

"Have you sent the message, Robert?"

"Not yet. There is plenty of time. That train does not leave Pottsville till half-past eleven, and it is not yet eight. Yes—it is just striking."

"Better send it, Robert. If there should be an accident, you would never forgive yourself. Send it while I put some clean towels in the wash-room, and then I will come and sit with you till you can come long."

She went into the dressing-room as she spoke, taking no light, but depending upon the candles burning in the office. I was rising from my seat to send that telegram, when the door opened, and four of the worst characters in the town, led by John Martin, entered the room. Before I could speak two threw me back in my chair, one held a revolver to my head, and John Martin spoke:

"Mr. Hill was here to tell you to stop the up-train. You will not send that message, listen. The rock is there to stop the train—put there for that purpose. There is fifty thousand in gold in the train. Do you understand?"

"You would risk all the lives in the train to rob it?" I cried, horror-struck.

"Exactly!" was the cool reply. "One fifth is

yours if you keep back the message. The money has been watched all the way along!"

It was the whole diabolical scheme at once. If the train came, it would be thrown off at the embankment and easily plundered by the villains who would lie in wait there.

"Come," Martin said, "will you join us?"

"Never!" I cried, indignantly.

"Then we must force you. Tie him fast!"

I trembled for Alice. If only my life were at stake I could have borne it better.

But even if we were both murdered, I could not take the blood of the passengers in the train on my head. Not a sound came from the little room as I was tied hand and foot to my chair, bound so securely that I could not move. It was proposed to gag me, but finally concluded that my cries if I made any could not be heard, and a handkerchief was bound over my mouth.

The door of the wash-room was closed and locked, Alice was still undiscovered, then the light was blown out, and the ruffians left me, locking the door after them.

There was a long silence. Outside I could hear the step of one of the men pacing up and down watching. I rubbed my head against the wall behind me, and succeeded in getting the handkerchief off my mouth, to fall round my neck.

I had scarcely succeeded in this when there was a tap on the inner door.

"Robert," Alice said.

"Yes, love! speak low; there is a man under my window!"

"Are you alone in the room?"

"Yes, dear."

"I am going to Pottsville. There is no man under my window, and I can get out there. I have six long roller-towels here, knotted together, and I have cut my white skirt into wide strips to join them. The rope made so reaches nearly to the ground, I shall fasten it to the door knob and let myself down."

"I will not take long to reach home, saddle Selim and reach Pottsville in time. Don't fear for me. When you hear a hen cackling under my window, you'll know I am safely on the ground."

Little Alice! My heart throbbled heavily as I heard her heroic proposal, but I dared not stop her.

"Heaven bless and protect you," I said, and listened for her signal. Soon the cackling noise told me the first step of her perilous undertaking was taken.

It was dark, cloudy and threatening a storm, and, as nearly as I could guess, close upon nine o'clock. She had to go six miles, and I could only wait and pray. I was too much stunned even yet to realize the heroism of this timid woman, starting alone upon the dark ride, through a wild country with a storm threatening.

Nine o'clock! As the bell of the church-clock ceased to strike, a flash, told me a thunder-storm was coming rapidly. Oh, the long, long minutes of the next hour!

Ten o'clock. The rain falling in torrents, the thunder pealing, lightning flashing! Alice was so afraid of lightning! Often I had held her, white as death, trembling, almost fainting in such a storm as this. Had she feared to start, with the storm in prospect, or was she lying somewhere on the wild road, overcome by terror or perhaps stricken by lightning?

Eleven o'clock. The storm was over, though still the night was inky black—no sound to cheer me, none to make the hideous suspense more endurable. A host of possibilities, like frightful night-mares, chased one another through my tortured brain.

Would the next hour never pass. Once the clock tolled midnight, all was safe.

I was drenched with perspiration wrung from me in one hour, chilled with horror the next. No words can describe the misery of waiting as the minutes dragged slowly along. In the dead silence a far-off sound struck a thrill of horror to my heart, far exceeding even the previous agony. Far, far away, a faint whistle came through the night air. Nearer and nearer, then the distant rumble of the train growing more and more distinct.

The midnight up-train was coming swiftly, surely to a certain destruction? Where was my wife? Had the villains intercepted her at the cottage? Was she lying dead somewhere upon the wild road? Her heroism is of no avail, but was her life saved? In the agony of that question the approaching rumbling of the train was partially lost; far more did I feel the bitterness of Alice dead than the horror of the doomed lives the train carried. Why had I left her start upon her mad errand?

I tried to move, and writhed in impotent fury upon my chair, forcing the cruel cords to tear my flesh as I vainly tried to loosen even one hand.

The heavy train rumbled past the telegraph office. It was an express train and did not

stop at my station; but as I listened, every sense sharpened by my mental torture, it seemed to me that the speed slackened. Listening intently, I knew that it stopped at the embankment, as nearly as I could judge. Not with the sickening crash I expected, preceding walls and groans from the injured passengers, but gradually and carefully. A moment more and I heard shouts, the crack of firearms, sounds of some conflict.

What could it all mean? The minutes were hours, till I heard a key turn in the door of my prison, and a moment later two tender arms were round my neck, and Alice was whispering in my ear:

"They will come in a few minutes, love to set you free! The villains left the key in the door. I thought of that before I started, but there was a man at the front watching. I crept round the house and I saw him, so I did not dare to be seen."

"But you have been to Pottsville?"

"Yes, dear."

"In all that storm?"

"Selim seemed to understand. He carried me swiftly and surely. I was well wrapped in my waterproof cloak and hood. When I reached Pottsville the train had not come up."

"But it is here?"

"Only the locomotive and one carriage. In that carriage were a sheriff, deputy sheriff, and twenty men armed to the teeth, to capture the gang at the embankment. I came, too, and they lowered me from the platform when the speed slackened, so that I could run in here and tell you all was safe!"

"While we spoke, my wife's fingers had first untied the handkerchief around my neck, and then, in the dark, found some of the knots of the cords binding me. But I was still tied fast and strong, when there was a rush of many feet upon the staircase, and in another moment light and joyful voices.

"We've captured the whole nine!" was the good news. "Three, including John Martin, are desperately wounded, but the surprise was perfect! Now, old fellow, for you!"

A dozen clasp-knives at once severed my bonds, and a dozen hands were extended in greeting.

As for the praise showered upon my plucky little wife, it would require a volume to tell half of them.

The would-be assassins and robbers were sent for trial, and would have escaped had not John Martin, in his death-bed, turned Queen's evidence. His antemortem testimony sent the survivors to penal servitude.

Alice and I left for a far more civilized community the following year. But before we went, there was an invitation sent to us to meet a committee from the railroad company at Pottsville. We accepted, had a dinner, were toasted and complimented, and then Alice was presented with a silver tea-service, as a testimonial from the passengers upon that threatened down-train, the company and railroad directors, in token of their gratitude for the lives and property saved by her heroine.

**A Little Brown Jug.**  
Glug! Glug! Glug!  
By my corn-cob plug,  
Said the Jug,  
Times are dull, old friend,  
Take a pull old friend,  
Do you good! "Ah!"  
Warns the blood—"Ah!"  
Gives one strength—"Ah!"  
Unto life adds length—"Ah!"  
Isn't that the pure stuff? "He!"  
Ha! you like it sure enough! "He!"  
Never mind about the weather,  
Into the ditch we'll roll together—  
Two hard cases out upon a spree,  
Whiskey mellow, drunk as drunk can be,  
What care we about a bed to-night?  
In this friendly snow-drift tucked so tight,  
Let the blizzard rattle, and let it roar,  
In unconscious bliss we'll lie and snore.  
Mercury down to 40, what care you for?  
Alcohol within us must be 40 high,  
Wife and children shivering at home,  
But we'll warm them when we come,  
Flour bar! empty clothing gone,  
Where is our next whiskey pawn?  
But no matter! We're all right,  
Here's a plenty for to-night,  
Hey, sir, my treat, once more!  
Thaw that frozen snow!  
Frozen! Frozen! Glug!  
Like an icicle said the Jug.  
—Tom. Rec.

"You will observe from this word *pater*," said a schoolmaster to his pupil, "the great flexibility of the Latin language. *Pater* is a father; and here we have *patrus*, an uncle; and *propatrus*, a great uncle on the father's side. Can you make any such change in our language? *Pater*, *patrus*, *propatrus*—father; is there any way you can change father into uncle in English?"

"I don't think of any," replied young hopeful, "unless you can get him to marry your Aunt."

**Domestic Economy.**

"What is your trouble, madam?" inquired the doctor.

"It's the children. I'm a poor woman, and I've got my five children to feed, and they're so healthy, doctor."

"Ah, you are fortunate, then, for sickness in so large a family would prove a sore impediment."

"Yes, doctor, they're very healthy, and they eat like pigs. Never have enough."

"Oh, well, you are all right then, so long as yourself and your children keep well."

"Yes, they are well. Their appetites are too—. There is no danger of their eating too much, is there?"

"No, good homely food, as much as their appetites crave, will not hurt them."

"Well, I didn't know, you know. They eat so much, you see, that I thought I'd come and get something to kind of check them up. Some little medicine, you know. These are hard times, and people have to be saving."

**A Convenient Land Measure.**

To aid farmers in arriving at accuracy in estimating the amount of land in different fields under cultivation, the following table is given:

5 yards wide by 968 long contains one acre.

10 yards wide by 484 long contains one acre.

20 yards wide by 242 long contains one acre.

40 yards wide by 121 long contains one acre.

70 yards wide by 67½ long contain one acre.

80 yards wide by 60½ long contain one acre.

60 feet wide by 726 long contains one acre.

110 feet wide by 397 long contains one acre.

139 feet wide by 353 long contains one acre.

220 feet wide by 198 long contains one acre.

240 feet wide by 181½ long contain one acre.

440 feet wide by 99 long contains one acre.

**COMPARATIVE VALUE OF FOODS.**—Taking timothy hay as standard of comparison, it requires 160 pounds of it to supply a certain amount of nourishment. It is estimated by careful experiment, that the same amount of nourishment can be obtained by using the following quantities of food: Clover hay 95 lbs.; rye straw, 335 lbs.; oat straw, 220 lbs.; potatoes, 135 lbs.; carrots, 280 lbs.; beets, 346 lbs.; ruta bagas, 262 lbs.; wheat, 43 lbs.; peas, 44 lbs.; beans, 43 lbs.; rye, 43 lbs.; barley, 51 lbs.; corn, 53 lbs.; oats, 59 lbs.; buckwheat, 64 lbs.; and oil cake, 64 lbs.

**FEED FOR HORSES AND SHEEP.**—A new food for horses and sheep is coming into use, which is composed of two quarts of oats, one of bran and a half pint of flaxseed. The oats are first placed in the stable bucket, over which is placed the tin, covering the mixture with an old rug and allowing it to rest for five hours; then the mass is stirred up. The bran absorbs while retaing the vapor and the linseed binds the oats and bran together. A greater quantity of flaxseed would make the preparation too oily and less relished. One feed per day is sufficient. It is easy, digestible, and is especially adapted to young animals, adding rather to the volume than to their height, giving substance to the frames.

**WINTER CHURNING.**—A practical dairyman sends the following about rendering winter churning easy: Strain the milk into pans and set them on a pot of boiling water on the stove. Heat the milk quite hot, but not so as to scald. Set away the pans, and in 36 hours thick cream will have formed. At each skimming stir the cream well together, and when enough for a churning has accumulated, take care, in cold weather, to have the chaff taken off the cream; then scald the churn, put in the cream, and churn gently; and if the butter does not come in less than 10 minutes, you may judge that your cream is too cold.

**HOW TO GROW FAT.**—It is said that a pint of milk, taken every night just before retiring to rest will soon make the thickest figure plump. Here is a simple and pleasant means by which thin, scraggy women may acquire plump, rounded figures at a small cost.

When may bread said to be inhabited? when it has a little Indian in it.

Mary had a little lamp.

'Twas filled with kerosene  
Mary down the chimney blew,  
And vanished from the scene,  
Gone to meet her brother who sat down  
on a keg of powder to smoke.

A considerable proceeding—sending a standing army to the seat of war.—*London Fun.*

Nothing of the kind is apprehended at present; but if Mrs. Twain should be called away we hope that she will leave her Mark in the world.—*Danbury News.*

A correspondent wants to know the best way to become a literary man. Well, the quickest way for him is to make a short voyage to sea. He will very likely become a contributor to the Atlantic.

"Go out, young man; she's not here!" said a Pennsylvania preacher last Sunday, in the midst of his sermon, to a youth whom he saw standing hesitatingly in the doorway.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

What's the difference between a profane man and an old toper? Only that the one swears often times in the course of a month, and the other swears off ten times during the same period.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

"What size do you wear, sir?" blandly inquired the hatter. "I think," said the customer, "about—." Just then a young fellow toward the mirror he stepped on a piece of orange peel and sat down suddenly—"about a cap size, I think."—*New York Commercial.*

A negro being asked what he was in jail for, said it was for borrowing money. "But," said the questioner, "they don't put people in jail for borrowing money." "Yes," said the darkey, "but I had to knock the man down free or fo' times before he would lend it to me."

A Detroit boy paid his first visit to one of the union schools, the other day, as a scholar, and, as he came home at night, his mother inquired, "Well, Henry, how do you like going to school?" "Bully," he replied, in an excited voice. "I saw four boys licked, one girl get her ear pulled, and a big scholar lurdied his elbow on the stove! I don't want to miss a day."

Detroit has a terror in the shape of a burglar dressed in woman's clothes. The scamp goes about begging, and examining houses in this guise in the day time, and in the night he and his gang, in masks, enter and rob the houses, and hence arises the story of "female burglar."

The Hartford Times tells of a smart Connecticut stump speaker who was haranguing a crowd in Fairfield county, when the effect of one of his strong points was fearfully broken by a bawling exclamation from a half-drunken fellow in the crowd who sung out:—"Oh, you're a demagogue!" The orator fixed his eye upon the fellow and, pausing just a moment to fix the attention of the audience and give his response the more effect, merely answered with one of his unapproachable grins:—"And put a wisp of straw around your belly, and you'd be a demijohn!" It brought down the house and extinguished the bibulous offender.

**EITHER WAY WILL DO.**—"Will you have me, Sarah?" said a young man to a modest girl. "No John," said she; "but you may have me if you will."

Dr. Gross, who left St. Stephen last Fall for the benefit of his health, has decided to settle in Eureka, Cal. He succeeds to the practice of the late Dr. Lindsay of that place, who was a native of St. Stephen.

JOHN GRIMMER, Esq., of St. Stephen, is in his 97th year, and is still hale and hearty.

QUEEN VICTORIA has an annual income of \$2,135,000 to support herself and the Crown's dignity. The Prince of Wales receives \$550,000 a year; other members of the Royal household about \$500,000 a year; and salaries of officials of the household amount to about \$200,000 a year more.

J. A. FLEMING, youngest brother of Sanford Fleming, Esq., died at Collingwood, Ontario, January 6.

THE BANK OF NEW BRUNSWICK pays \$3,073 taxes in St. J. h., the Maritime Bank, \$4,095, Bank of Montreal, \$1,708, Bank of N. A., \$1,723, Bank of Nova Scotia, \$495.