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## A Sterling Old Poem.

Who shall judge man from his manners?  
Who shall know him by his dress?

Panthers may be fit for princes,  
Princes fit for something less.

Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket  
May belittle the golden ore.

Of the deepest thoughts and feelings—  
Satin vest can do no more.

There are streams of crystal nectar  
Ever flowing out of stone;

There are purple beds and golden,  
Hidden crushed and overthrown.

God, who counts by souls, not dresses,  
Loves and prospers you and me.

While he values thrones the highest  
But as pebbles in the sea.

Man upraised above his fellows,  
Oft forgets his fellows then;

Masters—rulers—lords, remember  
That your meekest hind is man!

Men of labor, men of feeling,  
Men of thought and men of fame,

Claiming equal rights to sunshine  
In a man's ennobling game.

There are foam-embroidered oceans,  
There are little wood-clad hills;

There are feeble inch-high saplings,  
There are cedars on the hills.

God, who counts by souls, not stations,  
Loves and prospers you and me;

For to Him all vain distinctions  
Are as pebbles in the sea.

Tolling bells alone are builders  
Of a nation's wealth and fame;

Tied isles are pensioned,  
Fed and fed on the same;

By the sweat of other's foreheads,  
Living only to rejoice.

While the poor man's outraged freedom  
Vainly lifts its feeble voice.

Truth and justice are eternal,  
Born with love and light;

Secret wrongs shall never prosper  
While there is a sunny right.

God, whose world-wide voice is singing  
Boundless love to you and me,

Links oppression with his titles  
But as pebbles in the sea.

## HARRY'S COMPACT.

A schoolmistress had been engaged in  
place of the outgoing master, who had  
been called to a professor's chair at  
University.

She was to be in the little old school-  
house on the first Monday in May.

There had been some difference of  
opinion among the people—one party  
wishing for a gentleman; the other, for  
motives of economy, preferring a lady  
teacher. The latter faction had carried  
the day.

School opened with a full attendance.  
One class consisted of lady whose ages  
ranged from sixteen to twenty. They  
had been much attached to Mr. Osborne,  
and the idea of seeing a lady in his place  
was so distasteful to them that they had  
formed a league among themselves to  
make the place, as they said, "too hot"  
for her.

Taken singly, each would have been  
ashamed to annoy a woman, but one had  
urged another on until their views  
seemed right and justifiable.

Miss Brown was in happy ignorance  
of this unpleasant feeling, as she was a  
stranger in the place. An old friend  
had heard of the position, and, knowing  
her to be in search of one, had advised  
her to apply for it.

The school-house boasted but one  
room. A platform ran across the end;  
on it stood a desk, with a bible, a pen,  
and a ferule, in close proximity to each  
other.

Of the two rows of seats ranged along  
the sides, those nearest the entrance  
were reserved for the older scholars,  
as they were provided with desks; the  
others, being without that convenience,  
were occupied by the primary class.

Between these benches, filled with  
children, watching her entrance with  
eager, curious eyes, lay Miss Brown's  
pathway to her desk.

As she came in, there were looks  
first of surprise, then of amusement.

She was so petite, with a round,  
childish face, which flashed slightly as  
she saw the "formidable class of boys,  
all taller, and some of them older than  
herself.

For a moment she was conscious of a  
feeling of dismay; but down deep in  
her heart lurked a trust in the innate  
nobleness of the manly nature, and of  
its chivalrous respect for woman, so  
she soon rallied her courage.

Turning, as she reached the platform,  
she said pleasantly:

"I am glad to see so many bright,  
young faces here this morning. Our  
purpose is the same—to work. I to  
teach, you to learn. I shall give you  
very few rules, so there will be no  
temptation to break them, and I hope  
that the end of the season will find our  
school one to be proud of. Let us be-  
gin by saying the Lord's prayer."

The fresh, young voice had a charm  
peculiarly its own. She was so girlish-  
looking, it filled the scholars with sur-  
prise to hear her address them with  
such quiet dignity. A chapter from  
the Bible followed the prayer. Then  
she said:

"The older pupils will please take  
the books they have been accustomed  
to use, and prepare lessons. I will  
form the classes as soon as I have time  
to examine all, but it will be slow  
work. I feel sure that you will aid me  
in my duties by being as quiet as possi-  
ble until we get into smooth, working  
order. First, I will give the little ones  
an exercise."

She went to the blackboard, gave a  
few bold, free strokes with some colored  
crayons she had brought, and lo! a  
picture of a dog lying at the feet of a  
child stood out in fine relief. Smiling  
at the children's delighted faces, she  
told them a brief but engrossing story  
about the dog, holding attention from  
first to last, then printed some short ex-  
planatory words underneath her sketch  
for them to say over in concert until  
memorized.

"There, children, that is your first  
lesson in reading and spelling. Now sit  
down. You shall have slates and pencils  
to copy."

Just then a large spit-ball whizzed  
past, catching her cheek, and lodging  
on the blackboard. She glanced around  
in search of the sender, whose look of  
preternatural innocence at once betrayed  
him.

"The boy who is studying so very  
industriously may come to me."

A pair of merry brown eyes glanced  
up from his book. Their owner saw  
he was found out, and looking rather  
shame-faced, went forward, amid a sub-  
dued giggle from the rest of the scholars.

"What is your name?—Jack? Well,  
Jack, I see you have an active tempera-  
ment and are happiest when busy. Please  
take these slate-pencils and sharpen  
them nicely. We want good  
materials to work with, don't we,  
chicks?" with a bright look at the little  
ones.

So on, through the long day, with  
many experiences calculated to vex her;  
but she bore them all with imperturbable  
good-humor.

A lecture by an experienced instructor,  
which she had once listened, had im-  
pressed her with its good sense; and  
one of his maxims was, "Never lose  
command of your own temper, if you  
wish to control others."

When the oldest class was called for  
examination, she felt, as the stalwart,  
ruddy-faced boys towered up in front of  
her, that it was almost presumption to  
think of teaching them. But she soon  
found the benefit of her thorough drill  
in the Normal College. Though the  
tall pupils were good in their studies as  
far as they went, they had as yet only  
paddled their boats on the edge of the  
ocean of knowledge, while she had  
breasted some of the breakers.

She worked patiently and persevering-  
ly on, and after a time, succeeded in  
making the school a marvel of order and  
industry.

One among the larger boys—Harry  
Chisholm—had always led in every  
kind of frolic and mischief. He was a  
little past his sixteenth birthday; hand-  
some and sunburned, with curly hair  
and merry blue eyes.

Before Miss Brown took up her  
"mimic sceptre," he had been one of  
her predecessor's most ardent adherents,  
and had pledged himself to his mates  
to annoy the teacher in whatever way  
they should suggest.

Now he would gladly have been ab-  
solved from his promise, as Miss Brown  
had also become a great favorite with  
him; but it was too good an opportuni-  
ty for fun to be lost, and the boys in-  
sisted that he should fulfill his compact,  
and—kiss the teacher.

As they made known their views,  
Harry's face clouded, until a happy  
thought struck him.

"All right, fellows, I'll do it; but  
I'll not promise when I'm with this  
boy had to rest content.

It is the custom in some country places  
for the teacher to board around; first  
spending a portion of her time with one,  
then with another of the pupils' parents,  
until all have done their share of enter-  
taining.

Miss Brown was at Harry Chisholm's  
during the month of June, and found  
her stay there very pleasant. Harry  
despoiled the woods of treasures of moss  
and flowers to decorate the rooms in his  
honor, and his mother spared no pains  
in compounding marvels of delicious  
cooking to tempt her to "eat and grow  
fat" as she said in her homely but  
cordial way.

There was now but one thing wanting  
to make Harry perfectly happy, and that  
was to have his former friend and teach-  
er, Mr. Osborne, pay them a visit. So  
with his mother's consent he wrote and  
invited him to spend Saturday and Sun-  
day with them.

The young teacher came home from  
the half-day Saturday session feeling  
tired and dispirited. As she entered  
into the shady east parlor, which was  
the favorite sitting room of the family,  
her eyes, unused to the subdued light,

failed to notice that it was already  
tenanted.

She sank into an inviting looking easy  
chair, and giving her sun bonnet a toss  
to the table leaned wearily back and  
closed her eyes.

The rattle of a newspaper caused her  
to open them again suddenly, and find  
that she had intruded thus unceremoni-  
ously upon another visitor. As she rose  
confusedly the gentleman came forward  
and held out his hand. After one sur-  
prised glance she gave a little cry of  
pleasure.

"Mr. Osborne! am I dreaming? or  
is it a ghost instead of your very own  
self?"

"No ghost I assure you; but I feel  
like echoing your question. How is it I  
find you here in this quiet out-of-the-  
way place?"

Just then Rosie Brown recollected  
herself. She must not let this man,  
who had for a few brief months brought  
such happiness into her life, and then  
had dropped out so suddenly, and for a  
time had caused even the sunlight to  
seem a mockery to her—she must not let  
him see how her heart throbbed at the  
familiar music of his voice. The answer  
was given with a sudden change of  
manner.

"I am Harry's teacher, and am stay-  
ing here for the present."

"You! teaching a district school!  
What does it mean? I thought you  
were married, and on your way to En-  
gland months ago."

"Married!" began Rosie, in bewilder-  
ment. Then her lips commenced to  
tremble, and before she could summon  
pride to her aid the tears came and she  
was sobbing bitterly.

Jamie Osborne's face was a study. He  
made a movement forward—longing to  
gather her to his heart and kiss away the  
tears; but he restrained himself.

"Rose," he said, after a moment's  
troubled silence, did you receive a letter  
from me soon after I went away?"

"No," she said, wiping her eyes and  
looking wonderingly in his agitated face.

"I wrote to you as soon as I had se-  
cured my professorship, and asked you  
—oh, Rosie! do you not know what my  
question was?"

Rosie's pretty head drooped beneath  
her lover's gaze, but she had no more  
tears to hide. Her face shone with a  
sudden sunlight of joy. She had been  
right after all in her intuitions. Jamie  
Osborne had loved her, and she had not  
misconstrued his meaning when he had  
whispered at their parting:

"As soon as my future is decided upon  
I am going to write and ask my little  
friend a question. Until then I must  
keep silence."

Her heart had thrilled as she listened  
to the low tender tones, and for weeks  
the postman's arrival had been awaited  
with eager eyes. Then the dreary inter-  
val of disappointment, and at last the  
feeling that she had been cruelly de-  
ceived—that he whom she had thought  
so noble and true had been trifling with  
her heart's deepest and holiest emo-  
tions.

"I will tell you," her lover con-  
tinued. "It was a call to little Rosie  
to come and help him decorate the  
pretty home-nest the writer was at last  
in circumstances to build, and to be its  
loved and honored mistress. But his  
answer came, and soon after I read in  
the Times a notice of the marriage of  
Miss Rosalind Brown."

Rosie interrupted him impetuously.

"I see it all now. That was my  
cousin Rosie, and—what you thought it  
was I!"

"Then, Rosie, will you answer my  
question now? Will you be my wife?"

Rosie looked up. Smiles and tears  
were contending for the mastery, but  
smiles carried the day. A little of her  
old shyness came into the face lately  
so grave and quiet.

"Don't it seem like a dangerous ex-  
periment when you think of it? I have  
of late developed a faculty for govern-  
ing, and I might try my powers upon  
you."

Her lover answered in the same  
spirit.

"In that case it would be 'diamond  
out diamond,' for I am a teacher too,  
you know."

N. R.—Harry carried out his con-  
tract with his schoolmates. He did  
kiss the teacher; but it was not until  
he officiated as "best man" at her  
wedding.

According to the World, "to bounce"  
is to raise the arm of indignation and  
the foot of indignation against any person,  
and therewith, violently to expel him  
from a place wherein he would have re-  
mained into a place where he did not  
want to be. The bounce is, primarily,  
an act of physical overfulness accom-  
panied by a root idea that the person  
bounced will come up with a thump and  
a hollow sound which may indicate the  
complete termination of the bounce and  
the subterranean of its object.

## Fashion Notes.

Black gloves are still much in vogue  
for evening use, and are worn with  
white, pink and blue toilets.

The spring bonnets are in the capote  
shape, closely resembling the felt bon-  
nets worn in the winter. Fine chips and  
very coarse straws have so far been the  
most noticeable.

Fans, with fantastic designs, or with  
trailing branches of vines and flowers  
beginning and ending nowhere, and  
crossing the fan, sticks and all, at right  
angles, are finished with tiny bells hung  
on the edges; they are suspended to the  
arm by heavy cable cords of silk.

Carriage capes are to be worn on the  
outside garments of the coming season;  
double sailor collars, the lower one  
smaller than the upper one, appear on  
tightly fitting dresses. With the corset  
waist, which is very long and fits closely  
to the hips, "Jeanne d'Arc" sashes, or  
"Alma" sashes, are worn, and fasten  
in front.

Spring goods are in the bourrette pat-  
terns, but in rather neutral tints, the  
absence of startling yellows and reds  
helping to tone them down. Gray,  
blue, brown and white shades are  
mixed together, and there is a predomi-  
nance of small figures in the importa-  
tion of percales, cambrics, silks and  
summer bonnettes.

Two fashions are indicated as likely to  
succeed during the coming season—  
short dresses for the street and a return  
to overdresses; these last will be apron-  
shaped and looped or draped up at the  
sides. Short dresses require more care  
in their cut and finish than long dresses,  
and should be cut from the very best  
patterns; they need very little goring,  
and must be very little aloped in order  
to be graceful.

Large-headed gold pins are much used  
for dressing the hair; they are highly  
polished and cut in innumerable facets;  
they are stuck among puffs and braids,  
according to the taste of the wearer, to  
any amount. Another fashion is that of  
wearing phosphorescent flowers, which  
are startlingly luminous in the dark.  
Hair worn frizzed on the forehead is  
known abroad as the "Americaine," and  
is recommended for the very youthful  
faces only.

Beads of all kinds are in the ascen-  
dant, pearl and Roman beads heading the  
list; they appear on bonnets in festooned  
rows, and gold beads are also similarly  
used; but this is only on full dress  
bonnets and not for the street. Dresses  
are elaborately embroidered down the  
front with rich designs blending seed  
pearls and Roman pearls together. The  
most elegant finish for the throat is  
thought to be a single row of pearls, or  
in default of these, of Roman pearls set  
on a dog collar of dark velvet.

Shoes for evening wear are in the  
Louis XV. and Charles IX. styles; this  
last is ornamented on the instep with  
three or four bands, and bows with  
small buckles or colored stones or Rhine  
pebbles. The Louis XV. is a low-cut  
slipper with a full rosette of some color  
to match the dress; both shoes have  
pointed and rounded toes, turning up a  
little. For home wear the "Molier,"  
a half high shoe, and numberless other  
shapes are worn in all sorts of materials;  
scarlet heels with blue slippers, or gold  
heels with black satin ones, being al-  
lowed, or vice versa.

Sieges of Constantinople.

Constantinople has been besieged  
twenty-eight times since its foundation.

The first siege was in the year 477 B. C.,  
when Pausanias marched to the town  
after the battle of Plataeae. In 410 B. C.,  
it was besieged by Alcibiades; in 347 by  
Leo, General to Philip of Macedonia; in  
197 A. D., by Septimius Severus; in 313  
by the Emperor Maximian; in 513 by  
Constantine the Great; in 616 by Choe-  
ros of Persia; in 626 by the Chief of  
the Avars; in 656 by Moavia, General to  
the Arab Prince Ali; in 669 by Teisid, his  
son; in 874 by Sofia Ben Asaf; in 719 by  
the two sons of the Caliph Mervan; in  
744 by Soliman, son of the Caliph Abdul  
Melek; in 784 by Paganos, King of the  
Bulgarians; in 786 by Haroun al Ras-  
chid; in 788 by Abdul Melek; in 811 by  
Hammam, despot of the Slavonians; in  
820 by Thomas the Slavonian; in 846 by  
the Russian Varangians, under Ascolt  
and Dir; in 914 by Simeon, King of the  
Bulgarians; in 1048 by Tormicus, the  
rebel; in 1081 by Alexius Comnenus; in  
1204 by the Crusaders; in 1261 by  
Michael Palaeologus; in 1396 by Bajazet;  
in 1403 by the same; in 1414 by his son,  
Musa; in 1423 by Murad II., son of  
Mohammed I.; and in 1453 by Moham-  
med II., who captured Constantinople  
on the 29th of May.

"Do you see any grapes, Bob?"

"Yes, but there is dogs." "Big dogs,  
Bob?" "Yes, very big." "Then come  
along—these grapes are not ours, you  
know."

## Pet Birds—How They Should be Treated.

Some folks have a notion that all you  
have to do is to buy a bird, put it into a  
cage, and give it food and water as direct-  
ed. That is far from being enough. The  
habits of the animal must be studied.  
The climate of the room in which it  
lives, the amount of daylight it should  
enjoy, the atmosphere it breathes, its  
freedom from sudden alarms—all have to  
be thought of, if you wish the bird to be  
happy; and without that it has little  
chance of being a pleasant companion.  
In a state of nature, small birds sit  
about and sing only during daylight.  
They retire to rest at sundown. This  
procedure requires to be imitated in  
keeping birds artificially. If you let  
them sing all day and several hours  
additional by lamp-light, you over-fatigue  
them. The labor is too much. Of  
course the birds do not understand that  
they had better be silent when the lamp  
or candles are lit. They instinctively  
keep singing on, as if it were still day-  
light. The immediate effect of this over-  
fatigue is that the poor birds are apt to  
moult, and become attenuated; and suf-  
fering from premature exhaustion, they  
speedily perish. A dealer mentions that  
few birds subject to the exhaustion of  
singing beyond ordinary daylight sur-  
vive more than two years. This does  
not surprise us. How could our public  
vocalists, male or female, and of even a  
robust constitution, endure the wear and  
tear of singing under a mental strain for  
any great length of time, as much as  
eighteen hours a day? If human beings  
would thus sink under the effort of over-  
work, we need not wonder that the fra-  
gile creatures we are speaking of should  
succumb and drop from the perch. As  
a means, therefore, of protecting the  
lives of pet birds, the recommendation is,  
to remove the cage to a darkened  
apartment at nightfall, or if they are not  
removed, to cover up every cage with a  
dark cloth before lighting the gas or oil-  
lamps. In shifting birds from one room  
to another it is important to see that  
there be no change in the temperature.  
If removed to a different temperature  
their is a chance of their molting, which  
may be preliminary to something more  
serious. Let it be always kept in mind  
that Nature supplies a coat to suit the  
heat or cold in which the creatures are  
placed. By changing a bird from a warm  
to a cold climate, birds change their coat  
and get one that is heavier, and vice  
versa, so, by repeated changes they are  
kept continually molting, instead of once  
a year, as they ought to do. We have  
referred principally to the treatment of  
small song-birds, the delicacy of which  
calls for particular attention. But our  
observations in the main apply to all  
birds whatsoever. If it be wrong to keep  
a little bird singing beyond its constitu-  
tional capacity, so it would be wrong to  
over-work a parrot by causing it to speak  
eighteen hours on a stretch. It would  
seem that by this degree of loquacity,  
the parrot has a tendency to take some  
kind of bronchial affection, analogous to  
the ailment of preachers, usually known  
as "the minister's sore throat," and  
which, if not checked in time, may prove  
equally disastrous.—Chambers' Jour-  
nal.

## A Horse Eaten Alive by Hogs.

Horton, a tin peddler, last week put  
up for the night at James Ballard's,  
Peekskill, in the town of East Fishkill.  
His horse, which was somewhat the  
worse for old age and hard work, was  
taken to the stable, his manger filled  
with provender, a good bed made for  
him, and then he was left for the night.  
A number of hogs which had been ac-  
customed to feed on the refuse of a  
slaughter house close by got access by  
some means during the night to the  
stable. Finding the poor nag quietly  
reposing in his stall, they attacked him  
and commenced gnawing away at his  
flesh. The horse was unable to get up,  
and was forced to submit to the terrible  
ordeal of being eaten alive. The next  
morning the peddler went to look for  
his horse, to find only a portion of him  
there, with but a spark of life left. The  
poor beast was soon afterward despatched  
to relieve him from his misery.—  
Pauling (N. Y.) Pioneer.

## Persons to Avoid.

No class of people can inflict such mar-  
tyrdom on their associates as those who  
are given to the habit of reminding  
others of their failings and peculiarities.

You are never safe with such a person.  
When you have done your very best to  
please, and are feeling kindly and pleas-  
antly, out will pop some bitter speech or  
sneer, but too well aimed to be misunder-  
stood. Setting aside the unkindness of  
the habit, and looking at it from a world-  
ly point of view, it does not pay to say  
disagreeable things to those who love us,  
as our ill nature will in the end recoil  
upon ourselves.

Good name for a wood-cutter. Hugh.

## Items of Interest.

A short paragraph—this one.  
Mint's meat—gold and silver.

Sweet are the uses of advertisements.  
Uneasy lies the head that wears a  
crown.

The hole thing in a nutshell—the  
worm.

Perfumed ink is now used for scent-  
mental notes.

A man always feels put out when he  
has been taken in.

South America always furnishes this  
country with its choicest brands of yel-  
low fever.

A Bridgeport man arrested for strik-  
ing his wife, Mary, admitted that Mary  
had a little lam.

The young prince imperial has a bar-  
rel in which he shouts "Napoleon IV.,"  
to hear how it sounds.

This Bureau Veritas reports 154 sail-  
ing vessels and twelve steamers lost dur-  
ing the month of January.

In voting for "the prettiest girl" in  
a town in Iowa a fight ensued, and the  
prettiest received a black eye.

"Economy is the road to wealth," and  
the way can be easily told by the tall  
grass which streaks its centre.

In the spring the young man's fancy,  
Lightly turns to thought of—What?  
And the first who dares to answer  
Will be shot on the spot.

We saw a young man with two heads  
on his shoulders the other day, but  
didn't consider it much of a curiosity.  
One belonged to his girl.—Berkshire  
Courier.

Inside of twenty-two years all of the  
five million acres of the free land in  
Iowa, with the exception of two million  
acres, have been taken up and converted  
into farms and villages.

"What's your occupation, Bub?"  
asked a visitor at the Capitol of a bright  
boy whom he met in the corridor. The  
boy happened to be a page in the House.  
"I am running for Congress, sir," he  
replied.

MOTHER-LOVE.

A kiss when I wake in the morning,  
A kiss when I go to bed,  
I kiss when I turn my fingers,  
A kiss when I bump my head,  
A kiss when my bath is over,  
A kiss when my bath begins,  
My mammy is full of kisses—  
As my nurse is full of pins.

A printer in Wellsville, N. Y., who  
has been deaf for many years, was placed  
in a highly-heated room last week to  
help him out of a case of chills. He  
was seized with sharp pains in the head  
and fell down insensible. The whistle  
of a locomotive woke him next morning,  
and he since has been able to hear well,  
and speech, which had also about left  
him, has returned.

Charles Palmistier, over sixty years of  
age, was struck by a locomotive, near  
Depot, New York, the other day. He  
was thrown back by the cow-catcher,  
and carried thereon to the depot. As the  
train arrived at the station he coolly  
waved his hand to the crowd on the  
platform, as if he enjoyed his dangerous  
perch. His injuries consisted of a broken  
leg, a bruised hip, and a finger out of  
joint.

"Which is the largest gland?" asked  
a Chicago medical professor of the new-  
est arrival in the class the other day.  
The student buried himself in deep and  
attentive thought for a moment, and  
then brightening up suddenly, exclaim-  
ed, "The largest gland, sir, is—  
England!" Then the professor kindly  
led him aside, and pathetically advised  
him to think no more of medicine, but  
to join a minstrel show or enter the  
army.

M. Romieu occupied a second story of  
a house on the Boulevard des Capucines;  
on the first story, a lady before going to  
church put her vase of gold-fish in the  
balcony to enjoy the sun; Romieu took  
a line, caught all the fish, fried them  
beautifully, covered them with parsley,  
placed them on a sheet of paper, let  
them down on the balcony, with the  
note: "Consequences of being exposed  
to sun."

QUESTION.

A merchant had in Providence,  
A load of coal about,  
Wishing it by railway thence,  
He to his agent wrote ( )

The agent promptly on his side,  
Sent on the coal that night,  
And to the merchant thus replied ( )  
Query—What did they write?

ANSWER.

The merchant, saving of his ink,  
Was wise as any Solon;  
He meant, as I'm inclined to think,  
As follows ( ) see my coal on (semi-  
colon).

Now shall the agent's brief reply,  
By me be left unheeded,  
For it would briefly signify coal on ( )  
(colon),  
What more was needed?

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