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Better than Gold.

Better than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank and titles a thousand fold,
Is a healthy body and mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please;
A heart that can feel for another's woe,
And share its joys with a genial glow;
With sympathies large enough to enfold
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,
Though toiling for bread in a humble sphere,
Doubly blessed with content and health,
Fried by the lust or the cares of wealth;
Lowly living and lofty thought,
Adorn and ennoble a poor man's cot;
For mind and morals, in nature's plan,
Are the genuine tests of a gentleman.

Better than gold is the sweet repose
Of the soul that toils when its labors close;
Better than gold is the poor man's sleep,
And the balm that drops on his slumber deep;
Bring sleep's draughts to the downy bed,
Where luxury pillows its aching head,
But he whose simple opiate dreams
A shorter route to the land of dreams.

Better than gold is a thinking mind,
That in the realm of books can find
A treasure surpassing Australian ore,
And live with the great and good of yore;
The sage's lore and the poet's lay,
The glories of empire pass away;
The world's great drama will thus unfold,
And yield a pleasure better than gold.

Better than gold is a peaceful home,
When all the friends characters come;
The shrine of love, the haven of life,
Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife;
However humble the home may be,
Or tried with sorrow by heaven's decree,
The blessings that never were bought nor sold,
And center there, are better than gold.

"ODDS-AND-ENDS."

BY SUSAN H. WILSON.

"If you please, sir, Mrs. Maginnis says she can't come to wash window to-day, because she is sick, and wants to know would you be kind enough to come and see her, and please keep the job till she gets well."

The little figure standing in the doorway of Dr. Howard's office, gazing wistfully into the doctor's face, was a study. She was clad in a somewhat unorthodox dress, originally of some grayish material, but pieced, darned and patched with various kinds of goods, until it resembled "Joseph's coat of many colors." A red handkerchief was pinned under her chin, which heightened the brilliancy of a pair of sparkling black eyes, and a mass of jet black, tangled curls were pushed back from a pale face that, under any circumstances, would be pronounced one of rare beauty. Her stockinged feet were enshrouded in a pair of old rubbers which she confessed to having picked from a scavenger's barrel.

Dr. Howard gazed at the wan little object, and wondered if life could be worth a great deal to such as she.

"What might be your name?" he inquired.

"Well, they call me 'Odds-and-Ends' mostly, but my right name is Margaret. 'Odds-and-Ends! Well, I declare! But upon my word, Odds-and-Ends, you are a queer-looking genius. Where do you live?"

"Down there in Gray alley, rear of No. 9, second door, up four flights, through a long entry, turn to the left."

"There, there! That will do, Miss Odds-and-Ends! But now tell me, little one," he asked kindly, "are you impetuous to the cold, or do you prefer to go without stockings in December?"

"Do you know that you are inviting croup, diphtheria, pneumonia, rheumatism, cramps, and what not, by dressing in that fashion?"

"I don't know, sir; but this is all I have. I was never sick in all my life, only once, when I had the mumps, and once again, when I had the measles, or I guess the measles had me! Everybody thought I'd die, I was so very sick—but I didn't," she added, archly.

"We did not live in Gray alley then," she continued, "but we were boarding in a large hotel where there were ever so many servants."

"Who do you mean by we?"

"Why, papa, mamma and I. But papa died, and mamma says since then we do not live at all, we only stay."

"How old are you?" inquired the doctor, with a strange and suddenly interest.

"Ten, sir."

By this time Odds-and-Ends, or little Margaret, was seated in the doctor's comfortable office and paying her respects to a handsome apple that the good man had put into her hands.

At this juncture, Mrs. Badger, the doctor's housekeeper, came bustling in.

"Well, if I hadn't given it up! Here is that strange child, and sitting here as coolly as you please. Are you sick, you little rag tag and bob tail?"

"Now Mrs. Badger," interposed the doctor, "do not call too many names. The little one has brought me a mes-

sage from Mrs. Maginnis, who is not very well to-day and requires my services. Run on now, Odds-and-Ends, and say that I will be there directly!"

"Yes, sir!"

"A strange child that, Mrs. Badger, truly. How long have you known her?"

"Oh, for nearly a year, off and on. She has been in the habit of coming here for cold pieces every now and then. Her mother, I believe, has known better circumstances, but became reduced, like many others in cities, and is now, I think, very poor indeed. The mother is sickly too, I believe."

"When she comes again, Mrs. Badger, it is my desire that you see she is properly clothed. It is simply preposterous to send a child out so thinly clad on such a raw, inclement day as this," and the doctor buttoned his great coat about him and stepped into his carriage to make his daily round of calls; but first of all he drove to the squalid abode of Mrs. Maginnis, for Dr. Howard was never known to neglect the humblest child of earth, when such were sick and suffering.

But all that day, and for many subsequent days the good doctor was haunted by the wistful eyes of the strange child whose way in life seemed to him so hard and unnatural. He inquired of Mrs. Badger many times to know if she had seen or learned any more of quaint little Odds-and-Ends; but Mrs. B. declared she had not seen her since the morning she brought the message from Mrs. Maginnis, and that hard-working woman had lost the run of her entirely.

It was a whole year from that time when one evening Dr. Howard was hurrying along a crowded thoroughfare. He was startled by a sudden cry and confusion of voices, as a runaway horse dragging the remnant of a carriage came leaping and plunging along the street. One glance showed the excessive danger of a child who was midway upon the crossing, and directly in the path of the vicious animal.

Another instant and Dr. Howard and the child were both down in the mud of the street, and the dangerous creature seized the bridle of the foaming, wild-eyed animal, and the next moment, a assistance came, fell with the rescuer one prone in the street. Recovering himself in a second, he looked into the face of the burden that lay quite unconscious on his arm and beheld the countenance of—Odds-and-Ends!

A carriage bore him and the new-found wanderer quickly to his office, where, in a short time, Odds-and-Ends was restored to consciousness, and her delight knew no bounds when she recognized her rescuer.

"Where were you going when the accident happened?" asked the doctor. Odds-and-Ends was silent.

"You need not tell me unless you wish," said the doctor.

"I may as well tell you," she said, after a pause. "I was going to a pawnshop—mamma sent me with this ring; it is an opal, and a dear friend gave it to her before ever she saw my father. She has kept it all this time because she liked the one who gave it to her very much, and she did not want to part with the ring. But, you see, we got very poor, and mamma was sick, and this ring was the last we had to part with, except mamma's wedding ring." Saying which, Odds-and-Ends took the ring from its little caasket and slipped it upon the doctor's smallest finger.

What was there about the act that caused the man's face to change to a pallid hue and his firm hands to tremble like leaves in the winds of October? Did he attach any superstition to the brilliant and changeable colors of the opal, or was some old memory of the past, long latent, now asserting its existence?

"Margaret! Margaret!" he said in a tremulous voice, "take this bank-note to your mother, and leave me the ring." "Haven't you made a mistake, sir? This bill has fifty on it."

"No mistake, Margaret. The ring is worth much more; indeed it is priceless, and he turned away his head that the wondering eyes of the child might not witness his emotion.

"Fifty dollars! Oh, what will poor mamma say! I must hurry now, for she will be anxious about me. Good night."

"Wait, Margaret, I am going with you."

In a few minutes, little Margaret, or Odds-and-Ends, with her preserver, was being whirled rapidly in the doctor's carriage to the poor dwelling she called home.

Dr. Howard, on entering the abode, was struck with amazement, for used as he was to seeing poverty in all its forms, he had seldom witnessed so cheerless an apartment in winter as this, where he now, by a train of unexpected circumstances, found himself.

"Oh, mamma, I have been almost killed, I have; but this kind doctor, the same one you heard me tell about, you know, saved me, and he has brought me home, mamma, and see—see—the bank-note—and—"

"Hush," said the doctor, imperatively. "Your mamma has fainted. Bring a glass of water quick!"

The restoratives the doctor always carried with him were applied, and languidly the dark eyes opened, and the pale lips whispered a name.

"Roland!"

"Julia!"

To end the story quickly, and without circumlocution, I will say that fifteen years before these two were engaged lovers, and the opal ring was the sign outward of their engagement.

A misunderstanding, a fit of jealous anger, reciprocating words, a lover's quarrel and a parting from each other, left one to marry in haste her next neighbor, while the other journeyed to a distant city to practice the profession of his choice.

Upon the inner circle of the ring were these words: "While life shall last, R. H."

It was the recognition of the sentence and the ring, as well as the great resemblance of the child to her mother, that awakened the memory of other days and other scenes. When it had been too late, and Julia was married to another, he had seen that he was in the wrong. But after all these years how strangely were they brought together once more.

Is there indeed "a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may."

The once estranged lovers sat hand in hand and recounted the histories of the past.

"Julia, now I have found you, I cannot lose you again; you must go home with me, and now, Mrs. Badger will take you both comfortable. Come!"

Happy tears fell from eyes used to tears of sorrow. Sudden joy illumined all things as they three crossed the threshold of that miserable room, never again to enter it as a home.

Just as they drew up before the doctor's beautiful house, the city hall clock rang out the hour of twelve.

"Ring out the old, ring in the new," said Dr. Howard, softly.

Mrs. Badger was made acquainted with the facts, and, lifting her hands, said: "Well, I never! However, I wish you all a happy new year. Odds-and-Ends, you're a treasure!"

"So she is," quietly said her mother, as she kissed her fondly.

The next morning, New Year's day, there was a wedding in the doctor's parlor.

"What a strange mystery life is," said the doctor's wife that evening.

"It is made up of 'odds and ends,'" laughed the doctor, as he drew little Margaret to his side.

"How long will you love us?" she inquired, as she turned the opal ring upon his finger.

"While life shall last!" was the grave reply.—New Bedford Signal.

A Strange Story.

A lady of rank in Paris died some weeks ago, in the fashionable quarter of the Arc de Triomphe, of whom an interesting story is told. She was a famous card-player, and was credited with knowing every game there was to know. When traveling in a foreign land she met, one day, in a hotel, a Russian lady with that passion for gambling said to be inherent in the Russian nation. Anxious to play with the lady from Paris, she wrote requesting a few games. Her request was granted, and the ladies played all night, the Russian losing at every hand, until her opponent had won from her more money than the mines in the Ural had produced for her revenues in twenty-five years. At last the Russian lady made a despairing effort to regain her fortune, but without avail. Rising from the table, she told the French lady how she had lost more than she possessed, but that in her desire to pay a debt of honor she would instruct her steward to convey to her the title-deeds of all the mines and estates she owned. At this the victorious antagonist smiled and requested that she might have her own way in the matter, since she had won. A priest and a lawyer were sent for. When they arrived, the Russian lady was asked to bind herself by a solemn oath never again to touch a card or risk money at any game of chance. She did so, and then signed an engagement to pay her antagonist the annual sum of \$2,000. The vow never to play cards for money again she faithfully kept, and the \$2,000 was punctually paid every year, the French lady giving it the name of the "Queen of Spades Bounty," and invariably giving it to the poor of Paris.

Something a man never keeps and yet never sells—his diary.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Only Me.
A little figure glided through the hall;
"Is that you Pet?"—the words came tenderly;

A sob—suppressed to let the answer fall—
"It isn't Pet, mamma: it's only me."

The quivering baby lips—they had not meant
To utter any word could plant a sting,
But to that mother's heart a strange pang went;
She heard, and stood like a convicted thing.

One instant, and a happy little face
Thrilled with unwonted kisses rained above;
And, from that moment, "only me" had place
And part with Pet in tender mother love.

—Caroline A. Mason.

Fashion Notes.

Small, square yokes appear on most of the new basques.

Two wide loops, worn low, have replaced the chateleine braids in favor.

Russia leather fans are the most fashionable articles in that line at present.

Babies' hoods are made of flannel or serge, worked all over with daisies, or stars.

Square lace cuffs left over from last year may be used to head the duchesse sleeves.

Imitation feather trimmings, made of white, blue or pink muslin, are used to trim inexpensive gaudy ball dresses.

Corner chairs, covered with needle-work or with linen embroidered in Oriental designs, are preferred to stiff old-fashioned easy-chairs.

French dressmakers use very small yokes on basques when they use any, and make them of the same material as the vest pockets and cuffs.

Mother-of-pearl buttons in tints of rose, green, blue, smoke and opaline effects are much used on dressy street suits of silk and camel's hair, or cashmere.

Chenille and ribbon flowers are more common than those made of silk or muslin. They are beautiful in color, and more artistic than those which imitate nature, as they pretend to be nothing in what they are not.

In plumage for hats and bonnets, breasts and ornaments of the grebe style are mostly selected, as they preserve the close effect now desirable in bonnets. Birds' heads are also selected, and tiny impian breasts with humming bird heads are charming for the centers of Alsatian bows of plush or ribbed material, and may or may not, as preferred, be surmounted by short, curly tips. When the latter are preferred alone, from three to five and six are used in a cluster, and many are tipped with jet or gilt. Lined feathers and tips are considered desirable, as they not only look better and remain in shape longer, but the lining may be of a contrasting shade, if there are two shades in the hat.

The very newest ribbons in millinery are satin on both sides and reversible in the designs, which are stripes in the Roman and Scotch plaid colors. One has black, old gold and cardinal agreeably intermingled, with the black predominating on one side, while on the other side the old gold is the chief shade. Then there are ribbons of solid black, blue, garnet, plum, etc., on one side, with the striped effect on the other. Then there are ribbons with Scotch plaid, blue and green on one side, and old gold, cardinal and black on the other. Bows made of these ribbons have alternate loops on both sides, or loops twisted so that each will show the same shade. Another ribbon is in the canvas weave in stripes, and, although the comparison may not be agreeable, yet it certainly calls to mind the striped binding used for carpets.

News and Notes for Women.

A nineteen-year-old Illinois girl makes \$25 a week by trapping minks and muskrats.

A strong-minded English duchess has clung to the same shaped bonnet eight years.

All ages of French history are represented in the costumes that may be seen in one evening in a French drawing-room.

Twenty-five native students in Calcutta have pledged themselves not to marry until they have reached the age of twenty-one.

A town in Kansas has been named after Susan B. Anthony. It is called Suntown, and is the county seat of Harper county.

A leader of fashion in San Francisco has had her chairs and sofas and the cushions of her carriages stuffed with aromatic herbs, in imitation of a practice prevalent among Oriental nations. She lives in an atmosphere of constant perfume.

At a breakfast recently given in Paris, in honor of the eighteenth birthday of a young lady, the cloth was bordered with

blue and white; the porcelain service bore the owner's arms in blue; the salad plates were silver gilt, inlaid with turquoise; and the young lady was dressed in blue.

Four Hindoo women have been graduated lately from the Madras medical college. Women undoubtedly make the best of physicians to attend upon their own sex and upon children.

Miss Ada Gillette, of Torrington, Conn., ninety-two years old, lives in a house built more than a century ago by her father, and owns a complete file of the Hartford *Courant*, established in 1764.

Rome Sentinel Brevities.

A lady's elegant dress is like summer savory mainly because it is soap herb.

The pancake is like the orb of day, because it rises in the yeast and sets in the vest.

"Tis sweet to be remembered," as the one-legged man said when he obtained a cork limb.

"Set 'em up in the other alley," as the compositor remarked when he handed his fellow workman a "lean take."

A milkman who was accused of adulterating his milk, said it was false, and added: "I put nothing but pure water in it."

"Leaves have their time to fall," and so have pedestrians who find a ridge of snow a foot high in the center of the sidewalk.

There is no accounting for tastes. Some people object to mutual admiration societies, and others object to Kill-kenny cat societies.

"A blithe heart makes a blooming visage," says a philosopher. True enough; but there are plenty of blooming visages that were produced by other means.

"Put that down, you young rascal!" indignantly shouted the cook to the imp who was devouring a bunch of Malaga grapes which she had laid out for herself. "I am, putting it down, as fast as I can," said he.

There are times when the formality of an introduction can be dispensed with. One of these times is when you meet two young ladies who have tipped over into a snow bank and are unable to extricate themselves or turn their cutter right side up.

"What in the world are you up to now," excitedly asked the maternal parent of her five-year-old, who with his bow and arrow was demonstrating to his younger sister that he could hit his father's stovepipe hat across the room.

"I'm teaching the young idea how to shoot," was the precocious reply.

Statistics of Suicide and Crime.

During the year 1878 there were in the United States ninety-six executions, seventy-three penitentiary sentences of murderers, thirty-five lynchings, nine duels, six of which were followed by the death of one of the contestants, and 809 suicides. Of the latter ninety-four occurred in April, and ninety-eight, the greatest number in any one month, in August. The least number (forty-three) occurred in January, and the next (forty-nine) in December; the average number per month, sixty-seven. It would appear that heat is provocative of despondency and suicide, as the number of suicides occurring in April, an unusually warm month last year, June, July, August and September, also unseasonably warm, was considerably more than the average of the whole year. The four prominent causes of suicide were disappointed love, domestic infelicity, business troubles and whisky. Among the peculiar causes were the following: One man hung himself because somebody was going to start an opposition literary stable; another because some one cut his horse's pocketbook had been stolen; another because he was defeated in running for Congress. One man shot himself because it was too hot to live; another because it wasn't worth while to live, no matter what the weather was. A woman shot herself because her husband did not come home when she expected him; another because her husband was lynched; a third because her parents would not let her marry the man she loved. The means of suicide were as varied as the causes. All the generally known poisons, the usual number of bed cords and pistols were brought into requisition, and water was used in the world beyond. Scissors were used in one case, penknives in several, and the razor preserved its time-honored reputation. The number of murderers who committed suicide was proportionally very large. Ill health was also of frequent cause with members of both sexes.

Resolutions.

Press on! there's no such word as fail;
Press nobly on! the goal is near—
Ascend the mountain! breast the gale!
Look upward, onward—never fear!
Why shouldst thou faint? Heaven smiles above,

Though storm and vapor intervene;
That sin shines on, whose name is Love,
Serenely o'er life's shadowed scene.

Press on! if fortune play thee false
To-day, to-morrow she'll be true;
Whom now she sinks, she now exalts,
Taking old gifts and granting new.

The wisdom of the present hour
Makes up for follies past and gone;
To weakness strength succeeds, and power
From frailty springs—press on! press on!

—Park Benjamin.

Items of Interest.

Artist-tick—Trusting the sculptor.
For thin people—Plumb pudding.
The day after washing is one of iron.

Bazard Taylor's life was insured for \$10,000.

Sleight of hand—Refusing a marriage proposal.

Gentlemen in mourning in Philadelphia wear black ribbon in the button hole.

California has a profitable and growing cheese trade with China, Australia and South America.

Of all who come into our sanctum
Deserving the title of bore
(There's no other way we can rank 'em)
It is he who ne'er shuts the door.

Fencing has almost ceased to be accomplished among the young men. Soon it may be said that in the lexicon of youth there's no such word as foil.

The wise man on going to bed or cold night plunges his feet to the bottom and has but one spot to warm.

The foolish man draws his knees up to his chin and extends his feet gradually feeling all night as if he had taken contract to melt down the corner of ice-berg.

When the sea-shell is held up to the ear there is a peculiar vibratory noise which the children assure each other the roar of the sea, however distant they may be from it. Philosophers investigated, the peculiar sound recognized is a phenomenon that puzzled scholars for a long time.

Experiment is easily made by simply presenting a spiral shell over the ear of either ear; the sound is very much like that of a far-off star.

Now, what causes it? Every muscle of the body is always in a state of tension. Some are more on the stretch than others, and particularly those of the fingers. It is conceded that the vibrations of the fibers in those fingers be communicated to the shell, it propagates and intensifies them, as the hollow of a violin does the vibrations of strings, and thus the acoustic nerve receives the sonorous expressions, ideas of the legs below the knee are to vibrate in the same way, and if ducted to the ear produce the same results.

The Lake of Bitter Tears.

An Irish correspondent of the *London Week* tells the following: The morning, betimes, off we started Ballina, in a "long," or public car. First we had tried. One naturally expects to have a chat with the driver, therefore mounted to the box, which is no seat at all, but an uncomfortable perch, with a rod of ironing into the back. To the untamed back, that iron is a sore bug and inconvenience, and seems to get hot before many miles are accomplished. But Tom, the driver, turned out to be a funny sort of fellow, full of anecdote and stories, and chatting every while he met on the road. The mountains are full in sight, and a point a gloomy lake appeared between them in a hollow.

"Do you see that lake?" said he.

"Yes, what about it?"

"Well, you know, 'tis called the Lake of Bitter Tears, and with good reason, as I will tell you. Once there was a fine, large village there, and it was known to the country round for 'warm' and comfortable. So one day a woman who lived there went out to fetch her cow, and it was that the cow had strayed a long distance, and because the woman she was brought it back; but as she came, this place she could see nothing but a cabin, or of the village, or of any people. There was nothing but a wretched to be seen, yet, however, the lake and the poor woman sat down the side and cried there for her that her tears filled up the lake."

"And that is why it is called the Lake of Bitter Tears to this day."