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## Little Women.

I. I'd like a wife—a little wife,  
I want no stately dame,  
No regal Jane's lightning glance  
Can set my heart aflame.  
Let others bend, with eager gaze,  
At haughty beauty's throne,  
But, ah! it is a lairy queen  
Who claims me as her own!

II. A dainty, wee, and winsome thing  
Like her the poet sings,  
Who seems to tread this grosser earth  
Upborne by fairy wings,  
Who walks and talks and sings and smiles  
In such a witching way,  
That love must in her pathway spring  
As flowers spring in May.

III. The little bird, as all can see,  
Has e'er the sweetest song,  
To little flowers in the shade  
The sweetest blooms belong.  
The little goph of purest ray  
Is found without a flaw,  
And little women rate the world  
By universal law.

IV. Her little head is always poised  
With such an airy grace,  
She's quite an artist in her hair,  
And critic in her face.  
Her dress, however ruffled and puffed,  
Is dainty, trim and neat,  
And, oh! St. Crispin's leathern soul  
Would melt before her feet.

V. I'll trust those feet, those little feet,  
To never trip or fall;  
I'll trust those little hands for help,  
To help me when I call;  
I'll trust that little heart to solve  
The puzzling things of life;  
I'll wait for thee, my dearest one,  
To be my little wife!

—Harrie Bowhall, in Home Journal.

## MISS DEXTER'S PUPIL.

"Teaching is a thankless calling," said a gentleman standing near me on the piazza of a popular seaside hotel, last summer. "That is true," replied his companion, "and so is the work of a superintending school committee. This dealing with ignorant and conceited parents who want to dictate what their children shall study, who often have some petty spite against the teacher or committee to gratify, and who will not stop to break up a school, could they carry out their miserable schemes, is utterly disagreeable. No, my friend, there is not money enough to tempt me to have anything to do with the management of the schools in our good town of Marshton?" and the two men descended the piazza steps and walked on toward the beach.

A lady near me, with whom I had formed a pleasant little acquaintance, looked up and smiled. "The conscientious teacher who loves her work," she said, "does not always look for immediate fruition of all her works and hopes. She is now sowing good seeds, knowing not just when or how the harvest will succeed. I taught school many years, and am far from calling it a 'thankless calling.' I met my old scholars everywhere, and the thanks I have received from them, orally and by letter, are the pleasantest spots in my life experience."

Just then the owner and proprietor of the great hotel, Landford Strong, passed by the bluff before us, glanced up and smiled and raised his hat. Although he was a very shrewd business man, with great executive capacity, he was at the same time large-hearted, gentlemanly and courteous to every one, and a universal favorite. I knew that this charming woman, who had been known in her teaching-days as Miss Dexter, had the best room in the hotel, was waited upon with extra attention, had the most stylish horses and carriages at her bidding, and that the landlord never passed her without raising his hat and bowing as if to a queen.

The gentle little woman by my side returned the bow and smiled, and then turning to me again, said: "You are gathering facts all the time; let me tell you a story for your note-book, to be used at some future time—not here, of course." I thanked her, and she went on:

"I began to teach when I was fifteen, with a great many enthusiastic ideas in my little head, in regard to my high and noble calling, which I have kept with me till the present hour. After teaching a number of terms, I was employed here in this town to teach the village school in the very same little building, around the corner yonder, now repaired and used for the primary scholars. I boarded at this hotel, a very small establishment then, but well kept by the Widow Rugg."

"The committee had hired me entirely from my reputation as a teacher in an adjoining town, and when they came to see me face to face, and noticed my youthful appearance, they evidently had some misgivings as to my ability to 'manage' the larger pupils of the school, which they designated a 'hard set.' Now there is Tom Strong," said they, "we may as well tell you at the start that you had better let him alone; get along with him the best way you can. When you cannot stand it with him any longer, let us know and we will send him home. The boy cannot be taught

anything. We have had conscientious, painstaking teachers, who declared that it was impossible to teach him to count, spell, or write his own name, even."

"I found this lad to be tall and thin, blue and pinched, with hardly life enough to do anything in school but make grotesque faces for the amusement of the children. I put an end to that at once by making a rule that any scholar who laughed at Tom Strong's 'faces' should sit with the dirty, ragged, unkempt boy, and take lessons from him as a facial contortionist, while the rest of the school looked on."

"It did seem as if the poor fellow could not be made to remember anything; but I said to myself, 'He is not an idiot, and he shall be taught to read and spell easy words at first, and to write his name.' He had been blundering along in an advanced reader, with a class of live bright boys of his own age and size. Not wishing to humiliate the lad by putting him into the 'infant' class, where he really belonged, I had him read by himself from my pretty, red morocco-bound Bible, beginning with the Sermon on the Mount, and taking up the parables in good time."

"I set him easy copies in writing. His indolent and rebellious conduct over this part of my labor with him attracted the attention of one of the older girls, who said to me one day at recess, 'I don't suppose Tom Strong has strength enough to learn to write or to apply himself to anything. His folks are very poor and shiftless, and they never have any meat to eat, nor any good, nutritious food. He never brings any dinner or lunch to eat at noon, and never runs and plays with the boys. He is not strong enough, teacher.'

"That gave me the clew to the secret of the strange, wistful, hungry look in the poor boy's eyes. I lay awake and thought about it all that night, and in the morning resolved to act. After breakfast I went down to the kitchen and made Mrs. Rugg give me two or three generous slices of roast beef and bread, some doughnuts and cheese, wrapped up in paper."

"Going early to the school-house, I found Tom there, as usual, the first scholar to be on hand always, although he lived the furthest off. Calling him to me and giving him the lunch, I said, 'If you will try to do as well as you can this term, and be a good, studious boy, I will bring you a nice lunch every day.' He looked at me word ringle, at the same time involuntarily reaching out his long, skinny hands for the coveted package."

"I 'be awful hungry, schoolmarm,' he said, 'and seein' there haint none of the children run' ter eat at all, I'll take it now, an' eat it now. I haint never had such er great hunk er meat er cheese afore in me life, an' the straightway fell to devouring the food like a starved dog. After it had all disappeared, even to the last crumb, he gave a little grunt of satisfaction, and looked up at me as if his appetite had only been sharpened and that a further installment of food would not come amiss."

"That night I made a bargain with Mrs. Rugg. Tom Strong was to come to her kitchen every noon for a hearty, wholesome, hot meat dinner, and I was to pay for it. I was in straitened circumstances myself, besides I was trying to pay my way through Vassar, but I deeply commiserated the lad, and then I was curiously to see what good food, and enough of it, would do for his mental elevation."

"The boy begins to show his keeping, said Mrs. Rugg to me at the end of the week; 'but dear me! haint he an appetite! It takes a heap of victuals to fill him up!'"

"Indeed, the metamorphosis, both physical and mental, that had taken place in the boy by the time the school-year had closed was something wonderful. Although he refused to take his dinners at the hotel after the first term at my expense, he continued taking them there during the year, paying for them by doing errands, pumping water, etc. He grew plump and sleek, learned to read, spell and write, and after a short time had little or no difficulty with the four fundamental processes of arithmetic. All his old time nervousness, irritability and frequent fits of apathy were gone. He readily fell into studious ways and soon mastered whatever he undertook. His dogged persistence was remarkable. His deportment was also exemplary; he never gave me the least trouble, and tried to serve me every way in his power."

"In due time I entered Vassar, and graduated. Subsequently I taught here and there a year or two, and then married my husband, whom you have met here. Having heard nothing whatever of Tom Strong, or from this village for years, one day, just after I had begun housekeeping, I was surprised to get a letter with the familiar name of Marshton upon it as the postmark; here it is, for I brought it down with me this morning, having determined to confide to you this, one of the pleasantest episodes of my life, some time during the day, were you at leisure and willing to grant me the opportunity."

I took the letter in my hand. Its orthography was plain but handsome, and it read:

MARSHTON, April, 18, 18—  
Mrs. Rev. Dr. Andrew Knowlton:  
DEAR MADAM—I saw your marriage in the newspapers the other day, and that is the first and only intelligence I have had of

you since you taught school in this village. Are you really dear Miss Dexter, and do you remember poor stupid Tom Strong? Well, I can be. In short, I want to thank you for making a man of me. The first realization I ever had that I was a human being like the other boys of your school, with capabilities for self-improvement and future usefulness, came through your labors in my behalf in the school-room, and your charitable provision for my bodily wants at good Mrs. Rugg's bountiful table. When you found me to be nearly starved, body and soul, I well remember just how those dinners, meal by meal, built me up, mentally as well as physically. Those reading lessons in the New Testament, too, built me up in a spiritual way. In every sense of the word I was "born again" that memorable year under your kind care. I kept on staying at the hotel, doing chores for board and schooling. I crept up and up, until Mrs. Rugg died, when I became proprietor of the hotel myself. Our pleasant village here by the sea has grown to be quite a famous summer resort. To keep pace with the public demands, I have greatly enlarged the hotel, and have added many modern improvements. And now I beg leave to invite you and your distinguished husband to come and make me a visit whenever it shall be most convenient to you.

Yours, most gratefully,  
THOMAS H. STRONG.

I handed back the letter to the sweet little woman, the eyes of both of us suffused with tears, while she said: "The July following the receipt of this letter, when my husband's annual vacation began, we accepted the invitation, and have been here every year since. We have our old rooms newly furnished this season, and are proud to count as one of our best friends our genial Landlord Strong, who is a friend to the whole world, and who will take of his hat when he meets me, because, he says: 'I made a man of him.'"  
—New England Journal of Education.

## How Ohio Came to Be Called the Buckeye State.

A correspondent of the Marietta (Ohio) Register contributes this interesting little chapter of history. The first settlement in Ohio was made at Marietta, at the junction of the Muskingum with the Ohio, by a body of New England emigrants, forming a part of the Ohio company, an incorporated body presided over by General Rufus Putnam, of Massachusetts, assisted by a board of directors composed of gentlemen of integrity and marked ability. General Putnam was a cousin of the revolutionary hero, Israel Putnam. The company had purchased from the old Congress a large body of land in the southeastern part of the territory, and the mouth of the Muskingum was selected as the site of the first settlement. During the war of 1787-8, the first installment of the country's emigrants, numbering forty-three men, were journeying by wagon train from New England to Pittsburgh. In consequence of the impassable condition of the roads over the mountains, caused by heavy snow falls, the wagons were abandoned, and by pack-horses the company reached Sumrell's Ferry, thirty miles above Pittsburgh, in the latter part of March. Here the emigrants found a craft somewhat resembling a common flatboat, but with a roof and raking bow, so that it could be used in ascending as well as descending the stream. This craft was named the Mayflower. They had also one flatboat and three large canoes. On this insignificant flatboat forty-eight men, the germ of the State of Ohio, with its millions of population, its vast stores of wealth, and its eminent position in the sisterhood of States, embarked for their destination.

After floating for a few days without any marked incident, about noon on the 7th of April, 1788, the settlers landed on the site of the present city of Marietta. Two of them immediately took each his own axe, each wishing to cut the first tree. 'Neither of them knew the species of the tree selected by him. One attacked a beech, which being a hard wood, the process of felling was slow. The other selected a buckeye, which, being soft, soon came to the ground. And thus, it is affirmed by a family tradition, which during ninety years has not been contradicted by any history or denied, Ohio came to be called the Buckeye State. The successful competitor in this little contest was Captain Daniel Davis, of Killingly, Windham county, Connecticut.

## Lifetime of a Locomotive.

The iron horse does not last much longer than the horse of flesh and bones. The ordinary life of a locomotive is thirty years. Some of the smaller parts require renewal every six months; the boiler tubes last five years, and the crank axle six years; tires, boilers and fire-boxes from six to seven years; the side frames, axles and other parts, thirty years. An important advantage is that a broken part can be repaired, and does not condemn the whole locomotive to the junk shop; while, when a horse breaks a leg, the whole animal is only worth the flesh, fat and bones, which amounts to a very small sum in this country, where horse flesh does not find its way to the butcher's shambles.

Three American locomotives were recently shipped to Australia, and gave so much better satisfaction than the English make that more have been ordered.

## Japanese Customs.

The story teller was a prominent feature of the public entertainments. Often when I have been going out for my evening walk I have seen the listening group squatted under the shade of a large tree, heedless of everything but the words that fell from the lips of the old man seated on a mat in the center. He did not confine himself to stories. He was a preacher as well, and taught morality of a pure standard. He sermonized and interspersed his homilies with scraps of poetry, jokes, funny stories and quaint and beautiful legends. And I dare say that there was much in his matter that might do a great deal of good if spoken from a pulpit by a modern civilized divine. Mr. Milford, of the British Legation in Yeddo, now, I think, in St. Petersburg, has written a book, in which he has given translations of some of these sayings. In the London Saturday Review, at the time of its publication, a criticism of it appeared, in which Mr. Milford was accused of making up these as parodies on sermons. An example was given of the use of the expression, "Let us take another whiff," as being a travesty of "Let us pray." The fact is that everybody smokes in Japan, men and women. They all carry their little pipes and pouches of tobacco, and one pipeful can be finished in two whiffs, taken as our youths to-day take cigarette smoke, into the lungs and blown out of the nose, mouth, ears and even eyes. Those street-preachers only stopped in the middle of their discourse to take a smoke; but the all-wise critic, not having seen it himself, naturally disbelieved the possibility of the remark being serious. Some of the prettiest bronze and ivory ornaments collected in Japan came off the pouches or pipes; even the poorest pipe has some, to an extraordinary degree of art upon it, and I have seen carving of the most perfect description on the leather tobacco-pouch of coolie. The native tobacco is of a lawyer color, rather cut like Turkish, and is very mild. The only means of heating the rooms is by what is called the bihatchi (fire-box), a square box cut in two divisions, lined with metal. One division is full of ashes, in which charcoal is kept in a constant red glow; the other contains a pair of iron chop-sticks, with which the burning charcoal is raised to the pipe.

When the tobacco is smoked the ashes are knocked out among those in the bihatchi and another pipeful is taken. This goes on perpetually, and I do not suppose a Japanese sits down for two minutes anywhere without pulling out his pipe and smoking. The pipe and pouch are carried in the obi or wide belt, and kept from slipping through by an ivory or other ornament. A people fond of pleasure, unbusinesslike in the extreme, simple and in the main honest, polite, kindly, hospitable, honorable in a way never to be expected in a semi-civilized country; ignorant, innocent, careless, happy, ignorant; proud, unambitious in the lower classes; laud even to overbearing, and conceited in the higher ranks. Japan in 1868 was a specimen of a feudal system of the least burdensome kind, and the same pride of ancestry, the same love of honor which has made England the power it is, was invisible among the nobles of Japan, in I suppose much the same form in which it lived in English aristocracy for centuries. It remains to be seen whether the influence of Western civilization will be beneficial or otherwise. That it must tend to the development of the country is inevitable. Will it improve or demoralize the better instincts of the people? — Correspondence San Francisco Chronicle.

## A Treasure Chamber.

One of the richest and rarest treasure chambers in the world is that belonging to the Sultans of Morocco in the city of Fez. It was established there in 815 by the Sultan Edris ben Edris, the founder of the city, and it has been enriched by some addition to its valuables or rarities by almost every one of his successors. There are preserved in it many precious relics belong to the time of the Moorish rule in Spain, and there is a sword of Ferdinand the Catholic, the handle of which is a mass of precious stones. It is needless to say that this treasury is most carefully guarded, and some travelers say that there are in it and about it nearly 2,000 locks. Some months ago the Sultan Sidi Muley Hassan, who has been long suffering from gout, confided the charge of the Fez treasury to his brother, Prince Muley Abbas, who, in his turn, intrusted it to the Governor of Fez. A few weeks ago the Sultan was presented by one of his officers with a splendid revolver, which was adorned with gold and precious stones. His majesty ordered it to be lodged in the treasury, but, upon entering the chamber, some boxes were found broken open and completely emptied of their contents. The Sultan had several persons arrested, but the inquiry led to no result; and he has now offered a reward of \$38,000 for the discovery of the thieves.

"I'll be bound," as the pamphlet said to the book-sewer. "By your leaf," she replied.—Lukens.

## TIMELY TOPICS.

Mr. Forrest, the English Consul at Tientsin, reports his belief that during the late famine in China the deaths from starvation and want reached the enormous total of about 9,500,000—that is to say, that a population more than twice that of Portugal was swept away within a few months. This estimate would appear scarcely credible were it not supported by the report of Mr. Hillier, of the Consular service, who has lately visited the desolated provinces.

Moncreu Conway, in his book on "Demonology," finds a modified species of devil-worship still existing in England. He cites this among other examples of superstitious terror which rules unscientific minds: "A lady residing in Hampshire, Eng., recently said to a friend of the present writer, both being mothers: 'Do you make your children bow their heads whenever they mention the devil's name?' 'I do,' she added, solemnly; 'I think it safer.'"

A Minnesota gentleman has invented a one-mile railway, for which he modestly claims that "the continent could be crossed in twenty-four hours, with his system in perfect working order." The distance "across the continent" by the present rail route is about 3,300 miles. To make the little jaunt in twenty-four hours would require an average continuous speed, without any fooling along for fuel, water, crossings, bridges, letting off or taking on passengers, of over 137 miles per hour. An Ohio paper says of this modest gentleman's wonderful scheme: "Really we think that our one-mile friend is claiming too much. Can't he take off the odd seven miles per hour that his present schedule requires."

Leprosy has made its appearance in several parts of the Spanish province of Alicante, and the authorities, alarmed by the number of cases and the mortality, have taken steps to establish a special hospital for lepers. In the province of Valencia 146 cases were reported last year, of which seventy-one proved fatal, and in this province there has existed for a long time a lepers' hospital. Leprosy is known under two names, the maldady of Maures and the maldady of S. Lazarus; and it manifests itself under two forms. Cases of recovery are extremely rare. Full statistics respecting it are not to be procured, as its victims often resort to concealment. The notion that leprosy is to be found now only in Asia and Africa is erroneous; it is met with in various countries of Continental Europe.

A man named John Colman has been buried at Washington, Ohio, who died of a disease wholly unnamable by the medical men, who were unable to treat it with any success. Less than a year ago he commenced itching about the neck, and shortly the skin commenced to thicken, and by the middle of last winter the man's flesh and every part of his body had become thick and hard, appearing about one-half inch thick, and assuming a bright yellow color. All the time he suffered untold misery—an indescribable itching sensation that never left him. He consulted all the physicians here, and none could tell him what the name of his disease was or do him any good. He then consulted with one of the most eminent physicians of Cincinnati, who told him that the disease was a remarkable one; he prescribed for him, but nothing could alleviate the man's sufferings. Recently he was taken down, before that being able to be about and do some work. He seemed to die an easy death. The medical men are completely at sea for a diagnosis for the disease. No post mortem was held on the body.

## Sleep is the Best Stimulant.

The best possible thing to do when you feel too weak to carry anything through is to go to bed, and sleep for a week if you can. This is the only recuperation of brain-power, the only actual recuperation of brain-force, because during sleep the brain is in a state of rest, in a condition to receive and appropriate particles of nutriment from the blood, which take the place of those which have been consumed in previous labor, since the very act of thinking consumes or burns up solid particles, as every turn of the wheel or screw of the steamer is the result of consumption by fire of the fuel in the furnace. The supply of consumed brain substance can only be had from the nutritive particles in the blood, which were obtained from the food eaten previously; and the brain is so constituted that it can best receive and appropriate to itself those nutritive particles during a state of rest, of quiet, and stillness of sleep. Mere stimulants supply nothing in themselves. They goad the brain and force it to a greater consumption of its substance, until that substance has been so exhausted that there is not power enough left to resist a supply, just as men are sometimes so near death by thirst and starvation that there is not power enough left to swallow anything, and all is over.

## Quinine.

The abolition of duty on quinine, the last Congress, is a matter of general interest to the people of the United States; for they use from 1,000,000 to 1,300,000 ounces every year, as a febrifuge. Peruvian bark, from which quinine is made, has all along been admitted, and the manufacture of the drug has been in the hands of a Philadelphia monopoly, or rather, two monopolies who have grown immensely rich by it. There is a duty of twenty per cent on the foreign article, which virtually excluded it from competition with the two Philadelphia firms, leaving the clear field, which they have occupied to their advantage. J. S. Moore, of New York city, a man who has been active in securing the abolition of the tariff, and that the foreign article can be laid duty in New York at \$3 per ounce, free duty. The price of the American article is \$3.40. With the duty added, the foreign article becomes worth \$3.60. Extra forty cents, it is said, gave the Philadelphia firms an extra profit—what they would have made in competition—of more than \$500,000 a year, which the sick, in malarious districts, principally, had to pay. Now that the tariff on the monopoly is removed, competition will materially reduce the price of the most useful drug known. —Ohio Farmer.

## A Song for Hot Weather.

Oh, a life on the yacht Jeannette!  
A home on the frozen deep!  
With the mercury down, you bet,  
Where butter has got to keep!  
I'm off for the Northern Pole,  
By way of old Behring's Strait,  
Where the ice-toss gaily roll,  
Oh, there I would navigate!

I long for the 90th par-  
All of north latitude;  
I'd rather freeze solid than  
Than stay at home and be stewed.

I long to investigate  
On an open Polar sea,  
And practically demonstrate  
That such a thing there be.

But the summit of my ambition,  
And what I have longed for most,  
Is a seal and walrus fish,  
And a Polar bear on toast.

Then hand me my garments gay,  
For the wind is a trifle raw;  
Ah, what is so nice, I pray,  
As the garb of an Esquimaux?

Oh, a life on the yacht Jeannette!  
A home on the frozen deep!  
With the mercury down, you bet,  
Where butter has got to keep!

—Cincinnati Inquirer

## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A ticklish thing—a Steubenville Herald.

A cuff on the wrist is worth two on the ear.—American Punch.

It is good to dwell in amity, though it is amity hard thing to do with some people.

There is no vine that contributes more sustenance to man than the bovine.—Wade Whipple.

It is strangely singular how much a boy with a pair of new suspenders has to wear a coat.

"Landlady," said he, "the coffee not settled." "No," she replied, "it comes as near to it as your last month's board bill does." And that man never spoke again during the meal.

"I would box your ears," said a young lady to her stupid and tiresome admirer. "If—" "If what?" he anxiously asked. "If," she repeated, "I could get a large enough for the purpose."

She murmured, "Isn't this lovely—"  
This salt breeze, so cooling and sweet?"  
As it toyed with her curls and her ribbons  
While the shore took the marks of her feet.  
Ah, suddenly there in a minute  
Did vanish that smile and that pout,  
For the breeze it got stronger and sterner,  
Parasol inside out! —New York Star.

Many cities are starting cooking clinics that is a move in the right direction. Good cooking is better than poor port, and it is a solemn fact, that the girl who knows how to grease the frying-pan, worth more about dinner time than a man who can fluently conjugate all French verbs, and who can bring omega and sing the Greek alphabet backward.—Modern Argosy.

There are some Chinese in New Zealand, and they are evidently not better than their countrymen elsewhere in that respect. It is related that in Otago, where Scotch men are a majority of the colonists, a contract for grading a road was to be let. The lowest bid was signed "M'Pherson." Notice was sent to the contractor to meet the board and complete the contract. In due time it met, but behold, M'Pherson was yell in hue and had an unmistakable j-tail! "But," gasped the president, "your name can't be M'Pherson." "Allee lightee," cheerfully answered John; "nobody catch um contact Otago unless the name Mac." The contract was signed.

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