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Poetry.

TWO YEARS OLD.

Only two short years
Since she came from her native heaven;
Brief indeed was the stay
That sweet little life was given.

Only last New Year's Day,
And I think her laughter I hear,
And I think the dear little hands
That only but once she had worn.

She stood for walking arrayed—
So gay did she seem that morn—
Drooping the little white gloves
That only but once she had worn.

I saw her again—but dead—
The small feet for ever at rest;
And folded the dear little hands
Still on the marble breast.

She was all too fragile for earth,
With her smiles and her soft blue eyes;
She came but to visit us here,
Then fled to her native skies.

Only beginning to speak,
Yet many a story she told,
And we never can know her as aught,
But a darling—just two years old.

MARY GRANT

Interesting Case.

FOUND IN THE STREET.

Do you know, Sir, that I am almost starved—
That I have had nothing to eat for twenty-four hours?

The young man started at this unexpected address; then turned and regarded the speaker for a moment curiously.

The scene was Fifth Avenue, and the time was near midnight.
Horses and carriages were dashing over the pavement, conveying gay parties from theatre or supper.

The air was crisp and chilly, the stars shone cheerfully above; the lamps gleamed brightly below; yet the young man was thus suddenly accosted, in the most fashionable thoroughfare in New York, by a stranger who had had nothing to eat for twenty-four hours.

No wonder he turned to look curiously at her! Caleb, or Cate Gordon, as his intimates called him, was a hard-working young journalist—hard working but well paid; for he was a vastly clever and rapid writer, and found a ready market for all he wrote; besides being on the regular staff of one morning paper as musical and dramatic critic.

And in pursuit of this part of his vocation he had that evening been to the French opera to hear "Genevieve"—had stepped into Delmonico's for a light supper, and was on his way down to the office to write up his evening's work.

He had no one but himself to take care of, made money enough to supply all his wants, including light supper at Delmonico's when he desired them, and knew very little about the poverty and wretchedness of the under world of the great city he lived in.

Therefore he queried in a tone of surprise, after looking at the questioner for a moment, "You say you have eaten nothing for twenty-four hours?"

A bit of bread and some coffee last evening, and nothing more since the day before; and the girl gave a great gulp, something between a sigh and a sob, and turned her face away.

Bless my soul! said Caleb; come right along with me and get something.

You see Caleb was quite green—he had only been in the city about six months, having come well recommended from a country newspaper, or else he would have given her a quarter—or perhaps something worse would have come of it, who knows? But as it was, he took her hand and placed it on his arm, and walked with her rapidly down a side street, toward a point where he knew there was an oyster saloon that kept open all night.

It was not exactly the place to take a lady, but it did not occur to Caleb to take her to Delmonico's—besides they were past it.

She had said nothing further, but Caleb noticed that she leaned rather heavily upon his arm; and as they passed a street lamp, and its light shone full in her face, he observed that she was very pale.

He hurried her along, and presently they arrived at the saloon, and were soon seated opposite each other in a small private room, or box, with a table between them.

Caleb called a waiter and ordered a glass of sherry, and when that was provided, gave it to the girl, who seemed absolutely ready to faint, and begged her to drink it, which she did; then he ordered a substantial supper for her.

The wine had revived her, and a little color had tinged her cheeks.

She seemed very young. Caleb thought of his little sister at the old homestead in the country, and guessed this girl must be about her age—about seventeen.

Thinking of his little sister, he could not help thinking how he would feel if she were in such a position as this poor creature; and he felt a strong sensation under his watch pocket, and did not care to speak for a moment.

Then he said kindly, and in a low tone, "And now you must tell me all this has been brought about, and perhaps I can help you."

But the girl folded her arms on the table, laid her head on them, and cried—not loudly but very bitterly.

I don't like to see you cry, said Caleb—and his voice was a little tremulous; that was a soft point in Caleb's character; he never liked to see anybody cry.

The girl raised her head, and threw the long, soft, curling hair back from her face, and said, "You are very, very kind to me, and—I won't cry," and she didn't; which pleased him in more ways than one.

Caleb was not far out about her age—probably his memories about his little sister had aided him in some occult way. She was just about seventeen, and now that she had gained a little, that between the wine and the tears she was manifest-

ly pretty, or, at least, Caleb thought so; but so thin—so thin!

She had pretty, soft, brown curls, and tender violet eyes—very large; and as they looked at Caleb, through the mist of her late weeping he thought he had never seen any half so expressive.

Her figure was thin and neatly clad, but poorly. Her hands were small, but they bore the marks of labor, and the fingers of her right hand were dotted over with little black specks, as Caleb remembered his mother's to have been when he was a boy at home, and she sat in the arm chair sewing for him.

Then the nice hot supper came in, and, with an apology, she began to eat.

And how she did eat! Caleb had never seen any one very hungry before, and he felt his eyes grow dim as he watched her. And somewhere in the interior of his being he registered a little oath that she should never be hungry again—not if he could help it; and then he thought of his little sister once more.

And at last the supper was eaten (of course, Caleb took nothing, for Delmonico had supplied him); and as she looked up, he asked her if she would have anything else, she said: I am ashamed of myself for eating so much; but I was so hungry; and then she went to crying again, but still silently. And then, after a little, Caleb got her story out of her.

How she was crying because she had a widowed mother and a little brother at home, who were just as hungry as she was, who would not have any kind friend to give them food; and how she had come on this night with a wicked purpose in her heart, because that she could not bear longer that she should go hungry; and how that when she spoke to Caleb her own hunger overcame her—and she was so selfish, so wickedly selfish—and now she must go. But Caleb started up and called back the waiter and gave him strict orders very rapidly, and when he went away to fill them, put his hand on her shoulder and told her to sit quietly for a few moments, and he would go with her.

And then she sat down like a very child, as she was, and told him the rest of her story. Poor green Caleb had never heard one of those stories before.

They had been very poor she said, ever since her father died, and that was when she was about ten years old. Her mother had supported them by her needle, and then Joseph—that she said was her name, Joseph—had been able to sew too; and thus they had managed to live, but that was all, and then—the waiter came in with a large covered basket, which Caleb seized; and after he had paid the bill, he tucked Joseph under one arm, and they hurried up the steep saloon stair and out into the starlight and the glare of street lamps again.

They took a car, and about twenty minutes later were finding their way up a dark court yard, into a narrow alley, up flights of rickety stairs, and so to a room on the top floor of a tumble down tenement house, which was Joseph's home.

There was no fire in the little stove; a fluttering bit of candle burned on a rough pine table; and upon the floor, upon a mattress, and covered with a few old quilts and rags, lay, huddled the widowed mother and the poor little brother.

Caleb dropped his basket, and, saying that he would be back in a moment, fled to a corner grocery which he had seen a boy about "closing as he passed.

Five minutes later he was back in the room, with the boy following, laden with coal, wood and candles.

Then he made the fire with his own hands—an accomplishment he had learned when he was a boy at the old homestead.

The candles were lighted, the table was spread the mother and little boy were seated; and when they were fairly at work, and he saw how hungry they were, then Caleb broke down.

He went and opened the window, and looked out at the stars; but he didn't see them, for his eyes dropped tears too many to see through.

And presently a white hand was slipped into his, and as he turned around, Joseph said, "Don't cry! you have made us all so happy, and you have saved us so much! Don't cry!"

Caleb pressed her hand; then he looked at his watch, and said he must go, but he would come to them the next morning. And then he shook hands with them all, and went out, while the blessings and prayers of the poor widow followed him.

It was nearly daybreak before Caleb had finished his office work, and got home to his boarding-house; but at ten o'clock he was again in the room in the tumble-down tenement-house.

It was nicely swept, and a bright fire burning and the few bits of furniture made to look as home-like as possible.

And three smiling faces met Caleb when he entered, and a welcome that made the young man blush for very shame. That was the last day they spent in the tenement house.

Caleb, delighted to have someone to spend his money on, found them comfortable apartments, neatly furnished; hunted up some lady friends of his, who gave the widow all the plain sewing she could do, with the aid of a sewing machine, which Caleb furnished her; got Joseph a profitable position in a public institution; and what then?

Well, then—that is to say, about six months after, when the public institution gave Joseph a fortnight's holiday, Caleb took the whole family—the little brother had been "going to school all this time—out in the country to the old home-land. And when the fortnight's vacation was over Caleb wrote to the Directors of the public institution resigning Joseph's position; and one bright summer's morning he tucked Joseph under his arm once more, and the widow, and Caleb's uncle and aunt, cousins and friends, all strolled quietly down the quiet country road and into the little village church; and there Joseph and Caleb were married.

And, as the two widows had become fast friends, which Caleb took his little wife—thin and pale no longer, but plump, and flushed and happy as any robin—back to the great city. And surely it is recorded somewhere by the good angel that Caleb never again should be unhappy, or regret that he had taken to wife the poor, little half-starved girl he found in the street.

New Brunswick, the Tariff, and Confederation.

The tone of the New Brunswick papers shows a growing discontent among the people of that Province. They are not, perhaps, actually prepared as yet to initiate a movement for the repeal of Confederation; but a feeling is springing gradually up that New Brunswick has been very ill treated in many ways than one.

They have made claims upon the Dominion Government which they had every reason to believe would have been attended to, but they have received no consideration. And now the Tariff policy has stirred up an excitement which may end in serious agitation.

The New Brunswickers see, as one of the St. John papers justly says, that new and injurious taxes are imposed, and with every prospect of their being increased rather than diminished, while they are powerless to avert disaster.

The St. John Telegraph speaks in high terms of the conduct of Mr. Mackenzie, who, as a representative of Ontario, the wheat producing province, might have been supposed likely to support the tax upon the bread of those people who grow no wheat, but who staunchly and patriotically opposed the iniquitous duties.

The Telegraph quotes Mr. Mackenzie's speech in full, and draws from it the inference that the leader of the Opposition plainly believes that "fiscal policy of the Government is likely to stir up an agitation in New Brunswick for the Repeal of the Union."—Montreal Star.

Canadian Fisheries.

The American Executive have acted in perfect good faith in the matter of the fisheries. They have warned New England fishermen to respect our rights and not infringe on our fishing limits. There is only one question about which any controversy can arise. Under the treaty foreigners cannot fish within three miles of our shores; but can they enter between two headlands not six miles apart, and fish in bays, keeping more than three miles from shore. The following order has been issued by the United States authorities:

The Secretary of the Navy has ordered that the United States steamer "Dispatch" be sent to the fisheries at Prince Edward's Island, to protect the interests of the American fishermen. The commander of the "Dispatch" has received orders to notify fishermen that they will not be permitted to fish within three miles of the shore, unless they have a license. The "Dispatch" will leave Norfolk in a few days.

THINK—Do your thinking. Yes, that is the idea. Think for yourself. It is well to listen to the expressed thoughts of others, and it is an agreeable pastime to give expression to your thoughts. But when alone weigh what you have heard and traverse what you have said. It is well to do this, for it will assist in curing you of false notions, and of eradicating unprofitable and vicious ideas, and in time to make you better men and women. What you thus gain from your surroundings, you will thus unwitting transmit to the rising generation, and the result will be that you will do your share in the glorious work of elevating the human family. Do your own thinking.

Bob, you say you believe most diseases are contagious. How long have entered ained such notions? "Ever since I sat alongside of a blue-eyed girl and caught the palpitation of the heart."

A Savannah paper, speaking of the registry of voters, says, "The oldest man was registered one hundred and three, and he had been a colored man all his life."

Farm Notes.

1. Pastures can be greatly benefited by sowing on bone dust.

2. Johnson estimates that two hundred pounds of bone dust, spread on one acre, will last sixteen years.

3. Night soil is a powerful fertilizer. It should be mixed with at least tenfold of its bulk of leaf mould, peat or loam.

4. A milch cow is said to require three per cent of her weight per day.

5. A sheep full grown, requires three and one half per cent of live weight.

6. An ox requires two per cent if he does not work, and two and one half if he does.

7. Eight hundred bushels of ruta bagas, or six hundred bushels of carrots are an average crop per acre.

8. Carrots produce the richest milk sugar lactose, next potatoes, and turnips last as to quality, but first in quantity.

9. Carrots are equal to English hay, pound for pound, as a feed.

10. Turnips as one, to one and one half.

11. Beets, pound for pound.

12. Parsnips equal to best of hay, equal weight.

13. All animal and vegetable matter is composed of cells.

14. Salt (chloride of sodium) is a valuable fertilizer, when applied at the rate of about eight bushels to the acre.

15. The red-bone bones to ashes, put them in a tight plank box, mix with ashes and keep moist and cool. It takes from three to six months to reduce them to fineness.

16. Sulphur is a preventative of vermin on stock, given in provender, and applied to the outside.

17. Trees planted upon the western northern, and eastern sides of fields, protect the crops, attract the moisture, invite insect, destroying birds, prevent snow from being blown away, break cold and destructive winds, render the soil more productive; shelter fogs.

HARD TO PLEASE. Pitts is a fast man, a sharp man, a business man, and when Pitts sows into a sure to trade, he always gets the lowest cash price, and he says—Well, I'll look about, and I don't find anything that suits me better. I'll call and take this.

Pitts, like all fast men, is partial to women and young ones in particular. Now quite late, Pitts said to himself: "I am getting rather old in years, and guess I'll get married."

His business qualities wouldn't let him wait so off he travel, and calling upon a lady friend, opened conversation by remarking that he would like to know what she thought about his getting married.

Oh, Mr. Pitts, that is an affair in which I am not greatly interested, and I prefer to leave it with yourself.

But, says Pitts, you are interested, and my dear girl, will you marry me?

The young lady blushed very red, hesitated, and finally, as Pitts was very well to do in the world, and morally, financially and politically of good standing in society, she accepted him; whereupon the matter of fact Pitts responded:

Well, well, I'll look about, and if I don't find anybody that suits me better than you, I'll come back.

Do you think, doctor, asked an anxious mother, that it would improve little Johnny's health to take him to the springs and let him try the water?

I haven't a doubt of it, madam.

What spring would you recommend, doctor.

Any spring, madam, where you find plenty of soap.

Land is made to increase yearly in fertility, mainly in three ways—by buying commercial fertilizers, by plowing under clover, by buying rich food for animals, and saving all their droppings. That farmer understands his business who knows which mode is best for him. The most successful farmers practice all three.

It is stated that every farm of 160 acres in Eastern Kansas is underlaid with 1,525,000 tons of coal, or nine times more fuel than if the surface were covered with heavy timber.

One great advantage the negro claims over his white brethren—he can more readily conceal a black eye.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.—Barnaul papers state that on the morning of the 29th ult., Capt. Shannon, of the schooner "W. D. Bickford," attempted to commit suicide by discharging a pistol ball into his head. The ball passed through the left eye into the brain. There is every probability that he will recover from the effect of his rash act.

A poor scamp, left his wife in a great rage, declaring that she should never see his face again till he was rich enough to come home in a carriage. He kept his word, for in two hours after ward he was brought home drunk in a wheel barrow.

It is thought a dangerous thing to board a man of war, but we have known fifty soldiers, each a man of war, boarded by a single landlord; but he was a host.

