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NO. 43.

Now.

Rise! for the day is passing,
And you lie dreaming on;
The others have buckled their armor
And forth to fight are gone;
A place in the ranks awaits you,
Each man has some part to play;
The past and the future are nothing
In the face of the stern to-day.

Rise from your dreams of the future—
Of gaining some hard-fought field;
Of storming some air fortress;
Of leading some giant yield;
Your future has deeds of glory,
Oh honor that grant it may!
But your arm will never be stronger
Or the need so great as to-day.

Rise! if the past detains you,
Her sunshine and storms forget;
No chains so unworthy to hold you
As those of vain regret;
Sad or bright, she is limitless forever,
Cast her phantom arms away,
Nor look back, save to learn the lesson
Of a nobler strife to-day.

Rise! for the day is passing;
The low sound that you scarcely hear
Is the enemy marching to battle—
Arise! for the foe is here!
Stay not to sharpen your weapons
Or the hour will strike at last,
When from dreams of a coming battle
You may wake to find it past.

—Adelaide Ann Proctor.

A WET DAY.

It was a hopeless wet day, and a party of young people, staying at a large place in the country, looked unostentatiously bored as they stood about in the hall after luncheon.

Frank Egerton, the eldest son of the house, turned from a window in disgust. "What can we do?" he asked, in an exaggerated tone of despair. "Miss Brook, what must you think of our climate?"

"I can't see rise superior to weather, and strike out a new idea!" interrupted Miss Egerton.

"I have thought of something for to-night," he answered. "There's a dance at the Dunstone Asylum. An invitation came for us some days ago." Various exclamations of horror broke from the young ladies as he continued: "We can dance with each other if we don't like the inmates. You will come?" he asked, in a lower voice, turning to Miss Brook.

"I don't know. I never did such a thing before."

"You will probably dance with much sner people than you have done elsewhere, and I believe they have a capital floor."

"It seems so sad," she said. "And must we dance with the patients?"

"Not unless you like; but I believe numbers of them seem quite sane, and that you would never find out any difference. The one I know is a poor fellow who was at school with me, who fancies he's the Emperor of China, and has the wildest ideas on the subject—quite incorrect for the character; but if he is humored he is managed with perfect ease."

"What is his real name, if it is not wrong to ask?"

"Stapilton. I know nothing of his family, or how he went off his head. In fact I have not seen him for years; but the doctor told me about him, finding I used to know him, and of this new fancy of his."

Mrs. Egerton, crossing the hall at this moment, was eagerly seized upon by her son and rather reluctantly consented to the plan, and a few hours later found them entering the ball-room at the Dunstone Asylum.

Violet felt horribly frightened at first, but a waltz with Frank Egerton restored her courage, and she looked round her with interest.

"Do you see that poor man," Frank asked her, in a low voice, "just coming toward us with the doctor? I suppose they could not get him to come sooner; but how terribly sad he looks! What cruelty to bring him!"

He was a tall, striking-looking man, and Violet continued to watch him when Frank left her to dance with some one else. While the doctor moved on he remained standing, half concealed by a curtain, watching the dancers with a look of agony.

He seemed so miserably out of place Violet felt full of pity, and wondered if she dare speak to him. He caught her eye and smiled, such a sad, pitiful smile that all her fear vanished.

"You are alone," he said.

"Yes," she answered, adding, suddenly, "My poor child, do you want me to dance with you?"

"Nothing was further from Violet's thoughts; but she was afraid of annoying him.

"As you wish," she said; "but tell me first who you are," hoping from his answer to find some guide for her future conduct.

"My name is Stapilton," he answered, gently.

"The Emperor of China!" she exclaimed, involuntarily, and then feared what might happen; but he only said:

"Am I? Just as you please. Will you sit down here till the next square begins? I never wait."

"That is something to be thankful for," thought Violet, as she obediently took the offered chair.

Mr. Hunter, a neighbor of the Egertons, who never failed to visit these dances, had returned home with some friends the day before, and at breakfast announced his intention of going, as usual, to the dance at the Dunstone Asylum.

He was surprised when one of his guests started at the name, and eagerly asked if it was near.

"Ten miles; but why do you want to know, Stapilton?"

"I'll tell you afterward," was the answer; and as soon as they were alone he told him a younger brother of his had had sunstroke in India, which, in addition to other troubles, had completely driven him out of his mind, and that he was now in the asylum a Dunstone.

So Major Stapilton entered the asylum that evening with Mr. Hunter, but waited alone till the doctor could come to him.

"I am afraid you have given yourself needless trouble," the doctor said; "I have inquired, and Mr. Stapilton is asleep. In his weak state he must not be disturbed. He is better, however, and the new delusion I told you of in my last letter quite passed away. If you will call again—"

"Yes, thanks. Don't let me detain you."

The doctor turned fustily to the door. "You see I should not be absent for an instant to-night; but pray do not wait here. Come with me; you will see nothing painful, and Mr. Hunter is so kind, he always stays to the end."

The doctor, recovering his temper, talked on as they walked toward the hall-room.

"Nothing painful, I assure you; but if any of them speak to you, be sure to humor them."

As they entered the room, Major Stapilton, rather horrified, shrank back behind a curtain, as Violet looked toward them:

"Do you see that girl? She is one of our worst cases."

"In white?" Major Stapilton asked, in doubt as to which was meant.

The doctor was suddenly called away; and as Major Stapilton was still looking at Violet, wondering if it was she, her apparent forwardness in addressing an unknown stranger confirmed the idea of her madness, while the slightest doubt on the subject was removed when she spoke to him as the Emperor of China, he never having heard of his brother's imperial delusion.

They sat together for a few moments in silence, till Violet, finding it unbearable, growing more and more nervous, and trying to suit her conversation to him, said:

"Is it long since you were in China?"

"I never was there in my life," was the starting answer, while Violet felt frightened as he added confusedly, "at least, I mean—I don't know." And he thought in his turn. "Poor girl, I forgot I was the Chinese Emperor. How on earth can I keep the character?"

Violet hurriedly went on:

"Of course, I understand. I suppose you knew Dr. Smith before, and are paying him a visit?"

Major Stapilton shuddered.

"What! She thinks I am a fellow-patient, then! However, poor Charles is, so she can talk sensibly; and he has just changed the conversation by asking her if she had read one of the books of the day."

Violet knew it well, and to her surprise and delight found her emperor capable of a rational conversation. She had seldom enjoyed one so much. She was very young, and had not yet got over her shyness with strangers, but why need she be shy with a poor lunatic? So with the object of pleasing him, she talked without hesitation of her favorite pursuits and books, and answered personal questions without taking any offense.

Major Stapilton, on his side, delighted with the fresh young girl, touched by her openness, and profoundly sorry for her awful misfortune, tried from mingled kindness and curiosity to encourage her almost unconscious revelations of character.

"Have you been here long?" he at last ventured to ask.

"About an hour, I think," she answered, not understanding.

"In the ball-room; but I mean how long have you been at Dunstone?"

"Oh, what shall I do! he thinks I am mad, too!" she thought; but her look of terror warned Major Stapilton he was on dangerous ground.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I had no right to ask. Tell me more of your visit to Italy." And plunging into mutual Roman recollections they were again quite conversed.

One of the gentlemen of the Egerton party now came and asked Violet to dance, explaining that he could not find her before, and adding in a low voice:

"Will you come, or do you prefer staying here?"

"I would rather stay here, thanks;

but please ask Mrs. Egerton if she minds."

"Certainly; but I should think in this case it was all right; and he went off to report Miss Brook was perfectly happy, talking to a very good-looking lunatic."

Mrs. Egerton, not knowing what was the usual etiquette at lunatic asylums, left her undisturbed, and she and Major Stapilton had another hour of delightful talk; till Mr. Hunter came to look for him, when she seized the opportunity to escape. Mrs. Egerton leaving soon afterward, she saw her new friend no more.

Frank secured a seat in the carriage opposite to her, and began to reproach her for the way in which she spent her evening.

"I am sorry if it was wrong," she answered, simply; "but the poor man seemed to enjoy talking to me, and I thought it would be cruel to go away. Do you know, he is your friend, the Mr. Stapilton you told me of, Emperor of China."

"Is he? I asked one of the attendants, and he told me he was not there. How stupid! I should like to have spoken to him, poor fellow. I did not recognize him; but I see it is the same face, but older and altered in expression. He used to be very clever and popular."

"He is delightful," Violet said. Then, ashamed of such strong praise, added, "Of course I only say so because he is mad. Do you know, he thought I was mad, also?"

Full of admiration for his evident abilities, charmed with his manner, and pitying his misfortune, Violet for the next twenty-four hours thought of little but this fascinating madman.

Major Stapilton on his side was in much the same state. He had vainly tried to point her out to Mr. Hunter, and resolved to question Dr. Smith the next day when he returned to see his brother. Mr. Hunter told him he had accepted an invitation from Mrs. Egerton to dine with her and bring his friends; and Major Stapilton felt bored by the prospect of going among complete strangers.

The next morning he visited the asylum, and had a most satisfactory interview with his brother, and was afterward assured by Dr. Smith that he felt certain of his speedy and complete recovery.

Then Major Stapilton rather awkwardly began his inquiries about the young lady of the night before. "One of your worst cases, you said."

"Oh, yes," he answered. "So you talked to her? She is very ill this morning, poor thing! and I think cannot live long."

Major Stapilton felt it impossible to make any request to see her, or even to ask more questions about her, only venturing to say: "She seemed in the most perfect health last night."

"Excitement does a great deal in some cases; but I feel sure she will not live through the winter."

Major Stapilton's preoccupation and sadness on his return soon attracted Mr. Hunter's attention, and he expressed his fear his brother must be worse.

"No, no; much better; sure to be all right soon, Smith said. The fact is, Hunter, I can't get that girl out of my head I told you of last night. So young and intelligent, and I should have thought so well; and I hear now that she cannot live through the winter."

Violet dressed for dinner with very preoccupied thoughts and the profound indifference to Mr. Hunter and his friends. Major Stapilton entered the drawing-room decidedly cross, and, having been introduced to Mr. Egerton, looked round the room and instantly caught sight of Violet, standing at a little distance and looking at him with intense surprise.

He sprang toward her and seized her hand.

"You here!" he exclaimed.

Violet, terrified, gave a slight cry of alarm, and Frank Egerton moved toward her.

"What is she doing here?" asked Major Stapilton, bewildered, and dropping her hand.

"Mr. Hunter," Frank called out, as Violet clung to him for protection, "what is the meaning of this? Why have you brought this madman here?"

"My friend, Major Stapilton? What on earth do you mean, Frank?"

Major Stapilton eagerly addressed Mr. Hunter: "She is the girl I told you of; one of Dr. Smith's worst cases! Why have they brought her here?"

"Miss Brook mad!" Frank exclaimed indignantly. "My mother took her to that dance last night."

"And I took Major Stapilton!" answered Mr. Hunter, bursting into a roar of laughter, as he perceived the double mistake.

All even the two victims, were obliged to join in the laughter, and a more hilarious party had never before entered Mrs. Egerton's dining-room.

She, of course, assigned Major Stapilton to Violet; and he thought her more charming, if possible, than before, as they offered mutual apologies, and she

explained how she had mistaken him for his brother, and expressed her joy at the hope of his speedy recovery.

Their conversation was continued after dinner till an impromptu dance was started. In a pause of the figure he drew her aside. "I cannot help it," he said, "even if you think me mad again. Ours is no ordinary acquaintance; and I must tell you before I go how I love you. I dare not hope you can care for me; but may I come and see you in the city?"

In confusion, but quite satisfactory words she confessed more than he had ventured to believe possible.

The Emperor of China recovered in time to be the best man at their wedding; and in their happy after life, Violet and Major Stapilton often laughed over the recollections of their first meeting at the Dunstone Lunatic Asylum.

Guarding the Gold.

A New York correspondent thus describes the manner in which the money in the Sub-Treasury building at the metropolis is cared for and guarded:

This structure contains at present \$164,000,000 of national wealth. The details may be given thus—\$11,000,000 in silver, \$130,000,000 in gold and \$23,000,000 in greenbacks. The new silver vault, which has been in use some months, will store \$40,000,000 and the present prospects indicate that it will soon be filled. The vault is in the basement and connected by an elevator with the specie room on the main floor. The silver is placed in bags containing \$1,000 each, and the varied issues of coins are kept separate. Gold is held in bags containing \$5,000, and greenbacks in packages each of one thousand notes. In addition to the silver vault there are two other vaults on the main floor, each of which is built on the plan of a first-class safe. They contain the gold and the greenbacks, the lock combination being held by Mr. Ashley, the specie clerk, and Mr. Brittan, the cashier. Once a month the surveyor of the port makes an examination of the treasure on hand, but with this exception it is under the care of the above mentioned officials.

At night four men, suitably armed, are put on guard and patrol the main floor. Eight men are engaged in this service, their tour being alternate nights. During the day there are two policemen in their usual uniform on duty in the hall, in addition to which two detectives in ordinary citizen's dress are keeping watch. One of these (Thomas Sampson) is an expert of high order of skill, and hence commands a salary of \$1,800 a year. These detectives often see professional thieves lingering around, but as the latter all know Sampson his presence prevents any attempt at crime. The watchmen receive \$75 per month. They come in at five o'clock in the afternoon (as which time the detectives leave), and then lock up and remain until relieved in the morning. In addition to this the treasury has lately been put in a condition of defence against the attack of a mob. The windows are protected by iron bars and the inside shutters are perforated with loop-holes. The entire clerical force is seventy, for each of whom a musket is kept in the armory. Such a force could hold a large body at bay, but in addition to this Gatling guns will be stationed on the roof, which will ensure the safety of the place against popular violence. This vast institution is under the general care of Thomas Hillhouse, assistant treasurer. He was bred in the western part of the State, but has held his present office for several years. His salary is \$8,000, and he must give bonds to the amount of half a million. Next importance is cashier Brittan, whose salary is \$4,000.

Counterfeit Grief.

An expression of grief has recently been a subject of investigation by an Italian physiologist, M. Paolo Montegazza, who has studied with great care all the contractions which suffering produces in the human face, and endeavored to arrive at an exact distinction of the phenomena of real from those of simulated sorrow. All the forms of dolorous hypocrisy he exposes mercilessly. The following, according to M. Montegazza, are signs of feigned grief: 1. The expression is nearly always exaggerated relatively to the cause of the grief. 2. The visage is not pale, and the muscular disturbance is intermittent. 3. There is not harmony in the mimicry of grief, and one sees certain contractions, certain relaxations, which are wholly wanting in real grief. 4. The pulse is frequent in consequence of the exaggerated muscular movement. 5. A surprise, or any object which vividly attracts the attention, suffices to make the tragic mask immediately fall off. 6. Sometimes one succeeds in discovering among the tears, the sobs and heartrending lamentations, the presence of a chuckle, which expresses, perhaps, the malignant pleasure of practicing a deception. 6. The expression is eccentric, or is wholly wanting in concentric forms.

TIMELY TOPICS.

The Cheyenne (Wyoming Territory) Leader

says that the question of dividing Dakota into two or three territories is being agitated with a degree of vim and persistence that promises success. Several plans of division are suggested. Dakota at present contains an area as large as three times that of the State of Iowa, and no region of country is filling up or developing more rapidly.

Three romantic Kentucky girls recently hit upon a better device for securing husbands than by advertising. They lived on the banks of the Ohio river, and agreed each to set a bottle afloat containing a paper on which was written her name and a promise to marry whomsoever should find the bottles. One of the girls has married recently the man who found her bottle far down the river, the second is engaged to the one who found hers at Natchez, Miss., and the third is in correspondence with the finder of hers, who also lives at a great distance from the point where the bottles were launched.

Speaking of the tradition that Captain Kidd buried treasure at the mouth of Cape Fear river, the Wilmington (N. C.) Star says that even now the work goes on, and travelers over the country roads in that direction often see mysterious excavations by the roadside and at night catch glimpses of weird-looking groups furtively plying the pick and spade by the light of a torch in quest of the hidden treasure. The mysterious seekers for these stores of the freebooters are generally colored people, whose cupidity and superstitious fancies are worked upon by so-called diviners of their own color. No one has ever heard of their being rewarded for their toil and trouble, and in all probability no one ever will.

Students do not seem to behave much better in China than they do (sometimes) in the land of the free. At Nanking lately the prefect had the audacity to issue a proclamation, the purport of which was that the Manchoo students were constantly misbehaving themselves. The consequence of this was that at the next recitation there was a regular shindy between the Manchoo candidates and some of their rivals. Brickbats flew freely about, and one unfortunate fellow had his front teeth knocked out. Then there was a regular hail-storm of bricks; fractured heads became numerous, and the police interposed to stop the exercises. It appears that young men will be young men the world over, but the necessary connection between intellectual cultivation and bad behavior has thus far been practically rather than philosophically demonstrated.

The French papers, speaking of the harvest which has been gathered in France, say that on the whole the apprehensions caused by an interminable winter, a spring that only existed in the almanacs, and the incessant rains of the months of June and July, have not been wholly realized. The harvest has been hardly as bad as was expected. It falls, however, considerably below the average, but may, it is thought, equal the production of last year. This, according to the Minister of Agriculture, was 25,370,698 hectolitres of wheat—in other words, about 250,000,000 bushels. The vintage will probably be very bad. Between 1875 and 1878 it is computed that France lost in some places half and in others one-third of her vines. Great exertions have been made to import new vines from healthy places. Cyprus, Spain, and even the United States have been visited by French agents for the purpose.

In an article on the Russian advance eastward, the Cologne Gazette estimates that 17,000 Russians are every year banished or sentenced to penal servitude in Siberia. Peasants from the central and western provinces, who from various causes find life in their own homes unbearable, quit the latter to migrate to the Dorsado beyond the Volga, where they have been taught by the traditions of their forefathers that they will find free land and a free life. Arrived at their destination, however, these emigrants only find themselves exposed to bitter disappointment. There is land enough to support thousands upon thousands of families, but it has been for the most part bought up—often at merely nominal prices—by officials and speculators, and the emigrant, on arrival, consequently finds himself compelled to buy or pay a high rent for the ground he would cultivate. The result is that everywhere a beginning has been made, but little more has been done. Villages are to be found in the middle of forests, and here and there, in otherwise waste and desolate districts, a settlement has been made and a chapel has been built by a party of dissenters. Beyond this little progress has been made.

The Russian government is suppressing the sale of newspapers on the streets.

Leaving the Old House.

There's sunshine on the meadows,
And sunshine on the road,
And through the brightness toils the horse
Beneath a weary load;
And as I stand beside the door, with hand
Before my eyes,
I hear the children laugh to see the household
gods I prize.

There was a time when this old home
Was full of mirth and glee,
But one by one the household wend
And left it all to me—
A quiet house of vacant rooms, each made a
sacred place
By echo of a missing voice or dream of vanished
face.

My new room is a pleasant place,
But yet it grieves me now;
Its small completeness seems to say
The world is narrow now;
'Tis far too small for any one with festivals to
keep,
But for my funeral large enough, since few
will come to weep.

Good-bye, old house—a long good-bye!
My hand is on your gate;
Though tears are gathering in my eyes,
I must not longer wait.
Good-bye, old house! and, after all, the love
which makes you dear
Awaits me in the heavenly home to which I'm
drawing near.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A theater Bill—Shakespeare.

The latest thing in boots—Stockings.
The barley crop of Pennsylvania is the largest ever harvested.

Two lovers, like two armies, generally get along quietly enough till they are engaged.

The only woolen mill in Texas is at New Brunsfels. Last year the profits were \$81,000.

Business is very much depressed in Australia, and great numbers of men are out of employment.

Washington Territory boasts of a young fellow of twenty-two who has killed ninety-six bears.

The average number of hotels burned in the United States per annum is about 400, a fraction over one per day.

It is easier to raise a beard than raise a dime," said a young Oil Citizen, who has stopped shaving.—Oil City Derrick.

Life may seem appalling short, but it is no more so than is the young man coming out of an oyster festival.—O-liver Republican.

A hickory tree on the farm of J. Johnson, Amite county, Texas, was torn from its roots by a recent storm and carried two miles.

An exchange says it does not believe that a man who loves a horse can be a very bad man. Some of our States think differently, for they imprison and hang men who love horses too well.

The following wise saying by Solon is, we regret to say, not generally recorded in his works: "Young man, never cut your finger nails before buttoning on a collar."—Rochester Express.

In all the cities of Brazil during the three days of the carnival black women are seen selling "cabeinhas," which are made of these delicate sheets of pure India rubber tied up in the form of a globe and filled with colored and scented waters. They are thrown at persons of the opposite sex and burst on striking, favoring the individual with an impromptu perfumed bath.

A tramp got a new suit of clothes out of the Sidney (Ohio) authorities in a very original way. He committed some slight offense, for which he was put in jail. As soon as he was behind the bars he deliberately took off his clothes and cut them into shreds, including his boots. Of course a new suit had to be purchased for him so that he could appear for trial.

Edible and Poisonous Mushrooms.

Amateur gatherers of mushrooms are often spoiled to their enjoyment in eating the result of their researches by the fear of poisoning in the shape of a venomous congeneric. A French contemporary gives a simple means whereby to distinguish the real from the spurious comestible: The stem of a genuine mushroom is short, thick, and white, marked under the head with a prominent ring. The head is white and regularly convex, the edges are bent inward, the flesh is white and firm, the under leaves are deep pink and separated as they approach, but do not touch the stem. When the mushroom grows old the hat-like shape changes: it becomes brown, flat and scaly, the under leaves also turn brown. It is fetid when eaten young. Spurious mushrooms have their heads covered with warts and other membranaceous substances, which adhere to the upper surface; they are heavy and spring from a species of bulb; they generally grow in bunches. When the mushrooms are doubtful sprinkle a little salt on the under and spongy part; if it turns yellow they are poisonous; if black they are good.—London Water.

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Local notices 10 cents a line, no charge less than 75 cents.

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New Rotary Power Job Press.

We have added to the Standard Office an "Allen New rotary power job press," and having tested its merits, pronounce it a No. 1 machine, capable of throwing off upwards of a thousand sheets an hour.

Visitors to St. Andrews and travellers generally.

It is satisfactory to learn from the trustees, that they have no intention of lessening the number or reducing the salaries of the teachers, nor amalgamating some of the schools, as has been done elsewhere in the Province.

Charlotte County Rifle Association.

The Charlotte County Rifle Association, held their annual Shooting Match at the Range, St. Andrews, on the 16th, 17th and 18th insts.

Delinquent Subscribers.

Who failed to pay the accounts presented to them for subscriptions due, for one year and upwards, will now have the privilege of paying them to a Magistrate with whom they have been placed for collection.

The St. Andrews Standard.

SAINT ANDREWS, OCTOBER 22 1879.

SEMI-ANNUAL EXAMINATION.

On Thursday and Friday last, the Trustees made their semi-annual examination of the St. Andrews Schools, in presence of many of the parents and other visitors.

In the Grammar School which was the last examined, and may be termed the finishing department. Rev. Dr. Ketchum conducted the examination in his usual effective manner, being conversant with the classics and mathematics.

We have avoided individual allusions or special reference to the admirable manner in which some of the female pupils acquitted themselves, where all did so creditably, although we could name some exceptional cases.

We have purposely avoided special mention of each school, where all did so well, and to make our notice as brief as possible without omitting anything worthy of note.

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Local and other matters.

A St. Andrews Boy Abroad.

It affords us pleasure at all times, to notice the prosperity, advancement and ability of young men natives of St. Andrews, abroad.

An Important Surgical Operation.

Yesterday morning, Dr. E. E. Chandler, of Moncton, assisted by Dr. Le Baron Botsford, of Sackville, succeeded in removing a large tumor from the neck of Mr. D. M. Trites, a teacher in the public schools.

The exodus principally to the United States.

The exodus principally to the United States, continues by almost every steamer. Able bodied young men, the bone and sinew of the Dominion are leaving by hundreds, simply from the fact that there is no employment for them.

The Municipal Election will be held according to written placards.

The Municipal Election will be held according to written placards, in the Engine House, on Tuesday 28th inst.

The Banquet to Sir John A. Macdonald.

at Quebec, was a grand affair. In response to the toast—he made a pleasant speech, avoiding reference to the future political policy of his Government.

Mr. Owen Jones after having his property repaired and put in good condition.

Mr. Owen Jones after having his property repaired and put in good condition, left here last week; and is now on his way to New Zealand, where he is to be engaged in a public work.

The relations between Russia and England.

The relations between Russia and England do not appear to be of the most amicable nature. This, perhaps, is owing to the Russian desire to get hold of Herat, and thus possess the key to British India.

A citizen of Portland, Oregon, set his dog on a coon.

A citizen of Portland, Oregon, set his dog on a coon, when the latter ran into a pond, the dog following. A hard fight then began. The coon seized the dog by the nose and pulled him under the water.

The price of Flour, Sugar, Tea, and other articles has risen.

The price of Flour, Sugar, Tea, and other articles has risen. Is this owing to the N. P.? If so, why not raise the price of labor to enable the poor to purchase such commodities.

A counterfeit U. S. \$20 bill of the new legal tender note, series of 1878.

A counterfeit U. S. \$20 bill of the new legal tender note, series of 1878, has just been discovered. The line engraving is rather blurred. The words "Register of the Treasury" under Allison's signature are crooked and almost a curve.

The Boys Own Paper is the title of a quarto newspaper.

The Boys Own Paper is the title of a quarto newspaper, with nicely illustrated stories and sketches, written by clergymen, and also articles on shore hunting, chess, drafts, puzzles, &c.

The Princess Louise, accompanied by her suite.

The Princess Louise, accompanied by her suite Lady Sophia Macnamara, lady in waiting, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Morcton, and Sir Fenwick Williams, the "hero of Kars," took their departure from Quebec on Saturday last.

The weather which has been fine is fast assuming a wintry aspect.

The weather which has been fine is fast assuming a wintry aspect, the mornings and nights being cold. On Monday night ice formed in vessels in the yards, and the tops of vegetables were white, during the day the weather is as fine as can be expected at this season.

Consolidated Bank.—In the case against Sir Francis Hincks.

In the case against Sir Francis Hincks, just tried in Court at Montreal, the jury returned a verdict of "guilty." Sir Francis was a director, and should have examined the books, and not permit himself to be deceived by any subordinate making false returns.

The Question of Finance.—At the beginning of Confederation.

At the beginning of Confederation the expenses of the Province of Quebec were, according to the Hon. Mr. Langelet, \$1,184,000 per annum, but in June, 1878, they had reached two millions and three quarters per annum!

Manager Mullen of the Chicago and Alton railroad offers a reward of \$15,000.

Manager Mullen of the Chicago and Alton railroad offers a reward of \$15,000 for the arrest of a gang of robbers who Thursday, stopped a Chicago and Alton train and rifled the express company's safe, at Glendale, Missouri.

A citizen of Portland, Oregon, set his dog on a coon.

A citizen of Portland, Oregon, set his dog on a coon, when the latter ran into a pond, the dog following. A hard fight then began. The coon seized the dog by the nose and pulled him under the water.

The price of Flour, Sugar, Tea, and other articles has risen.

The price of Flour, Sugar, Tea, and other articles has risen. Is this owing to the N. P.? If so, why not raise the price of labor to enable the poor to purchase such commodities.

The annual meeting of the Conservative Club.

The annual meeting of the Conservative Club was held last evening; at which rumor says a clean sweep was made, & new officers elected.

The Illustrated Almanac, for 1880.

The Illustrated Almanac, for 1880, price ten cents, is received.

Snow fell at Moncton on the morning of the 20th inst.

Snow fell at Moncton on the morning of the 20th inst. Rather early for the season; the night before was very cold.

Diphtheria is fatal in several parts of the Province.

A man in New York is under medical treatment for a genuine moon-blindness, caused by sleeping out of doors with the moon shining full in his face for some hours.

John E. Green, who lost a leg at the Wollaston disaster.

John E. Green, who lost a leg at the Wollaston disaster on the Old Colony Railroad on October 8, 1878, recovered damages in Boston, Thursday, in \$13,633. He sued for \$20,000.

Pure fresh ground Coffees at CAMPBELL'S.

Pure fresh ground Coffees at CAMPBELL'S at 30c 35c and 40c per lb.

There are forty female physicians in practice in Philadelphia.

There are forty female physicians in practice in Philadelphia, ten artists and one sculptor—Miss Blanche Nevill, whom the State has lately selected to execute in marble the statue of Muhlenberg.

12 lbs Good Brown Sugar for \$1.00 at CAMPBELL'S.

12 lbs Good Brown Sugar for \$1.00 at CAMPBELL'S.

Steamer Eirene of the Dominion line, is ashore near Red Bay.

Steamer Eirene of the Dominion line, is ashore near Red Bay in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and is likely to become a total wreck.

Evaporated apples at CAMPBELL'S, an extra nice article.

Evaporated apples at CAMPBELL'S, an extra nice article.

Automatic cars, driven by compressed air, are being tried on the various horse-car lines of New York.

Automatic cars, driven by compressed air, are being tried on the various horse-car lines of New York, and the president of the Third Avenue line, the largest in the city, says he believes the days of horses on street railways are numbered.

MARRIED.

At the Independent Congregational Church, Bangor, Me., on the 15th inst., by the Rev. Arthur May Knapp, assisted by Rev. William Mitchell, Pastor of St. Andrew's Church, St. John, James Murray Kay, Esq., of St. John, to Mary Freeland Prentiss, daughter of the late Hon. Henry E. Prentiss of Bangor.

DIED.

On the 16th inst., Maria, aged 29 years and 7 months, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Robert Cookburn, Sept. 27th, at 2 Ormond-terrace, Dalkeith, Scotland, Isabella Wallace, only surviving daughter of the late Samuel Thompson Esq., of St. John, N. B., aged 43 years.

\$300 MONTH guaranteed. 12 Dollars a day those made by the industry. Capital not required; we will start you. Men, women, boys and girls can make money faster at work for us than at anything else.

BOOTS & SHOES. LADIES, MISSES AND GENTLEMEN'S Boots and Shoes, BOOT & SHOE MANUFACTORY.

First Class Pianos. The Proprietors offer for sale First Class Pianos 7 1/2 octave, black walnut and rosewood, furnished with all modern improvements at moderate prices for cash or other approved payment.

E. WILLARD & CO., Factory, 390 Tremont St., BOSTON. Orders left at the Standard office, St. Andrews, will be promptly attended to.

MEGANIC HOTEL. Water Street, St. Andrews.

The Subscriber respectfully announces to his friends and the public in general, that he has taken the above named House and thoroughly fitted it for the reception of Travellers & Permanent Boarders.

JAMES NEILL, Manager.

Blossom I saw her in her A child with her The light was in And on her-go A perfect blossom But formed di I saw her when A half shy and y Her feet just cut Whose end is t Her features wo Her hair had c I saw her in the Of woman's gl Her bosom's rose By folds of th The jewels flash The beauty fr The raying of th A gift of life A gem as rich as In upon the brea The flash of trit Her forehead I The blush of Ed Upon her fing The red rose in The pale before The azure of the The violets di saw her once A That ever she A sainted wreat Her beauty as Her changed as As midnight I Ah me! ah me! Must still the The willing ear Had listened And heaven's p When ope'd t But pray, perha Nail-pierced I May still in me! Such fallen o And yet we That here t Perhaps before The blinded The wretched By Him may 'Forgive, dear I Was spoke o Among the Peach Half a century tract of land bord of the Chesapeake which, bisecting th connects the two; it takes its name, i ern boundary of ti peninsula to day, nation by the well millions, a Ridg a practical fruit-g named Reeves, a and Central New J of both Philadel and the two spe possible, to suppl from nearer hom peach and a few trees were the ext The fruit of thir two-thirds of th tending almost wi canal to within a f ern border, and et on the eastern sh Leading to the c country the road of orchards broke villages or station the pleasant hom selves, are fairl groves of the ea earth teems with The orchards ar cultivation, for c duped them to th incursions of th Broken fences are scrub bushes, w themselves now idly banished, eve the public roads, royal conservator; In their plac tween the fruit peach groves an corn, vegetables; Scarcely a foot of ivation is not uti tenk. This is les a protective m keeping up the planters protect t incursions of th There are some beautiful feature cultivation, as it tensive farm of ming, for exam hundred acres, i by a fence of l yield last season a ton of fruit t value. This nov by planting sto taces of eight fo

Supplement.

Blossom and Blight.

I saw her in her innocence,
A child with beauty rare;
The light was in her tender glance,
And on her golden hair—
A perfect blossom of the earth;
But formed divinely fair.

I saw her when a blooming girl,
Half shy and yet half bold;
Her feet just entering on the path
Whose end is to be told—
Her features wore a softer shade,
Her hair had deeper gold.

I saw her in the early bloom
Of woman's glorious grace;
Her bosom's swell but half concealed
By folds of filmy lace—
The jewels flashing from her neck,
The beauty from her face.

The gayest of them all she moved
A thing of life and light;
A gem as rich as ever shone
Upon the breath of night—
The flush of triumph on her cheeks,
Her forehead ivory white.

The blush of Eden seemed to rest
Upon her finger-tips;
The red rose in her dainty hand
Was pale before her lips;
The azure of those melting eyes
The violets did eclipse.

I saw her once again, alas!
That ever she was born,
A tainted wreath, a cast-off toy,
Her beauty wrecked and torn—
As changed as storm from calm may be,
As midnight is from noon.

Alas! alas! the human heart
Must still the story tell;
The willing ear to whispering fash
Had listened far too well—
And heaven's pearls drop down
When open'd the gates of hell.

But pray, perhaps the Sacred Hand,
Nail-pierced in other days,
May still in mercy be outstretched
Such fallen ones to raise;
And feet yet walk in paradise
That here tread devious ways.

Perhaps before the curtain drops
The blinded eyes may see;
The wandering feet to Jesus turned,
By Him may be set free;
'Forgive, dear Lord!' 'This very day'
Was spoke on Calvary.

Among the Peach Orchards of Delaware.

Half a century ago an insignificant tract of land bordering the south bank of the Chesapeake and Delaware canal, which, bisecting the State of Delaware, connects the two great bays from which it takes its name, and forms the northern boundary of the fruit district of the peninsula to-day, was put under cultivation by the well-known Philadelphia millionaire, Ridgway, and his partner, a practical fruit-grower of New Jersey, named Reeves. At that time Northern and Central New Jersey was the orchard of both Philadelphia and New York, and the two speculators proposed, if possible, to supply the former market from nearer home. A few thousand peach and a few hundred other fruit trees were the extent of their venture. The fruit of their example now covers two-thirds of the State of Delaware, extending almost without a break from the canal to within a few miles of the southern border, and encroaching extensively on the eastern shore of Maryland.

Leading to the heart of the peach country the road fares through a vista of orchards broken only by occasional villages or stations; and even they, like the pleasant homes of the planters themselves, are fairly bowered in fragrant groves of the ever-present fruit. The earth teems with abundance everywhere. The orchards are marvels of thrift and cultivation, for careful culture has reduced them to the symmetrical and decorous beauty of well-kept gardens. Broken fences are unknown. Dead trees, scrub bushes, weeds and grass show themselves nowhere. They are as rigidly banished, even from the borders of the public roads, as they would be in a royal conservatory.

In their place, thickly planted between the fruit trees, the soil of the peach groves sustains great crops of corn, vegetables and berries of all sorts. Scarcely a foot of the ground under cultivation is not utilized to its fullest extent. This is less an economic than a protective measure, however. By keeping up these ground crops the planters protect their orchards from any incursions of the dreaded weeds.

There are some extremely novel and beautiful features of this subordinate cultivation, as it may be called. The extensive farm of Mr. Brown, of Wyoming, for example, covering over four hundred acres, is entirely surrounded by a fence of bearing grapes, whose yield last season is claimed to have been a ton of fruit to every forty rods of fence. This novel hedge is constructed by planting stout posts at equal distances of eight feet and connecting them

with wires, over which the vines are trailed. The experiment is a perfectly safe one, as the State laws impose exorbitant penalties on people who allow their cattle to go at large on the public highway, and the growers themselves have too much at stake not to observe the law.

Another feature of this grape-hedged estate, and one in which it is imitated by many smaller ones, is the alternate planting of peach and apple trees in the orchards. By this process, when the peach trees become unfruitful, they can be removed and fresh ones planted, during whose progress toward maturity the planter harvests apples. Work on the farm is therefore never at a stand-still, and the orchards always pay their way.

The peach sales of some of the principal centers last season were enormous. Dover exported 265,000 baskets; Wyoming, 300,000; Smyrna, 270,000; Townsend, 235,000; Middletown, 200,000; Milford, the center of the southern orchards, 130,000. These figures are entirely separate from those applying to the canneries and evaporators, and represent solely the fruit shipped to market in its natural state.

Printing U. S. Bonds.

As the four per cents are objects of the latest interest in the monetary world, it may be interesting to give some idea of the labor on these bonds, and the time it takes to complete them in the department. All of this work, of course, originates in the engraving room. The work on each plate is performed by several different engravers, one engraver doing only a part and then passing it to another. When complete the plate is thoroughly examined by experts, and if found to be perfect, dies are made from it and the impression transferred to other plates, thereby avoiding much extra engraving. Assuming the plates to be on the press, it takes about eighteen to twenty days to perfect the printing of a bond from the time the blank sheet is first moistened until it goes to the register for the final signature. The means operandi of printing these bonds is about as follows: The paper is first sent to the wetting division, whence it goes in a damp condition to the press room to receive the back impression; it is then placed in the dry box with a steam temperature of 160 degrees, and the next day is again sent to the wetting division, whence, after remaining over night, it goes to another press room to receive the first face impression. It is then dried again, and the next day is put through a hydraulic press of 200 tons. Thus dried and smoothed it goes to the surface sealing room and another face impression is printed, being the seal and number on each bond and coupon. It then goes to another room for the series number to be placed on each bond and coupon. After the printing has been completed the bonds go to the examining division, where female examiners carefully scrutinize each bond, and all imperfect ones are laid aside and canceled immediately. As the work in each division is always examined before it goes to its next division, defective bonds are seldom discovered in the examining room. So perfect is the system of this work that an error scarcely ever occurs either in the number of sheets of paper or anything else connected with the complicated work. When the bonds leave the printing bureau they are not complete, but have to go through the loan division, and have the secretary's seal impressed on each; then, after having the initials of William Fletcher written on each seal, they are sent to the register for his seal and signature. All orders for these bonds are drawn by the chief of the loan division.

A Flood of Oil.

A large crude oil tank with a capacity of about 4,000 or 5,000 barrels burst at the Canton Consolidated Oil Company's works at Canton, Md., scattering the entire contents over half an acre of ground. Several of the workmen were badly drenched with the oil, but no one, fortunately, received the slightest injury. The moment the extent of the damage was seen, the employees set to work to save as much as possible of the oil. It was running down the lot in a dense volume toward the water, and a glance showed the men that if it once reached the edge the entire lot would be lost. Running forward they hastily constructed an embankment and thus saved the greater part of the oil. The embankment made pipes were run down, men waded up to their waists, here and there fixing the hoses in position for the work of pumping the oil back. The large agitator and other tanks were so filled, and it is estimated that not more than 800 barrels of the oil were lost. It is supposed the pressure of the oil on the bottom of the tank loosened the rivets and caused the plates to give way.

The postmaster at Logansport, Ind., has been arraigned by the Presbyterian church to which he belongs because he keeps the postoffice open an hour every Sunday morning.

A 'Savage's' Good Example.

The following letter has been received at the Indian office from Agent J. Herford, dated Dec. and Fox agency, Indian Territory:

Henry Jones, our agency blacksmith, has called this day to make the following statement: He said that some years ago he was poor, and that his present prosperous condition in life is mainly due to his persevering habit of industry, aided by the Indian department in giving him a salary of \$700 a year for his services. Nine years ago he was a blanket Indian, and spent most of his time in the rural sports of his people, without a care for the morrow. Being naturally gifted with intelligence, he reasoned with himself, unaided by advice from others, that he had at least the intellectual advantages which would enable him to emulate the white man's ways in good habits, and he accordingly pushed forward to reach that goal which would render himself and family comfortable and happy. He has now 100 head of cattle, besides mules and horses; forty acres of good land, adjoining the agency, twenty of which are in corn; a good house, barn and a well. In consequence of these agreeable surroundings, he feels that he can live with less salary than he has been receiving, and that the remuneration for his services as blacksmith for this fiscal year may be \$600 instead of \$700 as heretofore. He desires at the same time to return thanks for the encouragement he has hitherto received at the hands of the honorable secretary of the interior and the honorable commissioner of Indian affairs.

This is, perhaps, the first instance on record where a federal office-holder has requested the authorities to reduce his salary; and it is known that the reduction in this instance will inure to the benefit of the tribe of which the official blacksmith is a member, his patriotic motives will be more fully appreciated.

Remedies for Sunstroke.

Sunstroke is caused by excessive heat, and especially if the weather is 'muggy.' It is more apt to occur on the second, third or fourth day of a heated term than on the first. Loss of sleep, worry, excitement, close sleeping rooms, and abuse of stimulants, predispose to it. It is more apt to attack those working in the sun, and especially between the hours of eleven o'clock in the morning and four o'clock in the afternoon. On hot days wear thin clothing. Have as cool sleeping rooms as possible. Avoid loss of sleep and all unnecessary fatigue. If working indoors, and where there is artificial heat—laminaries, &c.—see that the room is well ventilated. If working in the sun, wear a light hat (not black, as it absorbs heat), straw, etc., and put inside of it on the head a wet cloth or a large green leaf; frequently lift the hat from the head and see that the cloth is wet.

Do not check perspiration, but drink what water you need to keep it up, as perspiration prevents the body from being overheated. Have whenever possible, an additional shade, as a thin umbrella, when walking, a canvas or board cover when working in the sun. When much fatigued do not go to work, but be excused from work, especially after four o'clock in the morning on very hot days, if the work is in the sun. A feeling of fatigue, dizziness, headache, or exhaustion occurs, cease work immediately, lie down in a shady and cool place, apply cold cloths to the head and pour cold water over the head and neck. If any one is overcome by the heat send immediately for the nearest good physician. While waiting for the physician give the person cold drinks of water or cold black tea or cold coffee if able to swallow. If the skin is hot and dry sponge with or pour cold water over the body and limbs, and apply to the head pounded ice, wrapped in a towel or other cloth. If there is no ice at hand keep a cold cloth on the head, and pour cold water on it, as well as on the body. If the person is pale, very faint and pulse feeble, let him inhale ammonia for a few seconds, or give him a teaspoonful of aromatic spirits of ammonia in two tablespoonfuls of water with a little sugar.

A Giant's Death.

Not long ago the English papers contained intelligence of the death of the 'Buckinghamshire Giant,' a person named William Stevens, who merited the appellation rather from immense weight than unusual stature. In 1873 he went to reside at an inn called the 'Five Arrows,' situated at Waddesdon, near Aylesbury. At that time he weighed 250 pounds. The story goes that henceforth his life was spent in eating and drinking and exhibiting his increasing weight to curious observers. In four years he had grown to such a ponderous size that he weighed 490 pounds. His height was six feet eight inches. The mighty accumulation of flesh was cut short, however, by his death, which occurred early in the spring of 1877. The poor giant had overcome the matter of eating and drinking, and it is only surprising that the catastrophe was so long delayed.

A Wonderful Child.

There is in Bangor, Me., one of the most remarkable boys in the world, probably. He is a son of Col. Fuller, and is now ten years of age. His intellect is perfectly wonderful, and almost goes beyond belief. The first that his friends noticed of his precocity was about a year ago, when they accidentally discovered that he was almost infallible on any date he had ever seen or heard. He was out West with his parents at the time, and as he was walking in company with some relatives, in a cemetery, they observed that he would look at a tombstone, read the date of the death recorded, and the exact age of the person buried there, and then glance up and tell what day of the week the dead person was born on. This happened on several occasions, and but little attention was paid to it. Finally, however, one of his relatives took pains to look into an old almanac covering some of the dates he had mentioned, and found that the day of the week had been given correctly in every instance. This caused them to ask him questions, when it was discovered that he could almost instantly tell the day of the week on which any date within the last seventy-five years fell.

He never forgets a date that he has once fixed in his memory, and is almost invaluable as a statistician. He remembers when every President of the United States was born, and how long he served, and when he died. Any of these dates he gives with scarcely a second's thought, as well as hundreds of others of a like nature. Once in a while he makes a momentary mistake, but corrects himself almost instantly, never proceeding until he is absolutely certain of what he has already said.

A still more remarkable fact is that he recollects everything that he does, remembers on what day he did it, where he was at the time, and what were the circumstances that led him to do it. For instance, he will tell where he was on any day within the past two years, and what he was doing. Further, he remembers and can tell everything that his friends have done, providing he has seen them do it; and he will tell the date and on what day of the week they did it.

In mathematics, it would be difficult to find a boy of nearly twice his age that can equal him. He computes the most difficult fractions in his head, and will add, subtract, multiply, or divide them without difficulty. This is all the more wonderful, considering that he has never been taught anything except how to read. One evening about ten-time he was informed that the double of two is four. He was informed that the process of getting that result was called multiplication, and that it was all given in the arithmetic into his hands, found the multiplication table, and had all of it by heart at the breakfast table next morning.

The most remarkable test to which his memory has yet been put is on the Bible. He repeats the name of every book in the Old and New Testaments, in regular order, beginning with Genesis; tells how many chapters each book contains, and how many verses in each chapter in several of the books; and on any portion of the Bible, he has read—and he has read nearly not quite all—he will tell the substance of any particular verse in any chapter of any particular book. He tells at once where any particular event is described in the Bible, and he is also the name of any character mentioned in the Scriptures can be found. He not only knows the Bible thoroughly, but can tell without hesitation on what page any particular hymn in Watt's or Moody and Sankey's hymn-books can be found.

A Nobleman's End.

The son of a German prince, and the nephew of a cabinet minister of the German empire died in Chicago a few days since, with a strong suspicion of suicide, and now fills a pauper's grave at the early age of twenty-three. He was the son of Prince Herman von Manteuffel, and having committed peccadilloes in Germany met the wealth of his family, and even their rank, could not shield him from punishment, he reached this country last winter with about \$3,000 in money. He led a reckless life in Chicago, devoting himself to women and whisky. His favorite among the fair sex was a pretty girl attending a cigar store, whom he had promised to marry, and much to her credit she supported her 'count' when his wealth was exhausted and his noble relatives cut off the remittances. In his despair he added opium-eating to his other vices, and the title is now vacated.

William Hurd is conducting revival meetings in a novel manner in New England. He has a tent with seating capacity for 2,000 persons, which he pitches in a town, and then makes a street parade with gaudily painted wagons; the evangelist, Rev. Hugh Montgomery, a very handsome man, appearing on one of the vehicles.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

The population of Mexico is officially stated at 9,886,777.

London has a police force of 10,474, costing \$6,250,000 to maintain it.

Ex-Senator Chaffee, of Colorado, is in luck—His share of the profits in a Colorado silver mine for the month was \$40,000.

A reduction of fifty per cent. it is said has been made in the fees at Niagara. Other reforms necessary for the popularity of the falls have been effected.

The United States is now shipping horses to Brest, to be used in the French cavalry service; thus opening a new traffic.

Attempts to abolish the study of drawing in the St. Louis schools, and failing that, to make it an optional branch, have been unsuccessful in the school board.

The last sensation in trotting circles is the four-year-old filly Trinke, which trotted at Louisville, Ky., winning second, third and fourth heats in the astonishing time of 2:23, 2:20 and 2:19.

Thomas Wright, of Bristol, Va., who was shot at the battle of Chickamauga, recently cut from his breast an immense bullet, which he had carried with considerable pain for nearly fifteen years.

A sawfish was landed at Galveston, Texas, a few days ago which measured over fourteen feet in length. It was taken in a seine. This species of fish is the most formidable enemy of the whale.

A party of citizens raided some low dens at Farmington, W. V., threw their stock of liquor in the street, gave the men twenty blows on the back with a hickory rod, and then tarred two men and three women.

McMasters, an Ohio temperance lecturer, was taken suddenly ill in a railroad car, and a physician told him that a glass of brandy was the only thing that would save his life; but he refused to take the liquor and died.

Of the class 1829 at Harvard university, twenty-eight out of the fifty-eight original members survive after years, and of the corresponding class at Williams College, eight out of eighteen—nearly one-half in each case.

A gentleman residing near Chester-town, Md., raised this season on a small fallow field thirty-eight bushels of prime red wheat to the acre. One acre of the field yielded forty-two bushels from a sowing of one bushel and a peck and one-eighth.

Clear water will not injure the most delicate silk if, when spilt, it is at once rubbed dry with a clean, soft cloth—a handkerchief, for instance. The stain is caused, not by the water, but by the dust on the edges of the spot drying with it.

Ten years ago the exportation of leather to Europe was first started as an experiment. Since then the trade has grown to 25,000,000 pounds (valued at \$4,000,000) per annum, with an increase for the first six months of this year of 1,000,000 pounds.

Peter Cooper boasts that during a business career of more than sixty years, in the course of which he had as many as 2,500 persons in his employment, he has never known a week or month when every man who worked for him did not get his pay when it was due.

A Philadelphia blacksmith uses a hair switch all the week to brush the flies off the horses he is shoeing, and on Sunday his wife twists the same switch among her back hair and wears it to church. For true economy Philadelphia leads the world.

The overseer of a Dubuque, Iowa, poorhouse cures the inmates who refuse to work and pretend sickness by placing by their bedside coffins, on the first sight of which they become suddenly better, and inquire if there is anything for them to do around the house.

Four young men have been convicted at Flushing, N. Y., of committing numerous acts of incendiarism in order to call out the volunteer fire department, which they assisted vigorously in quelling the flames, after which they would receive all the liquor they desired for their efficiency.

A Washingtonian having discovered that a diseased limb amputated from him, and which he supposed was buried, was on exhibition in the army museum, has sued out a writ of replevin to recover the member, being unwilling it should be made an exhibition of, even in the interest of science.

By the 'confession of a cheap John,' one of the men who go about the country towns selling cheap dry goods, it is learned that these itinerant merchant princes never go to a town where merchants advertise in their local papers and show enterprise. But when cheap John looks over a country paper and does not see one advertisement of a merchant, he hires a team to take his things to that town right away.

Rest.
When God at first made man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by,
'Let us,' said He, 'pour on him all we can;
Let the world's riches, which dispersed lie,
Contract into a span.'
So strength first made a way,
Then beauty flowed; then wisdom, honor, pleasure;
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that alone, of all His treasure,
Rest in the bottom lay.
'For if I should,' said He,
'Bestow this jewel also on My creature,
He would adore My gifts instead of Me,
And rest in nature, not the God of nature;
So both should losers be.
'Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessness;
Let him be rich and weary, then at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to My breast.'

The Most Crowded Corner in America.

A New York reporter, witnessing the huge crowds of people who surge past the corner of Broadway and Fulton street, in that city, set himself to count and carefully estimate the number of people who pass that locality in twenty-four hours' time, and puts the total at 225,000—more than the number of inhabitants of a large-sized city. When it is taken into consideration that less than a century ago that particular locality was considered one of the outskirts of the young metropolis, the figures given are a fair exponent of the wonderful growth of the city—it being now considered far down town. He says:—From midnight till one a. m. people are passing at the rate of about twenty-five a minute, or 1,500 an hour. In the next hour, from one to two, the number is slightly smaller, being about twenty a minute, or 1,200 for the hour. These are all 'miscellaneous' people, some intent upon business, some after pleasure, most of them walking, but some riding in wagons, and a few in carriages. From two to three the number is still less, about twelve a minute, or 720 in the hour. The hour from three to four is the densest of the whole twenty-four. The average is about ten persons a minute, or only 600 in the whole hour. Then the figures go up rapidly. From four to five the average is about thirty a minute, or 1,800 in the hour. From five to six the working people and early clerks come along at the rate of fifty a minute, 3,000 in the hour. From six to seven, more clerks, more working people, people after early trains, people from Brooklyn, from Jersey City, from Staten Island, at the rate of eighty a minute, 4,800 to the hour. This number is only slightly increased in the hour between seven and eight, about ninety to the minute, 5,400 to the hour. Between eight and nine the number goes up to a rocket to 175 a minute, or 10,500 in the hour. Between nine and ten it is safe to put the number at 250 to the minute, 15,000 to the hour; at least seven-tenths of them going down town. In the next hour, from ten to eleven, the number settles back to 200 a minute, 12,000 an hour, and there it remains, without much change, for the four hours that lead up to three o'clock in the afternoon. The hour between three and four in the afternoon is the busiest of the day. In that hour it is only a question of how many people can crowd past, walking, in stages, and in carriages.—Both the Broadway sidewalks are black with people, and so are those in Fulton street, the people rushing past the corners at the rate of fully 400 to the minute, giving a total of twenty-four thousand in this single hour. It seems almost impossible that 24,000 should make their way past these corners in an hour, but the tide sets in all four directions, north, south, east and west, principally, of course, north and east, people going up town and to Brooklyn. From four to five about 320 a minute is the average, or 19,200 in the hour. From five to six the number is the same as in the previous hour. From six to seven there is a slight falling off, about 250 to the minute being the average, or 15,000 in the hour. In the next hour, from seven to eight, the number decreases still more; not more than 200 a minute pass the corners, 12,000 in the hour. From this point to midnight the numbers steadily decrease, unless something unusual swells the crowd, such as the arrival at the Battery of one of the Rockaway excursion boats, and these extra crowds are not counted.

Lobsters for the Pacific Coast.
A large quantity of live black and striped bass, eels and lobsters from the Atlantic coast have lately been distributed along the Californian shore. This is the first time that lobsters in good condition have reached the Pacific.—Their successful transportation is attributed to the unremitting attention of Mr. Livingstone Stone and his assistants, in whose charge they were. The lobsters were taken at once to Point Bonito, and liberated. On the way to the point they were placed in a fresh supply of water from the incoming tide, which greatly delighted them. They were all females, ripe for spawning, and were estimated to carry 1,000 eggs.

The revenues of the Suez canal have increased from \$1,000,000 in 1870 to \$7,000,000 last year. The shares of the company were 400,000, the par value being \$100. They fell as low as \$20, and afterward advanced to \$60 at the opening of the canal. Five years later they rose to \$114, at which Mr. Disraeli bought 176,000 shares for the British government. Now the stock is \$144, with prospect of a further advance.

Tea grown in South Carolina has a delicious aromatic flavor.

Reminiscence of Arctic Exploring.

The Arctic exploring expedition which left San Francisco recently in the steamer Jeannette for Behring's Strait, recalls another expedition of the same kind, sent out by the English government about twenty-five years ago, which met with a singular fate. The vessel which contained the exploring party was named the Investigator, and attempted to make the northwest passage by sailing to the east. She got safely through Behring's Strait, but became locked in the ice in the Bay of Mercy, and remained helplessly there for two years. At the end of that time the Resolute, a vessel sent out by the British government to search for traces of Sir John Franklin, arrived from the east in Wellington Inlet, and by sending a party across the ice for about two hundred miles to the west, communicated with the crew of the Investigator and brought them on sledges to the Resolute. The Investigator was abandoned and never heard from again, but her crew accomplished the northwest passage by passing over the ice in sledges, not in their ship, as was intended. On arriving at the Resolute, she was found firmly fixed in the ice, and the party were obliged to abandon her also and find their way south on sledges. The Resolute was abandoned in Wellington Inlet, on May 15, 1854, and was not again heard of till September, 1856, when, after having drifted about for sixteen months, she was 'picked up' near Cape Mercy, over a thousand miles from the place she had been abandoned, and still imbedded in ice, by Captain Baddington, of the American whaler George Henry, who towed her into New London, as a prize. Congress having heard of the circumstance, appropriated forty thousand dollars to purchase the vessel of the salvors. She was then fully repaired and equipped at a United States navy-yard and sent back to England 'as an act of high international courtesy.' After a very stormy passage, the Resolute reached English shores under command of Lieutenant H. J. Hartstone, United States navy, and cast anchor at Spithead on the 12th of December. The enthusiasm at the event was unbounded throughout England. Lieutenant Hartstone dined with the Prime Minister, Palmerston, at his country home, and staid at Osborne as the guest of the queen, while the other officers and the crew received every attention which national gratification could suggest.

Responsibility of Sea Captains.
The wreck of the steamer State of Virginia was brought about by the greatest cause of danger to which vessels can be exposed—heavy continuous fogs, preventing solar observations. The vessel left New York on a Thursday, and on Friday encountered heavy fogs. The position of a shipmaster in such a situation, unless his sea room is ample, is very perilous, for he has only dead reckoning to depend upon in ascertaining his position, and deviations produced by the set of currents it is impossible to estimate with the precision requisite for absolute safety. Sable island is ninety miles southeast of Nova Scotia, and is right in the track of outgoing vessels.—The fogs inclosed the vessel all day Saturday, and in the evening the strong easterly breeze seven miles to the southwest of the island. The calamity is only another admonition of the great caution which should be used under such circumstances. The point of danger was guarded against by keeping the vessel well off to the south, but captains are so anxious to make their voyage as short and direct as possible that they are prone to take risks which every now and then prove fatal, as in the case of the State of Virginia.

Reaction of French Spite.
A Paris correspondent tells a romance of the Zulu war. It begins away back in 1863, just before the Schleswig-Holstein war, when the most cordial relations did not exist between England and France. After dinner given at one of the fashionable Parisian cafes a certain Captain Lambert, a daring young officer, and, being exceedingly fond of looking, a great favorite at court, was caught cheating at a game of cards, and was expelled from the imperial guards by a court of honor. Through the influence of official relatives and the ties of court he finally left quietly for the Cape under the auspices of his majesty. In South Africa he entered trade, learned the dialects of the natives and finally obtained a commission from Cetewayo's father to remodel the Zulu army. He introduced French tactics and European drill, officering the dusky Zulu regiments with white men and Boers. He controlled the army until he died, and to him its efficiency is due. Thus a Frenchman, through the favors of Napoleon III., made the Zulus bold enough to oppose by force the encroachments of the English, and taught them the very tactics in the exercise of which he who hoped to become, in fact as well as in name, Napoleon IV., was killed. In this way did Napoleon III., intent upon weakening the strength of the British in South Africa, pave the way to a succession of events which has ultimately led to the killing of his own son.

Thorold, Canada, has some queer by-laws. Not long ago a lad was fined severely for selling lemons out of a basket on the street. Last week some further strange proceedings took place. John Scott, a huckster, from Clifton, and T. A. Ivey, a local baker and confectioner, were fined for buying eggs on the market before ten o'clock, on the ground that they were traders, and, as such, not allowed to buy on the market before the hour mentioned.

A Texan, whose mother was a kinswoman of General Washington's, owns a sun-dial and walking stick which were once the property of our first President.

Human Longevity.

A man is ordinarily said to be young, even in the country where we live, until he is seventy, and to be old, until he is ninety, and to be middle-aged, from forty to fifty, and not to be positively old, if he be of sound health and well preserved, until he shall have reached sixty or thereabouts. But an estimate of what would indicate the normal age of man to be one hundred (as Buffon declares it should be), though his average age is scarcely fifty, and sixty is much beyond it. What reason is there, then, for speaking of thirty-five to forty as young, and forty to fifty as middle-age? None, unless we consider that we begin practical and useful existence, as we really do, with the attainment of our legal majority; and, as a rule, people have very little life—thirty to thirty-five years—after that. It is common to speak of men, especially in public positions, of sixty, as in their prime. A very few appear to be so, notably in Europe; but they are not actually, since, at seventy-five, the public distrusts them merely from their age. The great majority of men are buried and forgotten before they have gained three-score; and he who is in his prime then, in a seeming sense, is not a year more than he, if the truth were known, make themselves ridiculous by trying to appear young.

A Terrible Plague.
The description which the Fifth Fleet gives of the devastation by grasshoppers of Elizabethopol, and other districts of Southern Siberia, is really appalling. The grasshoppers did not come in dense clouds, sweeping down on the fields like hailstones; on the contrary, they put in their appearance so gradually that, in the beginning, they caused only curiosity. But they steadily increased in number, and when the fields and gardens began to look bare, when trees and plants stood covered with grasshoppers instead of leaves, people began to realize that a plague was upon them. Candles were lit, processions were made, the priests prayed in public for deliverance from the plague, and all the means of a rude superstition were applied. But in vain; the grasshoppers went on increasing at a fearful rate, and finally they invaded the towns. They filled the brooks and wells, matted the hair, and entered the houses, they settled so thickly in the streets that all passage was seriously embarrassed; they penetrated even into the houses, and filled chimneys and ovens. At this point the civil authorities determined to compel the clergy in dealing with the plague. All business was suspended, and all the members of the community, without distinction of rank, sex or age, were set to kill grasshoppers, two roods, or about sixty pounds, being the average measure demanded of a person. By this means the plague seems to have been stayed, but now come its consequences, the famine and the epidemic.

A Virginia Snake Story.
A Cabanus, Va., correspondent writes: As my sons were going to plow they heard a noise near the roadside, and on looking they saw a large king snake coiled around a heavy copperhead snake with the head of the venomous reptile in his mouth. One of the boys got a forked stick and carried the serpent to the house, about three hundred yards distant; but the king snake did not uncoil the hold upon the head of his victim. The two were placed near the window where I was sitting, and I watched them fully an hour. They seldom moved. This was about sunset. Curious to see how they would make it, and fearing the copperhead would get away, I had a fork run through its body and fastened it to the ground. Now it looked as if the king snake had sucked everything out of the copperhead's body. After dark, by the light of a lamp, we saw that the king snake had uncoiled and was fast swallowing the other. At the expiration of half an hour we took out the fork, and the king snake started off with his prey. We put the fork and snake turned a box over them till morning. There then appeared one snake—the king snake—and when released glided away.

The Attraction.
A citizen who was yesterday getting ready for a trip to the Flats and a struggle with bass and pickerel, was stopped on the street by a solemn-minded acquaintance, who said: 'It seems curious to me that you will go up there and sit in the hot sun and fish, when fish are so cheap in the market.' 'Why, I don't care a cent for the fish,' replied the other. 'Then why do you go?' 'I don't mind telling you, but don't let me go any further,' whispered the fisherman. 'Every fisherman you meet up there offers you a ten cent cigar and a drink of six dollar whisky, while you may walk around town all day and never be asked to even take a glass of water with a piece of fly-paper in it.' The solemn-minded man looked horrified, but he hadn't gone two blocks before he entered a store and asked to see a fish line—a cheap one.

Bettie Hinkens, a Strasburg, Va., girl, took a book to bed with her to read, and rested the candle on her breast.—Dropping asleep the candle set the clothing on fire, and she was severely burned.

When it begins to thunder the milk knows its sour has come.

Unhappy Marriages.

The truth is that these too frequent 'unhappy marriages' are the offspring of ignorance quite as much as of actual sin or wrongs. Fools, and especially vicious fools, have no right to get possession of an honest woman's life and soul which they cannot comprehend, and the elevating influence of which they throw away even more stupidly than by willfulness. A woman, by her sex and character, has a claim to many things beside shelter, food and clothing. She is not less a woman for being well-dressed; and the man who is fit to be trusted with a good wife recollects all which this implies, and shows himself perpetually chivalrous, sweet-tempered, considerate and deferential. The fools and brutes who abound among us may think such demands hard; but they are not nearly as bad as to live the cat-and-dog life, missing the dearest possibilities of human intercourse.

What right has a man to expect happiness in a household who brings no sunshine into it? What right has he to look for the graces and refinements of early love when he violates them by rough speech, ill manners and the disregard of those little things upon which the sublime meaning of marriage to vulgarly and weariness; they spoil the chance of that best and finest of all education which each man obtains who wins a reasonably good woman for his companion, and they cost more to a million households than money or repentance can ever pay back.

John Wesley's Dream.
John Wesley, the eminent theologian, once was troubled in regard to the disposition of the various sects, and the chances of each in reference to future happiness or punishment. A dream one night transported him in its uncertain wanderings to the gates of hell. 'Are there any Roman Catholics here?' asked thoughtful Wesley. 'Yes,' was the reply. 'Any Presbyterians?' 'Yes,' was again the answer. 'Any Congregationalists?' 'Yes.' 'Any Methodists?' by way of a clincher, asked the pious Wesley. 'Yes,' was answered to his great indignation. In the mystic way of dreams, a sudden transition, and he stood at the gates of heaven. Improving his opportunity, he again inquired: 'Are there any Roman Catholics here?' 'No,' was replied. 'Any Presbyterians?' 'No.' 'Any Congregationalists?' 'No.' 'Any Methodists?' 'No.' 'Then,' he asked, lost in wonder, 'who are they inside?' 'Christians!' was the jubilant answer.

\$500 in a Waste Bag.
Yesterday a package containing \$510 was mislaid on the American express office, Detroit, and a careful search failing to disclose its whereabouts, as a last hope it was determined to examine the sweepings, it being barely possible that it might have fallen among the waste paper and not have been noticed. This paper is one of the perquisites of Mrs. Charlotte Mette, an estimable Frenchwoman who has the care of a number of offices in the vicinity, and who is noted for her scrupulous honesty. Accordingly, one of the clerks went to her house and questioned her, when the old lady in dismay said, 'I have to-day sell my two bag old paper to de mans.' This complicated matter, and the two started for the place where the dealer in old paper keeps his stock, and here they found some women sorting paper. Mrs. Mette's two bagfuls not yet having been touched, she took a hand in the work herself, and excitedly tossed over old envelopes, newspapers, scraps, strings, and indescribable contents of such a catch-all, when a glad 'I've got 'im; I got 'im' and sure enough there was the package intact.

Wonderful Growth of a City.
The first settlement at Denver, Col., was made twenty years ago, and it now boasts of thirty thousand inhabitants, whilst its sanguine business men predict that its population will soon reach 100,000 people. The region round about has altered greatly. A short time since it was but a sandy plain, regarded as sterile, and now, through irrigation, the whole Platte valley is dotted with pleasant farmhouses, and presents many rural charms. The town has not yet been made healthful. Despite its elevation—near 4,500 feet—its lack of sewerage causes diphtheria to an alarming extent. It is said that an enterprising 'Yankee' staked it out in 1859, but, disappointed in selling lots, and hearing of gold in the vicinity, disposed of Denver to a vagabond Mexican for an old watch and a young mule, and rode off to seek his fortune.

Goethe as a Child.
The great German writer Goethe, according to *Scribner*, early learned to read and write, and at six years of age, not only wrote quite well in German, but also in Latin. When he was eight years old, he wrote original compositions—and very good ones—in German, French, Italian, Latin and Greek! He was not taught Italian, but picked it up from hearing it taught to his sister. He was truly a wonderful child. And he did not love study because he was weak and sickly, and could not do anything else; for he was generally healthy, and a very bright, active boy at play, always ready for a frolic. He was born with an eager desire for knowledge, and the capacity to acquire it, as well as with the genius to invent stories and poems.

Debts of the Southern States.

The debt of Alabama in 1878 was \$9,452,669; real and personal estate, tax basis, \$117,468,581; tax, seventy cents; amount raised by tax, \$827,399. Arkansas, debt \$4,163,035; unfunded debt, \$13,967,012; tax basis, \$94,000,000; tax, sixty cents; amount raised by tax, \$457,454. Florida, debt, \$1,348,272; tax basis, \$30,000,000; tax, sixty cents; amount raised by tax, \$225,000. Georgia, debt, \$10,644,500; tax basis, \$23,559,530; tax, fifty cents; amount raised by tax, \$1,179,978. In 1872 Georgia annuities, \$10,477,000 clearly fraudulent bonds, leaving the debt at that time \$11,550,500, recognizing \$5,798,000 of the Balloob bonds. Kentucky's debt is only \$1,852,841; her tax basis, \$357,326,013; tax, forty cents. Louisiana's debt, 1878, amounted to \$12,660,443; tax basis, \$174,500,000; tax, \$1.45. The amount raised by taxation in 1878 was \$2,473,623. Mississippi's debt, \$2,354,458; tax, fifty cents; tax basis, \$127,000,000; amount raised by taxation, \$634,701. Missouri's debt in 1879 was \$16,758,000; tax basis, real and personal, a little over \$2,000,000; tax, forty cents; amount raised by taxation, \$2,843,953. North Carolina's debt, 1878, \$27,120,228; tax basis a little over \$148,000,000; tax, thirty-eight cents; amount raised by taxation in 1878, \$533,635. South Carolina's debt, in 1878 was \$5,739,690; tax basis a little over \$125,000,000; tax, forty-five cents; amount raised by taxation, \$715,982. Texas' debt in 1878 was \$5,073,861; tax basis, \$257,632,000; tax, fifty cents; amount raised by tax, \$1,286,170. Virginia's debt in 1878 was \$29,350,826; her tax basis, real and personal, \$922,569,631; tax, fifty cents; amount raised by tax, \$2,500,000 per annum. Tennessee's debt, and interest is \$24,857,115; the debt as scaled will amount to a little over \$12,000,000, the interest to about \$500,000, requiring a tax of less than thirty-five cents on the \$100, in addition to the amounts from other sources, such as privileges and the \$100,000 from railroads, to pay this and ordinary expenses. The tax basis in 1878 was \$223,212,153, and the amount raised in 1878 was \$626,529.

An Effective Cure.

Relating his Indian experiences, Col. Meadows Taylor tells of his being beset by hundreds of pilgrims and travelers, trying out agents, the buns, or flour-sellers, who not only gave their customers short weight, but adulterated the flour so abominably with sand that cakes made of it were utterly uneatable. The colonel determined to punish the cheats, and this is how he did it. 'I told,' says he, 'some reliable men of my secret to go quietly into the bazaars, and each buy flour at a separate shop, being careful to note whose shop it was. The flour was brought to me. I tested every sample, and found it full of sand as I passed it under my hand. I then desired all the persons named in my list to be sent to me, with their baskets of flour, their weights and scales. Shortly afterward they arrived, evidently suspecting nothing, and were placed in a row on the grass before my tent. 'Now,' said I gravely, 'each of you is to weigh out a seer [two pounds] of your flour,' which was done.

'Is it for the pilgrims?' asked one. 'No,' said I, quietly, though I had much difficulty to keep my countenance. 'You must eat it yourselves.' They saw that I was in earnest, and offered to pay any fine I imposed. 'Not so,' I returned; 'you have made many eat your flour; why should you object to eat it yourselves?' They were horribly frightened; and amid the screams of laughter and jeers of the bystanders some of them actually began to eat, spitting out the half-moistened flour, which could be heard crunching between their teeth. At last some of them flung themselves on their faces, abjectly beseeching pardon. And so, with a severe admonition, they were let off. No more was heard of the bad flour.

He Avoided the Appearance.

The Boston Transcript says: An incomplete idea is apt to be a false idea; it is necessary to take the whole in order to make it valuable. Cassner remembers a good country parson who preached a series of sermons on practical morality, and very interesting and instructive they were. A lad in the village who had heard only one of them was coming out of an orchard one day, his pockets bulging with stolen fruit. He met the parson, who noticed his efforts to conceal the evidences of his guilt. 'Have you been stealing apples?' asked the minister. 'Yes, sir,' answered the boy, sheepishly. 'And you are trying to hide them from me?' continued the good man. 'Yes, sir,' said the culprit and then added, his face brightening up, 'you said last Sunday that we must avoid the appearance of evil.'

The great German writer Goethe, according to *Scribner*, early learned to read and write, and at six years of age, not only wrote quite well in German, but also in Latin. When he was eight years old, he wrote original compositions—and very good ones—in German, French, Italian, Latin and Greek! He was not taught Italian, but picked it up from hearing it taught to his sister. He was truly a wonderful child. And he did not love study because he was weak and sickly, and could not do anything else; for he was generally healthy, and a very bright, active boy at play, always ready for a frolic. He was born with an eager desire for knowledge, and the capacity to acquire it, as well as with the genius to invent stories and poems.

Hair's Vegetal Power is a scientific... It makes the hair moist, supple and healthy... It is a hair-growth preparative... Its effects remain... It is used by...
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The Secret Key...
When death is...
A MAN OF...
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MARIA FABIN...
FANCY SOAPS, C...
Joseph Rod...
Table and...
Hard...
House Furnis...
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SPEC...
Clocks, Watch...

Hall's Vegetable Sulfur Hair Restorer is a scientific combination of some of the most powerful restorative agents in the vegetable kingdom. It restores grey hair to its original color. It makes the scalp white and clean. It cures dandruff and humors, and falling out of the hair. It furnishes the nutritive principle by which the hair is nourished and supported. It makes the hair moist, soft, and glossy, and is unsurpassed as a hair-dressing. It is the most economical preparation ever offered to the public. Its effects remain a long time, requiring only an occasional application necessary. It is recommended and used by eminent medical men, and is officially endorsed by the State Attorney of Massachusetts.

Special Notices.
THE SECRET KEY TO HEALTH.—The Science of Life, or Self Preservation. 300 pages. Price on sale. Contains fifty valuable prescriptions, either one of which is worth more than ten times the price of the book. Illustrated sample sent on receipt of 6 cents for postage. Address, Dr. W. H. Parker, 4 Bullfinch Street, Boston, Mass.

A MAN OF A THOUSAND
 When death was hourly expected, all remedies having failed, Dr. James was experimenting with the many herbs of Calcutta, he accidentally made a preparation which cured his only child of Consumption. His child is now in this country, and enjoying the best of health. He has proved to the world that Consumption can be positively and permanently cured. The Doctor now gives this Receipt free, with full particulars, showing that every one can be his own physician and prepare his own medicine, only asking that he send two green stamps to pay expenses. This Herb also cures night-sweats, nausea at the stomach, and will break a fresh cold up in twenty-four hours.
 Address: CHADDOCK & CO., 1032 Rice St., Phila., naming this paper.

A CARD.
 To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a receipt that will cure you. FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. ISMAN, Station D, New York City. Feb 12 '90.

PURSE LOST,
 On Friday last, 10th inst. between the Presbyterian Church and Rev. Mr. Harrison's. The owner's name is written on the inside. The finder will be rewarded on leaving it at the STANDARD OFFICE. St. Andrews, Oct. 13, 1879.

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, FOR SALE.
 MRS. RICHARDSON, intending to remove from St. Andrews, offers at private sale, her household furniture, consisting of PARLOR SETS, DINING ROOM SETS, BED ROOM SETS, and Kitchen utensils. The furniture is comparatively new and in good repair, and may be seen at her residence, St. Andrews, Oct. 15, 1879.

NOTICE.
 PROPRIETORS of Lots in the St. Andrews RURAL CEMETERY, can obtain CERTIFICATES for the same, and copy of the Rules, Regulations and Bye-Laws, by calling on the Secretary, and paying the fee of 50 cents, as stated in the by-laws.
 T. T. ODELL, Jr., Secretary. Oct. 13.

County Court.
 The County Court of the County of Charlotte will sit at St. Andrews, on Tuesday the 28th October next, at twelve o'clock, noon. At which time and place all officers of the law and other persons required to be at this Court, are publicly notified to give their attendance.
 ALEX. T. PAUL, Sheriff of Charlotte. St. Andrews, Sept. 24, 1879.

NEW GOODS
 Just opened By
GEO. F. STICKNEY,
 WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELER
 Water Street, St. Andrews.
GOLD and Silver Watches
 Chains, Rings, Brooches
 PINS, LOCKETS, SETS, STUDS,
 SOLITAIRE, &c., &c.
BREGUET SEALS and KEY
Silver, Electroplated, Britannia Metal,
BRITISH PLATE and GLASS WARE,
 Papier Maché, Porlan, Wedgewood
BOHEMIAN, JET and RUBBER GOODS
 and PERFUMERY FROM LUXI OF PARIS
CLEAVER & RIGGE OF LONDON;
 Genuine FAU DE COLOGNE from JOHANN MARIA FABINA, JULICH'S PLATZ No. Cologne.
FANCY SOAPS, Combs and Brushes of all kinds
 Joseph Rodgers & Sons Celebrated
Table and Pocket Cutlery
 Hardware, Edge Too
HOUSE FURNISHING and FANCY GOODS
 Agent for LAZARUS & MORTIER'S Perfected
SPECTACLES
 Clocks, Watches, and Jewelry Repaired.

NEW BRUNSWICK & CANADA RAILROAD.
 1879. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT 1879
 On and after Wednesday, October 1st, Trains will run as follows:
Trains North.
 Express Trains leave St. Stephen daily at 9:45 a. m. and St. Andrews every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY at 8:45 a. m. for Woodstock and Houlton.
Trains South.
 Leave Woodstock daily at 8:35 a. m. and Houlton daily at 8:40 a. m., for St. Stephen and for St. Andrews every TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY.
Connections.
 These Trains make close connection at McAdam Junction with Trains West for Bangor, Portland and Boston, and East for Fredericton and St. John. At Woodstock with the N.B. Ry. for Fort Fairfield, Caribou, Grand Falls and Edmundston, and at St. Stephen and St. Andrews with the International Steamship Co. Boats, which leave every Tuesday, and Friday for Eastport and St. John, and every Monday and Thursday for Eastport, Portland and Boston.
 HENRY OSBURN, Manager. St. Stephen, N. B., Sept. 30th, 1879.

THOMAS & RANKIN, Attorneys-at-Law,
 Solicitors, Conveyancers, Notaries Public, Office: O'BEGAN'S BLOCK,
MONCTON, N. B.
 (Near Railway Crossing)
 All claims promptly attended to, and collections strictly accounted for.
 George P. Thomas, Aug 27 '80 A. A. Alexander Rankin.

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 To be sold at Public Auction at the Court House at St. Andrews in the County of Charlotte, on SATURDAY, the SIXTH day of DECEMBER next, between the hours of 12 o'clock noon, and 5 o'clock in the afternoon:
 All the right, title, interest, property, claim and demand whatsoever, both in law and equity, of ROBERT OWEN, of, in, to, or out of All that certain piece or parcel of land, situate lying and being in the Parish of Saint Stephen, in the County of Charlotte aforesaid, and known and distinguished as one half of Lot number Five, and bounded as follows:—On the North by the Road leading to Saint Andrews, on the South by a new street made in St. Stephen aforesaid, on the East by a street laid out in St. Stephen, and on the West by land owned and occupied by John McGillichy; being land conveyed by William Wilson and Mary Ellen his wife, to William Owen, by deed dated 13th November, A D 1848, and registered March 10, 1849; together with all the buildings, houses, erections, and improvements to the said lands belonging, and all the privileges thereto appertaining.
 The same having been seized and taken under and by virtue of an Execution of Fieri Facias issued out of the County Court of the County of Charlotte, at the suit of Jacob Eastman against the said Robert Owen, endorsed to levy seventy dollars and a ninety cents (\$70.90), and interest on \$68.70 since 13th May, A D 1879, besides Sheriff's fees, costs of levying and all other incidental expenses.
 ALEX. T. PAUL, Sheriff of Charlotte. Sheriff's Office, St. Andrews, 2nd Sept., 1879. rm 36

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FOR THE FAIR SEX.

New York Fashions.

The varieties of styles for the season are numberless and beautiful. First in point of costliness and beauty, are the new silks in cashmere effects, in Persian colors with shot or changeable grounds. These come also in stripes, polka dots, palm leaf and other Oriental designs. The colors for day wear are rich tones of Egyptian red, yellow, olive, invisible greens, and rich tones of dark and medium blues, the mingling of various colors so managed as to produce a soberness of effect that is very French, medieval and artistic.

For bridal robes, white brocaded and damask satin is shown, to be mingled with striped or plain white satin. Taste and individuality can be displayed and character shown in the selection of the designs of even a bridal dress. The variety to choose from is very large. There are brocaded white satins for bridal dresses, with shattered stars and crescents and flowers mingled together, and others with roses and leaves, and others still with jardiniere designs in pure white, the effects produced by the pattern alone. Then there are small and large figures, and narrow and wide stripes, to suit both tall and petite brides.

American black silks at one dollar a yard and upward, and also the black damases and satin striped and moire silks that are so extensively used in trimming plain black silk dresses, likewise black wool and silk and wool novelties, are seen along with other goods equally well adapted for costumes composed in part of these American black silks. The stripes and designs in all the silk and wool mixtures and all-wool figured goods follow the same general rules that have governed the designers and producers of all silk goods. The armure, snakeskin, boar's hide, moire, and repped effects meet the eye at every turn, but, above all, stripes take the lead. The camel-hair cloths in Chudra stripes are a genuine novelty. They are smooth finished and extremely soft and pliable.

Among silk and wool novelty mixtures a class of goods of a rare and original character is encountered. Except for that peculiar stamp of high fashion which France impris on upon all her textile productions, one might take the rich fabrics on the counters for the stuffs of Persia and other Asiatic lands. The palm-leaf pattern crops out everywhere. Oriental ideas prevail, even in the stripes of contrasting colors, showing the combinations of the kaleidoscope in one line, and the satin serve or moire or snakeskin effects in the alternating stripes. Most of these French India cashmeres, however, are not striped. They show a mingling of rich colors in Oriental, Egyptian, ancient Greek, or Roman, medieval Louis XIII, designs, with chameleon effects produced in the weaving. They are intended for parts of costumes, and must be sparingly used to produce the best effects. Many of them are in brocaded designs of uncut wool velvet or satin surfaces, producing the ever-recurring chameleon effect observed in nearly all dress and millinery goods of this fall's production.

Black wraps, mostly doorman visites, or sack visites with elbow sleeves, are shown, profusely trimmed with jetted passementerie and fringes; but there are also a large quantity of fancy shaped cutaway jackets seen this season in a variety of colored cloths, the favor being fairly divided between the light hues of dauphin gray and drab, and the dark shades of wine color or Burgoyne, dark blues, invisible greens, and seal and canaque browns.

In millinery there is a jet revival. Quantities of both variegated and black jet are seen on many hats and bonnets, and jet and colored tinsel glitter as usual on every contour. The most notable milliners of Paris are represented in trimmed hats and bonnets, but those of New York trimmers are noticeable in better taste.

A starting novelty is an owl's head as a trimming for misses' round hats. The demand for owl's heads exceeds the supply. A prettier novelty is a pigeon's head hat trimming. The head is turned slightly on one side, rising from the forehead neck and breast, and showing one ruby-colored eye with its black pupil.

The latest importations of dressed and undressed kids show the new colors and shades that appear in the new dress goods. The Burgoyne, navy blues, plums, browns, yellows, invisible deep sea greens, olives, drabs, grays, cerise and all the evening shades are found in every variety of tone. A feature in the new importations are misses' gloves with short fingers, really called for by ladies who have small hands and short fingers, and medium lengths for those women who have neither very short nor very long hands.

The hosiery partakes of the original and medieval character of the dress goods, both in colors and designs. The cases and counters where the richest stockings are displayed reveal as startling combinations of color and originality of design as the bizarre millinery goods. Chevron effects on the instep in two colors, with the rest of the stocking a still another color, are frequently seen, and roses and flowers are embroidered in natural colors on both dark and light grounds. One of the striking novelties in this line is a black silk-throwing stock embroidered with several designs in gold-colored silk. A little distance it looks as if embroidered

ered with gold bullion thread and cord. —New York Sun.

Miss Mary.

If you want a realization of that much-talked-of quality style, says a Paris letter, just go to Worth's and ask for "Miss Mary." An English brunette will respond to your summons—a brunette with large blue eyes and a slender figure and a mien of blended reserve and dignity. She will take your orders with the air of a queen, and will move to execute them with the step of a duchess. She is the very incarnation of style; that mysterious quality is diffused throughout her being, from the summit of her dark-tressed head down to the tip of her shapely slipper. Were she clad in a low bag, fastened around her waist with a homely cord, she would impart to that garb a subtle air of elegance. She is always arrayed in some one of the latest creations of the presiding divinity, and whatever it may be she looks well in it. Her smooth, pale complexion deepens the effects of color, and she can wear pale green or golden yellow with equal impunity. Ruffs cannot deform her throat, and puffed sleeves are powerless to impart an ungraceful carriage to her arms. She moves in a tie-back like a swan, and carries a train with the unconscious ease of a mermaid. She is never flustered or put out, or impatient or familiar. Stout matrons and skinny maidens, beholding the charm and grace of her appearance, ascribe it all to her gown, whereof they straightway order duplicates, making gypsies of themselves in the process. She is the worthy prime minister to the acknowledged king of fashion.

Not Smith's Cow.

There is a certain man in Waterford whom we will call R., who is quite a man for practical jokes. He pastures his cow together with several of his neighbors, in a pasture about half a mile above his house. There is a man whom we will call Smith (a name perhaps familiar to all) who lives about a quarter of a mile below, who also pastures his cow there. R.'s and Smith's cow resemble each other very much, both being red and about the same size. One day last June about six o'clock, R. went up and got his cow, and it being rather early he let her feed a little in front of the house. Pretty soon Smith came along, and seeing, as he supposed, his cow standing in front of the house, he said: "Isn't that cow intruding a little, neighbor R?" "Oh, no," said R., "not at all; let her eat. Sit down and tell us what you think of the election." So Smith sat down and they talked quite a while, then he started to go, but R. wouldn't hear of it, and made him talk on, and so he kept him until about dark. Pretty soon Smith jumped up and said he guessed he must go, and started driving the cow down the street. He dodged her down a few rods, when she dodged him and back she came. Smith swore a little at her and again headed her down the street. This time he got her down a little way further when she again wheeled past him and came rushing back to the house. Again he came back, pretty mad this time, and by the help of a club and some well assorted profanity, got her considerably further toward home; but in an unguarded moment she got past him and came prancing home. This time Smith was in a white heat, and as he reached the house almost in tears, R., who had been calmly watching his operations, stopped him and said he had a civil question to ask him, which was this: "What in thunder are you trying to do with my cow?" Smith took in the situation at a glance, and handed out the cigars, borrowed a lantern, and went up to the pasture after his own beast, who had been patiently waiting for the bars for him for two hours or more. If you want to see him get on his muscle just ask him if he wasn't the man who tried to steal R.'s cow. —Leiston (Me.) Gazette.

A Cheerful Wife.

Better than gold to a man is a cheerful wife. But he must do his part toward making her cheerful. It is easy enough for a man to marry a happy woman. But the bride expectant, when she thought how happy she would be, never contemplated the picture of a husband coming home cross as a bear, and going to bed without speaking to her; she had never thought of the long evening when he wouldn't come at all; or his bringing some one home to dinner without warning or preparation; or his awful profanity over so trifling a matter as her little bill of expenses. She had no idea, in fact, there could be anything but happiness in married life, and she had determined to be happy, and to distribute her happiness to those around her. It is not often her fault if she doesn't succeed.

Men, as a rule, do not exert themselves to secure their wives' happiness. They know that it requires a constant and a great effort to possess property, and be secure in its value in the midst of constant commercial changes. The cheerfulness, the happy, hopeful character which every woman displays at the beginning of marriage is not so easily lost as a fortune; it requires but a small share. A word to the girls in this connection is in order: Beware of the man who doesn't know enough about cheerfulness to understand its value in daily life. Such a man would improve the first opportunity to grind the cheerfulness out of his home, to frighten a sunbeam into a shadow, and then wonder what is the matter. Such is no better than a husband at all; and when you want a husband go find somebody else—somebody who will give you at least some chance to be happy far into the life beyond the honeymoon.

The Streamlet.

A streamlet started forth from a spring in the side of a mountain, and after an infancy of gay leaps in bright cascades, spread out into a more quiet and steady movement. It began then to dream and meditate on the object for which it existed. While in this grave mood a will-o'-wisp darted out and danced over its waters.

"Ah," cried the streamlet, "this is a heavenly light sent to tell me what I wish to know, and to guide my course." But the will-o'-wisp soon flitted away and vanished, leaving the streamlet more perplexed than before. Its first creed was gone. Then a rosy cloud floated in the sky and mirrored itself in the bosom of the stream.

"This," it cried, "is a token of Paradise!" But a wind ruffled the water, and the tinted cloud was mirrored no more; and when the streamlet, became still again the rosy cloud had passed from the sky. Then a water-lily expanded on its waves.

"Behold!" said the streamlet; "to nourish this beauty is the end and aim of my life." But the lily presently folded up and perished. The streamlet moved on. Presently it came to a spot where men and thrown hard stones in its way, obstructed its course, turned it aside through a narrow channel and forced it to rush in a confused perous way over a wheel.

"Alas!" cried the streamlet; "is it then for this agony I was born?" But after some wild splashes the streamlet found itself at peace again and went on winding. And now a glorious moon came out and showered gold all over it.

"How wealthy I am!" cried the streamlet. The moon faded. But the stars came out, and the twinkles caught them as bright marvels; they hinted deeper, steadier glories yet to be revealed. But the stars set.

At length a poet reclined on its bank and sang to it: "Sweet streamlet! What a bright life must have been yours! What flowers must have fringed your gliding way, what rosy clouds you have reflected, what hills you have nourished, what stars have risen to tell you their secrets they have set! You have done brave work, too. You have watered the meadow and made it wave with grain; you have conspired with the sun to ripen the harvest, and when matured you have helped to turn it into bread. Not for any one of these joys and uses were you made, but for all! So may the stream of my life run on, with varied happiness and helpfulness, not anxious about the unknown sea to which thou and I, fair stream, are tending."

The streamlet listened, all the beauties it had known shone out again, and they all clustered—dancing light, rosy cloud, golden moon and serene stars—around the great sorrow it had encountered, the obstruction which had ground grain for man; for that, transfigured in the poet's song, seemed the happiest experience of all. —Moncure D. Conway, in St. Nicholas.

A Four-Pound Potato. Uncle Bob Hughes, whose farm lies beyond Greene's Corners, in this town, claims the championship as a potato raiser. He has brought to this office an early rose tuber that weighs three pounds and ten ounces. It looks like six potatoes joined together, while it is plainly to be seen that the whole is a growth from a single stem. Different persons who have seen it have compared it with different objects. One said it looked like a star-fish; another said it might be used as a chandelier—all it lacked was the candles. Two other large potatoes grew in the hill with it, on drained swamp land. Uncle Bob claims the Astley belt on the strength of this production, and challenges the world to produce its equal. —Rome (N. Y.) Sentinel.

There are at least 2,000,000 gypsies in Europe. Of these Scotland has about 100,000, England 60,000, and Ireland perhaps half the latter number. The number of genuine gypsies in the United States has never been officially counted.

Montana during the past sixteen years has produced \$153,000,000 in gold and silver; 147,000,000 of this was in gold. Montana, therefore, ranks next to California as a producer of gold. There are already 20,000 quartz mines in the Territory.

The Venous Breach of Malaria. Does not infect the systems of those who use Hoettler's Stomach Bitters as a precaution against it. Now it is less useful as a remedy where intermittent and remittent fever has fully established itself, in consequence of a neglect of preventive measures. It checks the paroxysms with astonishing certainty, and eradicates this type of disease, even in its most inveterate form. This medicine is an especial boon to the emigrant population of the far West, where fevers of a malarial type are particularly prevalent, but the recognition of its merits is so far from being limited that it is known and appreciated at its true value throughout the length and breadth of America. Travelers by land and sea, miners and sojourners in unhealthy localities esteem it highly, and are its most constant purchasers, and in many a rural household far and wide it is the chosen family physician.

The professional indorsement which has been accorded by leading medical men in various parts of the country to Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs, is a sufficient guaranty of its efficacy in eradicating diseases of the breathing organs. These gentlemen have thoroughly tested the remedy, and their concurrent testimony is to the effect that it is a positive specific for lung, bronchial and throat affections of every description, and almost reliable preventive of that dreaded scourge, consumption. Druggists sell it.

A FAVORABLE NOTICED.—The good reputation of "Brown's Bronchial Troches" for the relief of coughs, colds and throat diseases has given them a favorable notoriety. 25 cents a box. For economy use G. Gilbert's Starches. Chew Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco.

Best organs are certainly cheapest when the price is not much more than those of very poor organs. Mason & Hamlin Organs are sold at prices which are not much more than those of inferior organs. See advertisement.

Walking made easy with Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners. They keep your boots and shoes straight, and make them easy to your feet.

FREE GIFT! A copy of my Medical Common Sense, an abridgement of the most valuable medical works, containing full directions for the cure of all the most common diseases, such as Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Sore Throat, Measles, Cholera, Rheumatism, and all the diseases of the chest, stomach, and bowels. It is a most valuable little book, and is sent free to all who send me a name and P. O. address with five cents postage for mailing. It is available to persons suffering with any disease of the chest, stomach, or bowels. Address Dr. N. B. Wolfe, Cincinnati, Ohio. State the paper where you saw this advertisement.

TARRANT'S SELTZER WATER. "It feels like a ball of fire rolling up and down the chest," is a common expression among sufferers from indigestion. Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient, the best system into a healthy condition, and the only one that does not irritate the system. It is the most powerful and reliable of all the fruiting agents, and is the only one that does not irritate the system. It is the most powerful and reliable of all the fruiting agents, and is the only one that does not irritate the system. It is the most powerful and reliable of all the fruiting agents, and is the only one that does not irritate the system.

MAY AGNES FLEMING. Published this week a splendid new novel, entitled "The Weekly Sun," by May Agnes Fleming. It is a most interesting and valuable little book, and is sent free to all who send me a name and P. O. address with five cents postage for mailing. It is available to persons suffering with any disease of the chest, stomach, or bowels. Address Dr. N. B. Wolfe, Cincinnati, Ohio. State the paper where you saw this advertisement.

THE UTMOST. A large, eight-page paper of 56 broad columns, will be sent postpaid to any address until January 1st, 1890. FOR HALF A DOLLAR. Address THE SUN, N.Y. City.

AGENTS WANTED FOR A NEW BOOK THAT HAS MADE MONEY. "LIFE OF BUFFALO BILL," the famous scout, guide, hunter and actor—written by the author of "The Buffalo Bill's Story." Agents already at work in every State. Agents wanted for all States. Send for prospectus to G. W. Carleton & Co., Publishers, N.Y. City.

CURED FREE. An infallible and unexcelled remedy for all cases of Piles, Hemorrhoids, and all the diseases of the rectum. It is a most powerful and reliable of all the fruiting agents, and is the only one that does not irritate the system. It is the most powerful and reliable of all the fruiting agents, and is the only one that does not irritate the system. It is the most powerful and reliable of all the fruiting agents, and is the only one that does not irritate the system.

TEAS AHEAD. The Great American Tea Company, 31 and 33 Vesey Street, New York. P. O. Box 6243.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WORLD. It contains 672 historical engravings and 1200 large double-column pages, and is the most complete history of the world ever published. It is a most interesting and valuable little book, and is sent free to all who send me a name and P. O. address with five cents postage for mailing. It is available to persons suffering with any disease of the chest, stomach, or bowels. Address Dr. N. B. Wolfe, Cincinnati, Ohio. State the paper where you saw this advertisement.

MOLLER'S PURE COD-LIVER OIL. Is perfectly pure. Pronounced the best by the highest medical authorities in the world. Given highest award at the 1889 World's Fair. Sold by Druggists. W. H. Schickel & Co., N.Y.

RIDGE'S FOOD FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS. Makes it possible to nurse your babe, place it at once on Ridge's Food. Manufactured by WOOLRICH & CO., P.O. Box 6243.

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