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How They Criticized.

As I once was out walking on my farm, I heard a talking, And very stily tipping, I hid behind a tree; For an annual convention claimed my curious attention, And I feared if I were noticed it would break it up, you see.

There were pig and cow, and donkey, and colts so tall and lanky, And a goose of vast importance that was sitting in the chair; For they all had met together to discuss their faults, and whether There was any one among them they could easily repair.

Rose a duck, and said, "You waddle, my friends, you waddle-waddle, Waddle or you try to walk about. I say it for your good."

"And suppose that, dear," squeaked a pig, "you're much too fat, dear, And your greediness in eating is a fact well understood."

Said a cat, so cross and grumpy, "Your knees are big and lumpy," "Quick, quick!" pronounced the chairman; "your voices are too rough."

Cried a turkey, "Gobble, gobble! ere you get into a squabble, Remember, self-importance in itself is fault enough."

Then rose a lamb so fleshy, "I'm sure 'tis not so easy," He humbly said, "to cure the faults of others as our own."

If we our evils seeking—"But, braying, quacking, squeaking, His every friend quick fled away, and left the lamb alone."

I nodded very sadly, and woke up, oh, so gladly! As I pondered the dream-lesson as I sat there in the grass, Conscience, it is daring to assail with blame is disparaging.

The noble D. D., I am tearing, would be quickest in appearing, He seemed to take a peep into a moral looking-glass.

—Clara L. Burnham, in Youth's Companion.

Grandmother Gresham's Will.

If I said that Grandmother Gresham was a vain old woman, I suppose it would not be very reverential. But still, she certainly did take an immense interest in her personal appearance, and that with some reason. A tall and commanding figure and portly presence, her black eyes glittering in her pale face with nearly the glow of their youth, and not a shiver thread yet pointing any contrast with the blackness of her hair there was something startling about her as if she were the apparition of a dead youth. She was never visible till late in the day, and any one who had the temerity to break the rule and enter her apartment would be flung and find her sitting before the old-fashioned mirror, in which her grandmother had dressed to be married, as she used to say, and occupied, with the help of old Rose, in twisting in a tress of false hair here, a curl there, in darkening an eyebrow, or making a cheek more blooming with her little hare's-foot—a curious weird face reflected on her from that glass meanwhile before which she so constantly practiced these rites, a handsome face when all the work was done. It was not easy for us to see the flash and glory of our youth, to realize that she could not bear to acknowledge even to herself the departure of her own, and was but keeping up the old fiction as she might. There was a full-length portrait in its old frame in the great dark hall, the likeness of a graceful, stately girl in her peach-blossom silk, and hood and scarf of black lace, with the great loose ringlets of shadow over her round shoulder, and blowing back from her dazzling brow, with the glow of expectation in the dark and shining eyes and in the joyous smile. Sometimes Grandmother Gresham paused as she passed, and rested upon her cane, and looked at this lovely picture that brightened all the gloomy place; and we none of us ever dreamed that she was thinking what a travesty and caricature of it she was now, with her patches and powders and paints, and in the velvets and India cashmeres that every night when she took them off to wear them again, in the big chest, for Amelia Gresham.

But none of us had any of Grandmother Gresham's beauty. The fact was, she was not our grandmother. We were the descendants of her first husband by his previous marriage, and she had married twice since, and if life were long enough, might have had as many husbands as Gudrun the Beautiful, for all we knew. She had married our grandfather when she was very young, and on his early death had married soon again, and had let his children drift home to know whither, he having left them each only a souvenier and a recommendation to the young stepmother, to whom in his infatuation and passion he had bequeathed everything else. She had sited on in her career of sunshine and shadow, losing her husbands and children, but, with her handsome bank ac-

count, never knowing trouble that might have touched her more nearly; and now, in her old age, she had been forced by public opinion to take into his house the children of her first husband, left orphans and nearly penniless. She treated us with a gracious hauteur. "Manners like ice cream," Annie used to say; "such cold sweetness." But although so distantly kind to us, all her love was for Amelia Gresham, her last husband's daughter, a pretty minx, who, in return, cared nothing at all for her, and would not live with her in the dingy rat-trap, as she called the dear old mansion house, but made her home with relatives in a gay city, where grandmother punctually paid her board, and only returned for a fresh outfit of the favors and fineries with which grandmother looked her.

It was understood, long before we came to the house to live, that grandmother had made her will and given all she had to Amelia Gresham, and we never thought of making any effort to that disposition of things altered; for although it seemed a great outrage, if one reflected on it, the property having originally been our grandfather's, nevertheless it was her own now, and she had a right to do as she chose with her own. Moreover, I can't say, after all we had heard about her, but that we were a little pleased to see that she had a heart, and could really love somebody. We came to the house only while we were preparing ourselves to make our own way in life; for we each had some little aptitude, I with music, and Georgie with painting, and Anne—well, Anne was our beauty, and was to be married to Francis Evans at some time or other; that was her aptitude apparently.

But while we were in her house we determined to do our whole duty to grandmother, forgetting the years of neglect and oblivion, and returning to her what we might for the remembrance of us at last. We never intruded on her in the solemn hours when she sat before her glass if we could avoid it, except once, that I remember; we always spoke kindly of Amelia Gresham, and treated her like a princess on her rare and brief visits.

The only time that we varied our manners toward Amelia was when she once tossed her head and gave grandmother some shockingly rude speech on one of these occasions, and started to run from the room with her fingers at her ears, when Anne, whose position as the married one—or at least, you know, we felt as if she were as good as the married one—gave her more authority than the rest of us, laid her hand timidly upon Amelia's arm and said, in a half-whisper: "It isn't possible you are so cruel as to wound the old heart that loves you so!" And Amelia, who had perhaps never been reproved in all her life before, turned on Anne with a gaze of astonishment, and then broke out laughing. "Oh, you little nonette!" she laughed. "If you are going to be so careful of people's feelings, you had better begin by considering mine, bored to death with the thousand-and-first hearing of this sort of stuff."

"Bored to death," said Georgie, "when it's like a story!"

Grandmother was looking at Amelia. I saw a tear suddenly start in her hard, glittering eye.

"Ah, don't mind her," I whispered, stealing my hand over and taking hers, for I sat on a low seat near her; "she's only jesting."

And grandmother looked in the fire then, without making any reply, but took my hand between her own; she showed her age in her hands, and always wore fine-meshed mitts to hide their shriveled backs, just as she bound her throat up high with lace. But Amelia saw the little action, which, I am sure, meant nothing, and burst out in one of her rages, which grandmother, for all her majesty, had trembled under before; because it is always the one that loves that is at a disadvantage; the other is in the saddle.

"Oh, yes!" she cried. "Honeying round her with your pussy ways! Let me tell you she likes honesty. And you won't get a dollar of Mrs. Gresham's money, for all—"

"Let me tell you," blazed out our gentle Anne at that, "that we don't want a dollar of Mrs. Gresham's money. We are making ourselves ready to earn our own. And we think more of many other things than we do of money. And whoever gets it, anyway, we shall not forget that it was our grandfather's money, not theirs."

"That is so," said Grandmother Gresham, as if the thought had never occurred to her before. But she rose slowly, and grasped her cane, and went away to her own rooms, and we did not see her for three days. Rose waiting on her till she was ready to reappear again.

"Isn't it too bad, Francis," asked Anne that night, "that anybody should have our own grandfather's house but ourselves." But she checked herself as Amelia came back with a rose in her hair, and even frowned down Georgie's innocent remark about its being such a dear old place.

And that it was; an elm-shaded, many-gabled, century-old house, set in

gardens, with a patch of blue lake just below it, and the slope of a green hill just behind it—a hill on whose summit the cannon had been fired every fourth of July, and on every twenty-second of February, and on every anniversary of the battle of New Orleans, since time began for those days.

It was not a great while after the night when Amelia came back with the rose in her hair, that I began to notice a strange trouble in our sweet Anne's face. Her gray eyes would dilate and grow fixed in reverie, and at one time such a deep color would burn in old her face, and at another she would be deathly white; that at last when I saw Francis walking in the garden with Amelia, and her glance pursuing them, I knew what it meant. I might have known before if I had had the sense to understand the angry expostulation of Grandmother Gresham with Amelia that once I overheard; but it never occurred to me that any one could be so shameful as Amelia was. But I knew how to sympathize with Anne better than once I might have done, to be tender with her, and to let her alone; for I had begun to think that, after all, giving music lessons would not be the work of my life, since Dr. Dinsmore had begun to visit us.

"It is a pity," said Grandmother Gresham to him one day, "that such nice girls should be destitute. But then there is one thing—such nice girls do not need money. I had none."

But it was the very next morning that Dr. Dinsmore asked me to be his wife. And I was so glad and so proud, and so surprised and so sorry, too, for Anne, that I had to go to some one, and I did burst in on Grandmother Gresham at her toilet, and hid my face on her poor old breast, and cried there. She laughed at me, although she lifted my face and smoothed my hair; that is, she laughed in her own way—she was very careful about laughing on account of her teeth. "Well, my dear," said she, "you are going to have a good husband, that is enough for anybody. I shall give you your wedding gown, but that is all I shall give you."

Amelia seemed to find it a great deal pleasanter with Grandmother Gresham than she ever had before, and now it was her flying visits that were made the other way, and she came back and staid longer at the mansion house every time.

It was when Amelia was away on one of her short stays that grandmother sent for some gentlemen to come and see her, and she was closeted in her sitting-room with them nearly all day; but we were none the wiser, and we did not say anything about it to Amelia when she came in with Francis, who had met her at the station. She gave us no time, in fact, for as soon as she had thrown off her cloak and furs she plunged into the German lesson that Francis was giving her, while Anne sat by with a trembling lip.

It was at about this time that one day we found Grandmother Gresham sitting dead before her glass.

It was a great shock to us. But I don't think it was any greater shock than it was to see Amelia quickly and quietly go to grandmother's drawers and take out the jewels and lace, there, carry them away to her own room, and come down to dinner that night with the diamonds in her ears. We were not quite prepared for her taking the head of the table; but she did, and of course Anne said nothing.

On the day after the funeral, having assembled as all in grandmother's sitting-room, she produced the will, and requested Dr. Dinsmore to read it. It gave everything to her.

"I am very sure there is a later will than that, miss," said Rose, firmly.

Amelia dismissed her on the spot, as Rose might have known she would; but Rose repeated firmly what she said, and then Mr. Dinsmore calmly told Amelia that she could not afford to let such a statement pass as that. But of course we could not have overheard Amelia's trunks if we had wanted to do so, that is, without more publicity and scandal than we cared to have, although, to tell the truth, on a hint from Rose, we had already privately looked in every nook and corner that we could command, and had taken down and opened every book in the library, but to no purpose. There had been something in Grandmother Gresham's manner toward Anne, especially of late, that made Georgie and me think she could not be meaning to leave her altogether unbefriended; the more, too, because she seemed to feel bitter and ashamed concerning Amelia's conduct. I will confess that I was more malicious than avaricious about it, however. I knew that Francis Evans was only thinking of Amelia's inheritance, that in his heart it was Anne for whom he cared, and he was selling his soul's birthright for a mess of pottage, and I should have liked to balk and baffle him.

"A family physician," said Amelia, with a great dignity that did not become her sort of nose, "is allowed some license, but perhaps so much will not be taken again when it is known that I now have a protector!"

"A protector?" said Georgie, without thinking.

"Yes," she answered. "And I will tell you now, because we are going away for a week, that I don't suppose it will be particularly pleasant for you to be here on our return, as Francis and I were married this morning."

There was a dead silence for a moment in the gloomy room that dark winter morning, and then the report of a cannon rolled through the air, followed by another, and I remember, as I ran to the window, hardly knowing what I did, but doing anything in my embarrassment, that it was the twenty-second of February.

"Washington's birthday," said Georgie, feeling just as I did. "Dear me! I should think the father of his country might have had powder enough in his lifetime." But she stopped, for Dr. Dinsmore was speaking, and I never shall forget how proud I felt as I turned and looked in his honest eyes.

"We cannot congratulate you Amelia," he said, "on your choice of a husband who has been willing to play so infamous a part." All at once the room was illuminated by a mighty flash, and a report clapped through it and out again, and seemed to shake the very rafters of the roof and the stones of the foundation. The great gun on the hillside had burst, and at the same moment Grandmother Gresham's swinging glass in which her own grandmother had dressed to be married, as she so many times had told us, answered to the fearful vibration, rent in cracks, like the rays of a great sun, from side to side and from top to bottom, in countless splinters, and the shivered, shattered bits tumbled out upon the floor, and with them a large folded sheet of paper.

"... Out flew the web and floated wide; The mirror crack'd from side to side; 'The curse is come upon me,' cried The Lady of Shalott."

I exclaimed, in a sort of hysterical excitement, as I saw that paper and sprang for it.

Amelia's quick eyes had seen it too, though, and she also darted in its direction. Rose was before her. "It is madam's last will," she said. "It is just her way. She was always hiding her things. I knew it. She tucked it between the black-board and glass, you see. I knew it, for I witnessed it, though she bound me to silence." And she gave the paper to Dr. Dinsmore.

It was very brief. But when it was read, it was found that out of the greatly diminished estate Amelia had an annuity of four hundred dollars a year; and the mansion-house, with all it contained, and with everything else, belonged to Anne and Georgie.

"Under the circumstances, sir," said Dr. Dinsmore, as he folded the paper again, "you will scarcely wish to remain any longer under the roof you have outraged."

And obliged to obey that commanding glance, Francis Evans and his wife, like two whipped hounds, passed through the door he held open.

Heaven bless George Washington and the man that invented gunpowder!" I cried. And Rose ran to pack the great chest and the trunks, by Anne's direction, and send them after Mrs. Evans, who had walked off with the two diamonds in her ears.—Harper's Bazar.

A Cat Story.

The New York News got the following from a small boy: The cat which we had afore we got Mose was yellor, and didn't have no ears, and not eny tail, too, cos they were cut off to make it go way from where it lived, for it was so ugly, so it cum to our house. One day my mother she sed wudent my father drown it, cos she knew where she cud git a niceer lukin one. So my father he put it in a bag, and a brick in the bag too, and throw it in the pond and went to his office, my father did. But the cat busted the bag string, and wen my father cum home it was lying under the sofa, but come out to look at him. So they looked at one another fer a long while, and bime by my father sed to my mother, "Wel, you are a mity poor maid to go a stoppin' for cats. This is a site uglier than the other!"

A Mere Trifle of Gold.

The Silver World, published in Denver, Col., says: A cubic inch of gold is worth \$210; cubic foot, \$262,880; a cubic yard, \$9,767,762. This is valuing it at \$18.89 an ounce. At the commencement of the Christian era there was in the world \$427,000,000 in gold. This had diminished to \$57,000,000 at the time America was discovered. Then it began to increase. Now the amount of gold in use is estimated at \$6,000,000,000. Yet, all this, welded into one mass, would be contained in a cube of twenty-six feet.

General Beauregard thinks that the floating lock system proposed by Captain Eads is the best plan for getting ships across the Isthmus of Darien.

The popular prejudice against proprietary remedies has long since been conquered by the marvelous success of such a remedy as Dr. Bull's Tonic Syrup. Used everywhere by everybody. Price 25 cents.

TIMELY TOPICS.

In some colleges a course of "hazing" is included in the regular programme, but the course at Glasgow, Missouri, furnishes instruction in serenading, with practice on tin-pans, oyster cans, horse-fiddles, aggravated by the natural voice. The professor to whom they recited this lesson heard them through and then gave them a short chapter on the use of the shot-gun with a charge of bird-shot. The report he made was so unfavorable that they quickly dispersed.

A table in the Chicago Inter-Ocean shows the increase in the quantity of cereals produced in the United States. The comparison is made between the crops of 1870 and 1878. The bushels of corn produced were 1,094,355,000 in 1870, and 1,388,218,750 in 1878. The bushels of wheat were 235,884,700 in 1870, and 420,112,406 in 1878. The bushels of oats were 247,277,400 in 1870, and 413,578,560 in 1878. The bushels of potatoes were 114,775,000 in 1870, and 134,226,650 in 1878. The tons of hay were 21,525,000 in 1870, and 37,608,396 in 1878.

At the paper mills of Crane Brothers, Coltsville, Mass., large quantities of banknote paper are made for the government. The strictest inspection as to quality is observed, a spot or speck no larger than a pin-head being sufficient to condemn a sheet, and the employees, arriving and departing are carefully watched. Armed guards patrol the premises and grounds day and night, and no approach to them is permitted. Twenty-four women were sent from the treasury department as counters and examiners, and each are able to count 30,000 sheets daily. These precautions are necessary to prevent duplication of sheets for dishonest purposes.

W. L. Fox, a wealthy oil producer of Foxbury, Pa., owns a sleigh which has an interesting history. It is a clumsy, heavy sleigh, and although more than 100 years old, is in excellent repair, and is used by Mr. Fox whenever there is sleighing. It was built for Robert Morris, the financier of the revolution, during the early years of that war. While it was his property it was used by George Washington and his wife, Benedict Arnold, General Lee and many other distinguished people of that day, while guests of Mr. Morris. It passed from the Morris family when misfortune overtook the financier, and had been in the possession of an old Philadelphia family for many years, until recently, when Mr. Fox was placed in possession of it and its history.

General Daniel Ruggles, of Virginia, at the request of the senate committee on agriculture, appeared before them in Washington and briefly explained his method of precipitating rainfalls by scientific means. His method (for which he has recently been granted a patent) is to send up to the cloud realm carriages of dynamite or similar explosive materials in skeleton balloons and to explode them either by time fuses or by magnet-electricity, through light metal wires connecting the balloon with the earth. General Ruggles, as the result of many years of study and investigation of this subject, claims that the different mists passing over arid regions, or localities suffering from unusual drought, may readily be consolidated into rainfalls by concussions and vibrations thus artificially produced.

The Legend of the Winter Palace.

Referring to the attempt made upon the life of the Russian Emperor by blowing up the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg, a New York paper says: This is the second time that the famous palace has been the scene of a projected murder, in singular confirmation of the gloomy legend which clings to it. After the destruction of the building by fire in 1839, Count Kleinmichel, then prime minister, sought to gratify the Czar Nicholas by restoring it in an incredibly short space of time. The work proceeded night and day, and not a few of the laborers were killed or crippled during its progress, while many more were permanently injured by the stifling fumes of the fresh paint. It is said that the mother of one of the victims imprecated a solemn curse upon the palace, saying that "as the Romanoffs had made it fatal to their people, so their people should make it fatal to them." This malediction, whether authentic or not, has, indeed, been amply fulfilled. The ill-famed building witnessed the disgrace and expulsion of Kleinmichel himself only a few years later. It saw Nicholas die of a broken heart (by his own hand, as some say), in one of the small rooms of the wing facing the Neva. It was the scene of an attempted assassination of the czar in 1870, and it has now witnessed another and a deadlier one.

John Parke, a Vermont man, has twenty-one children. Though not rich in lands, he has many little Parkes.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Coffee palaces are in favor as a substitute for liquor saloons in Europe.

The man who sells oil-wells is in the hole-sale business.—Salem Sunbeam.

Wyoming has another petrified man. It is not necessary to say that he is stone blind.

The labor of a yoke of oxen is the result of neat's foot toil.—Marathon Independent.

A wise man never puts the hot end of a cigar in his mouth more than once. Bucksack Republican.

A Leadville woman who attempted to drive a pet cat from under a bed with a broom had her face frightfully scratched and one eye put out by the enraged animal.

"We stand at life's west windows," and think of the days that are gone; "while the grocer's boy licks the molasses, and a pair of goats bat on the lawn."—New York News.

The North Georgia Citizen says that "lath is on the rise." On the rise, is it? Well, it's either on the rise or fall most of the time. The only peculiarity is the rapidity of its movements. The precision with which it rises and falls is marvelous. Ask the small boy if his experience doesn't verify this statement.—Waterloo Observer.

"What do you read?" said Mr. James T. Field, upon a visit to the Boston boy-friend, Jesse Pomeroy, convicted, among other atrocities, of the murder of three children. "Mostly, one kind," was the reply; "mostly dime novels." "And what is the best book you have read?" "Well," he replied, "I like 'Buffalo Bills' best. It's full of murders and pictures about murders." "And how do you feel after reading it?" "Oh, I feel as if I wanted to go and do the same!"

John Nevins was a fireman on the Evart and Osceola railroad in Michigan. A log was chained to the track one night, and his locomotive was wrecked, killing him instantly. His widow sued the company for \$5,000 damages. While the suit was pending a good-looking young fellow made her acquaintance, professed to fall in love with her, and made a marriage engagement. Having confidence in him, Mrs. Nevins told him that the log was placed on the track at her request, she desiring to get rid of her husband, while they were to have all the money that could be gained by a lawsuit. The woeer incurred her to repeat the story in the hearing of witnesses, and then had her arrested. He was a detective in the company's employ.

The White House and Mrs. Hayes.

It is a historic fact that the White House is modeled after the palace of the Duke of Leinster. This accounts for the wily walls so decorated and beautified in frescoes that they resemble in intention if not in genius, the noble creation wrought by Raphael and Michael Angelo. As the eye descends from the ceiling it rests upon the inlaid floor; but this is covered with carpeting so thick that the tramp of a regiment would be noiseless as phantom wings. Ebony furniture with the richest satin upholstery; can delabra that reach from floor to a nantel holding waxen candles all ready to light pictures on the walls, huge baskets of flowers, with decorated pots of greenery, scattered everywhere. In a row, like schoolgirls in a class, stood the wives and daughters of the cabinet officials with Mrs. President Hayes at the head. That it was strictly "official" was proved by the order observed in their positions. Just as the departments arrayed the women stood. State, treasury, war, post-office, interior and attorney-general.

Mrs. Hayes may safely be called "handsome woman," and there will be none found brave enough to dispute the palm. A brunette of the pure type with large, brilliant eyes that convey the idea of surface but not depth—like transparent window that opens into space—a rather low, Greek forehead over which is banded that shining mass of satin hair. If the glossy coronal could be improved by waves or bangs but the dark, rich brunette complexion forbids this modern fashion, and Mrs. Hayes is an artist in one or more ways. Clad in rich, ruby satin and silk combination, the corsage square and low as Pompadour invented, to call attention to her charms, no fault can be found with Mrs. Hayes, for her dress is as costly and showy as any worn by the celebrated beauties who flourished in the cabinet during the Grant reign. Mrs. Hayes has invented a way to shake hands which ought to be known to the official world, as it saves this useful member from crushing annihilation. Never give your fingers to the crowd and instead of allowing your own hand to be seized, grasp the unruly enemy by the hand as far as the unfortunate thumb will permit you to go; one vigorous squeeze and the torment is over. All this is done on the same principle of a collision at sea. It is the vessel that it hits that sustains all the harm.—Philadelphia Times.

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To Helen G. Hatfield; formerly of the City of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, and all others whom it may concern.

NOTICE is hereby given, that under and by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage, bearing date the twentieth day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty, made between Robert S. Bailey, of the Parish of Saint Mary's, York County, New Brunswick, and Amelia E. his wife, of the first part, and William Jaffrey, of the same place, Clerk in Holy Orders, of the second part, recorded in Book N 3 of the York County Records, pages 415 to 418, there will, for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured by the said Indenture, default having been made in payment thereof, be sold at Public Auction, at Phoenix Square, in the City of Fredericton, in the County of York, on Thursday the seventh day of July next, at twelve o'clock, noon, the Lands and Premises mentioned and described in the said Indenture of Mortgage as follows, viz:—All that piece or parcel of Land situate, lying and being in the Parish of Saint Mary's, County and Province aforesaid, and bounded as follows, viz: Beginning at a marked stake placed on the Miramichi Road where said Road intersects the River de Loup trail Road on the northwardly side; thence along said Rail Road until it strikes a stake sixty seven and one-half feet more or less; thence nearly at right angles fifty feet to another stake; thence in a line parallel with the said Rail Road sixty two and one-half feet more or less, or until it strikes the Miramichi Road; thence to the place of beginning along said Road. Together with all and singular the buildings and improvements thereon and the privileges and appurtenances to the same belonging or in any manner appertaining.

WILLIAM JAFFREY, Mortgagee.

BLACK, JORDAN & BLISS, Solicitors for Mortgagee.

IN THE SUPREME COURT IN EQUITY.

Between John M. Pherson, Plaintiff; and John M. Pherson, Joseph M. Pherson, William M. Pherson, Annie M. Pherson, Robert Hanson and Mary Jane his wife, and Esther M. Pherson, Defendants.

WHEREAS it has been made to appear by Affidavit to the Supreme Court in Equity, that the above named defendants, John M. Pherson, Joseph M. Pherson, William M. Pherson, and Annie M. Pherson, and Esther M. Pherson, do not reside within the Province, so that they cannot be served with a Summons, and that their place of residence cannot be ascertained by the plaintiff, and that the plaintiff has good prima facie grounds for filing a Bill against the said above named defendants; I do order that the said John M. Pherson, Joseph M. Pherson, William M. Pherson, Annie M. Pherson, and Esther M. Pherson, on or before the eleventh day of August next, do enter an appearance in this suit, (if they intend to defend the same), wherein a Bill will be filed against the above named defendants by the above named plaintiff, for the foreclosure of a Mortgage made by one Hugh M. Pherson to one William Stephenson, bearing date the twenty ninth day of October, A. D. 1856, and registered in Book G 2 of York County Records, pages 614 and 615, and which said Mortgage was duly assigned by the said William Stephenson to the plaintiff by assignment, dated the fourteenth day of April, A. D. 1870, recorded in Book Z 2 of York County Records, pages 426, 427 and 428; and unless such appearance is so entered, the Bill may be taken pro confesso and a Decree made.

Dated this twenty eighth day of May, A. D. 1892.

JOHN C. ALLEN, Chief Justice.

J. A. & W. VAN WART, Plaintiff's Solicitors.

The plaintiff claims Two hundred pounds for principal money on the within mentioned Mortgage, and two hundred and thirty four pounds ten shillings for interest from the twenty ninth day of October, A. D. 1872, to the date of this Order.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given, that we, the undersigned, have been duly appointed Trustees for all the creditors of the Estate and effects of Charles Landry, late of the Parish of Shediac, an absconding, concealed or absent debtor, and have been duly sworn: All persons indebted to the said Charles Landry will, on or before the eighteenth day of July next, pay to us, or either of us, all sums of money they owe to the said Charles Landry; and all persons having any effects of the said Charles Landry in their hands or custody, will deliver the same to us, or either of us, as aforesaid; and we require all the creditors of the said Charles Landry, on or before the eighteenth day of July, 1892, to deliver to us, or some one of us, their respective Accounts and demands against the said Charles Landry, that justice may be done to the parties.

Dated this fourth day of April, A. D. 1892.

ERNEST A. SMITH, } Trustees.
P. J. SWEENEY, }
S. EDGAR WILSON, }

JAMES M. QUINN, Solicitor.

Advertisements for the Gazette are required to be forwarded by Mail on TUESDAY, in order to be in time for Wednesday.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

County of Madawaska.

There will be sold at Public Auction, in front of the Court House at Edmundston, in the County of Madawaska, on Thursday the twenty eighth day of July next, at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon:

ALL the right, title and interest of Laurent E. Ouellet, of, in and to the following described Lands and Premises:—All that certain piece or parcel of land and premises situate, lying and being in the Parish of Madawaska, in the County of Madawaska, known as lot Number nine (9) on the easterly side of the Madawaska River, granted to Joseph Cyr, and deeded by the said Joseph Cyr and wife to the said Laurent E. Ouellet; also that certain other piece or parcel of land situate in the Parish and County aforesaid, being known as lot Number ten (10), granted to the said Laurent E. Ouellet, on the easterly side of the said Madawaska River, both of said lots of land containing one hundred and ten acres, more or less, together with the buildings and improvements thereon, and appurtenances to same belonging. The same having been seized by me under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the County Court of Madawaska against the said Laurent E. Ouellet, at the suit of William Balsam.

Dated April 16, A. D. 1892. J. FRANCIS RICE, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Edmundston, N. B.

County of Victoria.

There will be sold at Public Auction in front of the Court House in Andover, in the County of Victoria, on Wednesday the twentieth day of July next, at 12 o'clock, noon:

ALL the right, title, interest, claim, and demand whatsoever, either at law or in equity, of James W. Burns, of, in, to, or out of all that certain pieces or parcels of Land and Premises, lying and being in the Parish of Andover, and County of Victoria, New Brunswick, described as follows:—A lot of land situate in the Parish of Andover, known and distinguished as lot number eleven, granted to Solomon Veal, containing one hundred acres, more or less, and part of lot number ten, granted to Elizabeth Olmstead, containing fifty acres, more or less. Also that certain tract or parcel of land situate in the Parish of Andover, and County of Victoria, which is bounded as follows: Northeastly by the road leading from Saint John River to Fort Fairfield, as surveyed and marked out in the year A. D. 1843; southerly by the grant from the Crown to Harry Peters, and southerly by the lot letter M, heretofore conveyed by Andrew Inches, and wife to one George Everett, the said tract containing twenty five acres, more or less; and in and to any other lands of the said James W. Burns in said County of Victoria.

The same having been seized and taken under and by virtue of an Execution issued out of the Victoria County Court at the suit of George N. Clarke against the said James W. Burns.
JAMES TIBBITS, Sheriff.
Dated at Andover, 16th April, A. D. 1892.

EQUITY SALE.

THERE will be sold at Public Auction, at or near the Railroad Station at Fredericton Junction, in the Parish of Gladstone, in the County of Subury, on Saturday the thirtieth day of July, A. D. 1892, at 12 o'clock, noon, pursuant to a Decreeal Order of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on Tuesday the 29th day of March, A. D. 1892, in a cause therein pending, wherein The Provincial Building Society is plaintiff, and William Wallace and Hannah A. his wife are defendants, with the approbation of the undersigned Referee in Equity, the Premises described in the Bill of Complaint in the said cause, and in said Decreeal Order, as follows:—All that lot, piece or parcel of Land situate and being in the Parish of Blissville, in the County of Subury, described and bounded as follows: Beginning at a stake placed in the southeast angle of lot number forty one, on the north side of the road from the South Branch of the Oromocto to the Patterson Settlement; thence running by the magnet north one degree east forty chains to meet the most Southern lot of number forty, purchased by John B. Hoyt, at a stake; thence along that line south eighty nine degrees east twenty five chains to a birch tree standing on the west line of the Patterson Settlement; thence south one degree west twenty five chains to the north side of the above mentioned road; and thence along the said side of said road north eighty nine degrees west five chains to the place of beginning, containing fifty acres more or less, distinguished as lot number forty one. Also all that certain tract or parcel of Land situate, lying and being in the Parish aforesaid, being on the west range, second tier, in the Patterson Settlement, so called, distinguished in the grant as lot number one, bounded as follows, to-wit:—Commencing at a marked maple tree standing on the northwest angle of lot number one, granted to William Patterson, in the front tier of Michael O'Connor's survey; thence running by the magnet north eighty eight degrees west twenty chains of four poles each; thence south twenty five chains; thence south eighty eight degrees east twenty chains to a maple stake; thence south twenty five chains to the place of beginning, containing in the whole fifty acres, more or less, together with all buildings, erections and improvements thereon being.

For terms of Sale and other particulars apply to Messrs. G. C. & C. J. Coster, Plaintiff's Solicitors, Saint John.
Dated this 19th day of April, A. D. 1892.

CHAS. W. BECKWITH, Referee in Equity.

and lets a balance over of \$64,190.07. A few words in this general way cover the case for the Etna as well as columns of commendations. It is a model company in its financial standing.

disagreeable smell when boiling is because the process dissolves the essential oil. The water should be changed when the cabbage is half boiled, and it will thus acquire a greater sweetness.

Hope. The Cape of Good Hope itself is a mass of rock, terminating in perpendicular cliffs toward the sea, but with ledges here and there, on which numbers of cormorants nest.—H. N. Mosley.

YOUNG MEN... GUNS... \$72 A WEEK... \$5 to \$20 per day at home... \$60

Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days... \$777 A YEAR... \$5 to \$20 per day at home... \$60

DVK'S BEARD ELIXIR... \$60

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.

E. VARIS SUMMENDUM EST OPTIMUM.—Cic.

\$2.50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

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SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, MARCH 10, 1880.

NO. 11.

How They Criticised.

As I once was out walking on my farm, I heard a talking, and very shyly tipping, I hid behind a tree; for an annual convention claimed my curious attention. And I feared if I were noticed it would break it up, you see.

There were pig and cow, and donkey, and colts so tall and lanky.

And a goose of vast importance that was sitting in the chair;

For they all had just together to discuss their faults, and whether

There was any one among them they could easily repair.

Rose a duck, and said, "You waddle, my friends, you waddle waddle.

Where'er you try to walk about. I say it for your good."

"And sprogs of that, dears," squealed a pig, "you're much too fat, dears."

And your greediness in eating is a fault well understood."

Said a colt, so cross and grumpy, "Your knees are big and lumpy."

"Quack, quack!" pronounced the chairman; "your voices are too rough."

Cried a turkey, "Gobble, gobble! ere you get into a squabble, remember, self-importance in itself is fault enough."

Then rose a lamb so flowery, "I'm sure 'tis not so easy."

He humbly said, "to cure the faults of others as our own."

If we our evils seeking— But, braying, quacking, squeaking, His merry friends quick fled away, and left the lamb alone.

I nodded very sadly, and woke up, oh, so gladly!

As I pondered the dream-lesson as I sat there on the grass.

Confession, it is daring to assail with blame—

The faults of all, I am leaving, would be quick of us at last.

If we only took a peep into a moral looking-glass.

—Clara L. Burnham, in *Youth's Companion*.

Grandmother Gresham's Will.

It is said that Grandmother Gresham was a vain old woman, I suppose it would not be very reverential. But still, she certainly did take an immense interest in her personal appearance, and that with some reason. A tall and commanding figure and portly presence, her black eyes glittering in her pale face with nearly the glow of their youth, and not a shiver thread yet pointing any contrast with the blackness of her hair there was something startling about her as if she were the apparition of a dead youth. She was never visible till a late hour in the day, and any one who had the temerity to break the rule and enter her apartments would be very apt to find her sitting before the old swinging mirror, "in which her grandmother had dressed to be married," as she used to say, and occupied, with the help of old Rose, in twisting in a tress of false hair here, a curl there, in darkening an eyebrow, or making a cheek more blooming with her little hare's foot—a curious glass face reflected on her from that glass meanwhile before which she so constantly practiced these rites, a handsome face when all the work was done. It was not easy for us in the flush and glory of our youth, to realize that she could not bear to acknowledge even to herself the departure of her own, and was but keeping up the sad fiction as she might. There was a full-length portrait in its old frame in the great dark hall, the likeness of a graceful, stately girl in her peach-blossom silk, and hood and scarf of black lace, with the great loose ringlets of shadow over her round shoulder, and blowing back from her dazzling brow, with the glow of expectation in the dark and shining eyes and in the joyous smile. Sometimes Grandmother Gresham paused and looked at this lovely picture that brightened all the gloomy place; and we none of us ever dreamed that she was thinking what a travesty and caricature of it she was now, with her patches and powders and paints, and in the velvets and India cashmeres that every night when she took them off were laid away, lest she might not rise to wear them again, in the big chest, for Amelia Gresham.

But none of us had any of Grandmother Gresham's beauty. The fact was, she was not our grandmother. We were the descendants of her first husband by his previous marriage, and she had married twice since, and if life were long enough, might have had as many husbands as Gudrun the Beautiful, for all we knew. She had married our grandfather when she was very young, and on his early death had married soon again, and had let his children drift none knew whither, he having left them each only a souvenir and a recommendation to the young stepmother, to whom in his infatuation and passion he had bequeathed everything else. She had shined on in her career of sunshine and shadow, losing her husbands and children, but, with her handsome bank ac-

count, never knowing trouble that might have touched her more nearly; and now, in her old age, she had been forced by public opinion to take into his house the children of her first husband, left orphans and nearly penniless. She treated us with a gracious hauteur. "Manners like ice cream," Annie used to say; "such cold sweetness." But although so distantly kind to us, all her love was for Amelia Gresham, her last husband's daughter, a pretty minx, who, in return, cared nothing at all for her, and would not live with her in the dingy rat-trap, as she called the dear old mansion house, but made her home with relatives in a gay city, where Grandmother punctually paid her board, and only returned for a fresh outfit of the favors and fineries with which Grandmother loaded her.

It was understood, long before we came to the house to live, that Grandmother had made her will and given all she had to Amelia Gresham, and we never thought of making any effort to have that disposition of things altered; for although it seemed a great outrage, if one reflected on it, the property having originally been our grandfather's, nevertheless it was her own now, and she had a right to do as she chose with her own. Moreover, I can't say, after all we had heard about her, but that we were a little pleased to see that she had a heart, and could really love somebody. We came to the house only while we were preparing ourselves to make our own way in life; for we each had some little aptitude, I with music, and Georgie with painting, and Anne—well, Anne was our beauty, and was to be married to Francis Evans at some time or other; that was her aptitude apparently.

But while we were in her house we determined to do our whole duty to Grandmother, forgetting the years of neglect and oblivion, and returning to her what we might for the remembrance of us at last. We never intruded on her in the solemn hours when she sat before her glass if we could avoid it, except once, that I remember; we always spoke kindly of Amelia Gresham, and treated her like a princess on her rare and brief visits.

The only time that we varied our manners toward Amelia was when she once tossed her head and gave Grandmother some shockingly rude speech on one of these occasions, and started to run from the room with her fingers at her ears, when Anne, whose position as the married one—or at least, you know, we felt as if she were as good as the married one—gave her more authority than the rest of us, laid her hand timidly upon Amelia's arm and said, in a half-whisper: "It isn't possible you are so cruel as to wound the old heart that loves you so!" And Amelia, who had perhaps never been reproved in all her life before, turned on Anne with a gaze of astonishment, and then broke out laughing. "Oh, you little nonette!" she laughed. "If you are going to be so careful of people's feelings, you had better begin by considering mine, bored to death with the thousand-and-first hearing of this sort of stuff."

"Bored to death," said Georgie, "when 'tis like a story!"

Grandmother was looking at Amelia. I saw a tear suddenly start in her hand, glittering eye.

"Ah, don't mind her," I whispered, stealing my hand over and taking hers, for I sat on a low seat near her; "she's only jesting."

And Grandmother looked in the fire then, without making any reply, but took my hand between her own; and she showed her age in her hands, and always wore fine-meshed mitts to hide their shriveled backs, just as she bound her throat up high with lace. But Amelia saw the little action, which I am sure, meant nothing, and burst out in one of her rages, which Grandmother, for all her majesty, had trembled under before. "It is always the one that loves that is at a disadvantage; the other is in the saddle."

"Oh, yes!" she cried. "Honeying round her with your puseying ways! Let me tell you she likes honesty. And you won't get a dollar of Mrs. Gresham's money, for all—"

"Let me tell you!" blazed out our gentle Anne at that, "that we don't want a dollar of Mrs. Gresham's money. We are making ourselves ready to earn our own. And we think more of many other things than we do of money. And whoever gets it, anyway, we shall not forget that it was our grandfather's money, not theirs."

"That is so," said Grandmother Gresham, as if the thought had never occurred to her before. But she rose slowly, and grasped her cane, and went away to her own rooms, and we did not see her for three days, Rose waiting on her till she was ready to reappear again.

"Isn't it too bad, Francis," asked Anne that night, "that anybody should have our own grandfather's house but ourselves." But she checked herself as Amelia came back with a rose in her hair, and even frowned down Georgie's innocent remark about its being such a dear old place.

And that it was, an elm-shaded, many-gabled, century-old house, set in

gardens, with a patch of blue lake just below it, and the slope of a green hill just behind it—a hill on whose summit the cannon had been fired every fourth of July, and on every twenty-second of February, and on every anniversary of the battle of New Orleans, since time began for those days.

It was not a great while after the night when Amelia came back with the rose in her hair, that I began to notice a strange trouble in our sweet Anne's face. Her gray eyes would dilate and grow fixed in reverie, and at one time such a deep color would burn in her face, and at another she would be deathly white; that at last when I saw Francis walking in the garden with Amelia, and her glance pursuing them, I knew what it meant. I might have known before if I had had the sense to understand the angry expostulation of Grandmother Gresham with Amelia that once I overheard; but it never occurred to me that any one could be so shameful as Amelia was. But I knew how to sympathize with Anne better than once I might have done, to be tender with her, and to let her alone; for I had begun to think that, after all, giving music lessons would not be the work of my life, since Dr. Dinsmore had begun to visit us.

"It is a pity," said Grandmother Gresham to him one day, "that such nice girls should be destitute. But then there is one thing—such nice girls do not need money. I had none."

But it was the very next morning that Dr. Dinsmore asked me to be his wife. And I was so glad and so proud, and so surprised and so sorry, too, for Anne, that I had to go to some one, and I did burst in on Grandmother Gresham at her toilet, and hid my face on her poor old breast, and cried there. She laughed at me, although she lifted my face and smoothed my hair; that is, she laughed in her own way—she was very careful about laughing on account of her teeth. "Well, my dear," said she, "you are going to have a good husband, that is enough for anybody. I shall give you your wedding gown, but that is all I shall give you."

Amelia seemed to find it a great deal pleasanter with Grandmother Gresham than she ever had before, and now it was her flying visits that were made the other way, and she came back and staid longer at the mansion house every time.

It was when Amelia was away on one of her short stays that Grandmother sent for some gentlemen to come and see her, and she was closeted in her sitting-room with them nearly all day; but we were none the wiser, and we did not say anything about it to Amelia when she came in with Francis, who had met her at the station. She gave us no time, in fact, for as soon as she had thrown off her cloak and furs she plunged into the German letter that Francis was giving her, while Anne sat by with a trembling lip.

It was at about this time that one day we found Grandmother Gresham sitting dead before her glass.

It was a great shock to us. But I don't think it was any greater shock than it was to see Amelia quickly and quietly go to Grandmother's drawers and take out the jewels and lace there, carry them away to her own room, and come down to dinner that night with the diamonds in her ears. We were not quite so stupid as to be taking the head of the table; but she did, and of course Anne said nothing.

On the day after the funeral, having assembled us all in Grandmother's sitting-room, she produced the will, and requested Dr. Dinsmore to read it. It gave everything to her.

"I am very sure there is a later will than that, miss," said Rose, firmly.

Amelia dismissed her on the spot, as Rose might have known she would; but Rose repeated firmly what she said, and then Mr. Dinsmore calmly told Amelia that she could not afford to let such a statement pass as that. But of course we could not have overhauled Amelia's trunks if we had wanted to do so, as I, without more publicity and scandal than we cared to have, although, to tell the truth, on a hint from Rose, we had already privately looked in every nook and corner that we could command, and had taken down and opened every book in the library, but to no purpose. There had been something in Grandmother Gresham's manner toward Anne, especially of late, that made Georgie and me think she could not be meaning to leave her altogether unprovided for; the more, because she seemed to feel bitter and ashamed concerning Amelia's conduct. I will confess that I was more malicious than avaricious about it, however. I knew that Francis Evans was only thinking of Amelia's inheritance, that in his heart it was Anne for whom he cared, and he was selling his soul's birthright for a mess of pottage, and I should have liked to balk and baffle him.

"A family physician," said Amelia, with a great dignity that did not become her sort of nose, "is allowed some license, but perhaps so much will not be taken again when it is known that I now have a protector!"

"A protector!" said Georgie, with-out thinking.

"Yes," she answered. "And I will tell you now, because we are going away for the course at Glasgow, Missouri, it will be particularly pleasant for you to be here on our return, as Francis and I were married this morning."

There was a dead silence for a moment in the gloomy room that dark winter morning, and then the report of a cannon rolled through the air, followed by another, and I remembered, as I ran to the window, hardly knowing what I did, but doing anything in my embarrassment, that it was the twenty-second of February.

"Washington's birthday," said Georgie, feeling just as I did. "Dear me! I should think the father of his country might have had powder enough in his lifetime!" But she stopped, for Dr. Dinsmore was speaking, and I never shall forget how proud I felt as I turned and looked in his honest eyes.

"We cannot congratulate you Amelia," he said, "on your choice of a husband who has been willing to play so infamous a part—" All at once the room was illuminated by a mighty flash, and a report clapped through it and out again, and seemed to shake the very rafters of the roof and the stones of the foundation. The great gun on the hill-side had burst, and at the same moment Grandmother Gresham's swinging glass in which her own grandmother had dressed to be married, as she so many times had told us, answered to the fearful vibration, rent in cracks, like the rays of a great sun, from side to side and from top to bottom, in countless splinters, and the shivered, shattered bits tumbled out upon the floor, and with them a large folded sheet of paper.

"Out flew the web and faded wide; The mirror cracked and broke to pieces; 'The curse of Gibeon upon me,' cried The Lady of Shalott!"

I exclaimed, in a sort of hysterical excitement, as I saw that paper and sprang for it.

Amelia's quick eyes had seen it too, though, and she also started in its direction. Rose was before her. "It is madam's last will," she said. "It is just her way. She was always hiding her things. I knew it. She tucked it between the black-board and glass, you see. I knew it, for I witnessed it, though she bound me to silence." And she gave the paper to Dr. Dinsmore.

It was very brief. But when it was read, it was found that out of the greatly diminished estate Amelia had an annuity of four hundred dollars a year; and the mansion-house, with all it contained, and with everything else, belonged to Anne and Georgie.

"Under the circumstances, sir," said Dr. Dinsmore, as he folded the paper again, "you will scarcely wish to remain any longer under the roof you have outraged."

And obliged to obey that commanding glance, Francis Evans and his wife, like whipped hounds, passed through the door he held open.

"Heaven bless George Washington and the man that invented gunpowder!" I cried. And Rose ran to pack the great chest and the trunks, by Anne's direction, and sent them after Mrs. Evans, who had walked off with the two diamonds in her ears.—*Harpers' Bazar*.

A Cat Story.

The New York News got the following from a small boy: The cat which we had afore we got Mose was yeller, and didn't have no ears, and not eny tall, too, cos they were cut off to make it go away from where it lived, for it was so ugly, so it cut our house.

One day my mother she set vident my father drown it, cos she knew where she cude git a nicer lunkin one. So my father he put it in a bag, and a brick in the bag too, and threw it in the pond and went to his office, my father did. But the cat bused the bag string, and wen my father cum home it was lying under the sofa, but come out to look at him. So they looked at one another fer a long while, and hime by my father seed to my mother, "Wal, you are a mity poor hand to get a shoppin cats. This is a site uglier than the other!"

A Mere Trifle of Gold.

The *Silver World*, published in Denver, Col., says: A cubic inch of gold is worth \$210; cubic foot, \$362,880; a cubic yard, \$9,797,762. This is valuing it at \$18.69 an ounce. At the commencement of the Christian era there was then in the world \$427,000,000 in gold. This had diminished to \$57,000,000 at the time America was discovered. Then it began to increase. Now the amount of gold in use is estimated at \$6,000,000,000. Yet, all this, welded into one mass, would be contained in a cube of twenty-six feet.

General Beauregard thinks that the floating lock system proposed by Captain Eads is the best plan for getting ships across the Isthmus of Darien.

The popular prejudice against proprietary remedies has long since been conquered by the marvelous success of such a remedy, as Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Used everywhere by everybody. Price 25 cents.

TIMELY TOPICS.

In some colleges a course of "hazing" is included in the regular programme, but the course at Glasgow, Missouri, furnishes instruction in sermending, with practice on tin-pans, oyster cans, horse-fiddles, aggravated by the natural voice. The professor to whom they recited this lesson heard them through and then gave them a short chapter on the use of the shot-gun with a charge of bird-shot. The report he made was so unfavorable that they quickly dispersed.

A table in the *Chicago Inter-Ocean* shows the increase in the quantity of cereals produced in the United States. The comparison is made between the crops of 1870 and 1878. The bushels of corn produced were 1,094,255,000 in 1870, and 1,388,218,756 in 1878. The bushels of wheat were 235,884,700 in 1870, and 430,112,466 in 1878. The bushels of oats were 947,977,400 in 1870, and 413,578,560 in 1878. The bushels of potatoes were 114,775,000 in 1870, and 124,226,650 in 1878. The tons of hay were 21,525,000 in 1870, and 37,608,296 in 1878.

At the paper mills of Crane Brothers, Coltsville, Mass., large quantities of banknote paper are made for the government. The strictest inspection as to quality is observed, a spot or speck no larger than a pin-head being sufficient to condemn a sheet, and the employees arriving and departing are carefully watched. Armed guards patrol the premises and grounds day and night, and no approach to them is permitted. Twenty-four women were sent from the treasury department as counters and examiners, and each are able to count 30,000 sheets daily. These precautions are necessary to prevent duplication of sheets for dishonest purposes.

W. L. Fox, a wealthy oil producer of Foxbury, Pa., owns a sleigh which has an interesting history. It is a clumsy, heavy sleigh, and although more than 100 years old, is in excellent repair, and is used by Mr. Fox whenever there is sleighing. It was built for Robert Morris, the financier of the revolution, during the early years of that war. While it was his property it was used by George Washington and his wife, Benedict Arnold, General Lee and many other distinguished people of that day, while guests of Mr. Morris. It passed from the Morris family when misfortune overtook the financier, and had been in the possession of an old Philadelphia family for many years, until recently, when Mr. Fox was placed in possession of it and its history.

General Daniel Ruggles, of Virginia, at the request of the senate committee on agriculture, appeared before them in Washington and briefly explained his method of precipitating rainfalls by scientific means. His method (for which he has recently been granted a patent) is to send up to the cloud realm cartridges of dynamite or similar explosive materials in skeleton balloons, and to explode them either by time fuses or by magneto-electricity, through light metal wires connecting the balloon with the earth. General Ruggles, as the result of many years of study and investigation of this subject, claims that the different mists passing over arid regions, or localities suffering from unusual drought, may readily be consolidated into rainfalls by concussions and vibrations thus artificially produced.

The Legend of the Winter Palace.

Referring to the attempt made upon the life of the Russian Emperor by blowing up the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg, a New York paper says: "This is the second time that the famous palace has been the scene of a projected murder, in singular confirmation of the gloomy legend which clings to it."

After the destruction of the building by fire in 1859, Count Kleimichel, then prime minister, sought to gratify the Czar Nicholas by restoring it in an incredibly short space of time. The work proceeded night and day, and not a few of the laborers were killed or crippled during its progress, while many more were permanently injured by the stifling fumes of the fresh paint. It is said that the mother of one of the victims imprecated a solemn curse upon the palace, saying that "as the Romanoffs had made it fatal to their people, so their people should make it fatal to them." This malediction, whether authentic or not, has, indeed, been amply fulfilled. The ill-famed building witnessed the disgrace and expulsion of Kleimichel himself only a few years later. It saw Nicholas die of a broken heart (by his own hand, as some say), in one of the small rooms of the wing facing the Neva. It was the scene of an attempted assassination of the czar in 1870, and it has now witnessed another and a deadlier one.

John Parke, a Vermont man, has twenty-one children. Though not rich in lands, he has many little Parkes.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Coffee palaces are in favor as a substitute for liquor saloons in Europe.

The man who sells oil-wells in the hole-sale business.—*Salem Standard*.

Wyoming has another petrified man. It is not necessary to say that he is stone blind.

The labor of a yoke of oxen is the result of neat foot toil.—*Marathon Independent*.

A wise man never puts the hot end of a cigar in his mouth more than once.—*Hackensack Republican*.

A Losville woman who attempted to drive a pet cat from under a bed with a broom had her face frightfully scratched and one eye put out by the enraged animal.

"We stand at life's west windows," and think of the days that are gone; "while the grocer's boy licks the molasses, and a pair of goats butt on the lawn."—*New York News*.

The North Georgia *Citizen* says that "lath is on the rise." On the rise, is it? Well, it's either on the rise or fall most of the time. The only peculiarity is the rapidity of its movements. The precision with which it rises and falls is marvelous. Ask the small boy if his experience doesn't verify this statement.—*Waterloo Observer*.

"What do you read?" said Mr. James T. Field, upon a visit to the Boston boy-friend, Jesse Fomero, convicted, among other atrocities, of the murder of three children. "Mostly one kind," was the reply; "mostly dime novels." "And what is the best book you have read?" "Well," he replied, "I like 'Buffalo Bills' best. It's full of murders and pictures about murders." "And how do you feel after reading it?" "Oh, I feel as if I wanted to go and do the same!"

John Nevins was a fireman on the Evart and Oseola railroad in Michigan. A log was chained to the track one night, and his locomotive was wrecked, killing him instantly. His widow sued the company for \$5,000 damages. While the suit was pending a good-looking young fellow made her acquaintance, professed to fall in love with her, and made a marriage engagement. Having confidence in him, Mrs. Nevins told him that the log was placed on the track at her request, she desiring to get rid of her husband, while they were to have all the money that could be gained by a lawsuit. The woeful inducement he to repeat the story in the hearing of witnesses, and then had her arrested. He was a detective in the company's employ.

The White House and Mrs. Hayes.

It is an historic fact that the White House is modeled after the palace of the Duke of Leinster. The accounts for the lofty walls, so decorated and beautified in frescoes that they resemble in intention if not in genius, the noble creation wrought by Raphael and Michael Angelo. As the eye descends from the ceiling it rests upon the inlaid floor; but this is covered with carpeting so thick that the tramp of a regiment would be noiseless as phantom wings. Ebony furniture with the richest satin upholstery; canyons that reach from floor to ceiling holding waxen candles all ready to light pictures on the walls, huge baskets of flowers, with decorated pots of greenery scattered everywhere. In a row, like schoolgirls in a class, stood the wives and daughters of the cabinet officials with Mrs. President Hayes at the head. That it was strictly "official" was proved by the order observed in their positions. Just as the departments arrayed the women stood, State, then treasury, war, post-office, interior and attorney-general.

Mrs. Hayes may safely be called a "handsome woman," and there will be none found brave enough to dispute the palm. A brunette of the purest type with large, brilliant eyes that convey the idea of surface but not depth—like a transparent window that opens into space—a rather low, Greek forehead over which is banded that shining mass of satin hair. If the glossy coronet could be improved by waves or bangs but the dark, rich brunette complexion forbids this modern fashion, and Mrs. Hayes is an artist in one or more ways. Clad in rich, ruy satin and silk combination, the corsage square and low as Pompadour invented, to call attention to her charms, no fault can be found with Mrs. Hayes, for her dress is as costly and showy as any worn by the celebrated beauties who flourished in the cabinet during the Grant reign. Mrs. Hayes has invented a way to shake hands which ought to be known to the official world, as it saves this useful member from crushing annihilation. Never give your fingers to the crowd and instead of allowing your own hand to be seized, grasp the unruly enemy by the hand as if you were the unfortunate thumblin' parrot you to go; one vigorous squeeze and the torment is over. All this is done on the same principle of collision at sea. It is the vessel that it hit that sustains all the harm.—*Philadelphia Times*.

Small advertisement for a product, possibly a medicine or health product, with a logo and text.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Spring Fashions from the "Bazar."

The choicest of pure-wool loosely woven are among the favorite fabrics for early spring suits that will also serve for traveling dresses during the summer.

These soft goods which were called last year the "fannel finish" have been evened but loosely woven, and are evenly but loosely woven, and are called "fannel finish" have been evened but loosely woven, and are evenly but loosely woven.

The genuine Chinese crapes, like those in Canton crape shawls, are imported in all colors to combine with silk or satin for elegant costumes for the spring.

Brocaded satin de Lyon for evening dresses has very large detached figures or flowers on a ground of the same shade, or else in striking contrast.

A novelty is the summer satin de Lyon, which is almost transparent, and may be clasped among thin goods.

The useful seaside green dines that are all wool come in pretty designs of bars that look like hem-stitching, and in many lace patterns, showing diamond figures, palms or stripes.

The fine dressy grenadines that have a great deal of silk in them are made to have the luster of satin, and are usually brocaded, and have lace-like patterns.

The new white Hamburg embroideries for trimming summer dresses for ladies and for children are in the open designs known as English-work.

Olive Logan says: A woman's safeguard is to keep a man's hands off her. If you need his assistance in walking, take his arm instead of him taking yours.

"hands off." He may not like it at first, but he will respect you in the future tenfold more. Men will be and do just what the women allow them to do.

A little reflection will show that if a means could be found for storing up light, as heat or electricity can be stored, the invention would be of almost infinite application.

The exact nature of the luminous ingredient of the paint is kept a secret, but it is said to be wholly extracted from the common chalk of our cliffs.

How an Old Dog was Avenged. "Talking of dogs," said Dr. F., "I'll tell you a true story. When I lived in Dayton I had a neighbor, Dr. Van Tuyl, who had a mastiff named 'Lige'.

Modesty promotes worth but conceals it, just as leaves aid the growth of fruit and hide it from view.

KIDNEY COMPLAINTS.—In diseases of the Kidneys the Vegetable gives immediate relief. It has never failed to cure when it is taken regularly, and directions followed.

A Household Need. A book on the Liver, its diseases and their treatment sent free. Including treatises upon Liver Complaints, Tumor of Liver, Jaundice, Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Malaria, etc.

The domestic trade of Boston is \$1,200,000,000 per annum. As for foreign commerce, it still overshadows that of all other American seaports with a single exception.

Edison says the jokes on his light are heavy—very light jokes, so to speak. —Northtown Herald.

Remenyi and His Fiddle.

There lives in Washington a man named John Birch, who is called the "Hermit." He has wonderful skill in prescribing for injured stringed instruments.

Physicians use Kidney-Wort in regular practice and pronounce its action perfect.

Don't Delay to Cure that Cough

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM

BEATTY'S ORGAN BEATTY PIANO

PER CENT INTEREST

PETROLEUM WAX

FEMALES

PENSIONS

EAR DISEASES

CARLETON'S HOUSEHOLD ENCYCLOPEDIA

AGENTS WANTED

GRANT AROUND THE WORLD

RARE OPPORTUNITY

FARMS FOR SALE

SEED POTATOES

SMOKERS' RECEIPT

CONSUMPTION CURED

WANTED

2 PER CENT INTEREST

WATCHES

NEW DISCOVERY

\$72 A WEEK

\$55 TO \$20

Here is an old German recipe for happiness: "Wouldst thou be happy for a day, get shaved; for a week, go to a wedding; for a month, get a fine saddle horse; for six months, build a fine house for thyself; for a whole year, marry a beautiful young woman; for two years, inherit a rich uncle; but if thou wouldst be happy for all thy life, be temperate."

How does this look without any spaces? Cause and Effect.

The main cause of nervousness is indigestion, and that is caused by weakness of the stomach. No one can have sound nerves and good health without using Hop Bitters to strengthen the stomach, purify the blood, and keep the liver and kidneys active.

Physicians use Kidney-Wort in regular practice and pronounce its action perfect.

Don't Delay to Cure that Cough

DIRECTIONS FOR USING ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM

For Sale by all Medicine Dealers

BEATTY'S ORGAN BEATTY PIANO

Per Cent Interest

PETROLEUM WAX

FEMALES

PENSIONS

EAR DISEASES

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FEVER AND AGUE

DR. H. H. STEVENS: Dear Sir:—I feel very grateful for what your valuable medicine, VEGETINE, has done in my family.

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Mr. H. H. STEVENS: Dear Sir:—We have been selling your remedy, VEGETINE, for about three years, and take pleasure in recommending it to our customers.

Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists

WEEKLY NEWS

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THAT IS JUST WHAT YOU WANT

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IS THE OLD RELIABLE CONCENTRATED LYE

SAPONIFIER

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PINK CURE

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DR. A. R. THURGOOD, F.R.C.S., of England says: "I have prescribed POND'S EXTRACT for Hemorrhoids of different kinds, for Hemorrhoids, and for affections of the eyes, and also in Rheumatic inflammatory swellings of the joints, with great success."

POND'S EXTRACT

DR. HERRING, a physician of national reputation, says: "This medicine cures the virtues of Aconite and Arsenic, and contains a tonic property which renders it immensely superior to both."

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DR. A. R. THURGOOD, of Brooklyn, N. Y. writes in the Medical Times: "Out of 100 cases of Egyptian Ophthalmia (disease of the eye), 100 cases were cured by POND'S EXTRACT."

POND'S EXTRACT

DR. H. G. PRESTON, of Brooklyn, N. Y.: "I know of no remedy so generally useful in a family."

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That Acts at the Same Time on the Liver, the Bowels, and the Kidneys.

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Footsteps on the

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Waiting on the stormy

Wait for the loved

Oh! who's the

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Like the grief of

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And the prayer, let

God, send out tears

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