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The Joy of Incompleteness.
If all our lives were one broad glare
Of sunlight, clear unclouded;
If all our paths were smooth and fair,
By no soft gloom enshrouded;
If all life's flowers were fully blown
Without the sweet unfolding,
And happiness were rudely thrown
On hands too weak for holding—
Should we not miss the twilight hours,
The gentle haze and sadness?
Should we not long for storms and showers
To break the constant gladness?
If none were sick and none were sad,
What service could we render?
I think if we were always glad
We scarcely could be tender;
Did your beloved never grieve,
Our patient ministrations,
Earth would grow cold, and miss, indeed,
Its sweetest consolation.
If sorrow never claimed our heart,
And every wish were granted,
Patience would die, and hope depart—
Life would be disenchanted.
And yet in heaven is no more night,
In heaven is no more sorrow!
Such unimagined new delight,
Fresh grace from pain will borrow,
As the poor seed that underground
Seeks its true life about it,
Not knowing what will there be found
When sunbeams kiss and love it;
So we in darkness upward grow,
And look and long for heaven,
But cannot picture it below,
'Til more of light be given.

Turned from the Door.

"No tramps here," said I, and I shut the door in his face. I did. The wind blew so I could hardly do it, and the street was beating up the panes, and the bare trees were groaning and moaning as if they suffered in the storm. "No tramps here; I'm a lone woman, and I'm afraid of 'em."

Then the man I hadn't seen yet, for the dark, went away from the door. Champ, clump, clump, came the man back again, and knocked at the door—knocked not half so loud as he did before—and I opened it, pale and angry. This time I saw his face—a pale ghost with yellow-brown hair, crooked nose, and great, staring blue eyes, and he put his hand against the door and held it open.

"How naris the next house, ma'am?" said he.

"Three miles or more," said I; "no drinks to be got there; it is Miss Milton's, and she's as set agin tramps as I am."

"I don't want drink," said the man, "though I do want food. You needn't be afraid to let me in, ma'am. I've been wounded, and am not able to walk far, and my clothes are thin, and it's bitter cold. I've been trying to get to my parents at Greenbank, where I can rest till I'm better; all my money was stolen from me three days ago. You needn't be afraid; let me lie just before the fire, and only give me a crust, the staliest crust, to keep me from starving, and the Lord will bless you for it."

And then he looked at me with his mild blue eyes in a way that would have made me do it if I hadn't been I'd seen so much of these impostors. The war was just over, and every beggar that came along said he was a soldier and traveling home, and had been wounded and robbed. One that I had been foolish enough to help limped away out of sight, as he thought, and then—for I was at the garret window—shouldered his crutches and tramped with the strongest. "No doubt your pockets are full of money," said I, "and you only want a chance to rob and murder me. Get away with you."

Drusilla, that's my niece, was baking cakes in the kitchen. Just then she came to the door and motioned with her mouth to me. "Do let him stay, auntie," and if I hadn't had good sense I might, but I knew better than a child of sixteen.

"Go away with you!" says I, louder than before. "I won't have this any longer."

And he gave a kind of groan, and took his hand from the latch, and went clump, clump, through the frozen snow again; and I thought him gone, when there he was once more, hardly with a knock at all—a faint touch, like a child's now.

And when I opened again he came quite in, and stood leaning on his cane, pale as a ghost, his eyes bigger than ever.

"Well, of all impudence!" said I. He looked at me and said: "Madam, I have a mother at Greenbank. I want to live to see her. I shall not if I try to go any further to-night."

"They all want to see their mothers," and just then it came to my mind I hoped that my son Charlie, who had been a real soldier, an officer who had come to me, mind you, wanted to see his, and would soon.

"I have been wounded, as you see," said he. "Don't go showing me your hurts," said I; "they buy 'em, so they told me to go a begging with now. I read the papers, I tell you, and I'm principled, and so is our clergyman, agin giving any-

thing unless it's through some well organized society. Tramps are my abomination. And as to keeping all night, you can't expect that of decent folks—go!"

Drusilla came to the door and said: "Let him stay, auntie," with her lips again, but I took no notice. So he went, and this time he did not come back, and I sat down by the fire, smelt the baking cakes and the apples stewing, and the tea drawing on the kitchen stove, and I ought to have been very comfortable, but I wasn't. Something seemed tugging at my heart all the time.

I gave the fire a poke, and lit another candle to cheer myself up, and I went to the work-basket to get a sock I had been knitting for my Charlie, and as I went to get it I saw something lying on the floor. I picked it up. It was an old tobacco pouch, ever so much like the one I gave Charlie with the fringe around it, and written on it in ink, "From C. P. to R. H.," and on the inside was a bit of tobacco, and an old pipe, and a letter, a rumpled old letter; and when I spread it out I saw on the top, "My dear son."

I knew the beggar must have dropped it, and my heart gave one light thump, as though it had been turned into a hammer.

Perhaps the story was true and he had a mother. I shivered all over, and the fire and candles and the nice comfortable smells might as well not have been at all. I was cold and wet.

And over and over again I had to say to myself what I heard our pastor say often: "Never give anything to chance beggars, my dear friends; always bestow your alms on worthy persons, through well-organized societies," before I could get a bit of comfort. And what an old fool I was to cry, I thought, when I found my cheeks wet.

But I did not cry long, for as I sat there, dash and crash and jingle came a sleigh over the road, and it stopped at our gate, and I heard my Charlie's voice crying, "Halloo, mother!" And I went to the door, and had him in my arms—a great, tall, handsome brown son, with his pretty shoulder-straps, and as handsome as if he had never been through any hardships. He had to leave me to put the horse up, and then I had by the fire my own son, and Drusilla, who had been up stairs and had been crying—why, I wonder?—came down all in a flutter—for they were like brother and sister—and he kissed her and she kissed him, and then she went to set the table and how nice the things smoked on a both white as snow; and how Charlie enjoyed them! But once in the midst of all I felt a frightened feeling come over me, and I knew I turned pale, for Drusilla said: "What is the matter, Aunt Fairfax?"

I said nothing; but it was this: Kind of like the ghost of a step, going clump, clump over the frozen snow; kind of like the ghost of a voice saying: "Let me lie on the floor before your fire, and give me any kind of a crust," kind of like some one that had a mother down on the wintry road, freezing and starving to death there. This is what it was. But I put it away, and only thought of Charlie.

We drew up together by the fire when tea was done, and he told us things about the war I never heard before—how the soldiers suffered, and what weary marches and short rations they sometimes had. And then he told me his life had been in danger; how he had been set upon by the foe and been badly wounded; and how, at the risk of his own life, a fellow had saved him, and carried him away, fighting his way back to camp.

"I would never have seen you but for him," says Charlie. "And if there's a man on earth I love, it's Rob Hadaway—the dearest, best fellow! We've shared each other's rations and drank from the same canteen many and many a time; and if I had a brother I could not think more of him."

"Why didn't you bring him home to see your mother, Charles?" said I.

"Why, I'd love him, too, and anything I could do for him, for the man who saved my boy's life, couldn't be enough. Send for him, Charlie."

But Charlie shook his head and covered his face with his hands. "Mother," said he, "I don't know whether Rob Hadaway is alive or dead to-day. While I was still in the ranks he was taken prisoner. And military prisons are poor places to live in, mother. I'd give my right hand to be able to do him any good; but I can find no trace of him. And he has a mother, too, and she is so fond of him! She lives at Greenbank—poor old lady. My dear, good, noble Rob, the preserver of my life!"

And I saw Charlie was nearly crying. Not to let us see the tears he got up and went to the mantle-piece. I did not look around until I heard a cry: "Great heaven! what is it?"

And I turned, and Charlie had the tobacco pouch the man had dropped in his hand.

"Where did this come from? I feel as though I had seen a ghost!" I gave this to Rob Hadaway this day he saved me. We soldiers had not much to give, you know, and he vowed never to part

with it while he lived. How did it come here, mother?" And I fell back in my chair, white and cold. Said I: "A wandering tramp left it here. Never your Rob, my dear, never your Rob. He must have been an impostor. I wouldn't have turned away a person really in want. Oh, no, not it's another pouch, child, or he stole it. A tall fellow with blue eyes and yellow brown hair, wounded, he said, and going to his mother at Greenbank. Not your Rob."

And Charlie stood staring at me with clenched hands; and said he: "It was my dear old Rob, wounded and starving!—my dear Rob who saved my life, and you have driven him out in such a night as this, mother. My mother, to use Rob's!"

"Condemn me, Charlie," said I, "condemn me if you like; I am afraid God will. Three times he came back: three times he asked for only a crust and a place to lie, and I drove him away—I, and he's lying in the road now. Oh! if I had only known!"

And Charlie caught up his hat. "I'll find him if he's alive," said he. "Oh, Rob, my dear friend."

And then—I never saw the girl in such taking. Down went Drusilla on her knees, as if she was saying her prayers, and says: "Thank God, I dared to do it!" And she says to me: "Oh, aunt, I have been trembling with fright, not knowing what you'd say to me. I took him in the kitchen way. I couldn't see him go faint and hungry, and wounded, and I put him in the spare chamber over the parlor, and have been so frightened all the while."

"The Lord bless you, Drusilla," said Charlie. "Amen," said I.

And she, getting bolder, went on: "And I took him some hot short-cakes and apple sass and tea," says she, and I took him a candle and a hot brick for his feet, and I told him to eat and go to bed in the best chamber, Aunt Fairfax, with the white counterpane and all, and I locked him in and put the key in my pocket, and I told him that he should have one night's rest, and that no one should turn him out unless they walked over my dead body."

Drusilla said it like an actress in a tragedy, and went off into hysterics the moment the words were out of her mouth. She'd been expecting to be half murdered, you know, and the girl, who was sixteen, always before minded me as if I was her mother.

Never was there any old sinner so happy as I was that night, so thankful to the good Lord; and it would have done your heart good if you had gone to see the two meet in the morning—Charlie and his friend Rob, and Charlie, who got well, and a mother, who was not so poor either, helped Rob into business. And he got well over his wounds at last and grew as handsome as a picture, and to-day went he is going to marry Drusilla.

"I'd give you anything I have," said I, "and I won't refuse you even Drusilla," when he asked me, telling me that he loved her ever since she was so kind to him on the night I've told you of.

And Charlie is to stand up with him, and I am to give Drusilla away, and Rob's sister from Greenbank is to be his bridesmaid, and I have a guess that some day Charlie will bring her home to be in Drusilla's place.

I don't drive beggars from the door now as I used, and no doubt I'm imposed upon; but this is what I say: "Better be imposed upon always than to be cruel to one who really needs help." And I've read my Bible better of late, and I know who says, "Even as you have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto me."

A True "Air-Line" Dispatch.

Steam, electricity, girls, boys and ever so many other creatures—not to mention balloons, arrows, pigeons and other birds—carry the messages of the busy world from one part to another; and men have found out how to make even the air their news carrier.

I don't mean in any of the old ways, by bugles, and whistles and fog-horns, nor by the new methods of air-telegraphs and speaking-tubes; but—well, here is what I am told about it:

Messages are written upon bits of paper, and these are put into a little box. The box is round, and covered with stuff called felt, so that it may fit snugly into a long, air-tight tube. The box being in, a strong blast of air is turned on, and away goes the box, blown to the other end of the tube, where it strikes a bell, letting a clerk know it has arrived. To get it back to the sending office, the air is pumped away from behind, and the box is then carried on by other air which runs in to fill the empty space. In New York the "pneumatic" tubes, as they are called—from a Greek word meaning "to blow"—are not very long ones; but in London, England, the post-office has in use a tube nearly two miles in length, besides a good many others not quite so long.—*St. Nicholas.*

"And now," said Fibwell, "let me give my version." "And don't let it be a perversion," added Jones, quickly.

How They Met and Parted.

Two men hailed each other from the opposite bank of a stream and exchanged greetings, many friendly questions were put and answered. The men were evidently delighted to meet each other, and their only regret appeared to be that they encountered one another in a place where it was impossible for them to clasp and shake hands, the river not being fordable on account of its swiftness and the rocky and treacherous nature of its channel, while the nearest bridge was five miles above. Both men lamented these unfortunate circumstances very much, but at length a way of getting over the difficulty suggested itself to one of them, whose pet name was "Broncho Bill."

"I say, Sam," cried Broncho, "it's a little rough for old friends and neighbors to meet away out here, thousands of miles from home, and then have to part in this way. Got your pistol with yer?"

"I hev," cried Sam—"allers carry 'er."

"Good! That's some comfort; if we can't get across this yar steam to shake hands, why, that's nothing to prevent us from takin' a shot at each other. Jist ride up to yer left thar a rod or two, Thar, now, jist one good old neighborly home shot!"

The men rode aside, and bang! bang! went their pistols.

"Yer smashed the pommel of my saddle," cried Broncho; "yer see the boss shied a little jist as yer turned loose, or yer might a plumped me good."

"Yer done better, Bill; you got into the flesh of my left arm 'bout half an inch. Good morning to you, a safe jour-ney to yer, and tell the folks at home we met and had a good sociable time together."

"Thank yer, and the same to you; bet I'll give 'em a good account of you," Sam then turned to our friend, and with tears in his eyes, said: "God bless him! It is a great comfort to meet an old friend and neighbor like him away out here in this wilderness place. A kinder, more accommodative and agreeable gentleman never lived. I wouldn't a missed seein' him for fifty dollars."—*Virginia (New) Chronicle.*

The Fate of Arctic Explorers.

Behring's Straits derives its name from Vitus Behring, a Russian naval captain in the service of Peter the Great, who died from exposure on the Arctic coast nearly a century and a half ago. Baffin, whose name is borne by the bay which he discovered, met a violent death. James Hall, under whom he had previously served, met a similar fate. Still earlier in date Sir Hugh Willoughby, who sailed to discover a northeast passage, was with his whole crew, frozen to death. Sir Hendrick Hudson became famous as a discoverer, and his voyage to the mouth of the river which bears his name was simply because his crew would not endure the severity of the Northern climate. He afterward discovered Hudson's bay, and on his return voyage was the victim of a mutinous crew. Gosnold, who discovered Massachusetts, and who gave to Cape Cod its name, died miserably on the James river. Captain Cook was slain and eaten by cannibals. Sir John Ross, who many years afterward undertook an exploring voyage, was imprisoned in the ice for four winters, and was only rescued by a Russian ship which happened to learn his condition. The mysterious fate of Sir John Franklin's heavily laden party, one that is more reference here, but it may be added that Dr. Kane, who commanded the Grinnell expedition, was a martyr to his enthusiasm. The disease which he contracted while in search of Sir John Franklin carried him to the grave soon after his return. He died early, but had already won distinction and conferred honor upon his country.

Wealth of the Rothschilds.

A writer in a Paris journal claims to be in a position to know that the present capital of the Rothschild family is at least \$500,000,000, and that they can control as much more, which may be considered a pretty penny. Stories of the Rothschilds will always be told, as they will be about any and everybody thought to be enormously rich. After the interest a man has in his own money, he seems to be most interested in some other man's money. Nathan Rothschild is reputed to have said: "One great reason of our success is that we know how to hold our tongues." They are reticent as the grave touching their business. After Baron Lionel had been dead a week a London wag remarked: "The old baron is just as communicative as ever." The time has passed, if it ever was, when kings had to consult the Rothschilds before they could go to war, but they are still a stupendous power, and likely to be for generations. The recollection that the founder of the house, Meyer Anselm (he took the name Rothschild from the sign of a red shield placed over his small shop in Frankfurt), entered Hanover in 1763 barefoot, with a bundle of rags on his back, is enough to prevent any one from despair.

TIMELY TOPICS.

What the Rev. Arthur Brinkman, hospital chaplain, says about nurses should be read by every nurse in the land, and, if they would "all act accord-ly," there would be joy among the sick indeed. "The nurse ought to have a washing-stand all to herself in every sick-room, and the more she washes her hands at it, whether they want it or not, the more the patient will be edified. Everything should be clean about the nurse, everything clean about the dress, but the nice effect of it all may be spoiled by one black finger-nail that rests on the saucer." With regard to the latter clause (no levity intended) table waitresses will also please take notice.

An exchange gives these directions for watering horses: "In cold weather give one pailful at a time, three times a day. This is enough unless you are working them regularly; then give a little more, but not to exceed four pailfuls a day. In warm weather when they are brought in, first sponge out the mouth and nostrils well with cold water. After a few spongings they will wait for it to be done. Then give them not to exceed a pailful apiece, and after feeding give one more pailful before you commence work. Don't let them go without long enough to make them want more than this. If allowed, a thirsty horse, when warm, will drink too much. A common twelve quart pail is the size referred to above."

A English workman thus testifies in the *English Mechanic* to the good quality of American wares: "But I speak of things which I know thoroughly well when I say that in very many things our manufactures are not fit to be shown in the same street with American ones; and this is not merely in knick-knacks or little ingenuities, as to which it is tolerably evident we have no pretensions to enter into any comparison. I only invite any one who doubts my statement to compare such a rough common matter as 'cut nails.' Our rubbish, with half of them split up, which tend to turn round in the wood and split it, and with conical heads, look very poor and against the straight, clean nails, with well formed heads, which the Americans used to send out to Australia, and which, when I had once seen them, prevented me from ever buying an English nail again as long as I could get the American ones."

The prime conditions of health in the house, says the health officer of Washington, D. C., depend upon cleanliness, pure air and unpolluted water, the prompt and thorough removal of all refuse, and the perfect exclusion of all foul matters arising outside the house. Good ventilation is absolutely necessary. Rooms should be frequently aired, and a daily visit from Dr. Sunshine encouraged. Overcrowding is a fruitful source of air-pollution in dwellings. Zealous attention should be paid to cellars, pantries and passages. Mold, dampness and all smells are never to be neglected. The sun's rays, fresh ventilation and a lavish use of whitewash are excellent scavengers. The floors of dwellings should be frequently washed. Choose for this purpose a dry day, doors and windows to be left open during and after the operation until thoroughly dry. The floors of dwellings should always be raised from three to four feet above ground, so as to insure perfect ventilation beneath, and the site should be higher than the surroundings, so as at all times to prevent dampness or presence of stagnant water.

The Railway, Age calls attention to

"the remarkable and inspiring spectacle" of the new activity in railroad building in the West. During the first six months of this year 1,000 miles of railroad have been completed—a much greater number than has been finished in any half year since the panic. It is probable that during the last half of the present year still greater progress will be made. The Grand Trunk extension and Vanderbilt schemes have infused new life into Michigan railroad enterprises. Many narrow gauge local lines are being built in Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. From Chicago and Milwaukee the three main lines to the West are pushing vigorously to the Black Hills country. In Minnesota there is yet still greater activity, the reorganized system of the St. Paul and Pacific extending a line up the Red river. The construction of the Northern Pacific is going forward without delay. The Chicago and Alton have just opened 160 miles of road to the Missouri. West of the Missouri there is extreme activity in railroad construction. Kansas and Nebraska report the building of no less than a half dozen branches to the Pacific roads, aggregating 300 miles in length. In Colorado the Denver and Rio Grande has issued bonds to build 565 miles of road to Leadville, San Juan and Albuquerque. The same enterprise is shown on the Pacific slope.

There are only nine cities in the world with a population of over a million. London leads with about 4,000,000.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

To escape sunstroke—Avoid the sun. He who is chockful of liquor is apt to be brimful of mischief.—*Lakers.*

A Michigan man feeds seven bushels of corn a day to his 2,000 domestic fowls. Albuquerque is the name of a foreign city. Xqqa us, but is it not a q u r i o u s name?—*Rome Sentinel.*

When a cat is so mad that her hair stands on end she has a furstraight appearance.—*Boston Globe.*

"Jack, your wife is not so pensive as she used to be?" "No; she has left off and turned expensive."

In Washington, D. C., the latest fashionable mania is silk worms. They are displayed in cases in the parlors and sitting-rooms.

Shakespeare says that "use strengthens a habit." Somebody states that he tried the experiment on a coat, but it did not answer at all.

It is said that "true love never did run smooth." Somebody seen it attempt to run, but it does some of the smoothest kind of swinging on the front gate.—*Kookab Constitution.*

Paul Morphy, the once noted chess-player, in his insanity imagines himself a great lawyer, with an abundance of clients. The great case that absorbs nearly his whole attention is an imaginary one against parties who had charge of an estate left him by his father. He utterly repudiates chess, and denies having ever known anything about it. He lives in New Orleans.

The *Gazzetta di Venezia*, the oldest of newspapers, appeared in 1536, when the Venetian republic was fighting against the victorious Sultan Suleiman, who took the Levant from the republic and was threatening its very existence. The Doge of Venice, in order to inform the people and arouse them for the defence of their country, ordered the publication of the war news on a piece of paper to be sold for a gazetta, a small Venetian coin. Thence the name of the paper.

A Madison paper gives a fearful account of woman's perfidy. A young man went to take his girl for a walk, but found that she had not done her milking. With a gallantry that does credit to the Madisonian young man, he volunteered to do the milking for her while she was making her toilet. After he had got her milking done, had hung the milk-stool on the bars and set the pail of milk in the kitchen, washed his hands at the pump with soft soap and wiped them on the tail of his duster, he discovered that she had gone to a circus with another young man who did not know enough to extract milk from a milk wagon. The despairing young man kicked over the milk pail and went his way a sadder man.—*Peck's Milwaukee Sun.*

HOT WEATHER.

Too hot to read, too hot to write,
Too hot to even be polite;
Too hot to sew, too hot to knit,
Too hot to be "moss-kite hit";
Too hot to sleep, too hot to wake,
And far too hot to brew or bake;
Too hot to think, too hot to talk,
Too hot to ride, too hot to walk;
Too hot to lecture or to preach,
Too hot to scold, too hot to teach;
Too hot for mantle, veil or glove,
Too hot to dream of making love;
Too hot to laugh, too hot to cry,
Too hot to live, too hot to die;
Too hot to whistle or to sing,
And oh! too hot for a thing!

Human Sacrifices in India.

The British government has at last succeeded in putting down the secret society of religious murderers in India called Thugs, who, in the service of their goddess, Durga, strangled and plundered travelers. The laborious process of hunting them out occupied thirty years, and it is only lately that some of the miscreants were brought before the Prince of Wales, one of whom boasted of having committed sixty-seven murders with his own hand. The god Jugernaut is no longer suffered by the government to crush the devotees who flung themselves under his chariot wheels. It is not long since a host of human sacrifices were offered by certain non-Brahmin tribes; the villages where this took place used to purchase for the purpose men, women and children, the so-called Meriahs. British officers have had the difficult task of effecting the deliverance of these Meriahs and the suppression of the sacrifices, partly by force and partly by gentle means. A single officer, Major Campbell, in the course of eighteen years, according to the *Contemporary Review*, rescued 1,500 mer from this sacrificial death. It required watchfulness and energy of the British officials to put down the practice of murdering young girls and burning widows. This prohibition of the practice of Suttee, and the law allowing widows to marry again, were denounced as an attack on the Brahmin religious system, and reckoned among the pretexts for the Sepoy mutiny. The value of human life is to a Hindoo in finitely below that of a cow; he has rather kill ten men than injure one cow.

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Advertisers and subscribers will please pay without delay amounts due the STANDARD OFFICE, to our collector. Many of them have been standing for one year and upwards, and we require the money to pay for material which is a cash article, and must be paid for promptly. We have done our part, let our patrons do theirs.

VISITORS to St. Andrews and travellers generally, will be pleased to know that Mr. ANGE KENNEDY has opened the building formerly called the "International" on Wat. Street, opposite the Manchester House. The hotel has been newly painted and papered, and a large ell erected, which affords increased accommodation. As usual, this house is supplied with the best from Provincial and United States markets. The popular character of Kennedy's House, will be maintained; and the genial disposition of its proprietor, will render his house as deserving of patronage as heretofore, as he spares neither pains nor expense to accommodate his guests.

England and Afghanistan.

The London Times speaks excitingly over the relations of England to Afghanistan:

A war has been carried on with no break to the uninterrupted success of the English arms. The result, however, is not to be measured by the military work done. The actual fighting has not been much, but it has brought after it an entire reversal of the positions of England and Russia in Afghanistan. England is now supreme where Russia was supreme a year ago, and the effect of the stroke has been wider than even this shows. It has been felt throughout all India, and in Eastern Asia beyond Indian limits. There is no question now as to which side the reality of strength is to be found. England, in fact, has obtained all she was in search of, and various incidental gains along with it. Major Cavagnar's presence at Kabul with the good will of the new Amier will be a last seal to the work that has been thus happily performed. This, at least, is the expectation we may form in the light of recent events. There is no sign that the relations between the two countries are in any danger of being disturbed, nor does there appear any quarter from which disturbance is likely to come. With the prospect thus clear we may look confidently to what the future will bring with it. That so much has been done, and with so easy a success, is no bad guarantee that whatever is not yet done will follow in due course, and on terms of no great difficulty.

General Donald McLeod, a Scotch centenary of Cleveland, Ohio, died on the 25th July. The general was a native of Aberdeen, a graduate of Aberdeen University, and studied for the Church, but entered the Navy, and after having served five years, was transferred to the army, where he served under Sir John Moore, and assisted at his funeral; was present at Waterloo, and received two wounds. In 1812 he was ordered to Canada, was present at the battle of Queenstown, was wounded at Chrysler's Farm, and at the battle of Landy's Lane in 1814. He retired from the army and emigrated to Canada, but not succeeding as a farmer, opened a classical school, and afterwards became editor and proprietor of the *Greenview Gazette*, and was an out and out liberal. He with his family removed to Cleveland where he remained until his death. He was born Jan. 1, 1779 and died July 25, 1879, having reached the patriarchal age of 100 years, 6 months, and 22 days.

How to Hear Lightning in Advance of Thunder.

(To the Editor of the Scientific American.)

During a recent thunderstorm at this place I tried, with much success, the interesting telephone experiment suggested in your last week's paper by Mr. G. M. Hopkins. I connected one pole of the telephone with the water faucet in my room, and the other pole with the gas pipe. On applying the telephone to my ear I heard, at every flash of lightning a crackling or rattling sound in the instrument, the intensity of the sound varying with that of the flash. There were also, throughout the storm, frequent minor sounds indicating lesser electrical action in the telephone; but these minor sounds were unaccompanied by a visible flash.

The thunder sounds were heard from 20 to 30 seconds after the flashes were seen, showing that the centre of electrical action was at a distance of one to six miles from my instrument. The water pipe simply connected with a cistern in the ground near my house. The gas pipe connected with the street main, ramifying through

the village over perhaps a square mile, but not in the direction of the storm I have mentioned.

The St. Andrews Standard.

SAINT ANDREWS, AUG. 6, 1879.

ADDRESS.—Mr. Letellier was presented with an Address on the Quebec Esplanade, by his friends and admirers in Quebec, approving his conduct in dismissing the DeBoucherville Government. Mr. Letellier was justified in his removing his advisers, and his action has been sustained by those most interested, the constituencies of the Province; at the same time, we admit the Dominion Government had the same right to dismiss as to appoint him. But was it wise to interfere in the internal affairs of the Province? Was not the power exercised to gratify the political hate of his opponents, and will it not prove a dangerous precedent? The idle gasconade "that the Provincial autonomy will remain henceforth intact," is mere bosh. The will of the people has already been expressed at the polls. Mr. Mousseau was also honored with an address by his friends, for his successful efforts in securing Mr. Letellier's removal.

SUGAR BEETS.

The farmers of this County who sowed sugar beet seed, are greatly satisfied with the prospects of a good crop. Sown without any extra care or cultivation, they eclipse in appearance the field or garden beets; some lots we have seen were very large, more than three inches across. The climate appears to suit them, and the turnip fly which destroys other descriptions of beet, will not touch them. There is probably nothing more certain, than that the sugar beet industry can be made a success, should some of our enterprising men give the agriculturists any encouragement, and erect a sugar factory. This would not require a very great outlay if conducted on a moderate scale, and managed economically, and initiate a policy which would meet with general acceptance, as well as afford employment, and give encouragement to the farmer.

There is a problem which, while it can be solved by those who have means, those that have not, can not understand it; viz.—How is it there are hard times while money is plentiful? It is true that a scarcity of money may produce hard times, how is it, that when money is plentiful in England and the United States, that it should be so exceedingly scarce in the Dominion. This Bank of England has more bullion in its coffers than it ever had before, and the rate of discount is 2 per cent., the lowest ever posted. It has been made public that recently prime three months paper was negotiated in London at 1 per cent per annum. This no doubt is one of the results of the general stagnation of business. It is pleasant to hear that there are evidences of improvement in some parts of the world, and a change for the better is anxiously looked for in New Brunswick.

The Pic-Nic held at Chamcook on Saturday last, was well patronized. In addition to persons from the town and neighborhood who went by rail and carriages, a large number of excursionists from St. Stephen and Calais, accompanied by a Band, came in the *Stroud*, which touched at the Steamboat wharf and increased the number of passengers by several from the town, when she proceeded to Chamcook, and landed the party on the wharf there, where carriages were in readiness to convey them to the grounds. The day was fine and warm, and the people enjoyed themselves in various ways. At 6 o'clock the train with several cars attached made two trips bringing the picnicers safely to town. The *Stroud* which lay at the Steamboat wharf, took on board the upriver contingent and returned to St. Stephen. Those who were present expressed themselves pleased with the days proceedings.

REMEDY FOR DYSPNOEA.—A Chicago physician, Dr. d'Enger, has discovered a perfect cure of drunkenness. The remedy is simple and can be obtained of any competent druggist; that it is a perfect cure is established by the fact, that in no instance where it has been tried, has it failed. We will publish the formula for its preparation in our next issue.

A CURIOUS.—Some towns in the State of Maine, which advocated the building of railroads, passed votes for that purpose, while the towns were rich and money "easy." This made the passage of such votes easy. The facts are, that inflation carried the votes, and the end is bankruptcy. Some one got the money, as is universally the case where people subscribe for stock in almost any undertaking.

To-day the city of St. John will be honored by the presence of H. R. H., Princess Louise and her noble husband the Marquis of Lorne. The Railways and Steamers have advertised excursion trips to the city at one fare going and returning.

No less than seven eclipses are advertised for next year. There is one eclipse anxiously looked forward to, which the people will be glad to observe. It is not yet advertised, but "coming events cast their shadows before," and we have had one already.

The heat on Sunday was most intense.—The thermometer rose to 86° in the shade.

Topics of the Week.

While Sir John Macdonald was embarking at Quebec last week, for England in the Steamship "Sarnatia," accompanied by Sir A. T. Galt, several of the Premier's political friends met and accompanied him to the steamship, and he was lustily cheered by the crowd when the tender left the wharf.

Shooting Affray at Danforth, Me.

A Charlotte Co. Man Shot.
Robert Angherton of Pleasant Ridge, in this County, son of Mr. Samuel Angherton, a St. Andrews man, was shot by a fellow named Chandler Williams of Danforth, last week, with a revolver.

Angherton was engaged "hay" in a field with three other men, and sat down to rest, when Williams came into the field, and approached him revolver in hand, and said, "I give you two minutes to leave the field," at the same time fired, the ball entering the right breast below the collar bone, and it is supposed lodged in the liver. Young Angherton it is feared will not recover. We learn that Williams has been arrested, but is out on bail. Jealousy is said to be the cause of the murderous assault.

QUICK PASSAGE.—Our friend, Capt John Britt, of the sloop "Clara," by no means a rapid sailer, has beat all his confederates so far this season. The Clara left this port on the 26th ult., with a load of sleepers for Boston, and returned on the night of the 1st inst., having made the run and discharged in eight days, out of which she was five days in port. This is quick work, and worthy of record.

Visitors continue to arrive by steamer and rail daily. Among the recent arrivals are Dr. T. A. D. Foster and son, of Philadelphia; Judge McKeagney and wife, of Manitoba. Among the visitors here, we omitted to mention the return of Mrs. Major DeWinn and children, Mrs. E. L. Wetmore and Mrs. Byron Winslow and families from Fredericton, Rev. C. Ketchum, of Portland, Me., Mrs. Parker and granddaughter, from Toronto, and others from distant parts of the Dominion.

LARGE GOOSEBERRIES.—Mr. Thomas Hipwell's garden has been noted for its fertility in producing very fine vegetables; it also produces delicious fruit. Mr. Hipwell kindly sent us some very large and choice gooseberries, some of them the size of pigeon's eggs. His peas, beans, celery, cabbage, carrots, beets, &c., are very forward, and we may mention he has been using his peas and potatoes for some time. He is usually successful in obtaining prizes at our Agricultural Show.

DR. PARKER'S new dwelling is being pushed forward by the architect and contractor, Mr. M. Hannah, who has a large force of workmen engaged in its construction. The frame was raised last week, and is being boarded in. The building can be seen from all points, being on high ground, and also from its elevated position; the view from the roof, is one of the finest in this vicinity, and commands an extensive range of country. When finished, it will be an important addition to the town. The stable is nearly completed, and from its artistic design, will be an ornament to the premises.

The Report of the Post Office Savings Bank in Canada, just issued, shows that although business has been dull, people are laying up small sums for future use. The total deposit is \$3,105,190.80. The number P. O. Savings Bank increased from 81 in 1868, to 227, June 30, 1879.

While we do not agree in every matter with the *Advocate*, we admire its political leanings, and endorse its admirable article on the Letellier dismissal. It is logical, argumentative, and to our view truthful; our contemporary has drawn it mildly and given both sides of the question; he could have dealt heavier blows, and shown up the disgraceful, unpatriotic, and dishonest conduct of the principal mover in the affair, but has avoided personalities. Of this he may rest assured; when the people who in reality possess the governing power, have an opportunity to exercise their franchise, they will elect representatives who will redeem the character of the colony. Kings in the past who acted contrary to the constitution, and wishes of the people, not only lost their crowns, but likewise their heads. Hide away!

The work of completing the new Hotel is being carried on, and it is probable that as winter sets in, will be far advanced towards completion, and no doubt be ready for occupation early next spring. The

furnishing of such a large building, will require a considerable expenditure of money.

FASHIONABLE GOODS.—Messrs. Odell & Turner have just received a large assortment of fashionable goods, suitable for summer and fall wear.

THE UNITED STATES during the year ended 30th June, 1879, exported domestic products valued at \$698,334,951, and of foreign merchandise \$12,093,792, total \$710,428,743. The imports were for the year \$437,051,532; the exports exceeded the value of imports by \$264,636,502. This undoubtedly furnishes evidence of the extent and growth of trade in the great Republic.

The accounts from the Southern States of the ravages committed by yellow fever are harrowing. Memphis is virtually depopulated by death and flight, and the city is shut off from all communication with other places. It is feared that another outbreak will occur in New Orleans.

What a grand triumph it was to end the war in South Africa, although it cost many valuable lives. Lord Chelmsford has redeemed his blunders for such they undoubtedly were. Chetawayo deserves to "bite the dust."

A PHOTOGRAPHER who could produce pictures finished in the best style of the art, such as can be obtained elsewhere in the Province, might do a lucrative business in St. Andrews, where a number of visitors have expressed a desire for views of the scenery around the town, as well as photographs of their friends. From July to latter end of August, is the time most strangers are in the town. Mr. Edwards, of St. Stephen, whose pictures are admired, would find it to his profit to visit his native town, and be well patronized; besides, home talent should be patronized.

INCOME TAX.—Dominion officials in various places in this Province are preparing to resist payment of income tax, basing their right to exemption, upon a recent decision of the Court of Appeals, in Ontario. No question the assessment on income is so levied as to bear heavily on Government employees; but then they should remember that their masters are yearly increasing the debt of the Dominion, and at the present rate of increase, will run our young Dominion hopelessly in debt. The time is not distant when the Dominion will find it difficult to borrow money on any terms. The lessons of the past teach us that the people are the sovereigns everywhere—the source of a country's power, their industry is its wealth; it is their money which pays the taxes, and the power rests in and with them, to select rulers who will reduce taxation, while they foster the country's progress.

COUNTRY PRODUCE appears to be cheap in the St. John Market in comparison to other places. New potatoes of good size and quality were sold last week at 65 cts a bushel, peas 55 cts, Dairy cheese 7 cts per lb, red cherries 25 cts a box, blueberries 9 cts a quart, beef from 4 cts to 7 cts per lb, mutton 4 cts to 6 cts, lamb 5 cts to 7 cts, butter 12 cts.

SALE OF PROPERTY.—We call attention of intending purchasers to the sale of that pleasantly situated Town Block, belonging to the estate of the late L. Donaldson, Esq. The site for a villa is not surpassed in the town. See advt.

A FIRE at Houlton on Sunday morning last, destroyed seventeen buildings including the Post Office. Loss about \$30,000. Insurance \$12,000. A fire in Volcano, Virginia, destroyed nearly the whole town, on Monday last; supposed to be incendiary. Loss \$100,000.

A terrific storm occurred in the valley of the Thames and other parts of England, causing great injury to the crops and loss of live stock by rain, hail and inundation; on Saturday night last. Hay crops were swept away, and many cattle were drowned.

A Bathing house, situated near the first marsh, was destroyed by fire Thursday last. As it is supposed the act was wantonly committed a reward has been offered for the detection of the incendiary.

Picnics are the order of the day; several took place last week on the Islands near the town, the parties enjoyed a pleasant sail going and returning, and the weather was as fine as could be desired. Navy Island, Minister's and Hardwood Islands are pronounced agreeable places for such pastimes.

LANDRY'S MUSICAL JOURNAL for August has three pieces of music, and various information for those interested in musical intelligence. Two hundred miles of the new French cable have been successfully laid.

The Agent of the Bible Society will hold a meeting in St. Andrews on the 12th inst.

A Family of Tramps—named Fraser, his wife and two children, who passed through St. Andrews some months ago, are represented by the *Telegraph* as coming "from St. Andrews." No such family ever resided here, but came from the United States via St. Stephen, St. Andrews, and St. George, and thence by the road to St. John. St. Andrews takes care of its own poor.

Air slacked lime is being used with good effect near Fredericton, in driving the "potato bug" old and young from the potato field.

Pure fresh ground Coffee at CAMPBELL'S at 50c 35c and 40c per lb.

London bondholders protest strongly against the repudiation measures of the Louisiana Constitutional Convention.

Empress Eugenie asks the Queen to protect Lieut. Carey from punishment for his part in the expedition which ended the Prince Imperial's life.

Japan and Formosa Teas at CAMPBELL'S. Evaporated Apples at CAMPBELL'S, at a nice article.

The Orangemen held their Triennial Council at Ottawa last week, England, Scotland, Ireland and the United States being fully represented.

Burglars at Ellington, N. Y., choked to death Mrs. Emily Crosby and seriously wounded her husband on the night of the 23rd, and escaped with \$30 in money.

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

The United States Consul at Port Sania, Canada, reports that emigration from the latter country to the United States is increasing, especially among the thrifty farmers of means.

M. Paul de Cassagnac does not rely on the new law of Bonapartism. He says: "Count de Chambord or the Count de Paris would not find an enemy in me. I prefer to have that which would be better than the republic."

DIPHTHERIA.—Many hold that this virulent disease is frequently caused by breathing the gas from impure Canadian Oil.

A large and unknown fish, lately attacked two men in a dory on the banks, while attending their trawls. The fish grasped the bow of the boat in its teeth, several of which were left embedded in the wood. The fish pursued the boat biting it on the bottom. The teeth were from an inch to an inch and a half long.

Mr. Ira D. Sankey, the singing evangelist returned last week to New York from England and the Continent, after a pleasant and successful tour.

The newspapers are discussing changes in the Cabinet. There does not appear to be any intention of change among the Ministers.

Capt. A. H. Bourke, whose mother resides at St. George, in this County, died at Hayti on the 10th July, of yellow fever after two days illness.

The Thermometer stood at 90 in the shade at Rotundas, on Sunday.

After several days of very fine weather, a thunder shower took place yesterday afternoon, which will be of service to the crops.

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

Kennedy's Hotel.—July 30, W Brawley, St. George; S E Fuller, Montreal; C P Tenny, C H Pierce, G C Clark, H J Hatheway, Houlton; Mrs A Barkin, Grand Manan; Walker Grant.

July 31—T S Cherry, Mrs D Campbell, St. George.

Aug. 1—C P Clark, Mrs Emma F Cook, Mrs L Stewart, Deer Island; J D McLeod, Miss McDiarmid, Miss McLeod, St. George; C H Hayden, Eastport; Nicholas Rooney and wife, Toronto; H P Waddle, Providence; Miss Annie L Hamilton, St. John.

Aug. 2 Miss Perkins, St. Stephen; Judge McKeagney, Queen's Bench, Manitoba; T T Lantana, St. John; C Haskill, Portland; H J Washburn, Calais.

Aug. 3—W A Lamb, E S Waycott, St. Stephen; G H McLain, Milltown.

Aug. 4—J S May and wife, Montreal; A D Row, St. John; G C Clark, Boston.

Aug. 5—N Rooney and wife, Toronto; Geo E Blake, Woodstock; R P Brown, Boston.

MARRIED.

In Boston, July 30, by Rev. S. W. Bush, Thomas Young of Boston, to Eliza J. Ray, daughter of Samuel Ray, St. Andrews.

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF ST. ANDREWS.

ARRIVED.

July 30, Matilda, Stinson, St. Stephen, general cargo.

CLEARED.

July 31, Dauntless, Tatton, Musquash, ballast.

Various causes—cure, sickness, disappointment—all operate to either of them incline it.

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR w gray, light and read hair to a black, as may be desired. The scalp, giving it a healthy and cures dandruff and falling hair is checked, and produced in all cases where destroyed or glands decay beautifully shown in brashy, to which a few applications glass and freshness of you sure in its operation, it is dressing, and is especially lustre and richness of tone it neither oil nor dye, and white emblem; yet it lasts keeps it fresh and vigorous.

A CAE

To all who are suffering from indiscretions of youth, nervous decay, loss of manhood, & escape that will cure you. This great remedy was discovered in South America. Send envelope to the Rev. Josiah D. New York City.

New Advertis

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILROAD

1879. SUMMER ARR

On and after Monday, 7th

as follows

Trains No

Express Trains leave St. S

and St. Andrews 8.1

Woodstock and Ho

Trains No

Leave Woodstock at 8.30 a

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Grand Falls and E

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leave every Tuesday

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Notice

To Henry Dodge, of St.

of Charlotte, Maine, &

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NOTICE is hereby gi

Power of Sale con

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FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Agricultural Hints.

Not only have trees about the farm-house, but also have them in the pasture by the watering place, near the barn, and wherever cattle, horses and sheep are to be provided for.

To remedy cabbage worms, make a strong solution of lime water, pour it over the cabbage in the evening; if the lime water is made strong, there will be no live worms left that the water touches.

A little dry sand covered over potatoes when they are first put in the cellar will destroy any unpleasant odor they may have. A sprinkling of dry air-slaked lime will mitigate a tendency to rot.

One of the plainest indications of unsuccessful farming is to see manure going to waste, or unemployed. When this is seen there is no need of looking beyond the stables and yards to find out the condition of the farm, or to judge of the success of its owner.

Good hen manure from fowls which have been liberally fed is worth as much as guano. It should be put into barrels as soon as taken up from the chicken house, kept in a dry place till wanted, a little plaster mixed with it, and before using pounded up fine. Apply it same as guano.

Corn-cobs dipped into molasses and suspended from limbs in the plum trees have saved many a crop of plums for a farmer. He has done this for many years with success. The curculio will lay his brood into the sweetened corn-cobs instead of the plums. From six to twelve prepared corn-cobs are sufficient for an ordinary-sized tree.

The practice of washing sheep before shearing is very disagreeable and unnecessary. Nothing is gained in the price of wool—in fact, the usual deduction made by wool buyers for unwashed wool leaves an advantage to the seller. The practice is dangerous to health of both men and sheep, and may well be abolished.

The thriftest calves should be closely watched when turned out to pasture, lest they be attacked with "black-quarter." This is the effect of too rank and watery food, which impairs digestion. An ounce of Epsom salts may be given with advantage to each calf when turned out, as a precaution against this frequent danger.

The *Troy Times* says: A farmer who has had ten years' experience in Colorado claims to have found a sure remedy for the potato-bug scourge. His plan is simply to plant one or two flax seeds in each hill of potatoes. He says the bugs will shun it every time; and for ten years he has been successful in raising potatoes while others have failed. The proposed remedy is simple and costs almost nothing to try it.

Discussions from time to time occupy pages of print as to whether worm-eaten peas or other seeds will grow. Some assert positively they will not, and others are certain that they will. The fact is that if the weevil does not injure the germ they will grow as well as if there were no holes in them, but if they eat out the germ the pea cannot grow. This is the whole matter in a "nutshell."

It has been proven that by planting in drills a larger yield of corn can be produced than from hills. In place of hills three feet apart each way, make drills three and a half feet apart, and drop the seed every eighteen inches. In the first case there are 4,840 hills and in the latter 3,400 to the acre. Two stalks may be grown in each hill, or if there are three stalks in the former case, there will be 14,520 stalks and 16,800 in the latter; with one good ear to the stalk—which is possible—there will be 115 bushels in the one case and 168 in the other to the acre. If this is possible, and there is no doubt of it, why, then, should it not be attempted?—*Exchange*.

Household Hints.

To take fresh paint off a woolen garment, rub the spot with stale bread until removed.

To make hands soft, mix honey, olive oil and almond meal; use when washing, then wear gloves.

Carbolic acid may be used with satisfactory results during the summer months to destroy ants and as a disinfectant.

To remove iron mold from linen, wash the spots in a strong solution of cream of tartar and water. Repeat if necessary and dry in the sun.

To remove ink spots on floors, rub with sand wet in oil of vitriol and water. When the ink is removed, rinse with strong pearl-ash water.

To clean tinware, damp a cloth and dip in common soda, and rub the ware briskly, after which wipe dry. Any blackened ware can be made to look as good as new.

A sure cure for warts is a paste of willow ashes and strong vinegar. Four or five applications are necessary. Apply like any other plaster, moistening occasionally with vinegar.

Rusty stovepipe may be made to look nearly as good as new by simply rubbing it over with a bit of cloth moistened with sweet oil. By coating the entire pipe, joints which are unlikely in appearance will be uniform and display a nice luster.

To take the brown discoloration off of cups in which custards are baked, rub with damp flannel dipped in the best whiting. Silver spoons darkened by acids or from using them for boiled eggs can be brightened by taking a little moistened salt between the thumb and finger and briskly rubbing the stain, which will soon disappear.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

News and Notes for Women.

Theodora Victoria Augusta Marianne May is the name of Queen Victoria's great-grandchild.

Cincinnati belles now wear necklaces of alternate dimes and gold dollars, with half-dollar pendants.

One hundred women doctors graduated at the last term of the University of Zurich, Switzerland.

A lady of Scotchtown, Pa., has a pet cat which takes its meals at the table. It sits up at the table with a bit pinned around it, and is fed with a silver spoon.

Eva Schlemmer, a young schoolgirl of Memphis, Tenn., has received a gold medal from the Howards for heroic conduct as a nurse during the yellow fever epidemic last year.

Women members of the Church of Scotland have equal voting power with the men. They have a majority over the men in the organization of nearly 79,000, so that the management of the Church of Scotland is, as far as suffrage goes, in the hands of women.

Miss Stanton, a daughter of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, is to be one of the lecturers next winter. Miss Stanton has had five years' training at Vassar College and two at the Boston School of Oratory. She is very beautiful. Her subjects are "A Solid South" and "Edmund Burke."

Miss Gardner, of Boston, has obtained an honorable mention for her picture, "At the Fountain," exhibited in the Paris Salon this year. Miss Gardner is believed to be the only American lady who has ever been granted this distinction or a prize of any kind at a French exhibition of fine arts.

A quaint writer says: I have seen women so delicate that they were afraid to ride a horse for fear of the horse running away; afraid to sail, for fear the boat might upset; afraid to walk, for fear they might fall; but I have never seen one afraid to be married, which is far more risky than all the others put together.

Women do the work of "longshoremen on the wharves of St. Johns, Newfoundland. When the time arrives for vessels from Southern Europe, Brazil, West Indies and elsewhere, to take aboard their cargoes of salt cod, herring, etc., files of females with tucked-up gowns, bare arms and coarse brogans may be seen along the wharves, carrying flat barrows of fish to and fro. Each barrow has four handles and is borne by two women. They perform the same labor as men at this business, but their pay is inferior. Women also go on the "summer voyage" to Labrador, and act severally in the capacities of "splitters," "salters" and "headers."

Grace Greenwood writes: Never unsex yourself for greatness. The worship of one true heart is better than the wonder of the world. Don't trample on the flowers while longing for the stars. Live up to the full measure of life; give way to your impulses, loves and enthusiasms; sing, smile, labor and be happy. Adore poetry for its own sake; yearn for, strive after excellence; rejoice when others attain it; feel for contemporaries a loving envy; steal into your country's heart; glory in its greatness, exult in its power, honor its gallant men, immortalize its matchless women.

Fashion Notes.

Basques are made of different material from the costume.

Broad belts are worn with most toilets and costumes.

The little muslin mantle bordered with lace is worn with colored wraps.

Waists that are made open at the throat invariably have chemisettes.

Half-mourning hats are trimmed with black and white striped or plaid ribbon.

Feather trimming is the best finish for dresses of the new muslin delaine called widow's cloth.

Shirred hats of crepe batiste, trimmed with Algerian silk, are worn to match costumes.

Henrietta cloth is still the standard material for deep mourning dresses all the year around.

Shirred bonnets and round hats are made of the pieces of the costume with which they are worn.

Five knife-plaited flouncies are placed on the skirts of some of the gingham gowns. The overskirts are draped high on the sides and looped in the back.

A white India mull scarf is a novelty for trimming round hats. It can either be wound around the neck as a scarf or used as a veil when necessary.

When satin is used to trim cashmere dresses it should match them exactly. When contrast is required, stamped velvet, Pekin or brocade should be employed.

New scarf ties of India mull, folded double, are gathered at each end with three or four runnings almost like a tassel, the lace at the extreme ends being gathered closely together.

The coat waists that are worn with skirts of a different material are usually dark. Silk and velvet Pekin is used for these waists, the velvet matching the skirt and the silk being of a bright tint.

Dotted Swiss muslin trimmed with plain Swiss and plaits of footings is a new combination. Very large bows of black ribbon are worn with gowns made of this material when they are intended for mourning.

Thread mitts in all colors are now imported and are less expensive than silk ones, while they are capable of more service. The crepe mitts are the most

useful, for they can be worn with any color, and also with black or white.

The newest walking boots for ladies are cut on the same principle as a gentleman's shooting boot; the front of the boot and the tongue in front are cut in one and the laced pieces open out wide, so that there is no pressure on the instep, and they are slipped on and off easily. This renders them very convenient for excursions.

The Power of Music.

Many of us, most of us, have aspirations and emotions for the expression of which in words it is as if we were voiceless and dumb, but which find full and ready expression in music; even though I have sometimes thought, the words which we freight with them might be mere jargon. Under the right circumstances, and given only a touch, a tone, a sudden remembrance, anything to unlock the emotions, and the song goes forth, telling for every individual singer a different story. Perhaps this is most noticeable in the midst of sympathetic numbers, as in the crowds who used to meet together and sing out all their secret feeling in the strange, unreal light of the Chicago Tabernacle. I shall never forget a face which I saw there one stormy, winter afternoon; one which touched me more than any other of the many expressive faces which I used to see there full of emotion day after day. It was only an every-day face, that of a worn, old woman, dressed in deep mourning; and, with family and friendly groups on every side of her, seeming so alone in her loneliness and old age. Was there anything in the words of the song, in the singing of which she joined with her tremulous tones, which could fitly express the emotion that filled face and voice. The song was only one of the most commonplace of the many changes rung on the dear old themes, yet the words came to my ear freighted with her loneliness and yearning, until I longed to place gently my own hand in her poor, tired, empty hands, if I had any cause, in any measure, to fill their emptiness; to say a word which might brighten the poor, withered old face, so utterly pathetic in its far-off look of longing. Such a strangely, far-away look it was, as if the yearning eyes had sent their gaze over the ocean in search of the lost ones, to where, mayhap, their graves were made in "the old country," and failing to find them there, had gone straight on into the heavenly land.

Did she find them? Who knows? But the song, whose musical strains gave voice that day to her longing for the dead dead faces, will always be to her in very truth a "sacred song." To one heart, at least, a cool, critical analysis of its composition would be sacrilege. To one or another of us, perhaps, this would be true in regard to every one of the familiar old songs. It is too late; we could not criticize them if we would. Love is blind, and we love them every one!—*Sunday Afternoon*.

Bar on Rothschild's Maxims.

Attend carefully to details of your business.

Consider well, then decide positively. Dare to do right. Fear to do wrong. Endure trials patiently.

Fight life's battle bravely, manfully. Go not in society of vicious.

Hold integrity sacred.

Injure not another's reputation or business.

Join hands only with the virtuous.

Keep your mind from evil thoughts. Lie not for any consideration.

Make few acquaintances.

Never try to appear what you are not. Observe good manners.

Pay your debts promptly.

Question not the veracity of a friend. Respect the counsel of your parents.

Sacrifice money rather than principle. Touch not, taste not, handle not injurious drinks.

Use your leisure time for improvement.

Venture not upon the threshold of wrong.

Watch carefully over your passions.

Xtend to every one a kindly salutation.

Yield not to discouragement.

Zealously labor for the right.

And success is certain.

The Zulu Assegai.

The shaft of this instrument of warfare is about five feet long and about as thick as a man's little finger. It is made of wood known to botanists as the curatissa of jujubea, not unlike the mahogany, brittle and elastic, the latter quality giving the spear a vibratory motion, on which its accuracy of flight depends. The head of the weapon is generally blade-shaped, with a raised edge along the center, concave on one side and convex on the other, being like the feathers of an arrow. The tongue of the head is made red hot, and so burns its way into the wood, around which a band of wet rawhide is bound; that contracting as it dries, holds the head as firmly as an iron ring. The Zulus fling these weapons with great accuracy, and they carry oval rawhide shields impervious to these darts to cover their entire bodies. Besides three or four missile assegais a Zulu soldier carries a shorter and stronger stabbing assegai.

Distressing Symptoms.

In the stomach and bowels may announce the existence either of dyspepsia in the first or an obstruction in the second; the approach of some choleric complaint, or simple diarrhoea. Colic, bitter or sour eructations, a pressing down of the bowels, a feeling of oppression or fluttering at the pit of the stomach, are among these unpleasant symptoms. They and their cause are speedily remedied by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a single wineglassful often causing an immediate cessation of pain. When the difficulty continues, it is only necessary to pursue the use of this standard carminative and anti-dyspeptic medicine to obtain entire and permanent relief. Nothing in the composition or flavor of the Bitters is in the slightest degree objectionable. Medical men pronounce it eminently pure.

How Women Would Vote.
Were the question admitted to the ballot, and women were allowed to vote, every woman in the land who has used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription would be an undying enemy to the "No Woman Suffrage" party.

Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.:
DEAR SIR—For many months I was a great sufferer from the "No Woman Suffrage" party. In my despair I commenced the use of your Favorite Prescription. It speedily effected my entire and permanent cure.

Yours faithfully,
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