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**John and Elizabeth.**  
Two tired heads, two tired hearts,  
Laid low and deep, together  
Beneath the self-same lid they sleep,  
The very self-same watch they keep,  
Together in the earth, down deep—  
Above them blooms the heather.

Three-score years and more ago  
They were two children, playing here,  
In those shining meadows there,  
With other flowers, like these as fair  
They played and lived without a care—  
They grew together year by year.

Three-score years, nay less, ago,  
His hand clasped hers in mute request;  
She told him "yes," in glances sweet,  
His lips sought hers in kisses fleet,  
They two were wed in love complete,  
With love they lived their little neat.

Three-score years, nay less, ago,  
God gave them children five, one more;  
Some had his and some had her face,  
All grew strong in might and grace,  
All grew great in love space—  
But all their children went before.

In peace they lived, unknown of wrath;  
With little homely cares and joys,  
And plowing there and sowing here,  
And laughing quick away a fear,  
And teaching them their God to fear—  
So bringing up their girls and boys.

But just to see them, one by one,  
Carried out over the old door-stone,  
Just to hear them and love them well,  
And, when they're grown, to hear the bell  
Ring them out of sight with a knell—  
So, to be left together, alone.

Four closed eyes, four ice-cold hands,  
Clasped close in latest death;  
They lived together, died the same,  
She could not outlive his name,  
He accounted her his fame—  
"John and his wife, Elizabeth."

—Marguerite F. Dymal, in Home Journal.

## MAX.

Rich alluvial soil covered the little green valley on the banks of Clear river. Gottlieb Lecher, a German emigrant, chanced to come upon it as he was traversing a lonely part of Ohio, in search of work or a bit of land which might be bought with the few pieces of foreign gold coin that he carried in a small leather bag in his bosom.

Gottlieb knew a little English. He sought out the owner of the large tract where this little valley lay. The man was glad enough to sell a part of it, and soon the young and sturdy emigrant was the owner of the emerald-tinted meadow and the overshadowing belt of woodland.

The very day the conveyance was made and the purchase-money paid, Gottlieb started a letter across the sea, with instructions for his young wife to come to his Ohio home.

It was a long while he had to wait for her, but the time was occupied by getting a part of his land under cultivation and building a comfortable log-house in which to receive the little frau when she should arrive.

In two years from the time they were married in the gray old church on the banks of the far-away Moselle, they were working away as happy as a pair of young blackbirds on their Ohio clearing.

When Maurice, their first baby, was a bright little fellow of ten months, a party of men with chains and surveying instruments and little red flags came through the woods near Gottlieb's dwelling, laying out a line for a new railroad. By the time the twins, Frances and Frederica, were old enough to clap their hands at the unusual bustle, there was a great steam-shovel clattering away in the hillside back of the house, and a pile-driver pounding down long-pointed logs for the foundation of the piers of a bridge which was to span Clear river.

And long before the long-haired Joseph was old enough to creep about the green turf in front of the house the railroad trains were running regularly every few hours, pleasantly relieving the monotony of the Lechers, old and young. The passenger trains were real panoramas, with real living people from the great towns over the hills, and plans which the delighted children had never seen.

It was not long before the train hands began to take an interest in this isolated little log house, with its bright flowers in the dooryard and garden, where four clean, fresh, handsome children seldom failed to salute them with swinging hats, handkerchiefs and hands as they passed.

In that lonely region the train was almost the only thing that gave any variety to the life of the cottagers, and its arrival, although it never stopped, was eagerly awaited.

Sometimes, indeed, the engineer or one of the passengers would throw something out to the children—an apple, a cake, a package of candy or a newspaper—which was always received with great delight.

And it seemed to afford the train hands almost equal pleasure, as every face was lighted up with smiles as the cars went rattling past.

There was only one thing that

gave Frau Gottlieb any anxiety, and that was the fear that the children might be run over; but after a year or two this apprehension almost entirely passed away, as she saw that the children were extremely careful, and the whistle gave warning even before the engine was in sight.

One day the "noon freight," which always went slowly up the grade from the bridge, moved slower than usual. I think the engineer, John Chamberlain, was in the secret.

When the long, heavy train was just against the house, Frank Caldwell, the jolly "call brakeman," swung off a hand-died half bushel basket, in which was a fat, round, black-and-white, six weeks old Newfoundland puppy.

The basket went rolling off down the sandy slope, and the pup, recovering his equilibrium, waddled, full of delight, to the open-mouthed, wondering children, who had never seen a dog before.

The train-men all laughed and gesticulated until the great puffing locomotive had drawn them around the curve and out of sight of the surprised little ones.

After that the puppy, which the children had named "Max," always made one of the pleasant group that greeted the train hands.

Sometimes his shaggy, curly coat was stuck so full of flowers that he looked like an animated bouquet. Sometimes there would be a wreath about his neck. Often the children would make him walk on his hind legs, make bows, roll over, turn somersaults, dance, and go through a variety of antics which Gottlieb, the father, had taken pains to teach him.

After a while the intelligent dog, when he heard a train rounding the curve, or crossing the bridge, would rush out, catch up a stick and run about the meadow with it, dive off the bluff into the river and swim to the opposite bank.

Or, standing upright, he would dance and bow like a performing bear, while the engineer, fireman, conductor, train hands, and often the passengers, bowed and laughed in genuine enjoyment of the whole pretty performance.

By the time Max was full-grown, a baby called Theresa had been born in the little white cottage, which had taken the place of the log house, and when the warm, sunny days came again, it was the plump, yellow-haired midwife that was rolling about on the green turf where all the other children had rolled in turn.

Little blue-eyed Tissy happened to be a wonderful creeper. She was strong and nimble, and would creep on her small hands and feet quite as fast as the other children could walk.

One day news came from over the sea—from the little old village on the Moselle—that very soon the Mother Lecher would come to live with her children in their Ohio home.

Full of joy Gottlieb drove to the nearest station on the railroad, and told the agent to look out for his mother when she arrived, and to send a messenger up the track to his house to let him know she was there.

Grandmother was coming, and there was great excitement in the happy household of the honest and hard-working German emigrant. The children said:

"Perhaps she will come to-day, and we will go down to the meadow and gather flowers to trim Max, and to trim ourselves and the rooms."

And the smiling, expectant little mother said she should do this and that trivial thing to make the cottage brighter and more cheerful, for the grandmother would be very weary when she came.

We will leave baby Tissy by the door for mamma to look after while we go to the meadow for daisies," said Maurice.

But the mother was so busy, she did not heed at all the little charge her first-born had given her. She heard the merry voices of her children down back of the cottage, and soon, as the whistle of the "three o'clock express" sounded, she saw the pretty group scamper toward the track.

Instinctively going to the open doorway, she, as well as the children, and the engineer and the fireman, was horror-struck to see baby Tissy between the long black rails, sitting in the sunshine, scattering handful after handful of white glistening sand in her bright yellow hair.

Although the train had "slowed up" as usual on approaching the bridge, it would be impossible to stop the engine before it reached the child; but the engineer made the effort. The terrified mother could do nothing but lift up her pallid face to heaven, and pray for strength to bear what must inevitably follow.

But just then Max, with his ears thrown back and his plummy tail trailing on the grass, shot like a dart from the other side of the track where he had been rambling. The intelligent creature had seen the danger and comprehended it.

In an instant of time Max had bounded by the screaming children, cleared the

intervening space between them and the track, caught the babe by the belt of her pretty pink calico dress, lifted her from the rough-hewn tie upon which she was sitting, and brought her to her mother's side.

"Und den," said Mrs. Lecher, on telling the story afterward, "dot en-chineer he stopted dot engine, und he coom town dot yard, and he shook mine hant, und he kissed dese children all around mit der baby, und he pat dot tog, und der dears all der time roll town hims cheeks."

He not spik one word, but go right back on dot engine, und blow dot whistle like dunder, und dot drain go off like blitzen.

"Und I sit right town on dot grass and dank der goot Gott; und I hug mine children, und der gey, und I gey. Den, all at once, somebody said in Sherman: 'Daughter, why do you gey?'"

"Und I look up, und dere is our Mutter Lecher, from cver der growasser, und I dinks she be a ghost."

"She say to me: 'How dot man know right where mine Gottlieb live?'"

"He say: 'Get oder next time der drain shote.'"

"Und der drain shote, und I get off, und dere be mine son's frau und mine cranchildren."—Annie A. Preston, in Youth's Companion.

## Some Curious Facts.

In China mothers are unwilling to allow the arms of their daughters to be scratched with the lancet for vaccination, because unless a Chinese girl has a few marks on her face, giving evidence that she has passed through small-pox, she is considered as lacking one of the chief qualifications of a marriageable maiden.

In Chelsea county, California, there is a "wild man," who lives in the woods, obtaining food by robbing sheep-herders' cabins, and wears no attire except a breech cloth. He is described as thirty-five or forty years of age, apparently, with a long, shaggy beard, long and irregular hair, and a body burned by the sun to a coffee color, and in many places covered with a thick growth of hair. No one has been able to learn his history or who he is. Occasionally he meets hunters or travelers, and asks for tobacco, but he refuses to answer any questions, and as soon as he gets his tobacco starts back for the brush. It is supposed that he was originally a fugitive from justice, and that he has become so accustomed to his solitary life that it is second nature to him.

A miner named Harry Maher, went out to the Ayres & Hopkins mine near Carson City, Nev., and descended the shaft to examine the property. Wedged between the two layers of quartz he found a petrified fish, in perfect form, resembling in all details the smelt which is caught in the Bay of San Francisco. He took the petrification, which must have been buried in that mine for thousands of years to Virginia City, and placed it on exhibition. The find clearly demonstrated the fact that this section of the country was at one time a part of a vast ocean.

Some weeks ago a little girl in Des Moines, Iowa, swallowed a small piece of tin. Since then the tin has worked up under her ear, descended to her jaw and the other day was taken out from under her tongue. The little one has suffered intensely, but is now all right.

A turbine water-wheel of forty-horse power, at New Edinburgh, Ont., has been stopped by eels for the second time this season. One of the eels taken out measured three feet eight inches in length, and was nine inches in circumference. The blockade was perfect.

The discussion of the subject of left-handedness has advanced to the British association, before which body Dr. Muirhead has read a paper in which he declares that the handedness of the hands depends upon which half of the brain controls the action of the body, or is most used. He states that left-handedness once begun in a family is likely to run in it for generations, and notes as a curious fact that left-handed people generally have the left foot one-third to one-eighth of an inch longer than the right.

## The Model Schoolhouse.

The Sanitary Engineer offers a reward of \$500 for the best plan of a model schoolhouse. Our small boy will contest for that prize. His working model is not yet ready, but we may state, that his idea of a model schoolhouse is one in which the teachers never whip; where recess comes five times of a morning, vacation every other week, and examination never; where all studies are elective, and chewing gum is insisted upon; where there is coeducation of the sexes, provided the girls are pretty; and where there is no punishment for a fellow save sending him to sit by the girl to whom he was caught passing notes.

A "stringy," rattling voice and a constant disposition to expectorate, indicate incipient throat trouble of dangerous tendency. Use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup in good time and be saved much trouble and annoyance. For sale by all druggists.

## TIMELY TOPICS.

Probably the oldest of the early American statesmen now alive is Peleg Sprague, of Maine. He is eighty-eight years of age and entirely blind. He was a member of the United States Senate from 1829 to 1835, when Webster, Clay, Calhoun and Benton were the leaders of that body, and he was a member of the national House of Representatives from 1825 to 1827. He was judge of the United States District Court of Massachusetts from 1841 to 1861.

It is now estimated that there are 15,000 carriage manufacturers in the United States, who employ upward of 100,000 hands, pay out from \$25,000,000 to \$31,000,000 for labor annually, and produced during the past twelve months upward of 1,900,000 carriages, amounting in value to fully \$125,000,000. This makes one carriage to about every thirty-eight persons in the United States, to say nothing of sleighs of various kinds. This does not include the extensive manufacture of axles, springs, wheels, bows, joints, bolts, clips, leather, cloth, and the thousands of articles made in part that are now purchased in a partly finished state by the trade, in which many thousands of men find steady and remunerative employment.

The ice crop of the United States is enormous. The Ice News, of Sandusky, Ohio, puts the product of 1879 at 8,000,000 tons. In California about three-fourths of the ice consumed per annum say 30,000 tons—is now made by machinery, producing an article superior in quality to the natural ice. We quote there are every year gathered and housed along the shores of the northern lakes and river tributaries, for the use of the trade, over two million tons; in New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City and vicinity, about one million tons; in the New England States, two million tons; in Philadelphia, seven hundred thousand tons; Boston, three hundred and fifty thousand tons; and in Baltimore four hundred thousand tons; and in other parts of the United States over two million tons.

The mathematician, pencil in hand is let loose again, and this is how he attacks the new year. He asserts that the year 1881 will be a mathematical curiosity. From left to right and from right to left it reads the same; 18 divided by 2 gives 9 as a quotient; 81 divided by 9 and 9 is the quotient. If 1881 is divided by 369, 5 is the quotient; if divided by 9, the quotient contains 9; if multiplied by 9, the product contains 2 9s. One and 8 are 9; 8 and 1 are 9. If 18 be placed under the 81 and added, the sum is 99. If the figures be added thus, 1, 8, 8, 1, it will give 18. Reading from right to left is 18; and 18 is two-ninths of 81. By adding, dividing and multiplying nineteen 9s are produced, being one 9 for each year required to complete the century.

The supreme court of Indiana has affirmed a principle in respect to the computation of time, which is likely to prove of serious trouble to bankers and others. It is that the twenty-ninth day of February and the twenty-eighth day of February are to be computed as one day. The question becomes of special importance now that leap year (1880) is so close at hand. To illustrate, suppose that a note be drawn upon the 28th of February, A. D. 1880, on one day after date. If the twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth be counted as one day, then the note would mature on the fourth of March, but otherwise on the third. If on the third, clearly protest on the fourth would not hold the endorser. Vice versa, if the rule of computation be to count separately the twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth of February, the protest on the fourth would be of no avail. The question in Indiana was suggested by the fact that there ten days' previous service of process is necessary for a judgment. And the cause having been begun in the last leap year, 1876, the process was not served in time, if the twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth days of February were to be computed as one day. And the court held that they must be so counted. The decision rests on no particular precedent of the courts in Indiana or any particular statute of the State. It is founded on a principle of the common law, and is as applicable in its reasons to any other State as that of Indiana.

## The Dumb Creation.

Two years ago a South Carolinian went to Elberton, Ga., a distance of one hundred miles, and the other day his dog arrived in search of his master. Mr. W. H. Motz has a beautiful thorough bred horse that is fond of eating young chickens. He has quietly eaten up a brood of two this winter, and is constantly foraging around for a new supply.—Lincoln, (N. C.), Press.

The Brunswick, (Ga.) Advertiser says a prominent citizen of Brunswick has agreed to give one hundred dollars per member, annually, as a fund to secure

the election of a mayor and board of aldermen who will exclude from the city limits every dog of every description.

A Pemberton square officer possesses two canary birds and half a dozen crickets over the hearth. Of late the birds have been attempting to imitate the song of the crickets, and succeeded admirably, seldom returning to their own mode of singing.—Boston Transcript.

The body of a man was discovered in the Thames by a dog. The dog, a retriever, was being bathed near Whitehall stairs, and refused to come out of the water when called. After diving several times it brought up a body to the surface, but could not support its weight. Drags were brought by the police and the body was recovered.—Pall Mall Gazette.

A dog who was in the habit of going to church with other dogs heard the magistrate of an English town say it was getting to be such a nuisance that hereafter no dogs would be allowed in the church. The next Sunday the mastiff stationed himself at the church door and savagely assailed every dog that came there, and kept the church clear of them ever afterward.

A dancing rooster, told by the Alabama, of Wetumpka, Alabama: We learn from Dr. T. B. Whitby that Mr. Samuel Spigener, living near Buysville, entertained him recently with a dancing rooster. Mr. Spigener called up his crower and offers him some dough provided he will cut a "double shuffle," which the fowl proceeds at once to do to the merriment of the crowd.

In the Alexandria (Va.) Gazette is a story of a cat owned by James P. Machen, who lived near Centreville. Mr. Machen has been troubled for some time by the mysterious opening of the door of his house. He watched the other night and saw that it was the cat. Tabby was in the habit of climbing up the door, holding it with the knob with one foot and turning it with the other until the door opened.

Sir Walter Scott's celebrated dog "Maida" was beaten for biting the baker. Whenever the story was told in the dog's presence he would slide away ashamed, but when they said, "Well, the baker is all right now," he would come from his retreat well pleased. He was painted so frequently, however, that he took a great dislike to artists, and whenever pencils and paper were taken out in his presence he would try to run away, or if he stayed would show signs of displeasure.

A discussion in the London newspapers about domestic favorites brings out many interesting anecdotes. There is a gander called Jack that runs about Drury lane like a dog and answers his master's call. He is eclipsed by a cockatoo belonging to a publican in St. Giles. This bird plays on the cymbals in perfect time, and holds a lighted splinter in its talons while a customer is enjoying his cigar. In the Strand is a mountebank who has two cats trained to stand on their hind legs and spar like prize fighters.

Averse for being convicted for grave misdemeanor and suffering the penalty of the law, a dog belonging to Theodore Gordon, of Shepherd's-bush, has played a sensible part. It had been taken before Mr. Paget on the serious accusation of biting a lad's pantaloons, and the evidence on the charge of ferocity was going hard against it when the creature entered the court. Immediately comprehending the situation it jumped upon the magistrate's desk, and in lieu of a speech for the defence fondled the representative of offended justice, then settled down quietly on a chair, where its unimpeachable behavior during the remainder of the case so wrought in its favor that, in place of being dangerous it was declared playful, and liberated without the necessity of finding bail.—London Telegraph.

A Virginia paper tells this story of Mr. David S. Forney's dog: Mr. Forney took his dog into the house (this was not at home—therefore not a trick) and gave us his pocket-book with instructions to carry it a distance to the field and place it somewhere on the fence in a direction that the wind would blow from it to the house. We did so and returned. Mr. Forney came out with his dog, sat down and said nothing, nor did he speak to the dog. Presently the dog picked up its ears and began to sniff the air, started off in a direct line to where the pocket-book was, passing it a few feet, came back, reared upon the fence, got it, came to its master and laid it in his hand. We took a number of hats to the outer edge of the lot. These he brought in, selecting his master's first.

A schoolboy spelled d-e-c-i-m-a-l and pronounced it dismal. "What do you mean by calling that dismal?" exclaimed the teacher. "Cause it is," answered the boy. "It's dismal fractions. All fractions are dismal. There isn't a bit of fun in any of 'em."

The imperial family of Japan is in descent the oldest in the world. It goes back in a direct line to 660 years B. C.

## Rupert.

### A COUNTRY IDYL.

In all the land the wheat fields stand,  
Golden ripe and fair to see,  
And bending low the ranspers go,  
Swinging their cradles merrily,  
All but Rupert—why not he?

His swarthy cheek grows hot and red,  
He cuts the golden swath so wide;  
In sullen mood he turns his head—  
To hide the flush of foolish pride,  
And will not glance nor turn aside.

A vision o'er the meadow springs,  
And silken garments rustle down,  
Dainty fingers gleam with rings;  
But gentle Rosalind from the town  
Brings the pitcher cracked and brown.

And Rosalind binds the yellow grain—  
Sheen of satin and love of youth:  
At last she asks, with tender pain,  
"Tell me now, and tell me truth,  
Am I Rebekah or am I Ruth?"

A sudden light in sudden eyes,  
And Rupert turns with rustic grace;  
Unheeded now the last sheaf lies—  
There at her feet he takes his place,  
A new-born light upon his face.

—Harper's Weekly.

## American and English Postal Service.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Graphic says: Mr. Bissell, the law clerk, and Mr. Nickerson, the topographer of the postoffice department, have prepared an interesting statement relative to the comparative use of postal facilities in Great Britain and the United States, and the result shows some curious and surprising features. Most of the figures are accurate, but some of them are estimated. The comparison can be presented most readily in tabular form as follows:

	United States.	Great Britain.
Population	45,900,000	31,455,700
No. of postoffices	41,425	13,763
No. of officials	54,847	45,693
No. of letters handled	737,000,000	1,037,732,360
Average No. letters per capita	16	31
No. postal cards handled	200,630,000	102,267,300
No. of newspapers handled	914,848,400	128,458,000
No. of dead letters	2,634,233	4,974,625
Value of money orders issued	81,442,364	135,629,924

It will be noticed that her majesty's subjects write more letters than do the citizens of the United States, almost twice as many per capita. This is quite surprising, and no reasonable explanation can be offered, particularly as the number of illiterate persons in this country is proportionately smaller than in Great Britain. The fact that the rates of postage are lower there than here may have something to do with it. But it will be noticed, at the same time, that we used last year twice as many postal cards as the people of Great Britain, and about eight times as many newspapers were sent through the mails in this country. This is remarkable, because the express companies in the United States handle almost as many newspapers as the postal service, while in Europe the express facilities are scarcely ever utilized for this purpose. The English people utilize the money order system to a greater extent than the Americans. A noticeable fact is that the proportion of postal officials is much smaller in the United States than in England, which is partially explained by the circumstance that in England the carrier system is almost universal, while in the United States it is comprised to cities of 20,000 inhabitants.

## Wassamo and the Dove.

The Indians who, not many years ago, lived where we are living now, had some pretty stories. An old gentleman who still makes his home in the State of Illinois, sends one of these Indian stories to the Detroit Free Press. The old gentleman heard the story when he was a boy from an Indian chief. The chief said that birds, with plumes of gold, used to fly through the woods on the banks of the Wabash river. The birds looked like gold, except at the tips of the wings, where there was a fringe of rose color, and they were the joy of the red man's heart. It was Indian summer one year, when Wassamo, a boy, stood at the door of his father's wigwam, feathering arrows. Looking upward, Wassamo saw one of the birds of gold sailing round and round in the blue sky. An evil thought came to Wassamo, and fixing an arrow to his bow he sent the shaft speeding toward the bird. The arrow flew true to its aim until it had nearly entered the bird's breast, when a gust of wind pushed it aside. "Curses on the north wind," said Wassamo, and another arrow. But the north wind again and again pushed the arrow aside until the bad boy had only one left. This he sent upward with the strength of rage and the arrow just grazed the beautiful bird's breast. All at once the bird lost its gold and turned to the color of the turtle dove, which it retains to this day. As for Wassamo, he had shot the last arrow before a fierce whirlwind whistled down from the north and, catching the boy, bore him away, never to return.







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