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NO. 2.

It Might Have Been.

It might have been! When life is young
And hopes are bright, and hearts are strong
To battle with the heartless throner,
When youth and age are far between,
Who hears the words so sadly sung?

It might have been! When life is fair,
Youth stands beside the boundless sea,
That ebbs and flows unceasingly,
And dreams of name and golden fame;
And who shall limit the to be
That's dawning there.

It might have been! When life is bright,
And love is in its golden prime,
Youth looks not of the coming night,
Nor dreams that there may be a time
When love will fail, or change, or die
Eternally!

It might have been! When time grows gray,
And springlike hopes have passed away,
Old age looks back on by-gone years—
Their many wants and doubts and fears—
And through the mist a way is seen,
The might-have-been!

It might have been! When age so sad,
Weary of waiting for the lame
That, after all, is but a name,
When life has lost the charm it had,
True knowledge makes regret more keen—
It might have been!

It might have been! When youth is dead,
And love that was so false is fled,
When all the mockery of the past
Have lost their tinsel rags at last,
The one true love is clearly seen,
That might have been!

It might have been! Ah, me! Ah, me!
And who shall tell the mighty
Of knowing all that life has lost?
By thinking of the boundless coast
Poor comfort can the heart best find?
It might have been!

It might have been! Nay, rather rest
Believing what has been is best!
The life whose sun has not yet set
Can find no room for vain regret,
And only folly grows as queen
Its might-have-been.

—Cassell's Magazine.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

"Listen, Maud! Listen!"
Ernest Brinsley stood with one hand
Upon the shoulder of his beautiful
sister, while the other was raised in an
attitude of expectation.

Floating on the still night air—their
chances softened by the distance—far
a mile away—came the sweet jangling of
the bells that were ringing out a fare-
well to the old year that "lay a dying."

It was on a broad veranda, overlooking
a spacious garden, that Maud Brinsley
and her brother stood that New
Year's eve. The air was frosty, but not
a breath of wind stirred the leaves of
the laurel trees below, while high up in
the sky an almost full moon poured
forth a flood of silvery lustre.

"Listen!" said Ernest again, in his
deep, grave voice. "In a few moments
now, the past year, with all its joys and
sorrows, will be ended. Will you,
Maud, allow another year to find you
still harsh, unforgiving, and implacable?"

"Do not name him!" cried his sister,
vehemently, though her voice shook a
little. "Ernest, you plead in vain. I
can never forgive him!"

"Think once again. Remember he is
my friend. Yes, although he has given
good cause for your resentment, I call
him still my friend. How much he de-
pends that one rash act, and all the
consequences that have flowed from it, I
know full well! And, Maud, he loves
you—loves you still!"

Maud did not attempt to speak when
her brother paused, but she made an
impulsive gesture.

"I repeat it, Maud, he loves you still,
and regardless as you may be, he has
always loved you. See him once more—
let him with his own lips plead for
your forgiveness. It will be hard, I
know, for you to overlook the past—
Maud, let your resentment die with it.
Let us in good truth welcome the advent
of a happy New Year."

"No, no," she said, slowly. "It is im-
possible! We are parted, and so we
must remain."
She shivered as she spoke.

"Maud, dear one, you are cold. Let
me fetch you another wrap."
"I will not be a moment," she said,
quitting his side hastily. "I can fetch
a cloak, and be back again almost di-
rectly."

As she spoke she flitted through the
half-glass door opening upon the ver-
anda, and was lost to sight. It was
not the cold, however, that made her
shiver, but the recollections of the past
that thronged upon her; and she hur-
ried off to fetch the cloak herself, in-
order that she might have an opportunity
to recover her equanimity, and steel her
heart to listen unmoved to her brother's
further pleadings.

No sooner had the door closed than
Ernest took a sudden step forward, and
leaped over the iron railing of the bal-
cony.

"Bernard!" he cried, in a suppressed
voice. "Bernard!"
At the summons a dusky figure stepped
out of the shadow of a clump of laurels
where he had been standing unobserved,
and passed in the garden-walk below.

"You have heard all?" said Ernest,
interrogatively.
"All!"
He spoke in deep dejection.

"If you could plead your own cause,"
said Ernest, "you might have a chance;
and see, fortune favors you strangely.
Come gently up the steps, and stand
here in my place—here, near this pillar.

In the shadow she will not for a mo-
ment notice the exchange, then will be
your opportunity; make the best you
can of it. Quick—quick! she comes!"
A wild hope sprang up suddenly in
the lover's breast, and influenced by it
he hurriedly ascended the stone steps.
Hardly had he taken up the requisite
position and Ernest disappeared, ere the
door opened and Maud came forth.

Brief as had been her absence, yet
Maud told herself it had been sufficient
for her to conquer the weakness which
had assailed her. She was calm now—
she was sure she was quite calm—
though the palms of her hands were
burning and her eyes ached.

But she would hear no more upon the
subject—about that she was deter-
mined.

As she opened the door she looked
across the veranda where she had left
her brother standing, and there of course
she thought she saw him still.

In her hands she carried a large white
scarf, and hastening forward she threw
it round the neck of the silent figure,
while in a tone of gaiety, which only
served to display instead of conceal her
emotion, she exclaimed:

"Here, Ernest, is a wrap for you! If
you will be so absurd as to stand out
here listening to the old church bells,
you must protect yourself from the cold
as well as myself, and—"

A cry—almost a scream—burst from
her lips. She had discovered her mis-
take. She tried to fly, but she found
her hands grasped so tightly that any
effort at extrication would be futile.

"Help! help!" she cried. "Release
me, sir. Let go this moment! Ernest—
Ernest, where are you? Let go, I say!"
"Maud—Miss Brinsley," said Bern-
ard, in those deep, thrilling tones of
his, "I cannot—indeed I cannot—let
you go! Stay one moment—only one mo-
ment!"

How that rich voice rang in her ears!
Despite herself, it moved her strangely.
She had never heard it since that night
they had parted, as if it were forever.

"Surely," she panted breathlessly, for
she still struggled to free, "surely
you will not be so cruelly holding me
here by force? Release my hands at
once!"

"Not yet," answered Bernard, in great
agitation. "Not until I have heard
me speak. I feel that I have now one
frail hold upon happiness, and I cling
to it as a drowning sailor might to a frag-
ment of a wreck. And my life, what is
it now but a wreck? Maud—Maud, as
you may say 'have need to ask for
forgiveness yourself, let me beg of you to
hear me!"

"Release me!" was all she said.
With a stifled groan he obeyed her.
She was free.

But her arms dropped down to her
side; and after taking one hasty step
toward the door, she paused.

At that instant the church bells ceased
with startling suddenness their clanging
peal. The hour of midnight had almost
come.

Trembling in every limb, with her
heart beating almost to suffocation,
anxious to flee, yet feeling it impossible
to move, she stood spell-bound, as it
seemed, by the solemn stillness all
around.

"Maud," said Bernard, brokenly,
"the bells have done; they will not ring
again till the New Year comes. The
duration of the old year may now be
reckoned by minutes—nay, seconds.
Surely this should be a time for me to
invoke all the gentlest feelings of your
nature! By the love you once had for
me, do not, oh! do not condemn me to
another year of misery of woe! I am
here, an almost heart-broken suppliant,
and my sole reliance is on woman's for-
giving spirit. I have wronged you,
Maud; I confess to it with grief, with
shame. But how bitterly I have re-
pent of that act of folly none can
know except myself—none except my-
self; for could you guess how bitter, how
sincere has been my repentance, you
would at least have pity for me, if not
forgiveness. Do not leave me, Maud,
do not crush me with despair. Ere the
New Year comes let me hear one word
of forgiveness—only one—and I will be
content."

Great as was the wrong this man had
done her, Maud felt that the love which
all her efforts had been in vain to cast
out was still dominant in her breast,
and urged her to crush down that re-
sentment which she had thought she
must ever bear toward him.

Her brain whirled; she felt sick and
faint; and then came the solemn strokes
of the old church clock striking the
hour of twelve.

"In another moment," said Bernard,
"it will be too late. Maud—Maud!
Forgive—forgive!"
One after another came the strokes
upon the clock until the twelfth was
reached, and then for a few seconds,
which seemed like an age to those two
in the veranda, there was again that
impressive silence.

Maud put her hands to her throat—
she felt choking. She tried to speak,
but not even a murmur issued from her
lips. Down on his knees sank Bernard;
with outstretched hand he grasped her
dress, and turned his anguished gaze
upon her.

What did he see? Could it be real?
A mist came over his eyes, and then he
felt a trembling hand touch his, while a
voice in the faintest whisper murmured:
"Forgiven! Yes—yes, Bernard! For-
given!"

"At last!"
With one spring he was on his feet,
and pressing the loved one in those
arms which he had feared would never
encircle her again.

Then with a wild, mad peal, the New
Year's chimes rang out upon the frosty
air. Now low, then high, and anon fall-
ing into a softer cadence, as if speaking
to Bernard's ears with joy ineffable.

And how Maud clung to him, while
she sobbed and cried with hysterical
violence!

"Thank you, darling!" said Bernard,
happily. "Thank you for those words!
This is indeed a happy—happy New
Year's day for me! Speak again, dar-
ling! Tell me once more that I am for-
given!"

"Forgiven!" sobbed Maud. "For-
given freely; and what is more, the past—
the dreadful past, which even now
makes me shudder—I think about it—
I think that I shall be wholly and abso-
lutely forgotten as well as forgiven! I will never
speak of it—never allude to it in any
way. Promise me that no mention of
that subject shall ever be made again!"

"Heaven bless you, Maud! I faint
would speak; for if you knew all, you
would find some pity for me!"
"No, no—not a word! Not one! We
have both suffered—and the suffering is
over now."

"And you will trust me again?"
"Absolutely and entirely! I have al-
ways felt that I could never do so, but
now I conquer, and I know now that
you are as dear to me as you ever
were!"

Again and again did Bernard clasp
the generous woman to his heart, and
when she heard his vows uttered with
an impressiveness that left no doubt of
their sincerity, she felt indeed that out
of evil cometh good.

And with a soft and gentle step Er-
nest stole away unperceived, unheard.
He felt that he could not yet intrude
upon that scene of reconciliation and
trust renewed.

Arctic Arcadians.

A Tokio (Japan) correspondent writes:
About 250 years ago the Tschuktschi were
distinguished and gallant warriors. The
discoverers have gathered a valuable
assortment of the arms and armor of
that period. Many of these implements
are preserved among the families, whose
habits are no longer aggressive. Very
noticeable are their cuirasses, carefully
wrought out of mammoth ivory and
fashioned with a remarkable resemblance
to the old Roman panoply. Their spears
and bows are made of whalebone, wood
and ivory, spliced and bound with the
sinews of the reindeer, and showing an
advanced perception of artistic orna-
mentation on the part of the makers.

One hundred and fifty years ago the
famous Russian, Colonel Pankovsk, com-
manded an expedition sent against them
from Siberian settlements. In his first
engagement with them he was badly
wounded. He subsequently defeated them,
but with heavy loss to his own
troops, and has recorded much such a
tribute to their valor as Pyrrhus be-
stowed upon the Italian legions he over-
came. Strangely enough, they have no
government, no laws and almost no
religion, if any. A Russian starost is
their nominal ruler, but has neither
authority nor influence. Very little
foreign clothing is employed by them,
their vestments being almost exclusively
of skin. The nation probably numbers
10,000 souls, of whom one-half inhabit
the littoral between Tschuk bay and
Behring strait and the other half dwell
in the interior of the country. On the
whole it is impossible to imagine a more
Arcadian race, though no philosopher
has yet expected to discover Arcadia so
near the North Pole. A people without
chiefs and without criminal, experienc-
ing no difficulty in the distribution of
the product of their joint exertions in
fishing and hunting, whose sole sign of
pride, of wealth or fancy, is the posses-
sion of a boat a little larger than ordi-
nary, may well deserve the respect they
have earned from Nordenfjöld and his
party and prove fitting subjects for fur-
ther ethnological study.

To cough and at the same time be enter-
taining is impossible. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup
will reach your case. Price 25 cents a bottle.

TIMELY TOPICS.

The present parliament in England
was summoned for the fourth of March,
1874, and assembled on that day. If it
should only survive until the fourteenth
of April next, it will not only have run
into a seventh session, but it will have
exceeded in duration any previous
parliament summoned since the union,
and will have been the longest-lived
parliament for a century.

Five of New York's millionaires, esti-
mated to have been worth three hun-
dred and eight million dollars, dropped
off close together. John Jacob Astor
went first, and then in quick succession
Commodore Vanderbilt, A. T. Stewart
and William C. Rhinelander, and now
the money worshipper Goelet. Astor's
wealth was estimated at \$50,000,000.
Vanderbilt's at \$100,000,000 and Ste-
wart's about the same. Rhinelander's
property represented. It is supposed,
\$10,000,000 and Goelet's is estimated at
\$20,000,000.

Standing Bear, the Ponca chief who
had been visiting the East, is described
as a man of immense frame and impos-
ing presence. He has peculiarly sad
eyes, and a worn and despondent ap-
pearance, but as he speaks he grows ear-
nest, and his face light up. Bright eyes,
the Indian girl, who interprets his
speeches, is remarkably intelligent. She
made a good impression when she de-
fended her people before a large audi-
ence in New York. She is twenty-four
years old, and intends to study at Wel-
lesley college.

The new Mexican State of Chiapas
probably contains the only population
in the world which possesses no iron, nor
anything in the shape of an iron indus-
try, even of the crudest form. For the
distance of eighty miles around Palen-
que, the capital, not a single blacksmith
can be found, and the only articles in the
shape of iron are axes and machetes,
imported from the United States. Nails
are unknown, all the woodwork being
built together by cord or the tendrils of
the vines, and even the tortilla is pre-
pared by grinding the maize between
stones. The new railway, which will
run through this territory has clearly a
well-defined educational as well as com-
mercial development to undertake.

France has agricultural schools for
girls. One of the chief is near Rouen,
which is said to have been begun with
a capital of one franc by a sister of
charity and two little discharged
prisoner girls, and to be now worth
\$180,000. This establishment has 300
girls from six to eighteen years of age.
The farm, entirely cultivated by them,
is over 400 acres in extent. Twenty-
five sisters form the staff of teachers.
more than one medal of the French ag-
ricultural society has been awarded to
this establishment at Darnetel, and the
pupils are in great demand all over Nor-
mandy on account of their skill. They
go out as stewards, gardeners, farm
managers, dairy women and lam-
dressers. Each girl has on leaving an
outfit and a small sum of money, earned
in spare hours. If they want a home
they can always return to Darnetel,
which they are taught to regard as home.

The obsequies of the Countess Mon-
tijo, mother of the ex-Emperor Eugenie,
were conducted with great pomp and
ceremony. They were attended by the
most distinguished personages in Mad-
rid, the open ceremonies being conducted
by the Conde de Tendilla, Grande of
Spain, to whom, according to ancient
Spanish custom, the body of the coun-
tess was to be delivered. The chief
mourner was received at the Montijo
palace. Various solemn services were
performed by those who surrounded the
superb catafalque on which the coffin
rested, while a mass was sung. The
hearse was drawn by eight horses, and
the elegant state carriage which the
countess had used on special occasions,
with her favorite horses, followed.
Then came a company of king's halber-
diers, the chief mourners, and a mag-
nificent cortege of six hundred equip-
ages. According to Spanish usage,
neither ladies nor the nearest relatives
joined the procession. When the pro-
cession reached the Campo Santo Jose,
the coffin was taken from the hearse,
and with many additional ceremonies,
lowered into a provisional vault. The
Countess Montijo was one of the most
popular ladies in the Spanish capital.
The Empress Eugenie remained in re-
tirement while in Madrid, at the
Livia palace, the seat of the Alva fam-
ily.

A man fell from a bridge at Boca,
Nev., and broke his thigh. It was a
lonely place, and the weather was very
cold. He could not stand, in conse-
quence of his hurt, and therefore slowly
lapsed to death. There were indications
that he tried hard, by rolling about, to
keep warm, but death could not be
fought off.

The Bonanza Farms of the West.

A writer who spent some time last
summer in visiting some of the "bo-
nanza farms" of the Northwestern
States gives the result of his observa-
tions in the current number of the
Atlantic Monthly. One of the farms
visited contained 40,000 acres, of which
there were under cultivation 5,300 acres,
including 4,855 acres in wheat. It was
expected that the yield of wheat would
be at least twenty bushels to the acre,
and that some parts would produce
more than thirty bushels to the acre.
The number of men employed on the
farm varied in different parts of the year.
During harvest it was 250. In
Kansas, Minnesota and Dakota there
are many farms ranging in size from
1,000 to 50,000 acres. They are owned
and operated by wealthy capitalists,
who use the most improved machinery
and employ day laborers at low rates of
wages. The writer gives figures show-
ing that when wheat is worth seventy
cents a bushel on the farm, it may be
grown at a good profit for less than forty
cents a bushel. The profit is from
forty to fifty cents a bushel, which is be-
tween \$7 and \$8 per acre cultivated,
and sometimes as high as fifty-five per
cent of the capital invested. The re-
sult is that those who have gone into
wheat-growing on a large scale are mak-
ing colossal fortunes by virtue of their
capital, improved machinery and cheap
labor, while small farmers, depending
mainly on their own labor, without the
advantages of capital or improved ma-
chinery, are not making a comfortable
subsistence, "but are running behind
and must go under." It is hopeless for
them to contend against the powerful
combination of capital, machinery and
cheap labor. A direct effect of the op-
erations of the extensive land-owners is
to prevent the country from being pop-
ulated and built up with towns, churches,
schools, houses, etc., except what is ne-
cessary to provide for the scanty wants
of the farm laborers and the stock. Not
a dollar of the vast amount realized
from the products of the soil is returned
to the land from which it is taken. On
one farm of 5,300 cultivated acres there
was not one permanent family where
there should have been at least one to
every fifty acres of land, or 106 families.
This would have given at least a popu-
lation of 500, with about 100 dwellings,
besides barns, other buildings, improve-
ments, etc. These facts are vitally sig-
nificant, and they become more sug-
gestive when it is considered that the
system referred to is yet in its infancy,
and gives signs of extensive growth.
The number of farms in the Northwest
ern States having 1,000 acres and up-
ward was, as reported by the Federal
census, about 600 in 1860, and about
1,300 in 1870. During this decade the
number doubled. It is stated that the
increase during the last decade in the
number of these extensive farms has
been alarming, and that the increase is
likely to be still more rapid in the future.
The development of this large farm sys-
tem, which is specially marked in Kan-
sas, Minnesota and Dakota, is by no
means confined to the Northwest. The
same feature is seen in a striking de-
gree in Texas. California also is noted
for its extensive farms, some of them
containing tens of thousands of acres.

Palm Oil.

That portion of the west coast of
Africa which lies south of the river
Volta furnishes the principal supplies
of palm oil. Nearly 1,000,000 cwt. of
this oil is annually exported to Great
Britain, of the value of \$7,500,000. Its
principal use being in the manufacture
of soaps, perfumery, candles, and sim-
ilar articles. Among the natives it is
highly valued, both for food (taking the
place of butter), for lighting and cook-
ing purposes, and for anointing the head
and body. The so-called oil, which is
rather a fatty substance, resembling
butter in appearance, is obtained from
the fruit of several species of palms,
but especially from the one known
botanically as *Elais guineensis*, which
grows in abundance on the western
coast of Africa, and from which it takes
its specific name. So thickly do these
trees grow, and so regular and rapid
are their supplies of fruit, that in some
localities where the regular collection of
the produce is not practiced, the ground
becomes covered with a thick deposit of
the oily, fatty matter produced by the
ripe berries. Deposits of palm oil,
which may almost be called "mines" of
vegetable fat, exist in some parts of the
gold coast, and which, if not in them-
selves worth mining, at least practi-
cally illustrate the natural wealth of
the country in such productions, and
indicate its undeveloped resources.
These "mines" would probably not re-
pay the cost of exploration, as the palm
oil is apt to become rancid and value-
less for its general uses after long ex-
posure, though for such purposes as
candle making these deposits might still
be valuable.

Washington Fifty Years.

Pennsylvania avenue—the Appo-
cay of our republic—was graded by
Jefferson as President, at a cost
\$14,000; he personally superintended
the planting of four rows of Lombardy
poplars along that portion of it be-
tween the Capitol and the White House—
along each curbstone, and two ex-
tra rows in the roadway, which were
thus divided into three parts, like the
der *Linien* at Berlin. In the winter
and spring the driveway would be
full of mud holes, some of the cross
streets would be impassable beds of
clay, worked by passing horses and
wheels into a thick mortar. On one
occasion, when Mr. Webster and a friend
undertook to go to Georgetown in a
hackney-coach to attend a dinner party,
the vehicle got stuck in a mud-hole,
and the driver had to carry his pas-
sengers, one at a time, to the sidewalk,
where they stood until the empty coach
could be pulled out. Mr. Webster,
in narrating this incident, years
afterward, used to laugh over his fate,
that his heaver would fall beneath the
weight and ruin his dress suit. Je-
ferson had used to call Pennsylvania
avenue "the great Serpentine bog,"
descent on the dangers of a trip over it
to or from the Union hotel at Geor-
town, in the large stage, with seats
the top, called the "Royal George."
Atlantic Monthly.

The Four Seasons.

In the balmy April weather,
My love, you know,
When the corn began to grow,
What walks we took together,
What sighs we breathed together,
What vows we pledged together,
In the days of long ago!
In the golden summer weather,
My love, you know,
When the mowers went to mow,
What home we built together,
What tales we watched together,
What plans we planned together,
While the skies were all aglow!
In the rainy autumn weather,
My love, you know,
When the winds began to blow,
What tears we shed together,
What mounds we heaped together,
What hopes we lost together,
When we laid our darlings low!
In the mild and wintry weather,
My love, you know,
With our heads as white as snow,
What prayers we pray together,
What tears we share together,
What heaven we seek together,
For our time has come to go!
—Theodore Tilton.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Colorado has 300 bonanza kings.
The Sioux, tribe. The lawyers,
Lovelace.

A gas-well bored at Enns, Penn., struck a valuable salt vein.

Upward of ninety thousand deaths from cholera have already occurred in various parts of Japan.

It costs a community more to suppress one liquor saloon than it does a hundred churches.—*Golden Rule*.

Gen. Grant is of a very long-lived family. His father died at the age of eighty, and his mother still lives.

Boys who are granted the utmost freedom of the streets are like the sun of life—they run out.—*Koskoff's*

Professor J. D. Coleman, of Beth college, Kentucky, shot a student who rang the college bell unnecessarily, as was shown by the next report.

"There's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream."

We'll not expect a quiet or a life of restraint in our country.

—*Ontario Republican*.

Thirteen hundred houses are now being built in New York city. The progress of building in the West is retarded by the fact that the supply of lumber of Chicago this year is thirteen hundred million feet, nearly a fourth more than last year, but the demand is increased and lumber is very scarce and high.

The wonderful gas eruptions in the Vine Grove post-office, occurred at the stage road, when Courtney Tex., is no longer a rare occurrence. 152 feet deep, of Spanish steamed, 152 feet deep, of Spanish steamed, 152 feet deep, of Spanish steamed.

it daily. Twenty-seven in hope. Hungary on account of the Ph. Five men killed by explosion, sa. in a colliery near Scranton, rather sad. Several flowers in a shameful Chandler in Detroit, guilty of b. sunk by the ship should be im. Heuolen, and years. It is worse done by break-fetter, or a Nih on bridge over rider, or an incend. A party of Well, what crime won't be next!—*Norristown Herald*.

Washington Fifty Years.

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occasion, when Mr. Webster and a friend
undertook to go to Georgetown in a
hackney-coach to attend a dinner party,
the vehicle got stuck in a mud-hole,
and the driver had to carry his pas-
sengers, one at a time, to the sidewalk,
where they stood until the empty coach
could be pulled out. Mr. Webster,
in narrating this incident, years
afterward, used to laugh over his fate,
that his heaver would fall beneath the
weight and ruin his dress suit. Je-
ferson had used to call Pennsylvania
avenue "the great Serpentine bog,"
descent on the dangers of a trip over it
to or from the Union hotel at Geor-
town, in the large stage, with seats
the top, called the "Royal George."
Atlantic Monthly.

THE STANDARD

Published every Wednesday.

Advertising Terms

	1 week.	2w.	3w.	1m.	2m.	3m.
1 inch.	\$1.00	\$1.50	\$2.00	\$2.50	\$3.50	\$4.50
2 inches.	1.50	2.50	3.50	4.50	6.00	7.25
3 inches.	2.00	3.00	4.00	5.00	7.00	9.00
4 inches.	2.50	3.50	4.50	5.50	8.00	11.00

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

Advertising by the year as may be agreed upon. Bills payable quarterly.

New Rotary Power Job Press.

We have added to the Standard Office an "Alden Rotary power Job Press," and having tested its merits, pronounce it a No. 1 machine, capable of throwing off upwards of a thousand sheets an hour. With an addition of fancy type, we are prepared to execute with neatness and dispatch, orders for blanks, bill heads, envelopes, cards and other printing, and solicit a share of public patronage.

VISITORS to St. Andrews and travellers generally, will be pleased to know that Mr. ASHES KENNEDY has opened the building formerly called the "International," on Water Street, opposite the Manchester House. The hotel has been newly painted and papered, and a large cell 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 Hotel 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. my21-ly.

St. Mark's Lodge, No. 5.

J. F. COVRY, W. M.
Geo. F. STICKNEY, Secretary.
Meets first Thursday in each month.

ST. ANDREWS LIBERAL CONSERVATIVE Association.

W. D. FORSTER, President.
Geo. S. GRIMMER, Vice do.
J. R. BRADFORD, Secretary.
J. M. HAYSON, Treasurer.
Committee.—R. Stevenson, J. Mowatt, R. B. Hanson, M. J. C. Andrews, W. D. Hart, Wm. Morrison.

HAS IT COME TO STAY?

The following sensible article on the prosperity of the past season is copied from a respectable New York journal. It shows plainly that the revival of business, and the consequent circulation of money, and rise in wages, is not due to the protective policy, but is chiefly owing to the abundant crops, and the shipment of bread stuffs to the mother country, and France. This will apply also to the Dominion; as any dispassionate mind will admit; and proves that the administration and measures of any mere party, has nothing to do with either bad or good times, notwithstanding the diatribes of political quacks. The people are yearly becoming more intelligent, and cannot be humbugged into admiration of any measure which fills the pockets of the few, at the expense of the many. There has been quite too much humbug practised of late, and the people begin to see it.

There seems to be a widespread impression among business men that the prosperity of the past season has come to 'his view of the case, in so far as it is a matter of fact, and it leads to a guard of the conditions on which prosperity can be secured, sooner or later, to water to the industrial industry.

Prosperity is the outcome of enormous grain production. But it does not require much guesswork to see that it has not been for mutual security in Europe, our vast crops of cereals would have been far less valuable to us than it has proved to be. But for the necessities of England and France," said a shrewd observer recently, "half the product of our farms would have been left to rot upon the ground." It may easily happen that the present favorable condition of affairs will not outlast another season. It cannot be expected that the crops of Europe will fall every year; we cannot count upon invariably fruitful seasons in this country. If we are wise, we shall look upon the past season, with its unexampled prosperity and its marvellous opportunities, as an unusual one. Other prosperous seasons will doubtless follow this; but it would be the height of folly to count on an uninterrupted succession of fruitful years in this country and corresponding years of security in Europe.

But the uncertainty of which we speak should lead us to take other steps to secure a more stable foundation for the national prosperity. The foreign markets now opened to us through the misfortunes of other nations we may not hope always to control. But by wise forethought and fair dealing we may be able to retain a hold upon them that will afford a regular and profitable outlet for our surplus products.

to maintain such a hold, however, we must depend, not on the occasional misfortunes of foreign nations, but upon the superiority of our own productions, and the intelligent enterprise with which we place them in the foreign market. The headlong American temper, which is so impatient of thorough work, must give place to a steadier mind and a more careful hand. It is hard to gain a footing among the conservative people of the Old World, especially when we come into direct competition with their own cherished industries; it is very easy to lose our hold upon their regard. Only conspicuous superiority and unswerving honesty will enable us to retain the footing which providential circumstances have lately given us in the markets of the world.

These two considerations—to name no others—show how unreasonable it is to expect the present condition of things to continue indefinitely. If we are wise, instead of rushing on in blind disregard of the future, we shall take a long look ahead, and in the present prosperity prepare for more moderate times, with possible reverses in the coming days.

The St. Andrews Standard.

SAINT ANDREWS, JANUARY 7, 1890.

We have now entered on a new cycle, the year 1880; the old year 1879, with its record of good and bad deeds has been closed. What a lesson for the living; how many good deeds has each individual on the credit side of the Record—and how many evil acts. Is it not profitable to each one of us, to pause and consider? Is there any one person who has been so perfect during the past, that he can cast a stone at his fellow man? Have we not all erred, and left undone those things which we should have done, and done those things which we ought not to have done? Does the fact not teach us, that we should begin without delay, at this time to amend our ways, and resolve to act and live in future as responsible beings, and determine to avoid the errors of the past, remembering that each one has to appear at the great bar of justice, and there be judged according to his deeds. Let us all then, resolve and strive to live, as we would wish we had done, when the dread messenger comes for us. There is hope for all. We offer these few remarks with the best desire for the good of all our readers.

THE WINTER HERRING FISHERY

In St. Andrews Bay for the past fortnight, has been carried on with great success, by our fishermen, the water teemed with myriads of herring, and the nets were frequently so overloaded, as to necessitate their being cut to let the fish free, as the fishermen could not save them, which we may inform our reader inland, is done by freezing them, in which state they are shipped in bulk to United States markets, generally in U. S. vessels.

Among the large number of vessels in the Bay, (of which by the way, we may state a young artist recently took a sketch, which he intends finishing for a public purpose), were several Gloucester fishing vessels, the masters of which craft, are purchasing all the fish offered them, and have paid some thousands of dollars to our fishermen. During the late heavy southerly storm, the vessels ran into the inner harbor, which presented a lively appearance with upwards of sixty sail at anchor, and they all purchased small stores, &c., thus circulating a considerable amount of money, but nothing equal to the amount they expended under the old tariff. It is amusing to hear some claim, that it is owing to the N. P. our people are enjoying this prosperity; this is about as correct as the statement in a Fredericton paper that the bar or shoal near the lighthouse was an obstacle to vessels entering the inner harbor, when the writer has seen upwards of thirty ships, barques, and brigs loading timber at the same time. It has been broadly hinted, that the Fredericton paper's informant is a Charlottetown man, who has an axe to grind, and has been endeavoring to set forth the claims of a harbor nearer his home, for a winter shipping port for the Dominion; his little game however will not succeed, as Government men we believe have already adopted the Port of St. Andrews, as will appear at no remote period, arrangements being in progress, with reference to the main terminus of the International (or Megantic) Railway at St. Andrews.

The *Calais Times* says that it has been finally permitted to state that the business men of St. Stephen have inaugurated a determined push to secure a cotton factory in the town. Liberal subscriptions to the stock have already been guaranteed; and there is no doubt that western capitalists will grasp at the opportunity that will be offered them.

The steamer *Stroud* has taken the place of the *Belle Brown* on the river. The latter

steamer has left to be hauled up at Eastport.

Topics of the Week.

CHRISTMAS and New Year's days, were generally observed as holidays and in a most becoming manner. Calling on New Year's day was limited, in fact it is fast becoming an exception, and better still, the common practice heretofore of offering wine and other liquors to visitors, has been almost abolished. It gives us much pleasure to state, that not one instance of an intoxicated person on the streets, occurred on the first day of the year. No doubt in private circles, friends pledged each in a glass of the "rosy," with "many happy returns of the season."

OYSTER SUPPER.—Several of our young townsmen, entertained a few of their companions who had spent the holidays at home, to an Oyster Supper in Morrison's Hotel on Saturday evening last, prior to a return to their business and studies in other parts of the Province. The evening was agreeably passed, with toasts, speeches, songs, and sentiments. We learn that this pleasant affair was conducted on purely temperate principles, and was creditable to all concerned.

Richard Waycott has been appointed to an important position in the Dominion Telegraph Office at Halifax. We are happy to record the success of St. Andrews boys abroad.

The light rain on Sunday last settled the snow, and travelling is reported to be excellent on all the main roads.

The weather to-day is as mild as June in October, the sleighing is excellent, and the youths are enjoying coasting down hill.

SCHOOL MEETING.—The Annual Meeting is advertised to be held in Number One School Building on Thursday, Jan. 8, at 10 a. m. It is to be hoped that the ratepayers will attend.

The Schools were opened this morning.

THE CHRISTINA.—Much speculation existed for the past two weeks, with reference to the safety of this Barque, it having been upwards of forty-six days since her departure from Masquash to Queenstown. Capt. Andrews and his brother Samuel, Joseph Lamb, 2nd mate, and James Green, son of David Green, Esq., all natives of St. Andrews, were in the vessel, and the anxiety of their relatives was intensified from the fact, that the arrival of other vessels which left after she did had been published. It affords us much satisfaction to state that the *Christina*, Andrews, arrived safely at Cardiff, on the 17th December, having made the passage in 45 days. We congratulate their relatives on the good news.

THE GOVERNOR GENERAL'S MEDALS.

We learn from the *Moncton Times* that the Governor General has "offered a medal for competition to the High School, Moncton," and from the *Summerside Journal* that "His Excellency has given two medals to be competed for by the pupils attending the Summerside Schools, at the annual examination in June next." His Excellency has also presented a silver medal, to be competed for by classes in literature, to the Catholic Commercial Academy of Montreal.

It is said that the application for a charter to build a railway from the head of Lake Winnipeg to Port Nelson on Hudson Bay really emanates from the Hudson Bay Company. This corporation apparently realizes this season more than in any preceding one, that their real interest lies in colonizing the North-west, so we hear not only of building the line of railway alluded to, but of the transformation on the Thames of four of the company's ships into steamers, capable of breaking ice, and of an anticipated immigration under the Company's auspices of forty thousand people from Europe to the North west during the spring and summer of 1890. If this should turn out to be correct the problem of Hudson Bay navigation will be solved without the assistance of the Dominion Government.—*Ottawa Free Press*.

AQUATIC.—Hartman said at a reception given him at Bradford, Ont., on Tuesday night that he had done all he could to bring about a race with Courtenay, but could not get him out. He intended going to England in the spring, to row Elliott, after which he will go to Australia and row Trickett, when he would retire from rowing.

LONDON, Jan. 5.

A serious affray took place on Friday between the Royal Irish Constabulary and some peasants of Galway. The police fired on the people, but nobody was injured. Galway County is in a very disturbed condition. Two hundred extra policemen are drafted there.

We intimated in a previous issue, that the Prize essay for the best original paper on the "Progress of English Literature," would be published, and the pledge is redeemed. The subject, perhaps, was too difficult for the young pupils of the Grammar School, but as it required some research, it added to their stock of knowledge, and may be of service to them. The following is Miss E. Brown's essay:—

Progress of English Literature.

When we compare the English Literature of the day, with that of earlier times, we cannot fail to note the vast change that has taken place in it. At first so slowly as to be almost imperceptible, and then with great rapidity.

While the Romans held and the Saxons, Danes, and Normans struggled for the mastery in the island, literature received very little attention outside the monasteries. It consisted first of legends, and romances of chivalry. Gradually to these were added translations, histories, chronicles, plays, and original works on theology and other subjects. We should not wonder at the slow progress made at first, but rather how it lived at all, when we take into consideration the unsettled state of the country, when the arts of war and self defence were the things most to be attended to by both king and subjects.

Many were the events that led to a new era in the world of letters, chief among which was the introduction of printing, in 1474. Up to this time books were scarce, and hard to obtain also for some time after printing was first established, owing to the limited means of communication with different parts of the country, and to the many difficulties that beset the introduction of anything new. The mass of the people being ignorant and superstitious, regarded the studios or learned with distrust, and opposed their works with a might and main worthy of a better cause.

Nevertheless it did gain ground, and in consequence books became cheaper and knowledge more widely diffused. Then men of talent and genius rose into prominence, who but for learning, might have lived and died unknown. These were quickly followed by others who added to and beautified the literature of their country.

In the early part of the Stuart period, literature was thought to have reached as near perfection as possible, and we grant there was great reason to think so, when we consider that among the prominent standard works, were those of Bacon, Spenser, Hooker, and that Prince of Dramatists, Shakespeare, who has never been equalled. But as we go on we find such was not the case, for literature was destined to become more brilliant and more perfect.

In Queen Anne's time when it was enriched by the works of Addison, Steele and Swift, and contemporaries.

The study of the works of Addison, Spenser, and Shakespeare, were at one time as essential to a liberal education as the study of Horace or Virgil.

That time has passed. Only Shakespeare continued and still continues to shine on in undimmed lustre. Why this change? Can it be that the national taste has been corrupted. Not so—as these writers surpassed, preceding ones, so others have excelled them in richness of thought, eloquence, beauty of composition, and strength of reasoning.

A few of those polished writers who have taken the place of the old ones. But Adam Smith, the author of that great work, "Wealth of Nations," Scott and others whose names are familiar. These are they who have left their "footprints on the sands of time."

The literature of a country is closely connected with the prosperity and social condition of the people. In this so-called scientific age, English literature, refinement, and literature, have reached a degree of eminence never before attained, and yet it is possible to go higher, and the fame of men who now shine as brilliant lights, may pale and die as those gone before, unless the nation degenerate. So dreadful an alternative can never be, as long as our motto is, as it has ever been—"upward and onward."

Dr. Millet, a French army surgeon, recommends powdered aloes as a dressing for wounds, both as a means of favoring cicatrization and for closing them. It is said to relieve the severe pain of wounds almost immediately, and requires to be renewed only at long intervals.

Those who know celery only in its raw state lose half the enjoyment of that excellent vegetable. Cut up in small pieces, boiled until tender, and seasoned by adding milk, butter and salt to the water in which it is cooked, it makes a delicious dish.

Messrs. Parnell and Dillon arrived at New York, last week, and had quite a reception. Their visit to the United States is for the purpose of raising funds, to alleviate the distress in Ireland.

Honors and rewards in Zululand are oddly arranged and conducted says the *London Truth*:—"Col. Harrison gets a C. B. after being unpleasantly mixed up with the death of the Prince Imperial, and the same is given to Captain B-adshaw, whose prompt and decisive action, perhaps, saved one only. Lord Gifford gets £500 and his majority, and dinners, and heaven knows what all, for hunting Cetawayo; and Major Marter, who caught him, gets what? Not much."

NEW YORK, Jan. 5.

Farnell, to day, received a number of addresses and invitations to visit very many cities in States.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Jan. 5.

Lord Salisbury has approved the arrangements of Dec. 31 between Mr. Layard and the Sultan. In part fulfilment of that arrangement the papers of Koeller, the German missionary, have been handed to Layard. The remaining principal points of the arrangement are the release of the priest Ahmed Tewfik, and an formal written apology to the British representative.

CALCUTTA, Jan. 5.

The Viceroy speaking at a State Banquet on New Year's day, said that the new year opened under happier auspices and with more hopeful auguries than the old one, but the soldiers' work in Afghanistan is not yet over nor could it be relinquished or given up until the object sought was completely attained. That object was not the acquisition of territory but the securing of the future peace of India and solid guarantees for the good behavior of India's Afghan neighbors.

A SMART OLD WOMAN OF 103 YEARS.—A Valleyfield (R. E. L.) correspondent of the *Montague Pioneer* writes. There lives, at present, at Valleyfield, a Mrs. McLeod who has passed her 103rd year. Last September she was reaping with a reaping hook and in October digging potatoes. Her mental faculties are as good as ever; her eyesight is almost unimpaired, and her hearing is excellent. Last September while out in the field with her grandchildren, over a quarter of a mile from the road, they, to test her eyesight, asked her who passed along the road. She immediately told them. She has 51 grand children, and between 40 and 50 great-grandchildren. She is out of bed every day and apparently has a number of Merry Christmases yet to speed.

The Dominion Ministers have been having a "high old time" since they got into power. They have had pleasure trips to England—at the public expense. They have had lunches and dinners and suppers from their friends. They have kept up a constant fitting blither and thither. And all the while the public business has been neglected.—*Halifax Chronicle*.

The imports of teas into London, England, from January 1st to the 30th of November, amounted to 169,173,175 pounds, as compared with the same time last year of 184,210,795 pounds, the deliveries for the same period being 189,757,914 pounds against 163,440,713 pounds last year.

A MISSING EDITOR.—Joseph Kavanagh, editor of the *Sydney Express* and Clerk of the Savings Bank at North Sydney, C. B., has been missing since Friday. His cap and stick were found close to a hole in the ice near the B. B. Company's pier, and it is supposed he committed suicide.

The *Canadian Illustrated News*, the best paper of the kind in Canada, has commenced its 21st volume. It is ably edited, and the illustrations are finely executed.

The *Globe* is in a humor for seeing plots and has unearthed a couple of them, if not three. First there is an annexation plot, with "three Tories at its head," and with its headquarters in Montreal. This plot, as seen in Montreal, is in the form of a debating club, especially for the discussion of questions of political economy. According to the testimony of the *Montreal papers* it is composed of all shades of political opinion, and they agree in considering its objects praiseworthy. There is no reason why a debating club should not discuss such a question as annexation. In the interests of the views held by the overwhelming majority of the people of Canada the discussion of it should be welcomed as beneficial. The days have gone past when men's mouths can be muzzled upon this or any other question.—*Hamilton Spectator*.

Mr. Gladstone has unequivocally been the popular, and we may almost say, the national leader in the reaction against the policy of Lord Beaconsfield; and the conclusion has been drawn that he should therefore become once more the formal leader of the Liberal party in the House of Commons.—*London Daily News*.

MARRIED.

At Eastport, on the 24th ult., by the Rev. F. D. Handy, Mr. Samuel Moore of St. Andrews, to Miss Rhoda Ward of Eastport.

At Charlottetown, P. E. I., on the 20th ult., Rev. J. M. M. Leod, to Mrs. John Taylor, daughter of the late Mr. Jacob Haddock of St. Andrews.

DIED.

At Douglas, York, on the 4th, Saunders, wife of Capt. Geo. Saunders, and fifth daughter of the late Hubbard, of Burton, aged 78. Deceased was aunt of C. E. O. Esq.]

The most important insurgent Cuba has been killed.

Over 100 persons were drowned sinking of the steamship *Bourbon* 2.

To Subscribers.—We have sent our officers, and as we cannot afford to continue hope they will be prompt in payment must be made request. Our desire is to year with all accounts who have paid, we tender

Vick's Illustrated Monthly pages, a Colored Plate in every issue fine Engravings. Price \$1.25 Copies for \$2.00. Specimen supplied for 25 cents.

Vick's Illustrated Floral Guide work of 100 Pages, 4 in Colored and 500 Illustrations, with Descriptions of Flowers and Vegetables, and how to grow them. All for \$1.00. In New York, N. Y. JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

CURED PROMPTLY MANFULLY. I am very celebrat-ed in this treatise on this Heres who send me their address. Dr. H. G. H. 181, New York.

NOTICE. THE ANNUAL MEETING of the St. Andrews STEAMBOAT WHARF will be held in PAUL'S HALL, Evening, January 15 at seven o'clock. By order. Jan. 7, 1890.

MOLLER'S MORRIS COD-LIVER OIL. MOLLER'S COD-LIVER OIL. In perfectly pure. Pronounced the best medical authorities in the world. Sold at 15 World's Dispensaries, and by Druggists. W. H. Scholfield, 151, New York.

Special Notice. THE SECRET KEY TO HEALTH, Life, or Self Preservation. Only \$1. Contains fifty valuable hints of which is worth the price of the book. Free sent on receipt of 6 cents. Address, Dr. W. H. Parker, 4 Bul ton, Mass.

A MAN OF A THOU. When death was hourly expected, and Dr. James' with the many heres of Calculus, he is a man of a thousand. His cure country, and enjoying the best proved in the world that can be positively and permanently for new price the Receipt free, later, showing that every one physician and prepare his own asking that each remit two green. This Herb also cures a causes at the stomach, and a cold up in twenty-four hours. Address, CHAS. D. CRAIDON, 1632 Race St., Phila., Pa.

A CAR. To all who are suffering from indigestion of youth, nervous decay, loss of manhood, &c., this great remedy will cure you, FIEE This great remedy was discovered in South America. See advertisement to the Rev. JOSEPH D. New York City.

thing short of a cure. I have suffered from this for years, and have tried every remedy, but have not been able to get any relief. I have been told that this is the most effective of all remedies, and I have decided to try it. I have been told that it is the most effective of all remedies, and I have decided to try it. I have been told that it is the most effective of all remedies, and I have decided to try it.

CASH BUSINESS.—\$4 for Agents, Teachers at our NEW BOOK. Its of Prose and Poetry by those, elegant illustrations make it a welcome guest in every home. The new editions and red beautifully illustrated works a quick sale, are ready why money in their sale. A single copy 75 cents. E. H. TRENT, 805 Broad

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Over 100 persons were drowned at the sinking of the steamship Borussia, December 2.

To Subscribers.—We have sent out bills to subscribers, and as we cannot afford to send a collection we hope they will be prompt in payment.

Now near the close of the year, and as some payment must be made, we will not request. Our desire is to commence the new year with all accounts closed. To those who have paid, we tender our thanks.

Vick's Illustrated Monthly Magazine 3 pages, a Colored Plate in every number and many fine Engravings. Price \$1.25 a year; Five Copies for \$5.00. Specimen numbers sent for 10 cents; 2 trial copies for 25 cents.

Vick's Illustrated Floral Guide, a beautiful work of 100 Pages, 4 Colored Flower Plates, and 500 Illustrations, with Descriptions of the best Flowers and Vegetables, with price of seeds and how to grow them. All for a FIVE CENT stamp, issue Nov. 26th. In English or German. JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

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NEW BRUNSWICK & CANADA RAILROAD.

1879. WINTER ARRANGEMENT 1880

and after Monday, December 1st, Trains will run as follows:

Trains North.

Express Trains leave St. Stephen daily at 9:30 a. m., and St. Andrews every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY at 8:30 a. m. for Woodstock and Houlton.

Trains South.

Leave Woodstock daily at 8:10 a. m. and Houlton daily at 8:20 a. m., daily for St. Stephen and for St. Andrews every TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY.

Connections.

The St. Andrews make close connection at McAdam Junction with Trains East for Fredericton and St. John; and at Vanhoose with Trains West for Bangor, Portland and Boston; and at Woodstock with the New Brunswick Railway for Port Fairfield, Carleton Place, Grand Falls and Edmundston, and at St. Stephen and St. Andrews with International Steamship Co. Boats, which leave Tuesday and Friday for St. John, and Monday and Thursday for Portland and Houlton.

HENRY OSBURN, Manager.

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