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NO. 1

Teamster Jim. I mind the day he was married, and I danced at the wedding, too.

Well they lived along contented, with their little joys and cares, An' every year a baby came, an' twice they came in pairs.

An' Jim he seemed to like it, an' he spent all his even's at home; He said it was full of music an' light from pit to dome.

He joined the church, an' he used to pray that his heart might be kept from sin—The stumblin' est prayin', but heads an' hearts used to bow when he'd begin.

So they lived along in that way, the same from day to day, With plenty of time for drivin' work an' a little time for play.

An' growin' around 'em the sweetest girls an' the liveliest, manliest boys, Till the old gray heads of the two old folks was crowned with the homeliest joys.

Wh? Come to my story? Well, that's all. They're livin' just like I said, Only two of the girls is married and one of the boys is dead.

An' they're honest, an' decent, an' happy, an' the very best Christians I know, Though I reckon in brilliant company they've voted a little slow.

The Leisure Burglar. "Sir," said the warden, "perhaps you would like to see our Mr. Forrest."

"Mr. Forrest?" I enquired. "Why yes," he said in surprise. "Have you never heard of our Mr. Forrest? No? Why," he continued, rubbing his hands together exultingly,

"he is a man, the likes of which I wager you will not find in another prison in these States!" "You are proud of him eh?"

"Proud of him! Proud of him! Well now, you may believe it. Ah, I tell you sir, he is none of your every day sort of scamps. No, indeed, not he! He is a gentleman, every inch of him. But you would like to see him?"

"Certainly," I answered, "if he is as interesting as you would make out." "And more so, sir, I assure you," he said, enthusiastically.

"Where do you keep him?" I enquired. "We set him to work in the library, and a good man he is there too."

And leading the way he brought me to the door leading to the library. Pausing a moment, he leaned over to me and said: "Sir, if you can, you must get him to tell you of his last piece of work. A very artistic thing it was, too. He's in for five years."

And he opened the door. Sitting at a table reading some paper was a very pleasant, affable-looking gentleman, when I say gentleman, I mean that he could not possibly be taken for anything else.

His looks, his bearing, the courtly manner in which he rose to greet us as we entered, and the cheery smile with which he recognized our introduction stamped him at once as one born a gentleman; and that he was well educated and possessed of intellect far above mediocrity was apparent before I left.

The warden, having a moment later to attend to his duties, we spoke casually on several topics. I avoided any mention of the fact that he was there as prisoner, and wondering how he came to commit the crimes—for I had found out that his last crime was not the first one, but that all his life he had been a burglar, and had, until the present time, successfully eluded the search and vigilance of the officers—which had brought him to the present position, and given the unenviable reputation he enjoyed; for, when I at last did bring myself to the point, and somewhat timidly broached the topic, his interest heightened, and instead of being downcast and shamefaced, he rather bristled somewhat with pride, and I found no difficulty in inducing him to give me a detailed account of the piece of work at which he was caught. He said: "I had abstained from any work for over half a year, owing mostly to the onerous duties imposed upon me by society; but my desire increased until I could restrain it no longer, and one night on a sudden impulse I set out, taking with me but few tools, which I carried in my pocket. It was early, very early, not later than 10 o'clock, while operations are usually most successfully conducted between 3 and 4 or 5. "However, I did not have the patience to wait, but immediately began looking about for some house whose appearance

was prepossessing. By 10:30 I had found my house and fixed upon my way of ingress, which was to be at a window facing south near the ground. I waited impatiently for them to retire, which they did slowly.

"Finally the only person still up was a man, evidently the man of the house, who was smoking a cigar. I stationed myself at a tree and waited, looking at my watch from time to time, and uttering imprecations on the man for keeping me so long in the cold; it was near winter, and some snow was already on the ground."

"Soon I saw the man was getting sleepy and finally, with a yawn, he threw away his cigar, laid down his paper and, taking his lamp with him, went to another room. Changing my position, I saw the light appear on the west side, he having, to the best of my calculation, passed through a room adjoining the room where he first was and from that into his bedroom. Soon the light went out, and waiting about half an hour for him to get drowsy, I went to work."

"I had no trouble with the window, and opening it lightly I crept into the room. Right ahead of me I saw a stove, by the light of which I saw that I was in a little recess used for the placing of flowers, which had now been removed. As it was yet much too early to begin work, I sat down on a chair which I found conveniently near and waited. The room was comfortably warm, the fire giving a cheery glow, and I soon found myself growing drowsy. Remembering the cigars my host was smoking, I went to the table and to my delight found thereon a box, some of which I immediately appropriated. They proved to be a very good smoke, and I contentedly resumed my former occupation of gazing at the coals. As fast as one cigar was used up I would light another, and I believe I must have smoked some twenty or thirty cigars that night. And to that, and that only, can I attribute the fact of my being here. But that comes later."

"As I sat there noises on the streets became less and less, and soon all was silent except the ticking of a clock in the room in which I was sitting. I heard the old time-keeper strike 12 in low, sober tones, and then 1. I began to be interested in the beat of the pendulum, and unconsciously constructed rhymes that I repeated to myself. Then I noticed that every few minutes it would lose a beat, followed by two close together, and then lose another. As the time went on the irregularity increased, and I came to the conclusion that my host had forgotten to wind his clock."

"As I had already acquired an affection for it, I went up to the mantle on which it stood, and opening the door felt inside for the key. This I soon found and began winding, the noise of which caused echoes to ring over the whole room. However I was not to be deterred, and finished my self imposed task and again sat down."

"The fire was getting low and the room chilly, and I thought I might as well proceed to business. Taking a little bull's-eye from my pocket I lighted it and looked about the room. Nothing there that I wanted. There were six doors leading into it, and these I tried. The first one led to the kitchen, the second to the sitting-room, the third to the cellar, the fourth to the pantry, the fifth to the upper part of the house, and the sixth through which my host passed was locked."

"The key was left in the hole, and taking out my pinchers I opened it and looked into what was evidently the parlor. Going at the farther end of the room was a door to the right, and peering into this I came upon the head of the house snoring like a good fellow. I took up his pants rifled them, getting about \$50. Seeing a sort of a box at the foot of the bed I tried that, but it refused to open. After some delay I got it open and looked over its contents. There was only one thing there I wanted and that was an old-fashioned portmanteau, which was locked. I slit this open with my knife and found a comfortable roll of bills, about \$300. You see I had been very lucky. In fact I always was, never entering a house but what I made enough to pay expenses."

"After hunting in the bureau, in which I found nothing worth confiscating except a clean collar—mine was dirty, and I changed it for a clean one that just fitted me—I left for the other wing of the house. Here I found a number of females, and not wishing to disturb them, I returned to the dining-room and looked for the silver. Although I searched assiduously, could find none, and went upstairs."

"At the head of the stairs was a little hall-way which run north and south, and entering the first room to the right, I looked upon the sleeping countenance of the eldest son—I guess. I went through

him to the extent of \$50, and going out and relocking the door I made my way to the other rooms, all of which I found to be unoccupied. The last room I entered was very cozily furnished, and I sat down on the bed a moment to rest.

"Well," he resumed, "I don't know how it was. I suppose I was struck by the brilliant thought that I would take a little rest before I went, so I undressed and went to bed."

"When I awoke I found a nice little coterie of officers in my room, and I was pleasantly requested to resume my habits and take a walk with them, which I did to their satisfaction. When I ended I was in a place for the detention of criminals, and a few weeks later found myself in the present commodious quarters, where I will probably remain for some time, for I am informed that when my present sentence has expired a new charge will be brought up, and after that another, and so on for I don't know how long."—A. Rudolph Freeman in St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Results from an Invention. Dr. Lardner, writing of the steam engine, said: "To enumerate its present effects would be to count almost every comfort and every luxury of life. It has increased the sum of human happiness, not only by calling new pleasures into existence, but by so cheapening former enjoyments as to render them attainable by those who before could never have hoped to share them. The surface of the land and the face of the waters are traversed with equal facility by its power; and by thus stimulating and facilitating the intercourse of nation with nation, and the commerce of people, it has knit together remote countries by bonds of amity not likely to be broken. Streams of knowledge and information are kept flowing between distant centers of population, those more advanced diffusing civilization and improvement among those that are more backward. The press itself, to which mankind owes, in so large a degree, the rapidity of its improvement in modern times, has had its power and influence increased in a manifold ratio by its union with the steam engine. It is thus that literature is cheapened, and, by being cheapened, diffused; it is thus that reason has taken the place of force and the pen has superseded the sword; it is thus that war has almost ceased upon the earth, and that the differences which inevitably arise between people and people are for the most part adjusted by peaceful negotiation."

She is Slowly Ossifying. Mrs. Mollie Hughes, a highly respectable widow lady living near Cameronville, Idaho, is afflicted with a unique and most distressing disease, says the St. Louis Republic. Little by little the flesh on her entire body is turning to solid bone, or in other words she is becoming ossified. The disease was first noticed in 1886, when Mrs. Hughes and Miss Duychink first noticed the numbness of the finger, it had been accidentally broken off while she was asleep. The incident gave the girl no pain, there being neither blood, nerves, nor flesh, left in the diseased member, but it excited the alarm of the family, who called in a physician. The broken stump of the finger was amputated back to where the living flesh set on, and everything was thought to be all right.

Soon the flesh, muscles, arteries, veins and nerves on her hands, fingers and arms became as hard and as feelingless as the finger had been before it was broken off. Next the awful malady extended to the elbow, the forearm becoming as white and clear as alabaster. Within the year the toes and end of the nose and cartilages showed a like color and rigidity. The process of ossification has now been going on nearly five years, and the attending physicians say that it is only a matter of time when the entire body of the poor victim will be a solid bone. It is a rare disease, and the pathology of it is little understood.

Are Dogs Afraid of Ghosts? "Perhaps you are not aware," said a young lawyer to the Charleston Democrat scribe, "that dogs and horses are as much afraid of ghosts and other uncanny things as are the most timid of the human race. I proved it one time on two dogs at any rate. Not long after the war the negroes were so bad about our place in Kentucky that it was with difficulty that we could keep our belongings on our place. Every other method having failed, I finally hit upon the plan of frightening them by appearing before them dressed as a ghost is said to habitate itself."

"Of course, the negroes were successfully frightened away from us, but upon one occasion I also frightened two of our watch dogs as badly as any negro ever

was frightened by ghostly apparition. The dogs were fierce fellows, and would allow no stranger or strange thing on the place, but one moonlight night they came upon me in spectral attire. The dog that first caught a glimpse of me just humped up his back until all four of his feet covered not more than six square inches of Kentucky soil. His eyes stood out and his hair stood up, and he began moving backward, never for an instant taking his eyes off my figure. His companion came up, went through the same movement, and both began backing cautiously from me. And as long as I could see them they put distance between us in that way. A few moments later I heard them barking at home, half a mile distant. They had taken refuge under the house, and it was four days before we could coax them out again."

A Remarkable Case. St. John has always held its own with the rest of the world in every way and now it appears her physicians are about to take their proper rank. A remarkable case has recently been treated by Dr. D. E. Berryman—a case of the displacement of one of the vertebrae of the spinal column with the reduction and complete recovery. Early in May, Young Swanton, jr., was badly injured by a load of lumber falling on him while he was in a stooping position. It was feared at first that he was dead, but fortunately such was not the case. A portion of the lumbar vertebrae was dislocated. This left the body completely paralyzed from that down. When Swanton was taken to the General Public Hospital the physicians in attendance told his friends that he was hopelessly paralyzed. His friends were dissatisfied and they took him home. Dr. D. E. Berryman was called in, and his method of treatment was something hitherto unknown, in St. John at least. The poor fellow was lifted out of his bed by six men and then strung up by the neck on a derrick. He was lifted a couple of feet from the floor. This straightened out the spinal column and by some manipulation the vertebrae was put in proper position, thereby relieving the pressure on the spinal cord. In the course of a few days motion was got in the limbs, which gradually increased, until now Mr. Swanton is able to walk about.—Sun.

Marie Antoinette's Slipper. In an old French household in New York the most carefully cherished heirloom is a slipper which was worn by Marie Antoinette in the last days before the French revolution. It was one of the most precious relics in the baggage of a court lady who fled with her husband to Louisiana when the storm broke. She left the tiny, blue, faded slipper to her daughter with the injunction that it should go down in the family, to the eldest daughter, if she never allowed herself to have corns.

It is a pretty slipper and has been carefully kept in the jewel case of one French woman after another, so that it is perfectly preserved. It is short, very narrow and very high-heeled, and is a brocade blue, lined with soft white silk. The sole is of coarse-grained leather, and there are three satin straps over the instep fastened with a paste buckle.

The pointed toe is embroidered with silver threads and the edges are bound with silver braid. The condition regarding its inheritance has always been strictly adhered to. The women of the house have taken great care of their feet that they may rightfully claim the unhappy queen's slipper, and for a hundred years there has not been a pinching shoe worn in that family.

A relic of this sort would be a boon in a good many households, if it had the effect of inducing the daughters to abandon the tight boots, which injure not only their feet but their gait and carriage.

He Lacked Faith. A Second avenue man's young wife was appealed to by a lady mission worker for a contribution, but she was economizing for the summer campaign and was slow to respond. Her husband was reading his newspaper over in the corner by the window, but he was alive.

"I can't give anything now," she pleaded; "I can't spare it."

"You can if you will," urged her solicitor. "Cast your bread upon the waters and you shall find it after many days, you know."

"What's that?" interrupted the husband dropping his paper.

"I said," repeated the lady, "that if she should cast her bread upon the water, she would find it after many days."

"Ugh," he grunted, dodging down behind his paper again, "she wouldn't if she didn't hire a driver to look after it."—Detroit Free Press.

Johnny's Argument. Johnny's mother went out when the table was set for tea, leaving him alone in the room and saying that she would only be gone five minutes. She staid nearly half an hour instead and when she returned she noticed a deficiency in the preserves.

"Johnny," she said, solemnly, "you have been at the preserves."

"Has it shrunk?" asked Tommy anxiously.

"Yes it has. There was twice as much there when I went out as there is now."

"Yes, but you were gone twice as long as you expected to be," was the clinching argument of the young hopeful.

Recipe for Writing a Novel. Take a pound or so of foolscap, cut into proper size, trim the edge neatly, and see that your ink is of right temperature. Select a fresh, young heroine of about 130 pounds (hero in due proportion, and also fresh); sweeten with domestic virtues, and sprinkle with artistic tastes. Chop your sentences quite small, and garnish with exclamations; but do not mince matters in the love-making. Let the story simmer gently towards boiling point; then take a well-seasoned "situation," carefully remove all traces of probability, and add to the mixture plenty of office. Pour into moulds commonly used for this purpose. A little froth skimmed from other literature makes an ornamental finish.

We'll write it down till everybody sees it. Till everybody is sick of seeing it. Till everybody knows it without seeing it—

that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases of chronic catarrh in the head, catarrhal headache, and "cold in the head." In perfect faith, its makers, the World's Dispensary Medical Association of Buffalo, N. Y., offers to pay \$500 to any one suffering from chronic catarrh in the head whom they cannot cure.

Now if the conditions were reversed—if they asked you to pay \$500 for a positive cure you might hesitate. Here are reputable men, with years of honorable dealing; thousands of dollars and a great name back of them and they say—"We can cure you because we've cured thousands of others like you—if we can't we will pay you \$500 for the knowledge that there's one whom we can't cure."

They believe in themselves. Isn't it worth a trial. Isn't any trial preferable to catarrh?

The London Times is authority for a story of Russian brutality. The nurse of a little daughter of Gen. Puzereff Warsaw was punishing a 10-year-old boy named Winter for a trivial misdemeanor, when he applied a number of unpleasant Polish names to her. Gen. Gurko was informed of the matter, when he ordered the boy to receive 25 lashes. The boy fainted at the seventh blow, and his tutor, who was required to execute the sentence, refused to continue the barbarous punishment. In this dilemma the police telegraphed to Gen. Gurko for instructions, and received peremptory orders to complete the execution of the sentence. The flogging was finished by the police, and the boy was sent back to his mother insensible, bleeding and in convulsions.

Every mother should see that their children get McLean's Worm Syrup when needed.—Advt.

At the village of Newark, N. Y., near Syracuse, C. W. Stuart had a splendid herd of pure Holstein cattle, from which he served milk to the neighborhood. The other night Paris Green, mixed with corn-meal, was deposited in large quantities along the stream where the animals drink. Quite a number of the herd died from the poison, and others will die. Stuart at once sent bellmen through the entire village warning people not to use the milk, although he was not sure that it was affected. Then all the people who had used the morning milk took emetics, and many of them were sick. Stuart's loss is said to be \$10,000.

K. D. C. restores the stomach to a healthy action, send for a free sample to K. D. C. Company, New Glasgow, N. S. \* Steamer "Charles W. Wetmore" arrived at New York from Liverpool on Thursday. This is the famous "whaleback" steamship about the safety of which some apprehensions were beginning to be felt.

Abarham Baker, New York, dealer in commercial paper, who recently failed with liabilities about \$4,000,000, was arrested on Friday. The complainant charges that Baker defaulted him of debenture bonds of the Central Railroad and Banking Co., of Georgia, valued at \$9,700 and other certificates valued at \$2,250. Baker was placed under \$15,000 bonds.

K. D. C. is guaranteed to cure any case of indigestion, send for free sample to K. D. C. Company, New Glasgow, N. S. \*

ALL SORTS. Dead men's tales—wills. A tax is almost sure to call forth attacks. A lawyer is not necessarily a sensible man because he always stands to reason. Soot is a good manure, especially for land infested with insects. Soot is good for nearly every kind of crop and hurtful to none.

"An Old Settler Gone," read Dr. Bolus in the obituary columns of the local paper, and then he added thoughtfully: "Well, Blenks may have been an old settler in one sense, but he always managed to forget to settle with me."

A wag of a schoolboy was asked in the early part of the year to write an essay on Spring. He commenced as follows: The trees will begin to get their Spring clothes out of their trunks, before long, and cover their bare limbs with them.

"Poor man," said a soft-hearted old lady to a villainous beggar, as she handed him a coin. "Poor man," I suppose your life is full of trials." "Yes'm," responded the vagabond as he pocketed the gift; "an' the wust of it is that I allus gets convicted."

"Papa," inquired the editor's only son, "what do you call your office?" "Well," was the reply, "the world calls an editor's office the sanctum sanctorum, but I don't." "Then I guess," and the boy was thoughtful for a moment, "that mamma's office is a spanktum spanktorum, isn't it?"

Any boy or girl who reads a newspaper and takes the trouble to look up and familiarize himself or herself with the location of all the places mentioned, will have a pretty thorough knowledge of geography by the end of the year without having worked very hard for it. The news makes the geography interesting and fixes localities in the memory as no study of text books and atlases can.

A young house painter was courting the daughter of a sea captain. While he was whispering soft nothings in her ear in the dimly lighted parlor, he was startled by the harsh voice of the ancient mariner in a neighboring room, crying out: "Cast off that painter!" But she explained that her father often used nautical phrases in his sleep, and the engagement proceeded to a finish.

A Frenchman, boasting in company that he had thoroughly mastered the English language, was asked to write the following from dictation: "As Hugh Hughes was hewing a yule log from a yew tree, a man dressed in clothes of a dark hue came up to Hugh and said: 'Have you seen my ewes?' 'If you will wait until I hew this yew I will go with you anywhere to look for your ewes,' said Hugh."

Johnny had been to the house of a neighbor to play with the children. "Well, Johnny," asked his mother on his return, "did you enjoy yourself?" "Oh yes, ma; and they are going to have Irish stew for their dinner!" "Haven't I told you times out of number that you must never repeat what you have heard at people's houses?" "But, ma, I didn't hear anything about the stew; I smelled it with my nose."

An irritable tragedian was playing Macbeth and rushed off to kill Duncan, when there was no blood for thethane to steep his hands in. "The blood, the blood!" exclaimed he to the agitated property man, who had forgotten it. The actor, however, not to disappoint the audience, clenched his fist, and striking the property man a violent blow upon the nose, coolly washed his hands in the stream that burst from it, and re-entered with the usual words, "I have done the deed—didst thou not hear a noise?"

"Did you see this tree, that has been mentioned, by the roadside?" an advocate inquired once of a witness. "Yes, sir; I saw it plainly." "It was conspicuous then?" The witness seemed puzzled by the new word. He repeated his former assertion. Sneered the lawyer "What is the difference between 'plain' and 'conspicuous'?" But he was hoist with his own petard. The witness smoothly and innocently answered, "I can see you plainly, sir, amongst the other lawyers, though you are not a bit conspicuous."

"Pat, Pat, you should never hit a man when he is down!" "Begobs, what did I work so hard to get him down for?"

A Kennebunkport (Me.) correspondent writes: "A few spoonfuls of kerosene put into water standing in the open air about the buildings will keep away mosquitoes, flies and other insects, and does not injure but rather improves the water for washing purposes. A fact well worth knowing."

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