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THE REVIEW

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Winter.

The sun in dreary splendor, Is lingering in the West; A gloomy weight of ice and snow Is on the water's breast. The daisies and the buttercups Are in their frozen bed, All cheerless in the meadow, With sheets of white o'erspread. Long lines of loaf-like snowbanks, Long lines of leafless trees Stretch out along the roadside, Where all things seem to freeze. The woodman's axe clear ringing; The crackling of the frost; The cold air keenly stinging; The leaves with pearls embossed, Remind us that a tyrant Has gained a regal throne; His touch, like death, is chilling; His heart is like a stone. Yet round the fireside gathered, Our homelike joys complete; We heed not wintry hours, Or count them all too fleet.

In My Lady's Chamber.

I was not sorry to receive an invitation to spend Sunday at Merriville with my dear friend, Madge Merrywether. Merriville had been the home of the Merrywethers for so many generations the oldest could scarcely trace a previous owner. Young folks had grown old, died and been buried in the solemn old graveyard not one hundred yards from the back door step. The dusty, grey tombs were hiding the tell-tale dates that told of the century naps of the fine old ladies and gentlemen laiding away among the shadows of the moaning old cedar. The house is a quaint old structure of grey stone with old gables and low, broad windows, and innumerable passages and closets. The rooms are separated in suites, each suite cut off by long, narrow passages of grey stone, open at either end for ventilation, the designer said, and passed the reason for the damp, ghostly construction on down to succeeding generations. When I reached Merriville Thanksgiving morning I found my hostess occupying a suite of rooms off to the extreme right of the building, on the first floor and cut off by one of the horrid passages. Other guests were located in the left wing. The centre of the building was two stories high, the first floor being used for parlor and dining room, and two large airy guest chambers set apart for my use. The upper story was not occupied although the rooms were large and comfortable. One of them was a quaint little chamber that seemed to be set in an odd niche, and overlooking the graveyard—so near to it, indeed, that the jagged old cedars brushed their ancient limbs against the window-pane. Their long gaunt shadows crept from casement to ceiling where the moon hung aslant their tall top. The room had a special fascination for me. I had long had a desire to occupy it, and on my journey to Merriville had fully determined upon asking permission to do so during my stay in the delightful old homestead. "The bridal chamber," Madge called it, but among the negroes, many of whom were old family servants and still held to the "quarters,"—among them the little catter-cornered room was "my lady's chamber." I had determined to occupy it on Thanksgiving night. It was at the dinner table that I made known my intention and asked permission to execute it. There was a clatter among the aristocratic old knives and forks when I stated my case. Cousin Robert whistled, just once to be sure, but it was a whistle. Will, Madge's husband, said something under his breath which I am sure is not in the Sunday school book. Grandmother Merrywether looked grave; Miss Grace was shocked; Madge elevated her eyelids. The rest evidently couldn't do the subject justice, so they said nothing. It was Madge who spoke. "Alice," said she, "no one ever stays in the bridal chamber." "But I will," I said, "I would like to very much." "I am afraid you wouldn't be very comfortable. It is very near the graveyard and—"

haunted window-panes. Why ghosts peer in at them every night." "I am willing to risk that," I told him. "You see, doctor," I went on, "I am writing a ghost story and I intend my lady's chamber shall inspire me." "Go ahead," said the doctor, "but you'll not spend the night there." I declared I would; moreover it was no deceit my wishing material for the story I was engaged to write. So Madge sent up my boxes and had a fire built, and we adjourned to the stately old parlor, where for more than two hours we sat around the great fire place, rehearsing the Merriville ghosts. There was one, the very oldest of the Kentucky ancestors, who had been murdered for his money. Hung on a limb of the branching old oak just beyond the bridal chamber's window, looking east. He was hung by a band of robbers because he had refused to reveal the hiding place of his wealth. And his spirit still haunted the old tree, "lodged in the branches of it," o' nights, and roving too and fro among the rattling bare boughs. The Merrywethers were very proud of that old ghost and of their ancestors' "firmness." There was another, "the Black Ghost" they called it, the spirit of an old slave who was drowned in the Bottomless Spring while trying to rescue his young master who had fallen in while fishing on the bank. His young master was the bridegroom who a few weeks before brought his bride home to Merriville, and occupied with her the chamber overlooking the graveyard. The suddenness and horror of his death unsettled the little bride's mind, so that she used to wander at night about the plantation, through the tobacco fields and down among the walnut trees in the grove beyond the graveyard, always followed by the Black Ghost, the negroes said. One morning they found her lying across the grave under the cedars, her husband's grave, stone dead. The slaves declared, and the conjure woman affirmed it, that the Black Ghost had strangled her. Since then the spirit of the little bride sought every night her chamber over the graveyard. Her dress sweeping the floor could be heard almost any night. She always entered through the window. First there was a sharp click, a low creak, a rat-tat against the pane, a sudden slap and my lady had entered her chamber. Then the tireless walk began; to and fro, to and fro, the long, sweeping robe passed over the heavy carpet. And when she entered, while she was not always visible, the Black Ghost could be distinctly seen pressed against the pane, his long arms extended, a low moaning accompanying the swaying to and fro of the shadowy mystery whenever the wind blew. It sounded very dreadful in the weird half light of a snowy evening, and made one feel a trifle creepy. Kentuckians are generally superstitious, and although every ghost introduced was duly credited to the quarters, I fancy there was a touch of belief, at least of "can't-understandism," about the recital. However, I was not sorry to make acquaintance with the Merriville ghosts. I had need for them, and I calculated, too, that the creepiness would doubtless get into my plot and fire my story. I intended it should be a midnight task; that would add to the plot, perhaps, in provoking the awesome. At eleven o'clock I went up laughing at Madge's directions for finding her rooms "in the event I decided to sleep elsewhere." "Just open your door," she said, "the hall stairs are immediately in front of it, come down, out at the front door that always stands open, down the front verandah, across the left hand passage, and there is my door. I will leave it open, dear, unlocked, you know." "And my room is back, first floor, just in the rear of Madge's," said Grace. "Fred and I are in the east wing, Alice," said Robert. "We couldn't possibly hear you scream, but if you think it would relieve you to try, just give the ghosts a halloo." "Yes," said Fred, "or you might fire off a pistol. You are welcome to mine. The walls are too thick for it to be heard, but you might feel safer with it." "And there's the dinner bell," said Grace, "and great-grandfather Merrywether's fox horn still hangs in the hall, only the wasps have made their nests in it for the last fifty years." "You'll be all alone in the main building, dear," said Madge, "and the servants have heard noises, so they say." What a laugh they had at my expense. I really did feel relieved when dear old grandmother Merrywether came to my rescue. "Never mind," she said, "I should not

wonder if you got a little nervous after so much ghost talk, dear. And if you do, why just come right down from that old garret. Grandma's rooms are just back of the dining room, across the stone passage." Stone passages were everywhere! Those horrid little dungeons that I feared infinitely more than I feared the ghosts. They had the very breath of the vaults themselves. I shuddered to think of them half an hour later when I lay stretched at full length upon the little dead bride's sofa, "conjuring up" my story. They separated me from everything that was warm and tender and human, those dismal vault-like passages. The little bride's work-table stood at my side, "just as she left it," they told me, and the old yellow candle-sticks burned on the table beside the silver basket Madge had filled with walnuts, together with a bowl of apples and a little frosted pickle-dish of chow-chow to help me "keep awake." So many of the dead bride's belongings were scattered about me that I fancied my story must almost come of itself. Yet, I found it impossible to get further than to fold my arms beneath my head and think; wonder of the poor little lady whose chamber I was now occupying. I could not for the life of me fasten my thoughts upon my work. Then I began to wonder how far it was to Madge's room, and how many of those horrid "passages" yawned between Grandmother Merrywether and me. Still I was not at all frightened or even nervous. I took up my pencil. "This will never do," I said, "the witching hour will soon be passed." I glanced up thoughtlessly at the little bride's clock. Twelve! midnight! alone! Without the slightest warning my courage suddenly deserted me. I turned cold with a horrible fear. Every ghost at Merriville suddenly left its tomb and flocked to the haunted chamber. "Tap-tap" I heard the little bride at the window; then came the creaking, the slapping and a long shadow stretched its gaunt arms across the pane. Too late! they were too late for the little bride. She was in. I could hear her velvet footfall and the sweep of her dress near the door, and through the window—the blindless window—I could see the White Ghost of the murdered ancestor swaying from limb to limb of the crazy old oak. Imagination! Well, I did not stop to consider. I gave one bound which sent the little bride's table and Madge's pickles, apples and walnuts in the wake of the brass candle sticks under the bed, here, there, everywhere, and dragging my long dressing gown after me, out I went across the dark, carpetless hall in a mad rush for the stairway, while the soft, muffled tread came nearer and nearer, until something heavy caught upon the train of my wrapper and went riding out and down the steps, bump, bump, until I was almost wild with fright. My ghost was riding me to bay. At the foot of the stairs, however, it left me, and I gathered up my skirts and sped on down the long veranda, across the dreaded passage, and without knock or warning, fell in a miscable heap in the centre of Madge's room. Madge and Will sat upright in bed and stared at me. It was the latter who broke the ridiculous silence with which we were gazing through the firelight at each other. "What in the world—oh! did my lady drive you out?" Then I began to laugh. The reaction had come. Every ghost at Merriville could not have frightened me again. I got up, begged a candle, and deliberately went back to the haunted chamber. Madge protested, but I was determined. My common sense, and a thought of a laugh at my expense next morning overbalanced superstition and gave me new courage. At the head of the stairway I halted. There was the same soft step, I was tempted to turn back. I dared not look behind me, for the steps were following. Now and then something seemed to pluck at my gown as it swept the bare hall. Then I did stop to take a look through that haunted hall. After which I went back to my lady's chamber, fished the yellow candles out from under the bed, re-lighted them, and took another turn through the haunted room, scanning carefully each nook and cranny, gazing out through the blank staring window at the white snow, and the gaunt old tombs, the yellow moonlight and the weather worn cedars. At 1 o'clock I snuffed my lady's candles with her own silver pincers, trimmed my pencils with the rusted blade of her tiny pen-knife and prepared for work. At 2 I fished a pickle from under the sofa, touched up my pencils again and went to work. At 3 I nipped the blaze of the candle's wick and crept into my lady's

bed, my manuscript completed. I slept; not a ghost disturbed my slumbers. At breakfast next morning I rehearsed my night's experience. More than one woolly head nodded approval while I recounted my ghostly trials. More than one set of ivories was visible at door and window. Superstition had its votaries. Then I rudely shattered the illusions or delusions of my dusky listeners by a further recital of the night's experiences. "The tapping at the window," I said, "may be charged to the account of the naked old oak just outside. The Black Ghost is no more nor less than a solitary branch of the old cedar that bends and bows in the breezes and sends its shadow chesseying across the window pane, where the moonlight out-glistens my lady's yellow candles." "In the corner of the great hall stands on old food box, used doubtless for holding my lady's kindling. It has a very different occupant just now. One of the Doctor's dilapidated old hounds makes it his bed. It is this occupant, this 'parlor boarder,' so to speak, whose velvet foot falls have for sometime kept alive the superstitious idea of my lady's nightly promenades about her own departments. It is he, too, who was still in my debt for a ride upon the train of my crimson wrapper. And I am honor bound to stand the doctor's bills in case of dislocation among his dilapidated bones, occasioned by the rapid transit down the staircase at midnight." "The White Ghost of the old ancestor was a mystery until a few moments since, when I visited the old oak by daylight. A bit of ruined kite twisted among the branches explains that. More fully, perhaps, when we consider that it is but a year or so since this ghost began to seek the old tree." "For the remainder of the mysteries of Merriville I am indebted to the mind and the tricks of the moonlight." The Doctor looked up from his bowl of wheat. "Did you get your story?" he asked, and I saw a twinkle in his eye. "Yes," I replied. "That is it."—Boston Courier. A Wise Apprenticeship. The Germans, who set so good an example to the rest of the world in so many ways, make the culinary art a part of a woman's education. The well-to-do tradesman like the mechanic, takes pride in seeing his daughters good housekeepers. To effect this object, the girl on leaving school, which she does when about fourteen years of age, goes through the ceremony of confirmation, and then is placed by her parents with a country gentleman, or in a large family, where she remains one or two years, filling what may also be called the post of servant, or doing the work of one. That is looked upon as an apprenticeship to domestic economy. She differs from a servant however, in this—she receives no wages; on the contrary, her parents often pay for the care taken of her as well as for her clothing. This is the first step in her education as housekeeper. She next passes, on the same conditions, into the kitchen of a rich private family, or into an hotel of good repute. Here she has control of the expenditures of the servants employed in it, but is always addressed as Miss, and is treated by the family with deference and consideration. Many daughters of rich families receive similar training, with this difference, however, that they receive it in a princely mansion or a royal residence. Consequently the women of Germany are perfect models of economy and understand the art of housekeeping thoroughly. Theorizing on the Weather. Somebody has advanced a theory to account for the severe weather we have been having this winter. It is, in brief, that an uncommonly cold winter in the north temperate zone is a product of an unusually hot summer prevailing at the same time south of the equator, the effect being to drive the masses of rarified air northward until backed up and cooled in high latitudes they descend to the earth and flow back southward, permitting an unusual degree of radiation of the earth's heat. One of the happy things about our existence is the facility with which a theory can be formed to fit every requirement of circumstances. Last year it was the gulf stream that had got loose and was running so near the coast that the winter was mild; now that it is proved that the gulf stream isn't any nearer than it ought to be, the above takes its place. These theories do no harm, and if they put one's mind at rest are perhaps means of some good.—Ex. It is said that M. Thiers regarded coffee as poison, and never drank tea. Why is a schoolmistress like the letter C?—Because she makes classes of lasses.

ALL SORTS. Dead issues: old newspapers. If you eat onions, it will leak out. A "sheet"-anchor: a clothes-pin. Does a belle have a striking appearance? Sportsmen never object to banging here. The mule always puts his best foot hindmost. All dinners are remembered according to their deserts. A rider on an appropriation bill deserves to get thrown. Old Ocean indulges in storms merely for wreck-creation. The dentist, like the haymaker, cures a great many achers. Trusting to chants: expecting to get to Heaven by singing. If you would have a clear vision, never put your "eye" in your mouth. Fish and potatoes are better when boiled in salt water than in fresh. The glazier who was cheated out of his pay complained that he got only his trouble for his panes. An Atchison woman recently fell in love and married a widower, for no other reason, she says, than that he took such good care of his first wife's grave. Wit loses its respect with the good when seen in company with malice; and to smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast is to become a principal in the mischief. The depths of fissures between the Andes are very remarkable, more so than heights. At Chota is one 5,000 feet below the level of the sea. At Cutaco is one 4,200 below the sea level. Mamma: "You're a very naughty boy, Tommy, and I shall have to buy a whip, and give you a good whipping. Now will you be good?"—Tommy (with hesitation): "Shall I be allowed to keep the whip after, mamma?" A lecturer was explaining to a little girl how a lobster cast his shell, when he had outgrown it. Said he: "What do you do when you have outgrown your clothes? You cast them aside; do you not?" "Oh! no," replied the little one. "We let out the tucks." A lecturer on optics, in explaining the mechanism of the organ of vision, remarked: "Let any man gaze closely into his wife's eye, and he will see himself looking so exceedingly small that—" Here the lecturer saw a smile on the faces of his audience, and abruptly stopped. "With regard to these gentlemen helps," said a respectable maiden lady to a very witty matron (with daughters), "you may depend upon it that they will never stoop to low mental work."—"My dear madam," was the reply, "it is the hymeneal work that I am afraid of their rising to." Some princes have made punishments quite amusing—to all except persons most concerned. Thus, Don Carlos, son of Philip II, irritated at the pain caused him by a pair of tight boots, had them cut up and served in a stew, which the unfortunate bootmaker was compelled to eat to the last morsel. The following incident happened in one of the public schools;—Teacher: "Define the word 'excavate.'" Scholar: "It means to hollow out." Teacher: "Construct a sentence in which the word is properly used." Scholar: "The baby excavates when it gets hurt." "I like music," says Artemus Ward. "I can't sing. As a singer I am not a success. I am sadder when I sing. So are they who hear me. They are sadder even than I am. The other night some silver-voiced young men came under my window, and sang, 'Come where my love lies dreaming.' I didn't go. I didn't think it would be correct." As a preventive of anger, banish all tale-bearers and slanderers from your circle, for it is these that blow the devil's bellows to rouse up the flames of rage and fury, by first abusing your ears, and then your credulity, and after that steal away your patience, and all this perhaps for a lie. To prevent anger, be not too inquisitive into the affairs of others, or what people say to yourself, or into the mistakes of your friends, for this is going out to gather sticks to kindle a fire to burn your own home. Who can tell the value of a smile? It costs the giver nothing, but is beyond price to the erring and relenting, the sad and cheerless, the lost and forsaken. It disarms malice, subdues temper, turns hatred to love, revenge to kindness, and paves the darkest paths with gems of sunlight. A smile on the brow betrays a kind heart, a pleasant friend, an affectionate brother, a dutiful son, a happy husband. It adds a charm to beauty, it decorates the face of the deformed, and makes a lovely woman resemble an angel in Paradise.

THE WORLD OVER. Lord Salisbury is said to work fourteen hours a day, writing and reading despatches. Add to this the time consumed in social duties and he rarely gets more than four or five, hours' sleep. The new house purchased in London by Mrs. McKay is one of the most palatial in the kingdom. The marble staircase alone cost \$100,000, and all the rooms have been fitted up in the most magnificent manner. Hetty E. Caldwell, of Paris, Texas, a reader of sensational novels, became impressed with the idea that she was a foundling and ran away from home a few days ago. She had a number of thrilling experiences in trying to locate her father. She was brought home a raving maniac. Robert Davis, ex-Premier of Manitoba, has been sued for \$100,000 damages for breach of promise of marriage by Mrs. Matilda Burns, a former domestic in his household in Winnipeg and now the wife of a hotel keeper near St. Paul. Davis is in real estate business in Chicago. A well known tonsorial artist in this city had a slight dispute with his assistant a few days ago over some trivial affair. Words led them into a heated discussion, and from words they got to blows. When both had cooled down one of them had just breath enough left to ejaculate "Next." Then business proceeded on as if nothing had occurred.—Fredericton Herald. During the recent passage of a Nova Scotia laque to Liverpool, one of the crew, a Dane fell overboard. As quickly as possible the barque was steered toward the drowning man, when two large albatrosses were seen to descend with an eagle-like swoop and attack the poor fellow in a terrible manner. Both birds dived at him and it seemed as if they were endeavoring to gouge out his eyes with their hooky bills, while with their wings they kept beating the unfortunate man about the head. The sight was a terrible one, but did not last long, as the barque sailed over the course where the Dane had fallen overboard about seven minutes before, but he was no where to be seen. There was no doubt the poor fellow was killed by the albatrosses, as he was a powerful swimmer and seemed to fight desperately for a few moments. Charming people, these exceptional golden! Here's a medicine—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for instance, and it's cured hundreds thousands, thousands that're known, thousands that're unknown, and yet yours is an exceptional case! Do you think that that bit of human nature which you call "I" is different from other parcels of human nature? "But you don't know my case." Good friend, in ninety-nine out of a hundred cases, the causes are the same—impure blood—and that's why "Golden Medical Discovery" cures ninety-nine out of every hundred. You may be the exception. And you may be not. But would you rather be the exception, or would you rather be well? If you're the exception it costs you nothing, you get your money back—but suppose it cures you. Let the "Golden Medical discovery" take the risk. The death of the Archbishop of York leaves vacant one of the two highest positions in the Church of England. The income of the see is £10,000 a year, and the duties to be performed are by no means light, for the late archbishop was a man of vigor as well as learning, and worked hard. A story is told of him that he once remarked that for every child born to him he had received a step in the church, whereupon the witty Bishop Wilberforce said: "It is to be hoped, brother, your family will not continue to enlarge, for there are only two translations more possible for you—Canterbury and heaven." The name of the eloquent Bishop of Peterborough, Dr. Magee, is spoken of as a possible successor to Archbishop Thompson, though the London Times, with all its staid conservatism, suggests that the position might be abolished, and the two convocations united under the Archbishop of Canterbury. A young Jewess at Berlin, daughter of a merchant at Hamburg, fell in love with a Christian solicitor. The latter's father would consent to the marriage only on condition that the lady become a Christian, while the latter's father wanted her to remain a Jewess until his death. In spite of this she was baptized one day in December at two o'clock, immediately after which she became engaged to the solicitor. About an hour afterward a telegram arrived from Hamburg announcing the death of her father from an apoplectic stroke had taken place on the same day at two o'clock. When his testament was opened it was found that, besides the share of his property legally belonging to his daughter, he had also bequeathed to her a legacy of 20,000 marks, under condition that she remain a Jewess till his death. Her conversion, however, having taken place half an hour before she got the legacy, she forfeited it.