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The Housekeeper's Story.

I went to Upton Grange as still-room maid when I was just sixteen, and was placed under the most cross-grained old housekeeper I ever knew. Abigail Stewart was her name; and I recollect—But I must not stop to talk about her.

Upton Grange was a fine old place, standing on its own extensive grounds—no other house near except the rectory. There were long galleries and great rooms, all floored with black polished oak, which reminded one of silent pools of water—so dark and shiny—and the walls were hung with old armor, and tapestry and pictures—mostly portraits of Uptons. As for the china and carved chairs and knickknacks, I never had time to look at all of them, and there was not a cup and saucer or a foot-stool, in the house that would not have fetched fancy prices.

Everything was kept in perfect order, though I was a mistress at Upton. The old Squire's wife had been dead for many years. He and the young Squire his grandson lived at the Grange quite alone, and saw little or no company; but Mrs. Stewart managed the house for them with as much zeal as though it had been her own.

When I first went to live at Upton, young Mr. Clement was not quite twenty-one. The coming of age took place when I had been there only a few months, and for once the old house was thrown open; and the county families came from far and near, the tenants also and there was a grand feast. It was well known that the young Squire would have all the property at the old gentleman's death; for the Squire had had only one child—a son—who had married an Italian lady and died at Rome, quite young leaving a boy behind him. That boy was Mr. Clement; and at his foreign mother's death which happened within a year of his father's, the squire sent over to Italy for his little grandson, and made a home for him at Upton, which was to be his own some day.

Clement Upton was always a strange young man, so very silent and moody and grave in his ways—quite unlike other young fellows. He hated company, and seemed to care nothing for going over the old books in the library, or taking solitary walks and rides about the country. His unsocial habits worried the old Squire dreadfully, for he was of a lively turn of mind himself, and would have filled the Grange with guests from morning till night for his own pleasure; but Mr. Clement could not bare any noise or bustle, and his grandfather, such a slave to him that he never dared do anything against the young man's wishes; so that the house was kept as silent as the grave from one month's end to the other.

The rectory was the only house Mr. Clement would visit besides his own home—and he could not complain of liveliness there, for old Mr. Chetwynd, the rector, was a bachelor, and lived quite alone with a dear, old housekeeper, and a one-eyed man who groomed the pony and looked after the garden. But the rector was very learned, and had been Mr. Clement's tutor as long as he wanted any schooling; so I suppose he had got accustomed to visiting at the house and did not mind it.

It was the day of the coming of age, I remember, when we all noticed a strange young lady, who seemed to make herself quite at home with Mr. Clement and ran after him wherever he went. We soon learnt that she was a niece of the rector's who had come to stay with him, and that her name was Dorothy Chetwynd. Among the many grand ladies, old and young, who went in and out of the place on that day, this girl attracted the most attention, partly because of her loveliness which was extraordinary, and partly because of her dress and manners, which were different from all the rest. She was fair and tall, and her wavy golden hair brilliant eyes and brilliant complexion were almost dazzling. Her dress was of a very pale pink-and-blue tint, which gleamed brightly in the sunlight, and she wore a broad-brimmed hat of a pale-yellow straw, wreathed with white plumes. She chatted, and laughed incessantly in a pretty gay voice like a child's, and both the youthful Squire and his grandfather seemed charmed with her as she flitted about the house, peeping and peering at the curiosities, and looking for all the world like a bright little fairy that had been shut up by mistake in the dim silent old rooms.

Poor Mr. Clement began to find out that he was a young man, after all, when Miss Chetwynd took him in hand; for she soon taught him something he had never learnt out of any of his old books; and he went blundering about in a dazed,

helpless way, just like some silly moth round the flame of a candle. He was terribly in earnest, of course; and as time passed on and we servants saw plainly what was going to happen, I used to wonder how the girl dared to laugh and mock at him as she did, bringing such a black evil look on his face. She never cared for the young Squire—that was quite evident—or for anyone else either, I should say, except her own beautiful, heartless self. She was poor and what she coveted was the money to dress up her loveliness with, and a fine house to show it off in. To get those things she would have taken any rich man for a husband. I am certain no matter how old, ugly or wicked he might have been.

It was soon pretty clear to everybody that it was Squire Upton himself whom the young lady had set her fancy on, and not his grandson. I suppose she thought it would suit her better to be an old man's darling than a young man's slave, and indeed she might have done worse in marrying for money, the Squire being a hale, hearty man of sixty-nine, with all his faculties well preserved, though he must have been as weak as water to make a fool of himself at this time of life with a chit of a girl like her. But she bewitched both the men somehow with her pretty face and her winning smile.

To do the old Squire justice, I must say that I believe the notion of marrying again would never have entered his head if Mr. Clement had not vexed and disappointed him so with his gloomy, miserable ways; while, as for finding out that his grandson fancied the young lady, he had no chance of doing that, for Mr. Clement would never so much as speak to her when his grand father was by, but would sit looking on as sulky as a bear.

It was fine fun, no doubt, for Miss Dorothy to have them both at her beck and call; and it was exasperating to see how she played off one against the other with nobody to interfere; for her uncle, old Mr. Chetwynd, was too much absorbed in his books to have noticed an earthquake, if such a thing had happened, and there was no one else to watch what was going on, except those who dared not say a word.

A little later the storm burst. It was one morning about two months after the coming-of-age festivities. The Summer was in its prime, and I was very busy in the ante-room, next the large drawing-room, dusting some of the choice china with a feather broom, when the great high door was suddenly swung open, and Miss Chetwynd glided rapidly across the ante-room and half-way up a short oaken staircase which led to the upper part of the house. I was not at all surprised to see her, for she was always in and out of the Grange with some excuse or other, doing just as she liked, and even daring to shift the carved chairs and sofas into newfangled positions, to say nothing of filling the old jars and punch-bowls with bunches of roses and ferns. All this drove Mistress Stewart nearly mad, and she would call the young lady the most dreadful names behind her back.

Miss Chetwynd ran up the stairs, Mr. Clement following her. Neither of them saw me, and turned, to prevent the young Squire from going any further. The sunlight streamed through a painted window just behind her head, throwing a purple-and-red stain across the white morning-dress she wore. Her hat, filled with freshly gathered roses, was in her hands, and her fair face looked to me quite wicked, in spite of its loveliness, as she said, in a mocking tone:

"For shame, Mr. Clement! How can you say I have not warned you? A man may not marry his grandmother, you know!"

Then she laughed and disappeared, while I was so frightened at her daring and so anxious not to be seen, that I slipped behind a great jar covered with dragons, which stood near me, and waited there till Mr. Clement turned and went back alone to the drawing-room. I did not venture to peep at his face as he passed, but I could hear his breathing, which was hard and loud—just like that of a hunted animal.

There was an awful scene in the dining-room between the two men that night. I remember well how a heavy thunderstorm came on at eight o'clock, and between the muttering peals of thunder and the howling of the wind we could hear the sound of angry voices in that room, till at last there came a crash of broken glass, followed by the violent slamming of the hall-door, and some of us, looking out of the staircase-window, saw Mr. Clement striding swiftly down the avenue in the desolate, driving rain.

The next morning the old Squire started off to London. Mr. Clement staid behind to look after Miss Chetwynd, as he supposed; but she was too shrewd for

him, and went off one or two days later on a visit to an aunt in Yorkshire—at least that was the story she gave out; though nobody was surprised when the news arrived that she and Mr. Upton had been privately married in town and had gone abroad on their wedding-tour.

From the day that Miss Dorothy Chetwynd treated him so heartlessly the young Squire was a changed man. He had always been uncertain and strange in his ways; but now his temper became so violent that it was dangerous to cross him, and after riding about the country the whole day on his great black horse, he would shut himself up at night in the old library, where one might hear him pacing to and fro for hours and muttering to himself.

The old squire and his young wife traveled about on the Continent for some months after their marriage, and we all hoped that Mr. Clement would go away for a time when he heard they were returning, for we seemed to dread some disaster happening, though we could not put our fears into words. However, the young Squire took the news very quietly, as far as we could tell, and behaved no worse than usual.

I remember that on the night upon which the master and mistress arrived the rain was pouring down; but it was so mild that it seemed more like spring than Winter, and the old rooms, well warmed with fires and well lighted with wax candles, were quite stifling, and young Mrs. Upton went from one to the other, dragging her satin train after her, and fanning herself with a great feather fan. She was lovelier and gayer than ever since her marriage, and the man-servant who handed the coffee told us in the hall afterward that neither her old husband nor her young lover seemed able to "take his eyes off her." Mr. Clement was as quiet as possible, however, and surprisingly civil both to his grandfather and to his grandmamma; so we began to hope things might not turn out so badly as we feared.

The very next afternoon as I was sitting at the stove-room window, stoning raisins for a pudding, I saw Mr. Clement Upton crossing the court-yard, with his back to me. It was about half-past three, and a quiet, gray, wintry-looking day. He had been out shooting, and he had his gun in one hand and a bunch of poor dead birds dangling in the other. As he passed under the windows of the picture-gallery, which were just opposite to where I sat, the Squire's wife appeared suddenly at one of them, and flinging it open, leaned out to speak to the young man. I could not hear what she said, for my window was shut; but I could tell that it was something saucy by her wicked smile. She seemed to have been arraying herself as if for a fancy-dress ball, for she had placed an embroidered scarf round her head in an outlandish fashion, and there were sparkling jewels in her ears and on her bosom.

In one moment—Heaven forgive him!—Mr. Clement deliberately raised his gun to his shoulder, and shot at her full in the face. I heard her piercing scream, which I echoed as she fell back from the window; but I heard and saw no more, for I fainted away with the awful shock, and was ill and forced to keep my bed for weeks afterward.

She was quite dead when they picked her up, and a ghastly affair it was for those who were present. Mr. Clement was not tried for his life though; the doctors pronounced him insane, and the affair was hushed up as much as possible, and called "a fatal gun accident." That he must have been mad when he committed the awful deed there was no doubt, for when poor old Mr. Chetwynd was turning over the leaves of the great prayer-book in church the next Sunday, he found the page containing the table telling whom it is lawful to marry, and whom it is not, turned down. At the line, "A man may not marry his grandmother," there was a great red blot, and over the word marry was written "Murder" in red letters. Old Mr. Chetwynd, fell down in a fit when he saw it, and there was no service held in the church that day.

I believe that poor Mr. Clement's crazy brain had been brooding for months over what I heard that willful girl say to him in just before she married his grandfather, and he kept on repeating the sentence night and day after the murder, till the keepers came from an asylum and took him away.

That is all about it. The old Squire did not live very long after his terrible trouble, and at his death the Grange passed into the hands of some distant cousin, the establishment was broken up, and of course we servants left. I have never been in that part of the country since, but I have heard that no one cares to live at Upton even now; and they say

that on every 22d of December—which was the day on which the affair happened—there is always the report of a gun in the court-yard, about three o'clock, and directly afterward you can hear Mrs. Upton's death-scream plainly.

A Cuban Moon.

"The ugliest woman I ever saw," said the raconteur, "was a Cuban woman, and she was so ugly that it was really painful to look at her."

"It takes the exception to prove the rule," said his vis-a-vis. "Tell us about her."

"She was a woman of the humbler class and it was at Havana that I first saw her, tethered to a goat that she was herding among the stubble of the sugar cane. Her husband was a charcoal burner, and when I first saw Estella, I wondered how any man living could have married such a caricature."

"Love goes where it is sent," said one of the after dinner crowd.

"Yes, and the charcoal burner married for love. But he never would have won Estella if a dreadful providence had not favored him. The Cuban had once been the most beautiful girl in Havana, and as good as she was beautiful. Her eyes were big and black, her skin a glowing olive, and her hair a mass of blue-black silk. That is what an old dame told me with much Spanish lingo. Her father was a bodigero—a man who kept a wine cellar. The girl's mother was dead. One night her father went home drunker than usual and turned her out of doors—"

"Brute," exclaimed one of the party with that quick sympathy which the sorrows of beauty always arouses.

"She did not go to her lover, or did she fly to the refuge of some adobe roof where she had friends. She simply pillored her head upon the grey donkey, that had been her friend and playmate from childhood, where he slept against the tumbled-in thatched roof of the pen in the chaparral, prayed to Black Madonna, and slept soundly as a child, in the moonlight."

"And the brigands came and carried her off to their fastness!" suggested one of the party.

"Nothing of the kind. When her pillow the little donkey rolled over the next morning she arose another person. She ran into the house and her father screamed 'Sancta Maria!' and drove her out as a stranger. She had slept in the Cuban moonlight, the fairest moonlight in the world, but as dead as the shadow of the upas tree. Her face was drawn out of all shape resembling a human being. It was the horrible, distorted mass that I saw, with the features of an imbecile. Her father drove her from him with curses but the lover with whom she had coquetted married her at once, and they told me he made her a good husband."

"But you will hear the Cuban mother calling her young daughter into the house when the full moonlight is flooding the balconies with its silver light, the light that seems made for lovers to wander in, for everybody knows the story of Estella."

There was a long silence, then one of the listeners said: "I don't believe in that theory of the moon. It makes a pretty story but it is too romantic."

"It's a matter of history; and take it or leave it," said the raconteur, blowing blue rings of smoke upward, a sign he had finished his post-prandial exercises.—Exchange.

Preparing to Kick.

A well known citizen was discovered going through some singular motions in one of the corridors of the city hall yesterday, and an acquaintance who ran against him cried out:

"What on earth are you up to now?"

"Taking off my diamond pin."

"But where's your watch?"

"In my coat tail pocket."

"Afraid of being robbed?"

"Oh, no; it's business."

"How?"

"Why, the assessors have put me down for four dollars tax on personal property, and I'm going in to kick."

"But you've got a horse."

"Yes, but he wasn't in the day they called."

"And a piano."

"That happened to be at the factory to be revarnished."

"But your bank account!"

"Sh! It's in my wife's name! Keep quiet. Now, then, I'm ready to go in and tell them that the people are ready to take up arms to rid themselves of this terrible burden of high taxation."—Detroit Free Press.

Men on pension rolls live to be very old. The pension roll beats the baker's roll as a staff of life.

A Wonderful Stone.

When Mr. Loughton was Spanish consul at Boston, says the St. Louis Republic he was one day standing near where some ballast stones were being thrown overboard from a vessel that had recently arrived from a European seaport.

Among the rubbish was a flint pebble somewhat larger than a hen's egg, which when it struck some of the larger stones, separated in the middle. Mr. Loughton stopped and picked up the two halves.

On each half, in marks made by the natural growth of the stone, were two perfect human heads in profile, all of the outlines of features and hair being perfectly distinct, the natural portrait being much darker than the surrounding stone. The most surprising part of the whole incident is the fact that, even though the two halves fit together exactly, one of the faces was clearly that of a male, the other that of a female.

Even the putting up of the hair was appropriate to the sex, yet in the stone they were face to face.

DO YOU REMEMBER IT.

The First Great Ocean Steamship Race and the Excitement It Caused.

There are, undoubtedly, many men and women in New York to-day who went down to the Battery and cheered and waved their hands in greeting to the first steamship that entered this port from Europe. This important event took place on April 23, 1838, and it was doubly interesting and significant because not only the first transatlantic steamship came to anchor in the harbor on that day, but the second also; steam travel across the sea thus beginning with a race that was earnestly contested and brilliantly won. Furthermore, it was a race that attracted infinitely more attention than any of the contests that have succeeded it. Two steam vessels had crossed the Atlantic in years previous, both have started from this side; the Savannah, from Savannah in 1819; and the Royal William from Quebec in 1831; but neither of these voyages had demonstrated the feasibility of abandoning the fine sailing packets and clippers for steamers, when it came to a long voyage. The Savannah used both steam and sail during 18 of the 25 days required for a passage to Liverpool, and more than one clipper overtook and passed her during her voyage. The Royal William had to utilize all her hold for coal in order to carry sufficient fuel to ensure a completion of the voyage. Public interest accordingly was deeply stirred on both sides of the ocean when in 1837 it was learned that two steam vessels were on the stocks, building for the American service. These were the Sirius at London and the Great Western at Bristol. It was these vessels that made the first race, the Sirius making the trip, measured from Queenstown in 18½ days, and the Great Western in 14½ days. The Sirius, having had nearly four days' start, came in a few hours ahead of the winner. She brought seven passengers, and whether the Great Western had other than her crew on board cannot now be ascertained.—Scibner's Magazine.

The people at the World's Dispensary of Buffalo, N. Y. have a stock-taking time, once a year and what do you think they do? Count the number of bottles that've been returned by the men and women who say that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery or Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription didn't do what they said it would do.

And how many do you think they have to count. One in ten? Not one in five hundred!

Here are two remedies—one the "Golden Medical Discovery," for regulating and invigorating the liver and purifying the blood; the other, the hope of weakly womanhood; they've been sold for years, sold by the million bottles; sold under a positive guarantee, and not one in five hundred can say: "It was not the medicine for me!" And—is there any reason why you should be the one? And—supposing you are, what do you lose? Absolutely nothing!

MRS. ROBINSON, Hopewell Corner, writes: Dear Sir, I have used your British Liniment for one year, and must say it surpasses all the Liniments I have ever used for Sore Throat, Lame Back, Pains in the Side, and all complaints for which a Liniment is needed. I had a pain in my side so bad that I had to give up work. I gave my side a good bathing with your Liniment and it gave me immediate relief so that in twenty minutes I was able to go about my work.

Lt-Col. Taylor, commander of the school of infantry at Winnipeg, was seized with a fit of apoplexy on Thursday while heading troops on the march and died that night. He came to Canada with the 9th regiment of the imperial army and was at one time deputy adjutant general of district No. 3, with headquarters at St. John, N. B.

ALL SORTS.

It is said that man in a savage state does not have the toothache. We are more inclined to the belief that any man who has the toothache is in a savage state.

Tongue cannot tell the words nor express the astonishment of the crippled soldier who awoke to find his wife using his wooden leg to pound the beefsteak with.

In Philadelphia, and probably in all American cities, women "operators" are numerous, but seem to confine their operations to the women and children.

"Where did you get that wonderful power of language?" asked an admiring auditor at the close of the lecture.

"Oh," replied the lecturer with a laugh, "I used to work at a barber's shop."

"Wot'll I do with this burglar alarm, Bill? take it along?" asks burglar number one. Second burglar: "Yes; slip it in bag; we can get something for it."

Episcopal rector (to Irish plasterer on the ladder, pointing to the church wall): That mortar must have been very bad."

Plasterer (with a grin): "Ye can't expect the likes of a good Roman cimint to stick to a Protestant church."

A mean man can have a good deal of fun by yawning conspicuously in a well-filled tramcar, and then watching the involuntary yawn run down the car.

A writer wonders what will become of "The Last Man." Oh, he's all right! The last woman will get him. She is waiting for him. The first woman, it was noticed, got the first man.

"Yes," he said, "Minks and I have been neighbors for five years, and have been the best of friends. But it can't last long now. Our boys are getting old enough to fight."

"What is the difference between firmness and obstinacy?" asks someone.

A philosopher replies, "Firmness is the sticking to your own opinion; obstinacy, the action of those who argue with you and stick to their opinions."

It has often been said that the chief characteristic of the epitaph is its lack of veracity, but it is perhaps better that it should err on the side of kindness rather than wound the living by a brutal truthfulness, as in the case of an inscription written for the tombstone of a lazy man by one who knew him well—
"Asleep (as usual)."

Niggs: "I always make it a rule to conceal nothing from my wife; I tell her everything."

Biggs: "Yes, and I can't say that I like you for it."

Niggs: "Howso? Why not?"

Biggs: "Why your wife tells everything you tell her to my wife, and my wife just hauls me over the coals for it."

He was an artist courting the daughter of a retired sea captain. While they were seated together one evening in the dimly-lighted parlor he was surprised by the hoarse exclamation of the ancient mariner in the next room, "Let go of that painter!" But she explained that her father was only talking in his sleep, and that a painter was a rope attached to a ship's small boat, and the engagement proceeded.

A blind man who had occupied a certain station in London for some years was generally credited with being an imposter, and a passer-by, with a view of testing the case, once put his hand into the "blind" man's cap and tried to take a penny out instead of putting one in. The beggar however, did not move a muscle, but the same test was never repeated by anyone, for the dog took a piece out of the enemy's leg.

A stock exchange man who had been voyaging to the Cape returned home the other day after an absence of eighteen months, to find his little boy able to walk and talk. At bed-time the dawning idea of the boy impelled him to give his mother his confidential opinion of his newly-found father.

"Mammy dear," said he solemnly, "I like the gemman who you called your husband!"

Bobby: "I s'pose pa knows I stole the peaches?"

Mother: "Yes he knows it."

Bobby: "And I s'pose he'll whip me?"

Mother: "Yes, child I expect so."

Bobby: "Don't you think we made a great mistake in marryin' pa?"

Professor of Geology: "Gentlemen, at the close of the spring term I asked you to report to me individually any object of extraordinary interest you might meet in your respective outings. Mr. Corbett, you may begin."

Corbett: "Please, sir, mine had yellow hair, blue eyes, and a tailor made suit."