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As You Go Through Life

Don't look for the flaws as you go through life; And even when you find them, It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind

And look for the virtue behind them. Somewhere in its shadows hiding, It is better by far to hunt for a star Than the spots on the sun abiding.

The current of life runs ever away To the bosom of God's great ocean. Don't set your face'gainst the river's course And think to alter its motion. Don't waste a curse on the universe-Remember it lived before you.

Don't butt at the storm with your puny

form-But bend and let it go o'er you.

The world will never adjust itself To suit your whims to the letter. Some things must go wrong your whole

life long, annual Returns Vannet B. And the sooner you know it the better. It is folly to fight with the Infinite. And go under at last in the wrestle. The wiser man shapes into God's plan

As the waters shape into a vessel.

MAROONED

W. CLARKE RUSSELL. (Condensed for THE REVIEW.)

CHAPTER XXI.—Continued

"Who's there?" I sung out. The gruff voice of a seaman named Williamson answered, "Mr. Mole wants ye on deck, sir."

"Right," I answered, jumping out of my bunk, while I wondered if some fresh tragedy had happened, for my being called in this way brought the morning of Broadwater's disappearance to my mind, and that was a memory to crowd my imagination with a score of black fears and

What had happened? I lingered a minute or two outside my cabin-door, with my ear against the bulkhead of Miss Grant's berth. All was still within. I knocked, then called out gently, "Is it well with you, Miss Grant."

"Yes; what is it now, Mr. Musgrave?" I replied, "I can not tell. I am now

going on deck."

"I will join you shortly," she said.

It takes a man a little time to collect the details of a picture. For a moment perhaps I stood in the companion-way, looking aloft and upon the decks and then round upon the sea. The brig, as I had expected to find her was hove-to. Her mainsail was up, the topsail aback, the royals clewed down. It was a very clear, brilliant morning. Every vestige of the leaden oppressive atmosphere that had environed us throughout the week had disappeared. The sealine ran with a crystal- drumming with his fingers. line sheen like the edge of a lens out of and mounting sun.

The blue went past it on both hands, and of miles; the foreshore of it apparently island. coral sand, which to the sunshine dazzled out blindingly against the dark-green background of bush, tree, and small turning suddenly and extending his arm, savanna. Here and there that lustrous with his great hand clinched, cried out: beach curved into a little creek with an "Mr. Musgrave, I have begged ye not to overhanging of palm-trees on either side of it, like human beings bowing to one

another. brig, looking at this island. Mole stood gazing at it close to the companion, with "She'll carry ye," nodding toward the his arms folded, manifestly waiting for me to appear. I was a minute in the hatch before he was sensible of my presence.

instantly leveling his finger to the island.

who were hanging over the rail looked among four or five men who were at the round, and two or three of them dismount- bulwarks, and stood with them looking at ed and drew near; but merely, as I be- the island. lieved, the better to hear what I had to say, for there was nothing threatening in Musgrave?" their manner or faces.

to command a clearer view of the horizon in which one saw the first flushing of con-"that island is assuredly not Cuba, as you sternation yielding to a cooler mood even say, Mr. Mole. 'Tis a Cay, with a name of its own, I don't doubt. Our drift must have been to the north of west, with a set of current that has thrown me all aboard in my reckonings. I'll step below for the chart."

"that island's beknown to us."

rail with his hands in his breeches-pockets. For the cloudiest night has a hint of light "I know it," he exclaimed, with a peculiar expression in the roll of his sole-like eyes upon me; "it'll do as well as Cuba-may be better," he added, speaking the words through his teeth with a Yankee drawl.

> "What is the island?" I asked. "It'll be in the West Indie boiling, anyhow," answered the half-blood; "it's all right. No civilization on it: no blasted lawyers on it to choke a man for doing his messmates a good turn." whistled softly, with a half smile at Mole, the rail.

"Is this the only island in sight?" I asked.

"Yes," said Mole, curtly. "Ay, but I mean," I exclaimed, "is there no more land visible from the masthead ?"

in sight from the cross-trees, that's all," he answered, grimly, no longer softening -Ella Wheeler Wilcox, his words with the "sirs" he used to give me. "We should have been ashore had it held thick. The course ye gave me was dead on end for it."

ward to the mast, then at the island, then land, so that we will know in which direcat him, and said, suddenly: "What do tion to steer when we leave that place." you mean to do?"

He fetched a deep breath, and said: "After you and the lady have breakfasted we'll put ye ashore."

CHAPTER XXII.

were standing near us at the bulwarks ap- there may be hatching. We shall be to- This proves how rude were the early proached, and looked on and listened; yet gether on that island; the nightmare of methods of preparing food, and how rude

in their manner. my voice, "that it is your intention to put the lady and me ashore upon that lit- they are concerned," she continued, with a the island, and leave us there?"

full in the face; but his eyes fell to my stare of horror and astonishment.

others, "this is hard usage to give a man who has served you as I have. Even though I should have deserved this treatment, what has the lady done to merit it? Her sympathies have been with you all from the very hour-"

"Don't arque, Mr. Musgrave," cried Mole, stamping heavily with his foot, and accompanying the gesture with a nervous sweep of his arm. "Our minds are made up. Had yonder island been Cuba, it would have been the same; we'd have set ye both ashore. You and the lady are witnesses we're bound to leave behind us, no matter where. It must be done!"

He stamped again. I looked at the half-blood, and was about to address him, but he immediately returned to the rail, and hung there whistling, keeping time by know when we were within a day's sail of

"Mr. Mole," said I, "it is in your the west, carrying the airy, delicate gleam | power to give us a better chance for our with it in its curvatures to the east, where lives than yonder island will provide. it broke into white flame under the hot | Why do you fear us as witnesses? I am willing to take any oath you and the others Directly on our starboard beam, at the may require to keep the events of the distance of a mile or less, stood an island. voyage secret. Miss Grant will do the same. Put us in the way of reaching the atmospheric hue of the sky beyond some inhabited coast-send us adrift, if was assurance positive to the nautical eye you will, within a day's reach of a town, I that the ocean was on that side as well as do not care where it may be-but to land on this. It showed a seaboard of a couple and leave us there!" I pointed to the Grant; "your heart will come to you

He turned his back upon me, and walked without reply a few steps forward, then argue. It'll do no good. When a man's in hell he's got damnation enough." He swept his hair off his brow, and continued: The sailors leaned over the side of the "Your breakfast'll be sarved afore long, In truth, the long hours of bitter anxiety and we shall then want you to be ready. quarter-boat; "the water's smooth," and you can take what you will that belongs to you. Best bear a hand to get your "That's not Cuba, sir," he exclaimed, traps together, for we've got no notion ourselves of hanging hove-to here." He At the sound of his voice the fellows turned his back again npon me, thrust in

"Do they mean to set us ashore, Mr.

Miss Grant was at my side, glancing "No," said I, stepping out of the hatch from the island to around her, with a face as one watched it.

"Yes," I answered.

"What island is that?" she exclaimed. "I do not know," I replied.

"Never mind about the chart," he ex- group, but which it is impossible to say, this Atlantic Ocean were the English claimed with a note in his voice that seeing how wildly wrong I have proved in Channel, and there was a boat alongside brought me to a dead stand in a second; my reckonings. It is seemingly known to ready to carry us to Plymouth or Dover. the half-blood, but there is nothing to be "Yes," I answered, almost mechanically The half-blood Charles came from the got from him or from the others, the for this was a detail indeed I found it hard merciless villains!"

"Is it inhabited?" she inquired. "No. If it were I would welcome the teaus. I will wait for you here." act of cruelty as a deliverance from an in-

tolerable situation." little distance aft out of ear-shot of the Indies from the bag, and returned with it men. Mole peered at us past the rounded to the cabin. I hung over it eagerly, but he occupied was his office. back of another fellow, with irritable im- to little purpose. Here was a sketch of patience in his posture of doing so. She viewed the island for a little while with- Florida coast and trending away down to out speaking, apparently lost in thought. Dominica, and which of them that green Her breath came and went tranquilly, and gleaming spot of land out to starboard then swung on his heel and returned to The fear that had for a moment or two was, it was hopeless to conjecture. At a shone in her eyes being gone, I could not later date I might have put my finger admit another young man his best friend. discern the least symptom of alarm in her. I stood silent, marvelling at her composure, wondering indeed that it did not this one of the West Indies was compliowe much to her inability to compass what the men's intentions signified to us. Presently she said quietly, "Will not the book. However, there could be no doubt

> "I will look when I go below," I rethe name of it concern us ?"

can discover its situation, the chart will south. I glanced at the topsail hollowing back- show us which is the nearest inhabited I was about to speak. "Oh, Mr. Musgrave," she exclaimed, softly, with the faintest tremor in her voice, though her S. Morse spoke of the utensils used by face flushed to the spirit of resolution in early man. her, "I would rather things should be as they are-I would indeed! Our life in this vessel has grown unendurable. My On hearing these words the men who for thought of the plans those fellows chewed up with the food in early times. they exhibited little more than curiosity fancy that haunts me of being left alone on this brig-of our being separated "Do I understand," said I, controlling through some deed of violence-will be ended. The worst has come, so far as shuddering half turn of her face toward illustrates the advance made in that line. "Yes," he answered, trying to look me the seamen, "and there at least," directing her glance at the island, "I shall be spared the hundred daily and nightly "Men," I cried, rounding upon the dreads which terrify me here. It is hard, it is hard!" she muttered, in an almost musing way, "but is less than I feared. They never meant that you should bear witness against the half-blood, against themselves. Some kind of an end must have come, Mr. Musgrave. It is miserable as it is; but time after time my terror has foreboded something infinitely worse."

truth of her words; but just then I was so the vessels previously used, such as gourds, wild and crazed by this blow, by the cold, etc. calculating inhumanity of the men, in whose demeanour I had never witnessed the least hint of such barbarous usage as they were now about to give us, which throughout had been their intention toward us, and which doubtless was the reason of their demand that I should let them the Cuba coast-I say that at that time the conflict of emotions was so violent in knives. me, I could get nothing out of the composure and thoughtful words of the sweet and noble woman by my side but a sort of dull wonder at her tranquility.

"Your breakfast's gone below, Mr. Musgrave," shouted Mole; "me and my mates'll be obliged by you and the lady bearing a hand. Another half hour's as much as we can allow ye."

"Let us go to the cabin," said Miss again soon. I declare I thank God for this thing as a deliverance".

She led the way, and I followed. The cook was lingering at the table, as though adjusting it to his taste, but on our showing ourselves he ran hastily up the steps, fearful perhaps that we should address him. For my part, I believe a crumb of biscuit would have sufficed to choke me. I had suffered had unnerved me; but to what extent I should not have known but for this sudden testing of my courage. saw Miss Grant look as though she meant to force herself to partake of the meal, to embolden me by a further illustration of her coolness, but she turned away after a minute and said, "What is next to be

"We must pack our traps," said I;

I could scarcely utter the words. You talk of going ashore when newly arrived to return again to the ship; but to think of going ashore to this little island, to stop streak of haze, visible only from the ele-

vation of the cross-trees-"Can you find out!" "Shall we take all we have?" asked the smug-faced undertaker and brutal, "It is doubtless one of the Bahama Miss Grant, as collectedly, I protest, as if brawling hackmen.—Ex.

to bend my mind down to; "throw what you have into your boxes and portman-

In five minutes I had stowed my possessions away, and then going to Broad-She took me by the arm, and led me a water's berth, drew a chart of the West islands, starting from high abreast of the upon it without much trouble, but Broadwater's charts were exceedingly old, and cated and disfigured with ink-marks and dim tracings like a school-boy's lesson-"There's a film away to the west'ards chart in the cabin tell us what this island that this island fringed the thicker zone, that it was some eastward sentinel Cay, such as Rum, Cat, and Watling Island, and She interrupted me: "No; but if we to get away, must he to the west and

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Primitive Utensils.

In the third lecture of his ethnological course at Academy Hall, Salem, Prof. E.

Evidently everything was rude in the extreme in its first form. The teeth in complexion and blue eyes. His chin was the skulls of primeval man are worn down | deeply cleft, and he was as handsome a nights are miserable. I can scarcely rest showing that bones and hard seeds were were the utensils used.

A stick was, evidently, the first implement used by man. Then he learned to sharpen the stick with a fragment of stone, and the infinite variety of edge tools to-day Shells were used for cups and spoons, and also tied at the end of sticks to be used as hammers.

Pottery was used in very early times. It was, evidently, first used in making a clay covering to cooking gourds, etc. When by accident, the clay covering dropped off and it was found to be serviceable as a bowl, the art of pottery making was

The decorations on early pottery are, as a rule imitations of cloth or basketwork. It was afterwards that I recognized the The shapes are invarably the imitations of

The early stone implements were rough, and the later ones although finely made, were, of course, far inferior to the metal ones used later. The larger stone points, so often found in this country, are usually called arrow heads. In dry caves in California some of these points are found fixed in short thick handles. They were therefore in all probability used as

The plough of to-day can be traced back to a pointed stick. An ancient Grecian gem represents a plough with a wheel in front, then a knife to cut the furrows, then the ploughshare, and lastly two handles. The plough of to-day is built have been in love, Aleck?" entirely on this plan.

Fish-hooks made of bone and of horn are found, some made of two small pieces tied together. In the relics from the ruins of the Swiss lake dwellers, nicely made bronze fish-hooks are found.

Funeral Reform Demand.

One of the best arguments in favor of simplicity in funerals has been offered by the drivers of funeral coaches. In Jersey City they have formed a Union, and are able to make things very disagreeable for nonunion drivers, undertakers and friends of the deceased. In the first place they endeavor to boycott undertakers who employ non-union coach drivers. Then when the procession forms for the purpose of proceeding to the cemetery, they refuse to mount their boxes until the non-union drivers are sifted out, if any there be. Fighting has been the result of these proceedings on several occasions, requiring the summoning of the police. Bereaved friends making preparations for a funeral 'we are at liberty to carry our luggage have been warned against employing nonunion drivers, under the penalty of serious disturbance either en route or at the grave. wife he chose, that their friendship might, This is very disgraceful, but if it have the effect to abolish big funeral processions off a town; or if off a coast, you go ashore the result will be beneficial. It is a curious expression of human vanity, this filling her. First at a ball where you will be the street with coaches to conduct the remains of our dead to the cemetery. The there with nothing in sight but a blue departed ones, whom we profess to honor, are unconscious of it, and often the living Club to-morrow? She rides on Graves's are taxed far beyond their means to pay the bill. And all this for the benefit of

Aleck's Love.

Horton looked at the clock, fingered his pen a while, wrote a little more, then threw down the pen and walked to the window in impatience. Then he looked at the clock in the church tower on the Aleck wending his way to Horton's office. opposite side of the square and, and after fell to dreaming and jingling the things in his pockets. He was a young lawyer with a wealthy father and the pleasant room

idly up the stairs made itself audible. man's eyes and light up his face. sprang toward the door just in time to

They grasped hands as though they had

they met daily. Damon and Pythias could not have been better friends than Garrie Horton and Aleck Grimshaw. College chumming in their case had started a friendship plied, but added, bitterly, "How should the civilization bore from it as the sun set; which bade fair to last as long as their so that our course, should we make shift lives. On occasion it amounted to love. They were well suited to each other, and some powerful affinity knit them together.

> They were about the same height, but there resemblance ended. Horton was slender to thinness, with a boyish set of features, which even his mustache could not mature—it was a good mustache, too. But he was only twenty-four while Aleck was twenty-seven. Horton was of the blonde type, with beautiful teeth and eck was a contrast to Garrie. He had dark brown hair and a beard of like color, which was parted after the English fashion. his brown eyes were filled with a grave, soft light, which played a complementary part to those of Garrie's laughing blue ones. Garrie's right name was Garriot.

"I received your note," said Aleck. "You did? I suppose you wondered

why I should write it?" "Yes, till I opened it. Before that I was as curious as a woman. So you have something to tell me?"

"Yes, something"-slowly.

Garrie moved one or two of the books upon the table. His light eyebrows went up and frowned simultaneously, and produced a funny expression.

Aleck, who was an artist, thought what a charming picture he would make, and smiled in an amused way as he made a rough guess at the 'something.'

"Well, Garrie, I hope by this time I am a partially safe depositary for a secret." He smiled outright.

"Oh! Aleck! I know that anything is safe in your keeping."

He reached across the table, gained strong possession of Aleck's hand, and held it while he talked. It was a connecting link of sympathy. There was nothing "Molly-coddlish" about it. They fashion, and when they were alone to-

"I-I won't say it is nothing, because I think it a great thing. I suppose you

"Ah! so that is it!" said Aleck; but he did not at first answer the question. hand in his, and he said, "Yes, I was in love once, Garrie, but she was too young, love some man afterward."

a firm pressure on his friend's hand.

Aleck, whom I should love to marry. I have known her for some time. She, too,

"Mine was not," said Aleck, softly but sweetly, as though he thought no less of

"And she seems of a charming disposition. But I want you to see her and tell me if you read anything unpleasing in her general nature. They say lovers are blind, and it may be I do not see that in her which would make us both unhappy if we

He spoke in a straight, loving, honest way, and Aleck understood it. It told him that Garrie wanted him to like the in a measure, continue.

"So," went on Horton, "you must meet able to see her beauty, and then at her home. Will you go to the Anonymous coach in the afternoon, and will be at the

He rose, looking at the face of his friend.

"Yes, certainly; with all my heart. But I know if she satisfies you she suits me.

"Thanks, old fellow! Well, we must see the parade together, and I will show her to you then."

What more they did that day was of no importance, but the next afternoon found

He was not much of a society man and would rather hear and see Garrie than the most beautiful woman-so at least he told himself. But his thoughts would wander, this day more than ever, to a time in his He was still standing by the window past, when he spent the summer vacation when the sound of footsteps coming rap- in the country, and had for next neighbor a most lovable child, who had no idea of sudden gleam of light shot into the young her position as heiress, and deemed her sixteen years but a drop in the bucket of her life. Therefore, with all the years that awaited her, she could afford to spend "Ah! Horton, old fellow!" said the new her days as she wished, and roamed at will free-hearted, and hated her lessons as a boy does. Now she must be twenty-ah, here was Garrie's-and with a quaint exbeen parted for years, when, in reality pression of face; not large, not tall, nor yet small. How strange that he could not forget that child! And then he reached Garrie's room.

"It should pass in a quarter of an hour," said Garrie.

"Have you proposed yet, Garrie?" ask-

"Oh, no; I could not do it. I have not had time. I have never intimated that I loved her."

"At the ball, Garrie, you go first-early -and ask her for a dance for me. I have the drawing club to attend, and shall not be able to leave before ten. Tell her I am your friend-your best, Garrie-and write me down for a square dance. Then we can talk it out."

"Very well, I will."

below them to wait for the coaches. They soon began to murmur and then to shout, as the coaches came in sight. Horton's His mustache was lighter and very silky; office was on the second floor, and the gay companies on the coach tops were almost up to the windows.

"There she is, Aleck! There-see! On the box-seat beside Graves!"

The young lady turned and smilingly bowed to the excited Garrie.

"Isn't she beautiful! How I envy Graves! By Jove!"

Aleck said never a word. He sat like one in a dream as the remainder passed. A sense of being in the country filled him. Something brought up the laughing face of a young girl whose gray eyes were the only beauty she possessed. He scarcely saw Garrie's idol.

Garrie took him to supper, and then they separated.

The drawing club was over, and Aleck passed into the brilliant rooms at the Anonymous. The music was playing and he leaned against the wall to await the dance's end, when he might hunt up Garrie. In some measure, it saddened him to hear the exquisite music. He had come to see and pass judgment upon Garrie's love. He know it was for mere form's sake; that Garrie would let no decision of another's have weight with him; and a melancholy pain forced itself out in the loved one another in a strong, manly form of a sigh, when he thought how much Garrie's wife would take of Garrie's heart. gether were not ashamed to show it. But What was her name, he wondered. Why, Garrie had not mentioned it! How ridiculous!

At that moment some one tapped him on the arm lightly with a fan, and he realized that the music had ceased, and some one-a young lady-was standing Then he dropped his eyes to his friend's before him with a half-smile on her lips. She was on the arm of a gentleman-afterward. Aleck could not tell who. She had and I would not tie her down to perhaps bright, brown hair that shone like burnished copper, and her eyes were a pure Garrie went swiftly on with no sign but gray, clear and full of light. He stood perplexed, struggling for and against a "Well, I believe I have met the woman, feeling that he knew her-the eyes-and then she spoke and he recognized her.

"Ah! You have forgotten me, Mr. young-about twenty-beau iful of Grimshaw, and I knew you at once, in spite of the beard."

She laughed prettily. Aleck was very pale for an instant, while

"Heavens! this is not you! Why, Mildred, how you have changed !" Her face grew rosy at the admiration in

"But I suppose I must call you Miss

Somerlea now?" "Oh, no; do not, pray!" was the answer. "I have a dance for you-see!"

"Who told you I was coming !" "Mr. Horton."

Her former partner had melted away in the crowd. Aleck gave her his arm, and led her into one of the quieter rooms. Happy! blissful! he could have sung as his heart was singing! His little sweetheart grown into a tall, graceful-beauty! He could not quite realize it, and sat back to gaze at her while she talked. She

was always picturesque, but this new (Continued on page 4.)