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THE REVIEW

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VOL. 3. RICHIBUCTO, NEW BRUNSWICK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 21 1892. NO. 23.

Love's Address.

By the rippling river side, Where the nodding violets hide, Eager searchers to deride, Comes Helena.

'Neath the hedge of scented May, While a weeping-willow spray, Fans her curls in gentle play, Stands Helena.

Lashes of a dark-brown hue, Shading merry eyes of blue, And a face both sweet and true, Has Helena.

Back and forth, a little bird, Tries to make his shrill voice heard, For he wants to say a word To Helena.

'Birdie, is he false or true? Twitting there as if you knew.' And the wee bird answers, 'True, 'True, Helena!'

Why starts she as though in fear, Least some one else should be near, What has she got hidden here? Ah! Helena!

In her hand a letter lies, And no eager, curious eyes Save her own may see this prize, Then Helena.

Carefully breaks off the seal, What strange tremors o'er her steal, Will it be for woe or weal, To Helena.

Takes one look—just to be sure: 'Angel of my dreams'—no more, That line is sufficient for Glad Helena!

One brief hour glides away, Shadows mark the closing day, The sun throws a golden ray On Helena.

As behind the hill she dips, With a bright smile on her lips, Homeward through the meadow trips Fair Helena.

THE DETECTIVE'S STORY.

The wind whistled wildly without, the rain fell heavily, and the cold was increasing every hour. With a shiver I drew my chair nearer the fire, and remarked to my companion:

"What an awful night!" He assented, adding: "I don't think I'm superstitious, but I can't help regarding this night, the 17th of January, as under a sort of curse."

"Why so?" I questioned. "Thereby hangs a tale," he replied lighting a fresh cigar. "Let's have it," was my laconic rejoinder.

Now, this companion of mine was something of a character in his way. His name was Bill Brentford, and we had been inseparable friends, until at the age of eighteen we parted—he to enter his uncle's store in London, and I to the farm at Suffolk, which had been in the family for eight generations. From that time we saw little of each other. Bill soon tired of the monotonous life of a clerk, and, following the bent of his own inclinations, he entered the detective force. At the time of which I writing, he was one of the most valued officers.

During my rare and hurried visits to London, I always stayed with Bill. He had never married, but he had kept up a bachelor's establishment in two snug rooms, next door to a first-rate eating-house, from which his meals were sent to him. A luxurious fellow was Bill, when off duty, but in the pursuit of his business nerves and frame alike seemed made of iron.

But to return to the night of which I was speaking. Bill enjoyed telling a story, and told one admirably; so I too lighted a fresh cigar, and leaned comfortably in my chair to listen, with a feeling of delightful satisfaction.

Bill smoked a few moments, in silence, and then began: "Did you ever hear of the Rutland murders, Dick?"

"Well, no," I replied, "I can't say that I did."

"Of course not. You country fellows, never do hear anything. Jupiter! what a life!"

Jupiter was Bill's favorite expression, and he always said it very slowly, and with great energy.

"Well, the first of these happened in 1859, ten years ago to-night; and the second in 1867. They were both committed on the night of Jan. 17th, between the hours of eleven and two.

"There was an old man by the name of Clark Rutland, who owned a tall, rather gloomy-looking house out towards Paddington. He was a widower, and very rich, and his child having married against his will, he had disinherited her and adopted a nephew, a feeble indolent-looking sort of chap.

"This fellow, David Rutland, was married at the time his uncle adopted him, and had one child, a boy of five years, the handsomest little creature I ever set eyes on. The mother had gypsy blood, they

said, and she looked it. Just after they came to live with the old man, a robbery was committed in the house, and I had charge of the affair; so that's the way I came to know all about them.

"It was when the child, Mark Rutland, was sixteen, that the first of the murders took place. David Rutland had been dead long ago, and young Mark was looked upon as the old man's sole heir. I'd been away to the North on some business, and when I got back the first piece of news I heard was that old Mr. Rutland had been found dead in his bed, with a wound through his heart, made by some sharp, slender instrument, which must have let out his life instantly. His servant testified that he always slept with a long thin dagger beside him, which he had brought from Spain in his youth, and valued very highly. This dagger was missing and could not be found, though the strictest search was made for it.

The case was a very dark one, and not a trace of the murderer could be found. I was too young then to have anything to do with the management of the affair, but I was greatly interested in it. At length all search after the murderer was given up, and Mark Rutland under the guardianship of his mother, entered by will in possession of everything.

"Now nothing in the world hurts me so badly as to be baffled in a case, even though, as in this instance, it was not my own. I hated to give this one up, so I made careful notes of it and laid them aside for future use, if I should ever be so fortunate as to get hold of a clue to the mystery.

"The affair had hardly passed out of mind, when on the morning of the 18th of Jan. 1867, I was roused very early by the news that a horrible murder had been committed out Paddington way. I soon learned that the victim was Mrs. David Rutland, Mark's mother, and I lost no time in hurrying to the spot, where a crowd had already gathered. There was in my mind from the first a certainty of what sight awaited me—the small, smooth hole passing directly through the still, cold heart; and I was not mistaken. The murdered woman lay flat on her back, and her placid features showed that she had died without a struggle.

"Such agony as that of her son I have seldom witnessed—indeed it upset his reason, and for many weeks he alternated between the delirium of fever and the stupor of utter exhaustion. There was remarkable feature in his case—in all his delirium he never alluded to his mother's death, and yet he did not cease for her as though she were living.

"Again, as in the former instance, there was no trace of the weapon with which the horrible deed had been committed. A towel which lay on the floor by the bed, was cut and stained with blood, as though a sharp bloody instrument had been drawn hastily through it. There were no signs that any one had entered the room, as the maid said that everything was in the same order in which she had left it. Suspicion fell on the servants, but there was really no evidence against them.

"The only other inmate of the house was the murdered woman's son, and not the slightest suspicion fell upon him. He benefited in no way by his mother's death, and it was proved that they lived on the best of terms, in fact, were more than usually devoted to each other. The servants testified that they had never heard a hard word pass between them. They always retired early, and on the night in question, they had parted, as they always did, with a tender good-night. The maid stated that Mrs. Rutland had ordered her not to extinguish the gas, and had made her replenish the fire before leaving the room, saying she should sit up late. From the position of the body, it appeared that the poor lady had not, for she still wore her thick dressing gown, and was lying on the top of the covering, with a shawl thrown over her feet. A book lay beside her, as if it had been dropped from her hand, and the gas was still burning when the maid entered the room in the morning and discovered the horrible deed.

"The room was the same room in which old Clark Rutland had met with his bloody death eight years before. For two years after that event the room was shut up, and then Mrs. Rutland had suddenly determined to occupy it. Since that time it had been her chamber.

"Well, it seemed likely that we were to be baffled again, for no trace of the murderer could be found. Mark Rutland recovered his bodily health, but his mind appeared a complete blank. He was perfectly harmless, and the old servants who were devoted to him, nursed him tenderly. He remained in the old house, but the fatal chamber was never entered except by myself.

"My comrades jeered at me for being so

utterly baffled in a case were the entire management was left to me. At last I told them that I had not given up the game yet, and, if they would leave me alone till Feb. 1st 1868, I would either clear up the mystery or permit them to call me a fool.

"The weeks became months, and still things seemed as dark as ever. I haunted the house unweariedly, and spent hours—even whole nights—alone in or near the doubly-fated room. I would talk for hours with Mark, striving to elicit a gleam of reason from his stupefied brain. It was all utterly useless; the 17th of January came round again and found me no nearer my object than when I first began my search.

"It had been a dark, cold day, and as evening came on it commenced gathering up for a heavy storm. About dusk I sent for Joe Harkness, a young friend of mine who had lately joined us, and who bids fair to climb to the very top of the ladder. I knew him to be as brave as a lion cool, trustworthy, strong as an ox, utterly without nerves, and above all, perfectly devoted to me. When the fellow came, I told him that I thought there was an awful night's work before me, and asked him if he would share it. He consented instantly. I then made him sit down beside me and examine my notes of the two Rutland murders. For some time he read on in silence; but all at once I heard him draw a quick breath, and I knew he had begun to catch my idea. He did not speak until the last word was finished, then he looked up and said, quietly:

"Only we two, I suppose?" "I nodded, for I saw he knew my plan without a word; indeed, I had shadowed it out in my notes. A few words of arrangement passed between us, and then it was time to go.

"We both rose, and lifted together a long and heavy basket which lay in a corner, and carried it down stairs. At a whistle from me a cab came up, in which we placed the basket, got in ourselves, and drove off rapidly in the direction of Paddington, stopping before the Rutland House. By the power of the law, we soon had all the servants securely looked up in the lower story, and with the exception of poor Mark, we were alone on the floor where the murders had been committed.

"We brought in the basket, and taking it to the fatal room, in which I had lighted the gas, we opened it and took out a long large bundle. On unwrapping this, a waxen, female figure, the size of life, appeared, dressed in a white night-gown. This we laid on the bed, in the attitude of one asleep, and threw a large shawl over it up to the waist.

"This room was in the right wing of the house, and that occupied by Mark was at the furthest extremity of the left. We now went to his chamber and found him in bed and fast asleep. Opening all the doors as we passed, so that there was free communication between the two apartments, we returned to the first, and hiding in the dressing-room, from which we could see everything that passed, we waited in breathless silence for the result.

"Jupiter! Dick, I tell you it was an awful watch. The very air of the room felt heavy and tainted with blood; the very lamp that had looked down upon two midnight murders and kept solitary watch over the bloody corpses, seemed to burn with a dull, red glare; and there, just before our eyes, on the very spot where I had seen those two stark bodies lying with the death-wound through their hearts, was stretched out the still, white form looking so terribly like death. We were both strong, bold, iron-nerved men, but we drew closer together, and I, for one, acknowledge that my heart beat quick and the blood felt like ice in my veins.

"The clock struck twelve, and still the silence was unbroken. Another half hour passed and then I thought I heard a faint, distant sound. Joe laid his hand heavily on my shoulder, and I knew he heard it too. Nearer—nearer it came. We could distinguish now that it was made by bare feet moving slowly and cautiously over the uncarpeted floor. Nearer—still nearer. The door moves, opens wide, and a tall, gaunt figure, clothed in white, stalks silently into the room.

"It needed but a glance to recognize Mark Rutland. He came steadily on, his eyes wide open and his thin lips parted in a ghastly smile. Great Heaven! He passed the bed and came straight on towards us. I could not take my eyes from that dreadful face, but I felt Joe clinging to me with both hands and trembling like a leaf. He came on until he was so near us that I could have touched him by leaning forward and then he paused. Putting out his hand slowly he passed it along the lintel of the door and pressed a hidden spring, when a small piece of the wood work slid back, leaving an aperture about

two feet long, a foot deep, and not more than six inches wide. From this aperture he drew a blood-stained dagger, long and slender. Turning he moved with the same steady, gliding pace toward the bed, and raising his arm aloft, buried the dagger deep in the very heart of the waxen figure.

"Not an instant did he pause. Drawing it forth, and lifting a towel from the floor, where I had placed it, wiped the dagger, dropped it again, and returning the fatal weapon to its hiding-place, closed it, and went, with the same stealthy, gliding footstep, back to his own chamber.

"When he was out of sight, we rose and staggered from our hiding-place out into the light, gazing with distended eyes upon each other's white and horror-stricken faces. Joe spoke first, low and hoarsely: "'A somnambulist, he muttered. The two murders were committed in his sleep.'"

"Not so," I answered, in awe-struck tones. "The first was committed awake. The second was God's avenging hand, making the murderer, in his very sleep, the instrument of his own betrayal and punishment, and that of his accomplice. Look there!"

"I pointed to the floor, just below the aperture in the wall, and there lay a folded paper, on which was written in large, distinct characters:

"Draft of my last Will and Testament. To be executed immediately.

"We took it up, and saw that all of the property, except a very small annuity to Mark, was left to the old man's daughter.

"That will has never been executed," I said. "Look at this date."

"I pointed to the bottom of the draft, and there was written, 'January 17th, 1859.'

"There is but little more to be told. Mark continued in a state of vacancy for about six months longer, and then his strength suddenly failed, and his death-hour drew near. The day before his end his mind was restored, and he made a full confession of his guilt. The old man, he stated, had discovered that no drop of his blood ran in Mark's veins, who was born shortly after his mother first met David Rutland. They had passed off the child as their own in order to gain the inheritance. Goaded to desperation, the wretched mother had urged her son, then a boy of sixteen, and always very weak minded, to commit the awful deed. They eluded all suspicion, but from that hour God's curse fell upon them. On every anniversary of that fatal night, the murderer, in his sleep, enacted once more the guilty tragedy. It was to conceal this that his mother had nerved herself to occupy that crime-haunted room, where she awaited his coming, to arouse him from his horrible trance. On the night of her last watch she had probably dropped asleep, and awakened only at the Bar of God."

Two Cardinals Dead.

LONDON, Jan. 14.—Cardinal Manning, who has been suffering from a severe cold for a few days, died this morning at his residence. His condition had been hopeless for many hours. Early this morning he began to fail rapidly, but was able to join in the prayer offered at his bedside. At half-past seven he became unconscious. His death was calm and painless, and appeared like a gentle sinking to sleep. Telegrams of regret from all parts of the world are being received.

Rome, Jan. 14.—Cardinal Simeoni, formerly Papal Secretary of State, and Prefect General of the Propaganda, died to-day from an attack of influenza.

[Cardinal Simeoni was an Italian, 76 years old, a man of much learning and great ability, who has held many positions of trust under the last and the present Pope. He was made Cardinal in 1875 by Pope Pius IX.]

Family Matters.

LINEN can be glazed by adding a teaspoonful of salt and one of finely-scraped soap to a pint of starch.

TO TAKE OFF A GOLD RING STICKING CLOSE TO THE FINGER.—Touch it with mercury, and it becomes so brittle that a slight blow with a hammer will break it.

TO CLEAN GLOVES.—Make a thick mucilage by boiling a handful of flaxseed; add a little dissolved soap; then when the mixture cools, with a piece of white flannel wipe the gloves previously fitted to the hand; only enough of the cleaner to take off the dirt, without wetting through the glove.

HAIR TONIC.—Take one pint of boiling water, pour it upon a dozen large branches of fresh sage, or a large handful of dried sage leaves, cover it tightly for an hour. Put into a bottle one ounce of iron filings, nails, or any bits of iron, also a piece of borax as large as a walnut; turn the sage tea upon it. In two or three days it is ready for use.

TO CURE HEARTBURN.—This common and distressing affection is generally connected with indigestion. To relieve it for the moment, magnesia, soda, or seltzer-water, or water acidulated with sulphuric acid, may be employed. To cure the complaint requires the digestive powers to be strengthened by tonics, bitters, and some preparation of iron. The application of a blister over the stomach may be of use.

TO RESTORE WHITE FLANNEL.—To restore the original appearance of white flannel which has turned yellowish by lying for a long time, or by wear, soak for an hour in a weak solution of bi-sulphite of soda; then add a little dilute muriatic acid; stir well, and cover the vessel for twenty minutes. After this take the flannel out, rinse in plenty of soft water, and dry in the sun. The flannels will be purely white.

TO CLEAN GOLD CHAINS.—Put the chain in a small glass bottle with warm water, a little tooth powder and some soap, cork the bottle and shake it for a minute very violently. The action against the glass polishes the gold, and the soap and chalk extract every particle of grease and dirt from the interstices of a chain of the most delicate pattern; rinse in clear cold water, wipe with a towel, and the polish will surprise you.

CURE FOR IVY POISONING.—A correspondent writes that the extract of lobelia, or a poultice made from the fresh leaves, is a cure for ivy poisoning. It should be remembered, however that the external application of this plant in excess may produce obstinate vomiting, and even greater symptoms of poisoning. We should ourselves hesitate to use it, except under the advice of an experienced physician.

CLEANING OIL-PAINTED SURFACES.—Take a piece of soft flannel, put it in warm water and squeeze it till it feels dry; next dip it gently on the top of some very finely pulverized French chalk, rub the painted surface with the flannel; the effect will be removal of all dust, greasy matter and dirt; the surface is next washed with a clean sponge and water, and dried with a piece of soft wash-leather. This method does not injure the paint like soap, and produces a very good result.

A Prompt Result.

DEAR SIRS,—Two years ago I was very ill with jaundice and tried many medicines which did me no good until I was advised to try B. B. B., when, after using half a bottle, I was effectually cured. CHARLOTTE MORTON, Elphinstone, Man.

A Hero.

Some years ago the Atlantic steamer, Artic, struck a rock, and sunk four hours after. Three hundred persons went down in her. They were all drowned. Every steamer has a signal-gun on board, which is fired off in time of danger, so that other vessels may hear, and come and help them. Now, this gun on board the Artic was in charge of a young lad named Stewart Holland; and it was his duty to fire it off. As soon as the steamer struck, all was uproar and confusion. Every one knew she must sink, and all tried to think of some way of escape. The engineer left the engines, the fireman left the fires, the steerman left the wheel, and Stewart was left alone with the gun. But he never flinched. Women shrieked. Strong men fell down in sudden fear. Some cursed and swore, not knowing what they said. Some prayed and some sat still—pale and motionless as marble. But all through those four terrible hours the sound of the gun went booming over the waters. His powder was gone.

He took an axe and broke open the magazine for more. And again the sound of his gun was heard over the deep. But no ship was nigh. No one was near to help. Some lowered the boats to get into them. Others made a raft and tried to escape on it. But Stewart Holland stood at his post. Others might get away if they could, but he meant to be faithful. And just as the steamer gave its last lurch, before going down, the signal-gun sent its call booming over the waters once more! And when the news came—for some escaped—the name of Stewart Holland was on everybody's lips. Strong men's eyes grew dim with their tears as they told the tale, and everybody praised the young lad who was faithful to the work he had to do.

Dear children, we are not called to do what he did; but we are called to be faithful. Faithful in everything. Faithful all the time. Faithful even unto death. And we shall never get to be so until we begin to-day, just where we are now, and are faithful in the work—even the very little work which every day brings us to do.

Modern Miracles. A singer for breath was distressed, And the doctors all said she must rest, But she took G. M. D. For her weak lungs, you see, And now she can sing with the best.

An athlete gave out, on a run, And he feared his career was quite done; G. M. D., pray observe, Gave back his lost nerve, And now he can lift half a ton.

A writer, who wrote for a prize, Had headaches and pain in the eyes; G. M. D. was the spell That made him quite well, And glory before him now lies.

These are only examples of the daily triumphs of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, in restoring health and reviving wasted vitality. Sold by all druggists.

Gentle Hints.

In former days, doctors were occasionally diffident about charging very large fees, but they liked to be paid "on the spot" when they were called in or consulted. The devices they sometimes resorted to in order to obtain a good fee were sometimes ingenious.

Doctor Senter, of Boston, always expected a fine of ten dollars for a consultation; but the price was regarded as so exorbitant that he did not actually require it.

However, he had a little pile of ten dollar notes left upon his office table in plain sight of his patients, and also in plain sight of his own watchful eyes. Seeing those new bills, looking as if they had been flung down one by one by previous visitors, the patient had hardly any choice but to add one to the number.

One day a merchant, known to the doctor to be wealthy but somewhat avaricious came to consult him, and took much of his time. In rising to go the patient handed the doctor a five-dollar bill.

Doctor Senter at once put on his spectacles, got down on his knees, and began to look about under the chairs and beside the table.

"What are you looking for?" said the patient.

"Why, for the other one," said the doctor.

"The other what?" "The other bill. Ah! didn't you drop one?"

The merchant drew out a second five-dollar bill, put it down on the table without a word, and hurried out, of the room slamming the door behind him.

Dress in England.

The English seem strangely indifferent to dress. One can wear almost any kind of apparel here and not excite comment. I have seen things parading the streets here in London that would create a riot in the States, yet here nobody paid any attention to them. The more grotesquely a man is clad the less attention he attracts. At the theatres one sees remarkable sights male and female. The women wear conspicuous costumes. At the Criterion one evening I saw a scrofulous-red woman clad in a fiery-red gown, the corsage of which was literally plastered over with diamonds—not real diamonds, for very few ladies wear genuine diamonds to the theatre. In fact, it seems to be quite the thing to blossom out in paste. I have noticed that scrofulous-red females are all too common here in London; the redder the face the redder the gown. Yet there may be philosophy in this. I recollect that Mme. Modjeska once told me: "Red worn below the face deadens the complexion; worn above the face heightens the complexion." If, therefore, a woman wishes to subdue the color in the cheeks she should wear a red gown or plenty of red ribbons about the throat; on the other hand, if she wishes to give her face a certain touch of color, let her wear a red hat or red flowers in her hair.—Chicago News' London letter.

Six Years' Suffering.

DEAR SIRS,—I was troubled for six years with erysipelas, and two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters entirely cured me. I keep B. B. B. constantly in the house and think it an effectual cure for all diseases caused by bad blood.

MRS. M. DOWSETT, Portland, Ont.

The following story is told, not exactly at the expense of a New England college professor, the author of an article on "Ancient Methods of Filtration," which recently appeared in one of the magazines. By a misprint his subject was announced in the advertisement as "Ancient Methods of Flirtation," much to the amusement of his friends, one of whom the other evening at a social party said to him:—"Professor, do give us your lecture on 'Ancient Methods of Flirtation.'" The professor, who is a bachelor and a social favorite, instantly replied:—"Miss —, that lecture can only be delivered to a single auditor at a time, and must be illustrated with experiments."