

THE REVIEW

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THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

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A DARING ESCAPE.

Fleeing From an Awful and Certain Death.

Archibald Williams occupies a unique position in the history of the South-west. He was once captive in the hands of Apache Indians, and is one of the very few persons who escaped from captivity. He is altogether a most singular and interesting character. He is 62 years old. He lives in a log cabin perched at the base of Cave Mountains, in the north-western portion of Arkansas. It is a lonely spot. The mountains tower above the house, shutting out the light of day. Williams is as strange looking as his history is wonderful. In appearance he resembles an Indian. He is straight and lithe, with the agility of a cat and the sprinting abilities of a hare. His eyes are black, deep, set in the head, and seem to look through one. His locks are snowy white, and fall down about his shoulders. Aside from the pension which he draws for services as a Federal soldier, he has no means of sustenance except such as his rifle and hunting knife afford. He lives alone, but his cabin is the stopping place from time to time of many belated travelers who, lost in these mountain fastnesses, find under the humble roof of this mountain hermit shelter and food and welcome. Williams was born on a farm near Springfield, Ill. When the war broke out he entered the Federal army with his two brothers, Thomas and Jonathan. The trio served until the close of hostilities and in 1870 drifted westward. They followed mining, and quickly became expert in that line, and were known in all the mining camps from Colorado to Nevada. In the spring of 1872, while encamped in the Sweet-water country of Wyoming, two miners came to their camp bringing a quantity of gold dust, and relating a wonderful story. Eight or ten months before they had secretly penetrated into the interior of Arizona, and had discovered a gold mine on the Colorado River, near the mouth of a canon, where they had remained for months taking out the dust. The country swarmed with Apache Indians. There was not a single white settlement within two hundred miles of the mines. The two miners worked much of the time at night. To reach the mines they had walked hundreds of miles, carrying supplies on their backs. Although the supply of gold was still plentiful, the dread of the Indians caused them to abandon the mines, travel speedily and secretly across the country, and put themselves again in touch with civilization.

They had been virtual prisoners for nearly eight months. In April, 1872, the Williams started for the abandoned mines. They traveled hundreds of miles through an isolated country. It was a terrible journey, but the brothers made it in safety, and actually succeeded in finding the mines. The diggings were located at the mouth of a magnificent canon, which opened into Colorado River, and at a spot where the isolation and seclusion made all the surroundings seem strange and weird-like. Less than three weeks after their arrival the three brothers were surprised one morning at day-break by the Apaches and taken prisoners. Tom and Jonathan were both fatally wounded. That day Tom was burned at the stake at a point sixty miles north of the mine of the capture. His unfortunate brothers were witnesses of his execution. It was this and subsequent events that turned Archibald Williams' hair from black to white inside forty-eight hours. Jonathan was burned the following evening at the Indian village, still further north, amid scenes of shocking cruelty. That night Archibald made his

escape. The squaw who had been placed to guard him while the population of the village assisted at the living cremation of his brother, stole away to take part in the jollification, and in her absence he succeeded in freeing himself from the thongs which bound him. He crawled for a mile and then ran like a mad man across the sterile plains, not knowing where he was going. He had a long lariat about his waist and a knife which he had picked up when he crept out of the tent in which he had been placed by the Indians. The poor fellow was nearly crazy.

The awful scenes he had witnessed well nigh dethroned his reason. He determined to kill himself rather than fall in to the hands of the Indians a second time. When daylight broke he found himself on the top of a cliff fifty feet high, with the river beneath, and with the yells of the pursuing Apaches coming nearer and nearer. Frantic with desperation, he performed a feat seldom, if ever equalled in the record of daring adventures. He fastened the rope or lariat to a tree at the top of the precipice, let himself down to a projecting rock twenty feet below, and drawing the rope down again, doubled it around the boulder and swung himself off, loosening his hold when he got to the end and falling some ten or fifteen feet. It was the deed of a maniac, yet he escaped unhurt. Once on the river edge he looked about him like a beast at bay, and discovering several trees which had been cut down by beavers, he lashed them together with part of his rope, forming a rude raft. He decided to attempt to escape in this way. In any event death in the Colorado River was preferable to falling into the hands of the Indians. When his craft was ready he lashed himself to it with the remainder of the rope, and without a moment's hesitation, pushed out into the river. He was just drifting into the current when the Indians appeared on the cliff above.

They yelled like fiends when they saw their prey escaping, and sent after the half crazed fugitive a volley of arrows and bullets, none of which, however, did him injury. Williams shot down the river with frightful speed. He was carried over the rapids, making a fall of sixteen or twenty feet, and born along on the current mile after mile, senseless and bleeding. He was picked up some 100 miles below the spot where he began his awful voyage by a squad of Federal soldiers from Prescott and carried to that place, where he lay in the hospital for more than a year. For a long time it was thought he would lose his reason, if not life, but he recovered and afterward became a noted scout for the Federal army on the frontier. He never spared the life of an Apache, shooting every member of the tribe that came within range of his rifle. He soon became a terror to even these bloodthirsty wretches. It is claimed that from 1873 to 1876 Williams slew more Apaches than all the Government troops in Arizona and New Mexico put together. His fearful peril and daring escape made him a local hero, and his feat has been the theme of nearly every tongue along the frontier for years. In 1880 Williams left Arizona and went to Kansas. He revisited the mines which had proved so fatal to his brothers and himself when it was prudent to do so, but others had been there and denuded the earth of its golden treasure, and the expedition ended only in gloom and death. Four years ago Williams came to take up his residence in the mountains, in whose shadows, he says, he wishes his remains to be interred when death claims him.—Philadelphia Times

AN ILLINOIS SENSATION.

A Lady of the Union Country recovers her Health in a Marvellous Manner.

ANNA, Illinois, June 17.—A very interesting case of recovery from a complicated form of kidney trouble has taken place here, and the details are gradually being made public. The sufferer was Miss M. T. Loomis, who for a long time has been a victim to severe pains in all parts of the body. She consulted a number of doctors and was treated for a great variety of complaints, the diagnosis all proving faulty. At length she determined to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, having read and heard much of their efficacy and found her expectation justified in a complete cure.

Miss Lizzie Gaynor, whose body was found in her home in Boston a few days ago, was a daughter of Mr. George Gaynor, of Frederick. In the opinion of the medical examiner death resulted from alcoholism. The body was taken to Frederick for interment.

K. D. C. The Mighty Curer for Indigestion.

WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION COLUMN.

All Communications to this Column Should be Addressed to Mrs. J. Stevenson, Secretary W. C. T. U. Richibucto.

Women's Christian Temperance Union Richibucto, will meet every fortnight at the residence of Miss Oette. Meetings on Thursday at 3 p. m. Mothers' meetings will be held every fortnight on alternate Wednesdays, at the same place and hour. Mothers are requested to attend.

My soul thirsteth after thee, as a thirsty land.—Psalm 143, 6.
If any man thirst let him come unto me and drink.—John 7, 37.

Liquor Curse in England.

The great American orator exclaimed: "If I thought there was a stain on the remotest hem of the garment of my country, I would use my utmost labors to wipe it off." But the abuse of drink constitutes no mere stain on the garment of England; it clothes her in garments dyed with blood. Now, if all the most influential voices tell us that it is of supreme and primary importance to combat and suppress this vice—if, according to the Archbishop of Canterbury, this is, "in one way the work of this present day of Christ, for unless it is done very little else can be lastingly done;" if Lord Shaftesbury, with his unrivaled experience, was right in his conviction that "it is impossible, absolutely impossible to do anything permanently or considerably to relieve poverty until we have got rid of the curse of drink;" if, as Lord Beaconsfield said, in the success of our efforts to control it, "is involved the triumph of the social virtues and the character of the great body of the people;" if, according to Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, "we might, but for drink, shut up nine out of every ten jails in England;" if we could thus, in the opinion of men like Bright and Cobden, make England such a paradise as at present we hardly dream, then total abstinence are hardly deserving of being held up to scorn and contempt for showing, by their personal example, how easy it would be for multitudes to find safety and happiness in the small and even pleasurable self-denial which they have adopted. If the £135,000,000 per year, or more, which we annually spend on intoxicating drink, with results so infinitely disastrous alike to the nation and to individuals, were more wisely used and less ruinously wasted, not only would drunkenness and the most prolific cause of crime be nearly exterminated, but squalor and pauperism would become hideous phantoms of the past, and most of the frightful evils by which we are now afflicted would cease to drag down our prosperity as with a hand of fire. I have not, in this paper, urged even a tithe of the arguments which weigh with us; but I trust that enough has been said to convince every fair and reasonable man that the example of total abstinence might be profitably followed by many who now despise it, and might tend to an immense amelioration in the happiness of the human race.—Archdeacon Farrar in Contemporary Review.

Roses That Will Last.

"I want some roses," said a lady, as she stepped into the florist's. As the man moved toward the door to get them, she added, "I want roses that will last." A curious smile came over the face of the florist as he said: "Perhaps you would like to choose them." Roses that will last! Where are they? Alas, there are no roses that will last many hours—how I have tried to make them last; they are so beautiful we want them to stay, but their time is short, and that is the reason why we should give them all the opportunity possible to do all the good they can. I have known wonderful work done by flowers. I know a woman who went to see a friend and was told that she was dangerously ill, and the doctor said no one could see her. My friend who made the call had but little money, but she bought the most beautiful fragrant rose she could get the following day, and went again to see how the sick one was, and was told that the doctor said she could not live. My friend said: "Will you ask the nurse to lay this rose on her bosom?" And as there could be no harm done in so doing, it was laid there, and then she went home, praying that the life that was so needed might be spared. And God used that rose for the restoration of that woman. In an interval of reason her attention was arrested, and the doctor said that it had a strange effect on the patient, and from that moment a change for the better took

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

place.—Margaret Bottoms, in "Ladies' Home Journal."

The Drunkards of the Future.

A temperance lecturer was preaching on his favorite theme. "Now, boys, when I ask you a question, you must not be afraid to speak up and answer me. When you look around and see all these houses, farms, and cattle, do you ever think who owns them all now? Your fathers own them, do they not?" "Yes sir," shouted a hundred voices. "Where will your fathers be in twenty years?" "Dead," shouted the boys. "That's right. And who will own this property then?" "Us boys," shouted the urchins. "Right. Now tell me, did you ever in going along the street notice the drunkards lounging around the public-house door, waiting for someone to treat them?" "Yes, sir; lots of them." "Well, where will they be in twenty years from now?" "Dead," exclaimed the boys. "And who will be drunkards then?" "Us boys." Everybody was thunderstruck. It sounded awful; but it was true.

Impress upon your children from early in fancy that actions have results, and that they cannot escape consequences, even by being sorry, when they have acted wrongly.—Selected.

A WORD WITH HUSBANDS.

The secret of much fretfulness and the variable temper in wives.

My nerves, my nerves: If the individual utterances of this pitiful cry by the countless host of tortured women all over the land, could be gathered up in one united volume of sound, the world would stand aghast at the horror of it. If men were all the more familiar with nerve physiology and pathology they would know that in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred the variable temper exhibited by their wives are merely the symptoms of diseased nerves, that cannot be controlled unless the nerves are restored to a normal state of health.

The greatest skill of medical science has been directed to the solution of the problem; How shall diseased nerves be made strong active and healthy again? After years of careful study, the originator of Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic presented his remedy to the public, confident that he had produced one that would effect a complete cure of all diseases of the nervous system. The subsequent history of Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic completely proved that he was right. Thousands upon thousands of men and women who were the victims of shattered nerves have been by its agency restored to perfect health. Hawker's Nerve and Stomach Tonic is a great blood and flesh-builder as well as a nerve restorer, invigorator and aid to digestion. It is a certain cure for diseases peculiar to woman, giving tone to the nerves and stomach, vigor to the mind and body, and strength to the blood, restoring the bloom of health to the pale and delicate.

Hawker's Nerve and Stomach Tonic is for sale by all druggists and dealers. Price 50 cents a bottle, six bottles for 2.50. Manufactured only by The Hawker Medicine Co. St John, N. B. and New York City.

The Largest Cruiser in the World

H. M. S. "Terrible," the latest addition to the British navy, which was launched at Messrs. J. & G. Thompson's yard at Glasgow recently, is the largest and most powerful cruiser yet built. She has a length between perpendiculars of 500 ft. or 538 feet over all, is 71 feet broad, and 43 feet 4 inches in depth to the upper deck. Her displacement at the lead draft of 27 feet is 14,250 tons. The cruiser has a very large coal capacity, having space for about 3,000 tons of coal. The total displacement of officers and men will be about 900. The armament will consist of two 52 in. twenty-two ton guns, and twelve 6-in. quick-firing guns, and a number of smaller quick-firing machine guns, besides four torpedo tubes. The collective horse-power of the two engines is intended to be 25,000, which it is expected, will give the vessel a speed of twenty knots continuously. The boilers will be of the Belleville type, forth-eight in number.

Not many business houses in these United States can boast of fifty years standing. The business of Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., whose incomparable Sarsaparilla is known and used everywhere, has passed its half centennial and was never so vigorous as at present.



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These portraits are unexcelled as faithful likenesses. They are done by artists who have been selected from those foremost in their line in Boston, and no more suitable or artistic adornment for parlor or drawing-room can be found. Belonging, as they do, to the class of work which give tone and rich effect to a room, they ought to be found in every household. Our arrangements admit of our furnishing as many portraits as a subscriber may have members in his family at the rate of \$2.75 each.

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