

Board Works Office

THE REVIEW

VOL. 6.

RICHIBUCTO NEW BRUNSWICK, THURSDAY JULY 11 1895.

NO 46

THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

The Best, Surest, Safest, Quickest Route by which to reach purchasers in the North Shore Counties of New Brunswick, is via

THE REVIEW.

The regular news express to the homes of all the people, and most direct line to the pocketbooks of buyers everywhere.

See that your Advertisement is ticketed via THE REVIEW.

PIZZI.

BY EDWARD MARSHALL.

The patrons of Moraldi's Italian table d'hote restaurant liked music with their dinner, and they liked good music. After old Pizzi and his daughter came they had it for one hour every evening. Pizzi played the guitar and Guilia played the mandolin—oh! how she played the mandolin! Moraldi's is an expensive restaurant. Dinner there cost \$1.50, and no better dinner is served in all New York. That is why the parent Pizzi, who once played in a great Italian orchestra, was still too proud to play for his dinner, although misfortunes had come thick as flakes in a snowstorm after rheumatism has tied his fingers. So he was paid \$3 25 in cash for his own and his daughter's work upon their instruments every evening, but only on condition that the \$3 should go back again into the till of the restaurant in payment for their meals. The 25 cents he invariably gave to the waiter.

Pizzi, old, and not now too quick of perception, believed that all the hand clapping with which the diners followed each number was meant for him. It did not occur to him that his little daughter, whom he had trained, could be more pleasing than her master, and as the pleasant spattering of hands ceased he invariably struggled infirmly from his seat and bowed and smiled as gracefully as he used to in the days when the audiences of great theatres had risen en masse to his music and time after time demanded his presence before the curtain. It was no longer Pizzi the musician, but Pizzi the great artist who played in the restaurant. He even attempted a guitar solo one night and never suspected that the applause which followed was philanthropic.

All this pleased Guilia. Her devotion to her father was her life, almost. It was for his sake that she played in the restaurant and other places where the reward was small. Guilia knew that she could win money and fame with her mandolin. But Guilia knew that her father would be crushed should she leave him, and she knew and sympathetically understood why the old artist did not realize the waning of his own powers and the waxing of hers.

But there was one who was dissatisfied. That was Tom Johnson. Tom Johnson was a painter—a poor painter so far as money goes; a rich painter so far as ability and future prospects go. His studio was in the same building in which the Pizzis lived, and the delicate featured, brown skinned Italian girl had become the ideal of his heart. Pizzi liked him, too, which was fortunate. From the lofty height of a great artist in one line, he believed that he saw in Tom the possibilities of a great artist in another line, and encouraged him with a patronage which would have madened the Englishman had not his love for Guilia been so broad as to cover a multitude of things and blind his eyes to many annoyances. He delicately made Guilia permit her father to live in poverty, because she thought comfort earned by other fingers than his own would be distasteful to him, Tom could not understand. When he dined with them it angered him to have Pizzi accept the applause that belonged to Guilia, but she kept him silent.

The cheerful effect of the applause at Moraldi's kept Pizzi in a very pleasant humor for a time. Then he began to change. Guilia was the first to notice it, and it sent a shiver to her heart.

And after the change began to come over the old man she could see the end approaching. Night after night she sat beside him in the restaurant, and there was woe in her heart as her fingers danced merrily over the strings when she saw that not even the applause could arouse him from the lethargy of age and discouragement. When to this indifference Pizzi

began to add ill temper and sharp words, she knew not what to make of it and that night she wept for hours.

The first real outbreak came one evening when Tom Johnson dined with them. As they sat at table after the music had ended Tom noticed that the old man seemed taciturn and gloomy. Of course he believed that the playing had wearied him and he said:

"Why don't you stop playing, Signor? It wears you. Guilia alone would please as well. Why don't you rest?"

Guilia saw the blunder before it had been fully spoken and laid a warning hand on Johnson's sleeve, but it was too late. The damage had been done.

For an instant old Pizzi gazed at Tom in silence. Then a red flush slowly rose on his yellow old face and his dull, old eyes took on the brightness of wounded pride and quick anger.

"That's it. That's it!" he exclaimed. "That's what you've both wanted! Oh, no; it's not me the people want—not me! It's Guilia. Si! Si! Si! Guilia! Not me!" Then, in a wrath which drew the attention of everyone in the restaurant, he rose majestically, and waving his hand at Tom, commanded:

"Out of my sight! Out of my sight! You have insulted me!"

Guilia, almost beside herself, in an undertone besought Tom to say no more, but to do as he was told, and Tom shamefacedly put on his coat and hat, and went out of the restaurant without a word.

After he had gone the old man sank into his seat again, exhausted. He would eat no more dinner, and after a short time he silently left the restaurant with his daughter.

He never said a word to her on the way home. When they reached the dark corridors of the studio building she held her hand out to him as usual, help him into the darkness, which was full of little steps and stairs, but he rejected her and stumbled on independently. As they passed through the gloom toward their little rooms, a black figure, which Guilia knew to be the contrite Tom, approached and touched her hand. She gave him a distressed pressure and whispered to him to say nothing. The old man did not notice.

The week that followed was a weary one. Not for one moment did Pizzi allow his resentment to lax. He would not speak of Tom, and once or twice when that thoroughly humble young man tried to speak to him he flew into an almost uncontrollable rage. To Guilia, too, he showed none of the little love attentions of the past.

At the restaurant they played as usual. One afternoon before they went there Guilia noticed a queer, cunning expression fit across the old man's face, and as they rode down in the horse car saw a sly smile hovering around his lips. Later she learned what it meant. In the midst of one of their most difficult numbers he stopped playing, leaving her to finish alone. Instantly she understood. He had decided to show her that if he did not play his pitiful accompaniment the people would not applaud; to prove to her that it was his art, not hers, which they admired.

Oh, how Guilia prayed, as she played out the number, that no hand clapping would follow its finish. It is doubtful if ever before a performer was so anxious not to receive recognition for her work. She tried to play badly, but when the music ended there came the same little tumult of spattering hands as before. There were probably not two people in the room beside herself and Pizzi who noticed that his guitar had been silent.

It was a dreadful blow to the old man. For a moment the disappointment of her success dazed him. Then his rage came with tenfold the fury which had risen against poor Tom. He grasped her wrist with his trembling hand so fiercely that the pick, with which she had been playing, fell from her frightened fingers to the floor, and hissed into her ear: "Oh, unnatural child! You have seen them and talked with them without my knowledge so that they would applaud your wretched music and ignore my art. Out upon you! You are an ungrateful daughter."

Poor Guilia! He had never spoken so to her before. His words cut like little knives.

After that the wild look in the old man's eyes became more frequent. When he was not moody and silent he was fiercely wailing to himself about his wrongs. He had forgotten the existence of Tom, apparently. And there was no doubt that he literally hated Guilia. One night he stopped playing again in the midst of a number, but Guilia, fearful, stopped, too. He eyed her cunningly, and took up the accompaniment again.

Night after night, after that, he tried this plan. At first it rather pleased him to have her stop playing when he did. "Ah!" he would say, "you have not argued with these dogs here to applaud

you to-night after my music has stopped. You are afraid to play on for fear they will express their scorn of your poor tinkling."

"No, father, she would answer, gently. "I do not play because I know that no one cares to hear me. It is the full tones of your guitar that they wish to hear."

But she could not pacify him. Finally a day came when he kept her in a state of terror constantly. All day he walked up and down muttering to himself. Just before the time came for them to start he wheeled toward her suddenly and demanded almost in a scream:

"Will you play alone to-night?"

"I cannot play without you, father—the people do not want to hear me," she replied.

"We shall see," he shouted back, "we shall see whether my daughter will longer disobey me!"

They walked to the restaurant in silence. Their first three numbers went off smoothly. The fourth was "La Palerma"—an arrangement perhaps by the old man himself and with an immensely difficult mandolin part. They began it as usual; then the old man stopped. Guilia had feared this, and she turned her eyes quickly to him with an appealing glance. He had dropped his hand until his guitar lay across his knees, and was fumbling with something which he kept under the cloth of the table at which they were sitting. She paid no attention to this, but looked straight into his eyes.

"Please, please play, father," she entreated.

When he answered her his eyes were red as fire and his face was as yellow as parchment.

"Play! I will not play. Look down; see what I have in my hand, and you play."

She looked down, and peeping from the folds of the table cloth was the end of a pistol barrel, with its black little bore pointed straight at her body. She started back in amazement and fright. She realized now what the wild look meant. Her father had gone quite mad. Her lips parted:

"Don't scream!" he hissed. "One sound from your lips and I shall fire. Not a word, but play. Now we shall see. You have thwarted me long enough. To-night you have not plotted with the people here to give you applause that you do not deserve. Play alone and we shall see how they will hiss you and scorn you."

"Father, dear father—" she began.

"Not a word, not a syllable. Play!" The old man's face plainly showed that he had reached a point in his insanity where he would carry out his desperate intention to his desperate end. Guilia, after an unhappy glance about her which no one noticed, began to play. Her nervous fingers lost a note.

"No mistakes!" came intensely from the old man. "No mistakes on your life!"

She went on with the music, her heart beating almost as fast as her fingers flew. "Play! play!" he constantly hissed.

From tremolo to staccato, from pianissimo to fortissimo the music changed, while all the time Guilia's heart was shrinking with fear and breaking with grief. When she came to the passage where the clacking of the castanets comes when the piece is played by an orchestra, he whispered, close in her ear:

"Louder! No shirking now; I want to show that your best, alone, is not good enough for them!"

And louder she twanged the strings.

At last she approached the end of the piece. Occasionally, as she looked momentarily from the notes which lay before her on the table, she caught a glimpse of that wicked, black little hole in the bright steel circle, concealed from all but her, and knew that there was death in it if she disobeyed. It was with great relief that she began to strike the fine, full chords that terminate the piece.

But her heart sank within her when she heard, close to her ear:

"Again! Repeat it and faster! faster!" Her tired fingers started again on the difficult notes.

"Faster! Faster!" whispered the voice at her ear.

Faster and faster the pick twinkled on the staccato and shook on the tremolo, and faster and faster the fingers of the other hand danced and pattered over the strings and frets. It was magnificent—the music that the fear of death was drawing out of the pale faced, black-haired girl. Faster and faster. Diners stopped their eating and paused to listen, amazed by it. Such music had never come from a mandolin before.

"Quiver!" whispered a girl to her lover at one table. "See how excited she is!"

Back of the musician, half hidden by an angle in the wall, the big blonde artist, every night since Pizzi had order-

ed him away he had come before the music and stayed until after the musician had gone. To-night, he, like the others, had been amazed by Guilia's playing. At first he thought that she was simply singing out her sorrows on her mandolin, but a glance at the musicians showed that something was wrong. Pizzi, now with his face flushed, was bending forward, gazing at Guilia with an intensity which seemed to Tom to bode mischief. Guilia bore the paleness of death upon her face. Tom saw the old man lean toward her and whisper something in her ear. A wave of color swept over her face and her renewed effort was evident. Some person, too, delighted by her music to wait for her to stop before expressing his approval shouted: "Bravo!" Tom saw the old man, his dearest hope dashed to earth by that shout, start and look quickly around the room. Then there came into his face the expression of a wild animal. His look of hatred and fury was so intense that Tom rose from his chair and started toward them, while Guilia still played magnificently, now pale as death again.

Tom hastened and stood close beside the musicians. It was just as he reached them that the second shout of "Bravo!" came. The old man did not wait to look about the room this time. Tom, watching him as a cat might watch a mouse, saw a quick motion of his hand and then saw what was in it. With a spring he caught the pistol barrel and forced it down toward the floor. There was a report—partly drowned by the crash of the last fear-forced chord on Guilia's mandolin and muffled by the table cloth which had in the struggle been bunched about the pistol's muzzle. Guilia's instrument fell rattling to the floor as she dropped back unconscious in her chair. Tom, despite his bullet-punctured, bleeding hand, still held old Pizzi's now nervous fingers and with the other hand pressed firmly but soothingly on the old man's shoulders.

"Signor," he said quietly, his English calmness now helping him, "you are excited. Do not be frightened. We all understand. It was an accident. It has harmed no one very much."

Poor old Pizzi! With the culmination of this mad anger he had broken. There was no fierceness left—there was not anything left except the wretched old shell of what had once been a great artist. In a moment he rallied, though, and it was evident that his mind was wandering along pleasant paths. He looked up at Tom with the smile of a baby on his face. "Guilia! Guilia, my daughter! Did you hear her play?" he whispered slowly.

"Yes," said Tom, gently, and I think he was unconscious of his wound. At least he paid no attention to it, although it dropped blood on the carpet and dyed the tablecloth. "Yes, I heard her," he repeated.

The old man's face was contorted with strange twitchings when he essayed to reply. One syllable only could he speak. "Mag—Mag—Mag—" he repeated, but could go no further.

No one called the police. The guests of the restaurant who had gathered about the group in inquisitive excitement did not understand the muffled report of Tom's wound, but they did understand that the old musician's hands had been stricken with something that would bind them tighter than rheumatism had. After Guilia revived they carried him away. Constantly he muttered "Mag—Mag—Mag—" It was midnight before he could complete the word, and with its completion came that of old Pizzi's life. Tom and Guilia were watching over him, and the doctor, realizing, stepped away. Pizzi started again at the beginning of the tribute which had been stopped by the paralysis. "Guilia!" he whispered "Did you hear my daughter Guilia play?"

"Yes, yes," whispered Tom, bending close to him.

The wrinkles in the poor contorted old face smoothed out into a smile.

"Mag—nif—i—cent!" came the unfinished acknowledgement. "Magnificent! She is—a great—artist!"

And with this final tribute, to the great artist whose day was past breathed deeply, and his words, like his music, were forever silenced.

In Jan., 1882 my son was taken with kidney disease. Though attended by three physicians, and change of climate he grew worse and by '83 had fallen from 195 lbs to 95 lbs. In 10 days from starting to use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills we were able to move him home. In 4 months he gained 50 lbs. and was fully restored to health by the use of four bottles. Jno. S. Hastings, 33 St. Paul St. Montreal.

Dr. Q. Q. is marked accordingly, and his name is on the wrapper.



GREATEST OFFER YET!

Beautiful Portraits

IN

BEAUTIFUL FRAMES

FOR SUBSCRIBERS OF THE REVIEW!

We have made arrangements for the preparation to our order of

FIRST-CLASS CRAYON PORTRAITS

of such of our subscribers as may desire them, or may wish to order those of their friends. Every portrait will be enclosed in a handsome

GILT AND OAK FRAME

26x30 inches. These pictures are equal and in some respects better than those which have been selling at from five to seven dollars each. Our prices are:—

THE "REVIEW" AND PORTRAIT,	\$8.75
SUBSCRIBERS WHO HAVE ALREADY PREPAID THEIR SUBSCRIPTIONS MAY OBTAIN PORTRAIT FOR	2.75
SUBSCRIBERS IN ARREARS ON PAYING SAME AND ONE YEAR IN ADVANCE WILL BE FURNISHED WITH PORTRAIT FOR	2.75

We require photograph of the person whose portrait is to be furnished—the photograph in all cases to be returned unimpaired when the picture is delivered.

Payment of \$1.00 must, in all cases, be made when portrait is ordered and the balance when it is delivered.

NO SUBSCRIBER WILL BE REQUIRED TO ACCEPT A PICTURE HE IS NOT SATISFIED WITH.

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.

WE GUARANTEE THE WORK

to be as represented.

SEND YOUR PHOTOGRAPHS

accompanied by \$1.00, for which you will receive THE REVIEW—the portrait to be ready within a fortnight of receipt of photo. Sample portrait can be seen at this office.

Address the Editor of

The Review,

Richibucto, N. B.