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# THE REVIEW

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## THE GREAT NORTH SHORE ROUTE!

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## HOFMAN'S OBJECT LESSON.

BY JOHN J. A'BROKET.

When Dick Ordway went to Peru he took Mrs. Ordway with him. He expected to remain for a term of years in the land of the Incas. Ordway loved his young wife passionately. He paid a heavy tax for this delightful privilege. He had two qualities—with teeth like rodents—that gnawed him to anguish, viz.: jealousy and pride. It was a trial to him to present even his best accredited men friends to his charming, vivacious little wife. She—thoughtless young thing!—was so bewitching, so prettily animated, so artlessly fascinating, when with agreeable men that her husband was tortured by her airy prodigality of charm.

The thought that this Peruvian appointment would translate Mrs. Ordway's magnetic blandishments to a more restricted field made Ordway hail it with delight. The small coast town which was the company's center of dealings in oil had only a handful of Scotch, English and natives. He did not reflect that a healthy appetite devours even plain food with relish when that is the best it can get.

Ordway's pride made him cloak his jealousy. His wife was so openly and impersonally gay that it should have been disarming. But a jealous nature is not a calmly reasoning one. Its green eye has a crystalline lens of its own, whose exaggerations the brain does not correct.

They had been at their post on the Peruvian seaboard only a few months when a matter of business called Ordway to Lima. As he was really fond of his wife and did not know how long he might be detained there, he took her with him. Not that this was absolutely disinterested conduct. He liked, for obvious reasons, to have this sprightly partner of his joys within range of vision.

There was a young gentleman of Lima, by name Pedro d'Alcantara Martinez. He was immensely wealthy, fascinating rather than handsome, and of a family that trailed back to the Spanish adventurers who had conquered Peru. In the middle of his smooth olive forehead glistened a scar an inch long. Senior Pedro had plucked it one morning very early, in the Bois de Boulogne, ten years ago, when he was a fiery blade in Paris. He was still a gallant, with blood easily stirred by a pretty woman.

Somehow (through no fault of Richard's one may rest assured) he became acquainted with Mrs. Ordway. He fell in love with Mrs. Ordway. She, serenely conscious of her innocence and strength, saw no reason for declining pleasant attentions that the gentleman with the long name was so ready to bestow.

The effect on Ordway may be imagined. He could not leave Lima, nor could he find a dignified excuse for sending his wife back to the small coast town in the South. So he went on accumulating pent-up irritation.

On one day there was a climax. On returning home, he passed d'Alcantara near his house. When he entered it he found Mrs. Ordway flashed and troubled. The simple fact was that the young descendant of Spanish conquerors had wished to be a credit to his ancestors by doing a little conquering himself. He had expressed his sentiments warmly to Mrs. Ordway, and had kissed her hand with an ardor that she could only recall with confusion. She had promptly set him back and informed him with decision that this must be the end.

Her first impulse was to tell Richard. Then she thought of his violent jealousy, and of his unreasonableness under its attacks. So, on second thoughts, which are

not always the best, she decided to say nothing about it. She felt equal to coping with the matter herself. The foolish young Spaniard had forgotten himself. She would simply give a good jog to his memory.

Therefore, she met the few remarks her husband made about the young fellow evasively, and with the air that d'Alcantara was not worth considering. The result was that Ordway put the worst possible construction on the affair. His wife was deliberately, clandestinely flirting with this Peruvian Lothario!

The next day, as good or bad luck would have it, he left home later than usual, and encountered at the door a messenger from d'Alcantara with a note from Mrs. Ordway. He promptly possessed himself of it, hurried back to his room, and, without hesitation, read it all through. It was tropically florid, and while foolishly amorous, was enough to confirm Ordway's worst suspicions. His jealous resentment was fanned to frenzy.

Had he spoken to his wife then, and had an explanation, the matter might have been peaceably settled, for she would have told him the whole situation. But he did not. Mrs. Ordway unavoidably met d'Alcantara a day or two later, and, through his complaint that his note had been disregarded, learned that it had been sent and, of course, intercepted. She was indignant at the whole business. It disgusted her greatly that the agreeable, though conventional acquaintance with the young Spaniard should have taken on this character. That d'Alcantara should be persistent, after her explicit ultimatum was particularly annoying. With more heat than was necessary, she told him that in future they would meet as strangers. He acquiesced, with the worst possible grace, and took occasion to convey to Mrs. Ordway his opinion of a woman who encourages a man only to affront him, by cutting his acquaintance. This remark was not calculated to soothe the lady.

When she saw Richard Ordway, and wanted to know why he tampered with her letters, she was too indignant by far. He told her hotly that he had intercepted the note from d'Alcantara, and would intercept any others from that source, adding, that he forbade her to have anything more to do with the man. Worried as she was with the complication, this offensive attitude (offensive, at least, in the way in which it was assumed) made Mrs. Ordway lose her temper. She was bitterly wounded, and declared that she would not live with a husband who had no more confidence in her than that. Mr. Ordway's own smarts and sense of wrong, made his wife's aggressive bearing seem an additional outrage, and, in consequence, he was cold and sarcastic. The result was that he made no effort to prevent Mrs. Ordway from hastily taking passage on a ship for New York. She wept every day on the voyage back.

Ordway, deserted in his Peruvian isolation, brooded and fumed like a smouldering volcano. This insolent, rich young Pedro d'Alcantara Martinez had alienated his wife's affection, had wrecked his home, had ruined his life. Ordway's thirst for revenge became a mania. There was no equilibrium in the world until he had, in some degree, evened things with this cursed Peruvian. But how? His pride recoiled at the thought of Mrs. Ordway being publicly known as the cause of any quarrel. Yet every day that passed without word from her added to his wrath. Poor woman! She was too hurt to make any advances, while Ordway's wounded pride kept him from overtures looking to reconciliation. The "animal rationale," as metaphysicians define man, has the unique trick of kicking himself violently in excesses of discomfiture.

Just at this melancholy point in Ordway's fortunes he met an American, who became a solace to him, since he, too, seemed to be harboring some carking care. His name was Gustav Hofman. Ordway's interest in him was still more aroused when he learned that he had for three years been exploring, like a Wandering Jew, an unknown region of South America. It lay in the northeastern part of Peru, contiguous to Ecuador and Brazil, a desolate territory, traversed by the Yavari river, one of the tributaries of the Amazon.

It was Hofman's first return to civilization since he had plunged into this rude solitude, inhabited by a tribe of Indians, called the Yurimacas. Hofman had many interesting things to tell Ordway about these Indians. As a rule, gentle and un-molested, in war they display a ferocity not surpassed by the most savage tribes. They have a singular hatred of white men, notably of Spaniards, whom they associate with the conquerors of their country. This bizarre fire of patriotism makes it almost certain death to a white to venture among these childish but ferocious jingoes. Hofman evidently felt some pride in

having penetrated this Yurimaca stronghold, and, so far from being killed, to have conciliated their friendship. One of them a young Yurimaca named Huaje, was his companion on this trip to Lima. Hofman, it seems, had once rescued him from a tigress, and ever since Huaje had been as devoted to him as a faithful dog. He was of medium height, lithe and sinewy, with high cheek bones, small, piercing eyes, under heavy eyebrows, and a stolid, but not unintelligent, expression. His long, black hair hung like a horse's mane from his head, but it was silky fine, a characteristic of his tribe. His devotion to the rather gloomy Hofman was almost pathetic. Such confiding trust stirred Ordway to sympathy.

It chanced one evening that the three were together in a popular cafe in Lima. While they were sitting there in their respective degrees of taciturnity, Pedro d'Alcantara entered with two or three gay companions. They had hardly seated themselves when his hot, roving glance discovered the two with the solemn, silent Huaje sitting between them. A malignant glitter sparkled in d'Alcantara's eyes as they rested on the young Indian. He called the proprietor, and had some quick, imperious words with him. The latter made his way to the trio at the distant table, and told the Indian that he must withdraw.

"Why?" demanded Hofman brusquely. "Because one of the guests, a distinguished patron, objects to taking his coffee with a low Indian in the company," replied the proprietor. "You do not have to go. He can wait outside, or I will give him what he wants with the servants," he added, conciliatingly.

"This noble gentleman is Senior Martinez, is it not?" asked Ordway, with a sneer. He had darted a glance around the room and detected the hated Spaniard. "Yes," replied the proprietor. "He has a right to object, just as you would have, and I must consider his objections just as I would yours."

Hofman shrugged his shoulders, though his heavy forehead took on a heavy scowl for a moment.

"Finish your coffee," he said to Huaje, and he will go. It is more sensible than to have a brawl. Do you know this fastidious young buck, Ordway?" he asked.

"Yes. I have reason to know him too well. He is one of those infernally useless whelps that cumber the earth, and make fools of women. He has done this to annoy me. You need not mind it, and I do not suppose your young Indian will care when you explain the reason."

Huaje certainly appeared as unmoved as a stone. His solemn gravity almost lent a touch of humor to the situation.

Hofman glanced at his protégé, with a slight, but significant smile. He said drily: "They do not love the Spaniards at best. The situation is amusing, for it's hard to tell which of us is most affronted. I brought Huaje here as my friend. He is turned out. You imagine it is done to worry you. Senior What's-his-name scored fairly well with his one shot."

"There is no doubt the insult was meant for me, and I am grateful to the beast for it," replied Ordway, with wrath. "The cur has at last given me an opportunity to get even with him without having my wife's name come up. Let us go," he added, rising.

They walked slowly out. When they reached d'Alcantara's table, Ordway, who was in advance, halted, looked the Spaniard contemptuously in the eye, and said deliberately, though his voice quivered with passion: "Senior d'Alcantara Martinez, had I perceived your presence a little sooner you would have been spared my request. This Indian is a good clean son of Nature, a friend of my friend, and I would not have allowed him to remain for a moment in the atmosphere you contaminate."

The Spaniard's hot, black eyes blazed with anger. He replied contemptuously: "I will see if my friends think you enough of a gentleman to meet. In that case you shall hear from me."

"I waive that point in my own regard," replied Ordway. "If I had to wait till you were a gentleman to fight you, I could never honor you with a meeting."

He pulled out his card and tossed it on the table. Then Hofman spoke up, with insolent good humor: "When my friend is through with you, of course, you've got to give me satisfaction, if there's enough of you left. This Indian is my friend. In insulting him you have insulted me."

In order to put his claim absolutely beyond question, Hofman, smiling blandly, suddenly caught the Spaniard's nose between his thumb and forefinger and gave it a sharp tweak. Nothing could have been more insulting than the playful, trifling air with which he did this; as if the haughty Spaniard were an amusing

little puppet meant for the diversion of his betters.

D'Alcantara sprang to his feet, his face a waxy pallor, while his eyes blazed with a murderous hate. A frightful volley of opprobrious epithets poured from his lips. He whipped a knife from somewhere about his waist and flashed it in the air. It was wrenched from his hand with a swiftness that seemed a little awesome in the apparently sluggish Huaje, who, with his own lips grimly set, raised it to strike d'Alcantara.

Hofman had barely time to arrest the Indian's arm. He said a few quick words in Yurimaca to him, and, after a moment of reluctance, Huaje doggedly surrendered the knife.

"What a hot little boy you are," said Hofman to the panting Spaniard, giving a short laugh. "Gentlemen don't arrange matters of this kind in that way. I'm afraid I shall have to keep the knife, you lose control of yourself so easily. Of course, I expect to hear from you later when you return to what little reason you may normally possess. Come, Huaje."

They strolled out. Hofman maintaining his bantering air of good-natured amusement. When they were outside, Ordway said to Hofman, with real regret: "I am confoundedly sorry I got you into such a row. I only hope there will be no d'Alcantara left for you after I have met him. Hofman, I feel I shall kill that wretched little beast."

"Well, I don't know fully your grievance, but I somehow am in sympathy enough with it to hope you will take it out well with this bumptious coxcomb. Huaje nearly spoiled both our chances. A Yurimaca's gentleness is intermittent, you see. It is an opera bouffe sort of row. D'Alcantara's insolence in the cafe gave you an opportunity which you have been wanting, it seems. His rough snub to poor Huaje made me hot. His pulling his knife on me put Huaje into movement. Well, here we are at your place. This business will keep one here a few days longer, so we shall meet again. Good night. Heaven bless woman as a lovely war-maker and disturber of men."

The next morning Ordway was awakened at nine by a messenger, who brought him this note:

"Come with this man at once. Important. HOFMAN."

Ordway threw on his clothes and followed his guide at full gallop. Ten miles out in the country, they came upon Hofman. He was quietly walking up and down in a grove at the side of the road, smoking a cigarette. His horse was tethered hard by. As they came steaming up, he flung away his cigarette and advanced toward Ordway, with a singular look on his face.

"We won't either of us fight this festive Spaniard," he said abruptly. "What do you mean?" inquired Ordway.

"I mean that Huaje is now on his way to the Yurimaca country as fast as he can go, with d'Alcantara's head as his only luggage!"

"What!" cried Ordway, aghast. "Listen, and I will put it very briefly, for I have got to follow after him as soon as possible. The Indian felt aggrieved and took a hand in the game in true Yurimaca fashion. You do not know how they hate the Spaniards. Huaje left me last night. I asked no questions. At six this morning I met him again. He had d'Alcantara's head with him. It was still warm, while the rest of the gentleman was cooling on the road leading to his hacienda. Of course, he is thoroughly dead by this time to all such mundane delights as other men's wives, duels and the like."

"But how fiendish of your simple Indian!" exclaimed Ordway, struck cold by this quick tragedy.

"You are not familiar with Yurimaca war etiquette," said Hofman imperturbably, as he untethered his horse. "Huaje killed an enemy in his way, just as we wanted to kill one in ours. The Yurimacas preserve the heads of their enemies instead of the scalps only. They preserve them in some way, and they are really more decorative as warlike souvenirs."

"Now, I must go," concluded Hofman, extending his hand to Ordway. "If we get a good start they will never catch us, but there must be no time lost. It is odd that we should have met, and that you should have so appealed to my sympathy, really more than you imagine."

"But I would like to hear from you again," said Ordway. "Here, take this card. It is my New York address. I am sick of this part of the world, and think I shall pull up stakes and get out. It has brought nothing but ill-luck to me."

"Thanks," replied Hofman, swinging into the saddle and slipping the card into his pocket. Then he paused and knit his forehead for a moment. Gathering up his reins, he said finally: "You are from

New York? Do you chance to know anything of a young woman there named Barronhough? Elsie Barronhough?"

"Elsie Barronhough?" cried Ordway in astonishment. "Why, she is my wife!" Hofman seemed petrified. His black eyes were fixed on Ordway without a flicker for a moment. It was as if his whole being had been brought to a standstill for a brief spell in its movement. Then he gathered up his reins.

"Good by. You may hear from me later," he exclaimed, and driving the wheels into his horse, he tore down the road in a cloud of dust, leaning forward and urging his beast to its utmost.

The tragic death of d'Alcantara was a tremendous sensation in Lima for two days. An Indian arrow sticking in his body, and the headless trunk, pointed to the Yurimaca as the murderer. He and his white companion had fled. Nothing could be done, and, as d'Alcantara was generally disliked, he was forgotten by the beginning of the third day.

More than ever disgusted with his Peruvian venture, Ordway wrote a letter to his wife, in which he implored her to forget the past and return to him. By the beginning of December they were reunited in New York and entered on a new honeymoon, more considerate and devoted than the first. Neither mentioned a word of d'Alcantara. So, too, Ordway made no mention of his singular encounter with Gustav Hofman, though he longed to ask his wife something about him.

Shortly before the Christmas holidays a package arrived in New York from Peru. It was addressed to Ordway. Full of pleasant curiosity, he and Elsie undid it. Something inside was carefully wrapped in grasses and cloths. When the object was brought to light, Mrs. Ordway shrank from it with uncanny fear, while her husband felt a strange sinking of the heart.

It was a head, with coal black hair. The complexion was a coffee color; the features wizened, but grimly proportioned.

"Richard, what is this?" Mrs. Ordway asked falteringly, turning a horrified face toward him.

"I don't know," he replied, with nervous disgust. He was furtively scanning the oddly-compressed visage. Suddenly grasping the thing in some of the grasses he rolled it tremblingly up and tumbled it in the box, which he pushed away from him with a movement of abhorrence. He had noticed on the narrow forehead a tiny glistening line, not the eighth of an inch in length. He feared Mrs. Ordway might recall a certain frontal diagonal scar if she remarked it.

"Whatever it is, we don't want it, that is sure," he said with low emphasis. "Do we?"

"Want it!" cried Mrs. Ordway. "I would as lief have a skeleton or a death's-head around. It has given me a dreadful turn. Send it to the Museum of Natural History, or somewhere, as fast as you can. Who could have sent you the hideous thing?"

A few days later Ordway received a letter from Hofman. It ran:

You probably know by this time whether your final remark to me was startling or not. That in my one sally from this wilderness I should have met you of all men, and under such circumstances! I have got Huaje to part with his grim souvenir of our Lima sortie. He did it very reluctantly. But I thought it might be a good object-lesson—against flirting: "in extremis," as a last argument against its evils. I don't think our elegant hidalgo's head would be recognized on sight, but if introduced as a dissuader it should have tremendous force. But for Mrs. Ordway, d'Alcantara would not have hated you. If he hadn't hated you he would not have insulted you through Huaje. In which case he would now be wearing his head, instead of having it figure as an object-lesson, after serving for a term as the chief glory of Huaje's hut. But there is a certain poetic justice in it, isn't there?"

Late one evening, as the Robert Garrett was ploughing its way up to New York, from Staten Island, a man in the stern of the boat furtively dropped a small box overboard, as the boat passed the majestic Statue of Liberty, with its flaming torch. The box was packed with lead and securely tied. As it sank and the boat forged ahead, Ordway heaved a sigh of relief. He had concluded not to bestow his Indian bric-a-brac on the Museum. It was possible Mrs. Ordway might go there some time and discover that glistening scar on the small forehead. Much better that it be anchored in the bottom of the bay till the Resurrection Dawn. Hofman's object-lesson he hoped would never need to be taught to Mrs. Ordway.

One day when Mrs. Ordway and himself were in a very charming mood, he

said to her: "My dear, do you remember telling me before we were married that when you were a girl you had once been engaged to a Yale student at The Sheff?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Ordway in a low voice. "But, Dick, I thought that was a sealed chapter. Why do you ask?"

"I thought that now when we are on such a perfect understanding with each other that you might tell me this fellow's name. But do not if you have any objections."

"His name was Hofman," said his wife; "Gustav Hofman. It is so painful to me because it was only at the last moment that I got courage to break it off. He took it so hard that I always think of it with a sore heart. He evidently thought I was unfeeling. But I could not make up my mind sooner. What put this into your head, Dick? You haven't met him, have you?" she inquired quickly.

"Met him! That is not likely, is it? I only felt that if this one reserve of your past were removed we should feel more perfectly in accord. Thank you for telling me. We will never allude to it again."

## WOMEN'S WEAKNESS.

Female Complaints Combined with Kidney Troubles are Fatal.

## LUCKY WOMAN ESCAPED.

Consented to Try Dodd's Kidney Pills, the Premier of Proprietary Medicines and is now Strong and Well—One Box Cured Her.

Walkerton, Ont., Jan. 18—Half a dollar saved a woman's life in this town not many months ago—only last August, to be exact.

Half a dollar is the price of a box of DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. One box of these far-famed and justly-famed pills was enough to put Mrs. Elwena Ady on her feet, when she was very ill with female complaint, combined with Kidney trouble.

With this example in view, why should there be a single woman in Canada tottering on the brink of the grave, or going about her work dragged down, dispirited, despondent, and discouraged?

Kidney diseases are fatal. They mean slow death, if not cured. But there is a cure, and it is the purpose of these lines to demonstrate it. Here is Mrs. Ady's testimonial:—

Gentlemen,—I have been troubled with a complaint called women's weakness and Kidney trouble. I read of the many cures DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS had done. I consented to try them. I have used one box and I am completely cured. No pains or backaches have ever come back. I can highly recommend them to all women. You may publish this so as to help others.

MRS. E. ADY,  
Walkerton, Ont.

August 8.

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That the warrior spirit is not confined to soldiers is clearly shown by a story of a missionary chaplain in Natal, the Rev. George Smith. Mr. Smith has been temporarily attached to the Army for the period of the campaign, and, during the whole of the long and fierce Zulu attack, right gallantly he played his part in tending the sick, giving aid to the wounded, and comforting the dying. No one had a greater share of danger than he, and no one, says a writer in Blackwood's Magazine, showed a more soldierly example of treating that danger with calm indifference. Not only did he perform the duties of his office, but, as every man who could handle a rifle was sorely needed to defend the parapet, Mr. Smith did essential service by going round the various posts and distributing reserve cartridges. A good story was rife in the Army in South Africa bearing on the spirit of his professional conduct on one occasion. One of the men, in the heat and excitement of battle, was curing his enemies and using most profane language. The chaplain, coming behind, heard his words, and said, "You should not speak like that, my friend. Don't curse them." Then, shoving a packet of cartridges into his hand—"Shoot them—shoot them!"