

and Nellie Joyce started back with a bright ous tie existing between twins, and the blush, wishing that the earth would swal- wonderful love they had for each otherlow her up then and there, while before | Dick endeavoring, meanwhile, to enter her, like a culprit, stood an astonished into a half whispered conversation with young man.

"Good heavens ! I thought "-And then | ly a failure. Nellie stopped short, suddenly realizing "And how long are you going to remain how impossible it was to explain to this stranger that it was for another man those kisses had been intended.

"I am the wrong man I perceive. You er," he remarked, with a gravity that was highly commendable under the circuma lucky fellow was Dick.

Nellie made a frantic effort to recover her lost dignity, but merely succeeded in appearing what she was-a horribly embarr: seed little girl.

"You-you should have stopped me in time "-she began, reproach peeping from her violet eyes, and then she tried to glare at the wretch, as she saw that his gray ones were twinkling.

"I apologize, but you see you took me by surprise-and when I realized that I wa the victim of a blunder, it was too late. The-the mischief had already been done."

Nellie drew herself up to her full height, which, to tell the truth, was nothing very startling, and regarded the culprit with ance. what she intended for chilling hauteur.

"Then, since the 'mischief '"--with an emphasis which hinted at resentment-" is irreparable, the only thing now to be nant she was at the thought. done is-to forget it."

some face, at the long lashed Irish eyes, that look to his face that it had worn when and the rosebud of a mouth, the sweet, she told him he was to "forget," and then soft lips that just now had pressed his, and she was always comparing him, unconhe wished it were possible to obey her. sciously, with his brother, a comparison He was no "lady's man"-into his lonely in which, strange to relate, it was her life women did not enter-and he had not | fiance that suffered. known till now the thrilling power of a "Jack is coming up to-night to say

THE WRONG MAN. anvious to change the surject, but when grannie was once launched on a topic it PARSONS' TWO FEATS. was not easy to arrest her, and presently An exclamation-a horrified scream- she was giving her opinion on the mysteri-

> in Rostrevor ?" asked the old lady at last, smilingly looking at Jack, as he turned over some prints on a table. "The season

> his fiancee, an endeavor that was distinct-

here, if there is a season, is almost over." have mistaken me probably for my broth- Jack glanced at his brother before replying, it was Dick then who answered for him, airily remarking that an hour's stay stances, and thinking in his own mind what ought to be sufficient, if it was business that had brought him there.

> Nellie looked from one to the other, and wondered at the uneasy expression on the face of her flance-wondered still more why she had ever thought him good look-

Whatever the nature of Jack Vereker's business at Rostrevor, it was not finished quite as soon as Dick appeared to think it would be, for two weeks passed and he was still at the quiet seaside resort. Mrs. Joyce was hospitality itself, constantly in viting the two brothers to luncheon and dinner at the little hotel where she had put up. but Jack seldom made his appear-

It was evident to Nellie that it was she whom he avoided, and considering her hatred of him, it was strange how indig-

His eyes haunted her continually; she Jack Vereker looked down at the win- found herself perpetually longing to bring

A HARD STROKE AND A REMARKABLE RIDE DURING THE CIVIL WAR.

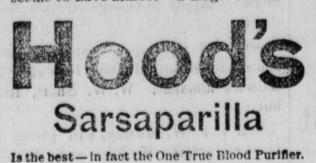
Cut a Man's Head Off With a Saber-Rode Two Hundred Miles In Eighteen Hours. Other Instances of Decapitation In Battle.

It is claimed by authorities on the art of war that the greatest blow of the campaign between Greece and Turkey was struck by Colonel Mahmoud Bey, who with one swift stroke of his sword completely severed a Greek officer's head from his body. These same authorities generously admit that this trick may have been quite common in ancient times, when stalwart men swung heavy battleaxes, but they agree that it is practically unknown in modern warfare.

History is silent on the subject. There is not a plethora of literature bearing on its accomplishment. The original of all such stories is, of course, "The Adventures of Jack the Giant Killer," which, for obvious reasons, does not help the subject. Scott describes a similar episode in "The Talisman," but the best decapitation story, from an artistic point of view, is found in the memoirs of Captain John Smith. The doughty captain vonches for the veracity of the details, though that is no good reason why we should not use the cusomary pinch of salt. According to his truthful chronicle, he overcame in toursament the three champions of the Turkish army, decapitating each one with a single blow of his heavy sword. A writer who is evidently informed on the subject claims that Mahmoud Bey could not have accomplished the feat of decapitation with an ordinary saber and asserts that the Turk's yatahan was "loaded" with quicksilver. The yataghan, he explains, is a short sword, shaped something like a butcher's cleaver, with an apparently hollow tube running along the back from hilt to point. This tube carries a charge of micksilver. When the sword is laid upight, this quicksilver rests at the hilt. is a blow is struck the liquid metal is



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kiss.

"Your wishes are commands," he declared, with a curious lock in his expressive gray eyes, "and now permit me to introduce myself and explain my presence here. I am Jack Vereker, and have just come from London to see my brother on business, and failing to find him at his hotel come on here, where they told me I should be certain to see him."

"He was to have been here now," said Nellie, struggling with the shyness which was fast overpowering her. "I am Nellie Joyce, Mr. Joyce granddaughter "

"So I presumed-and now, Miss Nellie, will you not shake hands with me on the strength of our future relationship ?"

Nellie was furious with herself for the color which, in spite of her efforts to look cool, would persist in invading her cheeks; | late autumn evening, and presently Nellie yet was she not accustomed by this time to being pointed out as Dick Vereker's nerself embracing Mother Earth. fiancee ?

"I see no necessity for doing so," she answered, taking refuge in an attitude of defiance, and telling herself that she hated this man, " for I am quite sure we shall never be friends."

"And why not-what have I done ?" she stopped short, for the curious smile on his lips and the odd look in his eyes were things that could no longer be ignored

"But I must ask you to remind me what I have done-my memory has become a perfect blank."

Nellie flashed a swift, wrathful look on him-then she turned and fled ignominiously-and in the seclusion of her bedroom sat down to think over the situation.

What a wretch he was, to be sure-a nasty, conceited-well no-he didn't look conceited exactly-and then she wondered what Dick would say when he heard of

-as hear of it of course, he would.

Reflections of this kind were no longer endurable, so, changing their nature, Nellie bounded to her feet and carefully in. spected herself in the mirror, to see if her hair was "tidy."

It was not, of course-being of that rebellious order of chevalure which laughs at combs and brushes-yet for all that those latter reflections gave her more comfort than the others, and she congratulated herself on having had on her " pale blue."

It was so necessary to create a favorable impression at first, she told herself struggling for a moment against temptagravely, for when one was about to enter | tion to be true to her heart at all costs ;

good-by," remarked Dick one evening at dinner and Nellie was certain there was relief on his face, but she allowed her grandmother to say the necessary polite things, aud only longed for the meal to be over.

It was easier far, she told herself, to climb to Rostrevor stone in the gathering darkness, than to meet the gaze of those gray eyes, easier the stiffest ascent than to utter a formal goodby to the man who had shown her her own heart !

She was engaged to Dick, and Dick was grannie's favorite, and the Joyces never broke faith-but she must be away when Jack came to-night.

Rostrevor stone is more easily climbed in broad daylight than in the dusk of a whose thoughts were far distant, found

Her fail, coming so unexpectebly, together with the intense loneliness of 'the scene, caused her to close her eyes for a moment, and then-then a most wonderful thing happened. Strong arms were suddenly placed round her, her auburn head was pillowed on a broad chest, and "You know what"-And then again in a tone of ineffable tenderness a voice whispered in her ear three little wordsbut three words which made all the world seem glorified.

> "My little girl." It was all he said, but Nellie lay still with closed eyes, wondering could heaven hold greater rapture than this.

> "Jack," the violet eyes opened, and reminded him of his treachery to his brother and the next moment the two stood facing each other in the dusk, and an anguished cry burst from him.

"God forgive me-I never meant you to know," looking into the sweet young face which now reflected his own misery, "but I am going away, and I forgot my-

"It was not your fault," she murmured, while despite the pain of the awakening there thrilled through her the exquisite delight of loving and being loved, "but take me home now to grannie, and do as I shall try to do -forget."

"It is the second time you have told me to do so- then as now, I am the wrong man-it is the fate in the life of some."

"Life itself is wrong, I think," she cried "but there let us go home, I am tired." "Have you heard the latest?" exclaimed one gossip to another six months later. "You know the firm of Vereker & Co. Well, it turns out that one of the nephews of the head of the firm-Dick Verekerhas been for months defrauding his uncle and try to put it all down to his brother engaged to a pretty heiress in Ireland, and thought to have got her before anything was found out, but the bomb is burst and everything is known."

urled down the grooved channel, lendng deadly additional weight to the low.

cle instance of its kind in the history f 100 years is not borne out by facts. he same feat was performed during he civil war, not with a "loaded" yatahan, but with an ordinary United states army suber. The man who wieldd the sword in this episode, Colonel E. loss Parsons, died recently in Rocheser. Colonel Parsons was one of the vealthiest and best known men in New ork state, and though he had never clated the story the details were found .uong his private papers after his death. he incident was illustrated and deribed in Harper's Weekly at the time. It was in 1864. Celonel Parsons, who as noted as a horseman, was attached General Sheridan's staff. While recnoitering one day with a squad of oopers under General Davis they were rprised by a detachment of Confederte cavalry. A pitched battle ensued, ad Parsons, who was in the rear, saw rebel officer level a revolver at Genal Davis' head. Jabbing the spurs inhis horse, he swung his saber above s head, and, dashing by just as the icer fired, he made a terrific full in sweep. The Confederate's head aped from the shoulders as swiftly as it had been severed by a guillotine. he feat is more remarkable when it is onsidered that Parsons was a slim, sardless fellow of 21. In comparison lahmond Bey's single slash with his ataghan loses much of its importance. Colonel Parsons was brevetted generfor distinguished services during the ar, but characteristic modesty forbade e use of that title when he returned civilian life. Not only did he perrm the only authentic feat of decapiion during the civil war, but he was hero of a remarkable ride. A few ys before the battle of Gettysburg is fought General Meade had an imrtant message to send to General arding, 100 miles distant. As the ute was through a country swarming ith rebels, the message was written : tissue paper, that it might be swalwed in case the carrier was captured. he commander was in doubt regarding suitable messenger. He summoned eneral Davis to headquarters. "General, who is the hardest rider,

s well as the most trustworthy man, in he service?" asked Meade. "Colonel Parsons, sir," was the

compt reply. "Send him to me at once."

It was 6 c'clock on a Monday night hen General Meade gave the young flicer his instructions. He was to ride ith all haste to General Harding's cadquarters and return at once with : answer.

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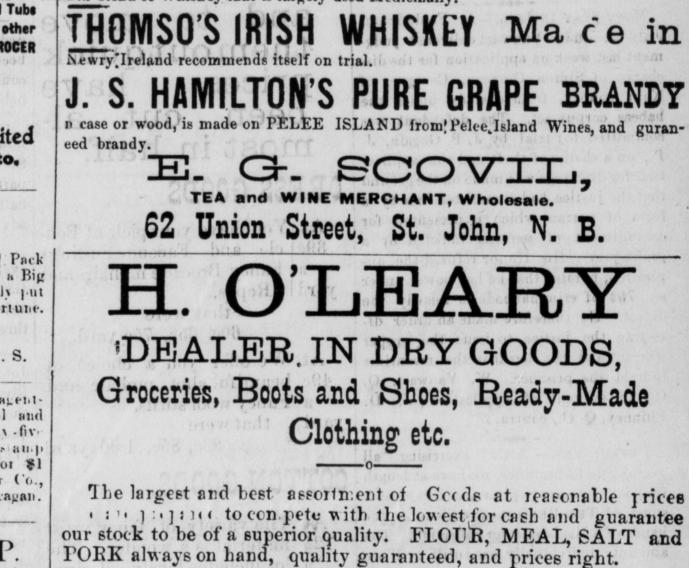
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RICHIBUCBTO, N. B.

ESTABLISHED 1889.

The Review,

RICHIBUCTO, NEW BRUNSWICK

Published every Thursday at \$1.00 per year in advance; \$1.50 if not paid within three months.

THE PEOPLE'S PAPER!

a family in the aggressive capacity ofanything at all in law-first impressions were distinctly valuable.

"My dear Nell,' exclaimed Dick an hour later, as the young lady entered her grandmother's private sitting room, down stairs, "I have been waiting for you for nearly an age, and my brother here, Jack, Miss Nellie Joyce-has made up his mind | Jack's account, taking advantage of the that you must belong to the race of likeness between them. The fellow was myths."

" Indeed," said Nellie with a cold bow in the direction of the tall figure in the background, and wondering why she had never before noticed what a provokingly complacent smile her fiance's was. "But you know you were to have been here at half past 4." And then she sat down on soled herself with the brother." a stol at her grandmother's feet.

likeness before between brothers.

It appeared to Nellie that Dick seemed | thank G.d."

"And the girl heartbroken, of course?" "By no means, for this morning her marriage is in the paper. She has con-

"Just the way of women all the world "Dick, will you ring for tea ?" smiled over," is the sententious remark of the the old lady, softly stroking her darling's man about town, but under a clear, starry curly head, and then, turning to the silent sky on the verandah of a foreign hotel a figure on the hearth rug, observed that violet eyed girl is murmuring to her husshe 'ad never seen so extraordinary a band, and he bends fondly over her slight form, "Not the wrong man this time, Jack

The messenger retired. Two hundred iles were to be covered. The roads ere heavy, and they led through the nemy's country.

Exactly at noon on the following day 'olouel Parsons entered General leade's tent. The latter's face grew purple with rage, and he ripped out a tring of oaths.

"Is this the way you obey orders?" e thundered. "What are you hanging round camp for? You cught to be with deneral Harding by this time."

"I have just returned from General Harding, sir."

"You lie!" exclaimed the exasperated general.

Parson's face paled, and he dug the nails in his hands to restrain himself. "General Meade," he said in a voice that ill concealed his anger, "if you were not my commanding officer, I would knock you down for that insult." Without the formality of a salute he turned on his heel and left the tent.

Colonel Parsons killed two horses and went himself without a particle of food. For 18 hours he was not out of the saddle.-Chicago Times-Herald.

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