

THEY TWO.

They were left alone in the dear old home, After so many years, When the house was full of frolic and fun, Of childish laughter and tears, They are left alone, they two—once more Beginning life over again, Just as they did in the days of yore, Before they were nine or ten.

And the table is set for two these days; The children went one by one Away from home on their separate ways When the childhood days are done How healthily hungry they used to be! And what romping they used to do! And mother—for weeping, can hardly see To set the table for two.

They used to gather around the fire While some one would read aloud, But whether at study or work or play 'T was a loving and merry crowd. And now they are two that gather there At evening to read or sew, And it seems almost too much to bear When they think of the long ago.

Ah, well—ah well, 'tis the way of the world! Children stay but a little while And then into other scenes are whirled, Where other homes beguile; But it matters not how far they roam Their hearts are fond and true, And there's never a home like the dear old home, Where the table is set for two. —Mrs. Frank A. Breck in Youth's Companion.

WHY DID SHE MARRY HIM?

BY FRANCIS HENSHAW BADEN.

"You want me to tell you how it was that Eleanor Fulton married as she did? Dear, dear, that child was the greatest care of my life. It was just like her to marry Carl Thurston. Well, I must tell you how she was in her childhood, and then you will see how it was to be. There were three of them. Florence, the oldest, a beautiful brunette, dark, dignified, and discreet. There was no fear but Flory would always be just what was proper and best for her. Then came Lilly—fair, frail, fond little Lilly—with her golden hair, and deep blue eyes—eyes that drew all the little boys about her in her childish days, and as many big ones when she grew to be a young lady. She was a sensitive little creature, that could not look on anything repulsive without fainting, with a perfect passion for everything beautiful. She had only such about her.

"While Eleanor—Nell, we call her—was the 'stray one,' they said—a little brownie, and to my eye, the beauty of the family, with nut-brown hair, and eyes the brownest and brightest ever seen, and the brownest skin, too, 'that ever a white child had,' her mamma declared. For never a bonnet or a hat would she keep on a moment longer than she could help. The rosiest cheeks and reddest lips that ever a girl had, had our Nell. 'Sparkling, spirited, spiteful Nell!' the boys called her. Ah! she had the keenest wit, the sharpest tongue, and the softest heart that I ever knew.

"I remember well one day, a circumstance occurred that told plainly enough how it would be in the future with her. "She was just six years old then, when the grandmother sent the little ones a lot of chickens.

"Each child was given permission to choose one for its own.

"Flory quickly spied a fine, large and proud-looking hen. Lilly caught up and fondled a pretty little bantam, calling it 'beauty.'

"And Nell actually chose a broken-legged, miserable, ugly one, only about half covered with feathers.

"'Mercy, Nell, take the horrid thing away,' cried Lilly. 'Why on earth did you take it?'

"'With a disdainful toss of her head, Nell moved off to meet her mother, who said:

"'My daughter, there are several beautiful chickens. Why do you not take one of them?'

"'Because I like this one best!' Nell said, decidedly.

"'Nell, come here and tell mamma why you choose this lame, ugly chicken?'

"'Because it is ugly and lame, and because I knew nobody else would have it, and I'm sorry for it; and I'm just going to take care of it, and—and I know it is a good, nice chicken, if it is ugly, but it ain't. And I don't care if it is—I love it! The bright, laughing eyes grew thoughtful, then said; and when she had said her say, they were flashing and defiant, and she was ready to fight for her chosen one, if necessary.

"'There, now, you can see for yourself, how it was to be with her.

"'Dear, dear,' said her mother, 'I'm fearful some day you will be choosing a husband because you are sorry for him and no other girl will have him.'

"'We lived but a step from the college. But if it had been miles away, our beauties would have drawn the lads quickly enough.

"'They came by the score. I would peep through the curtains sometimes to see how it was with them. Just as I thought. Flory had tall, elegant-looking ones around her. You could tell by a glance they came of a proud race.

"'And Lilly was always off in a corner with some one—always only one at a time—who was sure to be the most charming fellow in the room, and who loved and

read to her poetry, and never tired turning over for her the volume of engravings she loved.

"'But Nell I liked to watch. She had more beaux than both the others, only she wouldn't keep them. She laughed at them, and I truly believe they were afraid of her—or rather that dreadful little tongue.

"'When Flory was nineteen, she did as they hoped and expected, married a wealthy young Southerner, who placed her at the head of a magnificent establishment, where she presided with queenly grace.

"'Lilly was slow in making her choice. In truth, she liked so many—I might say loved, for, as I've told you, she loved everybody and thing lovable; one for his wondrous eyes, another because his brow was more beautiful than any she ever saw. Well, there were at least six who possessed some particular attraction. However, there was one who we all thought had made up his mind to win her.

"'Harry Seymour it was. He liked Nell best when he first came, but she gave him not a word of encouragement. So he took to Lilly. He was just the dearest fellow that ever lived; handsome enough to please Lilly; frank, honest, merry-hearted; always thoughtful for the comfort of others, and with wealth enough to make him attractive without one of these better possessions.

"'He was winning his way with Lilly, when some one of the young gentlemen introduced Carl Thurston. Oh, I wished he had been anywhere but in our house. Well, Nell never laughed at him. She was as gentle as a dove to him, spending hour after hour, and evening after evening, seated beside him, singing for him, reading to him.

"'Dear, dear! she will make him grow to love her. And then—what then? I dread to think of it,' her mother said, growing very much concerned.

"'Why will you do so, Nell?' I asked.

"'Because, aunty, he is blind. Nobody else will entertain him. And I am so sorry for him,' she said, tears filling her brown eyes.

"'It was no use to talk about it. It would only make her feel all the more sorry.

"'Well, one day there was a little party, picnic, or something of the kind, in the grove not far off—Harry Seymour with them, of course, and Carl, too. Nell was sitting with him when the cry arose—'Harry is shot! Harry is dying!' I don't just remember how it was; but some accident from his own gun.

"'Nell started from Carl's side to fly across the green, and drop down beside the wounded man. He was perfectly sensible, although very badly hurt. A faint smile of satisfaction passed over his face when Nell, tenderly lifting his head to her lap, gave her orders for his comfort. She had then cut off the covering from the torn and bleeding arm. With her own hands she washed the wound, and continued to bathe it with cool water until the doctor came, all the time soothing him with cheering words. When for a moment no one was near but me, she bent her head, and with her eyes full of tears, said:

"'Oh, that I could help you bear this suffering.' Lilly—where was she? Fled, with the first sight of blood. He saw her; but he knew she was not like Nell, and he minded not, for Nell was with him.

"'Well, the doctor came, found the ball, dressed the wound, and pronounced it not dangerous with proper care.

"'We had him with us for nearly a month; and then it was that Lilly saw Harry Seymour loved only Nell. But Lilly did not suffer. Her heart had not been deeply engaged. She had received Harry's attentions because he was persistent, and would probably in time have been won by them, if he had continued.

"'Carl Thurston had grown so pale and thin during the time that Harry was with us, that we knew he was worrying himself almost to death about Nell, fearing to lose her. As Harry grew strong and well again, Nell resumed her old ways with Carl.

"'They had been out to walk one afternoon, and on returning, I saw the look of perfect happiness on his face. I knew then how it was. He had told his love, and she had promised to be his. I knew not the quiet, gentle, womanly girl that came back that evening. I wanted to send her forth and have my own wilful wayward, wild Nell.

"'It was the last day of Harry's stay; I was going into the little parlor that Nell called hers, when I encountered Harry. I saw he was anxious to be by himself, and I went in to Nell. I found her weeping terribly. I coaxed her a little calmer, and then she told me all about it. 'You see,' she said, 'I am engaged to Carl.'

"'And well you may cry, then. I wish he was in heaven!' I said, angrily.

"'No, no, I am not crying for that, but for Harry. You see, he thinks he loves me—'

"'Thinks! You know he does! Harry loves you truly!' I exclaimed.

"'Yes, yes; I believed him when he told me so. I never dreamed he was going to speak of it, though, when he came in here an hour ago. I can't tell you just what he said, for I was so distressed. But, oh, I know what he said when I told him I was not free.

"'Oh, Nell, I will not believe it! I have

been thinking of you for four weeks as my own. I believed you cared for me. Once I despaired of winning you and tried to find happiness elsewhere. But that day I was hurt brought me more joy than pain. I hoped again! Oh, my darling, you will not wreck my life! You care for me a little, Nell, do you not?'

"'And what did you say to that, you naughty child, I ask?'

"'Harry, indeed I do care for you, as dearly as if you were my own brother,' I said. 'And if—if I had not known Carl, I might—I could not say it—but he did.'

"'You might have been mine. God pity me! This is very hard to bear, Nell; to think I must yield you to him. Why—why have you done this?'

"'I told him, aunty, as I told papa and mamma last night—they know all about it—that because he loves me. If I had sent him forth I believe he would die. I will be his because my whole heart is filled with sorrow for his dreary, dark life. I know I can brighten it. I do not believe any one else could, or would, be willing to try. He is alone in the world. I taught him to love me; Heaven knows I only thought to give him a few pleasant hours during those evenings. I never dreamed of this, or—'

"'You would have fled from it,' I said.

"'No, no, I will not say that,' she continued. 'When Harry said I had darkened, ay, wrecked his life, I had to scold him a little. I told him he could always win love, that the world was filled with beauty for him, while for my poor Carl there was little love, and only me. There, aunty, that is all. He is gone. I shall see him no more—no more! Oh, what a terrible world!'

"'She dropped her head in my lap, and I knew she was shedding bitter tears. A little while, and she raised the pale face and said:

"'Don't look so, aunty. You make me cry. I must get bright again before Carl comes. He knows when I'm sad, and it hurts him so.'

"'Well, Harry went to Europe, and they were married. Her parents tried all they could to prevent it, but she was firm. He had an income of about a thousand dollars, left by his father, and they live on that. To think of my darling, that I had such bright hopes for—that I thought to see surrounded by the biggest of the land—spending her life thus! Well, some folks find their happiness in making others happy. I suppose it is so with her. There is one comfort for us that all do not have, and that is, that all of our girls have husbands who quite idolize their wives. Lilly married Harry's brother.'

"'I told this story years ago to a friend, and now she insists I must write the sequel. Nell is with us, home again. Two years and more have her Carl's eyes been given sight. The beauties lost here, he has increased a hundred fold up there.

"'We have just coaxed Nell to lay aside her mourning. Last year my bachelor brother passed from earth. He gave us all a legacy, but to Nell he gave a hundred thousand dollars. And there was not one of us that did not rejoice.

"'Last week Harry's brother came in and told us Harry was in New York, and he said:

"'Poor fellow! he has always been unfortunate, and now every dollar he had in the world is gone.'

"'I thought he gave a kind of reproachful glance at Nell.

"'An hour after, our little wilful piece was down-stairs in her travelling-dress, all ready for a journey.

"'Where are you going?' we all asked in one breath.

"'To New York,' she said; and off she went.

"'Yesterday they came home—I mean Harry and his bride, our Nell.

"'Although my heart was dancing with joy, I put on a great show of dignity to say:

"'Well, madam, this is a little out of the usual mode, I think. Off to hunt a husband! I should not wonder if, anticipating leap-year, you proposed yourself.'

"'I might have, aunty, if Harry had not—'

"'Caught her just while she was feeling very sorry for me,' Harry interrupted her by saying.

"'Turning to his brother, he wrung his hand, and said: 'Thanks, dear old fellow! That was the biggest lift you ever gave me in your life, when you got up that imaginary misfortune for me. If Nell had not thought me a poor, penniless wretch, I'm doubtful if I should ever have won her! She was awfully disappointed that it was not as you told her. And I doubt if she likes me near so well.'

"'Nell flew across the room to pull her brother-in-law's ears. Again her merry laugh rang out through the open windows. The birds caught it, I truly believe, and burst forth in a song of welcome to her, our Nell—returned to us again—the same wilful, winning, charming Nell, as of yore.'

GROVESEND, ONT.

DEAR SIRS,—I am glad to be able to tell you that Doan's Kidney Pills proved an excellent remedy for lame back and kidney troubles, from which I suffered. I took one box and they entirely cured me.

MRS. H. SMITH.

Your Nose

That is what you should breathe through—not your mouth.

But there may be times when your catarrh is so bad you can't breathe through it. Breathing through the mouth is always bad for the lungs, and it is especially so when their delicate tissues have been weakened by the scrofulous condition of the blood on which catarrh depends.

Alfred E. Yings, Hoernerstown, Pa., suffered from catarrh for years. His head felt bad, there was a ringing in his ears, and he could not breathe through one of his nostrils nor clear his head.

After trying several catarrh specifics from which he derived no benefit, he was completely cured, according to his own statement, by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

This great medicine radically and permanently cures catarrh by cleansing the blood and building up the whole system.

HOOD'S PILLS are the favorite cathartic. 2c.

TWO FREDERICTON MEN

HAVE QUITE AN EXPERIENCE IN NEW YORK

NEW YORK, May 16.—In fear and trembling William R. Wilkes and John F. Howie, young men of quiet Fredericton, New Brunswick, came to this great city to dwell for a time. They had heard of the terrors of New York and had seen New York newspapers that told of murders for money so they came prepared to fight for their lives.

They resolved to learn dress cutting and went straight to J. W. Mitchell, Fifth Avenue. He sent them to a boarding house kept by H. Herbert Talent, West Sixteenth street. They paid a week's board in advance and then their troubles began.

"George, why don't you knock them down, why don't you get at them." The two young men from Fredericton awoke with a start. They were listening to a woman's voice out in the hallway and were in agony of fear.

"We're going to be murdered," chattered Howie.

"Let us fight to the end," gasped Wilkes and then they tore the castors from the beds for weapons.

Outside, so they swore in court yesterday, they could still hear the voices plotting their murder. They threw open the window and shouted for help but it was 4 a. m., and no policemen were abroad. They burned newspapers out of the window as signals of distress but no help came. They tore down the curtains, tore up the sheets and out of these made a life line and both slid down the three stories to the ground. Wilkes sprained his ankle and crashed into a conservatory.

Mrs. Galt who lives in the house in the rear awoke in terror, thinking burglars were after her.

"Don't stop me," cried Wilkes, now completely terrified. "I have a wife and four small children." Then he dashed by the astounded woman and hid in the coal bin in the cellar.

Howie clambered over four back fences and got into the house at No. 44 West Seventeenth street. Finally the affrighted tenants succeeded in having the two arrested as burglars.

On the way to the tenderloin station they met talent. The two young men told of their horrible fears and Talent was arrested too. On the door of their room were "Jimmy" marks. "What's the matter?" queried magistrate Cornell in Jefferson market court yesterday morning.

"We've been reading how men were murdered for their money in this city," said they, "and we had a great deal of money with us." This story made all hands laugh. The two young men from Fredericton were let go but Talent was held in \$1,000 bail.

Sore Throat and Hoarseness.

with their attendant dangers may be speedily averted and remedied by the use of Polson's Nerviline. Excellent to gargle with—ten times better than a mustard plaster, and more convenient for the outside. Nerviline penetrates the tissues instantly, soothes the pain, allays inflammation, and cures sore throat and hoarseness simply because that's what it is made for. The large 25 cent bottle of Nerviline is unexcelled as a household liniment. It cures everything.

Mrs. Homer—My oldest boy is getting to be just like his father.

Mrs. Gadboy—Is that complimentary to the boy, or otherwise?—Chicago News.



"Stuck on his Fence" If you use Page Fence you will like it, but will not be stuck like the gentleman in the picture. The Page Fence is woven in our own factory, from curled wire made by ourselves, and twice as strong as that used in other fences. Get this year's prices, they are lower than last year. The PAGE WIRE FENCE CO. (Ltd.) WALKERVILLE, ONT.

J. & T. Jardine,

DIRECT IMPORTERS OF BRITISH AND FOREIGN GOODS.

—AND—

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS

—IN—

FLOUR, CORNMEAL, OATMEAL, COFFEE.

TEA, SUGAR, TOBACCO,

COARSE SALT, in bulk and bags, DAIRY SALT,

Molasses, Biscuits, Cheese,

PORK AND BEEF,

HAMS, OATS, BRAN AND SHORTS.

HARDWARE, CROCKERYWARE, GLASSWARE

BOOTS AND SHOES

DRY GOODS.

Ready-Made Clothing, Scotch Horse Collars,

IRON, CHAIN, ANCHORS, ROPE.

NAILS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION LINE.

English House Coal.

blacksmith's Coal

SHINGLES, DEALS, BOARDS AND SCANTLING,

PITCH-PINE, HARDWOOD, LATHS, etc.

Rexton, Kent County, N. B.

Cut this out

and return it to us with a year's subscription to THE REVIEW.

The Review, RICHIBUCTO, N. B.

Enclosed find \$1.00 for which send me for one year THE REVIEW.

NAME.....

POST OFFICE ADDRESS.....

ADDRESS:.....

THE REVIEW

Richibucto, N. B.