

TROUBLE IN THE BARNYARD.

In the racket and rattle when the fowls and the cattle
In the barnyard assemble for a rally,
There was fun on the run 'till the setting
of sun
As they drane rep 'R-tee 'long 'till sally.

"O, it takes six pecks to a bushel and a half."
Said the buff cochin hen to the rooster;
Then the cud-chewing cow gave a lick to her calf
And the mule voted neigh—like he uster.

Then the pullet picked the teeth—in the comb the hen wore,
And the hen show'd a bill for collection.
And the little rooster crowed like a great big crower,
'Cause he toted big gaffs for protection.

Next the "Dominicker" flew on the fence where he crew;
'Oh, be mine, all me own featherduster,"
But the biddy chuckled "No, oh, you gay feather boa,
Tho' I'll still toe the scratch—if I must, sir."

Next the calf made a "hunch" at the under side, for lunch;
Then the maid with the rope said: "I'll bar you."
With his eye on the bucket when the milk shake shuck it,
He exclaimed, "Oh, strain! Won't it jar you?"

Then the chickens flew high to a limb near the sky,
In a tree that was tall for a reason,
For an acclimat'd "coon" couldn't climb to the moon
Though the fowls he accused of high trees-on.

When the dogs don't howl, it's a disappearing fowl
That will roost on a limb that is lower for the chickens
That snore never sneeze any more,
'Caws the "coon" picks a quarrel that's shore.

—Atlanta Journal.

THE LOST JEWEL.

BY FRANCES HENSHAW BADEN.

"Your adopted daughter is very handsome, Ellen. My quiet, demure little Annie will be scarcely seen; indeed, quite eclipsed by the brilliant Lucia."

"Yes, Lucia is handsome; but—" and Mrs. Davenport hesitated. A sigh escaped her lips, and an anxious expression settled on her face, as she answered her friend's inquiry:

"What is it that troubles you, Ellen?"

"I will tell you. I ought to; and I feel sure you will lend me your assistance. And with dear, good little Annie's example, my Lucia may be won from that love of ornament which causes me so much uneasiness. Indeed, it was from this hope that I accepted your invitation for Lucia to spend the winter with you."

"Annie's example may do her good. I hope so; she is so very different. Although she is only my adopted child, as Lucia is yours, I love her very dearly, and have a thought that some day she will be nearer to me. I know of no one I would so willingly welcome as my son's wife. I do not know what I should do without her little helping hands. Although there is no necessity for it, she must always be busy about something. And about dress, her ideas are so very modest. She dislikes so much to attract attention. I have often to scold her, to have her appear in a style which her position really demands. You know she has quite a fortune, independent of mine," said Mrs. Wilton.

"Yes, I've heard so. Well, you will have your heart and hand both full this season, in controlling and directing these girls, so entirely opposite to each other."

"They may do each other good. Annie ought to gain a little appreciation of worldly good. And indeed I wish she did care a little more about dress. Point lace and diamonds afford her no more gratification than plain white linen, or simple jet or gold ornaments."

"And poor Lucia would almost sell her heart for diamonds. Indeed, I believe the man who can give her the most of them will win her hand, if her heart should ache forever after!"

A few days after the above conversation, Mrs. Davenport returned to her home, leaving Lucia with her friend Mrs. Wilton.

Notwithstanding Lucia's failings were known to her hostess, she became very much attached to the orphan girl, who was so beautiful, bright, winning, and generally pleasant and entertaining. All, for a time, yielded to her.

Mrs. Wilton thought her quite an acquisition to her little home circle, and indispensable at the receptions and parties of the season.

George Wilton loved his mother's favorite, the gentle little Annie, and he had told her so many times. Still there was no positive engagement between them. When Lucia first came to visit Mrs. Wilton, George did not seem very much taken with either her handsome face or easy, cordial manner.

"She was excessively vain, and too fond of admiration," so he said to Annie.

But after a while he grew more tolerant of Lucia's faults; a little longer, and he lingered to listen to her merry voice, then sought her side, and finally Annie's quiet, artless little ways no longer won him, even for an hour, from the brilliant girl's presence.

Annie's heart ached bitterly, but brave-

ly she hid it, even from Mrs. Wilton, her dearest friend.

As the weeks of her residence with her friends wore on, Lucia's restraint gradually passed away, and many times her ruling passion broke forth in a most glaring and disfiguring light.

On one occasion, after returning from a large party, she entered her room, and, unmindful even of the presence of Mrs. Wilton, she tore off her muslin dress, and throwing it down, stamped upon it; and in a perfect fury of envy and disappointment, she raged until exhausted, because she could not dress in diamonds and satin, like a new star that had just appeared in the fashionable firmament, and, of course, quite eclipsed Lucia that evening.

Sorely grieved, Mrs. Wilton tried to soothe and calm the excited girl, but with little effect.

George's infatuation was unmistakable. Lucia was daily gaining a greater influence over him, and his mother dreaded the results. Yet how could she open his eyes to the unworthiness of the object of his preference?

About that time cards were issued for a very brilliant reception; Mrs. Wilton and her family receiving theirs. Immediately the question arose, "What shall we wear?" Lucia declined, and she could not and would not go unless she had a new and handsome dress.

Gentle Annie sought to try and soothe her, by delaying her arrangements until Lucia could make them too, and remained with her.

After a short absence, Mrs. Wilton returned with an anxious look; and after hastening up to her room, she came down again and said:

"I went out, intending to bring you both home a present, but I have met with quite a loss—a hundred dollars. I hoped it might have gotten out of my pocket-book somehow before I left my room, but I've looked in vain!"

Both girls started up, and exclaimed: "Let us go hunt for you;" and "Where can you remember having it last?"

But all hunting was of no avail. The money was gone.

Three days before the evening of the reception Lucia received a letter from home. And with great apparent satisfaction she asked Annie to go with her to get her dress and trimmings.

Although there were many more elegantly dressed women present that gala night, none looked more beautiful than Lucia, in a rose-colored silk, covered with puffs of tulle, the neck and sleeves trimmed with point lace.

Mrs. Wilton did not conceal her surprise at the beautiful dress, which, with its trimming, she knew must have cost a sum much more than she had supposed Mrs. Davenport could afford to give her.

"Well, Lucia, you are contented to-night, I trust. You were admired sufficiently, and there was not a more beautiful dress in the room. Nothing was wanting," said Annie.

"Yes, something was. I had no jewels. Let me don yours for a moment, Mrs. Wilton, and see how I will look when I have diamonds of my own," said Lucia.

Mrs. Wilton was just removing her wrappings. Throwing off the opera hood, she unhooked one ear-ring, and handed it to Lucia; then, putting her fingers to her other ear, she exclaimed:

"See! I have pulled the other out. It has caught in the tassel or fringe of my hood. I had it when I came upstairs, I know. Look quick, girls! Be careful not to tread on it."

Both girls commenced to look over the wrappings. The hood was turned in and out; every inch examined carefully. But it could not be found.

George was called and joined in the hunt, through the halls, up and down the stairs.

"It may be on the pavement. But it will not be wise to take a light out to hunt to-night. I will get up with the first ray of light and look," said George.

"Look again, girls. I feel so sure it must be in among those things. I will give the one who finds it twenty-five dollars."

But the offered sum failed to bring it forth. It could not be found that night nor the next morning.

Mrs. Wilton was closeted with her son. As if fearful that the walls had ears to hear the words, she bent her lips, and whispered into his, words that caused him to spring up and cry out:

"Oh, mother! you are unjust! How can you? Such a thought is unworthy of my mother, usually so kind and just!"

Again she whispered low into his ear, and his face grew grave, puzzled, and anxious.

"I will not let such a suspicion linger for one moment in my mind. Why should you, mother? No, no! Cast it forth!"

"I will not breathe it to any other, my son. I hope it may be as you say."

The evening of the next day the family were in the sitting-room, Lucia trifling over her work-box, when Mrs. Wilton, greatly to George's amazement, said:

"Lucia, I see you have a safe little box there. Please lock up this ear-ring. I had it showing to a friend who, seeing our advertisement of the other's loss in the paper, asked to look at this. I do not want to go up-stairs to put it away. Just keep it until I ask you for it."

Speculations relative to the missing jewel were the continual subject of conversation with the family and every calling friend.

Scrofula

What is commonly inherited is not scrofula but the scrofulous disposition.

This is generally and chiefly indicated by cutaneous eruptions; sometimes by pains, nervousness and general debility.

The disease afflicted Mrs. K. T. Snyder, Union St., Troy, Ohio, when she was eighteen years old, manifesting itself by a bunch in her neck, which caused great pain, was lanced, and became a running sore.

It afflicted the daughter of Mrs. J. H. Jones, Parker City, Ind., when 13 years old, and developed so rapidly that when she was 18 she had eleven running sores on her neck and about her ears.

These sufferers were not benefited by professional treatment, but, as they voluntarily say, were completely cured by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

This peculiar medicine positively corrects the scrofulous disposition and radically and permanently cures the disease.

versation with the family and every calling friend.

The afternoon following the night that Mrs. Wilton had given Lucia the ear-ring to keep for her, some friends were speaking of it, and Mrs. Wilton said:

"Lucia, I will take that ear-ring now, please. George, dear, go up and ask Annie for Lucia's work-box—"

"Why, Mrs. Wilton, I gave it to you last night!" answered Lucia, quickly.

George stepped.

Mrs. Wilton said.

"My dear, you will see you have it. Just look, I cannot be mistaken. George, get the box."

"Why, surely, Mrs. Wilton, I gave it to you! We were up in your room, you and I, and—"

"Lucia, if you will look well, you will find the ear-ring that I have not got," answered Mrs. Wilton, and looking into Lucia's eyes, her own speaking more than her tongue could ever have; the words so dreadful would have faltered and died in the attempt for utterance.

Lucia gazed amazed, terrified an instant; and the bright crimson flush which had spread over her face when she first denied the possession of the jewel, gave place to a deathly paleness, and she faltered:

"Indeed I gave it to you. I—"

"And I will declare, to the public if necessary, you have it still in your possession. Will you get it, Lucia?"

Footsteps were heard on the stairs—George's.

With a powerful effort for composure, Lucia said, as he entered.

"I—was so frightened! I knew I had taken it out to give you. I remember now. When I retired I put it in my trunk, for more perfect safety. I will get it."

In a few moments she returned, and placed in Mrs. Wilton's hand the ear-ring.

That night, when the girls had retired, Mrs. Wilton called George into her room, and opening her jewel-box, displayed to his amazement, both ear-rings.

With a warning movement, she hushed the cry that was about to escape his lips, and in a whisper, he asked:

"Where did you find it?"

"Where I told you."

"Oh, no, no, no!"

"Yes."

"She gave them both to you?" he asked, with a suppressed groan.

"She did. As you heard her say, one last night—that which you saw me give her. I asked her for it when we were alone, with no witness, you see. This afternoon you heard me demand it. I looked at her. She saw I had her completely in my power then, and brought forth the missing one, that she had taken that night when I first dropped it. It was an experiment."

"But if you had been mistaken, mother, what then?"

"She would have proved her innocence by insisting, notwithstanding my words, and more than words, my looks, that she had given it to me. And I should have seen that I was wrong."

The next day Lucia stated that she was called immediately home, and bade them "good-by" the same evening. George escorted her to the depot, and was very kind. But there was an air of deep dejection about him, that, like his mother's looks, spoke more than words.

Mrs. Wilton informed her friends that she had found the ear-ring, it having been restored to her through the efforts of a detective.

About the missing money, nothing was ever known to prove the guilt of any one; only suspicions lurked in the minds of those who had cause to doubt the honesty of one.

George was, after a while, restored to his former position in Annie's loving and forgiving heart; and in a year after his temporary blindness—caused, he says, by too close proximity to such a light object—Annie became Mrs. Wilton.

Her mother no more regrets Annie's disregard of fine dress and jewels. Better so than, as it might be, of the danger into which such a passion might lead its possessor. She had a touching example.

FOUND AT LAST.

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Why We Eat Oysters Raw.

Dr. William Roberts in his interesting lectures on the digestive ferments writes: "Our practice in regard to the oyster is quite exceptional and furnishes a striking example of the general correctness of the popular judgment on dietetic questions. The oyster is almost the only animal substance which we eat habitually and by preference in the raw or uncooked state, and it is interesting to know that there is a sound physiological reason at the bottom of this preference.

"The fawn colored mass which constitutes the dainty of the oyster is its liver, and this is little less than a heap of glycogen. Associated with the glycogen, but withheld from actual contact with it during life, is its appropriate digestive ferment, the hepatic diastase. The mere crushing of the dainty between the teeth brings these two bodies together, and the glycogen is at once digested without other help by its own diastase.

"The oyster in the uncooked state or merely warmed is, in fact, self digestive. But the advantage of this provision is wholly lost by cooking, for the heat immediately destroys the associated ferment, and a cooked oyster has to be digested, like any other food, by the eater's own digestive powers."

Lincoln as a Life Saver.

William A. Newell, who had the rare distinction of being governor of two states—New Jersey and Washington—told in Success of his romantic experiences as a congressman in 1849, when he originated the life saving service by offering a resolution in the house of representatives to appropriate money to save lives imperiled by the sea. Fellow members of congress at that session were John Quincy Adams and Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Newell said:

"Various objections were made to my motion, the strongest of which was that the scheme was impracticable. I laid the matter before a great many senators and members, speaking to them in person. Ex-President John Quincy Adams occupied a seat just behind mine and after the reading of the resolution clerk leaned forward and said to me, 'I would like to see that resolution.' I sent for it and handed it to him. He read it over carefully and, handing it to me, said, with a smile: 'It is good. I hope it will prevail.' Abraham Lincoln also read it and said: 'Newell, that is a good measure. I will help you. I am something of a life saver myself, for I invented a scow that righted itself on the Mississippi sand bars.'"

Calling the Doctor.

A good story is told of Dr. X., who is the physician in charge of the female wards of one of our best known charitable institutions. One evening about 9 o'clock Mary, a new Irish servant girl, knocked at the door, saying:

"Doctor, the head nurse wants you to come down to supper."

The doctor, swelling in his pride of superiority above the nurses, sent the Irish girl away with a curt message. Half an hour later the head nurse came to his room looking very serious.

"Doctor," she said, "No. 8 is very bad indeed. I think you ought to see her at once."

"Why did you not let me know before?" was the reply.

"Why, doctor," said the nurse, "I sent you word by Mary half an hour ago."

"The fool!" said the doctor. "She told me to come down to supper!"

"Why," said the nurse, "I sent you word to come down to eight!"

An inquiry made the whole thing clear. Mary thought it more polite to say "Come down to supper" than to say "Come down to ate."

A Sensitive Scot.

A sensitive Scot rebukes the London Daily Chronicle for saying that his countrymen pronounce man "mon." "The absurd form 'mon,' he writes, "is the hall mark of Scots' vernacular as written by a southern pen, and its intrusion has often lent additional sadness to comic journalism, even, alas, to the pages of our chief humorous periodical. In the north of England 'mon' certainly occurs: in Scottish speech never. In Scott and Stevenson one may look for it in vain. The broad, soft vocalization of the word in Lothian dialect lies somewhere between 'maun' and 'maan,' but as it cannot be literally symbolized the word should be spelt in dialect passages simply as in English."

Accordingly.

"She's well educated, isn't she?" "Well, she's one of those women who can pass as being that way. When she meets any one who can speak French and not German, she can speak German, and when she meets any one who can speak German and not French she can speak French."

His Mistake.

"How lovers are given to freaks of fancy!"

"What's the case in point?"

"Here's a story where a fellow calls his girl's hair golden, and the accompanying picture shows it's only plaited."

Her Hint.

Stout Man (whose appetite has been the envy of his fellow boarders)—I declare I have three buttons off my vest.

Mistress of the House (who has been aching to give him a hint)—You will probably find them in the dining room, sir.—Exchange.

It is said that posts planted in the earth upper end down will last longer than those which are set in the natural position in which the tree grew.

It is sometimes easier to step into another man's shoes than it is to walk in them.

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