

In The Light of a Lie.

She was a little out of breath when she came into the drawing-room. There was a faint, unusual flush on her ordinarily pearl-fair cheek, and her eyes looked large and restless. She had evidently dressed hurriedly. The laces on her bosom looked as though hastily adjusted, and the flowers at her belt were pinned awry. "I am late," she apologized. She had come up the room to her husband, and lifted her lips for his customary evening salute. "I am sorry to have kept dinner waiting. It is unpardonable. It shall not occur again."

He murmured a few deprecating words, and they went into dinner together. All during dinner in the rich, old, dark-paneled room, where the golden sunset light poured in through softening draperies of thin crimson silk, she was very gay, very entertaining. She always was vivacious, especially when she had anything to conceal under a tide of clever talk or a sparkling shower of wit. And David Farnham was a good listener—an excellent listener.

When one of his few friends, handsome, reckless, improvident Ross Lenard, had ended his fit of remorse over disastrous mining speculations by putting a bullet in his brain, a letter found near him asked that David Farnham would look after the "little girl." Farnham had accepted the trust with the quiet consciousness natural to him in matters great or unimportant. He had sent the girl to the best schools. He had arranged that her vacations should be safely and pleasantly spent. He had acted precisely as though she were a blood relative, legally entitled to his protection and assistance. But when she came to him from school, a quite bewitchingly fair and accomplished young woman, he was temporarily dismayed. Whatever was he to do with such a charming encumbrance? For a year she lived with a widowed sister of his. All her mother's people were across the ocean, and being strangers to her she refused to go to them. Farnham went punctually at stated periods to see his ward, and was in every way solicitous for her comfort. But daily the realization grew on him that she was not so well and carefully guarded as she should be. In his perplexity he asked her to marry him. Now, months after their marriage, strange emotions thrilled him when he recalled the manner of her reply. She had turned her head away for a moment. Then she had looked up at him, her face flaming scarlet. Her eyes met his full and steadily.

"Yes—if you are sure you want me—yes," she said.

Life had been a good deal like a fairy story to him since then. He was lord of a palace, and the beautiful princess was his—only his! In all his eventful, hard-working life he had never imagined what it might be to live in paradise; that its gates should ever swing wide for him had not entered into his imaginings.

"It was a delightful drama," she went on, apropos of the matinee of the afternoon. "It is likely to have a long run. Almost every one who is left in town was there."

"I passed the theatre as the crowd was coming out," he said. "I had an imperative business engagement, so could not cross over; but I think I saw you as you left. I'm almost sure it was you, but you know how near-sighted I am. You wore white, did you not—a white coat and hat?"

"Yes," she said, in a breathless sort of way. She laid down her roll and looked over at him. "Yes."

He sipped slowly, almost retrospectively, at his Burgundy. "I thought I could not be mistaken. I was sorry I had not time to make sure—to meet you. Besides, you were not alone. You had the carriage. And—there was some one with you coming out, was there not? A tall man. You were not alone. I was not positive, but it looked like Andrews. Was it Andrews?"

Her fork fell on her salad plate with a little tingling clatter. "You—you are not so near-sighted, after all!" she laughed.

"Then it was Andrews?"

"Yes," she answered. "That sudden rose color again stained her cheek. Her bright eager gaze never left his face. 'It—it was Col. Andrews.'"

Then she was off in the sparkling narration of the chief comedy scene in the play, telling it with delicious humor, inimitable mimicry, and scintillant flashes of original comment. And all was made mesmeric by the gleaming laughter of purple-like eyes, the little airy gestures of white, perfect hands.

And David Farnham, eating his fruit and cracking his walnuts, listened and looked, his slow, sweet smile deepening around his firm lips.

And she was his—his, David Farnham's—his wife! This exquisite girl, with the snow-drifts of her stainless life behind, and the wild rose garden of her beautiful life before. He put his hand to his throat at the thought. For an instant something hot under his eyelids blurred the flowers, the damask, the glittering silver of the table, even the radiant, glowing, gracious young vision beyond.

"Come," she cried, "I will play for you."

And play she did, while he smoked and listened, wild, merry, capricious music that gradually merged into a little sob-

bing minor strain. Slower it grew and fainter. Suddenly it ended in a false chord. Then there was silence.

David Farnham rose—crossed the room. He laid his hand on his wife's shoulder. She looked up at him.

"Evelyn!" he said, "Evelyn!"

The pang of bitter prescience cut him to the heart. He was too old, too grave, too sad for her. It had been all a terrible mistake. And she—she was finding it out!

For in that long, penetrative look he saw that she was weak and white, and spent. All the light and bloom of her beauty had been blown out as though by an extinguishing breath. A passion of sorrow slumbered in her eyes, and on her lashes the tears stood large and bright.

"David." She stood up. She put her arms around his neck and hid her face against his breast. "I wonder how—how well you love me, David?"

"How well!" he repeated, hoarsely. "God—Evelyn! How well!"

The answer seemed to satisfy her, for, although she did not offer to kiss him, the clasp around his neck tightened. Then she turned away and went out of the room and up the stairs, the rustle of her silken gown coming back to him with a murmuring sound that grew momentarily more indistinct.

He heard the door of her room close.

Ten hours later, opening his paper alone at the breakfast table, he started to his feet agast—dismayed.

"Andrews!" he cried. "Andrews!"

There it was confronting him in bold black and white.

"DEATH OF COL. FOREST ANDREWS."

"Unexpected demise of a well-known citizen at noon yesterday."

So his friend was dead! But—what was that? At noon—yesterday! At noon? Why, he had been at the matinee. He had come out with Evelyn. She had seen and spoken with him. She—she had said so—that it was he who was with her. Oh, there must be an error—somewhere!

He pushed away his plate; he could not eat. He drank his coffee and went into the library. Evelyn paused on the threshold at sight of his bent head, his agitated countenance. He turned at sound of her exclamation. She was just from her sleep—her bath. The profuse folds of her white, white gown were gathered by blue ribbons at her throat. The bright hair was braided in girlish fashion and hung loose. She had never looked to him so youthful—so innocent. Cunningham's couplet of his sweetheart came to him:

"Beauteous she looks like a tall garden-lily,  
Fresh from the night and perfect for the day."

"David," she cried. "What is it?"

In silence he held out the paper to her.

"At noon, yesterday," he said.

She read the paragraph. She went white as her gown. He thought she was going to faint; but she laid the paper down, turned to the open door, closed it, came back and stood before him.

"If you will not look at me," she said in a low voice, "perhaps I can tell you!"

The grim silence was for a space unbroken. Then she spoke:

"I did not meet Col. Andrews yesterday. I did not see him yesterday, but I was glad you should think it was he whom I was with. I went to the matinee to meet another man. He is the height and general appearance of your friend, but younger—much younger. That is how you were mistaken. You may have heard his name—not that it matters now. I met him during the last year at school. He made me think I cared for him, he made love to me, and I—I wrote some foolish letters. They are not letters it would hurt you to read—even now; they were only silly letters of a foolish inexperienced girl. When later I came to know you better, to know you well, I knew that I never could be quite happy as the wife of any other man. I was hoping, I was praying for months before you spoke, that you would ask me—what you did."

"Your money had nothing to do with this desire; he is wealthy, too. It was only that I wanted you—you! And I knew, too, that when you said at last the words I had been longing to hear that you did not love me as a man should love the woman who he does the honor to ask to be his wife. If I hesitated in that moment, you know the reason now. Then I said to myself, 'You can make him love you! It may take years—but you can make him love you!' I have tried—my best; and daily I have been happier and happier as I fancied I was succeeding. I could not tell you about that first absurd romance of mine. I thought you would deem me trivial—that it would lower me in your sight, and I could not bear that. But still it seemed to me disloyalty to you that any other man should have letters of mine in his possession, so I wrote to him when I heard he had come back from Europe, and asked him to send them to me. He said he would give them to me if I would meet him and tell him with my own lips that I was mistaken in once thinking that I cared for him and that I married you for no other reason than that I loved you. This I did yesterday. Even he could no longer doubt why I had become your wife. The letters are on the cabinet in my room; they are yours to read or destroy. Now, I have told you all!"

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. Yingse, 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

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Sounds of busy life came from without; of rolling wheel, of speeding hoof, of children laughing at their play.

But David Farnham only knew with great and glad rejoicing that the cloud had faded from his sunlight, that the roses were redder than ever in his way, that the music of his life rang strong and true. He breathed the fragrance of the mignonette she wore as he caught her to him.

"David, are you sure you understand? I—I lied to you!"

"Dear," in his voice an infinite thankfulness and infinite content. "You love me! For that I did not dare to hope—beloved, I did not dare!"—[Kate M. Cleary in the Household.]

The Cause of Nervous Headache.

This most distressing and common malady doubtless has its origin in some unbalanced condition of the nervous system. Probably the simplest, safest and most efficient remedy is Polson's Nerviline. Twenty drops in sweetened water gives immediate relief, and this treatment should be supplemented by bathing the region of pain with Nerviline. To say it acts quickly fails to express the result. Sold every where in large 25c. bottles.

FOR OLD MAIDS.

DENMARK STARTS AN INSURANCE SCHEME WHICH SHOULD PROVE POPULAR.

(Chicago Chronicle.)

Nearly all insurance companies discriminate against women. They are not anxious to take risks upon women's lives on any terms and impose burdensome regulations, besides charging excessive premiums. As a consequence, few women who have to earn their own living are able to carry policies upon their lives. Yet all have felt the necessity of some provision being made for them when advancing years make their services as breadwinners less sought for.

This is the more desirable, inasmuch as the salaries which they earn in the ordinary way are not sufficient to enable them to save very much against the proverbial rainy day, which inevitably comes to cloud the evening of their lives.

Denmark is the country which has set the world an example in this respect, an Old Maids' Insurance Company having been started in Copenhagen. According to this scheme, the policy holder, by paying a certain premium yearly, is entitled to a pension if, on reaching the age of forty she be still unmarried.

Parents of a diffident turn of mind with regard to the possible attractions of their daughters, but who are, nevertheless, of a practical disposition, may effect an insurance against their condition of spinsterhood when the girls are quite young, but all the premiums would, of course, be forfeited in the event of the damsel marrying before she had arrived at the age in question.

THE AGONY OF SLEEPLESSNESS.

Did you ever pass a single night in wakeful misery, tossing and rolling in bed trying in vain to sleep and longing for morning to come? Can you imagine the torture of spending night after night in this way, each succeeding night growing worse and worse? This is the most distressing symptom of Nervous Exhaustion and Debility. You can be gradually and thoroughly cured of Sleeplessness by the uplifting influence of Dr. Chase's Nerv-Food. It cures in nature's way, by creating new nerve cells and restoring lost vitality.

SHERBROOK, Que., June 28.—A fiercest storm swept Lake Megantic district last night resulting in at least two fatalities. The Quebec central and C. P. Railways are suffering severely. Nine miles of track east of Cookshire on the C. P. R. was damaged and the Quebec Central had their bridges destroyed at Marlinton, L. N. Bridge, and Bishop's crossings. A man named Willard, owner of a saw mill at Dudsvelt Centre, lost his life, his body being washed away and his mangled body was found this morning in the meadows below the mill, where the flood had carried it. The dam at East Angus was swept away and a million feet of lumber was carried down St. Francis river, wide spread. Pierre Anclair was struck by lightning and killed at St. Raymond.

Children Cry for CASTORIA.

In Case of Fire. In case of fire if the burning articles are at once splashed with a solution of salt and nitrate of ammonia an incombustible coating is formed. This is a preparation which can be made at home at a trifling cost and should be kept on hand. Dissolve 20 pounds of common salt and 10 pounds of nitrate of ammonia in 7 gallons of water. Pour this into quart bottles of thin glass, and fire grenades are at hand ready for use. These bottles must be tightly corked and sealed to prevent evaporation, and in case of fire they must be thrown near the flames so as to break and liberate the gas contained. At least two dozen of these bottles should be ready for an emergency. In this connection it is well to remember that water on burning oil scatters the flame, but that flour will extinguish it. Salt thrown upon a fire if the chimney is burning will help to deaden the blaze.

If a fire once gets under headway, a covering becomes a necessity. A silk handkerchief moistened and wrapped about the mouth and nostrils prevents suffocation from smoke. Failing this, a piece of wet flannel will answer.

Should smoke fill the room, remember that it goes first to the top of the room and then to the floor. Wrap a blanket or woolen garment about you, with the wet cloth over your face, drop on your hands and knees and crawl to the window.

Bear in mind that there is no more danger in getting down from a three story window than from the first floor if you keep a firm hold of the rope or ladder. Do not slide, but go hand over hand.

One of Sothern's Jokes.

That inveterate joker, Sothern the actor, had made an appointment with Toole, the comedian, to dine at a well known London restaurant. The hour of meeting was fixed and Sothern arrived some few minutes before the appointed time. An elderly gentleman was dining at a table at some little distance from that prepared for the two actors. He was reading a newspaper which he had comfortably arranged before him as he was eating his dinner. Sothern walked up to him and striking him a smart blow between the shoulders said:

"Hello, old fellow! Who would have thought of seeing you here? I thought you never"—The assaulted diner turned around angrily, when Sothern exclaimed: "I beg you a thousand pardons, sir. I thought you were an old friend of mine—a family man whom I never expected to see here. I hope you will pardon me."

The old gentleman growled a reply, and Sothern returned to his table, where he was presently joined by Toole, to whom he said:

"See that old boy? I'll bet you half a crown you aren't go and give him a slap on the back and pretend you have mistaken him for a friend."

"Done!" said Toole, and done it was immediately with a result that may be imagined.

How Horses Rest.

"Have you ever noticed," asked a Germantown veterinarian the other day, "that every horse left standing by a curbstone for any length of time invariably turns around so as to place his fore feet on the sidewalk? He always does it if the road on which he is standing slopes the least bit in either direction. This shows that the horse has a great deal of plain, common sense. He will not allow himself to be worn out where it is not necessary. If people only had his wisdom, there would be a great deal less sickness in the world than there is at present. When a thoughtless driver leaves his horse standing on a slope or at an angle of the street, all the animal's weight is thrown upon one side, causing strain, and if left long enough painful exhaustion. Twenty minutes of such an ordeal will fatigue a horse more than a whole day's travel. But when he is able to place his fore feet on the curbstone it gives him a better plant and adjusts his weight more equably. Many of the muscular ailments from which horses suffer are brought upon them by being continually obliged to stand by the gutter side on streets which slope decidedly. A good driver will always seek to rest his horse on a level when possible."

Arizona Forests.

Arizona is supposed to be almost an unbroken desert, but in reality it has the largest unbroken pine forest in the United States, covering an area of over 8,000 square miles. This timber is usually found at an altitude of between 5,500 and 7,500 feet. The total quantity of pine timber fit for sawing purposes within the boundaries of the territory amounts to 10,000,000,000 feet, which can supply the needs of a populous state for more than a century.

Highest Cross in the World.

The highest cross in the world is said to be that which caps the loftiest peak of the Harz mountains. The cross is in reality a tower, and it commands a magnificent view of the country around. The height of the tower is 120 feet, and it stands on a mountain 1,731 feet above the sea level. A stair of 200 steps leads to the top of the cross, but there is an elevator of which people may avail themselves who for any reason wish to avoid the long climb.

Buying Molasses.

She was newly arrived from the old country, and she went to the store for sirup.

"Give me a pound of treacle," she said to the grocer.

"Treacle!" repeated the grocer. "You mean molasses."

"Possibly."

"We don't sell it by the pound, but by the measure."

"Oh, then give me a yard!"—[The burg Chronicle-Telegraph.]

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