

A YARN OF MODERN DAYS. (Chicago News.)

'Twas on the beach near Marblehead, Where the breakers dash and roar, That I found a wandering sailorman Alone upon the shore.

SUMP'S PLUCK.

BY L. J. BATES.

(Boston Youth's Companion.)

Over sixty years ago, in one of the now populous counties of the Northwest, some years before it became a county, and when its white population was less than a dozen families, there lay an elm log backed three-quarters through, which bore the odd name of Sump's Out.

then "drenches" of native roots and herbs and home simples, especially boneset tea. The blue mass often loosened the patient's teeth, or produced deafness; the roots and herbs were horribly nauseous to the taste.

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.

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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. 25c.

men, and this job isn't going to break down Pardin Sump. We'll have easier times after we get that hundred dollars. So Good-by! I've put three buckshot into the shotgun, in case you should need it. I'll take the rifle myself; maybe I'll get something."

He reached the slashing as soon as it was light enough to chop, and at once went vigorously to work. Tree after tree thundered down before his terrible ax. By nine o'clock he had considerably enlarged the clearing, when he paused to glance with satisfaction over his morning's work and study a huge bent elm, with a peculiar, heavy top, which he was about to assail. He was doubtful if he could make it fall on the heap where he wanted it; but he would try.

This tree was tough. Sump was two hours chopping it nearly through on one side, to make it fall as desired. At last it trembled at each blow of the axe; it hesitated, toppled slowly and began to fall. The newly severed trunk broke at the stump, slipped on the slant cut, and dropped its butt heavily to the ground. The bent top whirled it half-around the wrong way; it fell upon a smaller tree, the trunk of which bent against another and caught. Sump was disappointed, but thought a few blows on the smaller tree would start the big one again.

At his first blow the caught branch broke; the two bent trees, as it slipped down, sprang elastically back, flinging the whirling elm far out toward him. He ran nimbly backward, ax in hand, watching the falling mass. One of his feet caught; he fell full length over a small half-sunken log, striking his head violently upon a tree root. He was half-stunned; before he could stir, the huge tree thundered down upon him with an earth quaking shock. Then all was still.

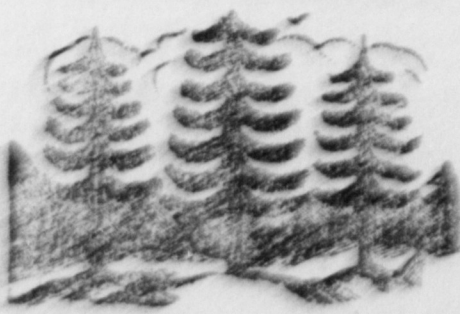
Sump lay face up, with his thighs across the sunken log, the great elm across his thighs. It would seem that such a mass would crush a man flat, as a wagon-wheel would crush an angleworm. Nevertheless after some minutes, he stirred. Small twitches of his eyelids, lips, nostrils; then convulsive clenchings of his fingers; then manifest breathing; finally intelligent effort. Sump used to relate that his first sense was hearing a bird sing. After that he began to see; a little later he felt his forces, and aided by his hands, sat up weakly.

He now realized his condition, and examined it with minute care. So far he was not in much pain. He was conscious merely of a feeling of general numbness and shock, and his strength was gone. He had supposed his thighs crushed; but he now saw that the bend of the great elm and its peculiar top had prevented its crushing quite down upon the sunken log. After a little he doubted if his thigh-bones were broken. There was a dead, unfeeling numbness in his legs on the other side, but he thought he could move his toes a little. But a great ache was settling in the crushed flesh, which obstructed experiment, and his head seemed to swell and his heart to labor with impeded circulation. How to get free! He lay down to think; but lying down he almost suffocated. He struggled up again, this time painfully.

His ax lay beyond reach, but with his jack-knife he trimmed a long bush with a

Continued on page 5.

DR. WOOD'S



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ONLY KIND FOR WHICH NEW YORKERS ARE WILLING TO PAY.

A Poultryman Declares That the Dwellers in the Metropolis Will Not Give Up the Price Necessary to Secure Newly Laid Eggs.

"New York doesn't want fresh eggs," said a poultryman who knows to a group of city friends. They professed to doubt what he said, which moved him to remark:

"If you don't believe that is true, you try and furnish fresh eggs to the New Yorkers who are just yearning for them, as I have done, and see if the yearners are willing to pay you a price that will enable you to buy your daily bread, or say nothing of the butter. You all like fresh eggs, of course, and perhaps you will pay a half way decent price for them for a short time during the winter, but what about the rest of the year?"

"Have you ever stopped to think that the man who is able to supply you with fresh eggs during the winter has had to spend a great deal of time in studying up that particular subject? Are you aware that he has been obliged to breed a lot of hens during the spring and early summer and that he has had to feed and care for them for six months without getting one cent in return? Have you stopped to think that he must carry a stock throughout the year in order to have the fowls laying when you want eggs, and he must house his fowls in warm and expensively built coops? And, above all else, understand when I say a fresh egg I mean an egg that is no more than a day old when it is served to you."

"How many times have you eaten an egg here that was not more than a day old? Why, there are people in the country who make a specialty of sending into New York what they consider fresh eggs, which are anywhere from three days to three weeks old."

"I think you ought to understand that the eggs sold in New York as 'strictly fresh' are any old age. The farmer's wife saves them until she has a goodly number to sell at the local grocery or to make a fair showing when the egg collector comes around, for there are men who make a business of gathering eggs. They have routes laid out through certain territory, and they traverse them once every two weeks. Thus, as you can see, the eggs are at least two weeks old on the average before they get into the hands of the collector."

"The collector keeps them in a cellar until he gets enough together to justify him in making a shipment to the city, which may be anywhere from one to three weeks, depending on the time of year. Then when the commission man receives them here he keeps them a few days until they are sold, so that your fresh eggs come dangerously near to being a month old. That's why I can understand that the egg dealer—and he happens to be one of the biggest men in his line in the town—said he considered every egg fresh that didn't hatch while in transit to the city."

"Now, let me tell you why I believe New York doesn't want fresh eggs at a fresh egg price, if it wants them at all. I shipped eggs into the city that were not more than three hours old when they were placed in the hands of the consumer here. I suppose you never before heard of eggs so fresh as those getting into New York? It's a fact nevertheless. When the eggs left my place, many of them had only a few minutes before been taken from the nests and were still warm. The trip on the cars occupied a little more than an hour, and within another hour or so the express company had delivered them at their destination."

"Those were fresh eggs, gentlemen—not 'strictly fresh' nor 'guaranteed fresh' but plain fresh eggs."

"I found any number of people who needed those fresh eggs to round out their lives. They were the one thing missing—until they received the bill for them, and then there was a time."

"Mind you, they were charged no more than 50 cents a dozen in the coldest of winter weather for the only fresh eggs in New York, and how they did go! Many of them who had been most enthusiastic over the eggs before the bills were sent out refused to pay the bills on the ground that the eggs were just the worst, stale old eggs that ever had been, whereas none of the eggs was more than 24 hours old, and many of them, as I have said, were not more than three hours old."

"When I cornered them on the freshness of the eggs, these yearners made all sorts of silly complaints. The trouble with them was that they wanted the eggs, but didn't want to pay for them. So they went back to fresh eggs from the cold storage plants—back to eggs that were six months old—and were happy I hope."

"I had one customer who bought the eggs by advice of a physician. This man had two children who were convalescent after an attack of scarlet fever. The man was in fairly comfortable circumstances, and the physician told him the eggs were doing his children more good than anything else he could get. We were selling him the eggs at 40 cents a dozen, and when the price was raised to 45 cents a dozen this man was up in arms and refused to take any more. I suppose the children came around all right, though I never heard anything more about them."

"Complaints were also made that the eggs were too fresh. Would you believe it? I can show you letters received on that particular subject. The majority of them ran like this:

"Dear Sir—Will you please send us eggs in the future that are not so fresh! We do not like that milky curdle in them. Please keep them a few days before shipping and oblige yours, etc."

"I remember one note in particular that ran this way:

"Dear Sir—Your eggs are too fresh. Send nothing under a week old. If we cannot get what we want, we'll have to look elsewhere."

"Now, wasn't that encouraging for a man trying to satisfy the yearnings of New Yorkers for fresh eggs? I could give you many instances showing that New York was willing to buy all the fresh eggs you could send to town if you were willing to sell them at 45 cents a dozen. I have sold them as cheaply as 25 cents a dozen and had hard work to do that, so you cannot blame me for saying New York does not want fresh eggs if it has to pay a few cents more than is charged for stale eggs."

Your really undesirable relatives never see any reason why they should not accept invitations unwillingly given.—Atlantic Globe.

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