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Short Story for the Young.

A Child's Heroism.

"Freda, they are coming!"

Freda, her face full of terror, left her post at the window and ran towards her mother.

"Oh, mamma, what shall we do?"

Mrs. Linder shook her head sadly, as she clasped the child closer in her arms.

"I know not, my darling. I will try to save you; but I am afraid we shall but meet the fate of those whose cries have rent the air since sunrise."

"If papa were only here!" (Freda sobbed, clinging desperately to her mother's dress.)

Mrs. Linder sighed deeply; in her heart she echoed that wish, but she knew her husband, unconscious of the danger menacing his family, was far away from them at this perilous moment.

Louder and shriller grew the cries of the advancing Arabs, mingling with despairing shrieks from their victims; they had risen in revolt so suddenly, the English had had no time to prepare for their attack.

As the dark-skinned enemy neared the small clay-built cottage where the Linders dwelt, the terrified mother caught up her little boy from his cradle, and bidding Freda to follow her, rushed out into the tiny square garden behind.

"Where can I hide them?" she muttered, her eyes wildly roving from one object to another. "If I can but save my darlings, I shall gladly meet death!"

Presently a big empty cask standing in one corner of the pretty garden attracted her attention, and with the light of renewed hope on her face, Mrs. Linder hurried towards it.

Placing baby Carl in Freda's arms, she exerted all her force to turn the cask over on its side, and having assured herself that it was strong enough to hold the two children, she quickly bored a few holes to admit the air.

"Now, Freda, you must take care of Carl; and mind, no matter what happens, do not betray your hiding-place by even a cry. Not only your own life but little Carl's depends upon your silence and courage!"

"And you, mamma—what will you do?" Freda demanded, seizing her mother's hand convulsively in hers.

Mrs. Linder smiled sadly, and tears shone in her eyes.

"My dearest, I place myself in God's hands; if He wills it that I should never see you again, I must not complain."

"But, mamma, I cannot leave you! Why can't I stay with you?" Freda cried, bursting into passionate sobs.

"You forget—baby must be saved, and only you can save him. Kiss me, darling, and hasten, or the Arabs will be here before my task is done."

Very quietly Mrs. Linder embraced her young daughter, forcing back the anguished cry that rose to her lips as she held her, for perhaps the last time, in her arms.

Weeping bitterly Freda entered her strange refuge, and after kissing the little boy again and again, the unhappy mother placed him in Freda's arms.

"Remember one sound from you and all will be lost!"

"I shall not forget, mamma," Freda answered tremulously, and as the heavy lid fell down, shutting out all light, she felt her heart grow heavy with unknown fear.

Mrs. Linder carefully hammered a few nails in the thick wood to prevent the lid from falling off; then, satisfied that for the present at least her darlings were safe, she crept softly back to the house.

The Arabs were very near, some in sight, and she watched them with eager enquiring eyes as they moved along.

Presently half-a-dozen dusky forms burst into the cottage, glaring fiercely round in search of fresh victims.

Mrs. Linder, alone and helpless, was instantly seized and stabbed to death; then a search was made for the two children.

Vainly they went from room to room; no trace of those they sought was found.

Entering the garden, a hasty glance assured them the children were not there; but one man, more cunning than his comrades, pointed to the cask, at the same time sending a bullet through it.

"If they are there that will bring them out," he said grimly.

But Freda, though slightly wounded in the arm by the shot, remained obstinately silent, never by word or moan betraying her hiding-place.

She heard the heavy retreating steps, then Vasti, not yet satisfied, returned. With a vigorous push he sent the cask rolling down the mossy slope into a shallow stream which wound its way through the grass.

Fortunately the children were not hurt, only slightly shaken, and Vasti, did not wait to watch the result of his cowardly act, or he might have heard Carl's pitiful cry, as he awoke from his slumber to find himself in the strange prison.

Another's ear had caught that sound, however, and wondered whence it came.

"Is anybody shut in that cask? Did you call for help?" he asked softly, moving closer to Freda's hiding-place.

At the sound of that voice, the child's heart gave a great bound, and for a moment she felt too overcome to answer.

"Oh, papa, it is I—your little Freda."

Please let me out. Carl and I are both here."

With a startled cry, Mr. Linder hastily knocked off the lid, and drew his children close to his breast in a passionate embrace.

"What does this mean? Why are you here? And where is your mother?"

Freda quickly explained; but before she had finished, Mr. Linder started to his feet, and catching Carl up in his arms, hastened towards the cottage.

One brief glance into the tiny room, at the still form lying on the hard ground, and Mr. Linder knew all. His fair young wife was dead, cruelly murdered by the fiendish Arabs.

Tenderly he threw a thick rug over her to hide the hideous stains of blood, then made Freda and Carl press a last kiss on their mother's cold face.

"Come, my children; we must leave this place before the enemy returns. There is time for our escape if we go at once."

Like one in a dream, Freda put her hand in his, and with Carl on his other arm, Mr. Linder left the home where he had lived so happily.

And Freda, though many years have passed since that awful tragedy, will never forget the horrible day she lay hidden in a cask, whilst her mother was being so foully slain.

They live in their own country now, but none of them can hear the word "Arab" spoken without feeling a thrill of terror and distress, remembering the time when they had been almost in the power of those brutal men.

THE WORLD OVER.

A French surgeon who has lived in China declares that the Chinese detectives are unequalled in ability for ferreting out criminals. It is impossible for an evildoer long to elude them. They have an eye upon every man, woman and child, foreign or native, in China, and in addition watch each other. Informers are encouraged and collusion is impossible. This instance of their skill is told; "A family in Tonquin was murdered, and there was no apparent clue to the murderer. The entire detective corps of three provinces were placed upon the case, and in three weeks the murderer—none other than the chief of the secret police who handled the chase for the murderer—was arrested and beheaded."

An uncommon breach of promise case is under way at Toronto. The plaintiff is a man, and the wife of Dr. A. H. Hill, of Norwich, is the defendant. The suit is for \$10,000. The plaintiff, John Innis, is a Woodstock contractor. They fell in love, he says, in 1887 and became engaged. The girl had plenty of money and was able to go into society freely. She met Dr. Hill, fell in love with him and they were married. A photograph of Mrs. Hill was in court, showing the engagement ring John gave her. Some amusing evidence by the plaintiff described their courtship. Once they sat together on a lumber pile and courted each other.

The eminent philologist, F. Max Muller, will shortly visit his native place, Anhalt-Dessau, to unveil a colossal bust of his father, Wilhelm Muller, which the government of Greece presented to the Duchy. The professor's father was an ardent sympathizer with Greece during her struggle for independence, and the gift of this fine bust is a public recognition of his services. As the old gentleman was also a poet, his admirers at home have defrayed the cost of an elaborately sculptured pedestal for the bust.

It is not often that the death of a number of the animal kingdom causes the sensation that has followed the demise at the Zoological gardens of the black faced chimpanzee, from the west coast of Africa, known as "Sally." That her death will prove an almost irreparable loss will be admitted, when it is stated that in 1884 this almost human simian has been the greatest attraction in collection and has been looked after with a care not vouchsafed many infants. Her remarkable intelligence attracted the attention of scientists, philosophers and theologians, and many enthusiastic admirers declare she could do everything but talk, and she tried very hard to do that. She could count to ten; would put a flower in visitors' button hole; knew the right hand from the left, and ate with a spoon until the cup was empty. She had attained the age of twelve, and during her residence in London, and made among other distinguished acquaintances, that of the late Charles Darwin, who studied her closely.

The laughing plant is the name of a plant growing in Arabia, is so called by reason of the effect produced upon those who eat its seeds. The plant is moderate size, with bright yellow flowers, and soft, velvety seedpods, each of which contain two or three seeds resembling black beans. The native of the district where the plant grows, dry these seeds and reduce them to powder. A dose of this powder has similar effects to those arising from the inhalation of laughing gas. It causes the most sober person to dance, shout and laugh with the boisterous excitement of a madman, and to rush about cutting the most ridiculous capers for about an hour. At the expiration of this time exhaustion sets in, and the excited person falls to sleep, to awake after several hours with no recollection of his antics.

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The subscriber is now comfortably located in the Hutchinson building, further down Queen Street, to which he has removed from the old Desbrisay Store.

He begs to return thanks for the fair share of trade given him whilst at the latter stand, and respectfully solicits a continuance of the same.

In addition to his usual supply of Flour, Meal, Provisions, &c., he will keep constantly on hand which he can afford to sell as cheaply as any one a pretty full line of Groceries, such as Teas, Sugars, Molasses, Kerosene, etc., etc. Also, Sole Leather, and a very nice assortment of Chinaware, Crockery and Earthenware.

J. W. HARNETT.

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Visits will be made to Kent County every second month, viz: January, March, May, July, September, November. Weldford on 16th, 17th and 18th. Kingston on 19th, 20th, 21st and 22nd. Richibucto on 23rd and 24th. Buctouche 26th and 27th.

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M. MACDOUGALL, Weldford St., Moncton. General Agent for New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Agents Wanted.

Sheriff's Sale.

To be sold at Public Auction in front of the Court House in Richibucto, on Saturday, the 3rd day of October next, between the hours of eleven o'clock in the forenoon and three o'clock in the afternoon of that day.

All the right, title, and interest, property claim and demand, either at law or in equity, of, in, and to, all that certain lot, piece, and parcel of land situate, lying and being in the town of Richibucto, in the County of Kent. Bounded on the east by Queen Street, on the north by the McDermott property, on the west by land decided to Robert Richardson, on the south by the Carey property, being the lot of land occupied by Thomas G. Richardson, the same having been seized and taken by virtue of an execution issued out of the County Court of Kent at the suit of Dosithe Richard against the said Caleb Richardson.

WM. WHETEN, Sheriff.

Sheriff's office, Richibucto. June 30th, 1891.

Repairing done promptly and in first-class style.

Horse shoeing a specialty. Patronage solicited.

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