

A Child's Laughter.

All the bells of heaven may ring,
All the birds of heaven may sing,
All the wells of earth may spring,
All the winds of earth may bring
All sweet sounds together,
Sweeter far than all things heard,
Hand of harper, tone of bird,
Sound of woods at sundown stirred,
Welling water's winsome word,
Wind in warm, wan weather.

One thing yet there is that none,
Hearing ere its charms be done,
Knows not well the sweetest one
Heard of men beneath the sun,
Hopped in heaven hereafter;
Soft and strong, and loud and light,
Very sound of vey light,
Heard from the morning's rosiest height,
When the soul of all delight
Fills a child's clear laughter.

Golden bells of welcome rolled
Never forth such notes, nor told
Hours so blithe in tones so bold,
As the radiant mouth of gold
Here that rings forth heaven.
If the golden-crested wren
Were a nightingale—why, then
Something seen and heard of men
Might be half as sweet as when
Laughs a child of seven.

A Romance of Egypt.

How long I had been lying in agony on the hard earth, I know not—minutes and hours were alike to me since that cruel shot had struck me down. I had seen in the mist of pain the shadows of the men of our regiment rush past in a rapid charge, within a yard of my prostrate form, making my escape from being crushed to death almost miraculous. I could keep no account of time, when each minute seemed to me an hour of intense suffering. The burning sun as it rose high in the heavens set my whole being on fire, and the thirst that followed made me wish that my comrades had been less careful to avoid my outstretched form; for death, swift and sudden, from the hoofs of their horses, would have been preferable to this hideous pain and mad craving for water. I had given up all hope of succor, when a light suddenly flashed before my eyes and a voice sounded in my ear, saying, "Lend a hand, Tom, the captain's alive—gently!" and they lifted me upon an ambulance stretcher, causing me intense agony—agony that made me, strong man as I was, shriek aloud. They carried me across the battlefield; groans and cries resounded on every side as we passed by the wounded, writhing in their pain, while the dead lay still and white, with their faces ghastly in the moonlight. My heart sank within me, till I lost all feeling in a merciful unconsciousness.

I opened my eyes to find myself in a luxurious bed, with silk curtains around me, downy pillows under my head, and strange, sweet odors filling the apartment, which was but half visible by the dim light given by several hanging lamps. I believed myself in a dream, and turned around again, too weary to arouse myself, when the curtains over the door moved, and a woman in eastern dress entered and came up to me. She laid her slender hand on my forehead, and then her great black eyes met mine, and I said faintly, "Who are you?"

"Your nurse," she added in broken English.

"Are you real," for I still fancied myself in a dream.

"Very real," and she laughed, disclosing a row of pearly teeth, "as you will learn by-and-by."

"And how did I come here?"

"Lie quite still, and I will tell you. You must be kept very quiet and must not worry about anything. My father is an Englishman, and married an Egyptian—my mother. He was sorry for this war and gave me leave to put aside this room for some wounded man. I was driving with my father early one morning, and we saw some men bringing in a wounded officer. I passed quite close, and when I saw you I reminded my father of his promise, so he told me to bring you here. And now you will soon get better."

"Yes, I hope so," I murmured.

I was too ill to attempt to display interest in anything. I used to dream away the whole day. My past life seemed as if it belonged to someone else. My home, my friends, the regiment, the war itself—all were present in my brain, but in a confused, unfocused sort of way, like the ever-moving colors of a kaleidoscope. It was impossible for me to make an effort to realize anything. All I cared for was to see that heavy curtain over the door withdrawn and to watch that gliding, graceful figure enter; to see the rich color mount to her cheeks as her velvety eyes met mine; to feel her cool hands brush my hair as she re-arranged the luxurious pillows on my couch, or to hear her musical voice pressing me to take someiced drink, sparkling in an Eastern goblet.

Sometimes of an evening, when the

shutters would be thrown open, and cool breezes wafted through the room, my beautiful nurse would take her little musical instrument upon her knee, and sitting by my side, would sing me a wild Oriental song in her rich full voice, while the sun sank below the casement and deep shadows fell across the floor. Then her great, dark eyes would fall beneath my gaze, and in the hush of the evening, I could almost hear my own heart beat with returning life and vigor. Then often I would close my eyes, and turning on my side, fall into a sleep, unbroken as a child's.

So the days went by slowly and pleasantly enough. My nurse scarcely ever left me, devoting all her time to amusing me and nursing me back to health, assisted only by an old native.

At length I began to feel strong and well; my wounds, so skillfully treated, were healing fast, and I longed to rejoin my regiment and again be among brother officers.

One day, when I was dressed, and feeling quite myself, I broached the subject of leaving to my lovely companion.

"Zoe," I said.

She drew near to me, and her eyes brightened as she laid her white hand on my head. It was very pleasant to feel it there, and to see her great eyes melt and droop and melt beneath my gaze.

"I am very happy here, little one, but everything must have an end, and I must return to my regiment."

"It is useless!" she cried, clapping her hands with joy: "the war is over, your soldiers are making ready to embark, and to-morrow they all return to their own country."

"I must be off at once!" I cried starting to my feet.

"Stay here! Stay here, my beloved; be my husband!" and she flung herself upon me—her soft arms clung round my neck, her sweet breath swept my cheek—I could feel her heart beating violently against my own. Was it to be wondered that I kissed her passionately before I gently released myself? Oh, ye Gods! what should I not suffer if the blue eyes of a fair woman at home could rest upon this scene!

"Zoe," I said, "I don't think you understand. I must go back to my regiment, and though I would marry you if I could, I cannot—I have a wife already waiting for me at home."

She was silent for a moment, and then said—"What does that matter? You love me! I can see it in your eyes a hundred times a day. What do I care about your wife? I will go home with you and be your slave—your servant!"

I could hardly restrain a smile at this unconventional idea, but the situation was an embarrassing one, and I was at my wits' end to find a way out, when a bright idea occurred to me.

"Zoe," I said, "I must tell you my plans. You say you love me, then you would not like to see me disgraced among my comrades, so you must let me go. I must see my commanding officer, who, no doubt, believes me dead; but I will come back to-night, and then we will arrange about your journey with me."

"Oh, no, no! if you go you will never come back."

I silenced her remonstrances with kisses and, very reluctantly, she allowed me to leave her.

Once again in the open air, I hurried to the head-quarters, where I was welcomed as one risen from the dead.

After various matters had been discussed, I went apart and wrote to Zoe saying good-bye to her, and telling her, I had made up my mind never to see her again, as I loved her so dearly, that I felt the only way was to use, like Lancelot, a little "rough discourtesy," and leave her without an adieu.

Then I went out and bought her a handsome diamond ornament, enclosing it with my letter, and sent it to her house.

The next day I was on the point of embarking, when a native servant presented me with a letter.

It ran thus:—

"Cruel! cruel! you have broken my heart. But grant me, at least this request. My servant Assim longs to see England—take him with you; you are not strong yet he will look after you. Surely you will not refuse me."

"Zoe."

I was surprised at the tone of the letter, for I had expected to be overwhelmed with reproaches for having broken my promise to return. I supposed that, woman like she was beginning to forget me; but I could not refuse her last request, so, after some difficulty, I obtained leave to take the native with me.

I gave him my keys and told him to go to my cabin and unpack my things. I was fortunate enough to have had allotted to me a small hole to myself—a great boon to a wounded man.

I had so much to talk over with the other fellows that it was more than two hours before I went below. I opened my cabin door, and weak as I was from my wounds, I nearly fell backward with horror, for there on my berth sat Zoe—her eyes shining with delight, and a false beard and moustache lying by her side.

I shut the door hurriedly and came up to her. She sprang into my arms, laughing and crying, and telling how she loved me.

"Have I not managed it well? Are you not surprised? You cannot refuse to take me now! We shall never be parted any more, my darling, for I will go everywhere with you. And see, I am rich! Look what I have brought you," and she took out of her pockets several rows of magnificent pearls and some uncut diamonds of large size; they are mine, and I give them to you. Are you not happy?"

"Happy! I was the most miserable man on earth! What was I to do with her? Here, alone, with only men on board!"

"Alas!" she cried, "you are not glad! I see it in your face. Wretch! wretch! Why did you make me love you? Why did you write me that dear little letter saying you loved me and were miserable at leaving me?"

Her eyes flashed ominously, and she suddenly drew a dagger from her belt, and made as if she would strike me.

I started back, but her eyes melted and she cried—"No, I cannot hurt you. Kiss me once more, oh, my love, and I will go away—I will never see you again—I will do all you wish!"

She drew me to her, and our lips clung together again and again; then she pushed me from her, the steel glittered for a second before my eyes, and then was buried in her breast.

I shouted for help and raised her gently in my arms.

"My own dear love," she panted, "there was no way but this, for you do not love me, and I could not live without your love. Ah! don't touch the dagger, it hurts! Kiss me again," and her head fell back.

Zoe was dead.

My cry for help was drowned by the noise of the engines for no one came. Like one distraught, I rushed on deck and staggered towards the colonel.

"Great heavens, man!" he exclaimed; "what have you been doing to yourself? You are all over blood!"

I could not speak; I seized him by the arm and took him to my cabin.

"My God!" he exclaimed, as the awful sight met his eyes; "what is this?"

"Is she dead—quite dead?" I gasped.

"Quite dead," he answered gravely. "but what a lovely creature! How did she come here?"

I told him all and then I fainted. It was some days before I recovered consciousness—the terrible shock coming immediately after my severe illness, had been too much for me, and at one time they feared I would lose my reason. This trial was mercifully averted, for I awoke in my right mind.

I found myself in my colonel's cabin which he had given up to me.

"And Zoe?" I asked him.

"I buried her the next morning, and have kept the whole matter as quiet as possible; and do you know as good fortune would have it, one of the sailors was about to close your skylight at the very moment the poor girl stabbed herself, and was an eye-witness to the whole proceeding, which is a good thing for you, my poor boy, for otherwise, I am afraid this might have proved an awkward business. I should have believed you, of course, but it might have been difficult to avoid a trial on your return."

I pressed his hand—it was the only answer I could give.

Beautiful, laughing Zoe dead, with the cruel green water rushing over her sweet face! Never do I close my eyes at night but I seem to hear those green waves sounding in my ears, and remember that, far below their treacherous surface, lies the heart that preferred a violent death to a life without my love.

FROM ALL FIELDS.

Experience Paragraphs About All Departments on the Farm.

It is bad policy to milk a cow while she is eating. After awhile she will not be disposed to stand to be milked unless she has something to eat.

If you are troubled with rats and cannot get rid of them, keep a little grain lying around in the chicken pens at night. Well fed rats never eat chicks.

In a dairy irregular feeding causes the loss of milk; in the stable it is injurious to the horse, hence a waste of food. Bear these points in mind.

It is much easier to make a scrubby animal out of a well bred one by poor

feeding and care than it is to make a tip-top animal out of a scrub by good feeding and care.

Do not be feeding a lot of surplus cockerels with the idea of picking superior ones in the fall. If you cannot tell the value of the birds when six months old you hardly will later on.

It is rather late in the season, but it may not be out of the way to repeat that in the time of drouth the frequent stirring of the soil will be found to make up largely for lack of moisture.

Some farmers object to the old practice of salting timothy and clover hay as they are packed away in the mow, alleging that stock eating such hay get more salt than they desire or need.

The Maine Farmer says that, "whenever you find a man who says that honesty does not pay, it is a sign that he has never tried it," and this will apply to those who say farming don't pay.

Simmer three pounds of blue vitriol and a gallon of cider vinegar in an iron kettle, and then bottle for use. Pare the sheep's hoof well and then dip it in a pint of liquid for foot rot.

Raw meat, in moderation, chopped fine and fed about thrice a week, will stimulate egg production. One pound of meat is sufficient to feed fifteen hens. Some cook it, but raw meat is far better.

It is not uncommon for gardeners to cease cultivating the vegetable garden with the maturity of the crops, but this is a mistake, as it should go on till the very last, to get rid of all weeds. A vegetable garden can be got so clean in a year or two in this way that hardly a weed will appear afterwards.

Wondering What Would Happen Next:

"Strange isn't it?" he said, leaning sadly against the water butt at Nassau and Fulton streets, and fanning his stubby beard with a Panama hat, "how some days are lucky days, and others you hit a streak of miseries from breakfast clean up to bed time."

"'Tis strange," answered the policeman on the corner sympathetically.

"This is one of my bad days," continued the other mournfully. "Things happened again me ever since I got up."

"Nothin' bad I hope," said the policeman.

"Well, she started when I shaved before breakfast. I joggled the razor and when I started down my left ear looked like a sliced tomato. That made me late and at the platform of the elevated railroad station a tall, thin fellow behind me stepped on my umbrella and broke the bottom off."

"What did you do?"

"Nothin'. When I went out to lunch this noon the man on the next stool switched around and spilt a half a pint of milk and two crackers down my right sleeve. I feel like I was a milk toast now, and I hadn't been back at the office ten minutes before—"

What the next mishap was will never be known, because a new and unexpected one had arrived. The watering cart which on rare occasions pushes through Nassau street and takes in that narrow-gauge thoroughfare entire with its broad-gauge sweep, had suddenly appeared on the scene, taking in the unfortunate at the water butt with a stream of limpid Croton, passed placidly on, almost before he realized the situation. Then he gazed speechlessly at the dripping legs, and looked up at the policeman with a smile.

"What did I tell you?" he said.

"Here's another. Better go home hadn't you?"

"Reckon I will," gasped the dripping unfortunate, picking up his bottomless umbrella and hurriedly crossing the street.

"'Tain't the shavin' I care about," he called back from the other curb, "nor the milk, nor even being squirted on, but it's what the Moses is going to happen next."

How to Succeed.

The fact that success is mainly due to hard work has been impressed in many different ways, but one of the best was that recently employed by a very successful "drummer," or commercial traveller.

He was talking with a companion, a rather lazy fellow, when the latter exclaimed:

"I declare, Jack, I can't understand how you always succeed in selling so many more goods than I do!"

"I'll tell you why it is," replied Jack; "but," he added, "it's a trade secret, and you mustn't give it away."

"Of course I wouldn't do such a thing!" was the answer.

"Well, then," said Jack, impressively, "I succeed because, when I'm after business, I wear out the soles of my shoes more than the seat of my trousers."

The Value of Onions.

While the onion stands at a disadvantage among vegetables on account of its pronounced and not wholly agreeable odor, it is, doubtless, one of the most valuable and healthful products of the garden. This value is not confined to its use as an article of diet, since the efficiency of onion poultices in cases of croup and similar diseases are too well known to need repetition. The roasted heart of an onion, placed in the ear as hot as it can be borne, will often relieve a case of earache when other remedies fail, and a very excellent cough syrup is made by putting one-half cup of minced onions into a cup each of vinegar and molasses, simmering on the stove for half an hour and then straining. A teaspoonful of this syrup taken frequently will relieve severe cases of cough and hoarseness.

It is claimed that onions as an article of food, are excellent blood purifiers, improving the complexion, and, of course, entirely harmless. As a nerve they are very beneficial, either cooked or raw, and, if eaten in the natural state, the addition of a little salt and pepper makes them more palatable. The large, imported variety, are much less pungent and disagreeable to the taste than the small native grown, but equally efficient in remedial action.

Her Signal.

Railway men—conductors, engineers and brakemen—are so accustomed to communicate with each other by means of gestures, that the habit of looking for such dumb signals becomes a kind of second nature. In the early days of some of the great Western railroads, according to a story in the Pittsburg Dispatch, it was so common for cattle to be run over that the manager required the engineers to report all such accidents, with full particulars as to the place, time, and kind of animal.

One day a complaint was received at headquarters that a valuable cow had been killed on a certain day and by a certain engine. The case was referred to the proper department, but a reference to the files showed that the engineer had reported no such accident.

The manager sent for, and inquired why he had omitted to report the matter.

"I didn't know I hurt the cow," he answered.

"Then you remember striking her?"

"Oh yes, and I slowed up as she rolled over on her back; but she waved her feet to me to go ahead, and I concluded she was all right."

His Fault.

"I understand," said Mr. Johnson, of the Orthodox church, to Mr. Jackson, of the Methodist church, "that you used to know the new minister that's coming to our church when you lived in York State."

"I did," said Mr. Jackson.

"Is he a good man?"

"I think he is a very good man."

"Well, what are his faults? He must have some fault."

"Since you press me I know of but one grave fault in your new minister."

"What is that, please?"

"He doesn't know how to sing."

"Hum! Not a very grave fault is it, not to know how to sing?"

"No; but you see, he sings just the same as if he did know!"

Hatred of Foreigners.

SHANGHAI, Oct. 14.—A long article discussing the recent riots and their causes has been published in the North China News.

It says the theory that the rebels are attempting to overpower the central government by embroiling it with foreign powers, although plausible at first, is now absolutely incredible. The truth is, that Chinese of all classes hate the foreigners.

A generation has passed since the last foreign war, and the Chinese now believe that they can make China too hot for foreigners to live in, and all the riots are inspired deliberately by the imperial government for this purpose.

Nothing can be gained by negotiations at Peking. The presence of a Chinese fleet at Yang Tse may not be to protect foreigners from rioters, but to resist a possible attack by foreign fleets.

As for war that was declared partially five months ago: the only question is how soon the other side will be compelled to strike back.

A native paper says that the leaders of the rioters who destroyed the churches and the chapels at Kwang Teh Chow in Anhui have been examined and have confessed.

At exhibitions in 1891, K. D. C. has been awarded a Silver Medal and five Diplomas—the highest awards for any medicine.

THE WORLD OVER.

Is your dyspepsia chronic? Is it severe? Is it a mild form? Try K. D. C. It is guaranteed to cure any form or money refunded.

Albert Murray, of the chief superintendent's office, I. C. R., Moncton, has been appointed station master at Shediac, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of I. J. W. Henderson.

J. E. Peakes, charged with the embezzlement of from \$15,000 to \$20,000 from the Boston & Albany railway and who has been missing for the past 18 months has been arrested in Halifax.

K. D. C. "is worth its weight in gold," "sells like hot cakes," "is all it is recommended," "an excellent remedy," and "the best dyspepsia remedy ever offered to the public." See testimonials.

A conspiracy has been discovered at Athens, having for its object the overthrow of the present ruling dynasty of Greece. A number of persons of high political standing are implicated, including ex-Prime Minister Tricoupis.

Capt. Newcombe, of the Parrsboro schooner Wiona, wrecked in the river below Moncton a few weeks ago, has instructed his lawyers to sue the city for \$2,000 damages for failure to provide him with a berth at the wharves, which necessitated his returning down river.

Owing to the lowness of the water in St. Lawrence, the Montreal city fire engine had to be brought into requisition to pump water to operate the Hudson cotton mills and prevent a thousand hands being thrown out of employment.

"The proof of the pudding is the eating." K. D. C. has been tried and tested and has proved itself to be the King of Medicines, the Greatest Cure of the Age, and the only Perfect Dyspepsia Cure in the market.

A fishing lugger was caught in the furious gales prevailing in the English channel and driven ashore at the village of Berek-sur-Mer, near Bologne. She was battered to pieces and her crew of sixteen men drowned.

The grand jury of the Restigouche County Court found a true bill of manslaughter against Daniel Desmond of Campbellton. He pleaded "not guilty," was admitted to bail and will be tried at the next court. He is charged with causing the death of Paul Legouffe in August last by striking him.

A despatch from Shanghai says a serious revolt broke out near Foo Chow in the Province of Foo Kien. The rebels marched upon the town of Tehwa, sacked it, burned a number of houses to the ground and killed several people. At last advices they were resting preparatory to sacking other towns. Same state of sultry silence prevails in government circles.

Particulars of a sensational murder committed some ten years ago have come to light. In the parish of St. Annes des Plains, near Montreal, a lad named Joseph Guindon was choked to death by having whiskey poured down his throat. The party or parties who committed the deed are alive and also the persons who witnessed it. The latter have told the facts of the case, which is to be investigated.

The funeral of Hon. Samuel Chipman, the oldest man in Nova Scotia and the oldest Mason in the world, took place near Kentville on Thursday. It was conducted with Masonic ceremonies and attracted over a thousand people to witness the obsequies. Rev. S. B. Kempton made an appropriate address, eulogizing the character of the deceased. There is but one older person in Nova Scotia, Mrs. Parmeter, who lives at Horton Landing and is 103 years old.

Joseph Moulson, of Morris Island, moved his house, 20x24 feet, with an L 14x16, which was situated 100 feet above high water mark, down hill about 300 yards, placed it on five scows, warped it to the Indian Sluice, about three miles distant, and landed it. They then hauled it a distance of about 300 yards, and placed it on the foundation of the former residence of the late John D. Maise, which had been torn down. The house and L were not separated, and were little damaged. The time occupied in the removal from the scows to the foundation was only three hours.—Yarmouth Herald.

A Popular Physician.

The popular physician is unassuming, pleasant and successful in treating disease. Such a one is Burdock Blood Bitters—unassuming—only a dollar a bottle—pleasant, agreeable in taste,—successful in nine cases out of ten. In truth it may be said B. B. B. is the popular physician to the people, a tried and trusted family friend in all diseases of the stomach, liver, bowels and blood.